

JUNE

1914

Alan R. Beveridge

Extremos Pudeat Redisse.

The Record

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, SYDNEY.

VO. V

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The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSE."

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1914.

No. 3.

Officers.

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Editorial

IN this prosaic age it seems to be the fashion to criticise unmercifully all attempts made by novices to express their thoughts in poetical language. The compositions of the embryo poet or essayist are, in general, read, not in a sympathetic and appreciative manner, but rather with a singularly keen and perceptive eye for any of those minor defects which must inevitably be present.

Certainly, some of the attempts which are sent for consideration deserve scant respect, nor do we advocate any undue leniency towards such contributions. Our remarks refer rather to those who send in compositions on which they have spent some time and thought, and whose attempts, though often crude, at least show an elementary knowledge of the rules governing literary productions. Granted

that some criticism is essential to progress, and that a timely correction may check a serious mistake, we must still remember that encouragement is the very breath of life to a young writer, and that a sweeping condemnation may be the result of discouraging some promising yet inexperienced contributor. The "Record" aims at fostering a wider appreciation of literature and at encouraging originality, and, in consequence, we must endeavour to give due consideration to all attempts made in good faith.

But this responsibility rests not only on the Editorial staff, but also on the readers of the "Record." It is too often the case that a poem or essay, published in our paper, is judged by the standard of such a writer as Shelley, with what result, it is needless to state. We do not plead for a blind acceptance of everything that appears in the "Record" as being of first-class standard, nor do we ask our readers to abstain from a wholesome criticism of those defects which must necessarily occur, but we desire a greater leniency towards minor faults and a less trenchant condemnation of the initial attempts of young writers.

For, after all, it is in the pages of a paper such as our own that we see reflected the degree of intellectual activity which characterises the school as a whole, and the productions which appear in the "Record" are but an indication of the prevailing literary atmosphere.

School Notes.

Since last issue several important changes have taken place in the teaching staff. Mr. R. C. Edwards, B.Sc., Science Master since July, 1912, has left us to follow the Medical Course at the University. We wish him every success. Also we have, with deep regret, to record the loss of Mr. D. J. Sullivan, B.A., who was for many years Sports Master. Mr. Sullivan has been transferred to the Technical High School, and the good wishes of all go with him to his new sphere. We have much pleasure, also, in congratulating him on the occasion of his marriage.

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Our congratulations to Mr. A. D. Watson, B.Sc., who has been appointed Science Master in place of Mr. Edwards. We welcome to our midst Messrs. W. J. Monk, B.Sc. (Lond.), and H. K. Tiddy, B.Sc. (Syd.), who have joined the staff this term. They come to us as Assistant Masters of Science and Mathematics respectively.

We noted with much pleasure the presentation of "Half-Blue" for Baseball to Mr. Back, at the recent University Commem.

* * *

At the May meeting of the School Union, the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. W. A. Moore, B.A., Dip. E.C., was appointed Vice-President in succession to Mr. Sullivan, and J. Byrne was elected to the Committee in place of B. A. Molineaux, who left the school early this term.

* * *

We regret the loss of one of our leading cricketers and champion tennis players, B. Cook, who left during this term.

* * *

It has been suggested that the extreme difficulties of the recent examination papers may be attributed to the growing popularity of chess problems with the teaching staff.

* * *

Sanguine hopes are entertained that the present members of the School Rifle Club will, this year, emulate the example of their predecessors and enter a team in the Great Public Schools' series of matches, in addition to those of the N.R.A.

* * *

The Old Boys' Football Match has been fixed for Wednesday, 17th June. We understand that the Old Boys are undergoing severe preparation for the purpose of averting defeat.

* * *

Early this term twelve of our boys journeyed to Orange to meet the Orange High School at Cricket and Tennis. They suffered defeat in both instances; but, thanks to the kindly hospitality of the Orange representatives, spent a very enjoyable week-end in that town. It is expected that a team from Orange will be down within the near future to meet us at Football, when we hope to be able to "return the compliment" in all respects.

* * *

The first of a series of School Concerts, organised by the Glee Club, was held one afternoon in April. The object of these concerts is to raise funds to assist the School Union in paying off the piano. The first concert realised £1 1s. It is expected that another will be held before the Midwinter Vacation. As the charge of admission is only 3d., and the programme will always maintain a high standard, all boys are urged to support these efforts.

* * *

On Saturday, June 6th, some 50 of our boys accompanied Mr. Steel to the Symphony Orchestra Concert. The programme, an exceptionally fine one, included Brahms' "Symphony (No. 2) in D major." During the afternoon Mr. Leonard Borwick appeared at the piano in Schumann's famous "Concerto in A minor," and Madame Slapoffski rendered two arias from grand opera. All the boys were most enthusiastic in the appreciation of the programme, and look forward with much pleasure to attending, if possible, the other concerts of the season.

“Evening.”

Now the evening glow is paling, while the setting sun is trailing.
 Robes of fading red and purple o'er the ever darkening sky,
 And the dense clouds slowly sailing, with their curtain dark are
 veiling
 All the brightness of the evening star that watches from on high.

Now the curlew's lonely crying, in the distant echoes dying,
 Seems to mourn the swift declining of the sun's departing ray,
 Now the evening breeze is sighing, and the noisy plover flying,
 With his harsh, discordant shrieking bids a farewell to the day.

Now the evening bell is ringing, and the cheery cricket singing,
 While across the brooding landscape steals the dusky-winged night,
 And the birds are homeward winging, through the twilight close
 and clinging,
 As slowly passes in the west the last long gleam of light.

Now the mountain torrent roaring, down its rocky channel pouring,
 Glistens whiter in the darkness with a strange, unearthly light,
 And the ghostly screech-owl's calling, through the still air sadly
 falling,
 Echoes eerily and clearly through the stillness of the night.

Dawn.

A faint, far greyness shows dimly in the eastern sky, a dubious
 light that seems to struggle slowly and painfully upwards. 'Tis the
 curtain of night rolled up by spirit hands, and the timid stars grow
 pale and fade away in fear. The ambitious moon, who ruled the
 night in queenly state, grows ashen, and hastens with dimming in-
 tensity over the deserted sky-floor. Her sprightly courtiers are gone,
 and, in pale dejection, she fades away into the brightening heavens.

The grey in the east changes to pearl, and slowly the half-
 awakened day creeps up the sky. The wakeful cock has seen the
 silent approach of dawn, and, in lively emulation, salutes the grow-
 ing light. The birds, Nature's tireless choristers, catch the enliven-
 ing refrain, and, in sweeter, clearer notes herald the coming day.
 Lavishly Dawn, “the rosy-fingered,” paints the sky; pink and light-
 green and gold, her changing colours glow. There is a delightful
 tingling in the air, a freshness born of dewy grass and taintless
 winds, that sets the warm blood coursing in our veins, that sets us
 leaping, springing, away, away through the bush, seeking we know
 not what, yet happy to be alive, happy to drink in the crisp morning
 air, happy to feel and to be at one with awakening Nature.

Now in our wild fancy we see Aurora, her golden hair streaming
 on the breeze, coursing across the sky, while a myriad bird-voices
 greet her in song, and a myriad mute anthems rise from the patient



D. J. SULLIVAN, Esq., B.A.

trees and flowers. And those bright crystal drops that glitter on every leaf and stem—what are they? Perhaps they are the tears of the trees and flowers, weeping because they may not see the dawn, mourning because they have no voice to sing her praises, but may only feel her tender, thrilling touch as she lightly kisses them in passing.

But now the swelling chorus of Nature has aroused the tardy sun. In a rich suffusion of golden light he peers enquiringly over the eastern rim, and, seeing how fair a world is spread before him, rises with broad, good-humoured face and sees the Dawn's swift chariot hastening from the sky,—Morning is come.

R. N. K.

D. J. Sullivan Esq., B.A.

It is with regret that we have to report the great loss which our school has sustained by the removal of one of the oldest and most popular of our staff,—we refer to Mr. D. J. Sullivan, B.A.

His long service at the Sydney High School had made him familiar with all its activities, and his unflagging energy in the interests of sport will long be remembered. His name, indeed, on that account alone, has become a household word. His kindly nature endeared him to one and all. No task to forward boys' interests was too irksome for him, no pains too great to assist them along the narrow path of learning. His sound knowledge, ripe experience, and genial good nature fitted him admirably for the position he held.

Whether on the football field as coach, and, on occasion, as centre-forward, or on the cricket field, or out diverting himself, like some "leviathan of the deep" in the placid waters of Bondi, or as an officer of the School Company, he proved himself a "thorough sport." In the internal working of the school, no master has done more thorough and conscientious work, that will long be remembered with gratitude by any boy worthy of the name. A fine disciplinarian, his class was always a model of order and industry, and not a boy but felt a pleasure in the class work. With regard to the social life of the school, we all know with what zest Mr. Sullivan joined in concerts, debates, and such other functions—not forgetting the mock banquets—ready to sing, recite, or speak, at a moment's notice, and always delightful to listen to.

Endowed with the true Milesian humour and gift of oratory, he could entertain the school by the hour, had time, on such occasions, permitted. Well, despite all his lovable and excellent qualities, we were unable to keep him with us; for, much as he would have liked to stay, when one's interests are at stake, it is a case of *carpe diem*, and old ties and associations are broken. But Mr. Sullivan may feel sure that, whatever the future may have in store, and wherever he may be, he will always bear with him the best of good wishes from his old pupils, in whose hearts there can never be for him anything but the greatest esteem and affection.

“The Driven Horses.”

Afar on the blue Pacific, the great, grey horses stride,
Hast'ning ever shorewards, their driving masters ride.
Whips flashing white in the sunlight, lashing the horses home,
Spurs gleaming steel, like sabres; the steeds are sweating foam.

Shorewards nearer and nearer have the great, grey horses raced,
Weltering, stumbling, faltering in whip-and-spur-forced haste.
Now in the calmer waters, where sea-weed dots with brown
The green of rolling waters, the steeds on their haunches are thrown.

Over the far-strewn sand, the tide is slowly creeping,
A stable the horses are seeking, into a haven are peeping:
A stable where rest they obtain, a change from their wild distress,
A haven where lives content and blessed happiness.

Here, in this world of ours, the horses are being driven,
Spurred on, whipped to abhorred tasks, daily have they striven.
The rich are the hard-riding masters, the poor are the driven steeds,
Wealth is the spur that bends them, like wind-stricken river-reeds.

So through life they stumble, pressed by their masters' whips,
So through life they are driven, like tempest-harassed ships.
They also have their haven, where masters drive no more—
Where angels' wings are gleaming—'tis Heaven's own golden shore!

—A.W.V.K.

The Idea of a Gentleman.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving

when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember his injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN ("Idea of a University").

Old Boys' Column

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1913-1914.

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The concert, arranged by the Old Boys' Union in conjunction with the School Glee Club, which was held in the Turner Hall on April 2nd, proved a great success. A splendid opportunity for the renewal of old friendships was afforded, and the O.B.U. was brought more closely into touch with the school. The President, Mr. Bohrsmann, occupied the chair, and briefly placed before the friends of the school the objects and aims of the O.B.U. A most attractive programme, organised by Mr. Steel, and comprising items vocal, instrumental and elocutionary, was presented, whilst two brief intervals permitted of the evening partaking the nature of a social reunion. Special features of the programme were the singing of the School Song, "Extremos Pudeat Rediisse,"—words by Mr. Craddock, and music by Mr. Steel,—and the rendition of several glees by the School Glee Club. The Council desires to express its heartiest thanks to Mr. Steel for his keen interest and enthusiastic co-operation, to Misses May Holmes and Doris Williams, Dr. J. S. Campbell, Messrs. E. N. Rowley, U. Wolinski, C. and R. Cleary, and M. Peryman, the assisting artists, and also to the accompaniste, Miss Dracup.

* * *

Professor Grafton Elliott Smith, of Manchester University, one of our most distinguished Old Boys, is expected shortly to arrive in Sydney for the purpose of attending the Science Congress to be held in August. It is hoped that some gathering can be arranged to give Old Boys an opportunity of meeting him.

* * *

Preparations are being made for a Dance to be held in Sargents' Rooms, Market-street, on Tuesday, 18th August, for Old Boys and friends. The nomination fee is 5s. per head. Mr. A. C. Berman, 14 Martin-place, is Secretary to the Dance Committee, and nominations may be forwarded to him. The function should provide an excellent opportunity for a reunion of a large number of Old Boys, and we hope that all who possibly can, will avail themselves of it.

* * *

Our congratulations to A. L. Campbell, B.A., B.E., who, after a distinguished career at the University, was recently admitted to the Bar. Mr. Campbell left the school in 1906, having gained honours both in the Junior and Senior.

* * *

We note with pleasure the further success of J. Resleure, an old High School boy, in swimming. Last year he won a German championship, and recent cables state that he secured first place in the Cambridge Freshmen's 100-yards Championship. His time was 62 3-5 secs.

* * *

At the Annual University Athletic Meeting, held on Wednesday, 27th May, L. V. Hall won the 880-yards Championship. He was selected to the team to compete in the Inter-'Varsity Athletics at Adelaide this month. At the time of going to press, we were awaiting with interest news of his performances at Adelaide.

The Council has appointed J. Woodhouse representative of the O.B.U. at the school for this year.

* * *

Some of last year's Old Boys have already become prominent in Baseball at the University. Barr, Hooke and Kenniff have gained permanent places in the Uni. Seconds; Hooke has played twice with the Firsts.

* * *

The following letter, dated February 22nd, from our Rhodes Scholar of last year—E. A. Southee—to the Secretary of the O.B.U., will be full of interest to all Old Boys:—

St. John's College, Oxford.

My dear Fairland,—On Sunday last I had a visit from an Old Boy, V. W. Young, who was at the school about the same time as myself. He is farming up Gunnedah way, and has just finished a trip round the world, or nearly so. He spent twelve months in America. To lunch on Sunday I had four other Australians—quite an Australian gathering. I have met and heard from quite a lot of Old Boys over here. Dr. S. J. Johnston and Vonwiller came up to see me at different times. Then in London, Neale (I think "Harry") is in charge of the Customs conspiracy case—possibly you know him. To the Inter-'Varsity "Rugger" Match there came several Old Boys, one of whom, C. W. James, came all the way from Grantham to see me. Another contemporary of mine, "Mo" Davis, is also spending a long holiday in England. I believe he has a big station on the Monaro. So you see Old Boys are not unrepresented in this old country of traditions. I thought it might be possible to arrange a kind of reunion here among Old Boys. By the way, I received a photo. of the Old Boys' Dinner, taken from "Splashes." It seems to have been a successful function. I am very sorry to hear Mr. Waterhouse has been so unwell.

I suppose I must tell you something about myself. As you are probably aware, I got my Rugger "Blue." I had a more or less checkered First Term, as I received an injury to my knee in my third match here (Trial Match). However, it got sufficiently well about three weeks before the Inter-'Varsity for me to play with the 'Varsity again. I also managed, with the aid of bandages, to win the High and Long Jumps at the Freshmen's Sports, as well as to compete with fair success for St. John's in the Inter-Coll. Sports. Misfortune, however, came my way again, for in the first match of the tour (the Oxford XV went on tour after "*the match*") I received another injury to my knee—the same knee, but in a different place—necessitating my return to London, and missing a nice trip to Ireland. After coming up, I started training for the Sports—the 'Varsity Sports are to be held here on Saturday next, and the Inter-'Varsity on 28th March, at Queen's Club. My knee has given me some trouble and worry, but I was in fair form the week before last, for I did 22 feet 6 inches—which is about as well as ever I

did in training. This last week, however, I have been "off." Nothing seemed to go right. I do not know what is wrong, but I have never felt myself like it before—may be the weather or my knee, or perhaps both. I shall take a good rest this week—that seems to be the only thing to do.

About the weather. What a contrast! After our clear and sunny South to come to this dull, wet climate. One often feels that he wishes he had never left (I was going to say), but I would not have missed it for worlds. What an experience! But I must not ramble too much, much as I should like to, for my correspondence list stares me in the face. It is becoming more unwieldy every day. Oxford is said to be the worst climate in England in the winter, but everyone says, "Wait until the spring and summer." An Oxford summer and spring are proverbial. So I live in hopes. At present, what one gets is damp, drizzly days, depressing and dreary. I must confess we have seen the sun, and had one or two beautiful days, but these are few and far between.

The life here is unique. The only thing one can say anything against is the conservatism of the place, which even creeps into sport. Methods of training (?) are traditional. Just at present "Toggers" or "Torpid" give the excitement. These are a kind of Novice Eights, and each college has one, two, or three boats entered. There are about 36 this year, and the event is in three divisions of twelve. The boats are arranged in their order of finish last year, and placed at intervals of two lengths. Each boat tries to "bump" the one in front of it, and, if successful, takes its place on the next day. There are six days' rowing—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—rather a strain. St. John's started second on the river, but were bumped on Thursday by Christ Church ("The House"). They have managed to keep third so far, although Balliol nearly caught us yesterday. There is tremendous excitement—shouting, noise-making, gun-firing, and so on. Nearly everyone "runs with" his college boat, i.e., along the bank or the tow-path. After the crews are picked, they go into training (?). Special meals are provided, and I had the "privilege," with Taber (U.S.A.), of giving a "togger-brekker," the first course of which I could hardly manage. I am sorry I have not time to let you into the secret methods and details of the training! In fact, one word only is necessary to describe it. The whole idea is to "put on weight." Any man who does not put on weight is not wanted. Perhaps the most amusing part of the training is the "fizz supper," which takes place a week or so before the first day. More amusing even is the "fizz supper" given to, or taken by, a crew that has been "bumped." It is supposed to reinvigorate!

Well, old chap, I have not the excuse of lack of news (although perhaps it is most uninteresting), but Father Time prevents me, so I must close with kindest regards to self, O.B. Council, and all Old Boys, from

Yours sincerely,

E. A. SOUTHEE.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that, during the Xmas Vacation, I saw a good deal of England, and must confess that one must not generalise from Oxford experiences. Some parts are really fine, and the climate is beautiful—cold, but more or less dry. I had one day's tobogganing on my travels. By the way, I forgot also to mention that a few flakes of snow are not infrequent while training.—E.A.S.

“ A Vision.”

The moon in silent splendour
 Ascends the eastern sky,
 While radiance soft and tender
 Is showered from on high.

Now fades the wan stars' gleaming
 Before her orb'd light,
 Whose silver beams far-streaming
 Dispel the shades of night.

A radiancy immortal
 An instant lights the sky,
 As though a heavenly portal
 Were opened from on high.

No longer here I linger,
 My willing spirit soars
 And sees the silver wavelets
 That lap Elysian shores.

I see the golden gleaming
 Of mansions passing fair,
 While melody far-streaming
 Fills all the charm'd air.

Celestial harps are ringing
 In soul-dissolving strain,
 And seraph-voices singing
 Rise from the glassy plain.

Now fades the radiant vision
 Before my failing sight,
 And clinging earth's dark prison
 Has dimmed its dazzling light.

And longing, ever longing,
 I yearn to see again
 The angels ever thronging
 Upon the glassy plain;

To hear their music ringing
 In wondrous harmony,
 And seraph-voices singing
 Throughout eternity.

Empire Day.

The British Empire must for ever be considered a living body, its great, pulsating heart in little England, its solid limbs in the broad Dominions over the seas. Each subject is a drop of blood pumped from its heart, beating at once with joy and grief, gladness and trouble, hope and despair. The Empire is more than something to be proud of: it is something to make us eager to help, to lay down our lives in guarding it. With the Empire, we must, to the end of days, associate the name of Victoria, "greatest of them all." And, happily, the great queen's birthday has been the chosen day to celebrate the greatness of our Empire.

The school celebrated Empire Day in its quiet old way. The Main Hall was suitably draped for the occasion, and all cadets attended in uniform. Mr. Waterhouse, in a short address, touched the object of Empire Day—to show the world that we are Britons yet, though leagues of rolling waves separate us from the Motherland. Her spirit lives with us; it never dies.

The massed scholars sang "Australia," which we consider as "our" patriotic song, since two of our masters composed its words and music. Mario Peryman recited Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." Mr. Moore, in an address, expounded on the economic greatness of the British Empire, and this we must rank with the greatness which we generally recognise as that of "reeking tube and iron shard."

Clifford Cleary gave a violin solo of patriotic items, with his usual delicacy, and this item was greatly appreciated. Kipling's impressive "Recessional Hymn" was sung lustily by the scholars, under the baton of Mr. Steel, who afterwards gave a patriotic ballad.

With Mr. Parker as soloist, Mr. Craddock at the piano, and Mr. Steel as conductor, "Rule Britannia" lived once more, with young Australian voices—rich, mellow, and very decidedly patriotic and enthusiastic—joined in the refrain.

What may well be considered as the star item followed. Mr. Watson, our "intrepid hero" who was with the Mawson Antarctic Expedition, held us spellbound for the better part of an hour with an account of the adventures 'midst blizzards and avalanches of the "Flying Gang" under Wild, of which Mr. Watson was a member; and through it all, while in our imaginations, tents whipped from above us, and ice-crevasses opened beneath our feet, and icy-thrills ran down our backs, we remembered that these men, heroes all, were sons of Britons whose glory must never die. For the glory of the Empire is not only the glory of battlefields running blood, but the glory of the icefields of Antarctica, where it is ice, ice, and ice again, and nothing but ice. They braved the perils of the far south, not for individual aggrandisement—theirs were thoughts of Empire and its glory.

In singing "God Save the King," all in the room rose, and at its conclusion everybody—cadets with hats on—saluted the flag. Each hand was held to its owner's hat, eyes fastened on old England's flag, while the rafters rang to the clear notes of the bugles, loud, puissant, challenging.

The morning's proceedings ended with the presentation of Lieutenant Parker's gold medal for the champion shot in the school, 1913, to Cadet E. Ellison.

The Luxury of Music.

This is the luxury of music: "It touches every key of memory, and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy. I love it for what it makes me forget, and for what it makes me remember" (Belle Brittain). In very truth this sums up with startling accuracy the well-nigh unfathomable and divine influence which music exerts over every human soul on the earth.

Music! What a part it plays in our lives! It is not a chance besieger of the fortress of the soul, but, indeed, is its governor, kind and loving, for ever holding sway, even when the horizon is blurred and the sky hidden by the monstrous clouds of adversity. Chaos and darkness are driven before its mighty hand like logs before the swirling waters of the impetuous Amazon; grief and despair are assuaged and pacified, passion and wild desire curbed and soothed by its tender, pleading, holy voice; lethargy and listlessness are converted to action and energy under the gracious influence of its magnetic guidance. Giving rest to the weary in mind and body, peace and comfort to sad and sorrow-scourged souls, hope and joy to those ending, as well as to those beginning the passage of life, and light and love to the mentally and spiritually dark, it is not merely a factor in lessening the trials of life, but even an integral part of our make-up. Just as Carlyle maintains—and truthfully—that every man has in him, to a certain extent, qualities of a poet, so it can be asserted with similar veracity that each person possesses sensitive nerves of greater or less delicacy, which respond to, and become conscious of the spiritual monitor, and universe-wide peacemaker—Music. True poetry is always sincere; everything sincere is musical; therefore, cannot we say that the spirit of music is ingrained in each of us, and occupying the main flower-bed in life's expansive garden?

Have you ever noticed that when the sunlight plays upon water spray, the beautiful, blending colors of the rainbow there appear? This, it seems to us, is like the effect music had on child-souls, with all their fresh and pure "insouciance." What a bright and happy future swims before their eyes—a future, not worldly, but heavenly,

—and, indeed, how lovingly and confidently they must go forth on the race of existence, when, like tender rosebuds in a hot-house, they are wrapped round with the mystic atmosphere of harmony! On the soul of the person of riper years, music—like the sunbeams on a broad expanse of calm sea make a wondrous, dazzling stretch of twinkling stars—settles, sometimes imperceptibly, sometimes consciously, transforming a dark and sombre outlook into one of intense radiance and happiness, and transporting him bodily from the wretched hovel of sordid materialism to the beautiful palace of fanciful spiritualism. And then what an insight he gains into the “open secret”!

Nothing makes us more utterly oblivious of self than a few delightful strains of music, many of which are wafted forth, it seems, inspiring, refreshing and tender, from the golden portals of the future, as if created by the Mighty Hand that rules the Universe, in order to prevent our spirits from wandering into the base, though attractive, snares of the world. Jean Paul Richter says reverently concerning our Master: “He lifted, with His pierced hand, empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages.” Before He lived on the earth, music, one of the sole evidences of the spiritual essence in the nature of Man, existed. It did not divert the stream of the centuries, but rather flowed along in its deep and dark waters, making them purer, clearer, and more wholesome. Is it not possible that the Almighty sent inspirations of harmony into the hearts of His people, in order that they might gain a conception, yea, even a foretaste of the happiness and love of Eternal Life, and so prepare the way for the sublime task of the Master in redeeming the World? Music, indeed, “throws down the wall of separation between this and the next life, and consecrates the whole sweep of existence.” It is one of the first gifts which God has showered on mankind from his vase of blessings, of which the only one retained on high is *perfect* Rest. Music has been in the past centuries of the world’s existence, and ever will be, down the countless ages, the inestimable balm-giver to human souls,

“Till God ere long,
To His celestial dwelling us unite
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of night.”

Form Notes

IV. B.—There is one deplorable feature that attends us throughout life, and that is the necessity for examinations. Examinations! The very word causes an involuntary shudder; we would not complain if there were only one, but it is their irrepressible and ubiquitous character and their irritating frequency which disturbs our peace.

We wish that the prime mover in the agitation that finally resulted in the adoption of exams had never lived, or, if he had lived, that he had directed his mis-applied energy into some other channel, such as "An Agitation in Favour of More Holidays." Certainly, at this moment, we have passed through our half-yearly death throes, or, if we have not already done so, we will when the papers are returned, and this on the unquestioned authority of one of our masters. The damage has been done,—we await the consequences.

Many notable events have taken place in No. 1 since last issue. Our mathematics master has even condescended to wage verbal warfare with the venerable John, venerable for the solemnity of his deportment and by reason of that special faculty for bestowing fatherly advice upon the masters. The whisky bottles have somehow mysteriously disappeared, but now, notice-boards, leaning against the wall become mountains, and the floor, as often as not, is a river, in which we struggle beyond our depth. The comment, "Made in Germany," and the retaliation, "Made in Scotland," are fast becoming proverbial. Lately we have struck an expert at forcing doors. (Suggestive, eh?) Whilst revelling in the delights of literature, we are often abruptly interrupted by weird noises, for a mathematical explanation of which, on a scientific basis, we must refer our readers to our learned friend, whose long, yet lucid, disquisitions on this and similar subjects are well known. But, to descend from the realms above (that ethereal atmosphere consecrated to the masters): one of our members is in a deplorable condition. He demonstrates his ignorance in futile arguments, and is met with universal cries of "Sit down," "Squashed," etc. He prides himself on knowing a lot, and, like the sceptic that he is, refuses to be converted.

IVA.—Amidst the gentle perambulations of "odeurs infectes," we stumble through the interminable hours of school. The braying of fellow-students is only equalled by the "chut-chut" of bedstead-makers and steel manufacturers. From the elongated form with the huge pedal extremities who sits at the front desk, to the noisy individual who sits almost directly behind him; across the aisle to the rosy cheeked one; with a little bit of a port tack we reach Squib, and with a side movement, to the Balmaniac enthusiast; and forwards to the rep. lacrosse player; Brayers all! Soccer and rugger enthusiasts issue from a heated argument, with the Voice of Authority, hovering, yet firm, above them. Baseball lunatics talk home-runs, three-baggers, strike-outs and other hopeless jargon till again the Voice of Authority calls, and

". . . . Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

Or again, when some weary individual, who delighted overnight in the raptures of a three-thousand-feet drama, and a penn'orth of peanuts, takes the opportunity to seek the unadulterated joys of "t'other doze," and wakens with the thunder rolling again in his ears. . . .

"Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?" Thus delving into the movements of the Prussians in Paris (and the consequent rise in cabbages, and fall in hopes); probing again the riddles that Euclid juggled with centuries ago; thrilling with the intense struggle of an irresistible force and an immovable body; writing appreciations of poems which make the poets sit up and groan in famous graves—thus, we objects of pitiful humanity fritter away the glorious sunshine and the vernal wind's piping of the flowery summer time in the middle of winter. But, gentle reader, even beneath the tyrannical yoke, let this bear eloquent testimony of the unbounded and varied geniuses (translated by some as geny-asses) of this mute, glorious class; club secretaries flourish in our midst as numerous as rabbits around Bourke. *This*—with the untrammelled joys of Sarcey, of Loney, of hosts of famous literary stars, and of Robinson, let this bear weighty evidence!

IIIB.G.—We made a fine start at the beginning of the quarter by resuming the collar of misery immediately. We mourn for the sudden death of those weekly exams which passed peacefully away a few weeks after their initiation.

When the half-yearly sprang upon us,

"To do or to be done? that was the question,"

and, although it was a matter of choice for us, we decided "to be done." Doubtless the masters will wonder that we have not distinguished ourselves. The following sub-headings account for it:—

1. We did badly to give IIIAG and IIIAC some encouragement.

(N.B.—Fifteen facts to be filled in about this.)

2. The papers, although easy, were terrifically hard.

(N.B.—Twelve facts to be supplied.)

The exams are now over. A weary, dreary, sad, and worn-out set of individuals, seemingly half-dead, slowly straggle into No. 2 room each morning at about 10 a.m. Apparently they have not seen their true loves for some time past, because no one has "a part up." Shaggy locks adorn the heads of all, every one is down in the mouth, almost all have black rings round their eyes, signs of incessant fag. They are dressed very quietly, almost in mourning, no "loud" ties are worn, every one wears a dark suit, even linen collars are rather dingy, while the wearer himself appears as if he has not performed his ablutions or even removed his clothes since the announcement of the abovementioned exams.

The class seems to wake up on a Wednesday afternoon and crawl on to the sports field, only to get a terrible "drubbing," which is generally the cause of their going to sleep again for the rest of the week. But I somehow rather fancy that they are waking up by degrees, because four of them, quite recently, mustered up enough

energy to get in some lacrosse stick-work in the class-room. Nevertheless, they were only half awake, since they allowed themselves to be caught hurling a knotted duster across the room. (A terrible disgrace.) The remainder of the class amused themselves by making antediluvian aeroplanes loop the loop and perform other marvellous aerial feats.

In conclusion, we regret to announce the departure of Cook and Walker from the class, although our capabilities have increased proportionately to the decrease of our numbers. Bruce has started upon a banker's career, whilst Johnny has taken to accountancy, and, although he has departed, we are still going strong.

IIIA.G.—The half-yearly is over, and we heave a sigh of relief. The work is done, and it now remains with the examiners to confirm our belief that we will come out on top.

Besides our scholastic genius, we take a keen interest in sport. We have four representatives in the First XV., several soccer players; tennis has its keen supporters; Australian rules have had due consideration (?), and some of our young up-to-date enthusiasts have even started an aerial club, and have had several very successful flights.

We are "constantly interrupted" on Thursday afternoons by the "walking of the ghost," which causes much amusement, and several of our less cautious members have undergone "good stiff nights."

For the past few weeks our minds have been hard at work trying to fathom the mysteries of science, to understand how men lived in bygone days, to grapple with the idioms of other tongues, or to appreciate the beauty and wealth of our own language; and now, although we do not regret the work we have spent, we all look eagerly forward to the approaching vacation, when we will revel in the pleasures of the lessons of Nature. We agree with the poet when he writes:

"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double."

And we mean to come back to the dear old school refreshed and revived, and ready to resume the battle with the problems of life.

IIIA.C.—We enter unannounced. What matter? The amalgamated commercial third-year classes need no herald. We speak for ourselves, and generally speak right on.

"What needs such earthly pomp our fame to boast?"—(One from our Wood-be poet.)

As usual, our members excel in whatever branch of sport they affect, whether in the football field, on the range, on the court, or in the strenuous lacrosse field. Our crack shots mean to show their opponents, namely, the Sydney Grammar and Fort Street schools,

what excellent scores can be made, (of s'course they will). We are gratified to know that our crackest shot (sounds a bit like fireworks, doesn't it?) has received a suitable memento in the form of Lieutenant Parker's gold medal, awarded for the highest average score of the last season.

Our "big baby Bill" has joined the ranks of the Rugbyites, and expounds to our opponents every Wednesday the way to win. Our examination papers, like the proverbial old hens, are slowly coming back to roost, and neither we nor Cox are in a position to crow. Owing to the cold weather that we are experiencing at the present time, the seats adjacent to the fire are fought for daily. Off' comes a shrill, repeated cry, "Put out that fire!" and No. 5 resumes its habitual appearance of the South Pole.

We are extremely sorry to note that IIIA.C. is accused of having no literary ability, despite the excellence (???) of these, our form-notes. Owing to our now having attained the dignity of a third year class, we are no longer so well represented in the detention room.

And now—farewell, a short farewell, to some of our greatness.

IIC.G.—Still pursue we the uneven tenor of our way. Some of our over-fags had to retire from the limelight at Easter, as the strain of the Intermediate was becoming rather oppressive. It is not so bad as a couple of hours' homework every night, a task with which several masters burden our minds. As a result of short notice, quite a troop of bleary-eyed individuals filed into No. 1 and No. 2 for the half-yearly. They felt quite confident until they received the papers (!!!). They are very desirous of having a short interview with several of the masters who set the papers, and feel sure that, after that, the master will modify their ideas of exam. papers.

We chronicle, with a sad heart, the sudden departure of Woolly B——r, who removed himself to Cobar to shave off his 18 months' growth. We are still excelling at everything, even "mucking up." We have condescended to lead the way to glory (or defeat) in sport. Several poor unfortunates who pursue the simple occupation of dart-throwing were caught, and have quite a little bit of detention as a result of their flighty behaviour. We advertise several seats to let at the back of the class, which are the second abode of certain individuals during Maths, as they are not over keen on them.

Several simple ones expected Mr. Watson to produce the South Pole from his coat pocket on Empire Day, but were sadly disappointed.

IIB.G.—Once more, dear friends, we greet you with our aristocratic phraseology evolved from the cranium of our exalted authors. The class bard has sent in the following ballad, founded upon his awful nightmare when he saw Hiawatha (I wonder why?) playing a tambourine. He has appropriately named his poem *Hiawatha's Musical Ghost*.

HIAWATHA'S MUSICAL GHOST.

(Dedicated to 2B.G., A.O.S.)

Up in dusty number seven,
 Hard oppressed by noisome odours,
 Sat musicians at their practice,
 Playing in the pleasant shadows.
 In uninterrupted silence,
 Look'd they at the "broken portal,"
 Heard the noise of many prefects
 Listening to their pleasant chorus,
 To their laughter and their singing;
 But, alas! from number six room,
 Quivering in their rightful anger,
 Burst the prefects, all proclaiming:
 "Quit this room, now, when we tell you,"
 Warning said those irate prefects,
 "Ne'er come again to number seven.
 Like the dogs' howl is your chorus;
 Like the cats at night on roof tops,
 Is your sad and mournful music."
 Then our fine musicians, sadly
 Turned they from their pleasant practice,
 From their playing "In the shadows,"
 Sadly ceased their pleasant playing
 And descended to the playground.

MORAL.

Warning, take ye, other classes,
 Music hath no charm for prefects;
 Let not the fate of 2.B. General
 Fall upon unlistening ears.
 We have studied, we have practised,
 But reward ne'er pays our efforts.

A few sad-eyed, wasted individuals struggle to get round the fire, which burns—many papers—in spite of the stern rebuke one of our representatives received from a master of "Don't burn papers." But to return: These individuals are all that is left after the easy (Oh yes!) exam. of our once bright and joyous class. Our heart seems to be gone, but, considering the results received, very little of our energy was "wasted" in the exam.; perhaps it is all absorbed by sport.

Our class is well represented in grade Rugby football teams. In the firsts, Jakins, Lachmund, Kearney, Little and Cummings try to uphold our class honours. For the seconds and thirds, Annetts Kelly, Chirgwin, Wood and J. Jones doubtless show they wish to excel. Most of the 2nd grade victories have been due to the prowess of our representatives. We are now waiting for the holidays in order to recuperate our jaded spirits.

IIA.G.—At last the fatal hour is past, the ordeal has been sustained, and the last evidence which shall form our sentence handed in.

The variety of sounds issuing from the classrooms on a certain Friday afternoon were the different expressions of relief with which we greeted the close of the exam., though they seemed like the welcome to a Zoo dinner. But, in spite of the gruelling tasks we have gone through, we are expected to set our shoulders once more to the wheel to prepare for the next exam. Many indignation meetings have been held by our notables against this tyranny, and many dire oaths have been sworn to abstain from "fag." But the cold, hard fact stares us in the face—if we don't work properly we won't pass the Intermediate; for, assuming that certain members of this class will fail, the powers that be have determined that weary intellects shall not rest, but, still heated from the recent strain, shall be put to work once more. That symptoms of pessimism and insanity are becoming evident is hardly surprising. Also, we have received very pointed hints as to whom the Intermediate will utterly devour.

But the indomitable spirit of the class remains the same:

"Let work o'erswell,
Detention howl for victims,"

we still hold high our heads in second year. Owing to the fact that other second year classes, though boasting superiority, have not dared to meet us in the field, the grade football teams have become considerably stronger with our support. We are pleased to state that other classes are also helping.

~~HAVE~~I, known to the initiated as the "Perambulating Class Directory," has supplied, or will supply, on application, all information concerning exam. results. We are beginning to think, however, that the tenour of his reports is subject to the bribery and corruption of the Tuck Shop.

In conclusion, while hoping that the other classes will survive the Intermediate, we hope that the Department will see fit to abolish such unnecessary evils as exams and detention, and recognise the importance of encouraging sport.

IIA.C.—Aha! 'tis gone, and we have conquered. Of course, you know we mean the half-yearly. We simply rushed through it like our forefathers, who, from morn till even, fagged and caught brain-fever for lack of smallpox or other stylish epidemics.

How well we learnt our repetition, and how well we knew what "solus" meant! But, alas! 'twas all in vain, and we are now only physical wrecks. No doubt the intellectual abilities of the professors of German in 2A.C. will show up this time, and then, perhaps, go out for ever. We are glad to report that we are progressing famously along the lines of English, our deepest character study being Morris,

the reformer. This study has brought to light many budding Michael Angelos and Rafaels, if one can believe the evidence on the blackboard. Here one sees panoramic views coloured artistically in purple, green and yellowish tints, which colours, we are told, make the latest Morris blend. Then we have Morris giants and chairs, the latter being made of old kerosene tins and soap boxes.

A certain tired individual has suggested that school should begin at about 10 o'clock and end at 2 o'clock. Then, by gradual succession, school could be firmly put down as a resort only of poor half-demented maniacs.

We must not forget the heroic attempts to write poetry, some examples of which were read out in class. Here again, we have the old order being supplanted by the new. No more of metre and rhythm, so long as the words at the end of the lines rhyme. That is our creed. Poor old Bill Shakespeare is not in the same streets as some of our Muse worshipping pen-pushers, whose heroic attempts to find a word to rhyme with "orange" were pitiful to behold.

To come to sport, here again we excel, and demonstrate to other struggling communities in second year our obvious and impregnable superiority in every branch of any interest to sporting enthusiasts, for we have even imported a stadium, at which any aspirant for astronomic honours is welcome.

I B.G.—What about the menagerie which was suggested by one of our masters? Alas! our supply of animals is very limited, for asses and goats are the only beasts obtainable. These, however, being members of other classes, are very wild, which makes up for the lack of other suitable animals.

As to examinations, it is "over the fence," as one of our number expresses it, "giving us problems which we knew nothing at all about." Nevertheless, we did well enough to show that we are by far the superior first-year class.

We are well represented in sport, four of our number playing soccer, two playing baseball, and four lacrosse. The star soccer player of the class is Evans, while in lacrosse, "Bob" and "Chicken" perform brilliantly (?) each week.

In W—we have a future aviator, who possesses a weird-looking piece of paper which he calls an aeroplane. Flights are made frequently, especially in class hours. Since the visit of Guillaux, N—r has caught the disease, and often lands with disastrous results. Only the other day the two aviators were caught flying, and both came to grief, landing in the detention room. Besides aviators and aeroplanes, we have birds which chirp and do nothing else except get detention. B—l, while reading the lay, thought that it was not true enough, so, to make it appear real, he has become a bard, and occasionally may be heard practising "string solos" under the desk.

I A.G.—We are now resting from our arduous labours during the exam. week, and we are hoping that the results will be long delayed in coming out (with the exception of G—v—r, who describes his papers as “juicy”).

K—g—r gave up in despair after an heroic struggle to make some sense out of his examination questions; the unusual work has so exhausted him that he has been forced to become serious, and is now writing bad poetry, illustrated by worse drawings.

H—f—d, our History encyclopaedia, who knows the history of the world from when the gentle limetrodon roamed the primeval forests, to the details of the recent pillow-fight at Parliament House, wrote so much that he is still suffering from writer’s cramp, and has also gone into the poetry line.

Under the able guidance of W—ch—r, a large portion of the class has become quite artistic, and pathetic drawings, such as W—l—ce’s face on seeing the exam. questions, are the order of the day; but when a view of B—g playing tennis, accompanied by the following verse, came along !

“B—g, B—g, B—g,
Is a silly old rogue;
He has played on good many tennis greens;
But we know he can’t play tennis for beans!”

Having relieved our feelings somewhat on the poet, we felt almost ourselves again—until we heard that homework would be resumed as usual! We are still suffering from the after-effects.

I.A.C.—Our last exam. is over, and great sighs of relief are to be heard on all sides. Now that the results are being announced, more sighs are to be heard—sighs of agony, mingled with occasional groans and suppressed “hurrahs.”

The exertion of the history exam. proved to be too much for “Little Willie.” He closed his eyes to think, his head drooped lower and lower, and Little Willie—well, that’s his business.

Our two Scotchmen—Little Mac and Wee McGregor—are doing well at Rugby and Soccer football respectively.

Our celebrated Irishman—Pat Murphy—is a great talker. Those who favour “Home Rule for Ireland” should contrive to hear him speak upon that subject at the earliest opportunity. Polly is another talker, but, of course, parrots can be excused.

F—s is thinking of becoming a sailor; he already knows how to find latitude with the aid of a piece of string. How he does it nobody knows. Perhaps it is an invention of his own.

Kelly won a French spelling bee, and Mansfield came so good a second as to deserve a consolation prize. Johnson came first in the English exam., and Frere Jacques is our best historian.

"Sunset,"

The setting sun adorns the west,
 Beyond the farthest hills,
 Its glory fringes every cloud,
 Reflected in the rills.
 Like islets in a sunny sea,
 Upon its bosom float
 The smallest specks of broken white,
 Each with its golden coat.

Far in the vault of heaven
 Those golden rays are flung
 Like one great sea of glory;
 They fly not with the sun,
 But trailing still they linger,
 Till, fading, they are gone.

The fairest flowers that smiled the day
 Are now wrapt up in sleep,
 The chirping birds are heard no more
 'Midst forests still and deep.
 The western breeze is softly heard
 To murmur in the trees,
 While moonbeams gently flitter
 Among the dark-green leaves.

—G.R.D.

The Orange Trip.

At 5.20 on the morning of April 3rd, after spending a noisy and hilarious eight hours in the train, we steamed into Orange station, to be warmly welcomed by our old friend and monitor, Mr. Saxby, and by an enthusiastic band of our friendly opponents, the Orange High School boys. Each member of the Orange team selected a player from Sydney to be his guest during the trip, and our team dispersed to try and shake off the effects of overnight travelling.

We again assembled at 9.30 a.m., and were shown over the spacious and up-to-date High School buildings by our hosts, and at 11 o'clock the cricket match at Wade Park began. Orange won the toss, and Captain Sloane decided to send us in. Our opening pair put on about 15 runs, but after that we formed a veritable procession from the pavilion to the wicket. The innings closed for 29, only one batsman reaching double figures. Caldwell, a former S.H.S. player, trundled in fine form, obtaining six wickets for nine runs. O.H.S. replied with the total of 81, to which Sloane contributed 23 and Caldwell 15. For S.H.S., Cook bowled excellently, capturing 8 wickets.

An adjournment for luncheon was now made, and we returned to the High School, where a delicious repast was provided by the girls, who are thoroughly deserving of our sincere thanks for the trouble which they took, and the consideration which they showed on our account.

Play was resumed at 2.15 p.m. In our next innings we performed a little better, our total reaching 64, (Duncan 14, McLaughlin 13, Taylor 12). This left a leeway of 12 runs for Orange to make up, and this they succeeded in accomplishing with the loss of seven wickets. Finally, O.H.S. won an exciting match by 3 wickets 4 runs. It must, however, be said, out of fairness to the School, that only three first XI players made the trip.

At night the High School was the scene of an enjoyable social evening, when much-appreciated musical and elocutionary items were skilfully rendered by some of the masters and pupils of the O.H.S. Mr. Gallagher also contributed with signal success, and the S.H.S. team made a spirited, but rather unsuccessful attempt to sing the School song. After this, indoor games were indulged in until about half-past ten, when all dispersed homewards.

Next day, a greatly enjoyed visit was paid to Mr. J. Hicks' orchard at Canoblas, where our host entertained us right royally during the morning, and, after thanking him for his kindness, we journeyed back to Orange to prepare for the tennis match.

Play commenced at 2.15 p.m., and a keen struggle began for supremacy. Cole, Cook, McLaughlin and Molineaux ably represented the School, but our opponents, Sloane, Stevens, Pike and Bailey, proved a little too strong, and after a close match the local boys won by 7 sets to 5. During the afternoon, the girls again demonstrated their extreme kindness by providing afternoon tea.

After the match a banquet was tendered to us at Bartle's café. Mr. Saxby, the headmaster of O.H.S., presided, who, when all the good things had been disposed of, made a neat speech, in which he pleasantly referred to the maternal attitude of the S.H.S. to the O.H.S. After the usual toasts, and a hearty rendition of "Auld Lang Syne," the party adjourned to the pictures, where we received both entertainment and instruction until it was time to leave to catch the train for Sydney.

We drew out of the station to the accompaniment of ringing cheers, carrying away with us pleasant and grateful memories of the beautiful country town, which, indeed, is worthy of its title of "The Queen City of the West."

Our heartfelt thanks are due to our Orange friends for the magnificent hospitality which they lavished upon us, and we are desirous of seeing them soon in Sydney, so that we might try to return in some measure, their manifold kindnesses.

A.M.

Rugby Football.

The school has been handicapped in regard to Rugby. In the first place, other newly-introduced sports have somewhat depleted our ranks. Upon this came the thunderclap that third and fourth year

boys were not to play in the High Schools competition. This ill-advised decision left the honour of the school to be held by first and second year boys. Thus, not only was the standard of football lowered, but the third and fourth year boys had to seek elsewhere for matches.

Our energetic secretary at once arranged matches with most of the other G.P.S. teams. We have had a match each Wednesday, and two or three on other days. Although our victories have been scarce, it must be remembered that we are meeting schools who are high exponents of Rugby, and consequently the results cannot be looked upon as the strength of our team. We trust that better luck will follow the team during the remainder of the season, and a well-filled programme is looked forward to with interest and hope.

The following have played with the team:—Backs: Cookson (captain), Crow, Whiting, Burrows, Spicer, Rayner, Cunningham and King; forwards: Franks, Foley, Muir, Sherwood, Lawson, Goodwin, Manton, McCulloch, Emanuel, and Moore.

MATCHES.

April 25—Versus North Shore Grammar School. Lost, 23—9.

The first match of the season. The team had no practice, and consequently lacked condition and combination. Nevertheless, the school team put up a good fight, and in the last ten minutes scored three tries. Despite the big difference in the scores, the game was fairly even. In the forwards, Franks (a new man), Foley, McCulloch and Emanuel put plenty of "beef" into the game. The backs lacked combination badly, and there was no brilliant individualism. Emanuel, King and Franks crossed for the school.

May 2—Versus Newington. Lost, 15—8.

The forwards improved on their last showing. The ball came our way in most of the scrums, but the three-quarters failed to get moving, the five-eighth being the weak link. In the loose, the forwards were at fault, a contrast to their hustling tactics at close quarters. Franks, Muir, and Lawson were the pick. The backs, as a combination, were all at sea; bad passes and mis-kicks were common, and the line-kicking was also on the poor side, but the tackling improved. The scorers for the school were Emanuel and Spicer, King converting one.

May 6—Versus Technical Woolclassers. Won, 21—13.

A meritorious win against a heavier team. We held our opponents all the way. The backs were in better shape, and several stirring passing rushes treated the spectators to electric thrills. The forwards, although playing well on the whole, were too soft-hearted, and frequently gave quarter to the enemy when quarter was not asked—or expected. The scrum was weak in respect that the ball frequently anchored in the second row after the first row had raked it in. The halves played a plucky game behind their scrum. Whiting, Emanuel, Spicer, McCulloch, Burrows and King scored tries for the school, and Burrows kicked a penalty goal.

May 8—Versus Sydney Grammar School. Lost, 22—3.

Playing two games in a week did not suit the school team, and the form displayed in this match, in comparison with that of the Wednesday before, was poor. Grammar outclassed us in every department of the game. The forwards were hopelessly lost in the loose and ruck, and allowed their opponents to do as they pleased. What's the matter, forwards? The backs played mostly on the defensive, their tackling frequently stopping ugly rushes. They had few chances of showing their brilliance in attack, the movements that showed most promising being checked by dropped passes. The full-back was decidedly weak. Burrows played well on the right wing against a good man. Emanuel demonstrated his consistency by scoring the only try for the school.

May 13—Versus St. Joseph's College. Lost, 22—0.

A willing game. St. Joseph's backs were brilliant, and nonplussed our defence on numerous occasions. There was also something wrong in our attacks, failure generally coming at the critical moment. The forwards, although playing a fair game, were far too slow.

May 20—Versus Barker College. Draw, 11 all.

A very even contest. In the first half the school crossed Barker's line three times, one try being converted. Barker gave us our own medicine in the second half, the school defending most of the time. Both forwards and backs failed in combination. Franks excelled in ruck work, while Foley played his usual sound game. Muir was the next best forward. The three-quarters had few opportunities in attack, but the defence was fair; the line-kickers were seen to advantage. Whiting, although playing a faulty game, wandering too much, tackled well. Franks, Foley, and Cookson crossed for the school, King converting the latter. Skipper Cookson's try was one "off his own bat" after a short, swerving run.

SECOND XV.

May 27—Versus Knox College. Lost, 17—12.

An even game. Musketry made serious inroads into the school team. Foley (2) and Manton (2) scored.

HIGH SCHOOL COMPETITION.

Three teams have been entered. The second and third grade teams have been badly handicapped by size, but have displayed rare grit in their plucky games. Enthusiasm makes up what they lack in size, and, as size will come, we hope that this first year or two will lay the foundation of better players.. All players come from the first and second years.

FIRST XV.

v. Hurlstone. Lost, 30—6.

v. Fort Street. Lost, 14—3.

SECOND XV.

v. Cleveland Street. Lost, 36—0.

v. Hurlstone. Won, 21—0.

v. Parramatta. Won, 12—9.

THIRD XV.

- v. Fort Street. Lost, 31—0.
 v. Cleveland Street. Draw, 3 all.
 v. Parramatta. Won, 6—3.
-

Baseball.

The Baseball Club entered the field this season without the services of several of its best and most experienced players. However, we have several new recruits of considerable promise to fill the vacant places|. In the first IX. Sharpe, Braithwaite, Downward, Back and Byrne bear the brunt of hostilities, while Robison, Byrne, McKellar, and Brake act in a similar capacity for the Second IX. We are indebted to Messrs. Harvey, Watson, and Back for the interest they have taken in the club. We are handicapped in not having a suitable practice ground at hand, so that the results of our efforts cannot be regarded as altogether unsatisfactory.

MATCHES.

FIRST IX.

6th May—Versus Technical High School (Practice Match). Lost, 14—9.

The fielding of S.H.S. was somewhat loose, but improved as the game advanced. Braithwaite, at the first bag, was a particularly safe custodian. The battery, Byrne (P) and Downward (C) combined well, Byrne striking out 14.

13th May—Versus Cleveland Street, at Leichhardt. Lost, 11—5.

This was the first competition match, and resulted in a much keener game than the scores indicate. The fielding of S.H.S. was good, Braithwaite again excelling at first base, while Back and Henry each filled their positions well. Downward, Henry and Williams were the best batters. The battery did not perform so well as in the previous match.

20th May—Versus Hurlstone, at Leichhardt. Won, 34—1.

This match was in our favour from the outset. The batting of our team was heavy, while the only two errors were debited to fieldsmen, and those, difficult chances in the outfield. Sharpe (catcher) played an excellent all-round game, and was ably assisted by Braithwaite, Duncan, Taylor, Henry and Back. Byrne struck out 15. We were unlucky to miss the "chicago."

27th May—Versus Technical High School, at Imperial. Lost, 13—11.

An exciting match. We led 11—4 at the end of the 18th innings, but in the 19th Tech. helped themselves freely to Byrne's offerings, and, assisted by several costly field errors, tallied 7. We failed to get the necessary 1 to win in reply. On playing an extra innings, Tech. got 2 men safe on home, and S.H.S. failed to respond, though we were unlucky not to do so, as twice bases were full in this in-

nings. The best fielders for S.H.S. were Braithwaite, Duncan, Back and Sharpe, whose throwing to bases was excellent. Taylor and Williams performed well with the hickory.

SECOND IX.

May 6—Versus Technical High School. Won, 19—16, after an uphill game. Battery, Robison (P) and Byrne (C).

May 13—Versus Cleveland Street. Lost, 13—9. Robison pitched well, while McKellar, Bradley, Byrne and Brake struck best.

May 20—Versus North Sydney. An easy win for S.H.S. by 38—7. Robison again pitched well.

May 27—Versus Technical High School. Won, 14—5. The battery, Robison and Byrne, was excellent, and received good support from Firth and McKellar.

Soccer.

Three teams are playing competition games—one in the first grade and two in the second grade. Many younger boys are desirous of playing; but it is apparent that only a certain number can play. The first team gives promise of many future representatives, but size handicaps the second teams, especially 2B.

Results:—

FIRST XI.

May 6—Versus Fort Street, at Federal Park. Won, 2—0. Hardy and Taylor were the scorers for the school.

May 13—Versus Technical High School. Lost, 1—0.

May 20—Versus Parramatta, at Clyde. Won, 3—0. Hooke, Hardy and F. B. Jones netted for the school.

SECOND TEAMS.

May 6—Versus Fort Street. Won, 2—1.

May 13—2A. v. Technical High School. Lost, 5—0. 2B. v. Cleveland Street. Lost, 1—0.

May 20—2A. v. Cleveland Street. Lost, 1—0. 2B. v. Parramatta. Lost, 3—0.

May 27—2A. v. Petersham. Lost, 4—0. 2B. v. Technical High School. Lost, 3—0.

Tennis Club

During the last three months tennis has become a popular sport, judging from the number of boys who take part in this game. Many of the younger enthusiasts are showing great improvement in form; among others, Watt, Wise, Warmoll, Colvin, and Connell give promise of becoming players of a high standard.

During the past quarter two matches were played—one against Orange, and the other against Fort Street. Following are the results—

S.H.S. v. ORANGE.

Cook and Cole (S.H.S.) v. Pike and Bailey (O.), 6-2, 5-6, 6-3.

Cook and Cole (S.H.S.) v. Sloane and Stevens (O.), 3-6, 6-3, 2-6.

McLaughlin and Molineaux (S.H.S.) v. Pike and Bailey (O.), 2-6, 4-6, 6-5.

McLaughlin and Molineaux (S.H.S.) v. Sloane and Stevens (O.), 2-6, 6-4, 5-6.

S.H.S., 5 sets 47 games; Orange, 7 sets 57 games.

S.H.S. v. FORT STREET.

Claremont and McLaughlin v. Berman and Allum (Fort Street), 6-1, 8-6.

Claremont and McLaughlin v. Paling and Illingworth (Fort Street), 6-3, 4-6.

Frazer and Cole v. Berman and Allum (Fort Street), 6-3, 6-0.

Frazer and Cole v. Paling and Illingworth (Fort Street), 9-7, 3-1 (unfinished).

S.H.S., 7 sets; Fort Street, 1 set.

Lacrosse.

We are now in the middle of our season, having two teams in the competition. Our membership is twenty-six. Fort Street and ourselves are the only teams in the first competition, having played one match, which resulted in a win for S.H.S., the goals scored being 4 to 3.

The seconds are shaping very well, but have not been altogether successful, Fort Street Seconds defeating them 14 to nil; while we defeated Parramatta, 8 to 5.

The Camera Club.

The Camera Club has been formed again, thanks to the untiring energies of Mr. Fletcher. Four masters—Messrs. Fletcher, Watson, Monk, and Mulholland—have interested themselves, and we expect similar results from the boys. Exams. have largely interfered with active operations, but an early start is anticipated. Subjects of absorbing interest, both theoretical and practical, are being arranged for, and outings will be included. Shortly after the Vacation a competition will be held, so obtain exhibits during the Vacation.

Photography is a pleasant hobby, and, in moderation, is not expensive. When travelling, we never fail to see something of which we would like to have a souvenir. To those so minded, the Camera Club ought specially to appeal, as it is designed to be of practical utility in introducing the novice into the realms of the dark-room. Most of us desire to possess, at one time or another, the photograph of someone else's sister. Why not join the Camera Club, and learn to do so yourself?

Rifle Club

The conditions governing the two prizes to be given by Mr. Parker are as follows:—

1. The aggregate of the 7 best shoots of a member of the Rifle Club will determine his position.
2. A "shoot" shall comprise 10 shots and 2 sighters at 200 yards at a bull's-eye target.
3. All competitors must be senior cadets and members of the School Union.
4. The competition started on 22nd April, and will end on October 21st, 1914.
5. All competitors must attend 70 per cent. of the shoots.
6. Prizes will be presented on Speech Day.

Since last issue of the "Record," the S.H.S.R.C. has held eight shoots at Randwick Rifle Range.

The conditions of the match between Sydney Grammar School and Sydney High School Rifle Clubs are to hand. The match will take place at Randwick Rifle Range at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday, June 6th, 1914, under the following conditions:—

The team is to consist of 12 members.

The ten best scores are to count.

.310 rifles are to be used.

Ten shots and 2 sighters will be allowed each member.

The range will be 200 yards.

A match has also been arranged between the Fort Street High School and Sydney High School Rifle Clubs, to take place on Wednesday, 22nd July, 1914, at 200 yards' range. The team will consist of 10 men, each of whom will have 10 shots and 2 sighters.

This club is at present in a flourishing condition. The number of active members is at present greater than that of the corresponding time last year. The committee is finding it no easy matter to select teams to represent the Rifle Club in the forthcoming matches with other schools. The interest is still well sustained in the Club by the junior boys of the school, while the senior members have made up about one-third of the enrolment. The latter are proving quite effective in hitting the "bull," which happens on an average about 20 times per day amongst them alone (very poor).

S.H.S. BEAT S.G.S.

Owing to the Grammar School only having 10 men on Saturday, 6th June, the High School team was cut down from 12 men, as stated in the rules printed above, to 10 men.

Sydney High School scores:—Rhoades, 48; Brake, C., 44; Winstan, 44; Jackson, 42; Alexander, 40; Ellison, 40; Hodgkinson, 39; Flynn, 38; Morrison, 38; Wilson, 38. Total, 409.

Sydney Grammar School gained 342 points.

The Library

Since our last issue a great and all-important change has been carried out in the management of the Library. McLaughlin, the former secretary, has resigned, and A. W. Frazer has been delegated to fill the vacant position.

We are glad to see so many of the junior students making use of this educative institution; but we regret to say that we are unable to congratulate the seniors on the interest taken. This should not be, because we not only cater for the younger intellects, but we have in stock a great amount of useful and instructive literature for the seniors. The books stocked are specially chosen to comply with the demands of all classes of readers. The value of the library is continually being enhanced by the monthly additions of new books, each of which is *specially* selected by the Library Committee—many being chosen on the advice of the Masters. There are now almost 1400 books in stock.

The magazine section is to be re-opened at the commencement of next quarter, when will be available a number of new and popular magazines. We also expect, in the near future, to be able to place in the library a few additional copies of French and German magazines. At present there is only a limited number on hand, and the supply is by no means equal to the demand.

The Tuck Shop.

Much doubt seems to exist in the minds of many of the younger boys as to the functions of this important school institution, and which, through the kindness of your Editor, I will essay to expel. Primarily, the Tuck Shop serves to cater for the physical satisfaction of the "inner man," and it becomes every boy of the Sydney High School to support this noble institution. Every week the profits are deposited with the School Union Treasurer, and thus all the money, that would otherwise go elsewhere, is kept in the school, and fosters school activities.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to state that those in the habit of procuring pastry outside, may have it reserved for lunch at the Tuck Shop, at the morning recess, there being no necessity to take it away at that period. Many new departures have been made in the confectionery line and in winter drinks.

May we solicit a trial?

Military Notes

At the beginning of the present quarter we lost the aid of Lieut. Sullivan, who has successfully given his time to the training of the younger cadets and to the recruits from the commencement of the compulsory system of training. We are very sorry to lose such a popular officer.

On May 19th Colonel Wallack inspected the two school companies, and remarked on the fine appearance of the cadets.

During the quarter the Musketry Course was completed. Only the 1896-1897 quota took part. The following obtained the Marksman's Badge:—Cdt. E. B. Ellison, 137-165; Lieut. C. E. Brake, 131; Sgt. C. T. Gibson, 129; Cdt. R. Carter, 127; Cpl. K. Baker, 124; Signaller E. A. Meldrum, 124; Cdt. Burrows, 122; Sgt. E. Rhoades, 120; Cdt. H. C. Wilson, 120.

9 Cadets are classed as marksmen; 30 as 1st class shots; 10 as 2nd class shots; and 20 as 3rd class shots.

It is hoped that during the next Military Year there will be an increase in the number of marksmen and first-class shots. Every cadet should learn to use his rifle effectively, for this is an essential factor in any army.

The Editor's Box.

R.H.K.K.—We are sorry that your contribution cannot be accepted. While there are some redeeming features in it, the matter is scarcely up to the required standard.

A.W.V.K.—Thanks for your poem, which we are printing. Your story, while possessing considerable literary merit, is hardly suitable for a paper like the "Record."

Anonymous.—"The Sundowner," while not entirely destitute of merit, is rather too crude for publication. However, we shall be pleased to hear from you again.

R.H.—Thanks for your clever revision of your prospective report. Afraid we cannot help your cause by publication.

Anthropos.—Your "Impossible Catalogue" is justly so named, in more respects than one. It is a pity that such a clever thing is unprintable.

Young Australia.—Your feelings do you credit, as do your verses, with the exception of the last two lines.

Accepted with pleasure.—G.R.D., R.N.K.

L.P.—Your verses show considerable ability, but the subject resembles far too closely that chosen by a distinguished modern poet to admit of our publishing your poem. We advise you, however, to try again.

A.X.L.—Glad you have such a high opinion of money,—so have we.

Editorial Notices

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges:—"Aurora Australis," "The Armidalian," "The Fortian," "The H.A.C. Journal," "The Mirror," "The Kyrian," "The Wesley College Chronicle," and "The Melburnian."

Possible omissions are apologised for.

The Business Manager desires to acknowledge subscriptions from the following Old Boys:—

E. A. Southee, B.Sc., W. H. Jenkins, W. P. Ridley, A. Wright, O. A. Rainbow.

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

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