

MARCH 1914

Extremos Pudeat Redisse.

# The Record

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, SYDNEY.



VOL. V

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The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

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MARCH, 1914.

No. 2.

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## Officers.

Patron—J. WATERHOUSE, Esq., M.A.

Editor—H. L. McLOSKEY

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

Business Manager—H. G. D. COOKSON

Sport Editor—A. W. KING.

Committee—J. H. SMAIRL, Esq., M.A., G. REDSHAW, Esq., B.A., C. E. FLETCHER, Esq., B.A., R. KERSHAW, R. HOOK.

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## Editorial

[The Editor, finding himself faced with the ever-recurring task of writing an Editorial, was in a quandary. He realised perfectly that he should write something public-spirited, but public spirit was already so fully exploited that he could find nothing new to say. It was in this difficulty that he had the heaven-sent inspiration to write something useful, and the following editorial is the result of that inspiration.]

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AFTER the length of time that our paper has been before the public, one would think that contributors would have been educated up to our standard, or at least would have formed some conception of what we want. But still we have the same old number of regular contributors to our waste-paper basket; wherefore to take away all excuse we thought it advisable to pen a few hints to contributors.



In the editorial mind, those who send in useless material fall readily into two outstanding groups—the brainless and the brainy, and the most intolerable of these is naturally the brainless. To deal with the shorter list first we may mention that the brainy are the diabolically misguided intellects which revel in libel and satire, and persistently send in ingenious works which are absolutely unprintable. But though we never print this stuff, we declare without equivocation that it is the one bright streak in the dull and dreary editorial round. Wherefore we adjure all whose abilities run to satire to send us in as much as they like, for we love it.

Unfortunately, we cannot dismiss the brainless in such short space. They are divisible into more groups than we could count—uninspired, idiotic, ambitious—every possible type. One is the writer of hackneyed lyrics, all about sun, moon, or stars, love, beautiful birds, majestic mountains, whispering creeks, or storm-tossed ocean. Everything he writes has been said before, and said infinitely better. He is the sort we are waiting for with a knife.

But if a knife is waiting for the lyricist, nothing less than an axe will serve as an instrument of vengeance on the mathematical maniac. He delights in what he calls mathematical peculiarities. He proves with terrific wealth of detail that 2 equals 1. He always leaves a little space (to give us time to recover from our surprise at his cleverness), and then comes the question, written with a flourish of intense triumph, "Can you explain this?" We can't.

Of quite a different type is the more or less humorous parodist. This unprincipled wretch inevitably gives us the impression that he has written the whole thing for the sake of one line which may or may not be original. (Generally, however there is little doubt that it is original). For instance, the other day we received an effort beginning "A little cabbage is a dangerous thing," which then proceeds through an arid waste of slaughtered metre and pitiless lack of rhyme. In the same class, though of a much more criminal tendency, is the fellow who parodies such old-timers as "Excelsior" and "Auld Lang Syne"; we may state here and now that these are despised

by the Sub-Editors, rejected by the Editor, and find a last resting-place in the basket beside the works of the unfeeling scoundrels who can find it in their hearts to parody a poem like Gordon's "Sick Stockrider." The cleverest parody ever written, if it is on a subject like this, will never be considered for a moment.

Then we have the stolid writer who commits his thoughts (or more often lack thereof) to prose. He always uses foolscap, always writes to the very bottom of the page, and everywhere exhibits a deadly hatred to blank paper. His mind is the nearest to the infinite that we have ever met. Certainly he is above the petty bonds of time and space, and writes endlessly about everything. It never strikes him that any subject is beyond his power, and he sublimely imagines that we will extend the "Record" to any length for the pleasure of printing his baby encyclopaedia, dictionary, or treatise.

The most powerful class (numerically) is the humorist pure and (very) simple. His contributions take various forms—school jokes, Don'ts for Prefects, Thoughts on Master and Schoolboy Howlers are a few of the commonest—but his humour is so pathetically laboured, and what jokes there are, are such very old acquaintances, that we have not the heart to ill-treat them.

Then we come to the realistic poet—the post-impressionist, pre-Raphaelist, futurist—what you will. He revels in strong phrases, mixed metaphors, and concrete abstractions. One representative of the class (the best so far), told us the other day in the course of no more than two verses that "the silence stank," "the wind did o'er the steep," and that "hotness was knee deep." Nothing hackneyed about that, anyhow.

We hope that none of those who recognise themselves in the foregoing will be discouraged. Let all remember that our one aim is the betterment of our little paper, and that, even if we have treated certain shortcomings rather harshly, yet we may expect this article to result in some slight improvement in our standard. And all honest means to this end are justifiable.



## School Notes.

It is with profound regret that we have to announce the serious illness of the popular Editor of the "Record," H. L. McLoskey. His illness is particularly inopportune in view of the fact that he will be forced to postpone his entry into the University.

We must offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. W. A. Moore, B.A., Dip. E.C., on his appointment to the position of Deputy Headmaster, in succession to Mr. G. R. Thomas, B.A., who, much to our regret, left us at Christmas.

In addition to that of Mr. Thomas, who has been promoted to the Headmastership of Bathurst High School, we have to regret the loss of Mr. J. U. Ransom, B.A., the French master, and Messrs. Scott, B.A. (English), and Luke (Art and Science). We offer them our best wishes for success in their new spheres.

The following masters joined the staff of the school after the vacation:—Mr. R. F. Harvey, B.A., on old friend, who in his previous term at the school was extremely popular as French master, cricket enthusiast, and skilled baseballer; Mr. J. H. Smairl, M.A., of Fort Street, who assumes the duties of English master; Mr. A. D. Watson, B.Sc., late of Antarctica, who comes to us as an assistant master of science; Mr. D. St. Clair MacLardy, B.A., from Newcastle High School, and Mr. J. H. Davies, M.A., from the Armidale School, both on the classical side; and Mr. W. J. Mulholland, B.A., a very old friend, who is going to teach us English. We wish them every success during their term of office amongst us.

During the vacation Mr. C. E. Fletcher, B.A., Mr. Luke, Mr. F. Potter, B.A., and Mr. Gibson, B.A. (the two latter, former masters of this school, now at Goulburn and Newcastle respectively) joined the ranks of the benedicts. Congratulations.

J Company (the senior High School company) has won the 27th Battalion Competition by a reasonable margin, and followed up their victory by coming second to Cleveland Street in the Brigade Competitions. Congratulations to the privates, non-coms., Lieut. Peryman, and Lieut. Parker for this splendid result.

A number of new prefects having been created, the list now stands as follows:—J. Woodhouse (senior), R. Braithwaite, C. R. Cole, H. G. D. Cookson, G. R. Duncan, C. E. Fuller, A. W. Gray, R. N. Kershaw, A. W. King, M. L. Peryman, S. C. Robertson, and W. Sherwood.

At the annual meeting of the School Union, held on Tuesday, March 3rd, the following boys were elected to the committee:—A. W. V. King (sub-sec.), H. G. D. Cookson, R. Middleton, B. Molyneaux, L. Moore, J. Woodhouse.

In connection with the swimming carnival held on Saturday, the 14th of March, the following appeared in the "Daily Telegraph":—

"In W. Sherwood, of the Sydney High School, there is the making of a good swimmer. As a matter of fact, he swims well at present. He showed at the Drummoyne Baths last Saturday that he is easily the best of his school, though he was not in the race with G. Lyons (Fort Street), H. Kinninmont (Fort Street), and E. Cornish (Technical High School) in the high schools' championship. He is only 16 years of age, but is powerfully built. He made a lot of pace in the open, but he turned wretchedly every time. Another lad who swam at that carnival, and who will threaten danger to some of the 'top-notchers' in the future, is S. Elwin."

Sherwood is, as the paragraph says, easily the best swimmer in the school, although he had competed in too many events prior to the High Schools' Championship to do himself full justice. He has performed well in various events held by the Rose Bay Club, especially over distances. He is now second to no less a celebrity than W. Longworth for the Longworth Cup. In addition Sherwood won the 16 year old Championship of the State in  $67\frac{1}{2}$  secs. at Drummoyne on Saturday, 21st of March.

At the same carnival S. Wileher, of the first year, won the 12 year old Championship. Congratulations to both.

## An Evening Prayer.

O hope of life eternal,  
That dwells within my breast,  
O thought of love unfailing,  
Come, lull my soul to rest.  
Come, soothe that restless longing,  
That I forever feel,  
Till gently o'er my senses  
The mists of slumber steal.  
O night of wondrous beauty.  
Of peace and holy calm,  
Stay, stay, till I have gathered  
Thy never-failing balm.  
O silver star of even,  
Far-flashing clear and bright,  
Irradiate my darkness,  
And fill my soul with light.  
O wondrous book of Nature,  
Where sages oft have read,  
Unfold to me thy pages,  
Ere all thy charms have fled.

R. N. K.



## At the Art Gallery.

Of the technicalities of art we know nothing, and shall presume only to give our general impressions and passing thoughts of what strangely delighted us.

With the first sight of the buildings of the Art Gallery a surprising, gentle, settling and deep satisfaction at some almost unconscious desire gratified, seems to fill the mind; for here again is a true building; a living organism, a dignified, majestic unity and entire soul. And now that building is a friend—quite platonic, as these Athenian stones will bear witness—and tells us new tales of Athena.

We will pass in. But now, what guards are these that bar the way? On the right it is the defiant, avenging shepherd of "Retaliation," and on the left, the cringing, reproved Pharisee, that, with the "lamp of power" in their hands, detain us. "In the deep sense no vile or vulgar person ever enters here." This is a sealed and sworded Paradise, and no artifice will deceive "the guardian of these Elysian gates." We must re-fashion our soul in the furnace of merit, beat it with the hammer of labour upon the anvil of humility, and temper it to highest nobility. For here the wise neither "feign nor interpret."

The sculptures set in niches round the porch are chiefly of deities of Grecian mythology, whose power of fascination rests not in the beauty of feature, for the Greek face—and we are told that Venus de Milos may be taken as a standard of Grecian beauty—though tranquil, regular and lofty, has but the beauty of many a pure, simple girl of to-day. Nor does it rest in the representation of robust human passion, but rather as idols for the worship of loveliness which fill the mind with magic music, the strange song of the birds of the Orcan Elm, intoxicating the imagination with the delicacy of their grace. They suggest the intense and even remote imagery, the elegant and delicately fine phrase of Keats' wonderful Grecian poems.

Have you ever thought that best colouring, for its own sake, can only be found in simplicity, and would but mar perfection of form? The first few bold strokes of a picture have wonderful power. They make something of nothing, and are the creation of an idea. As more detail gathers round this central thought, and it becomes a complete and perfect picture, each stroke has less power than the one before. "Sculpture is but the representation of an idea, and so should be colourless." The colour should be left to the imagination of the spectator to supply. The statuette of "Tinted Venus" is much less strong in its appeal than that other, "The Roman Hunter," by the same sculptor. It were barbarous to try to reduce to form and order the lights of the flame, the flash of the ruby, or the fire of opal.

"He whom Nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic."

Upon entering the first picture gallery, where an acquaintance with Ruskin's "Modern Painters" will lend additional interest, that new picture, "Le Matin," takes us by storm, and, bewildered, for some time we cannot marshal our powers, but at length sound for a parley. The picture seems to be surrounded by a congenial atmosphere of freshness and warmth from the Mediterranean. The deep blue of the sea, and the yellow, orange-tinted cliffs, of whose great height we fail to gain a correct impression, surprise us. Of the truthfulness and faithfulness of representation, however, we can say nothing, save that it immediately gave us the spirit of our mental picture of the Mediterranean. But that cathedral-like rock, near the centre, rising high out of the sea, is splendid. Speaking, however, generally and ingenuously, it does not please us; it **looks** false. Yet in truth the only fault we find is that it lacks animating emotion, vitalising force, which is, so far as we know, most terribly embodied in the Laocoön—"stone that breathes and struggles."

Without this quickening passion it is but neat, nice imitation, as a poem with flowing rhythm, sweet melody and felicitous diction, but no depth of feeling, no life, no truth. Notice that in the picture "Avant le Bal," by Greogaert, true thought which might have given it life has been sacrificed for the remarkable representation of the satin dresses and drapery, and the great detail lavished upon the bookcase.

Ruskin has it, "It is only perfection of mind, unity, depth, decision, and the highest qualities, in fine, of the intellect which will form the imagination." The picture of the "Advent of Spring" seems to us to be the most "invraisemblable" conception of what some men hold to be the imagination—in reality, a faculty of distorting and degrading God's creation—to be found. At least, we hope so. To degrade colour in this fashion is sacrilege. For colour is holy. Have you not had in the eastern sky, when day issues from the courts of heaven, and when she dies in the western, and drawing aside the veil her soul enters immortality, a glimpse of "the rainbow round about the throne"? But, more plainly, what in creation is purest, and noblest, and best, God has decked out in colours—the sky, the flowers, leaves, etc.

"All good colour is pensive, and the loveliest, melancholy. Gay colouring cannot be good." For pensive colouring, see those two in the corner, "Morning and Evening in Bavaria," by Lacknow, and for melancholy, that favourite, Karl Hefner's "Desolation."



The picture that we most admire is, perhaps, that of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, but that which we love most, and it is only by love that we can ever hope to understand them, is "The Widower," by Fildes. The most exalted beauty is to be found in lowliness. The shallowest can discern the excellence of physical beauty, but could see none in the weather-beaten face of the peasant father, where, indeed, it is heightened by contrast. The look of agony on the man's face, the pale little hand, pressed lovingly against his lips, held tenderly in his big, rough, brown one; the empty bed, the sorrowing girl with bowed head, the happy babe, the child drinking from the bowl, the other's grip of the spoon, the interest of the little dog, and the soft, chaste, suffusing light, are all thoughts that mark this off from many other pictures of perhaps equal merit in workmanship.

To have conceived such a scene the artist must have felt, and continued to feel with fierce strength. Yet the passion and intensity of imagination was, to perform the mechanical representation with precision and truthfulness, subdued by the will, and he might as well have tried to quell the restless sea as to have controlled his feeling without an innate calmness of disposition. What infinite labour must have been necessary to order and unify this accumulation of facts into so great a poem! There is a wonderful suggestiveness in this picture, which acts occultly and subtly, indirectly and constantly. Every genius has in his work a meaning which he himself cannot interpret, an inexhaustible store of loveliness.

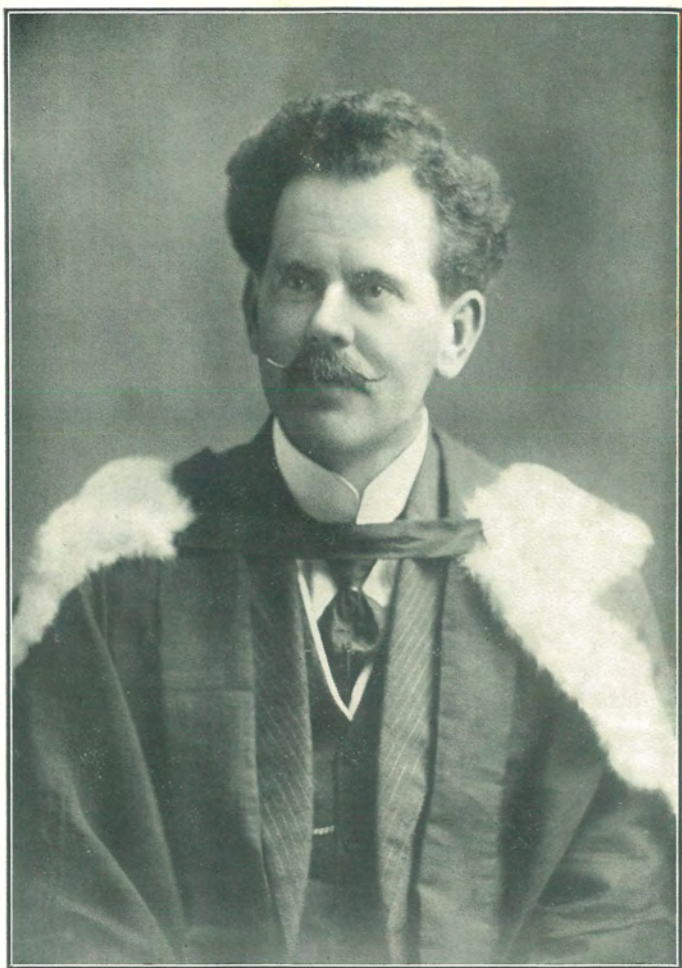
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :  
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

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### G. Ross Thomas, Esq., B.A.

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When the school broke up for the Christmas vacation, we little thought that upon our return we should look in vain for the Deputy Headmaster and English master, Mr. G. Ross Thomas, B.A., who was appointed to this school about 18 months ago. We heartily congratulate Mr. Thomas upon his appointment to the honourable position of Headmaster of the Bathurst High School. Mr. Thomas came to us so recently that we hoped to have the benefit of his skilful and thorough teaching for another year or two, and whilst we fully believe that the promotion is well deserved, we shall miss one whom we have learned to appreciate and esteem.



G. R. THOMAS, B.A.



Mr. Thomas possesses a marked personality, is full of energy and enthusiasm, and as a teacher of English ever set an example of industry and application which had a stimulating effect upon all who came under his influence. He was essentially a sympathetic teacher, who handled his subject in a masterly way, and aroused the interest and enthusiasm of the boys to such an extent that they frequently devoted more time than was expected of them to the preparation of essays, etc. Many of the senior boys, through the skilful presentment of the subject by Mr. Thomas, have imbibed a love for English literature, and have shown a marked improvement in style. Boys in the lower classes were delighted when Mr. Thomas visited them for the purpose of testing the work done, and the intentness and responsiveness of the boys were marked features of these lessons.

Mr. Thomas led a busy life, for in addition to his duties as English master, considerable time was devoted to the preparation of returns, statistics, etc., required by the Department and other work incidental to the position of Deputy Headmaster. He took a leading part in various school activities, and as a prominent member of the committee of the Sports' Union gave valuable assistance and advice, and when necessity arose proved that he was a keen debater. His love for music and singing was of very great assistance to the Glee Club. When the English curriculum was being revised, Mr. Thomas devoted the greater part of his spare time to reading books and examining editions which were likely to prove suitable, and at the committee meetings spent hours in discussing the relative merits of books, editions, etc. At the inauguration of the Secondary Teachers' Association of New South Wales Mr. Thomas was appointed Honorary Secretary, and discharged his duties with conspicuous ability and success.

Mr. Thomas was actuated by lofty ideals, and in every respect set a fine example to the boys. He was thorough in everything he undertook, and the marked ability he displayed during the temporary absence of the Headmaster towards the close of the year indicated that he possesses the qualifications necessary to succeed as Headmaster of the Bathurst High School.

During the comparatively short time Mr. Thomas was at the Sydney High School he left his impress upon it, gained the confidence and good-will of the boys, and was on friendly terms with every member of the teaching staff.

The Headmaster wishes to express his great appreciation of Mr. Thomas' real worth and services. He was an ideal Deputy Headmaster, unsparing of himself, looking after the interests of the staff, and the boys, and in every way striving to promote the welfare of the school and to assist and relieve the Headmaster.

## The Breeze of the Southern Skies.

1. Welcome! ever welcome! O Breeze of the Southern Skies,  
Who bringest from far foreign climes, sweet breaths of friend-  
ship's ties;  
"Awake! awake!" your mocking voice to the slumb'ring ocean  
calls.  
"List to your sullen thunders and the splash of your waterfalls."
2. And now you slip and glide between the gum-tree's lilting leaves;  
Your perfumed breath the poet feels and deeply of it breathes.  
He gently plucks the warbling trill of the autumn butcher birds,  
That he may turn thy whispered voice into poetic words.
3. And when thy sport is over with the glancing butterflies,  
He feels thy cool caressing kiss, O Breeze of the Southern Skies:  
He feels thy gentle pressing lips upon his heated brow,  
As the lips of the flying sea-spray 'gainst the lips of the vessel's  
bow.
4. Thou stray'st about his hair and ears, and whisper'st words of  
love  
From golden-winged immortals who live in the World Above.  
An angel comes on thy burnished wings, O Breeze of the Southern  
Skies,  
And tells him that with hated Death all earthly trouble dies.
5. Art thou a mortal or phantom, O Breeze of the Southern Skies?  
Not mortal, because thou hast not the human's mouth and eyes;  
Yet I have heard thee calling from the mountain's morning mist,  
And thou hast seen the red-lipped dawn by the blue-robed ocean  
kiss'd.
6. Art thou then a phantom, a spirit born of Night,  
A wicked sprite who plays his pranks, and puts the day to flight?  
No, no, not a phantom, since thou comest ere the day—  
Thou comest with the daybreak to chase the night away.
7. O! for the beautiful language of trees and sweet-tongued birds  
That thou might'st tell me what thou art in lowest whispered  
words—  
Be quick! Be quick! and tell ere Day, fast-flying, dies,  
Art thou Spirit or Mortal, O Breeze of the Southern Skies?  
A. W. V. K.

## Relics of Old Convict Days.

"The earth has not anything to show more fair" were the words that flashed across my mind as I surveyed the scene before me. The broad river, winding between high, rocky, heavily-wooded mountains, the junction of a tributary, orchards and farms unite to present a view scarcely to be equalled in any part of the world.

I was sitting in the old "courthouse." Do not conjure up the picture of an imposing stone structure! The "courthouse" was merely one of those large open caves which, along the Great North Road in particular, are of considerable historical interest in New South Wales. In front of the "judge's seat," which is carved out of stone, is a flat surface of rock, and directly beneath the outer edge of this rock lies the road.



This is one of many such places where, years ago, justice was meted out to the convicts. One can imagine the judge sentencing the prisoner to so many lashes, the armed guards, and the convicts in chains, close by. They were flogged, often for most trifling offences, on the flat space of rock already mentioned. Many stories are told of these trials. One which accompanies nearly every "courthouse"—or something very similar—is as follows:—The judge's wife, with her child, was watching a man being flogged. It amused the baby, so the mother asked the judge to "give him another dozen lashes, to amuse Baby." Let us hope that it is untrue! Occasionally a convict in desperation would seize hold of his warder and attempt to jump over the edge of the cliff, in the hope of breaking both his own and his warder's neck.

But let us ascend to the grassy ledge above the "courthouse." This is the site of the old stockade. Here the convicts were herded and watched by night. A heap of stones marks the spot of an old fireplace; here and there a mound, with a flat, unmarked stone at either end, indicates a convict's grave. Here they lie forgotten and alone. The quietness is broken only by "a noiseless noise among the leaves," and occasional calls of the various bush birds. Even though they were convicts of the worst type, they were the pioneers who opened up this great Australia of ours.

They have left behind them great monuments, one of the greatest, perhaps, this very North Road. For miles it is a masterpiece of road engineering. It has endured for nearly a century, and shows few signs of decay. In places the face of solid rock, forty or fifty feet high, had to be blasted away, while the outer wall of the road is, in parts, from twenty to thirty feet high. This will afford some idea of the work of these old convict-pioneers. The masonry is wonderful; each stone fits perfectly into its place. The wall is as regular as that of a modern brick cottage; there is not an irregular curve, not a stone jutting out of its place to spoil the smoothness and uniformity. One would imagine that pride in their work, rather than dread of punishment, inspired these master road-masons.

Situated on this road is the inevitable country hotel. Originally it was the home of the contractor of supplies to the convicts. Like all houses of the early times, it had its ghost, which, however, has departed these many years, to its happy hunting-grounds in the dominions of Pluto. The leg-irons have ceased to rattle and the lame ghost has not opened the door for ten or fifteen years.

In a neighbouring gully a pair of leg-irons, another interesting relic, was found some years ago. These, perhaps, could tell a gruesome story. The bands were quite unbroken, and

could have only come off their owner's (?) legs in one way—another case, probably, of an attempt to escape, and death at last, either by starvation or by the spears and nulla-nullas of the blacks.

Convicts are gone, but they have left in their work great and lasting monuments. They will never be forgotten, so deeply are they associated with every old town of New South Wales.

The sun is sinking and the sky is lit with crimson as I descend the worn stone steps cut in the rock leading from the courthouse to the road. As I follow the road down the mountain I wonder at the contrast the days of convict labour present to our own time, and can hardly force myself to believe that convicts in their wretchedness were ever compelled to labour amid the surrounding beauties of nature.

## Old Boys' Column

### OFFICE-BEARERS, 1913-1914.

#### Patrons:

J. Waterhouse, M.A.	T. B. Trebeck, M.A.
A. B. Piddington, B.A.	A. J. Studdy, B.A.
L. Stephenson, B.A.	J. F. McManamy, B.A.
J. F. Elphinstone, B.A.	C. R. Smith, B.A.
V. J. Miles, M.A.	J. A. Williams, B.A.
J. A. Hedberg, B.A.	

#### President:

Aubrey Bohrsman.

#### Vice-Presidents:

G. C. Saxby, B.A.	P. S. Hunt, L.S.	A. M. Eedy.
C. M. Drew.	A. G. Henderson.	

#### Hon. Secretaries:

C. A. Fairland,	F. E. True,
59 Pitt Street.	Trafalgar Street,
Tel., 3738 City.	Annandale.

#### Hon. Treasurer:

H. Palmer, 131 Pitt Street.

#### Members of Council:

J. Back.	A. S. Cockburn.	E. H. Palmer.
A. C. Berman.	F. N. Lynch.	P. J. Pratt.
J. Bayliss.	O. D. Oberg.	J. R. Nield.
	C. K. Parkinson.	

The Annual Dinner was held at Hart's Burlington Café on Thursday, 13th November, 1913, when about 95 Old Boys were present. The President, Mr. Aubrey Bohrsman, presided. Mr. Board, Under-Secretary for Education, was also present. Mr. Waterhouse was unable to attend on account of illness, and in his absence the toast of the school was respond-



ed to by Mr. Sullivan. Mr. J. R. Nield replied to the toast of the Old Boys' Union, proposed by Mr. Board. A collection in aid of the School Piano Fund was taken up amongst those present. During the evening several musical items were rendered.

From recent accounts our Rhodes Scholar, Mr. E. A. Southey, has been making good progress at Oxford. He has played in the College Football Fifteen, and has also been distinguishing himself in athletics. A letter is expected shortly from him to the Old Boys' Union; we are looking forward to receiving it with much pleasure and interest.

Several boys who left the School at Christmas have joined the Union. The annual subscription is 2s. 6d., and any Old Boys who have not become members are invited to do so.

A concert is to be held in the Turner Hall, Technical College, on Thursday, April 2nd, at 8 p.m. It is being organised by the School Glee Club, assisted by friends. The object of the concert is to bring Old Boys in further touch with the School, and also to provide an additional opportunity of renewing friendship. There will be no charge of admission.

A cricket match against the School Eleven was played before Christmas, resulting in a win for the Old Boys. The School entertained us at afternoon tea. We hoped to hold a return match at Wentworth Park on Wednesday, 25th March, but it had to be postponed indefinitely on account of the weather.

Old Boys are reminded that there will be a debate at the School on Thursday, 21st May, between a team of Old Boys and one representing the School Literary and Debating Society.

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## Night

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When the weary sun, tired with his long course, sinks amid purpling mists, then dark-eyed Night, attended by a myriad fairy lanthorns, slowly spreads over the peaceful immensity of the heavens her sombre veil of darkness. As if by magic, silence falls upon the landscape. Only the ubiquitous cricket, ever the herald of Night, disturbs the peace of Nature's rest-time with his endless, monotonous refrain. And yet, hardly disturbs; for he is a part of Night; one of the thousand insignificant details which unite in a general harmony to make a perfect evening.

How wonderful and how mysterious is the charm of a summer night! It is not alone the cool, calm sweetness of the air, nor the gentle breeze, nor the peaceful quiet of Nature's realm, but an harmonious conjunction of all these, and of many other causes, which lulls us into a delighted silence.

What a wonderful transformer is this bewitching Night. It spreads over commonplace things a magical cloak of darkness, and, as if by a touch from a fairy wand, changes them into strange, fantastic shapes, fit dwellings for the shy spirits of evening. Everything is modified, glaring colours are softened, and all takes on the sombre pleasing garb of the priestess of slumber. Delicate, sensitive flowers drink in the cool, life-giving air, and spread abroad the fragrance which they have denied the burning heat of day.

What is it in night that begets a spirit of confidence and mutual understanding between friends? Some subtle, indefinable influence, the very essence of the darkness, seems to break down that invisible barrier too often erected by the bright, matter-of-fact light of day. Even as many evil deeds have been concealed beneath the dark robe of night, so have many lifelong secrets been revealed under its benign influence.

But how different is a stormy winter's night! Then, the sharp, chilling wind moans through the funereal pines, now like a loud and piercing wail of anguish, and again like the subdued sobbing of a frightened child. No moon, save a lighter patch in the darkness of heaven, where the scudding clouds show for an instant in their flight, and then are swallowed up in the blackness around. Not a guiding star to cheer us, not a ray of light to illumine the darkness. Then it is good to sit in a warm corner by the fire and listen to the ghostly voices in the wind, and to hear the shrill shrieks of the haunted spirits as they hurry past in their ceaseless roaming, borne along on the wings of the tempest, to wander disconsolate till the grey dawn appears.

Outside is utter blackness, a close, clinging dark that, muffling us up as in a dank cloak, leaves us with but four senses for our guidance. Ghostly hands clutch at us as we hurry along, demon forms flash by driving the doomed spirits before them, the pitiless sleet stings our numbed faces like the lash of a whip.

Then we think longingly of the scented stillness of a sweet spring evening, when the birds, sated with the day's fragrant warmth, twitter sleepily from their resting-places in the tree-tops, when the gold in the sky turns to pink, to grey, to dark blue, and night steals over us as softly, as gently, as slumber o'er a happy child.

R.N.K.



## “A Sunset.”

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The sun is setting in the West,  
Behind the craggy hills,  
Its beams come through the woodland trees,  
And glisten on the rills.

The little birds are gone to rest,  
Amid the thick green trees;  
And as the trees rock to and fro,  
Up comes the evening breeze.

The clouds have turned from gold to red,  
And then from red to grey;  
And then sweet night comes once again.  
To chase day's care away.

The sun is gone, the sky is dull,  
The stars light up the heaven;  
And Cynthia's beams light on the town  
That stands upon the Severn.

R. H. K. K.

## Speech Day

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In the gaily-decorated Main Hall, which proved much too small for the attendance, visitors, masters, old boys, and pupils assembled on Thursday, 11th December, for the Annual Speech Day. The function, although a brilliant success, was marred by the absence of Sir George Reid, whom we hoped to have with us, but who was called by State affairs to Brisbane, and the unavoidable absence of our esteemed Headmaster. Mr. Waterhouse, from whom a letter of greeting was read, was away in Hobart under doctor's orders, recuperating after his recent illness.

The chair was taken by Mr. Board, Director of Education. With him on the dais were Mrs. Board, who presented the prizes, and Mr. Dawson, the Chief Inspector.

Proceedings, interspersed with songs, were commenced by an address from the chairman. In it he expressed hopes that in a short time we would have a new High School in more convenient and congenial surroundings; he also praised the School on its excellent progress, both in the academic and sporting world. The Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Thomas, then read the annual School report, which clearly showed that the present generation of schoolboys excellently uphold the School's honour. The School Union and the various activities were dealt with at length, and all showed creditable progress and success.

Mr. Dawson made his first appearance and speech to us since his return from Europe, and was warmly welcomed. He gave us some striking illustrations of the luxurious High Schools in England and Scotland, which cost nearly £20,000,

contrasting with them the disadvantages under which we labour. But he assured us that, judging from the excellent record of our School, Australian boys can still succeed even under severe restrictions.

Lastly came the most important part to many boys, the distribution of the prizes. Besides the prizes given for success in sport, prizes, this year, for the first time, were given for success in scholastic work. The winner of the Old Boys' Prize this year was Victor Kenniff. The presentation was made by Mr. Bohrsman, President of the Old Boys' Union.

The morning's proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem, and the giving of three hearty cheers for the visitors, our absent Headmaster, the masters, and the School. All boys present departed, in good spirits, to spend a well-earned vacation.

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### “Billy,”—A Sketch

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The deep-sounding bell's last note still hung and fluttered in the breathless morning air. Billy had counted them all—One! Two! Three! Four! He had counted the last three hours now; the deep solemn “one!” the suspensive “two!” and the cheeky sounding “three!” He often counted them of a morning now; he could not sleep past midnight, for the dry, hacking cough always shook his puny chest—oh! how it racked him and made the blood thud to his head till it nearly burst.

Billy counted the sounds slowly—one! two! three! four! and, turning from his side position on to his back, stared at the dirty ceiling, with the spiders clinging to their webs in the corners. Oh! how they reminded him of the cunning old money-lender, whose shop was next the hotel, and who hung over the unwashed counter as his unwilling customers straggled in. And the way the spiders waved their claws in the air just reminded him of old Beerschaum rubbing his greasy palms together.

Through the cracked, curtainless window—it never had curtains since his mother died six months ago—streamed one of Billy's two friends—the jovial old sun, who smiled on Rooker's Rents once, and once only, in his day-long journey. Perhaps Billy was the only one in the building who cared for him; for there was but one creaky window flung up to welcome him. Billy crept off his straw mattress, and quietly shoved up the creaky window. But creaky windows always creak, and noisily, too, and Billy trembled where he stood. For in the other corner of the room, a shock of red hair and an evil, unshaven face appeared over the edge of a worn blanket, and a beer-thickened voice swore at him from between two great beast-like lips. Billy always wondered, as children do wonder,



why his mother had married this stepfather of his, but—perhaps, after all, he had **made** her, just as he always made him sell papers in the clanging street.

His welcome to the sun interrupted, Billy crept back to the straw mattress. Like an eagle upon his helpless prey, Billy's stepfather pounced upon him.

“'Ere, yer lazy, good-for-nothing son of a gun! Wot d' yer think y' are? Anybody 'd think yer was one of these 'ere swells, layin' in bed like that.”

Billy knew that was a signal to get dressed. It came regularly every morning—as regular as the old clock which struck, away up in the Town Hall tower, as regular as the sun himself. So Billy thrust himself into the rags which he called clothes and jammed the old hat on his head so that his hair stuck through it ludicrously. All the humour was not yet crushed out of him, for he smiled a very dry smile as he slammed the door noisily after him, and heard the beast in the corner swear again at him.

Billy issued into the broad sunlight and the street—a leviathan not yet awakened from its sleep. He always received his papers from the drowsy little stationer's shop, whose account heads were not yet printed with the magic “191—”, but still bore the rusty “190—.” A widow kept that shop, a woman who always reminded Billy of his mother, because she kept her floors scrubbed white and her window curtains spotlessly clean. Billy's other friend—remember, he had **two** friends—was this widow's daughter, a thoughtful little miss into whom Poverty had thrust the heart and brain of a woman.

She greeted “her” Billy effusively, that is, with a smile through which white teeth gleamed, and with dancing eyes. She was the wonder of Billy's life, more marvellous even than the screaming motor cars that rushed at him as if to kill; for, after all, they had been made by men, while she—well, Rosa was just **she**.

At least that was Billy's view.

Rosa handed Billy his bundle of papers, still wet from the printer's press. Billy slung them into his strap, but a fit of dry coughing seized him, and the bundle dropped to the floor. Rosa's face took upon itself a look of concern.

“Oh, Billy,” she said, “I do wish you would go to the hospital with that cough. It's really getting worse, and you know what teacher said at school the other day.” Billy remembered what the Ragged School teacher had said very well; he thought of it every time he coughed, and he also remembered that his mother had coughed like that. One morning she didn't cough any more, and the window curtains became things of the past.

Again the little chest shook.

“It's getting worse,” repeated Rosa sagely.

"No, I'm alright," protested Billy, but the hectic flush on each cheek was not a mere blush, and his eyes were not nearly so bright—they were so glazed and dull and——. Rosa shuddered.

Billy lifted his papers and touched his hat as the teacher had told him when leaving a lady—and **she** was a lady, although old Beerschaum next door did growl at her, and call her a "noisy little prat," only he did not always use those words.

So Billy went his way. But the way was hard. The people in the trams did not want papers and glared at him stonily. The other newsboys jeered at his big pile, and showed their own little packs. The motor cars seemed more vicious than ever, and horses snapped at him when he darted beneath their noses. He stared at a windowful of pastry, but the sight made him sick, so that he leaned against a post. A policeman glanced at him suspiciously, and Billy sought fresh fields.

At length at ten o'clock he sold his last paper, and sought a seat in the park, a splash of green in the city's dreary waste. His head nodded, and soon his thick breathing became regular. A splash of rain dropped on his hand, and it was a torrential downpour before Billy awoke—and shivered. His mother had shivered, too, just like that, so that even his eyelids trembled, and his hair grew stiff. Oh! so cold!

Billy sought shelter, went round to the Fruit Markets, and picked a meal from the waste-heap. Then he hung about the newspaper office till the evening edition spun from the press. By seven o'clock he had sold out, and with his scanty store of coppers sought the straw mattress and slept well.

He slept so well that the clock struck four, six, and even eight without his hearing it; and the spiders spun without his seeing them; and the stepfather stumbled across his body without his feeling it; and the sun streamed through the curtainless window without being welcomed. Billy slept too soundly for that.

A hand had come in the night and closed the tired eyelids, smoothed the shaggy hair, wreathed the lips in a smile and kissed them.

Rosa came at ten to see Billy. She went home, told her mother something, and cried till the sun sought his rest. She cried with so much of her heart that Beerschaum next door called her "a noisy little prat." But he did not know.

A. W. V. K.



## Form Notes

IV.B.—Work again! Oh, then, you are complaining when entering upon the last and most glorious year at our dear old School, with all its privileges? Why, certainly! Look at what we have to accomplish—we must, at the least, equal, nay, surpass, the results obtained in the last Leaving Certificate Exam., with our two years' preparation as opposed to their eighteen months. We must dilate upon abstruse metaphysical speculations, to say nothing of the necessity of penetrating the unexplored realms of the vast field of mathematics and science. Let this suffice as a gentle hint to certain gentlemen. Ah! that leads on to something which vitally concerns the been selected according to their mathematical propensities, and this speaks for itself when we come to consider which is the premier "fourth"—of course, it goes without saying that no proofs of our claims to priority are needed. Many associations have been rudely dashed against the rocks, the fruit of welfare and constitution of this form. Our members have three years, in this shuffling (a lottery pure and simple it must be). But then, such idle considerations must be abolished when the welfare of the School is at stake.

In the dreary depths of our seclusion you may see all busily engaged in "fag"—"fagging" we know not what. Occasionally we have sparks struck from this flinty monotony of a "student's" life. There is our atheist. There is our revered and genial friend whom a master has accused of exercising a bad influence upon his morals. Then there are those very lucid mathematical explanations for which sticks and stones, floor, ceiling, walls, whisky bottles, and, in short, everything in the room, whether "real" or "imaginary," are called into requisition.

Altogether, we hope to spend a pleasant year, despite the fact that some of us have been accused of "turning Gray."

4.A.—"I am letting my wings grow," quoth Milton once, when asked why he had not written any poetry for three years. And so with us—we have been letting our wings grow for three years, three years of unalloyed happiness. We have made friendships, both with masters and boys, friendships which we hope may last for many a year. And in those three years our wings have grown, so that during this year we can flutter and make our wings stronger, so that at the end of the year we can fly through the portals of the Leaving Certificate Examination, and soar away into the wide, wide world and its life. But that is gazing into the crystal glass called the Future.

Three years! When we look back and remember when we arrived at the School—wide-eyed, trembling, awe-stricken, and in knickers. How we gazed upon the awful prefects and the "big boys" who stood at the door and majestically ordered us: "Go round t'other way." And, wondering and sheepish, we went. No longer strangers after a couple of weeks' so-

journal; for we become imbibed with that "School spirit" that every boy is inspired by. We seem to grow with the spirit, and, as other new boys come with each succeeding new year, give them fatherly advice and swank.

But now we are the "Big Boys" who stand in the portals of the School, and with blind dignity and more swank order the little boys "round t'other way," as we were ordered three years ago. They are not long years, either—for happiness never lengthens a sojourn, but rather shortens it. The School spirit demands that we look forward to each School event with eagerness. The sports, swimming carnivals, speech days, and examinations appear on the horizon as a cloud of dust, and scurry towards us until they finally envelop us, leaving us gasping or jubilant, as the case may be.

The fourth year is **the** year at the School. All the "tender leaves of hope" that we have put forth in the previous years must either mature in all their full ripeness, or fall, bitten by the bitter frost of disappointment. But whether it be disappointment at failure, or joy at success, there are always your schoolfellows to console you or to shower their congratulations upon you. They are good fellows, these friends of yours, their hearts not yet hardened by the hardness of life, and we form friendships here. Whether they be "as the ships that pass in the night," or the friendships with the wholeheartedness of David and Jonathan, they are friendships at which we may look back with the supremest satisfaction and tenderest memories.

The members of our class are wholly interested in school activities. We were ably represented in the recent Swimming Carnival, the winner of the 3rd and 4th year handicap appearing in the person (or rather, costume) of Frank Bennett Jones, a member of our class.

III.B.G.—We members of the old II.B.G. brigade, having survived the ordeal of the much-dreaded Intermediate, are now receiving usufruct of our first and second years' hard work. We have made a most brilliant start with our third year, and this, together with the fact that we did so well at the Intermediate, account for our being acknowledged as the Senior third year class. We regret to add that a few of the old band, who were less brilliant than the rest of us, have been demoted into other third year classes—"their loss is our gain."

Mr. Maclardy is initiating us into the interesting study of Mr. and Mrs. Cicero's billets-doux, and we have developed an unquenchable thirst for the study of Latin.

Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Fletcher make our lessons interesting as well as instructive.

We still have in our midst the champion athletes of the School, while we have representatives in all branches of the School Union.

III.A.G.—We are quite well, thanks, notwithstanding the fact that we are sorely tried by the lower standard fellows pro-



moted to the class for the benefit of our uplifting influence. Naturally, they find our high standard of work somewhat trying, but under our capable management they are gradually improving, and are now able to sit up and take a little nourishment; so that we hope they will, in a few months, be able to participate in our sports, and be of some use to the class in swimming, cricket, aviation, etc.

Already there are several budding Hawkers among us, who keenly contest the height record of the room, and during flights excitement runs high. We were in no danger of starvation during the meat strike, since one of our members is an eminent angler. He faithfully assured us that, in the event of our being unable to procure the staff of existence, he would supply the class with shark's steaks and turtle soup (guaranteed not more than a month old).

Lost—"valuable postcard portraiture, last seen in Harrison's pocket. Apply 'Clue,' Front Seat, No. 3 Room."

We like third year (being naturally hard working), and our English master thinks us the best class for conduct and good work that he takes. All that is necessary to prove this is to gather a few of his reminiscences re our abilities as composition writers.

III.A.C.—The model class of the School presents itself to you. Some sceptics would question the truth of that phrase "model class," but what else could we be, considering that we are fruit of the union of two old commercial classes, who themselves were rivals for supremacy?

We are extremely pleased to draw attention to our great success in the recent Intermediate Exam. (especially in "B passes"); in fact, two of our number took first and second places among the successful candidates from the School. But we sincerely regret to state that nearly everyone has had to sport a new and larger hat. We therefore wish to thank our second year masters for their tireless yet fruitful efforts in preparing us to face the music.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to poor Willie, who, since he has been created a prefect, must become dignified and "put away childish things." Our Wood-be humorist said something about Willie getting a swallow-tailed coat and silk hat, but we all know what he is.

In sport we still set an example worthy of emulation, for "Big Bill" has again proved his superiority at the Swimming Carnival; indeed, some said that ninety per cent. of the prizes were won by us—some didn't! The 1st XV. should excel in the coming season, because our above-mentioned friend intends to play.

As usual, the 1st XI. draws its stars from III.A.C., although two of the best have left our class. However, the remainder will uphold our sporting name, for do we not possess such noted athletes as Dud, Snowy, and Dagobert? On the station also we are well represented; our friend Ben is familiar

with every face, while Mac manages to tear himself away every afternoon at—well, a long time before seven o'clock.

We have lately discovered a dark horse in the art of Indian club throwing, and although he says it was an accident we have our own opinions concerning the matter.

II.C.G.—Once again II.C.G. have proved their superiority in sport by winning the school relay race in the swimming carnival. The class is very jubilant, especially our poet, who voiced his feelings thus:—

“A shimmer of tights in the water,  
And into the running they wheel'd,  
And out flash'd the arms of the leaders,  
For 2.C.G. had collared the field.”

We have now settled down strenuously to second year work, and in our class room absolute silence is only occasionally broken by the howl of pain sent up by some unfortunate individual who pays the penalty for his boldness and falls sorely smitten by a hail of missiles, including chalk and dusters.

But, hearken! Wonders will never cease!! Having been given a budget of homework by one of our masters, we timidly awaited the awe-inspiring words, “Show homeworks.” But the word remained unsaid. Such an occasion as this could not be neglected by our class poet, whose words express the class's feelings:—

“There was movement in the classroom,  
For the word had passed around,  
Someone'd forgotten the homework,  
And sh——! not a sound.”

II.B.G.—Whiz-z-z!! What a beauty! A lovely white aeroplane performs a graceful curve, poises in the air, and suddenly falls at the feet of the teacher. Instantly the enthusiastic aeronaut is requested to make some high flights into the realms of an essay or some other imposition. Alas! we are coming nearer the Intermediate. How time flies! So does chalk! And so do pocket knives into the Tech. grounds!

We get no homework. Only a meagre three hours per night. (Check your tendency to indulge in sarcasm—Ed.). A terrible accident occurred the other night when one of our classmates (only a Little chap) had an exciting dream in Latin concerning French aeronautics.

Remarkable Discovery.—A puppy dog found in No. 7, which howls continually, doubtless owing to the recent meat strike. Owner may have same by scanning the following poem:—

“Le Chant du Canif.”  
A knife flew out of the window,  
And its poor little owner shall never  
See his beautiful knife again,  
For it lies in the Tech. grounds for ever.



## II.A.G.—Enter the “Wanderers.”

When we condescended, a few months ago, to glorify 2nd year with our presence, we had little inkling of what was in store for us. Behold us, disillusioned, stripped of our glory, bending, staggering, gasping under an overwhelming load of homework. Already a few of us have given symptoms of a deteriorating intellect. In spite of the work we do, we have it on good authority that we “don’t know any English, and our History is on a par with our English.” With boys like B——t and F——r in the class, how can we expect to pass that awful barrier, the Intermediate. F——r, by the way, was disorderly while P——n was doing the 37th exercise during 4th period on Monday, 4th March. How can we, with such individuals not doing any work, start fagging?

At the beginning of this term we were pleased to inhabit that room known as Number 6 for an appreciable number of periods at a stretch. This, of course, allowed for opportunities of private study (?) between periods; which opportunities, it is needless to say, were universally accepted. Now these interims are occupied in ascending and descending stairs, much to the discomfort of the chap in front. (What’s the reference?—Ed.).

But let us revert to other things. In the Carnival, though cognizant of the fact that others have no chances, we will temper our triumph with mercy (please refer to results). That is to say, we will not take any prizes other than firsts.

F——r, the beacon of the class, has turned long dormant energies in this new direction, which, perhaps, accounts for his inattention—and also detention.

In the other branches of sport we intend, as we did at the beginning of last year, to win the class competitions. “Fatty,” who was the shining light of the Thirds at one time, will probably pulverise the opposing side (if he sits on ’em!), while Mac, a Firsts’ representative, will ably second him.

Our military strength has been increased by another Non-Com. in the person of Sergeant W——y; also in the competition recently held, “K” Company squad would have come 9th except for the efforts of some of our fellows. This suggests to us the success of “J” Company, whom we heartily congratulate, and to whom we send wishes for continued success.

We now turn again to try and sound the hopeless depths of work still to be done. In conclusion, we wish the other classes as much success in the Intermediate as we hope to attain.

2.A.C.—We surmise that the individuals of this class intend to keep up the reputation which has clung to it since time immemorial. We are a truly representative class, our forte being the Honour Boys. Again, we have a notable swimmer in our midst, Weir. Owing to the generous disposition of our aquatic representatives, we only carried off a few prizes at the recent carnival, for other classes must be

given an opportunity. In the coming class football competitions we are prepared to carry all before us, and once again to demonstrate our superiority. Our energies in the class are, we hope, directed into the right channels, and no doubt we will come out well in our half-yearly examination. To return to the Carnival, our relay team, in which we had all our hopes centred, had hard luck, and was not successful in taking first place. Included with the other curiosities of the class is an individual who may be observed perusing certain eminent literary works under his desk. This individual will, no doubt, be an author—some day.

The Glee Club concert proved a great attraction to the musical members of the class, two of them being present.

To conclude, we must not forget to mention the heated discussions to which we are treated every day by two of our members, whose arguments attract many inspiring recruits to the political world.

I.B.G.—We have now quite settled down to work (more or less), and are progressing favourably under our various masters. The scholastic talent of the members of the class is gradually being shown, for S——n has already given ample evidence of his powers as an orator, and in M——w we have a great historian.

Although we were unsuccessful in our last cricket match, we hope to do better in the next one. We have a great bowler in Evans, who, on the whole, played a very good game.

A number of entries have been given in by boys of our class for the forthcoming swimming carnival, and naturally we are sure of success.

Several of our class mates having obtained a good opinion of a Frenchie's diet from Mr. Harvey are desirous of visiting France for the special purpose of tasting the flesh of various animals, reptiles, and other skewered horrors.

I.A.G.—This year I.A.G. has had the luck to have many boys who have made themselves famous in sport as well as study at other schools enrolled among its scholars. Aided by these we are determined to win all competitions for which we may enter, and have already made a start by defeating 2.A.G., who were drawn against us for their first cricket match.

Many of our scholars have entered for numerous events in the Swimming Carnival, including the School Championship (which we, having pinned our faith on N. R. K. Krüger, are in hopes of pulling off), and with such champions as Wilcher, Stone, and Grover for the other events, we have a brilliant prospect before us. (For the "brilliance," see account of the swimming carnival.—Ed.).

Tennis is also played, the most prominent players being Beale, Watt, and Wallace.

At the close of the cricket season the class will be represented on the football field, while with such a player as MacKellar baseball should flourish admirably.



Our capabilities are not limited to sport, however. They have already penetrated far into the mysteries of German, and with boys like Tarleton and Rouston to help us, we find the study of Latin easy and pleasant.

We had a debate last Thursday (12th March), the subject (which was taken from Stevenson's "Treasure Island") being, "Which party had the most right to the treasure, Silver's or the Squire's?" Krüger argued in favour of Trelawney, and Masters in favour of Silver, but the latter was eventually beaten by 8 votes.

On the whole, the class has good scholars, cricketers, swimmers, footballers, and tennis players, and so it may be expected soon to take a foremost place among the first year classes, both in sport and study.

1.A.C.—This form is, of course, chiefly composed of newcomers, among whom are many promising youngsters. Chief among these is F——s, who astonishes his form-mates and the physics master with his brilliance on the subjects of Velocity and Acceleration.

One of the "boys who were left behind," namely, G——r, has decided to turn over a new leaf, but he has already done the same thing so many times that his action has lost the flavour of novelty. However, it is hoped that he will do so this time, especially by the poor unfortunate who sits next to him in class.

The notorious Kelly occupies the position of class joker, but for some reason or other he refuses to contribute to the "Record." His latest about the Meat Strike is—well, it is fairly good.

There have lately sprung up among us several brilliant smilers. One of our masters rather encourages this beautiful (?) accomplishment, and we are now and then treated to a fine exhibition of smiles. Our best smilers are, in order of merit, Ch——g, Ch——r, and G——m. These three are thinking seriously of forming a Smilers' Club, and anyone who is gifted in this way is urged by them to join. Only boys in the School Union can join. The entrance fee will be no more than £5 a day. No blacklegs need apply.

At cricket we managed to keep our end up against 1.B.G.

## A Visit to Burrinjuck Dam

Catch the Temora Mail (Sydney 8.10 p.m.), arrive Goon-dah 3.45 a.m., bitterly cold, rush off to the nearest "coffee-house" to get something warm, spend your time as best you can till 5.30 a.m., when the tram leaves for Burrinjuck, or if you are lucky to go the same day as the contractors, at 4.30 a.m. Such are one's experiences on being deposited in the middle of the night in the bush. But, from June next, conditions will be altered; then you will alight from the train at Yass, and travel luxuriously to the dam in a motor launch, for

then the tram will be discontinued, as sufficient water will be dammed to admit of navigation. According to the time of departure, you arrive at Burrinjuck at 7 o'clock or 8.

The storage site is approached from the Main Southern Line by a 2-foot gauge railway, starting from Goondah siding, and finishing up at the Burrinjuck storage wall—a distance of 26 miles. The first 16 miles from the Great Southern Railway runs through comparatively uninteresting country, presenting the usual Australian aspect of more or less improved country; patches of virgin interspersed with gaunt, ring-barked timber. The railway passes out of this country and enters Carroll's Creek Gorge, when a bold view of the Murrumbidgee at once presents itself. The 2-foot gauge railway from this onwards follows a sinuous course, clinging to the sides of the gorge of Carroll's Creek. The narrowness of the gauge allows of curves of 100 feet radius being negotiated. There are no deep through-cuttings, the rails being practically carried along a narrow ledge cut out of the hillside. At the point where Carroll's Creek debouches into the valley, one of the most glorious views is opened out to the traveller. The peaks and mountain ranges forming the catchment area of the Goodradigbee River rise, tier upon tier, behind one another, while in the foreground are the flats at the junctions of the rivers. These will all be inundated when the dam is completed.

Arrived at the township, you make for one of the two "eating-houses" and order breakfast, taking a half-hour's stroll while it is being prepared. Breakfast, and then at ten o'clock you proceed to the works office, meeting the clerk who is to show you round. A walk of a quarter of a mile brings you to the heart of the works. The actual site for the storage wall is a deep gorge below the confluence of the Murrumbidgee and Goodradigbee, where the river channel is confined between two high walls of solid red granite—on the one side the majestic heights of Black Andrew, and on the other Burrinjuck. This artificial lake when complete will contain one and a-half times the volume of water contained in Sydney Harbour! Three rivers will be dammed up—the Murrumbidgee (45 miles), the Goodradigbee (25 miles), the Yass (15 miles).

The first thing you are shown is the electric power house. There are several huge dynamos, all worked by boilers fired with timber obtained at hand. This central power station actuates all the plant. You next see a huge shed, capable of storing 24,000 bags of Portland cement. Then there is the tower-like structure where the concrete is automatically mixed. On the top stage is a large pestle, moved by an eccentric, which rises just sufficiently to allow the stones, obtained from the quarry, to be broken into pieces about 4 inches in diameter, and fall through into a hopper placed directly underneath on the lower stage. Here sand and cement are automatically measured and added, the hopper closed, and by means of a lever is slowly rotated about ten times to ensure



thorough mixing. The hopper is opened, and the contents fall into a rotary mixer on the next stage, where water is added, and the concrete, for such it now is, is emptied into a truck, holding ten tons (the concrete is mixed in ten ton lots). This truck is then carried by the "flying fox" to the wall, where we will encounter it again. Passing from the concrete stage to the wall you pass through the quarry, where all drills are worked by compressed air. Now for the wall. It is necessary to cross the river to get on the wall, for it is the left-hand side which is nearly completed, while much trouble has been caused by the faulty granite that had to be removed on the right-hand side. You cross the river by a precarious suspension bridge, and ascend the wall by ladders that literally sway back and forth.

Permit me to make a few remarks about the wall. When completed it will be 752 ft. long, and 240 feet high, while at the base it is 186 ft. thick—almost twice as thick as George Street is wide at the Town Hall—and tapering to 18 ft. at the top. At the present time it is well over 200 feet. high. Perhaps an impression of this gigantic structure may be gained when I tell you that the Queen Victoria Markets could be almost hidden away in the wall! Place the Post Office behind the wall and nothing would be seen of it!

The wall is being constructed of Cyclopean masonry—that is, concrete work, with large stones ("plums" they are termed) up to 15 tons in weight embedded in it. This concrete work will absorb well over 50,000 tons of cement. In order to handle this vast bulk of masonry the provision of a special plant for the purpose became necessary. The gorge is spanned along the length of the dam by three cableways, or suspension ropes of 1,200 feet, or slightly less than a quarter of a mile in span. These cableways, which are about 400 feet above the bed of the gorge, will handle a maximum load of 15 tons, and are being utilised for conveying concrete, large stones, and for handling and moving the plant on the wall, which consists of an installation of 10 ton cranes. These cableways and the whole of the plant on the work are actuated electrically from the central power station. The Cyclopean concrete work is built up of a series of units, each separate unit representing the average quantity of concrete that can be placed in one full day's work. Each of these units practically represents the space occupied by a good six-roomed cottage. They are designed so as to break-joint in every direction, and in this respect represent a gigantic form of masonry construction. The sluices which will regulate the supply of water are four in number, each 24 ft. in diameter. In the early stages the river was diverted to the right by a detaining wall, and, later, when this was blasted away, by a tunnel in the wall. Now both have disappeared, and water is being stored.

This completes our survey of the work. You get back in time for dinner, and spend the afternoon in wandering round. The tram leaves for Goondah at 5.30 p.m., and, arriving at Goondah at 8 p.m., you have an hour and a half to wait for the returning Temora mail, which arrives in Sydney at about 6 a.m.

A. W. G.

## The School Union

The first annual meeting of the Sydney High School Union was held in the Main Hall on Tuesday, 3rd March, 1914, when the President, J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A., occupied the chair. A report on the year's work was read by the Hon. Secretary, C. E. Fletcher, Esq., and the financial statement was presented by the Hon. Treasurer, E. H. W. Parker, Esq. Both reports were gratifying, and gave proof of a prosperous year. The treasurer's statement is appended. The incoming Committee were also elected, and their names appear on another page of the "Record."

### Hon. Treasurer's Statement.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Membership ..	135	11 0	Athletic Club ..	65	4 0
Gen. Receipts ..	145	3 8	Baseball .. . .	10	3 6
			Cricket .. . .	36	15 5
			Camera Club .. .	2	13 9
			Football .. . .	9	6 3
			Glee Club .. . .	10	7 6
			Lacrosse .. . .	7	10 0
			Library .. . .	9	19 8
			Literary and De-		
			bating Society	3	5 0
			"Record" .. . .	48	19 6
			Rifle Club .. . .	8	3 0
			Swimming .. . .	14	16 0
			Tennis .. . .	14	8 6
			Miscellaneous ..	24	9 0
			Total .. . .	266	1 1
			By Balance .. .	14	13 7
Total .. . . .	£280	14 8		£280	14 8

E. H. W. PARKER, Hon. Treas.

Audited and found correct,

J. LEAVER, }  
C. GEORGE, } Auditors.

2/3/14.



**LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1913.**  
**SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES FROM SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL.**

(1) Mathematics I ; (2) Mathematics II; (3) Mechanics; (4) English; (5) French; (6) German; (7) Latin; (8) History, (9) Ancient History; (10) Physics; (11) Chemistry; (12) Botany; (13) Geology; (14) Greek; (15) Music; (16) Arts; (17) English and Geography (for Engineering Matriculation).

H signifies honors; A, first-class pass; B, second-class pass; P, pass (Mechanics and Engineering).

PUPIL.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Archbold, Gerald	...	B	B	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...
Barr, Gordon	...	B	B	...	B	...	B	H	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Beavis, W. Ramsay	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	...	...	B	H	...	...	...	...	...	...
Belz, Maurice H.	...	B	...	P	B	B	...	B	...	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	P
Colvin, James R.	...	B	B	...	...	B	...	...	...	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Dent, George R.	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Elgar, Frederick A.	...	...	...	...	A	A	B	B	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Elliott, Francis L. G.	...	B	B	...	H	A	...	A	H	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...
Fitzgerald, Gilbert L.	...	A	A	P	B	...	...	A	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	P
Geoffroy, Alfred J.	...	B	B	P	...	...	...	A	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Goodwin, Cecil B.	...	...	B	...	B	...	...	B	...	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...
Henry, Dudley de la F.	...	B	A	P	A	A	...	B	...	H	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Hooke, Edwin J.	...	B	A	...	A	...	...	B	B	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	P
Hughes, Thomas H.	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Jaede, Carl H.	...	H	H	P	A	...	B	B	...	B	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Kelly, Gerald G.	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Kenniff, Victor	...	A	A	P	A	B	...	B	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	P
Lawson, James A.	...	B	B	...	A	A	...	H	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
McLoskey, Henry L.	...	B	A	...	H	H	...	H	H	...	H	...	...	...	...	...	...
Nicol, Thomas B.	...	H	H	P	B	...	...	B	...	H	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Parr, Leslie J. A.	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	B	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Paterson, William S	...	H	H	P	B	...	...	B	B	...	H	B	...	...	...	...	P
Price, Lionel J.	...	H	H	P	H	B	...	B	A	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	P
Sheed, Francis J.	...	A	B	P	H	H	...	A	H	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...
Small, Keith C.	...	B	B	P	B	B	...	B	B	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...
Smith, Banks R. G.	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	B	H	...	...	...	...	...
Thomas, Owen J.	...	H	H	P	A	A	...	...	A	...	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Waddell, Frank N.	...	B	B	...	B	A	...	A	...	B	H	...	...	...	...	...	...
Willan, Thomas L.	...	B	...	...	B	B	...	...	B	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	P
Wilson, Henry C.	...	A	A	P	B	...	...	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

# INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1913.

## SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES FROM SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL.

(1) Mathematics I; (2) Mathematics II; (3) English; (4) French; (5) German; (6) Latin; (7) History; (8) Science; (9) Geography; (10) Geology; (11) Botany; (12) Art; (13) Manual Work (Woodwork); (14) Manual Work (Metal Work); (15) Business Principles; (16) Shorthand; (17) Agriculture I; (18) Agriculture II; (19) Practical Agriculture; (20) Technic Drawing, (21) Greek.

PUPIL.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	12	13	15	16
Alexander, Henry	...	...	...	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	...
Anderson, John W.	...	...	B	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	...
Andrews, Harold S.	...	...	B	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	...
Badgery, Austin W.	...	...	B	B	...	B	B	B	B	...	...	...	...
Baker, Keith	...	B	A	B	...	...	...	B	...	...	...	...	...
Benson, Geoffrey W.	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	B	...
Berry, Horace B.	...	B	A	B	...	...	B	B	B	B	A	B	...
Brand, Arthur W.	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	...	B	...	B	...	...
Burrows, Euston J.	...	...	B	B	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Cameron, G. R. G.	...	B	A	B	...	B	...	A	A	A	...	B	B
Cameron, McRae A.	...	B	...	...	...	...	B	B	B	A	B	...	...
Carter, Ralph H.	...	B	B	B	...	B	...	B	A	...	...	...	B
Claremont, Leslie F.	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Clark, Leonard	...	B	...	B	A	...	...	B	...	...	...	...	B
Connell, I. A. G.	...	B	B	B	B	...	...	B	A	A	A	B	B
Cook, Albert E.	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B
Cooney, Roy Chas.	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	A	B	B	...
Cousins, Noel Guy	...	A	A	B	B	...	...	B	B	A	A	B	A
Cox, Wesley Cecil St.C.	...	...	B	...	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	B	...
Crane, Reginald A.	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	B	...
Crow, Arthur N.	...	A	B	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	...
Dannefaerd, F. T.	...	B	B	A	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...
Davies, W. R.	...	...	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	B	...
Dudley, Frederick E.	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B
Duhig, Clarence R.	...	...	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	B	B
Dunlop, Bruce T.	...	B	B	B	...	B	...	B	B	...	...	...	...
Ellison, Edward B.	...	B	B	B	B	...	...	B	A	B	...	B	...
Emanuel, Alexander C.	...	...	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	A
Ferris, Clarence V.	...	A	B	B	B	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...
Flynn, Hermann E.	...	B	B	B	B	...	...	A	B	A	...	B	...
Fuller, Claude C.	...	B	B	B	...	A	...	A	A	A	...	B	A
Gould, Leslie A.	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	B	A
Hannay, Thomas A.	...	...	B	A	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	...
Harrison, Arthur W.	...	A	A	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...
Herbert, Cyril T.	...	B	...	B	A	...	B	...	B	...	...	...	...
Herwig, George H.	...	B	A	B	B	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	...
Hespe, John H. McA.	...	B	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	B	...	...
Hodgkinson, M. B.	...	...	B	B	...	...	B	...	B	...	...	...	...
Hook, Rexford G.	...	A	A	B	B	...	...	A	A	A	...	...	...
Isaacs, Gordon	...	A	A	B	...	B	B	B	B	...	...	...	...
Jackson, Leslie N.	...	B	...	A	...	...	...	B	B	B	B	B	...
Jenkins, John Eric	...	A	A	B	A	...	...	B	B	B	...	B	A
Johnson, Fredk. Keith	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	B	A
Jones, Percy James	...	B	B	B	B	...	B	...	...	...	...	...	...
Knowles, Thomas A.	...	B	B	...	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	...
Laing, George Hy.	...	...	B	B	...	B	B	...	B	...	...	...	...
Lauder, Charles G.	...	B	B	B	B	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...
Law, Aubrey	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...
Ludvigsen, George V.	...	B	B	...	B	...	B	B	A	...	...	...	...
Mackey, Wallace A.	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	...	...	...	...	...
Macourt, Harold C.	...	...	B	A	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...
Manton, William K.	...	B	A	...	B	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	...
Matthews, Harry	...	...	B	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	B



PUPIL.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	12	13	15	16
McGowan, Thomas L. G. ...	...	...	...	...	B	...	A	B	B	...	...	...	B
Molineaux, Bolton A. ...	B	B	B	B	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Morrison, Francis A. ...	B	B	B	B	...	B	A	A	...	...	...	...	...
Muir, Ian Miller ...	...	B	B	...	B	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Murphy, Leslie ...	...	B	B	...	...	...	A	B	B	...	...	A	B
Organ, Milton T. ...	...	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	B	...
Parkes, Alfred Jas. ...	B	B	...	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	B
Paterson, Albert V. ...	...	A	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Paterson, Faerlie Alex. B	A	B	...	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Perier, Norman S. ...	...	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	...
Peryman, Mario L. ...	...	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Ross, John Moore ...	...	B	B	...	...	...	B	...	B	...	...	...	...
Russell, Geoffrey W. ...	...	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	...
Sherwood, William G. ...	B	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	...	B
Shiress, Ralph A. ...	B	...	B	...	B	B	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Simpson, Arthur H. ...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	A
Spicer, Alfred G. ...	B	A	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	B	...	B	...
Taylor, Franklin A. ...	B	B	...	B	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	A
Taylor, John K. ...	...	A	B	B	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Tickner, George D. ...	B	B	B	A	...	...	A	B	B	...	...	...	A
Upton, Kenneth C. ...	...	B	B	B	...	...	A	B	B	...	...	B	B
Walker, George C. ...	B	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...	...
Warmoll, Charles M. ...	...	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	...
Watkins, Alan F. ...	...	B	...	...	...	...	B	B	B	B	...	...	...
Watt, Wyndham G. ...	...	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	...
Wheen, Ronald G. ...	...	B	...	B	...	...	...	B	B	...	...	...	...
Whitehouse, Charles H. B	B	B	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	...
Whiting, James E. ...	B	A	B	...	...	B	A	A	B	B	B	...	...
Winston, Charles E. ...	...	B	B	B	...	B	A	B	...	...	...	...	...
Wood, Dudley C. H. ...	B	B	B	...	...	...	B	B	B	...	...	B	A

## Matriculation Examination

Amongst the successful candidates at the recent March Matric., we are pleased to see the following Old Boys:—G. L. Fitzgerald, A. J. Geoffroy, and C. B. Goodwin, who were at the School last year; J. Mathers and B. McEwan, who left in 1912.

## The Swimming Carnival

The Annual Carnival was held at Drummoyne Baths on Saturday, 14th March. The weather, though threatening, continued fine, and the numerous spectators were treated to a fine display of the aquatic sport. The Waverley District Band was in attendance, under the direction of Mr. T. Mellor, and during the afternoon rendered a number of lively and much appreciated selections. A large entry had been received, and all events were well contested.

The great race of the day was undoubtedly the 100 yards High Schools' Championship. There were six starters, representing Fort Street High, Technical High, and Sydney High. A good start was made, and all competitors got well away. Kinninmont (F.S.) was the first to take the lead, with Lyons and Cornish in close pursuit. This order was maintained until about 90 yards had been negotiated, when Lyons sprinted in

fine fashion, and just beat Kinninmont by a touch, with Cornish a yard behind, and the other three starters close up. The time was splendid, being 63 3-5 seconds. The School Championship was won somewhat easily by Sherwood in 73 seconds. Great interest was centred in the Junior Championships, which were won by Robison, Elwin, and Wilcher.

The Cork Scramble and Musical Lifebuoys provided the spectators with a good deal of amusement. The Diving Championship was a great success from a spectacular point of view, some fine dives being made. The Old Boys' Race was somewhat disappointing, as there were only two entries, while the Open Race had to be cut out altogether.

The results are as follows:—

I.—3rd and 4th Year Handicap, 100 yards—Jones, 1; Sherwood, 2; Moore, 3. Time, 73 secs.

II.—Beginners' Race, 33 yards—Humphries, 1; Cook, 2; Boag, 3. Time, 27 secs.

III.—Junior Championship (12 years and under), 66 yards—Wilcher, 1; Stone, 2; Bell, 3. Time, 51 secs.

IV.—Second Year Handicap, 100 yards—Simpson, 1; Elwin, 2; Adam, 3. Time, 92 secs.

V.—Diving for Plates—Farr, 1; Brand, 2; Jones, 3.

VI.—School Championship, 100 yards—Sherwood, 1; Moore, 2. Time, 73 1-5 secs.

VII.—First Year Handicap, 66 yards—Smith, 1; Wilcher, 2; Beath, 3. Time, 60 1-5 secs.

VIII.—Back and Breast Stroke Championship, 66 yards—Willan, 1; Henry, 2; Roberston, 3. Time, 64 4-5 secs.

IX.—Junior Championship (13 and under), 66 yards—Elwin, 1; Wallace, 2; Grover, 3. Time, 54 4-5 secs.

X.—Diving Championship—Elwin, 1; Beath, 2; Jones, 3.

XI.—Junior Championship (14 and under), 100 yards—Robinson, 1; Miles, 2; Laing, 3. Time, 102 2-5 secs.

XII.—High Schools' Championship, 100 yards—G. Lyons (Fort St.), 1; Kinninmont (Fort St.), 2; Cornish (S.T.H.S.), 3. Time, 63 3-5 secs.

XIII.—Cork Scramble—Baker, 1; Brand, 2.

XIV.—200 Yards Handicap—Stone, 1; Willan, 2.

XV.—Old Boys' Championship, 100 yards—Cotton, 1; Christiansen, 2. Time, 64 3-5 secs.

XVI.—Relay Race—2.C.G., 1; I.A.C., 2; 4.A, 3. Time, 2 mins. 55 4-5 secs.

XVII.—Musical Lifebuoys—Oliver 1; Golding, 2.

XVIII.—440 Yards Handicap—Crowe, 1; Willan, 2.

## Literary and Debating Society

The Society this first term seems to have been filled with the boisterous intoxication of youth, which, however, gives promise of a staid and fruitful maturity. The third year, as a clear streamlet, tremblingly, has joined the deep calm solemn river of the fourth, and, in conjunction, they drain vast fields of thought. It is hoped that the brook, so sparkling and fresh, will soon swell into a broader tributary.

At the annual meeting for the election of officers, Mr. Smairl, the English master, presided, and expressed great interest in the work of the club. The second meeting (which was not held) for the discussion of Scottish poetry, admirably



evidenced the exalted aesthetic spirit of the members, who, becoming more familiar with what was expected of them, made a great success of the "Longfellow Afternoon," when a meeting was held.

The ministerial debates, of which we have had two, have discovered much latent genius for powerful oratory. The ex-Premier, Mr. Paterson (for he was defeated on the last discussion), moved us with brilliant rhetoric, and Messrs. Webster and Middleton with stirring eloquence. Mr. Gray, now Premier, with convincing and relentless logic, pricked the windbag which followed him, who, indeed, was "court jester" and a philanthropist, making the audience laugh, that they might better "inwardly digest" the heavy meal which had preceded. Despite the Speaker and the Manuscript Journal (a remarkable issue) we have had some good speeches, which were not inarticulate nor delivered from a couch.

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## Glee Club

We are now coming to the close of our most successful term since the inauguration of the Club. Not only have we a decided increase in numbers, but with the aid of the piano our practices have become more interesting. Still we feel that yet we lack the active support of masters and senior boys. At present the Club is almost entirely made up of boys from the lower school.

Active preparations are now in hand for a concert to be given by the Old Boys, and at which we are to contribute several items. The Old Boys sincerely hope that we will do all in our power to make this concert a success by advertising it fully among our friends. The concert is to be held in the Turner Hall on April 2nd.

So far, in accordance with our agreement to raise 15s. a month, in order to pay for the piano, we have held one successful concert. Again we have heartily to thank the junior boys for their assistance, both by their presence and their contributions, to the afternoon's enjoyment. We were thus able to raise £1 1s., though we fully expected at least twice that amount.

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## Cricket Club

Since our last issue all teams have met with a fair measure of success. The 1st XI. has improved its position in the G.P.S. competition table without meeting with any startling successes. A High Schools' Competition has been commenced, our three teams occupying first, first, and second places respectively in the different grades, so that we can look forward with expectation to the result of the competition, which finishes at the end of the year.

Since the Xmas vacation the teaching staff has been reinforced by two enthusiastic cricketers in the persons of an old friend, Mr. Harvey, and a new one, Mr. Watson.

Throughout the season the weather has been fairly favourable to cricket, although twice we have been baffled by the elements in our attempts to try, in a return match, conclusions with the Old Boys. By the way, we must congratulate the latter on their handsome win over the School by 123 runs on November 24th last. Still, it must be said, in fairness to the School, that only four players of the 1st XI. took part, since the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations claimed the remainder of the team.

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## Swimming Club

The Swimming Club is progressing by leaps and bounds. During the past few weeks, probably owing to the approach of the Annual Carnival, the number of members visiting the Bondi Baths has been greatly increased, so that the membership now stands at something between 60 and 100. This may also be accounted for by the fact that this quarter we have been exceptionally favoured with fine weather.

We entered a team in the All Schools' Relay Race at the S.C.E.G.S. Carnival, which, although it did not come off victorious, put up a very good race. The general improvement of the Club may be seen from the results of our own Carnival.

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## Tennis Club

Two courts at Haberfield have been once more rented by the school for tennis during the ensuing season. Although it is very early in the season, and many of the boys are still indulging in other sports, quite a large number journey to Haberfield every week for practice.

Tennis seems to be becoming so popular a pastime at the school that some difficulty is likely to arise in accommodating all the players. The play of the younger members shows a marked improvement; such players as Oliver, Wallace, and Reeves show good prospects of developing into players far beyond the average schoolboy's standard. All the "cracks" of last year are still at the school, and give promise of upholding their high reputation in a series of matches which are to be arranged with the leading school teams.

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## The Library

The secretary of the School Union, in his annual report, mentioned the fact that the past year has proved the most successful in the history of the Library. Not only from the point of view of increased membership, and sustained interest on the part of the scholars, but also from the standpoint of improved methods in carrying on business, of greater facilities for arranging and storing books, and, above all, of the large and



varied additions to the reading material of the Library, are we unanimous in confirming the veracity of this assertion. As for the present year, we are hopeful of making it even more successful.

The influence of the Library, one of the most important and educative institutions of the school, on the scholars, in increasing their knowledge and culture, cannot be overrated. In view of this fact it is stocked with as varied a range of reading matter as is beneficial and at the same time pleasant to the schoolboy. Therefore we would entreat such boys who only peruse literature of a very light nature, such as school and adventure stories, to vary their reading a little. For instance, in one month they could read four books of the following type: a school story, an adventure story, an historical novel, relating to the period which they are studying in school, and then perhaps a novel of a higher standard of literature. Of course, the historical novel could easily be an adventure story, and the book of high literary standard an historical novel. However, the reader will thus have an opportunity of comparing each type of story, and will eventually gain a taste for the best kind of literature.

### **To the Editor "The Record"**

Dear Sir,—It seems to me that much money could be saved by a few advertisements being inserted in the "Record." As the paper has a fairly wide circulation, many sporting firms would, no doubt, gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of advertising therein. Probably the following firms would be pleased to advertise:—

Messrs. G. B. Philip & Son (Books).  
 Messrs. Angus & Robertson (Books).  
 Messrs. Dymock & Son (Books).  
 Messrs. George Robertson & Co. (Books).  
 Messrs. Skinners, Ltd. (Books).  
 Messrs. Johnson & Co. (Books).  
 Messrs. Mick Simmons, Ltd. (Sporting Materials).  
 Messrs. "Kodak," Ltd. (Cameras, etc.).  
 Messrs. Paling & Co., Ltd. (Music).  
 And many others.

Trusting you will give this matter your earnest consideration,—I am, etc.,

J. D. C. No. 1 Room.

### **Military Notes**

In the 27th Battalion Competitions, held during February, "J" Company was successful in obtaining first place with 709.5 points, against "L" Company (T.H.S.) second with 700.5 points. The possible was 992 points. "K" Company failed owing to the absence of several members during the shooting. In the drill, however, their performance was highly creditable.

In the Brigade series "J" Company obtained second place; Cleveland Street came first with 716 points, against our 698. Great praise is due to all members of the two squads for the zeal and interest displayed by them throughout the whole work.

The inspection of Senior Cadets by Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O., postponed from February 28th, on account

of the inclemency of the weather, is expected to take place on Saturday, March 28th.

The end of the military year 1913-1914 is now drawing to a close, and all cadets should make sure that they will have reached the standard, both regarding drill and time, by that time.

## Rifle Club

The results of the shooting for Lieutenant Parker's Trophy for the year 1913 are as follows:—

1st—Cadet E. B. Ellison	..	61, 59, 58, 57, 56—291
2nd—Sergeant A. Sams	..	60, 58, 58, 57, 57—290
3rd—Sergeant Rhoades	..	64, 57, 56, 55, 55—287

The prize was keenly contested, as may be judged from the above figures. The conditions of the contest were:—

1. The trophy shall be awarded to that member of the S.H.S. Rifle Club who in the weekly shoots from 27th August to the N.R.A. meeting inclusive shall aggregate the highest total in his five best shoots.

2. A "shoot" shall be taken as the aggregate of the shoots at each of 500 and 600 yards, provided that both these ranges were fired at on the same afternoon, and that seven shots shall be fired at each range.

The Committee are pleased with the interest shown in the club by new members, and hope that interest will be sustained. They would also like to see more interest shown by old shots.

The competition team at the recent Brigade Competition made 112 HITS out of 192, while the winners made 156. The boys ought to learn to shoot after that.

Mr. Parker has intimated that he will give two prizes this year, but conditions are not yet framed.

The S.H.S. Rifle Club have accepted a challenge from the Sydney Grammar School.

We regret to lose such good shots from our midst as Sergeants Rhoades, A. Sams, Lieut. Thomas, Cadets Upton, Badgery, Caldwell, and Waddell, and all we can hope is that some new good shots will drift our way in time for next N.R.A. meeting.

## Editorial Notices

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges:—"Aurora Australis," "The H.A.C. Journal," "The High Schools' Chronicle," "The Kyrian," "The Novo Castrian," and "The Fortian," Possible omissions are apologised for.

The Business Manager desires to acknowledge subscriptions from the following Old Boys:—A. M. Eedy, A. L. Buchanan, L. J. Price, R. L. Penn, F. A. Elgar, T. Waugh, K. C. Small, O. B. Gormly, F. Farranridge, T. B. Nicol, F. N. Waddell, G. R. Dent, A. J. Geoffroy, and A. G. Henderson.

The subscription to the "Record" is 2s. 6d. per annum, post free. The next issue will appear towards the end of June, 1914.

[Sorry you have not realised before this that the "Record" is a magazine for news and some little literature. We do not aim to present to our readers an advertisement for mouth organs alongside a lyric poem. The ability to enjoy such discords is a gift, and, fortunately, an uncommon one. By the way, while on the subject of sporting firms, why did you leave out the Sydney Fish Markets and the School Tuck Shop?—Ed.].



## SCHOOL DIRECTORY.

### Teaching Staff.

Headmaster: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.  
 Deputy Headmaster: W. A. Moore, Esq., B.A., Dip. E.S.  
 English: J. H. Smairl, Esq., M.A., C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A., W. J. Mulholland, Esq., B.A., G. Redshaw, Esq., B.A.  
 Classics: H. O. Craddock, Esq., M.A., J. H. Davies, Esq., M.A., D. St. C. MacLardy, Esq., B.A.  
 Modern Languages: R. F. Harvey, 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. D. Watson, Esq., B.Sc.  
 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: F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A., and D. J. Sullivan, Esq., B.A.  
 Joint Hon. Treasurers: E. H. W. Parker, Esq., and J. Leaver, Esq., B.A.  
 Hon. Secretary: C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A.  
 Assist. Hon. Secretary: A. W. V. King.

Committee: J. Back, Esq., B.A.; R. F. Harvey, Esq., B.A.; A. D. Watson, Esq., B.Sc.; D. Cookson, L. P. Moore, R. Middleton, B. A. Molineaux, J. Woodhouse.

### CRICKET CLUB.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.  
 Vice-Presidents: F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A.; W. A. Moore, Esq., B.A., Dip. E.C.  
 Secretary: J. Byrne.  
 Committee: B. Cook, A. W. V. King, A. J. Cunningham, J. Byrne.

### Tennis Club.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.  
 Vice-Presidents: F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A., and C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A.  
 Hon. Secretary: C. R. Cole.  
 Executive Committee: A. McLaughlin, C. Cole, A. W. Frazer, L. Claremont.  
 Selection Committee: McLaughlin, Cole and Cook.

### 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. H. Smairl, Esq., M.A.; A. G. Steel, Esq.; D. J. Sullivan, Esq., B.A.  
 Hon. Secretary: D. Cookson.  
 Committee: E. Blake, L. Earl, K. Howell, G. Lauder, R. Middleton.  
 Hon. Conductor: A. G. Steel, Esq.  
 Hon. Librarian: J. Woodhouse.

### Swimming Club.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.  
 Vice-Presidents: D. Sullivan, Esq., B.A.; F. Gallagher, Esq., M.A.; E. Parker, Esq., B.A.  
 Secretary: R. Middleton.  
 Committee: A. Sams L. Moore, D. Cookson, B. Molyneaux, S. Robertson.  
 Secretary: A. W. McLaughlin.

### Senior Literary and Debating Society.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.  
 Vice-Presidents: The Masters and J. Woodhouse (elected).  
 Hon. Secretary: A. Wheen.  
 Sub. Secretary: H. Wilson.  
 Committee: A. McLaughlin, D. Cookson, F. B. Foley, A. King, and R. Middleton.

### Football Club.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.  
 Vice-Presidents: F. J. Gallagher, Esq., M.A.; W. A. Moore, Esq., B.A., Dip. E.C.; J. Leaver, Esq., B.A.; D. J. Sullivan, Esq., B.A.

### Library.

President: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.  
 Vice-Presidents: C. E. Fletcher, Esq., B.A.  
 Secretary: A. McLaughlin.  
 Treasurer: G. R. Dent  
 Committee: Braithwaite, Caldwell, Frazer, Kershaw, King, Lake and Middleton.

### Tuck Shop.

Manager: A. W. Gray.  
 Committee: W. Nette, S. Robertson.  
 Assistants: P. L. Moore, R. E. Henry, T. B. Foley, E. Meldrum, J. Byrne, H. Brigden, J. Lawson, A. King, C. Fuller, R. Braithwaite, H. Porter.

