

SEPTR

1913

Alan R. Barendse



Extremos Pudeat Rediisse.

The Record

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, SYDNEY.



VOL. IV

CONTENTS

No. 4

	Page
Officers...	1
Editorial...	1
School Notes...	2
Practical Ideals...	4
A Day in the Life of a Staff Cadet...	5
Slang...	7
Humour...	8
28th Annual Sports Meeting...	9
Shakespeare...	12
The Postman...	12
The Sighing of the Breeze...	13
The Poet...	13
The Origin of Our Ideals...	15
The Sceptic...	17
Form Notes...	17
Extremos Pudeat Rediisse...	24
Musical Appreciation...	24
Football...	25
The Glee Club...	26
Baseball Club...	27
The Library...	29
Tennis Club...	29
Literary and Debating Society...	30
The Camera Club...	32
Military Notes and Rifle Club...	33
The Tuck Shop...	34
Lacrosse Club...	34
The Editor's Box...	35
Editorial Notices...	36



E. A. SOUTHREE, B.Sc.

The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSE."

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1913.

No. 4.

Officers.

Patron—J. WATERHOUSE, Esq., M.A.

Editor—H. L. McLOSKEY

Sub-Editors—F. J. SHEED, J. WOODHOUSE, F. G. ELLIOTT

Business Manager—L. J. PRICE.

Sport Editors—V. KENNIFF, W. P. RIDLEY and D. W. MAGILL.

Committee—G. R. THOMAS, Esq., B.A., H. G. STOYLES, Esq., M.A., J. U. RANSOM
Esq., B.A., G. REDSHAW, Esq., B.A., C. E. FLETCHER, Esq., B.A., W. S. PATERSON,
J. A. LAWSON, G. BARR, R. KERSHAW, R. HOOK.

Editorial

WITH this issue comes to a close the fourth year of our school magazine. Fondly we look back over its struggling infancy proudly we now regard it in its vigorous adolescence. We recall the darkness of possible failure which enveloped the journal at its birth, we remember the loving care with which the Alma Mater nurtured it during those times of doubt, and now we view this offspring of the old High School with feelings of enthusiasm and pride. It is we, the Boys of the School, past and present, who have constructed this bright crystal wherein are reflected the traditions and the memories, nay, the honor and the reputation of our school, and our pride in such a blessed possession is to be pardoned.

But if our efforts have met with such encouraging success in the establishment of an activity so beneficial to the school, it is for us manfully to continue those efforts, untiringly, unceasingly. The incentive of noble traditions which must be maintained, spurs us on; the mighty spirit of the past calls to us through moments of despair and ardour, not to relax; ours it is worthily to preserve, and, if possible, ennoble the grand heritage of past associations, bequeathed to us by successive generations and which find their expression not only in the school Honour Boards, but also in the pages of the "Record."

What though we have changed our educational garments? Change is inevitable in the evolution of time and thought, and shall we endeavour to stay the swift-flowing tide of human ideals and aspirations? No! Despite outward change we are intrinsically the same in spirit, feelings, temperament. The present boys of the High School are as much concerned for the welfare of the school and the preservation of its honour as were those of a decade ago. But there must be no "halting space"; coming generations must tread the road of progress in the firm conviction of ultimate success.

And it is by means of the "Record" that the advance of the school is to be gauged. So far our efforts have proved successful. From 24 pages the paper was increased to 32 in the second year of its existence, while the last issue saw a further increase of four pages. The response of the boys to the appeal for original matter has been extremely gratifying. Certainly some matter has not been quite up to the literary standard required, but any such deficiency has been amply compensated by the evident desire and willingness of the boys to help support an activity upon the success of which depends, to a large extent, our position among the other Great Public Schools.

School Notes.

It is with deep regret that the "Record" committee announces the unfortunate resignation of F. J. Sheed as Editor. Sheed, it will be remembered, was instrumental in getting an

extension of our school paper, which, under his able Editorship, noted alike for generous self-sacrifice and journalistic aptitude, attained a high literary standard.

*

*

*

We offer our congratulations to Newington College, on attaining their jubilee.

*

*

*

The school begs to offer its heartfelt sympathy with Mr. Moore, in his recent sad bereavement.

*

*

*

The "Record" committee desires to give to the school, the following notices:—

I. That a prize is offered for the best short story (not more than 1000 words) on any subject, to be printed in the next "Record," date of closure to be posted on the school notice boards.

II. That a prize is offered for the best poem, on any subject, which will also be read on "Speech Day."

III. That suggestions and contributions with reference to a school song, are invited.

*

*

*

We notice that Dr. Grafton Elliot Smith, F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy at the Manchester University, and an old boy of the school, will be a delegate at the coming British Association for the Advancement of Science, to meet in 1914.

*

*

*

Mr. E. A. Southee, the first High School Rhodes scholar, left for England by the "Ophir," on August 16th, to pursue his studies at Oxford.

*

*

*

Previous to leaving for England, Mr. Southee was honored by the citizens of his native town, Cootamundra, at a public meeting, where he was presented with an inscribed gold watch and a cheque for £47 11s. In addition, he was made the recipient of a gold medal from the Cootamundra footballers, and a gold fountain pen from the pupils of the Cootamundra District School.

*

*

*

(We had hoped to have a full account of Mr. Southee's life for this issue of the "Record"; however, it did not come in time and cannot be printed till next issue).

We regret to state that another link with the past, in the person of Mr. Stoyles, M.A., is being severed. Mr. Stoyles has been promoted to the head mastership of the Yass District School.

* * *

We were honored last month by a visit from a noted English educationalist, Mr. Mansbridge, who, in a happy speech, conveyed the greetings of the English schoolboys, which were heartily reciprocated by our lads.

* * *

We congratulate Mr. Piddington, K.C., a former master of this school, on his appointment to the position of chairman of the Interstate Commission.

* * *

The 28th annual sports took place on September 5th, and were a great success; a fuller account will be seen in another part of the paper.

Practical Ideals.

When to my mind are brought the myriad acts
 Of men, that countless human hands have wrought,
 They tell of great ideals now truly facts,
 Of noble works fulfilled with danger fraught.
 And while the faltering worker may not hear,
 A glad refrain waits but to greet his ear.

“Into the heart of the blackest of ages,
 Into the midst of the pulsating den,
 Came from the land of the oldest of sages,
 Callings to work for the welfare of men.
 Forth from the darkness that threatened to glove them,
 Forth to the light of the newly found sun,
 Struggled in ways that should teach thee to love them,
 Those of the races so lowly begun.”

When in the world great human waste I see,
 Shaking the strongest works of virtuous toil,
 A harsher voice, of sweetness almost free,
 Starts up as if my former song to foil.
 Then through the worker's brain it runs full clear,
 And holding short dominion, makes him hear.

“Under the work of the strongest of workers,
 Struggling and gaining fresh light from their sun,
 Breed, from the crime of an army of shirkers,
 Cankers, that undermine all they have won.
 Subtly they eat from true nations their basement,
 Slowly and surely they topple them down;
 Only from histories of fall and displacement,
 Soon shall be known all that now has renown.

My fellow man! My fellow man! that strife
 With firm resolve the ages through you fight,
 Fight on! and highest ideals rule your life,
 Then lead each man his own soul to the light,
 In unison to march, the song does run,
 And prove our work of glory but begun.

"Come from the youth of the youngest of nations,
 Ideals that lead to the gateways of life,
 Conqu'ring the worst of sin's hateful relations,
 Changing the petty for nobler of strife;
 Seeking the truthful each man from his neighbour,
 Never to fall by false teaching reshod;
 Leading each worker a new path of labour,
 Gloriously revelling in regions untrod."

EXCELSIOR.

A Day in the Life of a Staff Cadet at the R.M.C. Duntroon.

As the notes of "Reveille" resound on the clear, crisp, morning air, awakening staff cadets from their slumbers, the barrack blocks, silent as the grave but a few minutes since, become a scene of bustle and activity. Pyjama-clad figures emerge like rabbits from their warrens into the sharp, frosty air, which, though tempered by the growing warmth of the sun's rays, brings a regretful and vivid remembrance of a warm bed just vacated.

Reveille roll-call is soon answered, and, after momentary hesitation, the dreaded delights of a cool shower bath are experienced. Invigorated and refreshed, the cadet hastily dons his uniform, and, though three-quarters of an hour will elapse before breakfast parade, this period must be well spent in tidying his room and setting everything in inspection order.

Perhaps, on the previous day, "rashly importunate," he has been awarded the convictive measure of an "extra drill," and, if such be the case, there is no choice but to develop a keen appetite for breakfast and improve the martial step by a half hour's "jogging" on the college parade ground.

Breakfast disposed of, and the final artistic touches given to one's room, the work of the day commences at 8 a.m.

The first hour, from 8 to 9 o'clock, is devoted to drill or outdoor exercise of some description. Physical training, skirmishing, musketry practice, judging distance, and range taking, fire alarm drill, signalling, the drill belonging to company battalion, to troop or squadron, all have in turn their place in the routine of the work. Whatever the nature of the

work, no departure is allowed from a high standard of thoroughness and efficiency. Pride in accomplishment urges everyone to do his best.

During the first two years class instruction is given, mainly in civil subjects. Lunch at 1 p.m. is preceded by three hours spent in exploring the mazy intricacies of the Calculus, in discussing the latest apparitions among the astronomical phenomena, appreciating the benefits attained by literary geniuses of the past, following with eye and nostril an entrancing chemical demonstration or in examining the serried reasoning involved in some physical research. An hour after lunch is similarly spent.

During the two final years of the college course civil subjects are relinquished and the time previously given to them is taken up in studying essentially military work—tactics, gunnery, military history, surveying, field engineering, in fact, the technique and theory belonging to the several arms of the service, together with the elements of military law and administration. The day's work is rounded off by an hour spent in the open. Perhaps riding in the "school," or at troop drill, is the order of the day. The "school" is a rectangular enclosure, some fifteen by forty yards in size, and it is here that the novice is first taught to manœuvre his mount. Trotting without stirrups serves to test, at the beginning, who have had previous experience of riding and jumping, without aid of rein or stirrup is occasionally responsible for some amusing incidents. At times a rider parts company with his horse and comes roughly to earth amid the general applause of his unsympathising fellows. The soft tan composing the floor of the school, serves to break the force of one's fall, and no injury results. The riding-master sometimes threatens reprisal for "dismounting without orders," but, needless to say, never enforces his threat.

The period between 4 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon is set apart for recreation. In summer, cricket enthusiasts make for the "nets," care is banished to the winds and the exhilaration of cricket practice imposes its fascination on devotees of the sport. During the winter the climate is sufficiently cold to give keen zest to football, and everyone indulges in this grand sport. Tennis—there are five courts—is played throughout the year, and is exceedingly popular.

Dinner is served at 6.30 p.m., and, after a smoke and convivial chat, staff cadets repair to their rooms, and for two hours engage in intellectual gymnastics, grappling with problems of Euclid or the researches of Newton and Galileo.

A short interval elapses before "Lights out" at 10.15 p.m. Before "turning in," reminiscences of the day are discussed, the prospects of the coming football season are examined, and a final "smoke-oh" is held before the bugle call brings a well-spent day to its close.

N.E.B.

Slang.

Oh! the young Australian schoolboy has a language of his own,
Which for forcefulness and neatness and expressiveness of tone
Has no rival in creation; if he's searching for a word
You can bet your bottom dollar that a slangy one's preferred.

Yes, a slangy one's preferred!

If his indignation's stirred,

You can bet he'll straight ejaculate a nasty slangy word.

If he hears a joke that's puerile or one whose age is ripe,
He'll say it's laboured, lumbering, it's frowsy or it's tripe;
And if he finds these answers fail to squelch or scrunch or squash,
He'll say it's hackneyed drivel—then he's sure to say it's slosh.

Yes, he's sure to say it's slosh!

And emphatically Bosh!

And when he gets his breath again, he'll say it's silly Tosh!

And his naming of the coinage is original, no doubt,
But I reckon, guess, and calculate 'twould knock a new chum out;
For there's brass and jink and dough and gonce, a deener, and a
scrum,

A brown, a bob, zack, break, and quid, a copper, tray, and brum.

Yes, a copper, tray, and brum,

And these are only some,

For he's nought if not original, by golly and by gum!

With his legs encased in long 'uns, all his flowing locks are hid
By a race-course or a cady or a biscuit or a lid;
In addition to his clobber or his Sunday togs or bags,
You will nearly always find a fancy weskut and some fags.

Yes, a weskut and some fags,

You can lay your life he mags,

If his vanity is flattered by a weskut and some fags.

You can see him at the cricket match perspiring batsmen rag,
And with glee advise the bowler just to go and get a bag;
In the evening at the pictures his enthusiasm's great
About some such thrilling drama as "The Irony of Fate."

Yes, "The Irony of Fate,"

Or, "The Redskin Warrior's Hate,"

Or else that screaming comedy "How Foolshead Learnt to Skate."

When he sees a man who's drunk he'll say he's been upon a spree,
Or a slaying of the microbe by a lively jamboree;
And his naming of the races!—there's the Ike and Chow and
Yankee,

The Paddy, Type, and Greaser, and the Nigger black and swanky.

Yes, the nigger, black and swanky,

And the Cornstalk long and lanky.

And the Sauerkraut and Dago and the Froggy short and cranky.

And the wowser is a fashion-'ating chap who raves and skites,
 Who objects to glad-eyes, figures, surfing, picture shows and fights;
 But the schoolboy of Australia says that fun's to be preferred,
 He likes the surf and pictures, and he loves the slangy word.

Yes, he loves the slangy word!

If his indignation's stirred,

You can bet he'll straight ejaculate a nasty slangy word.

BRICK.

Humour.

What is this strange characteristic that can so easily render man's life-burden easier to bear, that can console the afflicted more readily than the most nobly expressed sentiments of sympathy, of which the human heart is capable? The answer to this question is more difficult to find than is generally believed. True humor does not consist in the ability to make clever puns, to deliver a bewildering succession of obscure "Carlerian" retorts, or to realise and laugh at human foibles. It is a quality less superficial, far more profound than these; it is the rich product of all the most beneficial and optimistic impulses of the soul. Talent cannot acquire it, for it is equivalent to genius by virtue of its spontaneity and inevitable sincerity—in a word, it is an attribute of the soul, and as such is to be treated with honor and reverence.

In what then does it consist? I maintain that the essential of humor lies in the God-given ability to attribute to human actions the motive-power (so to speak) of an omnipotent force under the paradoxical influence of human limitations. This humor is to be attributed alternately to the yearning of the soul for the sublime, and to the immediate perception of a concrete paradox, which Faith refuses to consider as such, thus impressing the mind with the strange truth of the anomalous, the grotesque, the quaint. Hence the forces of faith and reason happily combine, both to produce humor and to give it human expression.

I have said that humor finds expression; that is but partially true. It cannot be seen outwardly, for it ripples beneath the surface, transmitting to the observer (who must himself be gifted with the same quality of humor) impressions of all that is delightful in nature. The tremulousness of quivering aspens, the delightful cool of the embowered rill, the fragrancy of silver groves in early spring, the majesty of the peaceful ocean; such are the exquisite sensations stored by this wonderful human force. Vitality and sublimity are its leading characteristics; while it creates feelings of happiness and joy, it exalts the mind above the darkening influences of sorrow and grief. A divine balm, it heals such sores rapidly, and effec-

tually, and raises the soul for one brief moment in space to the pinnacle of the infinite. It is a great living presence which pulsates in the human soul, whence it irradiates in intangible, invisible, effluences of infinite tenderness and sympathy, rendered more solacing by the overpowering presence of a serene Hope and Trust. Who shall attempt to analyse the nature of a force which "slides down by thrills" through the human soul, and whose presence is felt rather than recognised? True humor is the outcome of the exaltation of the soul; it is a commanding factor in man's striving for the infinite; the same force which gives it birth is by it nourished and sustained.

How noble then is the lesson which the realisation of the presence of such a divine quality teaches? In our experience of humor we are drawn into touch with the grandeur of God, with the "formless infinite." The true nobility of human character arises from the touch of the infinite within us, which creates our ideals and our aspirations, and leads us ever to hope and to place implicit faith in a Mighty Being of whose grandeur we have ourselves tasted to the slightest degree.

H.C.M.

28th Annual Sports Meeting.

Friday, 5th September, dawned cloudy, but soon cleared up, and a fine though windy day resulted. All was excitement, and had been so for some days, to the detriment of school work and home work, for September 5th was our sports day—the day of the year.

By 2 p.m. the spacious grandstands of the Sydney Cricket Ground were well filled with visitors. Fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters (!), had turned out in numbers to watch the present boys as they sped over the 100 yards course, toiled laboriously round the mile track or skimmed over the hurdles.

The thanks of the boys are due to the masters for starting and judging the races. The committee is also to be commended for the smoothness with which the events were run off, showing great care and forethought in the arrangement of the programme, and, although this was 50 per cent. larger than any previous programme, the events were run off almost to time. The splendid increase in entries is due to the newly-formed school union, and to the energetic canvassing of the committee. The handicapping, although rapidly done, was, on the whole, well judged, many races resulting in almost a dead heat, though in some long-distance events the scratch man was too severely handled.

Such events as the sack race, obstacle race, and Siamese race, afforded much amusement to the spectators. The novelty race, the character of which was not disclosed till the competitors assembled, took the form of a blind donkey race, and proved more amusing to the spectators and to the riders than to the human "donkeys."

This year the method of awarding the cup was somewhat altered. In previous years cup points might be gained by scratch starters in four handicap races, but if a handicapped competitor defeated a scratch man, no points were awarded. This year the positions of handicapped men, relative to scratch men, were not taken into account, but 6, 4, and 2 points were awarded to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of scratch starters in the usual cup events (including a new hurdle race), except for the throw and kick, for which 3, 2, and 1 points were given, provided that the standards were reached; otherwise, only half points were given. For the first time, records were published, dating from 1910. The departure is a good one and made boys try hard to beat previous records.

There were a large number of competitors for the cup, but the competition was not keen; the coveted honor was gained by A. V. Paterson, a promising young athlete, with 29 points. F. Paterson was runner-up with 17 points, and A. Geoffrey and L. Trotter were third with 12.

The committee desires to thank boys who assisted in any way, especially by posting up results and selling programmes. The following records were beaten:—Broad jump, V. Paterson 19ft 3in from C. Campbell, 18ft 5in, 1911; high jump, F. and V. Paterson, 5ft 3in from G. Loveridge 5ft, 1910; 100 yards, V. Paterson 11 1-5 sec from L. V. Hall and V. Paterson 11 2-5 sec; 220 yards, F. Paterson 24 2-5 sec from L. V. Hall 24 4-5 sec, 1911; high jump, under 15, G. Russell 4ft 4in from J. Gibb 4ft 3in, 1912. The following are the results:—

✕ Throw.—Molineaux, 94yds 1ft 7in, 1; Goodwin, 2; Smith, 3.

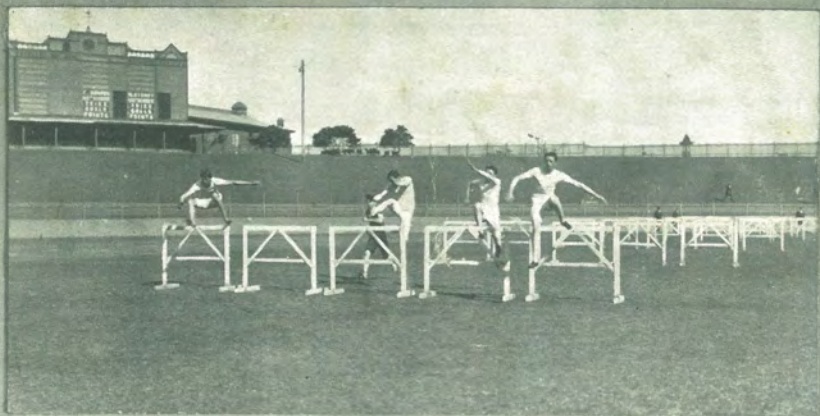
✕ Kick.—Foley, 54yd 1ft 5in, 1; Ridley, 2; Harrs, 3.

220 Yards Handicap.—First Heat: Sherwood, 1; Beavis, 2. Second Heat: Cookson, 1; Barr, 2. Third Heat: Foley, 1; Dent, 2. Fourth Heat: Ridley, 1; King, 2. Final: F. Paterson (ser.), 1; Foley (9yds), 2; Ridley (9yds), 3. Time, 24 2-5 sec.

✕ 120 Yards Hurdles.—V. Paterson, 1; F. Paterson, 2; E. Hooke, 3. Time, 18 2-5 sec.

Broad Jump.—V. Paterson, 19ft 3in, 1; A. Sams, 2; F. Paterson, 3.

✕ High Jump.—V. Paterson and F. Paterson, 5ft 3in, 1; Sherwood, 3.



S.H.S. Sports, September 5th, 1913.

880 Yards Handicap.—Woodhouse (75yds), 1; Manton (80yds), 2; Hey (80yds), 3. Time, 2 min 12 sec.

100 Yards Championship.—V. Paterson, 1; A. Geoffrey, 2; *F. Paterson, 3. Time, 11 1-5 sec.

Siamese Race.—Elliott and Barr, 1.

220 Yards, under 15.—First Heat: Torpey, 1; Walker, 2. Second Heat: Taylor, 1; Whitehouse, 2. Third Heat: King, 1; Howard, 2. Final: Taylor, 1; King, 2; Howard, 3. Time, 27 3-5 sec.

120 Yards Handicap.—Geoffrey (1yd), 1; Claremont (6yds), 2; McInerney (2yds), 3. Time, 13 2-5 sec.

Potato Race.—First Heat: Dent, 1; Robertson, 2. Second Heat: Claremont, 1; Henry, 2; Third Heat: Carter, 1; Connell, 2. Fourth Heat: Reddon, 1; Thomas, 2; Fifth Heat: Spieer, 1; Kelly, 2. Final: Dent, 1; Claremont, 2; King, 3.

220 Yards Championship.—V. Paterson, 1; F. Paterson, 2; A. Geoffrey, 3. Time, 25 sec.

75 Yards Junior Cadet Handicap.—Oag, 1; Lowe, 2; Tarrant, 3. Time, 9 4-5 sec.

Sack Race.—A Division: McKay, 1; Reeves, 2. B Division: Elwin, 1; Cunningham, 2.

Senior Tug-of-war.—3B (Wells, Greenless I., Greenless II., Meldrum, Sams, Jones, Godfrey, Porter).

Junior Tug-of-war.—2BC (Sherwood, Taylor, Cooney, Brand, Sherman, Bullman, Cousins, Ellison).

Novelty Race.—McLosky and Small, 1.

100 Yards Championship, under 15.—Wilson, 1; Whitehouse, 2; Humphreys, 3. Time, 14 sec.

120 Yards, under 16.—Jakin (6yds), 1; Spieer (4yds), 2; Claremont (scr.), 3. Time, 13 2-5 sec.

100 Yards Championship Junior Cadets.—Tarrant, 1; Lowe, 2; Back, 3.

440 Yards Handicap.—Geoffrey (scr.), 1; Woodhouse (35yds), 2. Time, 56 1-5 sec.

100 Yards Old Boys'.—Funnell, 1; Hall, 2.

Mile Walk.—Meldrum (35yds), 1; Burrell (100yds), 2; Price, (25yds), 3. Time, 8 min 41 sec.

Obstacle Race.—A Division: Forbes, 1; Law, 2. B Division: Whiting, 1; Cooke, 2.

Old Boys', 880 Yards.—Funnell, 1; Cotton, 2; Taylor, 3.

Flag Race.—2AG (McKeller, Whiting, Fraser, McCulloch, Harrs, Hook); 4B (1), 2; 2BG, 3.

Mile Handicap.—Porter (90yds), 1; R. E. Henry (175yds), 2; Jaede (140yds), 3. (Scratch time, 5 min 9 sec).

880 Yards Championship.—Trotter, 1; McKellar, 2; Braithwaite, 3. Time, 2 min 19 sec.

Shakespeare.

Oh! Mighty Bard of Stratford, from whose pen,
 Swift-deep'ning rivers of immortal thought
 Did flow in crystal stream, by genius wrought.
 What England owes thee ne'er can be by men
 Expressed; thy line of song, beyond all ken,
 Doth often rise to heights sublime; now caught
 Within the eddies strong of life, Ye taught
 Us self-reliance, kindness, faith. This den
 Of Earth thy genius did confine; this sphere
 Thou rulest now as monarch absolute.
 Nor any bard thy genius will outsing,
 For thou didst speak in tones serene and clear,
 The many-natured music of the flute
 Was in thy voice—pure, spotless, did it ring.

H.C.M.

The Postman.

What a varied creator of joy and sorrow is the postman, what pleasure and what pain this busy Mercury brings to our homes. Now he carries tidings of some loved one's success, now he brings us news of the failure of a momentous enterprise, and now the death of one dearer than life itself is announced by this unconscious bearer of Fate's decrees.

And yet how popular is this messenger. Each morning is his coming anxiously awaited,—the white-haired, weather-beaten veteran hears his call, and hobbles limping to the gate, his crutch and halting foot thumping heavily over the hollow boards; the little children cease their play and race to share the coveted letters, the maiden hears his cheery whistle ringing down the streets, stops, blushes, trembles, lays aside her work, forgets the broom, forgets the duster, forgets the present, in remembering the past, waiting for the news of her lover, which the postman will bring.

His, indeed, is a magic flute, a transforming note he blows. A touch here, a note there, and sorrow turns to joy, but, yet a little while and our bright sunshine is a black despair. We hear him coming on his plodding steed, his little herald announcing him, we bless him, we think how blessed is his mission, uniting city fireside and lone prospector's camp, drawing close the golden bands of Empire; but he comes and passes on, and even now we curse him, curse him, and man, and God, and all—that little, black-edged note has done its work, gently, but oh! too surely. The "tender leaves of hope" are withered on our parched stems, the castles of our hopes are beaten down by that little tear-stained sheet; it lies in a half-

forgotten, dusty drawer, and round it for its coffin mates float the shades of dead hopes, dead loves, dead aspirations.

And so it goes on, day after day, and I wonder whether I must count that postman, with his tiny paper bombshells, as an enemy or a friend, and I wonder whether at the last he will enter Heaven, or, whether his good outnumbered by his evil messengers, he will be cast into the outer darkness, with his little black-edged demons.

SCIP.

The Sighing of the Breeze.

Gentle breeze. Oh, why so sadly
Dost thou whisper through the trees,
While the sunbeams play so gladly,
And so softly drone the bees;

While so gaily dance the flowers,
And the birds so blithely sing,
And in scented woodland bowers,
Sweetly sounds the voice of Spring;

While the cascade swiftly foaming
In its wildest music's swell,
Bids thee cease thy restless roaming
By its side for e'er to dwell?

Haste, Oh, haste thee! ere the glory
Of the springtime fade away;
Whisper not thy mournful story
While the sunbeams rule the day.

Haste thee! haste, to greet the flowers,
As they flutter in thy breath;
And enjoy the happy hours,
Ere their charms are lost in death.

R.K.

The Poet.

The most curious anomaly in our modern civilisation is the poet; in himself he may be a scoundrel of the worst type, yet so long as he writes unusual things, with a certain amount of regularity in the accent, he can always find great men to bow to him, reporters to interview him, young ladies of both sexes to go into raptures over his appearance, newspapers to print his views on any subject from the increased price of hair cuts to compulsory training, and every autograph fiend in the land to hunt him down, the book in one hand and a fountain pen in the other.

And yet the poet is such a pitiful character that a rule (called poetic license) has had to be invented which states that what are defects in others must be considered as merits in him. If he adds two and two so as to make five, it is a sign that he is engaged with higher things than sordid business (yet he can borrow a threepenny bit with the skill of a professional); if he is a notorious drunkard—well, you know his highly strung nervous system demands something strong, and if he cannot afford nectar, he must needs be contented with rum and milk; if he has a girlish gigue, a sentimental snigger, an artistic taste in wife beating, if he steals from a friend, murders a rival, or ruins his brother—why you must allow something to the claims of art. Even if he misspells common words, breaks every rule of syntax and rhythm, if he insists on pronouncing “wind” as “whined”—why, surely you cannot fail to recognise all that as a sign of his mature genius.

One of the most sensible of English poets described the bard as “a thing of shreds and patches,” but even this is too poetically indefinite. He is a creature of paradox and catch words, and meaningless epigram. If he takes to the epic or heavy-tragedy type of jingle-slinging, he needs to be a man who would make a conspicuous success as a writer of Deadwood Dicks. The more he revels in gore, and flames, and fearful murders, and heartrending suicides, the more pathetic and sombre is his genius; the world reads his poem and the sensible man is driven to desperation by the continual repetition of such lines as:—

“The heavy-howling hound of hideous Had’s,

Doth tear me limb from limb and licks my blood,

And bids me think on many a mid-night murder.”

But the tragic poet is sanity itself as compared with his lyric brother; this unfortunate must expatiate glowingly on the beauties of chimney pots or gaunt leafless trees which stretch out indescribably mournful arms to the grey sky; if he even thinks of obeying the ordinary rules of rhythm he is forced and mechanical and a mere versifier. The lyric poet usually attacks (with great semblance of enthusiasm about his hackneyed subject) either love or birds or inanimate nature, and he does it with an utter disregard of truth or, to put it more poetically, with divine illogicality.

His ideas of love (or what he gives forth as his ideas) are peculiarly fresh and unsophisticated. The maiden or virgin (she is never a girl or any of the colloquial renderings thereof) is the epitome of virtue; she never deceives her fond father or watchful mother, she never goes out to Manly on Sunday evening when she should be at Sunday School, she never has her fair hands soiled by cookery or sweeping, and, in fact,

her virtue is only equalled by that of her lover. He never drinks, he lights a costly cigar with fingers that do not tremble, he chokes back the manly oath which trembles on his lips, his face is set like a waxen mask, while he is inwardly trembling with an agony of love.

But then turn to the birds. No poet can find it in him to consider the bird as mortal; to Shelley it is "an embodied joy"; to Wordsworth it is "a wandering voice"; to Keats it is a thing to be kissed and given "white peas"; and to all poets some bird or other is the "herald of spring"—which is the most ridiculous lie of all seeing that everyone knows that the real "herald of spring" is the blowfly. Keats goes to the utmost limit of poetic idiocy when he enthuses about the "grasshopper's voice" (which is not a voice at all) and "the cricket's song."

But even if we contrive, by some exertion of mental elasticity, to understand the poets' love of birds, what can we say to their ideas about inanimate nature. Wordsworth had some funny notion that trees and trickling streams, and mossy dells, all nature in fact, had a soul in common with man, and to back up his assertions, went to look for the most commonplace things, and having found them, proceeded to paint them all over with poetic art. For instance, he made of the daisy "a silver shield with boss of gold," but put that in the shade by "a little cyclops with one eye."

All the poets since then have done likewise. All of them have "stood tiptoe upon a little hill," all of them have seen beauty in little bits of creeks, a couple of inches deep and about three feet wide, the abodes of leeches and bully-frogs; most of them have heard something mournful in the wash of the waves, men who have never experienced the delirious joy of surfing on one of our beaches when sand and sea combine to dazzle with their gleam and when the soft wind alone tempers the permeating heat of summer.

But in spite of the lunacy which appears in every line, the poet is no fool; he sees the folly of mankind, has the sense to pander to it, and dies in the end, often with a title, always with wealth.

F.S.

The Origin of Our Ideals.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blest,

writes Pope, with inimitable conciseness, thus expressing an immortal truth. All live in a Land of Hope and inherit a just share of its spiritual content. There is the home of our

highest aspirations and our noblest desires; there, the basis of our ideals—ideals which can never be regarded as merely wild chimeras, enticing us to a Circean Palace, a land of mere phantasy and illusion. Deception is not a quality of ideals, they are the real things of life; they are the all, that has grandest nobility and inestimable value; the only, whose force and meaning must be recognised. The momentum of the unrealised hope, the urge of the ideal, spur us to action, and through them alone can we seek to understand the daily toil and common task. Though disappointed at the failure of our first efforts, a never-failing joy and satisfaction is gained in bearing in mind that our ideal does surely exist; and like Alexander sighing for greater worlds to conquer, once more rejuvenated, we enter the fray to intervene with a better chance of success.

Whence does our ideal originate? Like the Israelites of old, beneath the mount of Sinai, do we say to ourselves, "Go to, let us make an ideal," or do we receive an already constructed ideal revealed by the Divinity that shapes our ends? Ideals certainly belong to the world of spirit, but that is not to say that they are not of or from us. Man is spiritual, he is more than flesh and bones, and is an active participant in that higher sphere. He both takes and gives, for

"Trailing for clouds of glory do we come,

From God, who is our home."

But ideals, God-given in the sense that they are part and parcel of the world of spirit, essentially fail to win credence, or to attain realness, unless they harmonise with our own experience. Some understanding of the ideal, however vague or clear, some possibility of its accomplishment, however great or small, some probability of its achievement, however near or distant, is presupposed in every person striving towards an ideal.

The ideal, in its purity and perfection, is capable of a thousand varying interpretations, for each sees through a glass dimly, and yet each must be an ideal. Every impulse directing to a higher realm, every emotion thrilling in its internal warmth, every idea elevating in its conception, aid us in wresting from the ideal an interpretation, which is, of necessity, our ideal. As this process is continuous, it follows that ideals can never be exactly formulated, can never be expressed in so many words. Ideals are living, and the living evades all attempts to fix it in language. Our ideals are never otherwise than in the process of being formed, and hence, can never be attained. Anticipation is always fuller and better than realisation. This very elusiveness is their enduring charm, this encircling mystery their deepest significance, and in both lies their compelling power.

Let us endeavour to frame our own ideals, and make an honest effort to live up to them, still remembering that they are but the imperfect shadows of that omnipotent Ideal which will some day reveal itself to us in all its resplendent glory as God.

F.C.

The Sceptic.

Without the tempest rages, and within,
His face dim-lit by the great glowing fire,
His mind now weighing over every sin,
The sceptic ponders on the Heaven's ire.

His thoughts between two questions high are torn
And unconvinced doth he there remain,
Absorbed in this, and dark as one just born,
Are prayers to God availing, or in vain?

When lists he to the tempest's rage without,
And thinks upon the thing with honest mind,
Then says he thus—That surely now doth flout
His power, one more mighty than mankind.

But while he contemplates the redd'ning glow,
He thinks of Christian martyrs, long since passed,—
Were God the Being that the preachers show
Surely from Death he would those victims cast.

In silence long the sceptic lingers there,
Unconscious of surroundings, and remains
Uncertain yet; nor will be certain ere
Grim death the curtain lifts, when gone life's pains.

R.D.H.

Form Notes.

CLASS IV.B.—The only oasis in a dreary desert of fag is that wild orgy known to the initiated as undisturbed loaf, to the teachers as private study, and to all as a screaming farce. Do we arrive with some of our pile of homework still to be done? The solution is private fag. Is there some abstruse question in politics, psychology, or theology to be discussed? There's always private fag. Is there a love letter to be written, scandal to be spread, dinner to be eaten, handicaps to be discussed, time to be wasted? The universal remedy is private fag. But if an exam. is approaching, if you want to do a little work, if you have no humour in your soul, if you cannot bear the heartrending spectacle of Mac.'s repeated failures to be witty—then flee private fag as a pestilence worse than the deadly leaving certificate or the comparatively festive smallpox.

But there are other ways of enjoying life. For instance, you can get on a committee, be a prefect, go down town for the good of the school, cultivate an appreciation of teachers' jokes or (if you can descend that low) be an armoury staff.

But in spite of all these methods of being happy there are still a few unfortunates who are being forced into the army of pessimists; such are Barr, whose innate modesty keeps his head always under the desk; Mac., who shudders at the thought of a gaping ink-well; Golly, who finds it difficult to express his thoughts in a connected form, and consequently revels in a choice stock of energetic (albeit worried) exclamations; Adrian, who shudders at the thought of marriage, and speaks with blushing diffidence of the "iciest of the social icicles in his circle of acquaintances"; Sidly, who dislikes all reference to the rising sun, and is constantly making "a hundred little plans"; Ridley, who is daily tortured with advice about lighting the gas, said advice usually taking the form of "the other way"! Then there's Colvin, with his daily attempts to solve the problem of dividing four sports tickets amongst a score of female admirers without creating unseemly discord, while all the time he is distracted by his desire to invent a scientific means of stopping fights; his confidential adviser Sheed, whose love of organisation constantly calls down comment not unmixed with advice to "keep it up"; and Elliott, whose sole aim in life is to find means of amusing Barr.

We are pleased to state that we have no hesitation in referring readers to the description of the sports,—which shows how thick-skinned we are.

IV.A.—We find it extremely difficult to express our true feeling in Form Notes, now that we have settled down to strenuous (?) work for the Leaving Certificate. In addition, we are coming to the final term at the dear old school, which has fostered us for so long, and we are beginning to feel keen regrets.

Despite these varied fortunes we still keep up our interest in the sporting and other activities. We are represented in every branch of sport, and possess such stars as Willan, Parr, and Dent. It has even been rumored that Waddell has taken up tennis, and is likely to excel (?).

Several from this form have interested themselves in the competition drill squad, an example which should be followed by other forms less oppressed with work.

We must draw this embellished effort to a close as time presses and homework calls.

III.B.—“Give ’em socks” is a very popular expression amongst football fiends and young Australians in general. An unwary visitor enters Room 3— crash! a dull thud, and his suffering proboscis stops a nasty black object—once put to better use—now, alas! wrapped into a rough shape of a ball. It was, gentlemen, a sock. Now it is. . . .

The snowy-haired young rascal who sits in the front seat and has been mentioned in these columns before, is still whining and muttering sundry dark threats. It is indeed a pity to see the young suffer so.

“Pros.” are studying hard (? ? ?) for the coming exam. You ought to see them up at the back. It simply does your eyesight good to see all the hard work (and talk) flying round.

Sports, of course, make their presence felt. F—— is a whispered “dark horse” in the mile, whilst a little birdie whispered that a certain gentleman is training hard along Carlton roads. We hope “Bud” will have the pleasure of witnessing the young gent. break the tape.

Edgar M—— likes the fire (and Dumas’ novels). Eh, what! No prize will be given to those who guess his identity.

3A. “NOW PLEASE!”—3A is still, as it always was, and will be, until we are 4B, the better of the two third-year classes, and consequently the model form of the school. This statement is cordially endorsed by the masters, but our hated rivals, who designate themselves 3B, will not be, perhaps, of the same opinion. However, this is of no import, as they are not responsible for their words or deeds.

Our sporting prowess is proportional to our great scholastic ability, being represented in every branch of the School activities from football and tennis down to duster skirmishes. Our honour is upheld in Rugby football by Foley, Braithwaite, Robertson, Lawson, Ashworth, Rayner and Cunningham, and in Soccer by Reeves and Jones. Frazer, Cole and McLaughlin form the backbone of the Firsts at tennis, while Webster ably captains the Seconds. The crack rifles of the School are produced by this class; they are Caldwell, Kershaw, Middleton, Pike and Brake. Burrell and Dupen represent us at Lacrosse, and Byrne plays in the Baseball Firsts. We have to congratulate the latter on being elected secretary of the Cricket Club.

“Dismiss.”

2BG.—Owing to the fact that our form notes were handed in too late for publication last quarter, the “Record” lacked—naturally—the usual interest anticipated by all.

Of course our prowess in all matters, athletic and academic, was, and is, as brilliant as in the past.

“That all do know it,

We are nothing jealous.”—(Adapted.)

The amount of preparation imposed upon us for the Intermediate is unlimited, but notwithstanding this we are

“Stemming it with hearts of controversy.”

The brilliant achievements of our representatives at sport prove to all that we have not exaggerated our athletic capabilities. Also the fact that we have entered three flag teams and several Cup competitors still further evidences this fact.

Our parting wish is one of success to the three other Second Year classes and the Fourth Year.

2BC.—Owing to lack of interest in the last three months we have not much to relate. We have lost Green, our famous detective, and robberies now take place in broad daylight, all culprits being reprieved. We hope to take our place of renown in sport, both in the forthcoming annual sports and on the cricket field during the coming season. Certain individuals in our class hope to shine at this universal sport, although their powers have been dormant during the past football season. The detention list has been somewhat swelled by some of our “notables,” but we hope they will take the pledge against detention and become converts to order and discipline in the near future. The coming Intermediate, we surmise, will claim its unhappy victims for some of our class know nothing whatever about it.

Like all other (?) civilized communities, we possess our anti-vaccinationists, but we advise them to “get vaccinated,” for a disease called “Intermediate” threatens to assail us without any mercy.

2AG.—Welcome, ye old and beneficial game of cricket; and welcome ye undefeated and remorseless champions. 2AG., fight on!—and win! Thus are written the thoughts of the keenest critics of cricket. For, on a thorough examination, one sees through the forced calm of the other second-year class who, longing to revenge their defeats in previous seasons, are preparing mighty hosts to dislodge us. But we are confident; the only mishap that we think is likely to happen in the first match is that on the day 2BG will not even have the confidence to meet us.

Several students of this class are studying the art of phraseology in order that they may quote appropriate phrases in any exigency. Hence the only phrase that has been profitable is "Playing the Game."

We have just been reminded of the fact that in about three months' time we will participate in one of the pleasures (!) of school life, which we had lost sight of, and which some will have to keep in sight.

Lately the 3B Rugby team has been defeated several times, and the selectors have found it extremely difficult to get a team. The explanation is that the majority of our class have been vaccinated.

Therefore the 3B team, consisting chiefly of this class, has been greatly depleted and has had to search for inferior players from other classes.

2AC.—The industrious (?) students of our class have been recently engaged in making painful (to look at) facial expressions, and in arm-scratching competitions.

Once more our numbers have been depleted. Never more will we hear the cry "Is Ways here?" for Ways (Wise) has departed from our midst. But he has left a glorious name behind him—in the detention book. During recess, melodious strains may be heard proceeding from No. 8, by lovers of music—notes which certain unmusical masters designate "cat-calling" and "screaming."

Ach Blitzen!" We surmise it is time some of our masters give us a little less "home-work" and so enable us to settle down to fag—next week.

Our class is well represented in the various branches of sport. We have some budding footballers as well as expert baseballers. We are also well represented at tennis and lacrosse. We expect to carry off the majority of the prizes in the annual sports meeting, and can assure other classes that they will be nowhere.

1CG.—One sees 1CG as one always sees good things. We are indeed good and of the right good goods for we have demonstrated this in Latin by our good behaviour (ask our Latin master); in English by our ardour to learn homework (ask our English master); and by our energy in sport. We suppose that next quarter they will Robb us of all the Hart-y youths

who go Bolton in a Lowe manner round the playground, quite against the Laws of the School. Nevertheless,

I.C.G., in that blessed name imparts,
Honour to those who in that class have sown
The toil of many hours of weary graft
In effortless endeavours of their own

to fag Latin and English.

Most of the kids of the class have gone quite dotty over the sayings of our English Fisher; such things as "An' hoo long ha' ye been oot?", "Wot boot did yer coom oot in?" and "I ha' bin hae a foortnicht" are made use of so constantly as to drive the sensible man almost to suicide.

Having the largest 1st year entry in the sports, we have again demonstrated that we are the most energetic class going (not gone!). Every class has some member a little bit softer than the rest, and we are no exception to the rule. V-e is most conspicuous in this direction, and without him the class would soon Wither from its present high position.

1BG.—We wish the approaching (! Ed.) sports a great success, and hope to do well in them ourselves. We are represented in every event by various boys who are going to exert all their powers to uphold our honour.

In S—g, we have a budding humourist, who has cleverly manufactured the following lines:—

"Negus went for a Hunt in the Western (on) Wood, where he met the notorious Kellies, and after a squabble, in which Little boys were muddled up, he managed to escape. Soon after he saw the Duke of Rochester leaning on a Weir (a very K-weir performance), with his friend Pauline. He then met Davidson, with whom he walked through several Park (e) s. After a little while he turned Back, and recognised a chap, who was Cumming the other way, to be a Hardun (en), who told him to use Hudson's soap."

We are sorry to say that our poet H—n was not elected Poet Laureate, but he should try again. We hope all the masters have a good time during the coming holidays.

A. COMMERCIAL.—The cricket season has commenced and we will go through with wins as we did with football. We have had the unenviable reputation of having the most detention in the school, but hope in the future to lose it. We have many budding journalists, poets, and artists, as

is shown by the contributions sent in to the "Class Gazette" (why not to the "Record"—Ed.), especially by H—r. We have also a budding young baseballer named S—p, who mysteriously puts his thumb out every match, and treats it with iodine.

Pages are flying about like smallpox, and it is a corporal punishment indeed (what does this mean?—Ed). We have lost one from our midst of the name of Rex. W. Redden, but he is replaced by a famous young gentleman of the name of J. Brown. Most of the class have entered for the annual sports, and all are going to endeavour to carry off a prize (for coming last).

1A. GENERAL.—In spite of the absence of some of our "ladds" (who drop in occasionally armed withlymp(h) excuses), we have earned praise even from those stern beings who commonly harangue us for forty-five minutes in No. 10. Recently a cloud was raised in the minds of our callers by the intimation that a certain language exam. was at hand. A few who had before been greatly satisfied with the work we didn't do, shook plentifully at the knees and even L—d, our best scholar, was unusually depressed.

1A.G. still leads at sport, though we have not shown to such advantage as we should have done had our players not been found to be indispensable to the 1st and 2nd elevens. In the coming sports we are absolutely sure of the tug with B—t to lean for us. Our relay teams also can go like frightened snails. Another remarkable fact is that every cadet in the class has volunteered for the competition.

A bard of the class has sent the following:—

MY TIDY SISTER.

Upon my earthly happiness there lies an awful blot,
And currant jam and football can eradicate it not;
I therefore put myself about to tune my mournful lyre
And pour some paraffin upon my poor poetic fire.
My sister is the burden, sir, of this my tale of woe,
The depths of her perversity no mortal man can know
It is of her I wish to speak, or rather sing, to-day,
And of her awful mania for putting things away.
I wouldn't mind so much if she could get the places right,
But the sum of her endeavours is to get things out of sight,
And when I tell her that my goods are nowhere to be seen,
She answers, "I've not seen them," or "I don't know what
you mean";
I've found my football packed away among the latest hats,
And rubber tubing for my valves wrapped up in pretty mats,
And everything that's missing, I must search for far and near
She vows she hasn't seen them since the summer of last
year.

Perhaps within my tool-chest she's enclosed my Sunday hat,
 Perhaps the fire's been lighted with my last year's cricket bat,
 But no such incongruities avail to put her out;
 She only says, "Well, really if you will leave things about"—
 Oh! Mr. Editor, my brain is turning round and round,
 And who should be astonished if some morning it were found,
 That every hair upon my head had turned from black to grey
 All through my sister's mania for putting things away.

"Extremos Pudeat Bediisse."

The spirit of our dear old school
 Upon our hearts its spell hath cast,
 May her proud motto be our rule—
 "Be ye ashamed to come in last!"
 Then hurrah for the Sydney High School, boys, hurrah!
 We'll uphold her name, extend her fame afar.

In sport we strive with might and main
 To make the struggle keen and fast,
 For Sydney High School boys disdain
 To lag behind and come in last.

Then hurrah, etc.,

And in the harder longer race,
 To reach home wisdom's shining goal,
 Still strive on for the foremost place,
 And to our task, bend heart and soul.

Then hurrah, etc.,

Within the class-room, on the field,
 Whether the fight be lost or won,
 The Sydney High School boys will yield,
 In courage, honour, truth, to none.

Then hurrah, etc.,

And when our days at school are o'er
 And all examinations past,
 In life's stern race still to the fore
 We'll press, and scorn to be the last.

Then hurrah, etc.,

ANONYMOUS.

Musical Appreciation.

During his recent visit to London the Shah of Persia was present at a concert of orchestral music in the Queen's Hall. At its conclusion he was informed that the orchestra would

be pleased to repeat the item he liked best; whereupon he confessed a preference for the first one on the programme. This, an elaborate overture, was accordingly played a second time, but as it proceeded, a frown of displeasure was observed upon the royal face, and at its conclusion he exclaimed: "It was not that piece I wanted, but the one before it." The point of this anecdote lies in the fact that the first musical sounds heard by the Shah on entering the hall, proceeded from the ante-room where the instrumentalists were noisily tuning-up in preparation for the concert.

The standard of musical appreciation displayed by the above-mentioned potentate was certainly not a high one, but we venture to remark that to many quite ordinary persons, a performance of high-class orchestral music would be quite as unintelligible as the din of the tuning-room. However, a fair number of pupils of the High School have shown quite a liking for good music, and Mr. Steele had the satisfaction of accompanying parties of boys to the July and August concerts of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

The July programme included Beethoven's immortal "Pastoral" symphony, which created quite a good impression on the minds of the youthful hearers. At this concert, also, they were fortunate enough to hear the first performance in Australia of Mr. Handel Thorley's "Macbeth" music, conducted by the composer himself. On the 9th August, a party of thirty boys attended the concert and heard a very fine performance of Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathetique," and also had an opportunity of hearing Mr. Lawrence Godfrey Smith (an old High School boy) play the Rubinstein concerts.

It is not for one moment claimed that the hearers were able to follow the music absolutely or to appreciate fully the fine things set before them, but there was undoubtedly a distinct sense of enjoyment, which, in some individual cases, amounted almost to enthusiasm.

However, we hope to operate on a larger scale next year, and to arrange for each concert to be preceded by a short explanatory lecture, which should prepare our embryonic critics for their self-imposed task.

Football

1st XV.—Owing to the wet weather and the smallpox scare football has been somewhat disorganised during the past half, and the competition has ended in rather a disappointing manner both as regards the 1st and 2nd grades.

The match against Hurlstone, played in the beginning of July, was a keenly-contested game, which resulted in a win for the School by 14—3.

The following day we played against the Old Boys—a fact which must be put forward as an excuse for our rather decisive defeat,—the scores being 23—9.

From that date—10th July—up to August 13th we played no match; but on that date we met Fort Street on Wentworth Oval. Half-time scores were 3—0 in our favour; but in the second half our opponents put the wind to the best advantage, with the result that the final scores were 17—3 against us. On Wednesday, 20th July, we again met Fort Street. This match proved a much faster one than that of the preceding Wednesday, the players showing themselves to greater advantage in every way. Despite our efforts, however, the game resulted in a win for our opponents by 14—13.

During the match Molineaux had the misfortune to receive a slight dislocation of his shoulder.

2nd XV.

Sydney High School v Petersham. Won by 19—0.
 Sydney High School v Cleveland Street. Won by 15—0.
 Sydney High School v Hurlstone. Won by 13—3.
 Sydney High School v Fort Street. Lost by 14—9.

3rd XV.

Sydney High School v Hurlstone. Won by 9—0.
 Sydney High School v Cleveland Street. Lost by 14—3.
 Sydney High School v Parramatta. Won by 14—6.
 Sydney High School v Technical College B. Lost by 17—3.
 Sydney High School v Technical College A. Won by 17—6.

The Glee Club

Active preparations are now in hand for a concert, to be given under the auspices of the Glee Club. No date has yet been fixed, but it will not be later than the middle of October.

In order to strengthen the upper parts of the chorus (which are weak, owing to the lack of support from the younger pupils of the school), the help of several sopranos and altos

from the Girls' High School has been obtained. The personal interest of Mrs. Garvin in this matter, has been of great assistance to the conductor, who will thus have a well-balanced choir of forty-five voices under his control.

As the young ladies have also consented to give one or two separate items, it will be seen that we are already doubly indebted to them.

We are not able to give full particulars of the programme yet, but can promise that it will be worth hearing. In addition to choral items there will be piano, violin, and vocal solos of a high-class character, with a recitation or two.

Now for the object of the concert.

All present pupils of the school are agreed that the platform in the main hall would be much improved if upon the ample surface there stood a PIANO; and it is precisely to make some attempt towards effecting this improvement that the above-mentioned concert is being prepared.

We sincerely hope that every boy in the school will do his utmost to make this concert the success it should be, by advertising it fully among his friends.

Baseball Club.

The most successful season since the inauguration of the game has come to a close, and, although neither S.H.C. teams occupy premier positions, they are to be complimented on their fine performances. Considering the fact, that hardly any practices were held during the season, owing to the lack of a suitable ground, it is gratifying to note that the 1st IX. are runners-up in their competition, and have the distinction of being the only team to defeat the premiers. The 2nd IX. also performed well, obtaining 3rd place, and like the 1st IX. was the only team to defeat Hurlstone, the winners of the competition. This season has seen the advent of many new players, who showed great promise and, who, no doubt, will be able to more than fill the vacancies caused by the departure of the senior boys.

18/6/13 v Fort Street. Won, 21—7. Fort Street were completely outclassed. Barr, at 1st base, was very safe and Smith (S.S.) showed improved form.

- 9/7/13 v Petersham. Lost, 14—6. S.H.S., who were without the services of their catcher, Kenniff, played poorly. Hooke pitched well, but was not supported by his field. Hain and McLoskey were the best infielders.
- 18/7/13 v Cleveland Street. Won, 15—10. In this match which was played at Newcastle at the invitation of Mr. R. F. Harvey (a former master of S.H.S.), Cleveland Street received their only defeat of the season. Hooke pitched excellently, striking out 17 batters, and was ably supported by his catcher, Magill. Smith and Kenniff hit home runs, and Hooke a 3-bagger. In the early match the four S.H.S. representatives performed well.
- 6/8/13 v Cleveland Street. Lost, 16—5. The S.H.S. team was depleted, owing to vaccination, and Magill (catcher) had to retire during the 1st innings. Barr was easily the best of the infield. Sharp was safe in the outfield.
- 13/8/13 v Fort Street. Won, 22—1. Hooke again pitched splendidly (14 strike outs). The batting was the heaviest of the season, home runs being hit by Byrne (2), Barr, Downward, Hooke, and Kenniff.
- 20/8/13 v Petersham. Won, 13—7. An easy win. Everyone in the infield played splendidly, but the outfield was weak.

2nd IX.

- 18/6/13 v Fort Street. Won, 21—5. Magill was easily the best all-round player. Taylor was conspicuous in the outfield.
- 9/7/13 v Technical H.S. Won, 21—7. Downward, at first base, was safe, and Magill (catcher) performed excellently. Bullman and Symes shared the pitching honors.
- 16/7/13 v Hurlstone. Won, 28—25. Hurlstone's only defeat. Symes was injured, and relieved by Sharp, who did well. Downward and Herry were the best of the infield.
- 6/8/13 v Petersham. Won, 13—7. Bullman pitched well. Henry and Bain were excellent in the infield.
- 13/8/13 v T.H.S. Lost, 22—5. Play much below the standard. Sharp had the misfortune to injure his hand. Symes was safe at 1st base.

20/8/13 v Hurlstone. Owing to the approaching sports a weak team was easily defeated. Jaede performed well as catcher and was the best batter. Symes pitched well (10 strike outs). Taylor was excellent in the infield, one catch being particularly fine.

The Library.

Since the last edition of the "Record," the library has been placed entirely under new management. The committee now consists of third-year boys, the fourth-year having resigned in order to prepare for the Leaving Certificate.

It is encouraging to note the great interest taken by the first and second year boys in the library. However, their course of reading seems to consist of school and adventure stories, and we consider they would benefit greatly by varying their reading with literature of a high standard. The magazine section is also very well patronised. Although at present the majority of magazines are old numbers, we hope in the near future to subscribe regularly to several. We hope, also, before the next issue of the "Record" to be able to supply all members of the library with an up-to-date catalogue.

Tennis Club.

During the past quarter the Haberfield courts have been used in a manner that well bespeaks the popularity of tennis at the school. Almost every Wednesday afternoon has seen more players than two courts can comfortably accommodate. The school court is used on Wednesdays by beginners, while on other afternoons the various classes are allowed to have it to themselves.

The play in the High Schools' competition not being up to their standard, the first six (A.'s) were withdrawn, the former B. team succeeding to their place, while another team was formed to play B grade in the competition. Since these changes were made two competition matches have been played by both teams. The results are:—

A GRADE.

S.H.S. defeated Cleveland Street.

Technical H.S. defeated S.H.S.

B GRADE.

Cleveland Street defeated S.H.S.

S.H.S. defeated Technical H.S.

The premiership for both A and B grades now rests between Technical High School and S.H.S.

The following appeared in the "Evening News" of June 26th.

"The Sydney High School appears to have the strongest combination, the form shown by their pairs, Claremont and Molineaux, and Frazer and McLaughlin, being much above the average expected from school boys."

This extract refers to the High Schools' competition of last term.

The special "A1" team played Fort Street at Double Bay early in August a match, which resulted in a decided victory for S.H.S. The scores are as follows:—

Cook and Claremont v Paling and Berman, 6—3; 6—4.

Frazer and McLaughlin v Hayes and Allum, 6—2; 6—5.

Molineaux and Cole v Illingworth and Cuthbert, 5—6; 6—3.

Cook and Claremont v Hayes and Allum, 5—6.

Frazer and McLaughlin v Illingworth and Cuthbert, 6—4.

Molineaux and Cole v Paling and Berman, 6—2.

Total:—S.H.S. 7 sets 52 games; Fort Street, 2 sets 35 games.

The school will be well represented in the schoolboy events of the Sydney Championship Tournament. Three pairs—Cook and Claremont, Molineaux and Cole, Frazer and McLaughlin—are entering for the doubles, while most of these players are also competing in the singles.

Literary and Debating Society.

No special developments have rendered the quarter which has just passed, particularly noteworthy. The society has continued to uphold its high standard of efficiency as a "Debating" Society, new enthusiasts coming forward to fill the places vacated by those whose time is otherwise fully engaged. Fourth year boys are beginning to feel the strain of work for the final exam., and are gradually allowing the stress of management and responsibility to rest upon those who have more

time before them. Let them see to it that their work is done faithfully, and that the society is not lacking in debaters of literary and argumentative talent. Upon third year boys rests the welfare of the society for at least twelve months, and their's is the privilege of making the coming year one of the best yet recorded. The secretarial duties are now being ably performed by C. E. Lake, whilst the position of leader of the opposition is filled by A. Sams—both third year representatives. It behoves their co-workers to rally round them at each debate, and to oust the present ministry from their position, of such long and stable tenure.

The chief item of interest during the quarter was the mock trial. Nearly half the boys at present in attendance at the school, were persuaded to be present—nor was persuasion difficult, for most of them were already enthused by the prospect of a delightful afternoon spent 'mid scenes of legal trial and judicature. Nor were they disappointed. Our "Chief Justice," Mr. J. Woodhouse, was once more called upon to fill his honorable position before a court consisting of men of renowned integrity and of great judicial experience. The plaintiff, Miss Angelina Muggins, alias F. Sheed, sued for £2000 damages from the defendant, Mr. Augustus Fitz-Clair (L. Price) for "breach of promise." Mr. H. McLoskey appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. W. S. Paterson for the defendant, both wearing the insignia of the legal profession.

After a jury had been duly constituted in accordance with the laws of our State, the solicitor for the plaintiff set forth in poignant terms the fearful criminality of the offence, directed his honor's attention to the very appearance of the defendant in court, and called upon the jury to deliver free and unbiassed judgment upon the case. The plaintiff being called to the witness box, information was sought from her regarding her parentage, occupation, and pursuits, but the information on all points was unsatisfactory. So evasive were most of the replies given that, were it not for the extreme sagacity of the lawyers present in court, no progress would have been effected. So caustic indeed were some of the remarks that his honor deemed it necessary to inflict fines amounting to £50 for contempt of court. The plaintiff's parents were duly examined, rendering doubly conflicting the evidence given by her. Tommy Muggins, the younger brother afforded much amusement to all, save those whom the seriousness of the charge or the dignity of office rendered grave. His angelic innocence as he described the scene where the tragic proposal was said to have taken place, appeared indeed unaffected. The defendant was next called upon to give evidence—evidence which all but convicted some witness of per-

jury. Upon him also were inflicted heavy fines for contempt of court, owing to the fact that he addressed his honor, the judge, by the extremely courteous title of "your Wash-up." Friends of the defendant were duly called upon and testified to the fine moral character of the defendant. So conclusive was their evidence, and so trite the words of the defending solicitor, that his honor, in summing up, found that the defendant, owing to his "trusting" nature, had been the victim of a heinous plot to ruin his career. The appeal was quashed, plaintiff ordered to pay costs and no appeal allowed to a higher court. Remarkable and brilliant metaphors, freely used in the evidence of most of the witnesses, without doubt, succeeded in astounding and confusing his honor.

The afternoon's attendance was the best yet recorded, the auspiciousness of the occasion being further enhanced by the attendance of several of the masters, whose presence gave fresh inspiration to the parties at variance.

The other meetings of the society have comprised two ministerial debates, one "impromptu speeches," and one humorous readings. The attendance at all of these meetings is conclusive evidence of the interest maintained in the society.

The Camera Club.

The work for the second half year was begun on July 22nd. It is not proposed to carry on till the last term, but finish off about the middle of November, as the yearly examinations will commence about that time.

A committee meeting was called on the 18th July, when the programme was compiled up to October 14th. On August 19th Mr. Tremain, of the Technical College, offered to demonstrate before the club the "carbon process," but was prevented from so doing upon the date arranged; he hopes, however, to do so at some future date. It might be well to mention here that every member should not fail to avail himself of such an opportunity of watching this superb process.

The competition scheme has been arranged and differs somewhat from those of previous years, in that there will be only two classes. The amateurs' class will carry two prizes, and the beginners' three. It is here announced that prints (mounted) of any subject whatever, will be eligible for competition in their respective classes. The entries will close on October 3rd.

Members are further reminded that we wish this year's competition to surpass all previous ones; but to do this every one must contribute. Do not imagine that your prints are not good enough for exhibition; choose your favorites, persevere to mount them artistically, and enter them. If you are in doubt, members of the committee will be only too pleased to advise you in your choice. Mr. Tremain has kindly consented to judge the competition.

Military Notes and Rifle Club.

The school companies were successfully re-organised last July; twenty lads were transferred to the Sydney University Scouts; sixty junior cadets were promoted to "K" Company, while 30 "K" Company boys were moved into "J." Our companies are now greatly over the usual strength, and the officers find it impossible to get "K" Company into line in our "extensive" playground.

Lieutenant Sullivan has again undertaken the difficult task of training the recruits, and a great improvement is manifested already in their drill and deportment.

"J" Company is under the charge of Lieutenant Parker, whose enthusiastic work has done much to make his fine company what it is; the boys in it should be proud of their company, their officers, and N.C.O.'s, and do their best to make their company the best in Australia.

Both companies are now training for the battalion competition, each hopes not only to win the battalion, but the brigade, or even district competitions, while some sanguine youths have visions of a trip to Melbourne to compete for the premiership of the Commonwealth.

(RIFLE CLUB)

This club is at present in a very flourishing condition. New members are being enrolled each week, and the number of active members is at present greater than at any time since the club began.

It is pleasing to note that a number of first year boys are taking great interest in the work of the club, and have made splendid progress in attempting to hit the elusive "bull." It is to these younger members that we look for teams to uphold the reputation of the school at future N.R.A. meetings.

The selection committee are finding it no easy matter to select a definite team for the forthcoming N.R.A. meeting, as a number of good shots are competing for places. We shall need the best team it is possible for us to put on the mounds, as competition will be exceptionally keen this year.

As several members of the club have very generously agreed to lend their .303 Service rifles to the others, we have managed to secure a few shoots at the long ranges, with a view to competing in the N.R.A. Schools' Challenge Shield. Judging by the good progress already made we should give a good account of ourselves in that event.

Much of the success of the club is due to Lieutenant Parker, who sacrifices a great deal of time and energy in the interests of the club.

The Tuck Shop.

As usual, under the able management of the fourth year boys, the tuck-shop is still in a most flourishing condition, and contributes largely to the sports of the school.

Certainly it is rather a heavy task to cater for the experienced tastes, not to mention huge appetites, of our youthful gourmets, but by repeated changes in the stock, pastry and confectionery, and by well-chosen advertisement, Manager Nicol and his willing helpers have again contrived to satisfy their difficult customers, so that it can truthfully be said that the tuck-shop is among the most popular and beneficial institutions of the school, for what mighty transports, what noble impulses move us when the "inner man" is satisfied.

Lacrosse Club.

The school's A team has just completed a most successful season, going through without a defeat. This is a very fine performance, as it is only two years ago that lacrosse was inaugurated at the school. Unfortunately, the school was not represented in the High School Lacrosse Competition last year, owing to the impossibility of getting together the necessary number of players. However, this year our A team has quite compensated for their absence last year by gaining a meritorious victory on every occasion on which they took the field.

The personnel of the team is as follows:—L. Moore (captain), V. Paterson, F. Paterson, E. Porter, F. Wells, O. Swan, G. Ludwigson, G. Thompson, C. Fuller, P. Paul, L. Jones, and E. Burrell. The team was both heavy and fast, and some of the players show promise of developing into fine players with a little more experience. Next season we should be well represented, and again repeat our performance. The school succeeded in having three representatives in the N.S.W. Lacrosse Team, which visited Queensland. They were L. Moore (captain of the N.S.W. team), Fuller, and Porter.

These three players were perhaps the dominating factors in most of our matches, although they were ably supported by V. and F. Paterson. Both these players are very fast, but Victor is superior to his brother. Thompson, in-goal, was very sound.

The team owes much of its success to the efforts of Mr. Childs, a member of the St. George team. The record of the team is as follows:—

For, 38 goals; against, 20 goals.

The second team was not so successful, finishing 3rd in their competition. The best players were Dupen and Cox.

The Editor's Box.

I.A.G.—For a first year boy you show a sense of humour and a command of versification. Your poem is, of course, not quite up to the "Record" standard, but we have decided to include it in your form notes. But we really don't see what you expect us to do in the case. If you wish we will write to your sister and see what a little quiet remonstrance can do.

A.W.V.K.—Your manuscript was accepted, but it could not be included in this issue, owing to lack of space.

R.K.—Your poem accepted with pleasure.

R.D.H.—Your desire to form a new realistic school appears to have become mixed up with the trail of the Deadwood Dick. We print the choicest piece we could find:—

Anon there creep along the ground
 A villian (!) darkest dye,
 His murdered victim shall be found
 Ere many days go by.
 No speck but awful ghost sweeps by,
 Across the moonlit stretch
 And shrieking, laughing, fiend in eye,
 Sweeps onward at the wretch.

(Serve him right!—Ed.)

Your other poem accepted, but there are a few minor points needing attention, e.g., the second line in the first verse.

Brick.—We publish your poem with a purely didactic purpose.

Scip.—Thanks—always ready to receive good prose.

F.S.—Though our views do not necessarily coincide with yours, we print your "scathing" article so as to show our strict impartiality.

H.C.M.—Though your poem is somewhat beyond our comprehension, we print it as the work of an eccentric mystic, for such you must be if you really mean all you say about Shakespeare.

Excelsior.—Thanks for your fine poem. We hope to receive more from you.

Anonymous.—"Extremos Pudeat Rediisse," accepted mainly because of the translation of the school motto which few of us really understood before. It might be a slight improvement if you lengthened the chorus.

X.Y.Z.—Your parody "The Forsaken German," rejected as being too personal. We print the only part possible:—

"Beside a mossy bank he lay, an untamed sausage in his hand,
And then quoth he, "Oh, well a day! Oh where, oh where is my
German band."

Maths.—Your "mathematical peculiarities" are not mathematical, and they ceased to be peculiarities some years ago. Consequently we find it impossible to treat you seriously. Perhaps you tried to deceive us about the state of your ignorance, thinking that we, being literary men, are also fools.

Lucy's Friend.—Afraid the school union couldn't stand the strain of a libel action. Besides Lucy mightn't like it.

Editorial Notices.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:—"The Armidalian," "The Bathurstian," "The Cleveland Street Echo," "The Coorwull Magazine," "The Glasgow High School Magazine," "The H.A.C. Journal," "The Mirror," "The Novocastrian," "The S.J.C.," "The Sydneian," "The Torchbearer," "The Wesley College Chronicle," and "The Yellow Dragon." Possible omissions are apologised for.

The Business Manager desires to acknowledge subscriptions from the following Old Boys:—H. E. Beasley, A. S. Waterhouse, W. Henderson, C. O. Hamblin, L. Watt, A. G. Henderson, V. Kline, A. C. Berman, E. True.

The subscription to the "Record" is 2s 6d per annum, post free. The next issue will appear towards the beginning of December. Contributions, therefore, should be sent in not later than November 20th; they should be written on one side of the foolscap only, with a quarter width margin.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY.

Teaching Staff.

Headmaster: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Deputy Headmaster: G. R. Thomas, Esq., B.A.
English: G. R. Thomas, Esq., B.A., C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A., G. Redshaw, Esq., B.A., H. G. Stoyles, Esq., M.A.
Classics: H. O. Craddock, Esq., M.A., B. M. J. Schleicher, Esq., M.A.
Modern Languages: J. U. Ransom, Esq., B.A., F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A., C. E. G. Mussman, Esq., B.A., D. J. Sullivan, Esq., B.A.
Mathematics: C. George, Esq., M.A., J. Leaver, Esq., B.A., E. H. W. Parker, Esq., B.A., A. G. Steel, Esq.
Science: R. C. Edwards, Esq., B.Sc., J. Back, Esq., B.A., A. V. Luke, Esq., J. R. McClean, Esq.
Business Practice and Principles: W. A. Moore, Esq., B.A., Dip. E.C., A. G. Steel, Esq.

School Union.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: J. U. Ransom, Esq., B.A., and F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A.
Joint Hon. Treasurers: W. A. Moore, Esq., B.A., and E. W. Parker, Esq.
Hon. Secretary: C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A.
Assistant Hon. Secretary: V. Kenniff.
Committee: D. J. Sullivan, Esq., B.A.; G. R. Thomas, Esq., B.A.; J. Back, Esq., B.A.; G. Banks-Smith, L. Moore, W. S. Paterson, L. J. Price, and W. P. Ridley.

CRICKET CLUB.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A.; W. A. Moore, Esq., B.A.
Secretary: J. Byrne.
Committee: J. Byrne, A. King, F. Munro, B. Cook.

Tennis Club.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: G. R. Thomas, Esq., B.A.; J. Leaver, Esq., B.A.; C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A.
Hon. Secretary: J. Woodhouse.
Assistant Secretary: A. McLaughlin.
Committee: B. Cook, V. Garner, L. Claremont.
Ground Committee: C. Lake, B. Cook, G. Barr.

Rifle Club.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: D. J. Sullivan, Esq., B.A.; E. W. Parker, Esq.
Hon. Secretary: A. S. Sams.
Assistant Secretary: F. N. Waddell.

Baseball Club.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: J. Back, Esq., B.A.; F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A.; H. McLoskey.
Hon. Secretary: V. Kenniff.
Hon. Treasurer: E. J. Hooke.
Committee: Hain, Small, Sharpe, Frazer, and Barr.

Senior Literary and Debating Society.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: The Masters and J. Woodhouse (elected).
Hon. Secretary: C. E. Lake.
Sub. Secretary: S. Cohen.
Hon. Treasurer: V. Kenniff.
Speaker: H. McLoskey.
Editor of Manuscript Journal: F. Sheed.
Sub-Editor: G. Elliott.
Committee: G. Barr, W. S. Paterson, and A. Wheen.

Glee Club.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: J. Back, Esq., B.A.; H. Craddock, Esq., M.A.; F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A.; J. Leaver, Esq., B.A.; J. R. McClean, Esq.; E. W. Parker, Esq.; J. U. Ransom, Esq., B.A.; A. G. Steel, Esq.; H. G. Stoyles, Esq., M.A.; G. R. Thomas, Esq., B.A.
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: A. V. Luke, Esq.
Hon. Conductor: A. G. Steel, Esq.
Hon. Librarian: J. Woodhouse.
Committee: G. Banks-Smith, C. Lake, E. Brake, J. Ross, J. Taylor.

Camera Club.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A.; B. M. J. Schleicher, Esq., M.A.
Hon. Secretary: G. Banks-Smith.
Assistant Secretary: T. Nicol.
Committee: E. Brake, C. Goodwin, —, Middleton.

Library.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.
Vice-Presidents: C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A.; G. R. Thomas, Esq., B.A.
Secretary: A. McLaughlin.
Assistant Secretary: A. W. Frazer.
Treasurer: G. R. Dent.
Committee: R. Braithwaite, A. C. Caldwell, F. H. Godfrey, R. Ker-shaw, C. E. Lake, A. King, R. Middleton.

Tuck Shop.

Manager: T. B. Nicol.
Committee: G. Elliott, D. Henry.
Assistants: G. Barr, G. Archbold, O. Thomas, D. Cookson, F. Elgar, C. Goodwin, C. Jaede, D. Magill, A. McLoskey, L. Parr, F. Sheed, N. Waddell, J. Woodhouse.

