

The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSSE."

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1916.

No. 1.

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Editorial

It has been the aim of the masters and the older boys to inculcate a school spirit, an esprit-de-corps, into the members of the School. To some extent they have succeeded, but it must be admitted with regret that their efforts have been unattended by any *marked* success. Although it cannot be said that there is a lapse in the support of the School, yet there is a growing tendency to exclude the welfare of the School for purely individual prejudices. There is an undercurrent of egotism which must be subjected to a wider consideration of the common good of the School. Each individual has an inclination to satisfy his own personal desire, and sacrifice the common weal on the altar of egotism. This must be suppressed. Without this School spirit, without this feeling of absolute fellowship and keen patriotism in School affairs, the School cannot hope to maintain the high standard which former Sydney High School boys have set. Without this spirit there can be no

unity, and where there is no unity of feeling in a body, there can be no success. The older boys of the third and fourth years have had time to realise this fact, and have, therefore, constantly desired and essayed to spread this spirit of union among the lower forms. Perhaps the lower years have not been long enough at the School to grasp the importance of this affair, and are inclined to treat the matter in a casual way, and not give it the serious consideration it merits. The lower forms are essentially a very important factor in the School, since in a few years to come the history of the School will lie in their hands. If they have not had, while they were yet young in School affairs, a complete grasp of what these old traditions, this fine old spirit of patriotism, mean, how can they possibly hope to keep the School to its former standard? If each form extends only an animated rivalry to another form, this division will gradually increase, until it will eventually result in the disintegration of the School, in which case the Sydney High School would cease to play the important part that it *does* now play amongst the great public schools, and sink into obscurity. This, of course, is the extreme case, and is by no means imminent, yet this division of purpose and its consequences must be clearly placed before the School. There is certainly no one who would willingly and wantonly do anything to jeopardise the chances of our School's supremacy. Yet this divided purpose, this lack of proper spirit, is a serious menace, more dangerous on account of its insidiousness. If the younger boys refuse to allow themselves to recognise this menace, if they treat it with levity, and do not keep the matter constantly in mind, and refuse to shoulder the exigencies of a great public school life, this menace will materialise. But if, on the other hand, they realise the danger and prepare to meet it by serious thought, by having the welfare of the School at heart, and by trying to place it absolutely and positively at the head of all the great public schools, we will have accomplished a unity of purpose which cannot but ultimately have the desired effect.

“The Southerly.”

A hazy day of swelt'ring, blinding heat.
 All Nature blench'd and listless lies;
 Too parch'd and dry to bubble forth her joy
 To Spring, that maiden coy.
 The crinkling leaf, despondent, sighs
 In vain to gentle Zephyr for his sweet caresses.

The tender bloom, whose fragrance charg'd the air,
 With scents of ravishment; whose blush
 Of modesty enslav'd our hearts and eyes
 While living, quickly dies.
 And over all is spread the hush
 Of fast approaching death. The pure and fair
 Must pass away.

But, as the lusty sun climbs down his arch
 Of burnish'd gold, strange whispers sound,
 And then a stronger breath, and now the gale
 Is thrashing like a flail.
 The mighty roaring doth confound
 The ear and mind, as though it were the march
 Of Legions.

The south wind throws a dusty, dirty pall
 O'er stricken Nature, while it booms
 And bellows, shrieks and shrills, and then
 Returns unto its den.
 While, through the settling haze, there looms
 A smiling Nature, fresh and free from all
 The past.

R.A.B., 4AG.

School Notes.

In the Great Public School Sports, S.H.S. did not show to any marked extent in the senior events, but the School succeeded in gaining second place with 13 points in the Junior Championship. R. Back succeeded in annexing the Junior High Jump, jumping 5ft. 1½ins., the second place in Junior Hurdles, and also a second in Junior 100yds. In the senior events we fared somewhat badly, Wilson being the only competitor to secure a place. After a hard race he gained third place in the 100yds.

Speech Day and all the attendant ceremonies will again take place this year on December 14th.

During the term the physical drill inspector, Major Reddish, inspected the School, and it is believed that we acquitted ourselves admirably.

Mr. Greaves' temporary suspension of the staff came as a surprise to the School. His services were enlisted by the military authorities, and Captain Greaves changed the class-room for the court-room, where he represented the military authorities during the recent hearing of the applications for exemption from compulsory military service. We cordially welcome him back to the School and his former duties.

The teaching staff recently received a valuable addition, in the person of Mr. C. R. Lundie, M.A., Oxford. His influence and hearty good humour soon made itself felt, and was thoroughly appreciated throughout the School. It is with regret that, while we welcome him, we must also say good-bye, for Mr. Lundie will not be with us after the Christmas vac., but we all wish him the good luck he so richly merits in his new appointment.

We have to congratulate Mr. C. E. Johns, B.A., B.Sc., and Mr. McNiven, on their appointment to Suva Grammar School, Fiji, as headmaster and assistant master respectively. Our congratulations are not unmixed with regret, however, for their departure will occasion a deep feeling throughout the entire School. Their success reflects very creditably upon Sydney High School, for out of the

three positions available our School has secured two. We extend hearty congratulations, and wish them every good fortune in their new appointment.

The Tuckshop, under the very capable management of Broadhurst, as usual has flourished exceedingly. The institution has been very well patronised by all years, and the innovations introduced by the manager have been universally appreciated. A more detailed account will be found on later pages.

A Mock Banquet will again be held on December 7th, under the direction of the Literary and Debating Society. The affair, we feel sure, will once again be the successful event that it has always been, under the able management of the above Society. A detailed account will appear in next issue.

The recent referendum occasioned great excitement throughout the whole School. The boys expressed their feelings in speeches which, to say the least of them, were animated. No ill-feeling, however, was exhibited, and the impassioned discourses caused only good-humoured, keen rivalry.

The late exams., both the public and annual, have been the subject of much discussion. We wish all "Inter." and "Leaving" candidates the best of good luck, and feel sure that they will enjoy the privilege of third year and the 'Varsity in 1917.

To the staff and the boys we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hope that in 1917 we will achieve the same success that has characterised the present year.

Some Mumborous Impressions of Cricket.

There's no doubt about it, the rules of cricket are absurdly out of date. They are contrary to socialism, republicanism, and the spirit of the age. When the local governing bodies shall awake to their injustice, when they shall ordain that every innings shall be of equal length, that anyone who rather fancies himself as a bowler shall have a few overs, and that the decisions of obviously dyspeptic and short-tempered umpires shall be revised by a court of appeal consisting of batsmen only, then, and only then, can a self-respecting believer in progress play freely in those teams for which he selects himself.

At the present, affairs are submerged in the most flagrant injustice. An acquaintance of mine has informed me that, although he has played twelve innings this season, he was only once really out. It is true that an unfeeling member of his club described his explanations as all humbug, adding that he was just about as rotten a bat as they made 'em; but obviously my friend must know more about his own misfortunes than anyone else.

Six times, he assures me, was he most unfairly bowled—twice through the sun suddenly emerging from a cloud, twice from a cloud suddenly passing over the sun, once from a fly buzzing in

his face when the ball was about to be delivered, and once from the spectators carelessly moving behind the bowler's arm; three times was he officially described as caught at the wicket, though the ball only touched the loose strap of his pads; once his artistic sensibilities were so outraged by a man in a crude pink shirt bowling against an olive-green background that he did not really try to play a ball which took his off stump; and once he was caught off a ball which, as he himself plainly saw, touched the ground as the fieldsman snapped it up. He was too keen a cricketer to attribute this injustice to the rules, and generously described it as hard luck.

But to return to our subject: Good cricket may be summed up in one word, "Style." All the official hand-books say so. It is true that there are an ignorant few who pretend it doesn't much matter how a man makes a score so long as he keeps his wicket up. These heretics should be suppressed by law. They have been known to go so far as to jeer at a man who bats in faultless style and rarely makes more than ten, and yet wildly applaud the creature who, by mere brutal force, puts a good length ball outside the off stump over square-leg's head on to the pavilion roof! People like that will demoralise any crowd.

For the batsman, there is a style when at the wicket and a style in getting there. I lately watched a man whom, without undue partiality, I can describe as having achieved perfection in the *latter* method. He went in to bat second wicket down, and I sat in the pavilion and watched him with a frank and generous admiration. This is how he did it: He kept us waiting about a minute. Then he sauntered down the pavilion steps with his bat under his arm. He seemed in difficulty with his gloves, and he was half-way to the wicket before he had them fixed. After that he stepped out more briskly, slapping his bat against his offside leg. But it was not till the umpire had given him "two legs" that he really warmed to his work. From that moment every true cricketer present saw the man was a stylist, and above the common at that.

He did not take the ordinary block; not he! He got down on one knee and measured off a certain distance with his bat. This distance he marked off by taking off a bail and scratching the ground like a rabbit. By the time he got through with it, the captain of the team in the field began to look anxious, as if he wished he could change the bowling.

The stylist walked out a step or two and looked at the pitch, as if he had lost something. For about a minute he either banged it with the back of his bat, as if he were beating carpets, or prodded it suspiciously with the end, as if he thought somebody had set a trap for the ball. He picked up a portion of a grass stalk, threw it away, and returned to the wicket, looking very hard at the umpire, who was also groundsmen, as if he suspected him of monkeying with the turf. The captain of the other team took two men out of slips and posted them on the horizon for catches. He hadn't lost his head, but felt he was in for a big thing.

The stylist looked to see that the pavilion was in its place and the scoring-board still in working order. Then he took a mental note of the exact position of each fieldsman, his height, weight and starting price. As for the man with the ball, he fixed him with such a glare that the poor chap was heard to remark that he knew he wouldn't get within a yard of the wickets.

But he did it. He bowled the stylist first ball!

I clapped that batsman as he returned to the pavilion. He seemed to have had quite a long innings. Besides, there had been nothing common or mean about it, nothing merely brutal; all had been dignified and impressive—the embodiment of style. It is by such men that the great and glorious traditions of scientific cricket are maintained.

The bowler has never quite the same chances as the batsman for cultivating style, yet he can do something in his method of delivery and arranging the fieldsmen to distinguish him from the "profanum vulgus." Let him start twenty yards behind the wicket, hop twice or thrice on each foot, run sharply to the right, double to the left as if he had shied at the umpire, and then walk quietly up and bowl an extremely slow ball. If the batsman is sufficiently ignorant of scientific cricket, this may cause him to laugh, and consequently get bowled. Anyhow, it attracts attention. Again, by changing the side of wicket on which you bowl fairly frequently, and by throwing up your hands whenever the batsman misses the ball, you may so impress the captain as to be kept on twice as long as otherwise.

In the matter of style, the fieldsman is at the greatest disadvantage, and it is only by diligently making the best of small opportunities that he can shine. If you are in the deep-field and you let a hot drive go between your legs, two courses are open. You may either assume an attitude of indignant apathy, and wait till somebody near the boundary throws the ball back to you—in which case you preserve your dignity and save unnecessary exertion—or you may rush frantically after the ball till it reaches the fence, in which case you become known as a keen field. If you drop a catch it is the worst folly to show signs of irritation. Leave that to the bowler; he will be only too pleased to do it for you.

A captain has a soft thing. He is the only person who can really abuse a duffer, though a self-satisfied bowler occasionally tries to usurp his prerogative. He can always put himself on to bowl; if he has great strength of mind he can also take himself off.

For self-satisfied cricketers a few rules may be of help:—

Never be perfectly satisfied with a four to leg until you see that the umpire has not signalled a leg-bye.

There's many a slip 'twixt the late cut and the boundary.

A slogger and his wicket are soon parted.

Give a bowler a bad name, and the umpire will no-ball him.

Needs must when Clemenger drives.

Never try a short run until you have learned to walk—gracefully back to the pavilion.

H.E.L.

The Roll of Honour.

Killed in Action.

Sig. F. Aitken	Pte. L. R. Phillips
Corpl. R. A. Bastin Harvey	Lance-Sgt. O. A. Rainbow
Capt. N. E. Biden	Pte. T. B. Ryan
Lance-Corporal C. Campbell	Capt. S. E. Townshend
Pte. J. W. Cizzio	Pte. R. W. Webster
Lieut. W. Dannefaerd	Pte. F. Wells
Pte. G. L. Fleming	Sgt. F. Wellisch
Lieut. J. Mackinnon	Sgt. J. Naylor (died of wounds)
Corpl. W. O. McRoberts	Pte. B. W. Whitehouse
	Pte. H. M. Vincent

Missing.

Pte. P. Skevington	Sgt. W. P. Ridley
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Wounded.

Pte. A. Adey (2nd occasion)	Lieut. H. J. Salier
Capt. G. S. Cook (2nd occ.)	Pte. D. H. Souter
Sergt. L. Dinning	Pte. A. Stafford
Sergt. L. V. Hall	Lance-Corporal G. B. Tidex
Sergt. C. L. Henry	Pte. K. C. Upton
Signaller W. H. Hughes	Pte. C. Vyner
Pte. L. H. Hudson	Sergt. Bevan Ward
Sergt. Macinnes	Sergt. F. C. Wooton
Pte. B. Molineaux	Pte. O. Wood
Pte. G. A. Miller	Lance-Corporal A. R. Wright
Pte. T. Park	

On Active Service.

A. W. Davis	Lieut. H. Dickson
Sergt. Fitzgerald	Lieut. L. Vickers
Pte. G. Bloomfield	Pte. Alford
Vet.-Sgt. A. M. Tonking	Sgt. N. B. Love
Pte. T. Jones	Lance-Corporal King
Pte. T. H. Ford, A.M.C.	Capt. E. M. Parry
W. H. Jenkins	Pte. Tidswell
Capt. C. Parkinson	Pte. F. Capper
Lieut. M. Wells	Sgt. J. R. Nield
Pte. Tingcombe	Capt. M. Finlayson
Pte. Millett	Capt. A. Cockburn
Pte. Corbett	Dr. Verge
Pte. C. Bush	Lieut. Jennings
Pte. E. Farmer	Gunner Fincham
Pte. J. McGregor	Lieut. Berry (being invalided home; gained his commission, though enlisted in the ranks).
Pte. J. Duncan	A.B. Driver Sherwood (Royal Australian Naval Bridging Train).
Sgt. C. T. Pinnock	
Capt. P. Blacket	
Pte. Readford	
Capt. C. Fowler	
Sgt. R. Robinson	

Hawthorne promoted to Captain.

Lieut. Waterhouse, Military Cross.

Major Beardsmore received D.S.O., and promoted to Lieut.-Colonel.

Randal Watterson reported missing.

Captain Grieve, A.A.M.C., Military Cross.

Sig. A. W. Wheen, Military Medal.

Lieut. W. S. Hawthorne, R.A.M.C. (twice misprinted private) has returned from the front, after eighteen months' service, and has been appointed to Military Hospital with rank of Captain (A.A.M.C.).

Total to date—307.

Members of the School are again urged to communicate names of Old Boys on service to the Editor.

Old Boys' Column

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1915-1916.

Patrons:

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

President:

A. G. Henderson.

Vice-Presidents:

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

Hon. Secretary:

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

Asst. Hon. Secs.:

A. C. Berman, A. D. Carson.

Hon. Treasurer:

F. N. Lynch.

Members of Council:

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

How We Won the Cup.

The spinning coin, while yet in air, our captain guessed aright,
 And he and Clemenger went in to open up the fight.
 The match of which I'm telling you was for the Challenge Cup,
 And how our hearts were beating when Bain sent the fifty up!
 And how we groaned when Clemenger, in stepping out to drive,
 Was bowled by Jimmy Todgers, and retired for thirty-five!
 This let in Webb, the coolest bat that ever donned a pad.
 The way he dealt with good length balls nigh drove the bowlers mad;
 While Bain laid on the willow *he* showed superb defence,
 And a hundred on the scoring-board was soon in evidence.

With twenty to his credit, Webb was caught low down at point,
 The fieldsman, in his hurry, bruising sore his elbow-joint;
 Before he scored, poor Dug. was stumped; McCredie hit a six,
 And then was beaten by a ball that upset all his sticks.
 At this the Old Boys cheered and clapped, and roared again when Walker
 Fell an unsuspecting victim to the rival skipper's yorker.
 With Claremont in, Bain favoured us with lovely cuts and drives,
 And sent the second hundred up with two successive fives.

How we shouted, cheered and sang, and how our faces beamed!
 The School was doing better now than ever we had dreamed!
 But, alas! for jubilation, and for bright and sanguine hopes,
 For our captain in next over was caught grandly on the ropes.
 When the cheers for Bain subsided, and Frank King came in to hit,
 Between them, he and Claremont, made things lively for a bit.
 Our opponents chased the leather to all corners of the field,
 Nor to swifts, nor slows, nor googlies, would these sturdy batsmen yield.

Claremont, hard luck, in playing back, was caught at second slip,
 And Cooper, the newcomer, stopped a straight ball with his hip.
 But Tony, hitting out with might, helped King to raise the score,
 Till the total for the S.H.S. stood at two-five-nought or more.
 Then the wily Bain declared, and the Old Boys were sent in
 To try to get the needful runs, the cherished Cup to win.

The School, ere going out to field, received this counsel wise:
 "Keep cool, you chaps, don't miss a catch, and mind, no wides or byes."
 With their places scarcely taken, there arose a mighty shout,
 As a pair of giant batsmen from the Old Boys' room came out.
 These smiters got to work at once, and scored at such a pace
 That dismay was plainly written on each School supporter's face.
 With seventy for no wickets 'twas no wonder we looked glum,
 But, "At cricket," says the proverb, "changes very quickly come."

So it happened in this instance, for Tony, behind the sticks,
 Took a catch high up, left-handed—one dismissed for seventy-six.
 Then a piece of work of Clemenger's, by bringing off a catch,
 Bade fair to change the aspect of this most exciting match.
 While fielding at mid-off he stopped a most terrific drive—
 The scoring figures standing now at three for eighty-five.

The fourth man, stepping back at Webb, hit his own wicket down;
 To see his doleful countenance was worth quite half-a-crown.
 With Todgers in the struggle went in favour of our foes,
 For he collared all the bowling, and the figures quickly rose.
 In vain Dug. tried his swervers, and Webb his slow off-breaks.
 These batsmen, in the vulgar tongue, were what are called "hot cakes."
 With sinking hearts we watched them hoist the second hundred up,
 And murmured 'neath our bated breath, "Old Boys will win the Cup."

You can guess, then, our excitement, when a ball, both fast and straight,
 Dismissed the wily Todgers for a faultless ninety-eight.
 And our cheering rose still louder when, the next man hitting out,
 Sent the spinning sphere to cover, and by King was well caught out.
 Then, with twenty-four runs added, Claremont got the next man stumped,
 Six feet or more outside his crease the foolish fellow jumped.
 With number eight out leg before, and thirty runs to get,
 The Old Boys luck seemed harder than it ever had done yet.

And alas! for gallant foemen! for the luckless number nine
 Was snapped behind the wicket (you could see our faces shine).
 The last man, Todgers' brother, with cool judgment and with pluck,
 Vainly tried to stem the current of their ebbing tide of luck.
 His partner, playing forward, spooned a simple-looking catch.
 Bain got beneath and held it—and the School had won the match!

By M. Y. HALIDOM.

Letters From the Front.

Our old chief, Mr. Waterhouse, must be very proud to-day when his son, Walter, received the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery at Poizieres. In the same list we see that the eldest son of our old assistant Headmaster, Mr. Saxby, now of Maitland High, Eric, received his D.C.M. at Poizieres for digging out men under shell-fire, and carrying them to cover across shell-swept ground. Another man who carried two and was carrying the third was killed by a shell. He was awarded the V.C. Eric did such good work that his colonel offered him a commission in the battalion. His third son, Kenneth, who is also in the same A.M.C. under Major Taylor, who, although suffering from a sprained ankle, did his bit in the action, says all our A.M.C. men are heroes. Eric and Ken are with the Medical Detail Third Battalion. Our next hero is A. W. Wheen, who was awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous work, volunteering to help to carry in the wounded, his share only being forty. He was a hero. He is attached to the signallers of the 54th Batt., 14th Infantry Brigade. Then Victor Paterson, our one-time champion sprinter, did such excellent work in France that he has been awarded the Military Cross for bravery. Two Old Boys were wounded in action, Fred Wotton and Claud Henry (brother of our Trevor). The latter was hit in the face by shrapnel, and had a very painful time. Fred Wotton had a broken arm, but was due to be back in the firing-line

this month. He met Claud Fuller, who was in the same battalion, and who was recommended for a commission. But Claud was hit in the leg and thigh, and is now lying in a hospital in England, recovering from wounds. Claud had been doing good work as a sergeant until he met with his bad luck. Fairlie Paterson writes 12/9/16. He was well, even after having been through a very hard time with Fritz. He was struck pretty hard by seeing many of his best chums falling beside him. He saw "Little Mac"—H. L. McLoskey—as bright and cheerful as ever; also Hannay and McBride, but not since the last attack. MacCameron, another Old Boy, is attached to 20th Reinforcements, 7th Regiment, A.L.H., and is on active service. On the Canal, Cpl. G. W. Brand is with the 5th Artillery Corps, and has arrived at Salisbury Plain. Wallace Fraser is with 118th Howitzer Brigade, 23rd F.A., and at Salisbury Plain ready for action. He is well. Bill Sherwood, our old pal, has left the Naval Reserve, and is now with the R.A.N. Bridge Train, and holds the post of driver, and is in camp at Seymour. A. W. King is in France, and having a hard time, but has escaped so far. Another Old Boy who left with Alf was J. V. Garner. He is in France. Many others I will tell you of next issue.

University Camp

On the 19th August, 1916, the University Scouts were called into camp for fifteen days at Moore Park. We moved in on Saturday, and were met by a body of grinning youths, who politely (for camp) informed us that we'd "want our mammy," or bawled out "Marmalade," or demanded, "Didger bring your feather bed?" Thus the initial note of the camp was struck—one of good-natured chaff and healthy merriment. This characterised the camp all the way through. We were given a tick (a chaff bag with a hole in the centre), and told to get straw for a bed. Several chaps looked somewhat sorrowful, but recognising the possibility of sleeping on the bare ground, soon "bucked in" and made the best of a bad job. We were issued with four blankets apiece, and so at 10.15 p.m. we made our bed in the poultry pavilion, presumably to go to sleep, but he was indeed lucky who closed his eyes before 1 a.m. The atmosphere of the poultry pavilion evidently affected our sensitive nerves, for that night there was much crowing and cackling. Gradually, under the plaintive exhortations of the officers and physical fatigue of the fellows, the noise died, and we sank into first a coma, from which occasional outbursts roused us, and then finally into a sound, healthy sleep. Reveille at 6.30 disturbed our slumbers, and with yawns and grumbling we rose. Things were naturally in disorder for that day, but by Sunday night everything was in

perfect order, and we settled down to camp routine. At 6.15 coffee, or a liquid that had a vague resemblance to that delightful beverage, appeared. The bucket was placed on the ground, and the chaps, after circling around it, eyeing it with an instinctive distrust, made an heroic effort and charged the—er—er—tea-urn. Er—some got scalded, and by the remarks that were made one might gather that they were not pleased.

Three-quarters of an hour physical drill created a sharp appetite, the edge of which was effectively blunted by the greasy leather served out at "breakfast." We showed our approval of our regal repast and of the cooks by banging our tin plates together in approved style. The cooks, however, got annoyed, but bottled up their wrath till the end of the camp, when it and potatoes hurtled through the air and smote our shy, reserved heads. Still there never was gratitude in camp. A parade was then held at 9 a.m., and we were worked at drill until dinner (an inherent courtesy demands that we should term it dinner, though it must be confessed that it is certainly a libel on that highly respectable term). At dinner—er—a "stew" was served (delightful thing, stew! You've no idea of the natural attractions it has). After a series of gulplings and ashamed glances, and surreptitious glares at the inoffensive dixie, they gave it best, and slunk away into the stables or sheep pavilion to hide their miseries. Drill was again done from 2 until 5 p.m., and at 5.15 we marched down for tea. Tea was late, so we sat on our haunches and howled to the musical accompaniment of tin plates and knives. Jam and bread, daintily served on thin china in tasteful sandwiches appeared, and the fellows, dusty, weary and wrathful, patiently waited the arrival of the maid who was to serve our tea. This last appeared in the form of a sunburnt, dishevelled corporal, clad, not in white apron and cap, but in dirty regulation boots, dusty breeches and sandy hair. The men gathered around in anticipation, and when it was explained that *he* was the maid, some confined their attention to his slaughter, and others slaughtered the slabs of bread. It is doubtful who came off the best; certainly those who slaughtered the orderly obtained satisfaction, but those who slaughtered the bread seemed discontented. And so camp routine continued, with occasional pleasant diversions such as trench-digging, road-making, and route marches. The canteen is popularly supposed to have made a fortune. Several concerts were held in the "canary pavilion" (how appropriate), and served as a splendid digression. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who so benevolently ameliorated our suffering, but I think they are already aware how heartily they were received and appreciated. We broke camp after our fifteen days, and those days had turned us into hardy, self-reliant, sunburnt youths, who felt that after all camp wasn't *so* bad.

“Our Heroes”

They are pressed, they are tired, they are weary,
 The brave—who are fighting in France;
 They are fighting through nights wild and dreary,
 On that desolate, shell-swept expanse.
 Facing death on the field, white and frozen,
 They meet every sorrow and pain;
 The brave of Australia—“self-chosen”—
 Shall these heroes, then, suffer in vain?

No! No! for the Pride of the Ocean,
 Though far off is the sound of the guns,
 Must be worthy of deathless devotion
 That beats in the breast of her sons.
 They safeguard us here in the land that they love,
 And their blood waters France's rack'd field,
 Till Peace again fall, like dew from above,
 And the hurts of the nations be healed.

A.R.B.

A Ramble Through the City with a Country Friend

What a glorious thing is this city! A swarming mass of human bees, pouring now out of this building, now out of that! As busy as any bees ever were, as they suck the flowers of the garden. “Yes, my friend, and these bees are storing in their hives honey of greater beauty and value than ever a plant yielded. How glad I am that you echo the delight and pride which is in my heart. But hasten on past this side street; we might see sights that would rob you of some of these pleasures. Perhaps we would catch a glimpse of that poor house where Mrs. Workhard was striving to rear seven or eight disreputable children, the reason for whose existence I don't at all know. Let not yon poor beggar, trudging home after a day of toil, abuse your eyes. Here there is much to see. Look at that portly gentleman, who stalks along, cane under arm, in a Sir Oracle sort of way, the proud possessor of much of that honey which you were just now speaking of. Look at that merry message boy, who jaunts along, far less interested in the parcels he is carrying than in the picture-show advertisements of Made-moiselle Pauline Henrietta de Johnson (French? Yes, of course; look at the name). Look at this charming belle as she inspects the flower-stand and carefully selects a bunch, which she will probably wear to-night at the ball, where that young, amiable Mr. Snobbydand (rich, too, but of course that doesn't matter) may be. Look at yon policeman, who controls the traffic with his strong right hand—a sacred personage. And that man standing at the corner with a bundle of newspapers—look! he has just made a dive at a flower which the aforesaid young lady dropped as she was leaving. He picks it up, puts it to his nose, then in his pocket. What does he want it for? He has no drawing-room tables on which the callers

will admire it, which is about the only use flowers can be put to." As we are speaking we come near a group of ladies, such darlings! "Yes, I was at an intimate friend's yesterday, Mrs. Dives, whom I suppose you know, and she said, 'My dear Mrs. Lollypop, you can't possibly imagine how sorry I was to hear you were leaving us.'" "What a beautiful colour!" says my friend. "I have heard that some of these ladies use artificial aid." "Oh, no," I interjected; "morning exercises and good hours." Meanwhile the conversation proceeds: "I do love dogs. I've such a little darling. But my husband objects to him. He won't even let him lick his plate, and he gets so angry if Togo happens to break a dish in any way." How sorry we were when those dear artless creatures left us and dirty workmen took their places. "But they look honest," said my friend. "They are hypocrites," I answered; "only among the rich may we find honesty." We walked away from these odious creatures, but we jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, and found ourselves in Needcash Street. We were in great danger of being assaulted by some of the larrikins of the quarter, but we managed to escape with nothing but dirty boots. My friend was greatly inclined to pity the inhabitants, but I used all my skill to give him a proper view of the case. Soon we find ourselves in the open again, and, my friend's tram approaching, I leave him with the hope that he has obtained a sense of the magnificence of our city, and that he has not allowed the sight of those wretched side streets to affect him.

A Reverie

THE WAGGON OF POWER.

I sat and dreamed. And as I dreamed a clear vision resolved itself from the chaotic visions of my mind. I fancied myself standing within the circle of light cast by the lamps in a large inn yard, and saw around me an infinite number of vehicles whose notices showed that they had all the same destination, Elysium. And as I looked I felt an ardent desire to visit this place called Elysium. However, my eye wandered restlessly over the various equipages, which I noticed bore various titles, such as The Waggon of Industry, The Coach of Fame, The Stage Coach of Knowledge, The Waggon of Power, and I had despaired of finding one to suit me, until behind them I saw an equipage, resplendent with paint and decoration, whose horses were gay with multicoloured ribbons, and which was filled with a youthful assembly, who invited me to join them, and I, being nothing loth, did so. I remarked, as I entered, a sign over the door, bearing the words, "The Landau of Pleasure." The journey passed very pleasantly, and was the first of many made by me to the same destination. Gradually, how-

ever, a change came over the vehicle. Its paintwork and tinsel became dulled, its cushions lost their ease, and its attraction for me decreased.

Many years after I again wished to make the journey, and as I stood in the inn-yard watching the coaches, I noticed that the appearance of The Stage Coach of Knowledge had greatly improved. I therefore made the journey in this coach, whose virtues I had not before experienced, and found that the journey passed pleasantly enough, and in congenial company.

I came again to the inn-yard. I looked no longer for the Landau of Pleasure, and I was too late for the Coach of Knowledge, which had already left.

While inwardly debating what to do, I felt a touch on my shoulder, and turning round beheld a coachman, who informed me that he was the driver of the Waggon of Power, and inquired whether I wished to ride. I hesitated as to whether I would desert my usual preference, but he allayed my doubts by saying that he was in partnership with the driver of the other, and that their coaches were identical in comfort and convenience, and this I found to be the case, for KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

By H.M.

Annual Athletic Competition

The fourth annual combined High Schools' championship sports was held at the Sydney Sports Ground. There was a large attendance. In the senior championship cup competition, presented by the P.S.A.A.A., Sydney High School scored 24 points, and won the trophy. In the junior shield event Sydney was again successful, gaining 26 points. Results:—

Junior Hurdle Race.—R. Back (S.H.S.), 1; G. Jones (P.I.H.S.), 2; J. Bradhurst (Sydney), 3.

880 Yards Championship.—W. K. Manton (S.H.S.), 1; L. E. Johns (Goulburn), 2; J. Spence (T.H.S.), 3.

Junior High Jump.—R. F. Back (S.H.S.), 5ft., 1.

Senior Broad Jump.—L. F. Claremont (S.H.S.), 19ft. 8in., 1.

Junior Pole Vault.—R. Farncourt (H.A.H.S.), 8ft. 8in., 1.

440 Yards Championship.—N. Hattaway (C.H.S.), 1; A. D. Cross (S.H.S.), 2; T. Harrison (S.H.S.), 3. Time, 59sec.

12 Years Championship.—J. Bassett (S.H.S.), 1; A. Stewart (P.I.H.S.), 2; D. Sharp (P.I.H.S.), 3. Time, 13sec.

13 Years Championship.—L. Bannister (N.S.H.S.), 1; J. Paton (N.N.H.S.), 2; Warke (S.H.S.), 3. Time, 12 1-5sec.

14 Years Championship.—D. Seddon (P.H.S.), 1; C. Kier (N.N.H.S.), 2; B. Morey (P.H.S.), 3. Time, 11 3-5sec.

15 Years Championship.—L. MacDougall (Goulburn), 1; G. Jones (P.I.H.S.), 2; S. Willsber (S.H.S.), 3. Time, 11 1-5sec.

16 Years Championship.—A. Astinga (N.H.S.), 1; F. Oliver (P.I.H.S.), 2; E. Pye (C.H.S.), 3. Time, 11 4-5sec.

17 Years Championship.—H. Williams (T.H.S.), 1; W. Wilson (S.H.S.), 2; J. Donald (N.H.S.), 3. Time, 11½sec.

100 Yards Senior Championship.—Final: D. Wilson (S.H.S.), 1; J. Henry (N.H.S.), 2; J. Thompson (H.A.H.S.), 3. Time, 11sec.

Junior Championship, 100 yards.—Final: J. Broome (C.H.S.), 1; R. Back (S.H.S.), 2; L. MacDougall (G.H.S.), 3. Time, 11 1-5sec.

Senior High Jump.—J. K. Harbison (E.M.H.S.), 5ft. 5in., 1.

440 Yards Senior Championship.—W. K. Manton (S.H.S.), 1; J. Henry (N.H.S.), 2; F. King (S.H.S.), 3. Time, 58sec.

220 Yards Junior Championship.—R. F. Back (S.H.S.), 1; E. Ternes (C.H.S.), 2; J. Bradhurst (S.H.S.), 3. Time, 27sec.

Mile Walk.—C. Hourn (P.I.H.S.), 1; R. O'Sullivan (S.H.S.), 2; H. Kentwell (H.A.H.S.), 3. Time, 8min. 50sec.

Senior Hurdle Race.—A. M. Forbes (S.H.S.), 1; J. K. Harbison (E.M.H.S.), 2; C. Kelly (S.H.S.), 3. Time, 19 2-5sec.

Senior Pole Vault.—J. K. Harbison (E.M.H.S.), 8ft. 10in., 1. After winning this event Harbison cleared 9ft. 3in.

Senior Championship, 220 yards.—D. Wilson (S.H.S.), 1; H. Meers (F.H.S.), 2; J. Henery (N.H.S.), 3. Time, 25 2-5sec.

Junior Broad Jump.—R. F. Back (S.H.S.), 19ft. 1½in., 1; E. Tervns (C.H.S.), 2; R. Hews (S.H.S.), 3.

Mile Championship.—S. Webb (S.H.S.), 1; C. R. Jessops (G.H.S.), 2; J. Thirlwell (E.M.H.S.), 3. Time, 5min. 19sec.

Senior Flag Relay Race, 440 yards.—Newcastle High School (A), 1; Technical High School (A), 2; Fort Street High School (A), 3. Time, 49sec.

Junior Flag Relay Race.—Sydney High School (B), 1; Sydney High School (A), 2; Cleveland Street High School, 3. Time 53sec.

Points.—Championship Cup (Senior): Sydney 24 points, Cleveland Street 15, Hurlstone Park 3, East Maitland 2, Technical High 2, Goulburn 1, North Sydney 1.

Championship Shield (Junior): Sydney 26 points, East Maitland 9, Newcastle 9, Technical 5, Hurlstone Park 5, Fort Street 4, Goulburn 2.

A Ramble Through the City with a Country Friend.

The Modern God Thor

I am the war god,
Thor is my bearing;
He who in olden days
All pow'r did wield.

Of me rang sagas,
Praising my greatness;
Brave men my servants then,
Cowards my scorn.

Fear'd was my hammer,
Miolner, the mighty;
Swift was its hurtling then,
From my strong hand.

Now I am aged,
My frame is feeble;
Weak now my strong right arm;
Scorn'd is my name.

Cloth'd now in red rust,
Miolner, the mighty!
Toothless my regal head,
Blear'd are mine eyes.

Gone, lost forever,
Courage, my boasting;
Crafty my mind became,
That craft disdain'd.

I, that with gods strove,
Fight now with children!
Women are prey for me,
Worthy my sword.

Now in the darkness,
Use I foul gases;
Airships on innocents
Hurl forth black doom.

"U" boats profane seas,
Sail'd by my Vikings;
Death from the dark sea comes
Bloody and cruel.

Heartless my mirth at
Cries unavailing;
Gurgles and shrieks of woe
My sagas now.

Gored are my white arms,
In blood so crimson;
Senseless my cackling laugh,
Witless my mind.

ROBERT A. BRADLEY, 4AG.

Form Notes.

IV. A.—“*Dulce est desipere in loco.*” Even Horatius Flaccus was able to sympathise with the long-deferred desire for dissipation of a Fourth Year student. Yet a tyrant’s frown makes us fear our tender spot, and so once again our countenances, pallid with over-fag, light the dreary waste of No. 1. We have experienced the various feelings of the different stages of our career—from the small boy’s dread of the begowned master to the hypercritical spirit of the “farcist”—but now, “Farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness.” By dint of hard work (or luck?) we have attained the height which we once thought beyond our reach, and can look back with mingled pride and regret upon our past course—a course marked by momentous changes in the history of the School. We bade adieu with sorrow to the “Grand Old Man,” and then welcomed his worthy successor. We must take this opportunity of publicly thanking our respected staff of teachers for the great interest they have always taken in us, both in school and in the realm of sport. It is not until we are about to enter the world, alone, that we are able to fully appreciate their kindly efforts to further our welfare. Thus it is with great regret that we are about to sever our connection with them. In conclusion, we would wish the whole School even more success in the future than it has had in the past; and may the name of the Sydney High School resound untarnished forever.

III. A.—Throughout the year we have proved ourselves to be the better “sporting” class in Third Year. Grade cricket is represented by three-quarters of our class, the remainder being expert exponents of the art of natation, while our representatives in the detention-room are not to be found. In the athletic carnival, besides winning many important events, we annexed the senior relay. The same brilliancy which characterised our performances on the athletic field is reflected in our yearly exam. results, owing probably to the excessive efforts of some of our masters. The formation of societies being common at the present time, some members have followed this example. The society is not numerous, but the frequent phrases of “Come on Fido”; “Your turn, Tiger”; “Do it on the board, Spots,” etc., point to the rapid growth of this association. One of our most ardent tutors has given us some excellent “tips”—about fishing. One budding young fisherman, in attempting to hook a four-footed frequenter of our fireplace with toasted cheese on a string, landed—in the detention room. But although this effort was a failure, next day, we found a peculiar creature in the room in the shape of a two-footed “deadhorz.” Our strenuous year has richly earned for us the holidays of which we are about to partake, and we wish everyone the same enjoyment as we intend to have.

III. B.—“At last!” Yes, it is over at last. Even the fiendish ingenuity of the masters couldn’t conceive such an ordeal as that from which we have just emerged, shaken, pathetically weary, but even then with the eternal good humour that characterises the inmates of No. 4. Many were bent, but none were broken. Mortley still fiercely guards his inevitable part and the eternal smile (which is not a “vacant grin,” as a certain master is pleased to term it), is still broad, still bright, and still beaming. Even the arch-torturers (no need to explain to the recent candidates in the exam.) have not crushed our musical souls, and when our thoughts take a homicidal turn, a “flood of pure unconscious melody” bursts forth, cheers our sordid souls, and once again we are the reserved, shy youths of the days *before* the exam. The lust for blood could not, however, be wholly extirpated, and one hardened vandal, having slain fairly and in open battle our poor, innocent, harmless pet mouse, did basely boast of his deed, and even advertised his heinous offence by pinning the rodent to the board, where it was seen by one, a master, who, by a rapid trigonometrical calculation, discovered that its heart had been displaced during its struggle for life. Hence its sad decease. Then one boy, after the type of the murderer, irreverently attributed the mournful death to the I.W.W., and one, exceeding even this sacrilege, wrote underneath, “I Won’t Walk.” The master, with a fierce glare, having neutralised the good-humoured exuberance of the class, coughed, took a step, receded. We looked on in expectation. Then a cough, and, throwing back his shoulders, he bravely approached the corpse, and with an hysterical glare and again that persistent cough, hurled the unfortunate deceased through the casement. Even a casual observer may notice a general smartness in the personal appearance of the fellows, and this is due, not to their “sense of duty” inculcated into their youthful minds by our masters, but to—the presence at the gates of Turner Hall of certain beauteous and gay sirens, who disturb the equilibrium of our dear youths’ hearts by their languishing glances. In sport we have quite upheld our former traditions, and not even the most bumptious pretenders of any other year dare cast dark aspersions on our sporting life. By means of a III. B. member we annexed the Junior Shield at the C.H.S.S.; another good-looking (?) young fellow helped to gain the Senior Cup, another infant prodigy distinguished himself by his long-winded ability at C.M.S.S. and G.P.S.S. In the summer sport we provide the second and third grade teams with their shining lights. In this issue “we bid adieu to the beloved third year, that haven of rest,” and take up our work in that sphere so far removed, fourth year. Soon we shall be privileged to enter by the front door; then we will show the smaller children round the back way. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our various masters for the trouble and pains (in more sense than one) they have taken

in teaching us during this year. We sincerely hope that the succeeding III. B.Gs. will uphold our glorious traditions, and so we say to Third Year, "Farewell, I leave thee!"

II. C.G.—Well, here we are again, though it must be admitted that it is with difficulty that we appear, since the fagging so necessary for the "Inter." has left us but wasted skeletons. Some of us are not sitting for the "Inter.", and it would be interesting to determine who is the happier, the candidates or those debarred. In sport, as well as in study, we can keep our end up, for we are combined in cricket with II. A. and II. B., and are winning; renowned. The necessity for fagging for the exams. that loomed so formidable before us precludes any idea of lengthy form notes, so the reader on this account will not judge our class' abilities by the quantity of matter they find here, remembering that "still waters run deep."

II. B.G.—We have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Disaster has loomed above us, but our innate (though latent) genius, together with very slight assistance from some of the masters, has borne us through the Slough of Despond. Now, with serenely angelic smiles wreathing our cherubic countenances, we expectantly anticipate the supine pleasures of Third Year. The late lamented "strike" (R.I.P.) gave birth to unfelt imaginations of peace, perfect peace, far from the natural beauties which environ with frigid stillness our Alma Mater. But, alas! all visions of various masters stemming the fierce tides of Port Jackson in coracles or bathing-costumes have been dashed to the ground. The annual banquet (mock) took place recently, with the usual flow of good spirits, ginger-beer and dissipating revelry. The particularly versatile teaching staff can boast of at least one full-blown detective, who specialises in tracking carnation thieves and missing orange peel. No. 7 of late has been the temporary residence of a variegated selection of live stock, comprising many rare specimens of barnyard life. We appreciated the extra voluntary maths. lessons, which were well attended. It is with mingled regrets and pleasant memories that we bid farewell to Room 7, the scene of many happy and humorous moments. Good-bye to the dashing Quentin and the charming Isabelle; adieu to sweet Miss Pross; and above all to the loved and adored M. Tullius Cicero, who meanders so winningly through that literary jewel, "Pro Lege Manilia."

II. A.G.—"Here we are again." At least, some of us. Most of us have not appeared yet, as some freedom-loving persons think that they should have the week after the "Inter." to recover from the exertion. Our teachers sigh when they think of the results next year, for they expected us to obtain about 10 A's each, and will not accept our explanation that we only take 7 subjects, and therefore can only obtain 7 A's. Some poor misguided individuals think that we should work after exam., but we, with justice, declare that we only came back to enjoy ourselves. During last quarter

we were well represented in sport, showing that although we can do well in the exam. room we can also distinguish ourselves in the cricket field and swimming baths. We could not run a class cricket team, but that was owing to the fact that our cricketers were urgently needed in the grades. We supply one of the best bats to the first grade, while "the boys from II. A.G." form the backbone of the second grade. In the swimming, the champion and hope of the School in the High Schools' Carnival is an esteemed member of II. A.G. In 1917 and following years II. A.G. of 1916 will be looked back upon as the premier class of the School, both in study and in sport. II. A.G. FOR EVER.

II. A.C.—The great "Inter. bomb" has burst at last, and evidently the only unsatisfactory results are L——th, who has contracted mumps, and H——t, who is suffering from a bad attack of brain-fag. We are, however, glad to say that the majority of us, especially S——n, have come quite prepared for plenty of hard study (?). We have not grown out of our usual methods of "fag." For instance, C——y, in compiling suggestions for *the* picnic, wrote as follows:—Place, Narrabeen; time, 5/12/16; subject, good time; object, fish. The significance is the sporting spirit of II. A.C. We have successfully carried off the laurels of the Soccer competition, the results of which are being displayed in brilliant type on the science window. We have so far been successful in the cricket competition, but owing to several deserters, we lost our last match. We must close now, as sunshine breaks upon our holidays. We wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I. B.—"Thank heaven, it's over!" These words were breathed by over a hundred boys on Thursday, 23rd November, 1916. "What is over?" says the unenlightened listener. "The yearly examination of the Sydney Boys' High School," comes the answer in ponderous tones. We have not "swotted" excessively in preparation for the past anxious time, but fully expect every man Jack of us to enter the toils of Second Year, which will embrace us, as the serpents embraced Laocoon, after Christmas. Several of us came late in the term, so were naturally behind; but most of us, having put our shoulders to the wheel, have still pleasant (?) dreams of next year's fagging. In the cricket field we have kept our end up, but swimming claims the major portion of us. It has been whispered that our old-time rival, I. A.G., who is now to all intents and purposes extinct, journeys waterwards to perform the extremely needful, but long neglected, "Splashes Weekly." We are very happy (at recess), but we have one grievance which needs redress. Because of disorder on the part of the First Year of 1915, the First Year of 1916 is to be debarred from participating in the Mock Banquet, which all boys loyal to the School really wish to attend. Our History teacher has told us that there should be no "taxation without representation" in political matters. May we sorrowfully ask why this should not hold in convivial matters?

I. A.C.—Once more the premier first-year class presents itself before an admiring and envious audience. In sport we lead the field, being at the top of the cricket table, having just defeated II. A.C. by a considerable margin. We have more representatives in grade cricket than any other class, and H—k—s, as wicket-keeper for the class team, is going great guns. Many ardent swimmers wend their way regularly every Wednesday to the Domain, and we feel sure that the School, with the assistance (?) of Hold-away and Drew, will come out on top at the C.H.S. swimming carnival. Let us now descend from the realms of sport to a more worldly subject—the dreaded examination, for instance. As one looks at the bright, happy (?) faces of the budding mathematicians, one is reminded of a picture-show. C—p—r seems lost in right-angled triangles, and others gaze at the roof, seeking for inspiration—and spiders. Lately a taste for philately has been developed, a noted enthusiast being Sp—ce, our human silver-mine. Indeed, this hobby absorbs the attention of a good number, whose thoughts could well be better occupied (according to the masters). An epidemic breaks out regularly every Friday afternoon, and it is not hard to ascertain the cause. For full particulars apply to J.E.C., L. O'B., and others. Many of our eminent linguists have for some time past been endeavouring to discover the real meaning of those peculiar grunts issuing from a certain partition on certain mornings in the week. They would be glad if someone would enlighten them, as they are still at a loss. Having impressed upon the reader that I. A.C. is the premier First Year class, we shall leave the stage to some lesser light, who will, no doubt, try to emulate our glorious career.

I. A.G.—In the world of sport we have been more successful than of yore. Although the swimming club entices the major portion of the class, we are holding our own in the cricket field, having won two and lost two matches to date; whilst amongst the swimming fraternity several youthful aspirants for honours in the C.H.S. Meeting exist. But to ascend to more classical regions—par example, the exam. We all sincerely hope the teachers chosen to mark our papers will be humane and generous (not in dealing out red pencil marks), and that they will not forget that we are but human beings, after all is said and done. Some passed brilliantly, others passed moderately, others scraped through, and one or two exceptions, metaphorically speaking, gave up the ghost. Nevertheless, when the final results come out the readers may rest well assured that I. A.G. will be on top. Owing to the want of something better to do, we daily amuse ourselves at I. B. Germhuns' expense, and the result is that we indulge in *Bellum Pluviale*, in which the I. B. forces are only saved from entire annihilation by the speedy intervention of one or two masters. Owing to the machinations of the I.W.W., several of our members (T.E.D. especially) have proceeded to array themselves in various new articles of apparel, in-

cluding boots, new suits, leggings and weird, wonderful and mysterious creations supposed to represent ties. Evidently a certain person in authority believes in the epigram, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," for the simple reason that he initiated "Little Freddie" into the "Order of the Bath" the other day, to the great joy of Marcus Flammerius. In conclusion, we one and all unite in wishing the staff and pupils a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year (do I smell the oil-bottle?). But as (methinks 'twas Shakespeare says: "Farewell, a long forewell to all our greatness"—until next issue.

Results—Annual Examinations

III. B.G.

English.—J. A. Vote, 1 (89); A. D. Cross, 2 (87); F. Stayner, 3 (78).

Latin.—H. Mansfield, 1 (79); K. Tonking, 2 (75); J. A. Vote, 3 (68).

French.—F. Bryant, 1 (80); H. McGregor, 2 (69); J. A. Vote, 3 (67).

Chemistry.—R. Clifford, 1 (76); J. A. Vote, 2 (72); Simpson and Stayner, 3 (71).

Physics.—Simpson, 1 (87); Vernon, 2 (80); Clapham, 3 (75).

History.—Cross, 1 (89); Clifford, McGregor, Stuckey, 3 (82).

Trigonometry.—Baxter, 1 (76); Ford, 2 (70); K. Tonking, 3 (67).

Mechanics.—Clifford and Vote, 1 (88); Ford, 3 (82).

Algebra.—H. Stuckey, 1 (72); R. Clifford, 2 (66); C. Hickling, 3 (64).

Geometry.—R. Back, 1 (84); K. Tonking, 2 (78); Ford, 3 (77).

III. A.G.

English.—F. Lions, 1 (94); E. Murphy, 2 (82); F. Bradhurst, 3 (81).

Latin.—J. F. Boag, 1 (77); F. Macredie, 2 (76); F. Beale, 3 (73).

German.—W. Roberts, 1 (92); F. Lions, 2 (78); F. Wise, 3 (76).

Chemistry.—Lions, 1 (91); Denning, 2 (67); Murphy, 3 (64).

Physics.—Hiatt, 1 (90); Lions, 2 (86); Wise, 3 (77).

Trigonometry.—Denning, 1 (75); Tarrant, 2 (72); Lions, 3 (70).

Mechanics.—Denning and Tarrant, 1 (100); Wise, 3 (89).

Algebra.—Denning, 1 (75); Lions, 2 (66); Hiatt, 3 (64).

Geometry.—Denning, 1 (82); Tarrant, 2 (76); Lions, 3 (70).

COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS.

III. A.C.

Geography.—Clapham, 1 (82); Ashman, 2 (65); Hicking, 3 (62).

Economics.—Hicks, 1 (79); Clapham, 2 (69); Roberts, 3 (66).

Business Principles.—Kench, 1 (65); Watt, 2 (62); Clapham, 3 (57).

* I. A.C.

English.—Bentley, 1 (86); MacKellar, 2 (83); G. Lewis, 3 (78).

French.—Kae, 1 (82); MacKellar, 2 (78); F. Welsh, 3 (77).

History.—Macnamara, 1 (83); Barnett, 2 (82); C. Lewis, 3 (74).

Arithmetic.—Haill, 1 (96); Mackellar (92), Price (92), and Spence (92), 3.

Algebra.—Chanteler, 1 (100).

Geometry.—Barnet, 1 (92).

Business Principles.—G. Lewis, 1 (87); MacKellar, 2 (84); Chanteler, 3 (78).

Shorthand.—Harvey, 1 (100); G. Lewis, 2 (74); Bentley, 3 (67).

Geography.—MacKellar, 1 (89); Rathborne, 2 (76); H. C. Griffiths, 3 (75).

Science.—G. Lewis, 1 (76); MacKellar, 2 (74); O'Brien, 3 (69).

I. B.G.

English.—Coughlan, 1 (89); Bassetti, 2 (86); Slade, 3 (81).

German.—Coughlan (96), Leask (96), 1; Hinchwood (86), Parry (86), 2.

Latin.—Coughlan, 1 (96); Leask, 2 (91); Milgrove, 3 (87).

History.—Coughlan, 1 (91); Hennessy, 2 (81); Lewis, 3 (78).

Arithmetic.—Slade, 1 (99); Liebermann, 2 (93); Coughlan, 3 (92).

Algebra.—Liebermann, 1 (100); Bassetti, 2 (99); Coughlan, 3 (98).

Science.—Laws, 1 (86); Hennessy, 2 (76); Bartlett and Ward (74), 3.

Geometry.—Not yet marked.

I. A.G.

English.—Cousins and Dryden (82), 1; Condon, 2 (81).

Latin.—W. Brook, 1 (95); Perryman, 2 (89); Dryden, 3 (88).

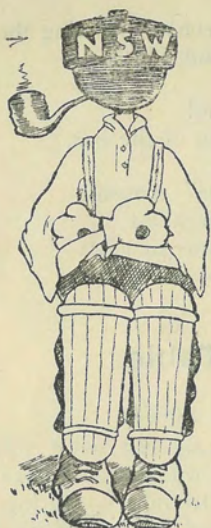
French.—Pearce, 1 (96); W. Brooks, 2 (95); Cousins, 3 (92).

History.—Lumley, 1 (88); Cathelo, 2 (80); Condon and Dougan (77), 2.

Science.—Rawle, 1 (92); Witherford, 2 (84); Fincham, 3 (80).

Algebra.—Davis (100), Eyles (100), Witherford (100), 1.

Arithmetic.—Witherford, 1 (99); Gilder (98), Dryden (98), Allen (98), 2.



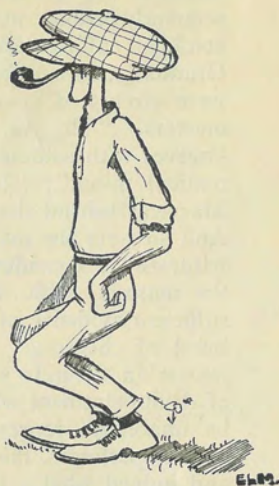
BEHIND THE WICKET.



CARRYING HIS BAT.



THE FRENCH STYLE.



YET ANOTHER CAP.

A Latin Translation

A fine rendering into Latin of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar,"
by Dr. Butler, late of Trinity College, Cambridge:—

"Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea.

Vespertina sonat vox "carbasa pande" monentis:

"Ne timeas portum linquere, Rector adest":

Nulla mora in nobis: ingens iterabimus aequor;

Hoc duce securi, nec piget ire domum.

On the Editor's Table.

THE MASTERS V. THE BOYS.

Great excitement was in evidence during last week, following on the announcement of a masters' match, which would take place at Wentworth Park on Wednesday, 29th December. During Wednesday morning a seething emotion precluded the possibility of any serious work, and many were the furtive remarks on the masters' various merits, or otherwise. Certain masters were suggestively asked whether they were going to play, and their replies awaited with chuckles or with gravity, according to the disposition of the individual who asked. It must be mournfully admitted that the question was generally asked with a spirit of levity, and was consequently either answered with a frown and a glare, or a quiet, confident affirmative, according to the perception of the master. Gradually, as is always the case in matters of great moment, rumours were circulated concerning the astounding accomplishments of the masters. "Oh, yes, that's a fact. He can bowl simple, harmonic swerves with astounding precision. That comes of having a mathematical mind." "Jove! but they've got *some* wicket-keep. Why, Mac was behind the sticks for the State! Oh, rather! he's a dab!" And so were the masters subjected to criticism. The scheduled time witnessed a considerable attendance of the boys and the advent of the masters, with their set faces and gleaming eyes, which gave sufficient evidence of their determination, was the signal for an outburst of cheering. Many had come in hope of seeing a certain master in flannels and behind the wicket, so many were the sighs of disappointment when it was discovered that this gentleman would be unable to represent the staff. Amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the spectators, the masters made their appearance, after changing, and indeed what a change it was from stern looks and sombre grey to "mirth and jollity." For those determined looks (as it afterwards transpired) had been merely displayed with the intention of crushing any spirit of unseemly levity, and with striking terror into the hearts of the unfortunate first eleven. Their costumes in

several cases excited admiration on account of their gaudiness, but I think their personal bravery in running the risk of wearing them was better appreciated. The match itself proved extremely interesting, and the several characteristics of certain individuals afforded much amusement, and the doughty deeds of others elicited cries of great approval. A cap, a pair of boots, and a pair of leggings which stood behind the wicket were the cynosure of all eyes, but considerable disappointment was felt when those death-dealing googlies of Mr. G. failed to appear. The masters' innings at length terminated, Mr. George triumphantly carrying his bat, for a total of 108. The boys' play came up to expectations, and the captain declared when the total of 107 for wickets was reached. And so the eternal question of the relation between master and man was settled. Everyone went home with a much broader outlook on life, and came to the conclusion that the masters *are*, after all, human, and are undoubtedly sports.

G.H.

Cricket

The first XI. opened the season auspiciously by winning the first three matches, and although results since then have not been quite so satisfactory, lack of practice no doubt accounted for this to a large extent. The batting department has been considerably improved, each man in the team being now a reliable bat. With the exception of Webb, however, this cannot be said of the bowlers. A number of new records have been established for S.H.S. Three centuries in successive matches is without parallel. J. Clemenger's 170 is the School's top score, and H. Lachmund created a record by scoring 102 not out in G.P.S. cricket. The two most improved batsmen in the team are easily W. Bain and B. Andrews. The former has become more brilliant and forceful of late, whilst the latter has developed from one of the mediocre to the most reliable bat in the team. On six occasions over 5 wickets in an innings have been secured, the most noteworthy being:—G. Williams, 9 for 68, v. N.S.H.S.; S. Webb, 8 for 8, v. N.S.H.S.; S. Webb, 8 for 26, v. "Tingira." Webb has been the most consistent trundler, his 128 overs yielding 46 wickets at a cost of 413 runs. He bowls a good ball usually, but should place more reliance in his fieldsmen. Of the others, H. Cooper has proved most effective with a medium-paced leg-break. The fielding has been patchy; at times brilliant, but mostly very ordinary. Williams, King and Wilson have been most prominent in this department. An inclination for talking on the field characterises the play of a few of the players. This odious practice should be immediately checked. A notable innovation in this season's cricket was the introduction of a masters' match. This was most successful, both from a player's and a spectacular point of view. The match resulted in a win for the School eleven, after a tough tussle. It is to be hoped that this event will prove a permanent fixture.

To the time of writing, S.H.S. were leading in all three grades of the High Schools' Competition, and should, with ordinary luck, annex all three.

S.H.S. V. FORT STREET.

Played at Wentworth Park on October 18-25, and won by S.H.S. by 115 runs. With 3 down for 45, things were looking serious, until Clemenger and Bain added 197 for the fourth wicket, and put the result beyond doubt. Clemenger scored 170 (26 fours) by forceful cricket, and Bain gave a solid display for 94 not out.

S.H.S.—First Innings.

O'Connor, b Kallmeyer	5
Clemenger, c Munro, b Boyle	170
Lachmund, run out	9
Williams, c Malham, b Firth	4
Bain, not out	94
Andrews, c Vandenburg, b Stafford	23
King, b Kallmeyer	2
Hyde, b Firth	1
Bradley, b Firth	0
Webb, b Firth	4
Wilson, b Firth	0
Sundries	17
Total	329

FORT STREET.—First Innings.

Firth, b Webb	5
Boyle, b Webb	60
Munro, c Wilson, b Williams	37
Kallmeyer, b Bain	52
Waddington, c O'Connor, b Webb	0
Hart, b Wilson	4
Brown, c Lachmund, b Williams	16
Stafford, c King, b Wilson	14
Vandenburg, not out	7
Malham, b Bain	0
Kirkpatrick, c and b Williams	1
Sundries	18
Total	214

Bowling for S.H.S.:—Bain 2-20, Webb 3-67, Wilson 2-51, Williams 3-22, Andrews 0-27, Clemenger 0-10.

S.H.S. V. SCOTS' COLLEGE.

Played at Bellevue Hill on October 28th, and won by S.H.S. by 251 runs. Scots were dismissed for 114, thanks to the bowling of Webb and Bain. The fielding was good. A good first-wicket partnership by Bain and Williams paved the way to victory, and we reached the respectable total of 365. Bain batted brilliantly for 61, and Lachmund steadily for 102 retired (9 fours and 1 six).

SCOTS' COLLEGE.—First Innings.

Campbell I., st. O'Connor, b Webb	2
Ross, b Bain	10
Campbell V., thrown out by Bain	3
Bruce II., hit wkt., b Webb	19
Bruce I., b Bain	11
Gordon, b Bain	9
Cudmore, b Webb	14
Shortt, b Webb	7
Henderson, c Williams, b Webb	22
Taylor, l.b.w., b Webb	0
McDonald, not out	2
Sundries	15
Total	114

S.H.S.—First Innings.

Bain, c Bruce, b Cudmore	61
Williams, b Campbell I.	22
O'Connor, b Campbell I.	23
Lachmund, retired	102
Andrews, h.o.w., b Shortt	37
Pullen, c Campbell V., b Campbell I.	10
King, b Henderson	26
Hyde, b Campbell I.	5
McCredie, c Campbell V., b Campbell I.	2
Webb, c and b Campbell I.	10
Wilson, not out	17
Sundries	50
Total	365

Bowling for S.H.S.:—Bain 3 for 40, Webb 6-37, Wilson 0-22.

S.H.S. V. TINGIRA.

Played at Lyne Park on November 1, and won by S.H.S. by an innings and 139 runs. S.H.S. closed with 6 for 209, to which Andrews contributed a very creditable 100 not out, and Hyde 27 not out. Tingira were unable to withstand the attack of Webb, who secured 13 for 36.

S.H.S.—First Innings.	
Williams, c Jenkinson, b Smart	19
Clemenger, c Smart, b Dollison	17
Lachmund, b Dollison	5
O'Connor, b Smart	4
Andrews, not out	100
King, c Jenkinson, b Dollison	24
Cooper, c Andrews, b Trott	7
Hyde, not out	27
Sundries	6
Six for	209
(Innings declared closed.)	

TINGIRA.—First Innings.	
Jones, b Webb	4
Yaraharn, run out	0
Louder, b Webb	18
Payne, b Webb	2
Dollison, b Webb	1
Smart, c King, b Webb	0
McDonald, b Wilson	9
Jenkinson, not out	1
Anderson, b Webb	1
Trott, b Webb	0
Graham, c Lachmund, b Webb	7
Sundries	5
Total	48

Bowling for S.H.S.:—Webb 8 for 26, Wilson 1-17.

TINGIRA.—Second Innings.	
Yaraharn, b Webb	0
Louder, c Williams, b Rickard	10
Dollison, c King, b Webb	2
Graham, c and b Webb	0
Anderson, b Webb	3
McDonald, c Clemenger, b Rickard	0
Payne, run out	0
Jenkinson, b Rickard	2
Trott, c and b Webb	0
Smart, run out	0
Jones, not out	5
Total	22

Bowling for S.H.S.:—Webb 5 for 10, Wilson 0-7, Rickards 3-5.

S.H.S. V. S.I.C.

Played at Riverview on November 4, and resulted in a win for S.I.C. by 106 runs. Riverview compiled 177 by slow batting, Wilson bowling best with 3 for 29. S.H.S. were unable to withstand the attack of Sullivan, who was practically unplayable.

S.I.C.—First Innings.		S.H.S.—First Innings.	
Meagher, b Bain	1	Andrews, b Sullivan	4
Alvarez, b Webb	1	Williams, thrown out by Sullivan	7
Porter, thrown out by Wilson	48	Clemenger, c Gissane, b Cruise	10
Sullivan, b Andrews	1	Bain, c Meagher, b Sullivan	22
Gissane, l.b.w., b Webb	34	Cooper, l.b.w., b Cruise	0
Stenmark, not out	56	King, b Sullivan	11
Dempsey, b Webb	4	Lachmund, b Sullivan	0
Bryant, b Webb	0	Hyde, b Cruise	2
Patterson, l.b.w., b Wilson	0	Webb, l.b.w., b Cruise	0
Mackenzie, b Wilson	6	Wilson, not out	3
Cruise, b Wilson	6	Beveridge, b Cruise	0
Sundries	20	Sundries	12
Total	177	Total	71

S.H.S. bowling:—Bain 1 for 43, Webb 4-62, Andrews 1-12, Wilson 3-29, Williams 0-11.

S.H.S. V. S.G.S.

Played at Rushcutters Bay on November 11, and won by S.G.S. by 157 runs. S.G.S. made 228 by solid batting, Cooper and Webb being our best bowlers. S.H.S. suffered a collapse, Andrews and Webb being the only ones able to withstand the bowling.

S.G.S.—First Innings.

Hesslein, c Lachmund, b Webb	50
Gostello, c O'Connor, b Cooper	78
Dickson, hit wkt., b Cooper	9
Raymond, c Claremont, b Cooper	0
Hodgins, b Wilson	24
Wing, l.b.w., b Williams	11
Kendall, b Webb	2
Baum, c Bain, b Webb	6
Aitken, c Wilson, b Webb	15
Munro, b Webb	21
Swain, not out	1
Sundries	11

Total 228

S.H.S. bowling:—Bain 0 for 34, Webb 5-74, Wilson 1-41, Andrews 0-4, Williams 1-39, Cooper 3-17, Lachmund 0-10.

S.H.S.—Second Innings.

Webb, l.b.w., b Wing	23
Claremont, run out	9
Clemenger, b Raymond	4
Bain, c Kendal, b Hesslein	11
Wilson, b Hesslein	2
Lachmund, st. Gostello, b Wing	2

S.H.S. V. MASTERS.

Played at Wentworth Park on November 29, and resulted in a win for S.H.S. by 5 wickets. Masters batted first, and compiled 108, thanks mainly to Messrs. Watson and Cohen. For S.H.S. Clemenger batted best for 37. Special note must be made of a fine catch by Mr. Steele.

MASTERS.

Outten, b Webb	13
Watson, c Clemenger, b Lachmund	38
Fletcher, c Clemenger, b Webb	2
Smairl, b Bradley	1
Lundie, b O'Connor	1
Godfrey, c and b Bradley	1
Leaver, c O'Connor, b Bradley	2
Denquet, b Cooper	7
McNiven, b Cooper	1
Cohen, b Andrews	24
Steele, b Andrews	4
George, not out	1
Sundries	13

Total 108

Bowling for S.H.S.:—King 0 for 17, Webb 2-16, O'Connor 1-9, Bradley 3-17, Lachmund 1-3, Cooper 2-4, Clemenger 0-7, Claremont 0-10, Wilson 0-11, Andrews 2-1.

S.H.S.—First Innings.

Clemenger, b Kendall	3
Bain, l.b.w., b Wing	7
Williams, b Kendall	2
Lachmund, st. Gostello, b Wing	1
Claremont, c Hodgins, b Wing	1
Andrews, not out	20
O'Connor, b Swain	7
King, b Swain	0
Cooper, b Swain	0
Wilson, run out	5
Webb, b Wing	20
Sundries	6
Total	72

Williams, not out	16
Andrews, not out	1
Sundries	3
Six wickets for	71

S.H.S.

Bradley, run out	7
O'Connor, c McNiven, b Watson	19
Wilson, c Fletcher, b Watson	5
Lachmund, b Cohen	32
Clemenger, c Steele, b Leaver	37
Claremont, not out	3
Sundries	6

Five wickets for .. . 109

Bowling for Masters:—Outten 0 for 40, Watson 2-20, Cohen 1-27, Leaver 1-13.

S.H.S. v. N.S.H.S., at North Sydney, on November 15. S.H.S. 4 for 101, innings closed (Williams 1, Webb 15, Andrews 53 not out, Pullen 2, Hyde 8, Cooper 4 not out), defeated N.S.H.S., 34 and 142, by 67 runs on the first innings. Bowling for S.H.S.: Webb 8 for 8 and 1 for 41, Andrews 2 for 23 and 0 for 30, Williams 9 for 68.

S.H.S. SECOND ELEVEN.

During the first round of the competition, the Seconds have shown themselves to advantage, notwithstanding many difficulties which have beset our path, such as the loss of men appropriated by the negligent first grade.

Our best bowlers are the McCredie Bros. and Stuckey, with Back and Stayner as occasional change bowlers. The fielding leaves much to be desired, though Ford and Harrison are safe in the country. Ford is especially brilliant in this direction, and an accurate shot. Stuckey may be depended upon to get us out of a difficulty, and is a good consistent bat. If we are to meet with any measure of success in the future, a greater attendance at the nets on Tuesdays and Fridays is desirable.

Following is an account of the matches played:—

October 25.—V. Cleveland Street, at Waverley. Cleveland Street batted first, scoring 31, in the second knock making only 29. F. McCredie and K. McCredie secured 5 wickets apiece, Firth 3, Back 2, Stayner 1. S.H.S. declared 0 for 170, Pullen getting 103 and Smith 61.

November 1 and 8.—V. Fort Street, at Wentworth. This was the most interesting game of the round. Batting first, a "rot" set in, and we were dismissed for 23. Fort Street reached 75, Stuckey getting a hat-trick off the last three men. In the next "dig" we showed a return to our usual form, hitting up 168. Harrison, with a good display of hitting, topped the score with 40, Ford 27, F. McCredie 23, Stuckey and K. McCredie 17 apiece. In their second innings we had dismissed most of Fort Street when we bumped a snag in the shape of a left-hander, who made the bowling look "silly," and won the game by 10 runs for Fort Street.

November 4.—V. Ryde Juniors, at Ryde. Here Stuckey played well, and hit up a good 49. We won under a handicap of a wet field by 5 runs. Stuckey just missed the hat-trick, taking 3 wickets in 4 balls.

November 15.—V. Petersham, at Wentworth. In this game we played a team of seven third graders and four seconds. Sent in on a good wicket, Ladds, a third grader, topped the score with 33, Stayner next with 14. The total for the innings was 104. Petersham was dismissed for 97, Ladds securing 8 wickets for 37.

At present we are equal with Fort Street and Petersham for first place with 5 points, and under our energetic "little" captain we hope to win the competition.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Ladds has been most successful with the ball, his 44 wickets costing only 97 runs, and Beveridge with the bat.

S.H.S., 114 (Corish 36 not out, Beveridge 19), defeated N.N.H.S., 14 and 56, by an innings and 44 runs. For S.H.S. Ladds 11 for 22, Beveridge 7 for 20.

S.H.S., 104 (Beveridge 40, Corish 28), defeated T.H.S., 19 and 36, by an innings and 49 runs. For S.H.S. Ladds 4 for 8, Beveridge 6 for 5, Corish 4 for 14, Simpson 6 for 19.

S.H.S., 71 (Rickards 26, Ladds 16), defeated Scots' College, 38 and 4 for 29, by 33 runs on the first innings. For S.H.S. McCredie 4 for 13, Beveridge 6 for 8, Simpson 2 for 1.

S.H.S., 6 for 123, declared (Ladds 42, Holdaway 25, Beveridge 21 not out, Corish 20), defeated Hurlstone College, 13 and 17, by an innings and 93 runs. For S.H.S. Ladds 11 for 10, Beveridge 7 for 12, Small 1 for 0.

S.H.S., 5 for 63 (Ladds 18, Tarrant 12), defeated St. Ignatius' College, 50, by 5 wickets and 13 runs. For S.H.S. Ladds 8 for 15, Beveridge 2 for 35.

S.H.S., 55 (Wise 21), defeated Petersham, 44, by 11 runs. For S.H.S. Beveridge 4 for 19, Cleary 3 for 15, Small 1 for 3, Simpson 2 for 6.

St. Joseph's College, 99, defeated S.H.S., 46 (Wise 17, Clapham 12), by 53 runs. For S.H.S. Simpson 3 for 20, Small 2 for 25, Clapham 1 for 2, White 1 for 5, Beveridge 2 for 21.

University Letter.

Subjects of conversation at the Uni. are at the present moment not over plentiful. There is, of course, the eternal topic of girls, which seems to wander round more or less in a circle, which always seems to get back to the one generally admitted notion that the Uni. is not specially favoured in that direction. But you chaps, being young and innocent, a full discussion of such a question would be incomprehensible, and the "Record" being, as I understand, a paper edited by highly respectable youths for highly respectable youths, I'd better get back into the straight and narrow path again.

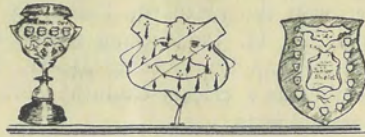
A few weeks ago men were still telling one another lies about their exploits in camp, but by now the stock of really good lies has been exhausted, and though occasionally we come across a first-class specimen, it is considered best by all parties to let the matter drop—though, indeed, one or two Dantesque intellects are still striving to find the description that fits the camp cooking.

Apart from this, there is really nothing particular to talk about—except exams., and they're not very cheering subjects of conversation at any time. Still, they have a little way of forcing themselves on every man's attention, and we Arts students, who are popularly—and fallaciously—supposed to "recline" (which means that we take it lying down), rarely hit the pillow before sunrise: and as exams. start at 9 o'clock, I can assure you life's been speed-

ing up. The meds. and some of the engineers, on the other hand, are still confined to their old topics, their exams. being mercifully over—with some credit, by the way, to the High School. In Fourth Year Medicine, the first two places fell to Farranridge and F. C. Herlihy, and the latter won the prize for Pathology or something. In Third Year Medicine, C. H. Jaede came second with high distinction, while in Second Year Engineering D. W. Magill (whom some of you may remember as a cricket captain) obtained two firsts and a third out of three subjects.

With such trivial matters we ordinary blokes—pardon, Mr. Editor, undergrads.—refresh our jaded minds; but there is another class up here of young men—not blokes, you understand, nor yet fellows, nor chaps, nor coves, but young men—who take themselves seriously, which is a fearful disease to attack anyone. And these young men—who take themselves seriously—occasionally get up serious discussions among themselves, and write to “Hermes,” and, in general, act as if—well, as if they took themselves seriously. (Excuse the repetition of this phrase; I’m afraid it’s got on my nerves a bit). Anyhow, at present they’re worrying their serious heads about the absence of a corporate spirit in the Uni. St. Andrew’s College ignores St. Paul’s; both ignore John’s; while all three unite in ignoring the Women’s College—except on those festive occasions when they get drunk and serenade it, which event happens so frequently that the women have already learnt to make fine distinctions; apropos of which I was told that a crowd serenaded the women the other night, “and they were too drunk to be Paul’s, and not drunk enough to be John’s, so they must have been Andrew’s.” Why, then, should you be able to tell one College from another by the degree of drunkenness to which its members can attain? This, in effect, though not in words, is the burden of our young thinkers’ complaint. It was expected that the building of the Union would break down the barriers between College and College, and between faculty and faculty, but so far the hope has not been translated into fact. And the reason obviously is the expensive furniture in the Union. The place is too much like a duchess’ drawing-room. You can’t sit on the tables, nor put your feet on the chairs, nor lie on the floor, nor yet shove your feet against the wall; nor can you have a fight in the billiard-room, nor smash the tables in the chess-room, nor strike matches on the linoleum in the common-room. The whole place is too oppressively polite. As you’ve probably noticed, if you trample on a man’s head and tell him to take his adjectival head out of the adjectival way, he’s a friend. And when an attendant hides in every corner, and gives you an uncanny impression that he wears a book of etiquette next to his heart, you can only go on regarding every stranger as a potential enemy, and you’d never dream of speaking to a man without an introduction, and there you are. But I suppose we’ll get over it.

F.J.S.



After the All High Schools Sports



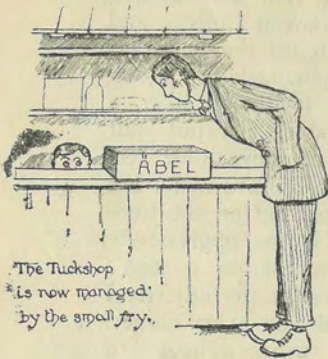
The Murphys and Fagging
produced this specimen for
the Inter



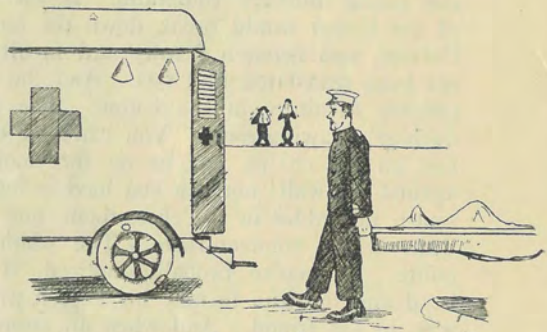
History of the Sonnet.
A third year poet trying to find a rhyme
for "purple"



A sweepstake was discovered
in the School - during Cup Week.
What Next?



The Tuckshop
"is now managed"
by the small fry.



Scene outside the Turner Hall:
Leaving Certificate in Full Swing

Letters to the Editor

The Editor, "Record."

Dear Sir,—It is with the most sincere feelings towards the School's benefit that I have persuaded myself to pen the following lines. When School re-opened at the beginning of the year, several boys—whose names need no mentioning—attempted to "exterminate" the School's ancient bulwark—Rugby. My main object, however, is to put before the boys of S.H.S. the reasons why Rugby should, and eventually will, be the predominant and most flourishing winter sport in the School. To begin, we are a High School, but our privileges extend far beyond those of other High Schools. To put it clearly, we are the only recognised Great Public School from all High Schools. Now, at other Great Public Schools there is no such game as Soccer. They sensibly refuse to play this "game." I hear that when the ex-Soccer secretary of S.H.S. wrote to two of the G.P.Ss., he received a fit reply—a refusal. These Schools knew that Soccer would lower their prestige amongst their rivals, hence their decision. Consequently, one cannot expect S.H.S. to be in the same class as other G.P.Ss., unless the energies of the School are harnessed to the support of Rugby. Surely in Rugby one has not got time to be "afraid of the mud," "a moderated form of loafer," or "a go-as-you-please player." The above quotations are extracted from the Soccer notes of last issue. In conclusion, I call upon all those with the good of the School at heart to rally round and support the Rugby banner.—Yours, etc.,

WOODPECKER.

P.S.—I hope K.J.H. and (ex) Secretary Soccer Club will obtain a few inklings from the above, and so realise that, should Soccer be the sole predominant factor, S.H.S. would cease to be a G.P.S. At such a period the true spirit of the School and its former honourable traditions would, I am obliged to say, be lost forever.—WOODPECKER.

The Editor, "Record."

Dear Sir,—It is with great regret that we have noticed that, for the last two years or so, not one of the School songs have been sung. Could something be done for us to show our "school-spirit" to more advantage? The sympathy of the Third and Fourth Years is with us in this matter.—Yours, etc.,

A.R.B.

E.G.T.

No. 6 Room, S.H.S.

The Editor.

May I say a few words on behalf of the budding literary wonders who are excluded from the diverting proceedings of the Literary and Debating Society? It appears that all Third and Fourth Year boys are members, while Second Year aspirants

are debarred. It seems to me hardly fair that members should be confined to Third and Fourth Years, and that it would be a much better idea to admit all boys who succeed in having an article printed in the "Record," irrespective of their year. I feel sure that all boys will agree with me in this matter.

A SECOND YEAR VICTIM.

Soccer Competition

A highly successful and most enjoyable series of class Soccer matches were played off during the past season. The results of the competition are given in the following table:—

Team	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goal's For	Goal's Against	Points
2AC'	11	1	2	13	5	24
1AC (1)	8	1	5	27	5	21
2AG	8	4	2	45	15	18
2BG	7	5	2	26	10	16
2CG	5	5	4	17	22	14
1BG	5	7	2	12	21	12
1AG	2	10	2	6	24	6
1AC (2)	0	13	1	0	64	1

The premiers, 2AC, under Captain K. A. Tarleton, are to be congratulated on their success, and complimented upon the consistently high standard of their play.

In the first round the premiers, II. A.C., and the runners-up, I A.C. Firsts, played a scoreless draw. In the return match, second round, after a remarkably fast and magnificently contested game, II A.C. just managed to lose through the unfortunate circumstance of the goalie being too surprised and astonished to save from a rebound from his own full-back, into whose face he had kicked the ball with stunning force. This was the only score of the game.

Premiers last season, 1915, were I. B.G., with II. B.G. runners-up.

G.E.J.

Rifle Club.

Great interest has been shown in the Rifle Club this season, and as a result the attendance at the range has been very good, while individual members have shown great improvement. At the beginning of the season shooting was held regularly every Wednesday, but bad weather conditions interfered with both practice shoots and matches later on.

Altogether there were 15 shoots held, including five matches. The average attendance was just over thirty, out of 61 names on the roll. The three best average scores were: First, E. L. Brake, with an average of 30 out of 35; second, H. T. Kench, with 29; and third, G. Forsyth, 28. These are very good, since they include shooting from different ranges and in all weathers, and E. L. Brake, who on his shooting holds the position of champion shot of the School, is to be especially congratulated. In the individual shoots he on three occasions just missed a seven-shot possible by one point, securing 34 out of 35, and four times put up 33. H. T. Kench recorded 34 once, 33 twice, and 32 twice, and G. Forsyth from 200yds., secured the only possible in the season, 35 out of 35, and his next best score was 32 (five times).

The High Schools' Rifle Shooting Competition has been inaugurated for only two seasons, and we have to announce that for the second time S.H.S. A team has proved itself superior to all others, while the B team came fourth. The scores were as follows:—

		1	2	3	4	5	Total
1. Sydney H. School	A Team	271	289	217	249	234	1260
2. North Sydney H.S.	A Team	243	280	180	213	230	1146
3. Fort-st. H. School	A Team	235	286	184	210	213	1128
4. Sydney H. School	B Team	206	267	171	173	151	968
5. North Sydney H.S.	B Team	171	209	139	126	173	818
6. Technical H. School	A Team	190	—	96	196	178	660
7. Cleveland-st. H.S.	A Team	172	—	107	—	—	279
8. Fort-st. H. School	B Team	167	—	—	101	—	268
9. Hurlstone Agr. H.S.	A Team	140	—	—	—	—	140

The matches were as follows:—

Match 1.—From 200yds. at bull's-eye target.

Match 2.—From 200yds. at figure target.

Match 3.—From 300yds. at bull's-eye target.

Match 4.—From 300yds. at figure target.

Match 5.—From 400yds. at bull's-eye target.

These results are very good, and the committee wish to thank the boys for their help, and hope that in future years they will endeavour to loyally support the Club, and thus the School Union and the dear old School to which we are all so proud to belong.

Library

This institution has enjoyed the same flourishing success that it has enjoyed in past years. It has proved most useful, both in providing help in scholastic affairs, and again in extending reading for diversion. The activity has been well governed, and its career has been distinguished by its order and regularity. The promptness with which all demands are answered deserves commendation. It is to be hoped that the coming years will take full advantage of the excellencies which it extends.

Literary and Debating Society

A very successful quarter has just been closed—successful when it is remembered that the Society has been hampered by the University Camp and the preparation for exams., etc.

Several entertaining meetings have been held, including open and impromptu debates, covering a wide range of subjects. A ministerial debate on "Conscription" was admitted to be one of the finest heard for years. At this meeting there was a large attendance of both masters and boys. The Ministry was ably represented by Messrs. Gray, Edwards and Lachmund, and their arguments were energetically contested by Messrs. Bradley, Byrne and O'Sullivan. Fine speeches were made, both in support of and against conscription, which at times raised the meeting to a high pitch of excitement. To say the least, they were enthusiastic. In spite of the spirited defence of the Opposition, an overwhelming majority was returned for "Yes." In conclusion, a very hearty invitation is issued to all Third and Fourth Year fellows, and we look especially to the coming Third Year to facilitate the action of this institution by lending it its most valuable support.

The Christian Union.

During the term four successful meetings of the above activity were held. Mr. A. G. Kench and Mr. C. H. Hunt, students of Camden Theological College, delivered extremely entertaining and instructive addresses to a fair attendance of members. Captain-Chaplain Gordon-Robertson gave a vivid and illuminating address on his experiences on the Gallipoli Peninsula. During the address Captain Gordon-Robertson showed many views and interesting scenes of the Peninsula, and of the life during its occupation by the Australian troops. He also produced many souvenirs of the war, which, of course, were a source of great interest. Mr. G. Saxby addressed a considerable meeting of the Christian Union members, on the subject of University life. A number of boys are labouring under the misapprehension that they will be bored stiff by a lengthy sermon. They will not. They will receive an extremely interesting lecture and a helpful address, and a hearty invitation is extended to all.

S.H.S. Tuckshop

This year has opened a new era in the history of our Tuck Shop, inasmuch as the "shop" part has been removed to new, permanent and more commodious premises. Since its removal, however, we notice that the Fourth Year, who so nobly supported the institution in the past, not having the shop under their eyes, failed to extend the same help as they were wont to do. It is to be hoped that this matter will be rectified by the successors of the present Fourth Year. During this term an innovation, in the form of Peters' ice cream, has been introduced, with, need it be mentioned, unlimited success. The patrons of the Tuck Shop, evidently recognise the fact that it caters for all tastes, and it is universally supported. During the year drinks have been sold at a reasonable profit, and lately a preference has been shown by Third Year patrons for iced "shandies" at twopence each. Let the remainder of the School profit by Third Year's excellent example, and refresh themselves during the summer months with this delightful beverage.

A full report of the receipts, expenditure and profit will be probably made by Mr. Fletcher on Speech Day. All boys are requested to display a preference for the School Tuck Shop, which is managed by the boys themselves, and which caters exclusively for the boys' tastes, and "feed their animal" at a School institution.

The Editor's Box.

"GLEANER."—Sorry that lack of space precludes the publishing of poem. It contains several serious defects. The lines are strained in many places to secure the acrostic that you have incorporated in it. The thought is extremely involved; in fact, it is doubtful whether, in some places, it makes sense at all. The poem, however, shows considerable promise, and we would urge that you again court the muse during your holidays, where your contempt for the person whose name you have employed in your acrostic is a little less bitter, a little less caustic.

"WOODPECKER."—Your poem, "Westward," held over till next issue.

"A COUNTRY BOY."—Your genius seems to have failed you this time, for your contribution is chockful of startling discrepancies. First of all don't explain the obvious. It betrays a weak mind. Also there is no need to explain such puerile piffle as, "We do not hunt in coats up country, so we don't wear any." The whole piece is crammed with errors such as these, and although you may have a grasp of your subject, the manner in which you have set it forth in the extremely loose, immature style gives the piece no interest, and the reader would be bored to tears if by chance it were published. Next time you write, try and infuse some slight interest in the thing, and for goodness sake do not adopt the lordly air of a "country boy" and explain the simplest terms in country life, all of which are *quite* familiar to the poor, uninitiated "townie."

R.A.B.—Your poem, "The Southerly," accepted with thanks.

"FORM NOTES, II. C.G."—Your form notes were written in an extremely slangy and disreputable manner. Publication as they stood would have been a standing disgrace to the paper. Learn to distinguish between good-humoured chaff and wit and offensive "satire" (?). If you have a disagreement against "Kid-o," please attack him in some other paper, and do not employ the "Record" for that purpose. Courtesy also demands that your contributions should be written in current English, and not set down in hieroglyphic cryptograms. It is "bad form" to air your extensive knowledge, so *please*, if you write your Form Notes for next issue, be a little considerate, and earn the thanks of a long-suffering staff.

G.H.—Your contribution accepted with pleasure. We are always glad to receive contributions, such as yours, and hope that you will again try your hand for next issue.

B.M.M.—Your effort contains no literary interest for the whole School. It would indeed have done admirably in your Form Notes, but as an individual contribution it is undoubtedly a failure. It shows considerable promise, and we hope that next year you will again submit something for publication.

"A SECOND-YEAR VICTIM."—You are quite right to use the "Record" for urging your opinion, and now that you have brought the matter before the other boys, select a deputation, and wait upon the Secretary, Mr. K. J. Tonking.

A.R.B.—Your poem accepted with thanks. It was certainly the best verse contribution we received, and hope that in the next year you will not allow your interest to flag.

Editorial Notices

The subscription to the "Record" is 2/6 per annum, post free. Old Boys are especially urged to retain their connection with the School by paying their yearly subs. to the "Record," and forwarding the addresses of other Old Boys with whom they are in touch.

The next issue will appear in March, 1917. Contributors are strongly requested not to leave their contributions till later in the quarter, but to get them into editorial hands as soon as possible.

Letters to the Editor on any subject will be always welcomed where space allows of publication.

The Business Manager desires to acknowledge subscriptions from the following Old Boys:—A. M. Eedy, G. W. Kershaw, T. Wright.

The Editor desires to acknowledge the following Exchanges:—*Washington High School Magazine*, *Hermes*, *Mountain Bell*, *Royal Blue*, *Sydneian*, *Aurora Australis*, *The Torchbearer*, *S.J.C. Magazine*, *Fortian*, *The Burr*, *Aima Mater*, *Maitland Magazine*, *Quondong*, *H.A.C. Journal*, *Armidale High School Magazine*, *Newingtonian*, *Mentor*, *Novocastrian*, *Dunroon Magazine*, *Feriscope*, *Toowoomba G.S. Magazine*, *Glasgow High School Magazine*, *Melburnian*, *The Kyrian*, *Technical High School Magazine*, *Harekesbury College Magazine*. All omissions are apologised for.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

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Deputy Headmaster: W. A. Moore, Esq., B.A., Dip. E.C.
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Speaker: R. A. Bradley.
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President: Capt. P. F. Cane.
Vice-Presidents: G. Cantello, Esq., B.A.; Capt. J. W. Greaves; J. J. Dennehy, Esq.
Hon. Secretary: E. L. Brake.
Assist. Secretary: A. Roberts.
Captain: E. L. Brake.
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Tuck Shop.

Manager: F. S. Bradhurst.
Sub-Manager: F. C. McCredie.
Committee: C. Downward, E. Brake, J. Parkes, R. Ford, R. Back, A. W. Gray, B. Williams.

Sydney:
FRED. W. WHITE, 344 KENT STREET.

1916
