

JUNE 1915

Extremos Pudeat Rediisse.

The Record

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, SYDNEY.



VOL. VI.

No 3.

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The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSÉ."

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Officers.

Patron—J. WATERHOUSE, Esq., M.A.

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Sub-Editors—C. E. WINSTON, H. M. FORBES

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Editorial

We have looked with inanimate compassion on Austria's idea of crushing Serbia, applauded as a non-combatant Russia's declaration, regretted Germany's entrance, and even realised France's decision without thoughts of war affecting us. Contemplation of Britain unprepared on land made the authorities hesitate on throwing our Empire into the thralls of destruction and war; but the force of public spirit reacted even on the peace school of our late king, and, sooner or later, violation or no violation of Belgian neutrality, we would have ranged ourselves against the cruel banners of the military monarchy. But first the crossing of Luxembourg, then of Belgium, left only one honourable course—the course our Empire pursued. The first enthusiasm for our cause, the first surprise at the wonderful

success of the fleet having passed away, the news of devastation in Belgium began to arrive. Then Australia played her first great part. At the very outbreak of war we had indeed guaranteed the Imperial Government twenty thousand troops, but even before these commenced to learn the elementary principles of discipline the Belgians were thanking the people of Australia for their welcome help.

So in this issue we have two ideas to record: the first, the honour due to all Old Boys who have volunteered, and particularly to those who have fallen or been wounded in the cause of Empire; the second, actuated by the same motives, but of an entirely different character, the sacrifice of the School in connection with the Belgian Fund.

The atmosphere that surrounds the School envelopes the school-boy forever. They were expected to sacrifice for the School; they responded, and now their country's call has not passed in vain. Whatever their position, whatever course their varying fortunes may have flowed, they leave for our honour, to bring credit to the School that prepared them for it. Therefore we owe two dues to them—as defenders of and sacrificers to the Empire, and as exemplifiers of our school spirit. Some have departed quietly without having their names published in the "Roll of Honour"; perhaps their modesty, or perhaps lack of time, has been the cause; but in any case, a friend might forward their names. Others, and these are not the greater percentage, have written to the Headmaster, and their names have been accordingly enrolled. A few have been bidden "Good luck" by the whole School. It is not our idea to exalt these men who were, like us, merely schoolfellows, in glorious though artificial words of praise; a few simple heartfelt phrases must suffice. Therefore, to all, fighting or training, we take this opportunity of sending the hearty good wishes of the present school, and a wish to see them again occupied in their former peaceful mode of life.

But to the wounded, to the relatives and friends of the dead, the feeling of admiration must be greatly influenced by sympathy. Personal contact being practically impossible, we have had to find some indirect method of expressing our sentiments. It is the wish of the staff to print short biographies of all those killed in action, and, if possible, of the wounded also. In this issue we have commenced the work, but the lack of support of reliable authorities on the sub-

ject has been keenly felt by the editorial staff. This could be remedied if any of the fallen heroes' friends would send us either a short sketch, or suggestions giving the information necessary.

Meanwhile, the School has found another outlet for its sympathetic instincts. Unable to pour forth our feelings upon the heroes of our own race, relief has been sent to another race which has suffered for us. The continued and unflagging support given to the weekly collections, culminating in our Empire Day effort, yet reviving a week later, makes one feel a secret pride to belong to a School which calls forth such sacrifices, and is capable of maintaining them permanently. If, in the last issue, we had cause to remind the School of several unpleasant facts, and although their influences may not have disappeared, still this issue records a quarter in which the old spirit, animated by thoughts of duty and sympathy, has returned. This and other considerations make us look forward to a happy and successful termination of our school career.

School Notes.

Great enthusiasm has been shown during this quarter in the collections made for the Belgian Fund. The weekly contributions average well over £3, while our special "Empire Day" effort realised £31 8s. 9d. This sum, approximately 1s. 9d. per boy, was the product of auction sales held by practically all the classes of the School, with the usual weekly contributions.

* * *

We take this opportunity of acknowledging the services of Mr. Wilson, whose untiring efforts and assistance by means of lectures on the country have given the boys a spirit of sacrifice and a desire to help these sufferers, with whom we are now becoming quite intimate. A word of thanks must also be tendered to Mr. Parker for his speedy work in announcing the results of collections.

* * *

Such a lecture, as indicated above, was given on April 22nd, under the auspices of the Literary and Debating Society. In a highly educational and intensely interesting address, Mr. Wilson gave an account of his personal experiences in coming from Antwerp to England; the loss of property, the Belgians' mistake in taking him for a German, and the consequent rough handling he received

at the hands of the mob, the story of "Encore un pouce," the boat scene, and the landing, served to pass a very pleasant afternoon. Another lecture on Belgium, which is fully described elsewhere, was given on Empire Day.

* * *

The School has, so far, lost three of its teachers as volunteers. Mr. Mulholland, who has gone by the R.M.S. Mooltan to one of the base hospitals in France, came to the School one afternoon and was presented with two tokens of esteem—one from the masters, the other from the boys. We have had no opportunity of showing our good wishes to Mr. McAdam, while Mr. Mearns has just volunteered. May our wishes of "good luck" help them in their hour of trial!

* * *

Congratulations to a former teacher of the School, Colonel J. G. Legge, the present commander in the Gallipoli Peninsula campaign of the Australian troops, hardly show the extent of our appreciation of the success he has attained in this second sphere of his life, but we give them with more than words can express.

* * *

Surprises are common in these days of strife and varying fortune, and we were indeed surprised when the Headmaster called all the classes into the Main Hall for some unknown purpose. A minute passed in silence, to be followed by fully five minutes of enthusiastic clapping of welcome; for one, whom all revered and loved, had returned to bid us farewell. The welcome given to Sgt. W. P. Ridley was an outburst of feeling long constrained by the School, to show the desire of its members to remind those who have preceded us to think, even on the field of battle, of the eternal motto: "Extremos Pudeat Rediisse."

* * *

An equally hearty welcome, but caused by different motives, was accorded to Mr. Gallagher, our late Sports Master, on the advent of his coming to receive the gift of the School, the emblem of long and faithful service to the School and all its institutions.

* * *

Once again the Headmaster has chosen those who are to maintain the School spirit, and foster a love for the School itself. We hope they will exert themselves in the execution of their duty, particularly in increasing the membership of the School Union, and in persuading "non-sporters" to engage in some type of school sport on Wednesdays. The following are the prefects for the year 1915:—A. W. Gray (senior), R. A. Bradley, C. E. Brake, L. Claremont, J. S. Cross, A. J. Cunninghame, R. G. Hook, G. V. Ludvigsen, W. K. Manton, F. A. Morrison, W. E. Sproule, C. E. Winston, K. Woodhouse.

But calamity comes ever on. Destruction, pillage, murder, prevent not the march of death; we have two sorrows. Our sympathy was hardly offered to our senior prefect in his bereavement, than another, William Howard, was taken from our very midst. The words of one of his companion classmates will suffice to echo our own sorrow:

"He sleeps: yet never in this world again to wake.
 He who but yesterday among us lived,
 And freely talked and mingled with us all,
 Nor dreamed his labours o'er;
 O Thou, Who earth and sky and man didst form,
 Who counts the death of even meaner birds,
 Alone Thou knowest what things are to be;
 For we, poor mortals, deemed him one of those
 Whose strength would bear long on the sea of life,
 Yet Thou hast, even in his childhood, called him home;
 And through the silent majesty of Death,
 That passing on, into God's Holy Light
 From out this darkness, we cherish dear
 His memory."

A. W. W. Gray.

Our congratulations to Mr. Fletcher on gaining his M.A. degree.

* * *

During the quarter another Club, the Christian Union, has been affiliated with the School Union. This step, which will cause little expense to the Union, enables the Club to obtain any small article without the previous pecuniary difficulties.

* * *

In connection with the meetings of the Society, a very successful entertainment was given on Thursday, 27th May, by Mr. Macdiarmid, a gentleman who has spent much of his life in missionary work in the Soudan.

* * *

Of the masters who have left us, only one has been replaced. The School welcomes Mr. D. E. Johns, B.A., B.Sc., who has come as assistant master in Mathematics. Mr. Johns has already shown his capabilities, and, we are pleased to say, is urging the Soccer Seconds on to success.

Empire Day.

A patriotic function was held at the School on Empire Day. All the cadets appeared in uniform, and the ceremony was held in the Main Hall. The Headmaster presided. Speeches were given by Professor David and Mr. Wilson.

In the course of a short, though interesting, address, the Headmaster said they were at war with a nation which styled a solemn treaty a scrap of paper; a nation which had ravished a peaceful country; and after destroying or carrying off its food supplies, left millions of men, women, and children to starve; a nation which had violated all the laws of civilisation; a nation which had imbued its soldiery with a doctrine of frightfulness, leading to indescribable atrocities; a nation which was filled with such a spirit of hatred to the British race that the author of the "Hymn of Hate" had been decorated by its ruler; and the school children had been taught it as one of their school songs. Only such a nation as this could gloat over the Lusitania outrage. The British spirit in this vital struggle was expressed in the words : "Not for the lust of war we fight; but for the triumph of the right." A closing reference to the fact that the School had given a large number of scholars and teachers (including Colonel Legge) to the war, was greeted with great applause.

Professor David, who was received with great applause, said it was glorious news to hear that the people of Italy had voted for joining with armed intervention in the cause of the Empire and her Allies. "We have been waiting for a long time," he said, "for the ancient Roman honour. Now we have it. Kipling has told us in words that burn and thrill of the greatness of the British Empire; of how we hold dominion over palm and pine, from the polar snows to the tropical sands and jungles. He has also told us, not alone of how wide the British Empire is, but of how far it goes back into ancient history. There, in England, you may see traces of those old flint men; traces of the ancient Britons as they were before Caesar came from Rome; traces of Saxon, Danish, and Norman fortresses. And outside of England, what a marvellous spread has this British Empire? To-day there will be an unending chorus of 'God Save our King' around the world. To-day this great Empire of ours will speak with one voice to our enemies in the gate."

Following a reference to Sir Henry Parkes and Sir Edmund Barton as apostles of Australian unity, Professor David said that Germany had foolishly deluded herself into thinking that the British dominions would seize the first opportunity of throwing off the

British yoke. "And, remember, if we had dropped that British yoke, we would have dropped like ripe fruit into the mouths of greedy Germanism. The infringement of the neutrality of little Belgium is the greatest blot on national honour. The resistance that was offered by Albert, the heroic King of Belgium, and his brave Belgians, has brought everlasting glory to that nation.

"And what of Britain? What a glorious rally of the British Empire we have witnessed! It needs the pen of a Macaulay to describe it. Ireland forgot her dissension, and rose as one man to stand for the King. India, with one heart and voice, was with the Empire, and poured in not only treasure, but the lives of the best and bravest of her citizens. The best blood of India is mingling in the trenches with the best blood of the British Empire. It was the same with South Africa, with Canada, with Australia, and New Zealand, and with all the outlying parts of the Empire. All round the world Kipling's words had been realised: 'Here they, thy children, speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea.'"

After a reference to the doings of the Australian fleet and the Australian troops in the Dardanelles, Professor David concluded his speech with an appeal for a response to the call of Empire. "Truth, liberty, freedom, and justice are at stake," he said. "Therefore, we should be blythe and gay to give our best, just as our best are blythe and gay and happy to give their lives. War is not altogether a bad thing if it gives us so noble an inspiration. Mere territorial aggrandisement, and even the conquest of the realm of knowledge and intellectuality is not the greatest thing in this world. The greatest thing is man's soul. Before this great war I am inclined to think we have been, as a nation, prone, as a result of long peace, to too much indulgence and ease. Those of us who really cannot go can still practise some self-sacrifice. We can, for instance, follow the King. Our daily drink bill is about £25,000. We can surely refuse to give that away to our enemy, because that is what it means, after all. We have been driven out of our Garden of Eden with a flaming sword, and we have gone out into the wilderness, where we see the shadow of the Cross. We have now to take up our burden and quit ourselves like men."

Professor David concluded an eloquent speech by saying that racing, and all the betting that went with it, was one of the indulgences which he thought they might very well forego at a time of such grave national crisis.

MR. WILSON: At this time, when we, in conjunction with other schools, are making supreme efforts to relieve the misery of that suffering race, the Belgians, it is a great pleasure to me to tell you

a little of its country, from my knowledge gathered during a two-years' stay. When war broke out I was in Antwerp; and even now, on looking at my time-worn cycling map, imagination carries me over those weekly excursions, rendered doubly precious by their present inaccessibility.

Imagine a country with nearly double the population of the whole of Australia living in an area smaller than the smallest State, Tasmania; a perfect network of roads, railways, tramways and canals, where suburbs of large towns serve only as links with others, making one continual city. If Melbourne were at Parramatta, and Newcastle at Strathfield, then, in intensity of population and business, Sydney and these two might be taken to represent Brussels, Malines and Antwerp. This mass of life, however, does not partake of any large city characteristics. The red roofs, the spires and steeples of the churches, the entire landscape cut into squares by innumerable canals, the product of irrigation, give one the impression of a garden city experiment on a gigantic scale. The houses show a tendency that, in default of spreading outwards, the only way is to go upward; and, even in the country, different families live one above the other in high buildings. Another product of the effort to economise the land available is the use of ditches instead of fences. While the intense cultivation is a simple aspect of the same question, land is too precious to permit grazing, the cattle being all hand fed; but the miles and miles of vegetable, flower and bulb gardens show the fertility of the soil and the untiring industry of the cultivators.

In the brickfields little boys labour on hand-made bricks; in the city women may be seen sweeping the streets; while at the entrance of the town carts filled with vegetables pulled by two or three dogs form an interesting picture. These dogs which are the substitute for our horse and for the Egyptian mule, are often used in the fields—four dogs drawing a harrow being quite a common sight. The co-operative bakery "Help yourself" (in Flemish) also uses dogs for its needs; while the larger dogs pull loads of sand to scatter over the red tiles and the floors of the cafes. At the outbreak of the war the latter were put into the maxim guns.

Turning to the docks and the commerce, we find, along one side of the river, twelve miles built into one solid granite wharf. More than 20,000 dockers are employed for loading and unloading purposes only. Although the greater part of the shipping is British, still, the Germans, possessing the best wharves, were eager rivals. Indeed, before the outbreak of war, the power of Germany and Germans in Belgium was very extensive. There were 50,000 Germans

in Antwerp alone; the banks, the chief hotels, were almost entirely German, the biggest school, at which I was, was controlled by Germans, and Antwerp was the outlet for the German State of Westphalia and the Rhine Provinces. Considering these facts we can easily understand the eagerness of the Germans to possess this town, practically theirs in the matter of commerce.

In the north, in the Ardennes, in West Flanders, everywhere we found a happy, prosperous people, democratic in their ideals, and unburdened by heavy armaments. Now Antwerp lies desolate, cranes, docks, workshops, are no longer used; ten miles away at Lier, the ancient tower, built in 1360, lies in ruins; at Malines the cathedral is shot to pieces; yet at Louvain destruction is blended with a city of graveyards; Liege, Namur, Dinant, each has its tale of woe, desolation and death; roads torn up, bridges ruined, groves cut down, crops destroyed, and, in consequence, little food, peasants starving—this is the answer of war to the plea of a country wishing to live in peace.

In July the Belgians of Antwerp were not afraid, trusting in the treaties signed by the various nations to preserve their neutrality. However, in expectation of bands of fugitive soldiers who might cross the frontier and thus have to be interned, the garrisons of Liege and Namur were strengthened. The German invasion of Luxembourg was hailed with joy, as a sign that the Germans would not find it necessary to cross the Belgian province of Limburg. But soon the ultimatum was sent and refused, to the eternal honour of Belgium, and the siege of Liege began.

Before the war the Belgian army numbered 130,000 men raised by conscription under a lighter system than that of France, requiring one year service for infantry and two years for cavalry. Then, at the beginning of the year, in answer to the construction of a network of strategic railways just over the Belgian frontier by the Germans, a decree was issued, bringing the army up to 350,000 men, the Antwerp forts were remodelled, and an order, paid, but not fulfilled, was placed at Krupp's. But the Belgian Government saw the Germans' purpose too late.

It was eighty years since the Belgians had been on the battlefield in the war with Holland; the army was small, and its fighting value was problematic; the Antwerp regiment rather slouched along than marched; they were undersized, and, to the superficial observer, they appeared non-efficient, even after their year. "Dans la boîte." The German teachers, who were all reserve officers, might well sneer

and smile, but they forgot that the spirit counted. The call came. They must leave home, to tramp along the hard cobble roads into the unknown. A notice would be posted that a certain class of reservists was called to the colours, and the next day, business or no business, family or no family, the soldier had to go. One incident in connection with this system will never be effaced from my memory. A policeman called and enquired for a certain peasant whose class had been called out. The listeners above heard the question, one awful cry rent the air, and then all was silent. The policeman left; the next day the peasant went to join his class, and ten days later perished at Fort Flein, Liege. For a few days Antwerp heard: "Liege tient bon!" in spite of the fact that a garrison of 20,000 was opposed by four army corps. But this heroic resistance could not last forever; the German staff gritted their teeth at the loss of time, but at last the last fort fell, the commander captured only when unconscious under the ruins of the fortress.

But what is the importance of this loss of time? The French did not expect an attack through Belgium. They had prepared in the east along two lines—the Vosges Mountains and Moselle line and the Verdun-Toul line. General Joffre had now to modify his plan, and required time to move, from east to west, half a million of men, with transport and ammunition. The Belgians gained this time, thousands of Belgians fell, but not in vain. The consequences of a huge German army sweeping over an unprotected western France were averted. For ten days they retreated from Liege, fighting stubbornly; before Louvain yet another effort, for which the foe took cruel revenge; then, to Antwerp. There they showed all the characteristics of their kinsmen, the Boers, and sally after sally bewildered the attackers. But the big guns began to arrive, and that greatest of fortresses, which military engineers had pronounced impregnable, was reduced in eight days. Meanwhile the Belgian army, supported by a British naval brigade, had withdrawn and retired on the Yser. Then this weary, worn, and exhausted army, sadly depleted in numbers, was called upon to meet the first awful onrush at the Battle of the Yser, from Dixmude to the sea. If the line had been broken, if the Germans had crossed the river, they would have swept irresistibly over the coast towns, on to Paris, and into the heart of France. General Joffre sent to them to hold the line for 48 hours; they held it for 200 hours, for eight solid days.

The Belgian army is now rested and strengthened, but there remains to them but a strip of country ten miles wide and thirty miles long. Before them lie the almost invulnerable lines of the Germans,

a suffering populace, the misery of their former homes; behind them the sea, and beyond the sea Britain. They call upon our Empire for help. They will not call in vain.

William Harris Howard.

Died 20th May, 1915.

"His sun went down
While it was yet day."

William Harris Howard entered the High School on the 10th February, 1913. His earnestness at once gained for him the good opinion of his masters and the confidence and respect of his classmates. Quiet and unassuming, he devoted himself to his studies with a zeal that betokened a successful future. His character was without blemish, he strove ever to do what was right and best, and there was every promise of his being a leader among his fellows.

At the last intermediate examination he was very successful, passing with credit in the full number of subjects. Nor did he forget the physical side of his education. He was a member of the Third Rugby Fifteen, besides taking a share in other activities.

Since the Intermediate he seemed to devote himself more diligently than ever to his studies, determined to make every effort to reach the University and to succeed there. But in May he was suddenly stricken down with meningitis, and after four days' illness, died on Thursday, May 20th.

The whole School expresses its sympathy with the bereaved parents. It feels that it has lost one of its most promising pupils. His classmates of III A.G. sent a wreath and a letter of condolence, signed by all the members of the class, to his father and mother.

The deceased was buried at Waverley, with naval cadet honour. The coffin was covered with the Union Jack, and a detachment of two hundred and fifty naval cadets, under Gunner Frolick, followed the remains. The pupils of III A.G., with some of the masters and prefects, also marched in the procession. At the cemetery, on the conclusion of the burial service, the bugles of the naval cadets sounded the "Last Post" over the grave just as the evening shades were falling.

Sunset Fancies.

It had been very hot all day. A bluish haze hung round the horizon, while the dazzling glare of a burning sun flashed and scintillated from a thousand surfaces. Then came the aftermath. A whispering zephyr rustled the leaves o'erhead, and, softly enquiring, fanned my cheek.

'Twas eventide, and glowing Phoebus was sinking leisurely to rest. I, too, was sleepily indolent as I reclined in the shade and built fairy castles in the quivering air as the already golden arena faded.

I gazed, and as I gazed, dreamed, and dreaming, a fairy castle floated before my wondering vision. A beautiful palace—outlined in gold, tinted with crimson, and splashed with the white of a fleeting cloud. A donjon keep which penetrated the fleecy canopy, shaded and rendered grim by the towering battlements, repulsed and rolled back a mass of heavy white, which lapped and flowed like an angry wave. Then grey fingers pushed their way into the bright turrets, and the castle of fancy faded.

When, lo! my imagination-crazed mind bore me far to the south. There was imaged a mighty lake bayed about by angry, heaving snows, which threatened and retired in wrathful silence. But see! on the bosom "of cærulean hue" floated, nay, rested, a tower of icy grandeur. Flawless it stretched its indigo bulk high above the blue waters, and it seemed to image itself faintly below. Then the lake reddened to fire-glow; and the berg disappeared in a flash, and the heavens were given over to crimson-barred, sun-streaked light. Across a bed of live red spread a hundred glowing ripples, gradually merging into lightly tinted folds of white. The sun shot its last rays o'er cottage and mansion, hut and palace, and sank to rest in a blaze of crimson, while a thousand bird throats sent their shrill songs to sound adieu to the monarch of the day.

X.Y.Z.

Fate.

Is it fate, is it fate which o'er our life presides?
 Or is't the glitt'ring, careless chance which constitutes our guide?
 Is it fate, is it fate which guards the storm-tossed craft
 When the crested waves and flying foam sweep o'er it fore and aft?
 Is it fate, is it fate which keeps th' explorer's head
 When the seagull wails his knell at sea and the vulture cries o'er-
 head?

Is it fate, is it fate which o'er our life presides?
 Or is't the glitt'ring, careless chance which constitutes our guide?

J. K. T.

Sport on the North Coast.

We had arranged a party for a day's excursion to the pretty little beach at Crescent Head, about ten miles from Kempsey. Hearing that game was abundant, the beach being little frequented, the morning of our departure found each member of the party mounted on his best horse, and carrying gun and tackle. At the first light of dawn we set off, the still morning air echoing the sharp ring of shod hoofs upon the metalled road. Soon, however, we left the road, and followed a diverging bridle track, which led through the thick forest so common on the rivers of the North Coast. For a mile we rode single file along the fern-bounded track, chatting gaily, when suddenly the leader gave a warning "Hist." Dismounting, we silently advanced to his side, perceived the unsuspecting objects of his caution. Immediately before us, in a small natural clearing, grew a giant wild-fig tree, laden with ripe fruit which afforded ample food for the innumerable "wongas" which clustered upon its branches. We quickly fired into the flock, killing many, the remaining birds seemingly almost too bewildered to escape the terrible unknown danger. Securing the game we again rode forward, our way lying between walls formed by the trunks of the great grey gums, whose branches cast gloomy shadows across the path. After an hour's uninterrupted ride, we suddenly emerged from the shadowy forest, and there, before our gaze, was spread a scene of almost unparalleled beauty. Immediately below lay the beach, separated from our present position by a narrow strip of gorse-covered sand. At either end of the silvery sand rose twin headlands, sheer out of the water, against the bases of which the latter, unruffled by the slightest breeze, beat in a lazily undulating swell. Under the surface lay great tables of rock, their thick coverings of kelp and weed drifting tranquilly on the undulating water. The sun was just rising, dispelling in a purple haze the white mist, which, rising during the night, still hung low over the ocean. In the whole blue expanse of the sky, no cloud was visible. The exhilarating beauty of the scene seemed to raise our spirits to overflowing, and putting our horses to speed, we galloped down the gentle descent to the beach, only checking our speed on reaching the water's edge. The rollers, breaking high upon the sand, invited us to bathe, and we were soon disporting ourselves in the surf, its grateful coolness already tempered by the growing warmth of the summer sun. Having expended our superfluous energy among the breakers, we took our tackle and proceeded to fish along the rocks at the foot of one of the headlands. Here in the cool depths between the rocks were the

homes of the great red rock cod and groper. Out in the bay a fishing smack rode at anchor, and from the rapid succession with which the fishermen were casting their lines, we concluded that the schnapper and blue fish were numerous, and biting well. Throwing out our lines, we were very successful, and by dinner time had caught as many fish as we could conveniently carry home. At the approach of sundown we set out for home, intending to look for game as we went. We failed to bag any more pigeons, but one of our number was lucky enough to get a fine brush turkey. At one spot, when passing through a stretch of long grass, a pointer dog which we had with us abruptly stopped in at "set." We quickly dismounted, and urging on the dog, a covey of quail rose with a whirr. Firing quickly, we were lucky enough to get half a dozen brace. Loaded with our spoils, we continued our journey, arriving home by dark, after a day's good sport.

J. M. R.

Plea for Sufferers.

Dead! they that stayed the cursed tyrant's blast;
 Yet living are the heroes of that race,
 Their spirits mount their glory and their grace—
 The echo of a thousand souls has passed:
 A savage horde of thirsting Huns are cast
 Upon thee, for thine honour, not disgrace,
 They murder, pillage homes, thy sons debase,
 All these are gone, thyself remains, the last.
 Then rise, O Britons, at this piteous call,
 The time's revenge is dawning through the night,
 But slaughter's vapid clouds extend their pall,
 While nations struggle 'gainst the awful blight;
 The cause of peace and pity cries to all,
 With all a sufferer pleads to give our might.

Loyalty.

Loyalty! After all, what is it? Is it a plain, outward devotion to king and country, or is it that innate tendency to "stick to" the land under whose flag we shelter, strengthened, though not inculcated, by our elders? Yes, and yet, no. There certainly is that inward feeling animating us, and yet—yet whatever we may say or define, loyalty still stands outside that definition. We all possess it, whoever ye

will it matters not; and whether he be a South American rebel or a South Sea islander, he will fight for hearth and home unless he is an arrant traitor, and you will find that when you get down to dead level, there are very few such men in the world.

Loyalty is not that spirit which urges us to enlist when we have just laid aside an account of a dashing affray; nor is it that which, when we lay down a Kipling after reading some inspiring lines:

"Now they're out on active service

Wiping something off a slate"—

thrills us from the depths of our heart, and the thought comes to our ready minds in the popular words:

"And you'll be marching with the boys to death or glory."

Not that, I say, not that. It is—and perhaps all of us have felt it—that call of the motherland, low, clear, deep-hid in our hearts, attracting ever, and answered: "Ready, aye, ready" by all.

J.K.T.

Friendship

When clouds of trouble hover near,
And our life's sky seems dark and drear,
Ah! who is then to us most dear?
A friend.

And who, when sorrow spreads his wings,
And in his trail deep suffering brings,
Sympathy's mantle on us flings?
A friend.

And who, when life is at its best,
And we perform our tasks with zest,
Helps us to happiness most blessed?
A friend.

Thus is a friend at all times dear,
Not once or twice, but always, here
Upon our earth we must revere,
Our friend.

So he whose friendship o'er me flows,
Not base, but purer than the snows,
As one who loosens trouble's throes,
In whom my love and trust repose,
My friend.

F. A. M.

A Sacrifice.

While the cannons resound through Europe and the war clouds are lowering black, the sweet, calm days of peace have sunk into darkness and almost oblivion. Still one picture rises before us of the time when war was not.

The world is at peace, and away in the hills that peace is enthroned in silence and majesty. Nestling at the foot of the mountains, stands the cottage of the bushman, a home of happiness and love. Here live three happy souls, untouched by the passing joys of the busy world, who find their greatest pleasure in the happy world of Nature, which stretches far and wide around them. And yet, in the midst of this realm of peace, we have the germ of a future warrior, who is unconsciously fitting himself for a war of which no one ever dreams. Out in the early morning with the birds, he loves their songs, he feels the invigorating mountain air around him. But labor calls, and soon the stillness of the morning is broken by the ring of the axe as it cleaves its way through some forest giant. The leaves, sparkling with the silvery dew, begin to tremble—there is a splitting sound, a crash, and his task is over. Then, with the sweat coursing down his sun-tanned face, he sits down on the fallen monster to rest, and—to think. Quickly scenes of his youth rise before him, and he ponders over what the coming years will bring to this vale of peace and happiness. Mid-day comes, and then, with his sturdy horse and the trusty gun, he winds his way through the woods in quest of game. How far from his mind is the thought that in a few months he will be doing the same, only men will be his prey, and as every movement of the woods stirs him now, so will every sound attract him then. Thus he labors on from day to day in this vale where Nature is supreme.

But alas! the war dogs have broken the leash, and the world which was yesterday a garden of peace is to-day a battlefield. The Empire's clarions sound, and even reach that quiet vale of the bushman. There is a strange thrill in that call, a sound which stirs the very depths of this heart; he cannot resist it.

And now the man who was a quiet worker is transformed to a warrior prepared to give his life for his Empire. Such a power has true patriotism. Soon, away on the blood-stained fields of Europe, he stands for the honor of the land of his birth. Here, while shot and shell thunders overhead, while bayonets gleam and swords flash, where the very horses seem to be imbued with power as they madly gallop the guns from one position to another, he remembers the old home, the days when he galloped through the woods, and the faces of those dear to him seem to be sad.

The sacrifice has been great, but if necessary he will pour out his life's blood that those whom he has left may be saved from the cruel tyrant, his Empire's foe. In this hour of the nation's trial, may the God of our fathers be with the men who have answered the nation's call, and may they find in the Cross their greatest comfort.

A Coal Mine.

Through the kindness of a mine manager I was permitted to visit the pit head and the underground works of a large mine in the Maitland district some little time ago. The gear at the pit head was mainly that of an elevator. The coal from the mine, brought in skips along a light line, was run up an incline to a covered-in stage, and was there discharged on to an endless chain. By "chain" I mean slabs of iron some three feet long by eighteen inches broad, hinged together, working between two shafts, the whole given a slow motion by water power. One or two men stand by this chain, who, as the coal moves past them, pick out the brown coal. I omitted to mention that prior to being placed on the chain the coal undergoes a sort of sifting process by which the powdery coal is removed, and this forms a huge heap near the works. At the point where the chain doubles back on itself the coal drops into railway trucks on the sidings below.

At the mouth of the shaft we have a power-house generating electrical energy to illuminate the mine, to provide an air-draught in the mine, and to work the compressed air drills in the same. Let us inspect the mine ventilation plant, which consists, externally, of an unobtrusive brick structure. The entrance door is open, you stand in a sort of trap. Attempt to open a second door, and you find all your efforts baffled until you close the first door, which communicates with the outside air. The reason of this is that if the two doors were open then air would be sucked in by the huge fan in such volume as to create an irresistible tornado, destroying and rooting up everything in its course. When you have opened the second door you see a great wheel with a rim some twelve inches broad, with fan-like spokes revolving at a moderate speed in a direction towards the mine-ventilation shaft. This wheel revolving sucks in air from a communication that the brick structure has with the outer atmosphere, and drives the same into the mine.

Before you can descend into the mine you must don miner's togs over your own clothes. Thus equipped, you get into a small truck and crouch down, being careful to keep your head well within the truck. These trucks descend into the mine by means of a light set of rails and a hawser attached to the trucks, the hawser being connected with a winding gear in the power-house. During several minutes you are plunging into the bowels of the earth. Then the trucks stop, and with your miner's flare lamp, and a miner as guide,

you get out, only to knock your head against a solid roof. When used to the darkness, you see nothing but stratified coal on each side, rock or earth overhead, and black mud and slush under foot. It is rather stifling down there. Nevertheless you follow the guide, and soon you come to a point where the shaft, which till now has been 3 ft. 6 ins. high, bifurcates, and becomes a little higher. Here, as everywhere, timbering is in evidence; but, in addition, there are large numbers of sacks hung across the shaft, and these, you learn, are for the purpose of dividing or blocking air current from the ventilation shaft. These parts of the mine where the shaft bifurcates, and, usually, descends, are called "stopes." At last you come to the working end of a level. Here compressed air drills and cutters prepare the way for explosives. After a blast has cracked the coal, the miners, who work in nothing but trousers, remove the broken mineral with picks, and transfer it to the skips, which you, in an empty truck, accompany once more to the daylight.

A. W. G.

Old Boys' Column

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1914-1915.

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:

A. G. Henderson.

Vice-Presidents:

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

Hon. Secretary:

C. A. Fairland, 59 Pitt Street. Tel., 3738 City.

Asst. Hon. Secretaries:

A. C. Berman.	C. O. Hamblin.
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Hon. Treasurer:

F. N. Lynch.

Members of Council:

J. Back.	J. R. Nield.
J. Bayliss.	O. D. Oberg.
A. S. Cockburn.	F. E. True.
A. D. Carson.	L. V. Watt.
C. H. Cook	

The Roll of Honour.

Lt.-Col. W. W. R. Watson	Lieut. G. S. Cook
Col.-Chaplain Rev. E. N. Mer- rington	Lieut. A. F. Anderson
Major R. H. Beardsmore	Lieut. D. Webster
Capt. A. L. Buchanan (A.M.C.)	Lieut. A. I'A. Bloomfield
Capt. N. E. Biden	Lieut. Clunes Ross
Capt. W. E. Kay (A.M.C.)	Lieut. A. E. Southee
Lieut. J. R. Broadbent	Lieut. C. Vourne (British Army)
Lieut. N. B. Loveridge	Lieut. McKinnon
Lieut. H. J. Salier	Lieut. F. L. Flannery
Lieut. Thompson	Sgt.-Major D. Rae
Sgt. R. H. Fry	Dr. W. F. Simmonds
Sgt. R. Kell	Trooper L. J. Gurney
Sgt. O. A. Rainbow	Signaller W. H. Hughes
Cpl. G. B. Tidex	Corp. A. Gilbert
Dr. A. C. R. Todd (H.M.A.S. "Sydney.")	Sgt. C. Howie
Private J. Oag	Corp. R. R. Willard
Private H. Craig	Signaller H. G. Kershaw
Private H. W. Johnson	Private J. Parker
Private R. A. Bastion Harvey	Private Kelly
Private O. Wood	Private Marney
Private C. Vyner	Private Garland
Private G. Miller	Private D. H. Souter
Lieut. C. L. Gray (Imperial Royal Engineers)	Private J. Gaste
Private J. Hague	Private F. Wells
Private F. Skevington	Private W. King
Private Bevan Ward	Private F. L. Florence
Lieut. E. Sealy Vidal	Private J. Kiddle
Private E. H. Fitzgerald	Private Gilbert Murray
Private T. H. Hutchinson (A.M.C.)	Private A. E. Meldrum
L.-Corp. A. Wright	Private K. C. Upton
Private G. Hardy (A.S.C.)	Private G. Hammond
Private J. W. Cizzio	Private L. R. Phillips
Private H. W. Otter	Private V. Hedger
Private A. L. Cooke	Sgt. F. W. Moulesdale
Private H. Milne	Sgt. W. J. Damefaerd
Private L. L. Dinning	Private J. Park (A.S.C.)
Private A. Stafford	Capt. S. E. Townshend
Private L. H. Hudson	Lieut. Robins
Private A. Adey	Private Fleming
Sgt. W. P. Ridley	Capt. T. M. Furber (A.M.C.)
Capt. C. L. Chapman (A.M.C.)	Private T. M. Earnshaw
Sgt.-Major W. J. Smith	Private T. Le M. Wells
	Private W. G. Wiesener
	Private L. Sewell

TEACHERS' ROLL OF HONOUR.

Col. J. G. Legge, Commander	Private F. V. McAdam
Australian Expeditionary	Private W. J. Mulholland
Forces in Gallipoli.	Private A. R. Mearns
Major J. F. McManamy	

CASUALTIES.

Killed in Action.

Capt. S. E. Townshend	Lance-Sergt. O. A. Rainbow
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Wounded.

Lieut. G. S. Cook	Private J. Park
Lieut. H. J. Salier	Lieut. D. Webster
Private A. Adey	Private L. H. Hudson
Signaller W. H. Hughes	L.-Cpl. G. B. Tidex
Private D. H. Souter	Private C. Vyner

Any additions or alterations will be thankfully received by the Headmaster or by Mr. Fairland. The names are arranged accordingly to the time of their reaching the Editor.

THE LATE CAPT. TOWNSHEND.

Captain Townshend received his first military experience with the Sydney University Scouts, which he joined about 12 years ago as a private, afterwards obtaining a commission. Following this up by attending Colonel Foster's lectures on military science, he passed with high distinction in "Tactics and Military History," and with distinction in "Strategy and Military History." He received his captain's commission in August, 1912. In addition to his interest in the University Scouts, he was a keen rifle shot, and obtained many prizes at the meetings of the National Rifle Association in Sydney.

Captain Townsend received his primary education at the Sydney High School, and from there he went to the Sydney University, where he had a brilliant career, graduating in Arts in 1905 and Law in 1909, when he obtained first-class honors and the University medal in his final L.L.B. examination. He was called to the New South Wales Bar in 1909, being admitted on the motion of Mr. Leverrier, K.C. Leaving the public service in the same year, where he held a position in the Registrar-General's Department, he was appointed Clerk of Examinations at Sydney University, and while there he passed the accountancy examinations in the Department of Economics and Commerce.

At the time of his enlistment for active service, Captain Townsend was registrar of the newly-established University in Perth, Western Australia, a position which he had held from January 1, 1914.

LANCE-SERGEANT O. A. RAINBOW.

Lance-Sergeant O. A. Rainbow (died of wounds) was the son of Mr. W. J. Rainbow, of the Australian Museum. On entering the school he directed his energies towards the attainment of a probationary student's scholarship, was successful, and entered the Training College. He became a public school teacher, but left the service to study for the profession of incorporated accountant.

He was honorary secretary of the students' section of the Public Accountants' Association. His death occurred on Empire Day. He took an interest in the Old Boys' Union, and was a regular attendant at all functions.

* * *

We understand that Lieut.-Col. J. F. Flashman is proceeding to Europe to undertake important army medical work.

* * *

No better case of personal sacrifice could be obtained than that of W. G. Wiesener, an old boy. He gave a motor ambulance to the authorities, enlisted as a private, and became the driver of the motor he had himself given.

* * *

Old Boys have every reason to be proud of their connection with a school which has produced so many men willing to give their all, even life itself, in the service of the Empire. In all probability an honour board will be erected in the school recording the names of all those who have volunteered.

* * *

The O.B.U. desires to acknowledge the service Mr. Gallagher gave it, and to thank him for his interest in its welfare.

* * *

H. Duncan Hall recently gained his M.A. with 1st class honors in History. We offer our congratulations.

* * *

K. Saxby is to be congratulated on winning a Peter Nicol Russell Scholarship in Engineering.

* * *

H. G. D. Cookson was the winner of a 100 yards handicap in the oval races held recently.

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Our congratulations to R. R. Kidston, B.A., on his amiable representation of a police constable at the recent 'Varsity Students' Festival. T. A. Kidston also ably represented Lord Kitchener.

* * *

S. J. G. Davis, B.Sc., is again the winner of the Nicholson medal for Latin verse.

* * *

The first editor of the *Record*, C. G. MacDonald, is now exercising his editorial powers on the University magazine *Hermes*. Other Old Boys on the *Hermes* staff are R. R. Kidston, B.A., S. J. G. Davis, B.Sc., R. I. Kay, B.A.

V. Howard was awarded the diploma of the Hawkesbury Agricultural College at the recent College Speech Day.

* * *

An Old Boy, J. P. Shelton, gained the first place in the same diploma, history, and the Burdekin medal for the best aggregate. He has received an appointment as Scientific Cadet, Department of Agriculture.

Form Notes.

IV B.G.C.—War was declared on us a couple of weeks ago by the masters, in the form of the Half Yearly. However, they were slow in attacking, and so gave us time to prepare. One of them made his first attack without any declaration, but we were not surprised a second time. When the order came we charged en masse. The results of that charge have not been made public, but some of the warriors declare that they bayoneted Cicero and wounded Virgil. Perhaps they will find out that they have bayoneted the master instead, who, in his agony, will pour his blood, in the form of red ink, much too freely over their papers.

A warrior by the name of "Weekley" was a tough customer to pass. Whichever side you attacked him he was always prepared and defiant.

We are not so optimistic as the other 4th year classes, as regards the exam., for we, being much more experienced, realise that the blue pencil is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a master who has set what he considers a "soft snap." In this "time of national crisis" we have not let the Empire's call sound unheard. Although we are not able to stand in the trenches at Gallipoli, we are trying to help Empire in other ways. We held our first auction sale the other day in aid of the Belgians. A—c donated a few stale cakes, and the other members of the class unearthed other hidden treasures. In Archie we have a budding auctioneer. The bidding was very spirited; those who bought cakes, after breaking their teeth on them, donated them to the Expeditionary Force to fight the Turks with. The sale achieved its object splendidly, and our weekly sub. to the fund was substantially increased.

Alas! only a few more months, and the "Leaving" will be upon us. We hear it booming in the distance, but the sound is growing louder. Victories may be won and battles lost, empires may fall, but still this phantom is daily standing before us. Although some of our masters try to veil it to some extent, still the veil is thin. We are arming ourselves to meet the phantom, and we are determined during the next term to put forth all our efforts, so that at the end we will be able to bring all honour and glory to the old S.H.S.

IV A.G.—In a time of national crisis, self-sacrifice is the order of the day. Although unable to serve with the colours and strike a blow for the right, nevertheless we can give, and we have responded

to a man. Many ardent spirits in our midst, with the lust of war deeply ingrained in their hearts, as evidenced by many titanic struggles at dinner time in No. 4, have already made the greatest of sacrifices and have enlisted; but their ardour has outrun their span of existence, and their parents' consent, which is the insurmountable barrier they vainly essay to pass.

Throughout the quarter, however, our members have responded nobly to the weekly collections for the Belgians, and an auction sale for that purpose was a colossal success. Although under the shadow of war, the buoyant spirits of the class are still unperturbed. Cartoons of the moment daily decorate the board, some being grave affairs, and some meriting the iron cross or less.

Our sporting propensities are strongly upheld by many enthusiastic devotees, five of our number being placed in the 1st XV., where they are indisputably indispensable, containing, as they do, the captain, vice-captain, and the three other best players.

The half-yearly examinations proved mere hallucinations to the brilliant geniuses of No. 4, who wrote heartrending (to the teacher) appreciations of such things as Lycidas, who, to quote one of our number, was born while crossing the English Channel. Some sincerely wished that Milton were living at that hour. It would have gone badly with him, we think. We feel confident that we will work as well for the "Leaving," even if it is only to set an example to the other classes.

IV A.C.—Having been successful in our half-yearly manoeuvres, we advance in mass formation with full confidence of gaining a victory over the "Department," who will defiantly train the "L.C." big gun at us in November. We are assisted in our preparations by our innate tendencies for strategy, as is daily demonstrated on the chess and draughts boards. Moreover, we are favoured with a cosy, warm (?) room, to which we march in state at the head of the small boys—a privilege envied greatly by our contemporaries of 4th year.

The war has been vividly brought to our door in both senses of the word, as evidenced by

- (1) J——'s loss—to wit, an umbrella.
- (2) The loss of two of our esteemed masters.

Owing to this latter factor we now find it necessary to indulge in unlimited periods of private study of (1) military, (2) distracting, (3) sentimental, (4) scholastic topics. Although certain of our masters essay to inspire in us a nomadic disposition, yet we

"The shuddering tenants of the frigid zone (No. 12)

Boldly proclaim that happiest spot 'Our Own,'"
and reluctantly recognise that

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

So much for our educational development. In Sporting circles our few are totally indispensable. We supply 75 per cent. of the first tennis team, and a likely smattering for the seconds; the cream

of the 1st XV.; the figure-head and ablest exponent in the Rifle Club; and hopeful, yet disappointed, aspirants to each of the other activities.

Despite the unsympathetic attitude of the other classes to us, re our weekly Belgian contributions, we assert our unquestionable superiority as far as our small membership of 14 enables us.

Our economic tendencies call for the sparing use of paper during this crisis, and consequently some of us improvise exceedingly ingenious descriptions of wherewithal, e.g., variegated paper tablets in patriotic colours. The same spirit demands that we now conclude our remarks with bright prospects for the coming "Half."

III C.G.—Ah! that's over! At last the dreaded Half-yearly is over our devoted heads, and now once more the hair-brush and oil-bottle have resumed their normal sway. While on the subject of hair-brushes, we are reminded of the efforts of our budding Sherlock Holmes—hair specialist, who sends in the following advertisement:—Found, in No. 2, a lock of golden hair, thought to be of feminine extraction. Apply, "Wi," No. 2.

Wild dissipation is the order of the day, and all entertainments are well patronised. Many of our members have joined the Christian Union.

We must congratulate III A.G. on their splendid zeal in excelling the high standard set by us in the Belgian Fund collections. But they must admit that we most certainly gave them a fine ideal to aim at, and although we have not the money, we have the brains!

The old guild spirit which we have studied so attentively during the past few days has gripped the class to such an extent that we might take for our class motto "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own," oranges not excepted.

In conclusion, we wish Mr. Mulholland every success in his new life among the brave Australians who are fighting the Empire's battles.

III B.G.—Since Easter we have kept the noiseless (?) tenor of our way mindful of the approaching Half-yearly. Now that the ordeal is passed we must say that it was by no means the gruelling test we anticipated. Some fags (not in III B.G. of course, for we do not possess any) even went so far as to grumble at the "soft snap," as they contemptuously termed it.

English is our star subject—perhaps! At any rate, we have improved, and now we have some critics in whom the sense of the beautiful is so highly developed that they could, so it has been suggested, comment favourably on the metre, rhyme and sentiment of a passage from Watson's Physics. A member of the class has discovered what we believe to be an entirely new reason for the popularity of "Gray's Elegy," namely, the extremely important

historical fact that Wolfe repeated certain stanzas from it, before the attack on Quebec. At the present time the class is engaged on the task of writing a sonnet. Various youths report that the Muse failed to respond to their wooing, even though they sought inspiration far into the night. Such efforts as have seen the light of day betray the touch of the unskilful plagiarist rather than that of the embryo Milton or Shakespeare. Far be it from us to unjustly disparage these attempts. To give them their due, the rhyme scheme of many is passable, the metre correct, but, O Shades of the Poets! how could unity of thought possibly be expected in fourteen lines culled from as many poems?

Since we have come to appreciate the self-evident fact that our Maths. Master, to use his own words on one occasion, "did not come down in the last shower," our progress in the subject has been more rapid. Wonderful and original definitions are tendered at intervals by that erratic youth who alternates between excessive caution and a corresponding degree of recklessness, between such statements as "subtract the preceding term from the succeeding one," and "the sine of an angle is equal to the cosine of its supplement."

On Friday, May 21st, we held an auction sale in the interests of the Belgian Fund. Vote occupied the hazardous position of auctioneer, and managed to dispose of a most varied assortment of goods at satisfactory prices. Bidding was spirited, an Iron Cross (same as the Kaiser is giving away free) bringing in a shilling. The disgusted purchaser of a Queensland novelty in the fruit line returned his highly perfumed purchase, free, gratis, and for nothing, with such good intentions that the committee escaped an untimely fate by a matter of inches only.

The class was very sorry to lose Mr. Mulholland, and its members showed their sentiments by responding liberally to the suggestion that he should be presented by the boys with some little token of their esteem. We cannot let pass the opportunity of expressing our admiration of McInerny's pluck in facing the music on the occasion of the send-off tendered to Mr. Mulholland by the staff and boys of the school. Mac has also rendered splendid service as class-treasurer for the Belgian Fund.

It is with regret that we announce the death of the III B.G. Shakespearean Dramatic Society, which "kicked the bucket" shortly after the commencement of the term. The obscure malady which brought about the termination of its career has not been definitely diagnosed, but the prevailing opinion is that violent internal disorder was the cause. When Bassanio found that he was expected to claim his loving Portia with a kiss he flatly refused to continue. Portia did not seem to find much pleasure in the prospect either. Nerissa insisted on speaking her part with a strong brogue, and in engaging during her "off" periods in a bloodthirsty combat with our friend "from the Isle of Man." Is there any wonder that it died?

III A.G.—“In the midst of life we are in death” is an oft-quoted line, but never, as classmates, have we so fully appreciated its melancholy truth than at the present time. For, as the result of a recent and unexpected event, there lies a shadow of grief on the class which only Time’s soothing hands may lift. We refer to the recent death of William Howard.

Though words seem inadequate, we should wish to pay, through this paper, a small tribute to his memory, and to express some of the regard in which we held him.

We think that it was only to his classmates and teachers that he was really known here, for his quiet modesty concealed his sterling qualities from all but his intimate friends, while the fruits of his untiring energy in all branches of schoolwork he never displayed himself.

Possessed of all those qualities which go to make great, but not necessarily famous men, we believe that, had the All-wise Providence ordained for him a longer span of life, we would have seen developed in Howard all that is best in an Australian, in a Briton, and in a Christian; and we trust that the British race will always be characterised by those qualities of sturdy honesty, unflagging zeal and steady patience which he possessed, and which endeared him to his comrades greatly, but to his parents a hundredfold, to whom in this, their hour of sorrow, we extend our deepest sympathy.

III A.C.—We once more settle down to a few weeks of leisure before the Midwinter Vacation. III A.G. has been greatly honoured recently by having us transferred to their midst for many subjects, but it has had a deteriorating effect on our morale. This change has also given us several private study periods, which are always devoted to strenuous fag (?). However, we must not forget to thank III A.G. for facilitating our work, as we have had to come down to their standard. Since our last notes our numbers have again been sadly depleted—we now only boast nine members.

“Acquaintance we would have but when’t depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.”

Owing to our very liberal response to various funds some of us are “on the rocks,” and consequently those of us who have female friends will surely have to reform for a while, during the holidays.

In conjunction with the whole School we regret the loss of those of the staff who have enlisted, and with them go our best wishes and the hope to see them return safely, to take up their former duties at the “Old School.”

The sporting instinct of the Form is very noticeable. Half of us play football, others tennis and lacrosse, while others, too, we regret to add, patronise the picture palaces, which, though sport, is not a recognised form.

The constant change of masters is very disconcerting, as we are in a dilemma as to which is right, i.e., we hear such phrases as "Stop talking" at one time, while at another "Sit down, go to sleep and talk."

In conclusion, we plead for a few extra masters, so that we may return once more to our room and carry on our former diligent and protracted studies in peace and quietness beneath

"The studious cloister's pale."

II B.G.—We have just finished our half-yearly exam., and we are all very sorry that it is over. All the windows in No. 6 are closed by orders, because occasionally missiles float into the Tech. Under the guidance of the various masters we are being let into the secrets of the trade.

Our auction sales in aid of the wounded Australians have been a pronounced success, about 30s. being raised in two days. Several "individuals" in our class who will not pass the Intermediate are thinking of volunteering. Our lessons are continually interrupted, much to our disgust, owing to the other classes not knowing how interested we are in French.

We are well represented in all the School activities, having representatives in all grades of Rugby, Soccer, baseball and lacrosse.

During the term a boy has been promoted to our class circle. Although ignorant of the manners of II B.G., he promises to improve. We are told by one of our most esteemed masters that Percy is a German, and now he is regarded with suspicion by all of us.

II A.G.—"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight," But old Chronos flies onward, and drags us ever nearer to the dreaded Intermediate. And yet we cannot fag; even Herford has forsaken his beloved History in favour of Rugby: his chest has increased two inches in consequence.

Beale auctioned a large number of very miscellaneous articles most successfully, but on being told he could not stand on the table, he stood on his dignity instead, and retired.

We have progressed most favourably in Science, and have discovered various new elements in our chemical equations.

On Empire Day II A.G. came to the fore in the musical items, and Davies' strident voice resounded through the hall. One misguided individual brought a comb. He has been suitably dealt with.

Nothing much is expected of us, as we only have six subjects per night, but we naturally make use of the vast amount of spare time resulting in fagging with "iron determination."

Sport has taken its usual place this term. The one and only inimitable Masters performs marvellous actions on the football field. Baseball goes forward under Andrews, Williams and others. Corish combines tennis and English grammar successfully; and Bradhurst is coming on as outside right for the seconds (Soccer). It is well that these can shine in sport, for, as our masters realise:

"You may lead an ass to knowledge
But you cannot make him think."

II A.C.—Our half-yearly exams. are over, and we are now enjoying a comparatively easy time after working very hard (?) for the last month. The Intermediate boys are progressing favourably, and, of course, occupy first positions in form for all subjects.

Our many representatives in sporting circles still uphold the honour of II A.C., whispered football terms circulating over the class at frequent intervals. Owing to many of our number obtaining situations our class has decreased to a mere handful. The reason for the recent neglect of homework is said to be the relaxation of spirits which generally follows examinations. The consequence is unavoidable—the detention room has been well patronised.

Our auction sales have figured prominently in helping us in our contributions to the Belgian Fund. Meanwhile, we are eagerly counting the days to the Midwinter holidays, thinking, no doubt, that we need a rest after our strenuous term's work. We have had many opportunities lately—Empire Day and numerous lectures, to wit—of showing our capabilities as rapid shorthand writers.

In conclusion, we add we'll work for the "Inter." and emerge foremost when the results are made known.

I C.G.—Via longa ad Tipperiam, but the journey is not in it with the length of E—w—d's boo(a?)ts. I C.G. proceeds favourably in classical academics, despite the fact that the man who keeps the diary is painfully humorous. His Charge of the Light Brigade to the Science Room for a couple of hours of exclusive tuition is even worse than our charges at the Tuck Shop. R—t—e says it is —!! (we will not write what he said), and he also remarked: "Said the raven never more!"

A.H.M.T.L.s (to be continued in our next), our improvement on Charles Chaplin, Esq., said "he was still going strong" after his measles—and so he is.

There was a mysterious occurrence at the beginning of the term. (M—d) —w composed a drama concerning it, named "The Girl who took the Wrong Turning," or "The Mystery of the Slippery Banana-skin." The following Wednesday the detention master was honoured by two more visitors.

Harper, our esteemed comrade, has been transferred to the Technical High School, and our wishes for a successful career there go with him.

I C.G. are at present the premiers of first year in the sporting line. We are well represented in Rugby, baseball and Soccer. Our class Soccer team is at present leading in the class competition, and we feel certain that they will come out on top. W—l—d is our tennis champion(?). Our class exams. are now finished—and so are we.

(There is an increasing tendency amongst the junior classes to make their form notes merely a catalogue of the virtues or vices of their members, and, as for the sake of etiquette, the names of these worthies can only be indicated by initials, the force and the interest of the entire notes are lost except for the class itself. Now, form notes are a means of letting the School know how each of its units are progressing, and therefore, in the future, the above-mentioned type of notes will be rigorously restricted.—Ed.)

I B.G.—We are still alive, although some of us wish that they were not, because of the Half-yearly.

The "Blue Diary" is hated by all, because of its quality in the memory line. We seem to be a good sporting form, for in Soccer we have two in the Seconds, and two in the Fourths in Rugby. So far in the colour teams we have had a win, a lose, and a bye. One tennis player wants to encourage tennis among the Tech. students by hitting balls over the fence. In school we are wonders, and our teachers have to go "on tin wheels" to keep up. Why, in History, we use our own make, for instance: "Christianity came into England in 55 B.C."

People would not believe it, but it is true that we have an "Orpheus" in the form, who charms the hearts of pencils, cats, and even hard-hearted goannas. We hope the musical members of the School will recognise this fact.

I A.C.—Here we are again, just recovering from the effects of the "long wished for exam." It is at present a difficult matter to pick top man, as many are fighting hard for the honour.

On Wednesday afternoons the Soccer field is well patronised. Amongst us we have two second champions, and our class team is invincible(?). Our crack shots R—n and A—r are showing excellent form, hurting the bull many times.

We have to report that one of our number has been in the hospital for some months with a dangerous disease.

Our Belgian Fund collections exceed all other 1st year classes, while our grand total on Empire Day was rather a surprise. It was the generosity of all our members at the auction sale that swelled our total.

Finally, we heartily think that I A.C. will be the top of the 1st year in school work and sport. Wishing you a merry holiday in the coming vacation, we remain, yours truly, I A.C.

The Literary and Debating Society.

That time-worn adage that "Silence is golden, speech is silver," is not applicable to this society, its motto being rather reverse of this statement, and with such a thought inspiring Third and Fourth Years, some remarkably golden orations have been delivered. Open, Ministerial, Impromptu and other debates not worthy of suitable appellation, have been held, and to the evident enjoyment and fascination of some fifty members of the society a musical afternoon was held. From the beautiful cadence of a flute the music ranged to the transcendent volume of a Paderewski, causing "all one's hidden springs of sorrow and of joy to be stirred, and every key of memory to be touched."

After a storm comes calm, and after a ministerial debate comes relaxation. Thus has the society enjoyed some very humorous readings, whilst the literary afternoon has been unparalleled in the history of this society as regards its reception.

But we have heard and enjoyed something that, I venture to say, has not been heard, nor will be again, in the existence of the Debating Society. That was a lecture by Mr. E. J. Wilson, M.A., B.Sc., on his experiences in Belgium since the outbreak of hostilities, and we can picture very vividly the sufferings of a race whose name will go down to posterity as a synonym of integrity, heroism and honour.

Owing to the elusiveness of the Secretary of the Old Boys' Union, the Old Boys' debate has not yet been arranged, but we hope to hold it on the last day of this term.—(Later: This date fixed).

As a result of the uncalled for intrusion of examinations the Manuscript Journal was not supported, and it is expected that now that the exams. are over everyone in the Society will contribute some article, humorous or otherwise, otherwise for preference.

And now, in conclusion, let everyone in Third and Fourth Year attend and swell that ever-increasing band of Carlyles and Ciceros.

The Christian Union.

The progress of the Union during the last three months has been very well sustained. The boys take a very active interest in all of our meetings, which are held regularly every week.

The ordinary meeting of the Union, held every Thursday, still attracts an attendance well up in the thirties. Our last meeting was an unqualified success, when Mr. Macdiarmid addressed about 100 boys on the subject of the "Dark and Dismal Desert of Soudan." That, at least, was what the notice said, but the missionary's excellent discourse opened to our ken a far different aspect of one of England's greatest colonies.

An innovation has been made with the introduction of Bible Study Circles. At present we have two, with a membership of 15 each. Leaders are provided by the University S.C.U., and we are fortunate in having obtained two such fine men in Messrs. Hall and Price, both of whom are Old Boys. The circles both meet on Tuesday at 12.45, and work for half an hour.

Many fellows are a trifle sceptical as to their use in a school such as ours, but, if they would come along they would be treated to as interesting and sustained discussions as are held by the Debating Society.

Rugby Football.

A meeting of football enthusiasts was held at the end of last term to form the football club for this season. The following were elected:—A. J. Cunningham, hon. secretary; general committee, E. Burrows, L. Claremont, C. Kearney and H. Lachmund.

This year we have entered four teams in the High Schools' Competition, there being four grades this year.

The respective teams have done moderately well up to the present, the 1st and 2nd having been defeated only once.

1st XV.

May 5th.—We were supposed to have played Technical High School, but the wet weather prevented it.

May 19th.—Lost to Fort Street, 11—5.

This match throughout was very keenly contested, the scores to within a quarter of an hour before the full time being 5—0 in the school's favor.

Lack of condition was mainly the downfall of the team in this match. Towards the end the players slacked, and the opposing forwards ran through. The play consisted chiefly of individual efforts. Lawson was the best of the forwards. Claremont played well at half-back. Burrows at five-eighths did not play as well as usual. The three-quarters never got going at any stage of the game, the wing players rarely receiving the ball.

From a piece of ruck work near the line, Cunningham secured, and when almost on the line passed to Kearney, who scored. Claremont landed the goal.

May 26th.—Defeated Tech. High School, 14—3.

This match was signalised by fine forward and back rushes in the first half, and stolid defence in the second.

The scoring was done in the first half, when we were favored by a light wind. Burrows, Sherwood and Lawson were the try-getters. Claremont converted one of these tries and landed a fine penalty goal.

The forwards played well, and with greater combination than in previous games. Good condition had its reward, the forwards beating their opponents both in ruck and open work. Burrows played well at five-eighths, and Hook was the best of the three-quarters. Lachmund at full-back played rather a faulty game, but he was somewhat handicapped by a strong wind.

April 30th.—Lost to Sydney Grammar School by 17—3.

This game was much more even than the scores say. Our opponents were much the heavier team, their forwards beating the School's both in ruck and open work. Our back division had no opportunity for any passing rushes or runs of any kind, but they made up for this by hard tackling, rarely a man being missed. Lachmund, at full-back, being particularly safe.

Wilson, at wing three-quarter, played a fine game, scoring the only try for the school. In the forwards, Muir and Lawson were the best in the ruck, and Kearney shone in the open.

This being our first game, we fared very well against a heavier team.

June 2nd.—Defeated the Wool Classers, 22—5.

"A very fast and spectacular game" was the verdict of the spectators who witnessed this match at Wentworth Park.

The game was much more even than the scores tell. The forwards combined together well, and to a man played a rattling game. Manton, who was playing excellently at breakaway, retired hurt; he was replaced by Jakins.

Fine passing rushes, on the part of the back division, were also practised with great success. The ball was thrown about well. Glasse, at full-back, although a trifle small, played gamely. On the whole this has been the best game the team has played. Everyone played well.

The try-getters were Sherwood (1), Burrows (1), Kearney (1), Claremont (1) and Forbes (2). Claremont converted two of these tries.

2nd XV.

Up to the time of writing, the above team has been doing fairly well in the Competition. The main fault of its members is lack of condition. Again, there is no combination between forwards and backs, but this is the fault of the practice games, for when the team does go to practice it is split up—1st forwards and 2nd backs play 2nd forwards and 1st backs. Thus they are given no chance of "playing into one another's hands."

The following are the results of Competition matches:—

May 12th.—Versus Cleveland Street, at Wentworth Park. Won, 17 to nil.

May 19th.—Versus North Sydney, at Wentworth Park. Won, 12—9.

May 26th.—Versus Hurlstone, at Wentworth Park. Lost, 17—6.

On April 30th, at Grammar School Oval, we played Grammar 3rds, and after a hard and fast game we were defeated by 15 to 12.

On May 8th, at Stanmore, Newington College defeated us by 6—3. We played three men short.

On May 28th, at Hunter's Hill, we were defeated by St. Joseph's by 31—3. These scores, however, by no means indicate the nature of the game, for their forwards were "nothing to write home about," but the passing of their backs was magnificent, although time after time their attacks were frustrated by the solid tackling of our backs, all of whom tackled well.

In the last two matches a couple of Firsts played for us.

3rd GRADE.

May 3.—Lost to Hurlstone, 6—3.

May 12.—Lost to Petersham, 11—10.

May 19.—Lost to Fort Street, 39—3.

May 26.—Defeated Hurlstone, 17—11.

4th GRADE.

May 5.—No match.

May 12.—Lost to Cleveland Street, 17—3.

May 19.—Drew with North Sydney, 3—3.

May 26.—Lost to Petersham, 9—3.

Soccer.

The Soccer Club, although only in its third season, is one of the strongest in the school. It has a membership of over 80, and a great interest is taken in the Wednesday matches and the practice games. A class competition, which evokes the keen interest of the boys, has been inaugurated. Six teams are engaged in matches weekly, and the quality of the players is excellent.

MATCHES—1st XI.

May 12.—Versus Technical High School. Lost, 7—1.

The scores do not represent a true estimate of the School's play. S.H.S. were very much lighter than the opponents. The backs defended well against superior forwards. Cooper, the left-back, was the outstanding feature of the defence. The forwards were not able to make use of the opportunities given them.

May 19.—Versus Parramatta High School. Won, 3—1.

Against a heavier team, S.H.S. carried the game into their opponent's half right from the commencement of the game, but again the forwards did not seem to know what to do with the ball. The halves did not support the attackers too well.

May 26.—Versus Fort Street. Lost, 1—0.

As the scores indicate, the game was very even. The whole team was bright and nippy, but a strong wind made scientific play practically impossible. Fort Street scored not long after the commencement of the game, and during the latter part of the second half S.H.S. were attacking strongly, but were unable to score.

2nd XI.

May 12.—Versus Technical High School. Draw, 1—1.

May 19.—Versus Parramatta High School. Lost, 3—0.

In the match the 2nd were very unfortunate in losing the services of their captain, McGregor, who defended well.

May 26.—Versus Fort Street. Lost, 3—0.

In this match the left-half was injured, and this weakened the half line, which therefore did not support the forwards too well.

CLASS MATCHES.

I C.G., 5 points; I B.G., 4 points; I A.C., 4 points; I A.G., 4 points; II B.G., 2 points.

Baseball.

Owing to minor accidents and delays our competition was a week late in commencing. We, however, made good use of the vacant Wednesdays, and played a good scratch match with Technical. Our First IX. lost, 10-9, while the Second IX. quite put their opponents out of sight.

Notwithstanding the handicap of having no practice ground, we began the season well by winning from Technical after a very even tussle. The match was contested at Imperial, the first grade scoring 12 against Technical's 7. The second team winning by 14-2.

Our next engagement was less fortunate, both teams losing to Fort Street at Cricket Ground. The first IX. played a very strenuous game, and, although at the end of the 7th innings we had not opened our account, we played well towards the end, and Fort Street won by 12-7. Williams and Bradley played well for the losers.

The second IX. were soundly beaten, the final results being 13-6. Bain, Andrews and Taylor played well, but the remainder of the team needs polishing up if they are to win the competition.

Tennis Club

Although the School Union Committee, at the beginning of the year, considered that the strength of the Tennis Club warranted only a three-months' lease of the Haberfield Courts, this game has, since the close of the swimming season, become very popular in the School. This fact is evidenced by the regular practice attendance, both on

the Haberfield and School courts, under the experienced supervision of Mr. Fletcher, whose frequent and appallingly sudden exclamations of "Keep your feet out of the court," etc., are, however, rather disconcerting to the unexpecting player. Keen competition for places in the grade teams has resulted from the entries of two teams in the High Schools Competition. Of these teams, the firsts have so far lost every match they have played, this being due, no doubt, to lack of practice. The seconds, on the contrary, have been eminently successful, the team, under the able captaincy of Harrison, proving invincible.

The following are the results of the matches played by the grade teams:—

FIRST GRADE.

- (1) S.H.S. v. Fort St. A. Won Fort St., 1-7.
- (2) S.H.S. v. North Sydney. Postponed.
- (3) S.H.S. v. Parramatta. Won Parramatta, 0-8.
- (4) S.H.S. v. Technical High School. Won Tech., 3-5.
- (5) S.H.S. v. Fort St. B. Fort St. forfeited.

SECOND GRADE.

- (1) S.H.S. v. Hurlstone College B. Won S.H.S., 8-0.
- (2) S.H.S. v. Parramatta. Postponed
- (3) S.H.S. v. Cleveland St. B. Won S.H.S., 8-0.
- (4) S.H.S. v. North Sydney B. Won S.H.S., 7-1.
- (5) S.H.S. v. Technical College B. Won S.H.S., 8-0.

Cricket Averages.

The following are the batting and bowling averages of S.H.S. 1st grade cricket team, season 1914-15:—

BATTING.

Batsman.	No. of Runs.	Highest Score.	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Average.
J. Byrne ...	278	83 not out	9	2	39·7
L. Claremont ...	578	127	21	0	27·5
R. Braithwaite ...	354	52	18	0	19·1
Benson ...	227	64 not out	17	2	15·1
Lachmund ...	227	61 not out	18	2	14·1
A. W. Frazer ...	121	53	9	0	13·4
E. J. Burrows ...	216	59	19	1	12·0
Cummings ...	239	34	21	2	12·5
W. Sherwood ...	87	33	8	1	12·5
Taylor ...	146	37	18	3	9·8
Henry ...	107	44	13	1	8·9
O'Connor ...	52	16	8	1	7·4
Rees ...	38	13	9	0	4·2
Cunningham ...	25	20	9	2	3·5

Bowler.	Overs.	BOWLING.			Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
		Maidens.					
E. J. Burrows ...	247	...	25	...	785	52	13.9
L. F. Claremont...	240	...	33	...	813	51	15.9
F. Taylor...	75	...	11	...	283	12	23.5
G. W. Benson ...	75	...	7	...	308	13	23.6
J. Byrne ...	73	...	11	...	339	14	24.2
R. E. Henry ...	35	...	4	...	147	6	24.5
R. T. Braithwaite	63	...	10	...	225	9	25

Editorial Notices

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