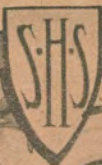


AUGUST 1917

SYDNEY BOYS'



HIGH SCHOOL.



The

RECORD

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VOL. VIII

No. 3-4.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSE."

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1917.

No 3-4.

Officers.

Patron—R. J. HINDER, Esq., B.A.

Editor—J. A. VOTE

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Business Manager—F. C. MCCREDIE.

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Owing to the absence of the Editor (J. A. Vote) through illness, the present copy of the *Record* has been edited by a Provisional Committee consisting of G. P. SHIPP and O. H. BEALE, assisted by R. F. GOLLAN.

Editorial

On leaving the class rooms some few days ago, we saw open to view in the playground a silver cup and a silver shield. The one the Senior Cup, the other the Junior Shield of the Combined High School Sports. Of the four years during which these sports have been held, three times in succession the Sydney High School has now succeeded in bearing off from all competitors the cup, and last year was celebrated by the addition of the junior shield to our honours. We have here a just cause for the feeling of pride which, we are sure, swelled within us at this sight.

And now, comrades, the sports are approaching once more. We have been a great athletic school, but are we? Though there is a melancholy greatness about those who have been, and have fallen, yet the cry, "Fuit Ilium," makes appeal merely to our innate romantic feelings. Tradition is doubtless a great and glorious thing, but it must stir us to strive to emulate the glory of those who have gone before us, and not to rest securely on the splendour of our past. The glorious traditions of the British Navy would to-day be of little value minus the British Navy.

This year we have to face the contest under very difficult circumstances. We refer to the loss of one of our chief exponents of athletics. But here is a chance, therefore, for us to really prove our mettle. Let us show that years of sport have had that moral effect on us which should be their result. Let us face the contest with that Roman "constantia" of which our former headmaster was so fond of speaking to us.

Constantia! Aye, let us stand together, work together, strive together, for the sake of our school, for the sake of this institution now growing time-revered, for the sake of the Alma Mater from whence so many brave men have gone to take their places by the sides of the English and the French, and who have won us so many laurels.

How, then, are we to help? We cannot all lead—that is reserved for the few. But we believe that we can all materially assist. As a practical suggestion, we think the best way for us who are not athletes is by striving to make a success of our own sports on the fourth of September. There it is that we undergo the training which places us in the forefront.

Speaking of our representatives at the front, it is our firm belief that there is a very close alliance between that earlier patriotism which we call school spirit, and the wider patriotism which makes for the welfare of the British Empire. One only has to think of those who have lately gone to the front from the school to perceive that those who love the school most, and work most for her in various spheres, are the first to respond to the higher call of the Mother Country.

School Notes.

It is again our misfortune to have to bid farewell to one of the School's best friends. Immediately Mr. Smith came to us from Orange, last Christmas, we perceived him to be one who would play an important part in our various activities, particularly in the realm of sport. As our Sports Master, he did us signal service. By his energy, too, the Boxing Club was formed. With characteristic thoroughness he performed his duties of the class-room and sports field, and won the gratitude and admiration of all. He has answered the call of Empire, and is going to do service in another sphere than that in which we knew him. Yet his loss will be keenly felt.

* * * *

We would express our deepest sympathy for Bob Back, who had the hard luck to break a bone in his ankle in the recent Rugby match against the Old Boys. The accident is even more to be regretted because it deprives the School of her premier athlete for the coming sports, and his services were never needed so much as this year. We hope to see Bob with us again soon.

* * * *

Under the auspices of the Literary and Debating Society, a concert was recently held, to enhance the funds of "C" Company. A splendid programme was rendered, perhaps the last item being most popular (see Cartoons). The sum collected was £4/13/6, the result of which may be seen on the Cartoon page. Our revered captain tells us that side drums are all that are now needed to complete the turn-out.

* * * *

Owing to the disarrangement of the Staff, our University letter will not be forthcoming this issue. Next issue, however, it will appear again.

* * * *

On the evening of Saturday, July 14th, Mr. Hinder presided over a gathering of Past and Present in the Turner Hall, for the purpose of presenting Alex. Gray and Les. Claremont with pocket wallets, prior to their departure for the Front. We join in wishing them God-speed and a safe return.

* * * *

The S.H.S. 32nd Annual Athletic Carnival will be held on the 4th of September, at the Sydney Cricket Ground. The following were elected to the Committee:—F. Bradhurst, H. Cooper, T. Harrison, T. Henry, G. Stuckey, S. Webb, and S. Willscher. We are sure that the above will do their share in endeavouring to bring about a successful meeting.

* * * *

Our lately-instituted Boxing Club is progressing favourably, under the able tuition of Dave Smith and Ray Kearney. A tournament, open to the whole School, is soon to be held.

Lost—*very* near the Teachers' Room, by the prefects—a sugar spoon and a cup; no reward.

* * *

Some of our energetic Seniors are getting up a Tennis Tournament on an elaborate scale. By the energy put into the proposal, it promises already to be a success. Meanwhile questions are being asked, such as, "Will afternoon tea be provided?" and "Are we allowed to bring our—er—lady friends?" Answers in the negative!

* * *

Owing to the increasing numbers of cadets, it was thought advisable to create a second Company, under the command of Lieut. T. H. Henry (Ahem!).

* * *

We would like to congratulate Mr. Outten on his splendid play in the recent match against the Old Boys. Cries of "Good boy, Vic!" indicated that he was appreciated by some at least.

* * *

We are sorry that a couple of our masters are becoming tyrants. The other day in class, Mr. Outten requested a lounging pupil "To take your hands out of your pockets, and put your feet in." Some feet—er—we mean feat. Mr. Smairl also requested one to take his hand out of his pocket and put his mind into it!

The High Schools and the War.

"Macte nova virtute, puer: sic itur ad astra."

The Great War has taught us much. We are conscious of many of our shortcomings. Bitter constraint has led us to abandon methods, customs, and ideas which once seemed adequate to maintain our national life. Having eyes, we saw not; and having ears, we heard not, the signs of the mighty storm that was soon to burst over Europe. To a modern Jeremiah, there was no lack of material. But, fortunately, there is another side to this state of affairs. Not so much the fact that we have muddled through into efficiency; that we have learnt in the hard school of experience to organise our resources; but, more especially, that the spirit of the British peoples has risen above all selfish promptings, class interests, political and religious differences, and asserted itself against the common foe. And of this assertion of the Imperial spirit there has been no nobler form than that of the voluntary enlistment of a people whose heritage is freedom.

In this voluntary enlistment no class or condition of life can claim pre-eminence. Rich and poor, master and servant, squatter and station-hand, farmer and clerk, professional man and artisan—each and all have foregone their distinctive order and rank, and

toed the line on the common ground of manhood. To say that this or that class has responded more willingly to the call of arms would be to make invidious distinctions. No such thought is in our mind. But each man will speak best of that which he knows best, and so we shall speak of the part played by the High School boys in the service of their country.

The great schools of to-day are proud of their Rolls of Honour. Already these rolls are of great length, although the data are not complete. We shall not compare the numbers of men sent by the respective schools, for we are thinking of the spirit of service that actuated them all, rather than of instituting a rivalry as to numerical superiority. But we shall consider the character and quality of these senior boys as shown in their work and play.

Come into the classroom. Let us note the physical appearance of these boys. In the highest classes they are from 15 to 18 years of age. Naturally they vary in size, but many are six feet and more in height. Almost all have well-knit frames. Their faces are bright and intelligent. They seem quite happy, a smile never far away. But let us know these boys better. They are intent on a piece of intellectual work—the understanding of a passage from some classic, be it Latin, Greek, English, French, or German. They are in earnest; they wish to discover the meaning. Their questions are pertinent to this end, and they are honest enough to be dissatisfied with any answer that evades the difficulty by a cheap and easy solution. And this ethical quality is more marked in their appreciation of literary beauty and value. They are not yet of age for those distinctive artistic judgments which characterise the more mature mind. Their judgments are largely ethical. They can see and feel beauty in a poem, they can appreciate form, but they are drawn more closely to the spirit of goodness manifested in what they read.

And we get a closer insight into this love of what is fair and of good report in their written appreciations. Here we have an intimate revelation of the youthful mind and character, a revelation before which every master will stand in reverence and in love. We are filled with hope, and renewed in our belief that if the young are brought to the study of literature in the right way, their characters will be strengthened and purified by drinking of these perennial fountains of living waters. This is the music of which Plato spoke long ago, which would make life a harmony. The High Schools of this young land cannot boast of those venerable piles which shroud the English public school boy in an atmosphere of reverence, of beauty, and of historic charm. Think for a moment of Winchester! Few and far between are our cloistered walls. But though to outward eyes our schools are not as imposing as the classic schools mentioned above, though they be as yet prosaic structures of bricks and mortar, yet to the more discerning eyes there are coming

into being spiritual homes and ideal cloisters where goodness and learning may be nurtured in rest and shade, in preparation for the passage into the searching sunlight of life.

We have spoken of the Platonic music, let us not forget the complementary gymnastic. With Chaucer, the High School boys know that there is a time for saying: "Farewell, my boke and my devocioun." They are taught and know that life is action, as well as thought; and that the body must be fit and strong to minister to the mind; that a Dorian hardness of body should be the complement of spirit and intellect. To this end, then, games are organised. Each boy, unless physically unfit, must take part in some recognised game. For those wise in such matters know that this part of a High School boy's training is of no less importance than is his moral and intellectual training. It teaches him that he is a social being. It kills his selfish individuality. It makes him a co-operator in some ends larger than his own. It fits him for citizenship.

Where are these boys who have benefited by the music and gymnastic of their High School course? Hundreds of them have entered upon active service in war. They enlisted as soon as the Leaving Certificate examinations of their respective years were over, or, at least, soon after. Some of them were already making good their intellectual promise at the University, adding to the "bright speed" of their school careers. Inviting prospects were stretching before them; they were on the threshold of their life's work. But duty called them, and they laid upon the altar of national service the sacrifice of their lives, unsullied as yet by what Aristotle would call "the cares and commerce of the world."

And where are they now? They are to be found amongst the living and the dead. On the slopes of Gallipoli, the deserts of Egypt, the lonely wastes of Mesopotamia, the shot-torn plains of France, lie the remains of these brave youths. We miss their bright young faces, and eat the bread of sorrow in silence. But though dead, these lads still speak. They are of the Church Triumphant. They have helped to make Australia bigger. As a young English soldier-poet has said, speaking of his own land, so we may say of ours: "A piece of Australia has been transplanted into every foreign grave—the best product that we had."

"Qui procul hinc," the legend's writ,—
The frontier grave is far away—
"Qui ante diem periit:
Sed miles, sed pro patria."

And the living? They are of the Church Militant. They are helping to fight the battle of right and of humanity. They are fighting in the spirit learnt at school, the spirit of chivalry, of determination, of pluck. They are putting their intellect and understanding into the effective discharge of their duty. Charles Lamb

has spoken of the delight in grasping at the age of forty the hand and arm that at fifteen helped to turn over the pages of some antique story of friendship or generous romance. But these boys have not had to wait for so long a period. Already with their school fellows they are marching shoulder to shoulder through the din of battle; but they are marching as lovers, bound together by the spirit of their academic training.

And what of "the remnant" that will return when the war is over? Maimed in limb, blind, shattered in health, they will be mute witnesses to the horrors of war. But still they will be part of a remnant which will have a virtue in it like unto that of the remnant which the Hebrew prophet regarded as the salvation of Israel. These boys will have been baptised into service. They will have learnt the meaning of reality and sincerity, as opposed to the garish shows of presumption and hypocrisy. They will have been disciplined by a wider education than that of their cloistered schooldays. They will have learnt that the selfishness which strives for mere personal advancement, which shrinks from danger, which sneers at enthusiasm in accordance with the philosophy of a worldly wisdom, is not worthy of the crown of life. They will know from their own experience the meaning of a higher and deeper philosophy, which has ever assured the children of men that he who loseth his life shall find it. Ours will be the duty of helping these lads when we see them once more. Could not the combined High Schools inaugurate at once a fund which would afford relief to those Old Boys who might need it? And each school should see to it that its Honour Roll is set up in the place of honour, made of the best material, blazoned with artistic cunning, and framed in a setting of the noblest phrase of our English tongue, in honour of its valiant sons—the quick and the dead.

"Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt." But though sorrowing, we are not utterly cast down. Others of our remnant will take up the work of life once more. They will do so with enlarged intelligence. They will see the world in a truer perspective. They will know that this land must be guided by statesmanlike principles, and high-spirited patriotism. They will recognise that a hunger and thirst after true service must take the place of self-seeking and place hunting. They will not strive and push for great and garish rewards, feeling, with Milton, that

. . . "They also serve
Who only stand, and wait."

A brilliant young life that has just been quenched gave expression to thoughts such as these. Young Dr. Hughes, on his voyage home, found time from his military duties to visit Capetown, the former home of the great-minded Cecil Rhodes. Dr. Hughes knew by report the failings and errors of this statesman, but he felt that much should be forgiven where there was such love for the Empire. On

this young Australian's mind there was impressed the need of men with such imperial minds and indomitable spirits; of men with higher ideals and wider views than are usually prevalent in the public life of Australia.

But we are hopeful. We shall rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things. We shall husband our energies; we shall organise our resources; we shall improve our material conditions. We shall learn, through comradeship, the lesson of human brotherhood, and so make life less hideous, nay, make it more human for the mass of mankind—the true socialism. But we must not forget that man does not live by bread alone, but also by that spiritual sustenance which promotes charity and righteousness. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished. On each order and class in society lies the duty of striving for this. If the High School graduates fulfil the promise which they have already shown, we may feel assured of the ultimate realisation of our inward life and anticipation, and thus Wisdom will be justified of her children.

Old Boys' Column

OFFICE-BEARERS 1916-1917.

PATRONS—

J. Waterhouse, M.A.
A. B. Piddington, B.A.
L. Stephenson, B.A.
J. F. Elphinstone, B.A.
V. J. Miles, M.A.
J. A. Hedberg B.A.

T. B. Trebecke, M.A.
A. J. Studdy, B.A.
J. F. McManamy, B.A.
C. R. Smith, B.A.
J. A. Williams, B.A.
R. J. Hinder, B.A.

PRESIDENT—W. G. Lewes.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—

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

A. M. Eedy
A. G. Henderson

HON. SECRETARY—C. A. Fairland, 59 Pitt Street. Telephone 3738 City

ASST. SECRETARIES—

A. C. Berman

A. D. Carson

HON. TREASURER—F. N. Lynch.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL—

A. D. Campbell
A. Bohrsmann

R. Kidston
T. H. Huguen

C. H. Cook
A. Palmer

O. D. Oberg
D. Cookson

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATIVE—D. Cookson.

SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVE—K. J. Tonking.

The Roll of Honour.

ADDITIONAL NAMES.

Killed in Action.

Pte. W. J. Kemp	Sgt. J. Long (enlisted twice)
Lieut. A. V. Donnon	L.-Cpl. O. F. Mutton
Pte. F. A. Hannay	2nd Lieut. M. Paterson
Pte. L. Hazelwood	Cpl. J. Waterson

Wounded.

Capt. A. J. Hand	Pte. C. Rogerson
Pte. H. Hazelwood	Pte. K. Saxby, D.C.M.
Pte. W. King	Pte. Weir

On Active Service.

Pte. S. Benson	Cpl. Hinsby
Spr. H. T. Buckingham	Capt. H. Howard
Gnr. F. J. Buckhorn	Pte. J. Law
Pte. F. Capper	Pte. C. Lawrence
Q.M.S. A. Church	Cpl. Lugwigen
Pte. L. Claremont	Pte. L. Main
Pte. A. E. Cooke	Pte. D. May
Pte. N. Cousins	Pte. H. Mitchell
Cpl. R. Davis	Pte. J. N. Mutton
Sapper D. C. Dean	Capt. D. W. McCredie (A.M.C.)
Lieut. A. V. Donnon	Gnr. N. J. McKenzie
Flight-Cmdr. R. Sanger-Browne	Pte. H. Norton
Bmbr. F. G. Edwards	Gnr. J. Oliver
Sgr. W. R. Edwardes	Capt. W. R. Page (A.M.C.)
Gnr. O. C. Fosberg	Pte. H. Roughley
Pte. A. W. Frazer	Pte. S. J. Swanton
Pte. O. Gormly	Pte. B. Wall
Pte. A. W. W. Gray	Cpl. L. F. Watt
Cpl. F. Hanson	Capt. Uren (A.A.M.C.)

Total to date 350

Private Webster has returned to Australia.

Private K. Saxby recently gained D.C.M. for gallantry in the field.

H. Peak is doing valuable work with the Y.M.C.A. on the Somme Front.

The Editor will be glad to receive any fresh names for the Roll of Honour.

“The Blue Mountains.”

Ye wild and rugged ranges and ye peaks,
 With rocky summits lifted to the sky,
 Why stand ye grim and silent when I sigh,
 Awed by the ceaseless murmuring of thy creeks?
 What is that Thing which beckons but n'er speaks,
 Seeming to issue from a world near by?
 Is it the wind that makes that moaning cry,
 As round thy crags the watery mist sprite sneaks?
 Maid of the Mists they guard thee when thou sleep'st,
 Wrapped in thy gossamer of purest white,
 And when at morn thou fadest in the blue,
 They watch thee till at length with joy thou peepst
 From round a friendly cloud, gold-fringed and bright,
 Then float'st from out those weeping tears of dew.

“CHICOT.”

At Sunset.

South to North from Hell Mountain

Those among you who see not the greatest and best in Nature, who condemn her handiwork, and who delight in things man-made; who have been cast down by sorrow, or mayhap have doubted. Come, stand with me upon this mountain peak ere the shadowy mists of evening have fallen upon the plains, and ere yet the Sungod in all his pomp and glory has retired behind yon far western hills; stand and watch. Then, looking southward, see beyond where splendid Nemingha stretches in level, green beauty, and over the sloping hills, to where a distant chain of mountains, rising, it seems, from the Blue Beyond, swells and falls and swells again, like undulating waves on a Soundless Sea. Follow this range round to where Duri rears his lofty head to the colour-strewn sky. And still further to where the rise and fall of this far-blue range is hid by the interposition of nearer hills—hills which rise and break, revealing over and between their intermingling summits the indescribable beauties of a winter sunset.

Watch those colour-charged clouds which have caught in their centres or on their edges the light of the setting sun. See how the whole of the west seems to blaze with colour flung, as it were, at random by some mighty explosion, yet each riven gleaming patch with a beauty and blending which bespeaks its placement by a Divine Hand. Those colours seem far-flung from Pole to Pole, and to spread above us—a vivid canopy of iridescent light, which burns and fades and burns again with the sinking of the sun. Look away to the south, and see those pale-blue lakes with shores of silver and gold, and dotted here and there with islets of dark-blue and purple. Look still further southward, to the mountains whence your gaze has come, where

A purple glory spreads around the hills,
While far above
Bright streaks of colour run
Like gorgeous silver-edged sinuous rills,
And intersperse the scene.

Then turn to the seat of this wonder. Here there are no clouds. It were as though the Sungod, with uplift form and hands outstretched, had flung back and away a little distance those veiling clouds, that all might see the glory of his dying. Slowly the burning, glowing orb sinks, and darkness glides in. Here in this calm eventide of Silent Song, broken only by the far-off call of sweet child-voices, and the chime of bells on distant cattle—here in this time come to me angel whisperings of love and hope. The purple canopy of night is now cast across the sky, yet ere the last glimmering patch of daylight fades, I see—dim in the evenfall—far below me and to the northward, a little red roadway winding and twisting ever upward in between two hills, up on to the Saddleback and over into the valley beyond. Oh, little red, red roadway, how hast

thou charmed me? Whither ledest thou?—into the Land of Gloom and Sorrow, or into the Land of Heart's Delight? Methinks this latter, for I have dreamed of the saddle-weary traveller, who journeys homeward as night falls, winding ever upward between the hills and reaching the summit fares down valleywards, as soft and low come to him, borne on Zephyr wings, the sound of cattle bells and the bark of dogs. His eyes brighten, for these tell of Home not far off, and of One who waits. And presently he draws rein and dismounts, for this is Home. Then, with the sound of swift-moving feet, comes to him One whose eyes burn as only love-lit eyes can burn, and whose lips murmur, as she draws him down to them, such as only love-touched lips can murmur.—God bless thee, little Red Roadway.

And now that you have seen and understood, now that you have been overwhelmed by the majesty of these things, and now that your souls are uplift with love for the Maker and Doer—tell me, now can you not say, "I will lift mine eyes unto the Hills from whence cometh my Strength"?

O.H.B.

Quo Vadis?

The boy whom fate projects upon the unlovely asphalt of the Sydney High School very soon finds that school life, as he is to know it, resolves itself into three rather strongly marked phases. First, there is the academic side, which he and his parents fondly trust will eventually waft him by more or less gentle stages to that time when, with University bursary or exhibition in his pocket, he shall step forth, feeling that the fabulously rewarded professions are his to choose from, the world at his feet. The Union is his next obsession, and through it he rubs shoulders with everybody in the School, from the Head down. The Union is always with him, and it never, never forgets him. It takes possession of his very soul; so that his aforesaid fond ambitions fade somewhat into that limbo whither drift most good resolutions. It provides him with an immediate and never-failing topic for argument (discussed between bites at the mysterious "chester"), which serves to fill in the intervals between a fairly continuous programme of sports. Militarism next thrusts up his ugly head, and holds his victims for certain inexorable hours. He will not be denied, nor do they wish it, who secretly hope to fill the shoes of this newest David when he shall have gone forth to swish his cane in deadly earnest next year.

So our School means much to us. We look back with awe on the records of Old Boys, in the School, at the 'Varsity, and now on the fighting field. We are determined to join together to hold what they have won and handed down to us. In short, we love our School. We are now and for all time boys of the Sydney High School. That is our patriotism.

Thus far the School is doing her work, and doing it well. But the world is moving so fast nowadays that we must ask more of our School than merely to bring us into contact with the facets of life sketched above. These are days when the man of eighteen, his Leaving Certificate in his pocket, his exhibition in abeyance, sails away to acknowledge in all humility his debt to humanity—for Liberty, preserved to him by his Empire, by France, and by his Commonwealth. Like the Roman civis, he now defends his State.

In two or three years, then, we, too, will be citizens. Therefore, we must know the State. How? We shall ask the School to bring us into daily contact with her, and in this wise:—In England the poorer working classes have raised by small weekly subscriptions the enormous sum of 200 millions sterling. The very babes have placed their savings at the disposal of their country. In highly educated Australia some 20,000 people recognised their obligations by subscribing to the last war loan. But, say we, those poor people are so near to the scene of this awful struggle that they are daily affected by it. So shall we be, just so soon as the shortage of ships prohibits all export of wheat, wool, metals—our wealth. The one thing we can do to help replace and build ships is to provide money. Let us join in spreading this war-saving movement. Form a war-saving group in the School. Devote your pocket money to the purchase of 17/6 war loan bonds. Your certificate is worth 17/6 immediately it is purchased; it can be converted into cash at any time. If you hold it for one year you can get your money back with 3 per cent. interest added; if you hold it for three years it is worth £1 to you. Thus you become shareholders in your country, and your School has lifted you one stage further on your road to citizenship.

BLACKBURN.

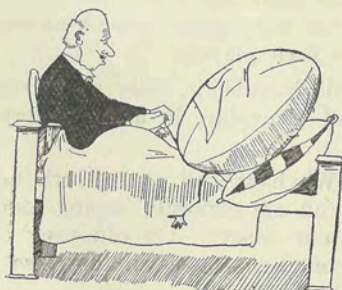
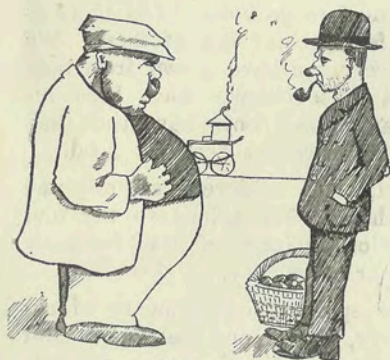
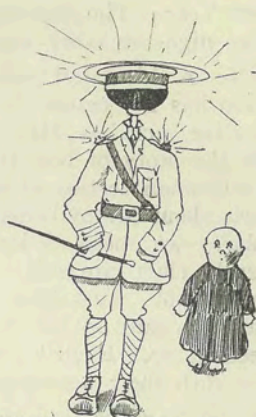
Sonnet on Death.

Weep not for me, when I renounce earth's sway,
 And journey far unto that dim-lit shore;
 No false regrets for death, which more and more
 Grows on me, like an ever-brightening ray
 Of light, as that most perfect change, which may
 Perchance, purge my poor soul and lift it o'er
 The chasm of destruction; sigh not for
 My absence, rather sing a joyful lay:

For in that sunlit night of death, lives peace;
 In that soft, gentle stillness, dwells repose
 With her twin-sisters, confidence and power.
 There, all but thoughts of purest joy shall cease;
 For in that richly-featured land, Hope chose
 Her dwelling place, and set as guard, a flower.

G.R.C.

Cartoons.



E.L.M.

Form Notes.

4th Year.—The time draws near, the moment approaches, the day comes nigh—in other words, “It ain’t far to the Leavin’.”

Life in this latter part of the fourth year is very varied. Mr. Cicero has not ceased to interest us with his marvellous powers of invective, nor has Mrs. Virgil ceased to charm our delicate ears with the story of how they used to manufacture bees in her day. The German section of our year have ceased to worry their tender hearts about Minny being more interested in the death of some poor bloke’s—we mean fellow’s—grandmother. Their friends in the French class are still following the adventures of Guy de Maupassant. Pass Maths., presided over by our champion juggler, whose constant cry is “Now, gentlemen, no deception,” still keeps us speeding up. English and History, yea, and even Ancient History, have each their worshippers at their shrines.

Sport finds us well represented in all branches—Rugby, Soccer, Tennis, Baseball—and we even have some of those bright specimens who consider it their duty to the school to go home. But there is a greater influence in our school life than any one of these. We have travelled from first to fourth year, we have grown from boyhood to approaching maturity, and these changes have been influenced by our surroundings. Masters and boys have each had their effect on us. We hope that influence has been for good.

III. A.G.—“Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.” We belong to the first class. Disdaining to heed the envious glances of less fortunate classes III. A. pursues the even tenor of its way.

What need is there to tell of our sporting achievements, of our representatives in all grades of Soccer, Rugby and Baseball? But we may mention, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that in the only interclass Rugby game we have played to date, we gained an overwhelming victory, and that we have borne up under the infliction of a combination with III. C. for Soccer purposes to such an extent that only two “fluky” defeats have been played.

Shall we tell of our budding field-marshals, who sit serenely on the seats of No. 3 every second Thursday, in all the glory of newly gained chevrons?

To turn to gloomier subjects. We have had the ill-luck to be combined with III. C. for Latin, and are earnestly hoping for the arrival of a new teacher to relieve our misery. On returning from Science we find that the presence of alien classes in the room has substantially augmented the litter question.

The “Third Year Dramatic Society”—now deceased—was a source of much inspiration to our budding Henry Irvings, though a breaking voice proved hardly suitable for a passionate speech.

As a last proof of the confidence with which the School regards us, the two third year members of the Athletic Committee have been chosen from our ranks.

III. B.G.—III. B. have come to the conclusion that for fixedness of purpose—one might say obstinacy—masters in general are the limit, absolutely. After six months of third year work, they still tell us we have no right to loaf, because there is no immediate object. We sit and listen with pained expressions on our faces to their diatribes, because we are fortified with the knowledge that we are suffering in the cause of an old tradition, and incidentally our own comfort and happiness.

Speaking of English, Wordsworth has recently risen far in our esteem. He speaks of the shades of a prison closing about a growing boy. One youth, more perspicacious than the rest, immediately identified this with school. Wordsworth is an intelligent and observant man.

Nearly all the class play football. In Rugby we supply one member to the first grade "B's," and five or six to the thirds. The Soccer grade teams have a similar number of the class, while the class team is unbeaten in the first half of the competition, and shares the first position on the list. A class Rugby team has been formed, of which we have no reason to be ashamed, though at the time of writing no matches have been played.

III. C.G.—Many of the hopeful prophecies which we made in our last contribution to the "Record" have since been fulfilled. We were then still in the infant stages of third year life, and we had little to relate of past glories, but were full of hope for the future. We can now boast a history, and look back with satisfaction at the commendable results of the half-yearly exam. We have indeed made our presence felt as a living factor in the School, and especially in the vicinity of No. 5 Room. Some individuals have, in fact, during certain periods of the day, devoted the whole of their attentions to the furtherance of this laudable ambition, with often surprising, if not gratifying, results to the individuals concerned. Our entertaining friends in the Tech. grounds have, *mirabile dictu*, ceased to divert us with the melodious ditties which so enthralled us at the beginning of the year.

Our hopeful prognostications in regard to the winter pastimes have been fully realised. All games, except Tennis, seem to be patronised by one or more members of our illustrious class, though Rugby and Soccer are pre-eminently first with regard to the number and the vehemence of their respective supporters.

The "General" section of the class would like to take this opportunity of expressing their regret at the departure of Mr. Smith, their late Latin teacher, who has gone to reap nobler laurels in the defence of truth and justice. The class has also been greatly depleted, and suffered loss in the departure of many of its most popular and prominent members. Several of those who seek fame

in the field of athletics are already beginning to devote their attentions to upholding the name and honour of their School in that branch of physical prowess of which she is so justly proud.

II. A.G.—Once again we make our debut before the rest of our second year brethren. Owing to one of our studious (?) youths complaining to his mother, the amount of our homework and fag has been considerably increased, much to the sorrow of the class, and especially to the aforesaid youth. The extra work seems to have some effect on several of our members, one of whom recently informed us that in the time of Harold the method of hunting bison in England was with the aid of a falcon. We all appreciate the action of one of our masters, who has decided that an extra French lesson on Friday afternoons at 3.20 p.m. would be of some benefit to the class. Some merriment was recently caused in class when in translating French we were informed that the heroine cunningly “smiled up her sleeve.” This statement resulted in the forcible ejection of the translator.

Naturally II. A.G. leads the first two years in the sports field. We boast of eight Rugby grade players, four Soccer graders, while Reggie and Pyrrhus uphold the honour of the form on the “range.” In the Rugby class comp. (“B” grade) so far, we have defeated I. A.G. (18-0), and are likely to win the competition; while in the forthcoming sports, that we will win the Junior Relay and Junior Tug-of-war is a foregone conclusion.

We are glad to welcome Porter back to our number, and regret the departure of two others of our brethren, Bullock and Ogilvy, who have gone to seek fame and fortune in the commercial world. We wish them luck in their new sphere.

II. B.G.—Nearer and nearer we draw to the great Abyss, while our masters feverishly endeavour to instil enough learning into our minds to ensure us a safe passage. The half-yearly examination has revealed the fact that we are the premier second year class. But this was not unexpected.

We have been reduced to a state of lamblike submission under the influence of innumerable fearful threats of “brute force” and “systematic detention”; but no particularly violent outbursts have yet occurred, although several minor disturbances have taken place.

The “homework question” has again arisen. The fathers of a few boys (luckily for them, their identity has not been disclosed) have objected to the scarcity (?) of homework, but this is “absurdly ridiculous.”

Great repugnance has been felt for the last few German lessons, such epithets as “Deutschland ueber alles” being the cause.

Considering the fewness of our numbers, our achievements in sport are very creditable. In combination with II. C.G., we won the first round of the Soccer competition, tying with III. B.G. We are well represented in grade Rugby, also in Baseball and Tennis.

One of our members of very mean proportions, since the Rugby reaction, despairing of his safety, took refuge in Tennis, where he may distinguish himself.

Not wishing to tire our readers, we will conclude, having left on their minds a most inadequate impression of our sporting and scholastic capabilities.

II. C.G.—Oftentimes strange dreams have haunted us of weird and fearsome things;

Such dreams as Inter. fagging (?) or a heavy supper brings.

Of nightmares we have had a few, but none could e'er compare

With the shock of the Inter., which is fortunately rare.

Now that the Intermediate is growing near, many boys come into class suffering with sore heads and eyes. Quite recently a new form of torture, which greatly affected the purses of boys travelling by tram, has been inflicted upon us to make us work. This torture is a refined form of detention, which is carried out on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays. In spite of all we still survive, and our scholastic attainments will be brought forth at the Inter.

In all sports we are well represented. We have many grade players, both in Rugby and Soccer circles. Since Rugby class teams have been started the sports masters have perceived our fine sporting abilities, and we are now playing in the "A" grade competition. This is noteworthy, because we are the only second year class playing in this grade. In the class Soccer we are also well to the fore, since we are standing at the top of the competition, together with III. B.G. We have also representatives in Tennis, led by "Little Miss D—n—g."

II. A.C.—Having succumbed to the recent half-yearly exam., we have now fully realised how soon the dreaded "Inter." bomb will burst, and it is with plenty of "fag" and "homework" that we are steadily ploughing the fields of knowledge.

In sport we are the leading figures in society—especially class Rugby, and II. A.C. has now become a classroom word. Now let us turn to our class work successes, for by hard work we have won the reputation of the premier class of the second year, and but for our marvellous (?) results in French exams., we master all subjects with ease.

Amidst our numbers we still have a few boys who cherish their childish ways, and delight in flying balloons and blowing wooden whistles in the French period, but it is hoped they will recover themselves before the "Inter." bomb bursts.

I. A.G.—Ah, once more we grace the pages of the "Record" with our noble thoughts, and, I suppose, self-laudation. Naturally, it would not do to praise ourselves as much as we deserve to, for our rivals in first year would be inclined to commit suicide on account of their shame.

We heard (with joyful anticipations) of the coming athletic meeting. At last we will be able to prove once more to all our wonderful prowess—at last we will be in our natural sphere.

“Queenie” E—n—d is directing his thoughts into sweeter (?) channels. By his coming late so often suspicion has been aroused. But the mystery was solved by our detective, Mr. C—e. The following is part of his report:—“I find that our estimable (?) friend ‘Queenie’ has taken up ‘lady-killing,’ and, in pursuit of his occupation, his frequent lateness is explained.”

One brilliant youth made a remarkable attempt to draw a test-tube in the recent “half-yearly.” Indeed, so remarkable was the effort that the examiner was tempted to write the following: “Please avoid ‘German sausages’—War Precautions Act.”

M—t—e is not an economical person. His “ice” bill exceeds 5s. per week. We can well understand ice being used immediately before examinations, but M—t—e is not an ordinary individual. Since he wanders in the land of circles and triangles every night, it is possible, we suppose, that the aforesaid article is in nightly demand.

Now for our eulogies. In swimming two of our prodigies gained the bronze and silver medallions, two the bronze, three obtained the half-mile certificates, and four the proficiency certificates.

With timidity we mention our famous Rugby team. We do not wish to hurt the feelings of the other first year classes. Suffice to say that the team carries everything before it. We have nine baseballers, five of whom are in the second grade.

I. B.G.—Once more the editor has asked this famous first year class to contribute its notes to the “Record.” But we have to open our report with a most doleful announcement. We have lost our noted celebrity, the famous Rip Van Winkle. But that loss is counterbalanced by the addition of a better curiosity in the shape of a “Goanna.” He has a natural fondness for animals, owning a “Miracula Vacca.” This wonderful quadruped, angry at her master not entering her at the recent show, ran off every morning to exhibit herself. Whether she should gain first prize or not we leave to the opinion of the reader.

It is with regret that we announce the departure of our respected master, Mr. Smith, but it is a consolation to know that our loss was the country’s gain.

Now to show a sidelight on the sporting activities of I. B. We have four grade Rugby players, the greatest number of any first year class. One of them, too, is a first “B” grader. Most of our members being Rugby players, we hope to do well in the Rugby competition, the organisation of which reflects great credit upon the new sports master, Mr. Cohen.

I. A.C.—Here we are again, having weathered the most disastrous of storms—the half-yearly. We still assert our superiority in the sporting field, being able to put two Soccer teams in the field.

We regret the departure to enlist of Mr. Smith, our French master, of whom we have reason to be proud. Our good wishes go with him, as also do our hopes for his safe return, and we hope he will acquit himself as well on the battlefield as he did in the classroom.

Our inkwells have been strictly “taboo” of late, the pilferers of other classes having had some experience of our young but hefty fists.

We intend to occupy the pinnacle of fame in first year, and we have completely eclipsed other poor puny classes already.

We now say “au revoir” to all until next issue of this journal.

A Latin Translation.

The late Professor Jebb's rendering into Latin of a passage from
“In Memoriam.”

“O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn.”

“O quom beati cingeremus Laelium
Stratum in virenti caespite,
Quam cordibus vox, quam placebat auribus,
Vates legentis Atticos!”

Thoughts.

Moonlight everywhere! Flooding the earth and sky and sea, and outrivalling entirely the paler beauty of the stars. Across the harbour, usually so dark at this beautiful evening hour, but now, in the moon's path, a heaving mass of silver, flit the ferries, so gaily lighted, and moving with such an effortless glide that they seem to be faery boats, and to be propelled by other means than the prosaic machinery of human contrivance.

From the city, about half a mile distant, comes a faint hum of traffic, that pulse which is never quite still, and whose murmurous quality only serves to heighten the general effect of repose and peace.

All harsh detail is obliterated; only the masses remain, vague, shadowy, imagination-quickenings.

Everything is suggestive of the same idea—tranquillity. But stay a moment. From the stern of a brilliantly lit liner, sharply silhouetted against a moonlit cloud, is the long, thin muzzle of what the amazed mind realises is a 4.7 inch gun. Awful incongruity. The note of discord in that silent melody of beauty, for

the association of ideas leads one only too quickly to realise the significance of that fact, a gun, typifying war and turmoil, on that ship of peace. The moonlit harbour fades away, and in its place another picture presents itself. . . .

What a change has come over the scene! Not materially, for the moon still scatters interspersedly the same pale splendour, and the other features are unaltered, but nevertheless something is lacking from that idea of absolute tranquillity; the dream of universal peace has been dissipated.

The Poet's Page

"FRIENDSHIP"

Oh, Golden Stairway, up the Path of Love,
By which we rise to higher atmosphere!
Oh, sweet Companion, journeying with us here,
As still we strive toward gracious realms above!—
Oh, Friendship, be a Guide, a Comforter,
Through Life's dark way.

Then, when at length we reach the Goal desired,
And backward cast our gladdened eyes,
Our gladdened eyes by Light inspired,
Like lovely mingling in a sweet Sunrise—
To thee in that time shall we send,
Deep thanks for love of a true Friend.

O.H.B.

Tree-tops, stirring through the night,
Sigh aloud their sorrow;
Darkness, struggling toward the light,
Strives to find to-morrow.

Oceans, wind-swept and oppressed,
Moan with changeless anguish;
Mountains, blind with age, guard lest
All their joys do languish.

Love killed, may not find a means,
Whereby to express it,
Save to paint in life-scarred scenes,
All the causes of it.

G.R.C.

The Sunset fades and Star-jewels throb above me,
The night winds sigh, dear God, and call afar;
How strangely does this Evening Quiet move me,—
Oh, breathe me Comfort from yon trembling star!

Oh, Spirit Bright, comfort, sustain, uphold me,
Till Time and Place and Space shall be no more;
And in Thine everlasting Arms enfold me,
When I shall reach that longed-for, dim-lit shore.

"H."

The Mouse Plague.

Although at the present time in the country a pest whose ravages, if kept up, may spell financial ruin to the farmer, and serious loss to the Government, is carrying all before it, it is surprising how little city folk know of this plague. Most of them do not know of the apparently insignificant creatures which, with sharp teeth and equally sharp claws, are causing so much loss. It is impossible for me, although I have seen their destructive work, to adequately describe it.

The wheat stacks that were so neat and regular last Christmas consist now of a heap of grain absolutely stinking with dead mice and rotten bags. The hay in the stacks has almost been cut to chaff by the sharp teeth of the mice. Last harvest these stacks comprised neatly-tied sheaves packed and thatched; but now the rope bands are eaten, and it is hard to find a whole ear of grain in the stack. A decided taste for literature has taken hold of the rodents, and the newspapers that took the place of wallpaper are now nothing but a mass of holes. The work of the destructive mouse does not end here. When the farmer sows the seed the mice stroll up after dark, dig down, and eat the grain. This, of course, means a poor crop.

The plague is costing the Government a great deal, too; 16s. a day is paid to men for rebagging the grain, building mouse-proof yards, and restacking. In Berrigan district alone £600 a week is paid to these men. If the work were done by contract, instead of day labour, it would not cost so much, but at the present time the men have the real old "Government stroke."

A gentleman of Arian Park told me that he stood his horse-feeder on kerosene tins to keep the mice from the chaff. Mr. Mouse was, however, undeterred, and thought out the grand idea of climbing up the horses' legs, running along their necks, and getting into the feeder. Although I do not vouch for the truth of the following, it is nevertheless rather good. To keep the mice from a certain dam, a small mesh netting fence was placed round it. Next day the mice were seen sucking the water through wheat stalks.

Although these creatures are being caught by the dray-load, they are not diminishing. The domestic cat refuses to touch them now, there are so many, but fowls and turkeys account for a few.

J.L.G.

New Light on the Classics.

Faginus' adstabat cum scyphus ante dapes (when a beechen goblet was set before the banquet),

Was happily rendered by some budding Porson, "Fagin stood by with his scythe (!)....."

Hitherto we were not aware that Dickens was indebted to Tibullus for the name of one of his principal characters.

The Song of Patrick.

After weary weeks of waiting,
 Pounding heart, and eyes dilating
 At the mention of the Leaving,
 Now it's out, gone past retrieving.
 All the gruesome dreams and horrid
 Glimpses of the land so torried,
 Visions bright of profs. in night-gown—
 Spectres ghastly—knock me right down.
 Shiv'ring fits and starts of terror,
 As I think of every error
 That I made in that exam.,
 Make me clammier than a clam.
 White, indeed, the morning paper,
 Quiv'ring 'fore my eyes like vapour:
 Headlines blurr'd, nor, do I see what
 Poses to be true, but is not.
 And the paper, awful paper,
 At whose sight I cut a caper,
 Coldly speaks my doom, or not—
 Here, sit up, and stop this rot!

But, alas! the thoughts still crowd in:
 See the undertaker bow'd in
 Where my sunken frame is lying.
 O, this world of grief and sighing!
 While aloft my shade is moaning,
 See them for the parson 'phoning;
 See me later—look in "Splashes"—
 "Earth to earth, and—ash to ashes."
 Later still—a tombstone stately,
 To "Our Friend, who did but lately,
 Lately sit for that exam.:
 Now he's worth—why, not a ——."
 Hear the children romping o'er my
 Green and grassy cov'ring—for by
 This, you know, I'm quite a deader,
 And the fires below look redder.

But at last the fateful day comes—
 Comes at last. Now in my ear drums
 Roaring noises sound like battle,
 Worse, by far, than baby's rattle.
 Myriad specks before my eyes dance,
 While I madly round the yard prance,
 Throwing kisses to the chickens,
 Kicking up, in fact, the dickens.
 Yes, I'm through. I'm sure I wonder
 Why the heavens don't blaze and thunder!
 Don't you know? I've pass'd the Leaving,
 Pass'd the Leaving, good old Leaving!

On the Editor's Table.

EFFECT OF RADIUM ON ANIMALS.

(Translation from the Italian by G. P. Shipp.)

Back in 1903 Daysz observed that, if tubes of radium were introduced under the skin of an animal in the neighbourhood of the brain or the spinal chord, signs of paralysis occurred after an interval of three hours, and after another three hours tetanic cramps. He observed also that the younger animals were more susceptible to the action of radium.

Similar results were arrived at in a different way in experiments in the "London." A cage of mice was taken, and above it, at a distance of one or two centimetres from the animals, was placed a box containing three miligrams of bromide of radium.

After three days signs of illness were shown in the mice—flaccidity, sleepiness, loss of feeling, watering of the ears. On the fourth day paralysis occurred in the hind legs.

The effect of radium on larger animals has also been studied, as, for example, on rabbits. The "London," which began its experiments in 1904, put three rabbits in a cage, and on the centre of the head of each one was placed a box with 26 miligrams of radium.

During the first 15 days no disturbance in the health of the animals showed, but on the 16th day their ears began to water, and spots appeared on them like burns, which changed to ulcers and gradually into warts. Six or seven weeks after the beginning of the experiment the ears were almost completely deprived of hair, and also their backs began to peel. Inflammation set in on the parts bereft of hair, which watered more and more, swelled, ulcered—and in the end were covered with an incrustation. Besides these cutaneous phenomena, grave disturbances of the nervous system set in ten months after the beginning of the experiment. The animals lost the use of the lower limbs by degrees, and at length drew themselves exclusively along by means of the forefeet. Manifold observations made on the eyes of the rabbits prove that radium exercises a hurtful influence, especially on the retina; above all, when the animals have kept their eyes fixed on the radium rays.

The rabbits' weight at first increased, then began to diminish quickly, which it continued to do till their death.

To study "the effects of the emanation" of radium, the "London" made special experiments on frogs and white mice.

The following experiment proves the harmful effects of the emanation. (N.B.—The emanation of radium is the gas produced by its decomposition.) In a bottle containing two litres a little water and a frog were placed. By means of a glass tube it was made to communicate with a recipient in which was produced an emanation of radium. After six or seven days signs of sickness showed in the frog—difficulty in moving, sleepiness, catarrh on the skin, difficult breathing. On the fourteenth day the frog died. The experiment was repeated many times, and always gave the same results.

The change which came over the water in the bottle is also noteworthy. As a result of the emanation, it grew cloudy. From the corpses of the frogs thus killed emanated alpha, beta and gamma rays. The proof of this interesting fact was arrived at by placing the dead frogs over a photographic slab in a dark room. After three hours the slab was acted upon, and reproduced clearly the image of the frogs.

To be fully assured of the deadly effects of radial emanation on mice, the "London" carried out, among others, the following experiment:—Three suckling mice were placed in a bottle, and subjected for four hours to radial emanation. After a few days the mice died. The immediate cause of death is probably to be sought in disturbances produced in the respiratory system.

"The Flannel Flower."

A re-printed piece (from Vol. vii., No. 3-4).

There grew a tiny flannel flower,
 Deep in a wild ravine,
 Where a streamlet wandered merrily,
 And ferns grew wild and green;
 And sunbeams found a golden way
 Down through the leafy screen.

There grew a tiny flannel flower,
 And no one knew 'twas there
 Save bush-birds, flying down to rest
 Among the maiden-hair.
 And the little bushland fairies
 That go dancing everywhere.

Ah! rare and dainty flannel flower,
 Oft many a commoner bloom
 Hath lent a dimmer beauty
 To array a banquet room,
 Or found a royal resting place
 Upon a monarch's tomb.

The Horse.

The horse is a noble animal, with a leg at each corner and a tail hung on at the back. He lives on hay and hoats, and he doesn't wear any clothes except a collar. Sometimes you see horses about the streets, but not very often, as most of them are out of work owing to the trams.

When I was a little boy, hundreds of years ago, we used to see them being pushed along by carts, and sometimes we would see the cart before the horse, if it was going backwards.

When a horse is dead he is called cat's meat, and stuck on a skewer and sold for a ha'penny. That is the only time he makes any money.

Horses are also used for drying clothes on before the kitchen fire. These are a special kind, made of bones with no meat on. Also, they have no tails. They are Manx Horses, and they fold up in the middle.

P.G.H.

Letters to the Editor

Editor, "S.H.S. Record."

Dear Sir,—While I was ill in hospital I received gifts of flowers from members of the school, and should like, through the pages of our paper, to take the opportunity of thanking such that did so, and assuring them that their tokens of cheer did not go for nought. When feeling very ill there is nothing so calculated to "buck one up" as a glimpse of fresh Nature.

Yours sincerely,
L. PORTER.

(To the Editor of the "Record.")

Dear Mr. Editor,—

A few weeks before the midwinter vacation, I opened the paper one morning, and, looking down the sporting column, I found the following announcement under the football heading:—

"The Sydney High School forfeited to the King's School."

This notice was the greatest dishonor the school has received for many years, and I think it needs an explanation.

Was it that the 1st XV. was *afraid* to play King's, or was it that the team did not turn up? I prefer to think the latter, but I wonder what the other G.P. school's think?

In my time, although we played an uphill game, we never "*funked*" a match.

If S.H.S. "*funked*" it, it is time she dropped out of all G.P.S. sports and took to basket-ball and croquet.—girls' games! If the team failed to turn up, there ought to be some change in the personnel of the 1st XV., and good, reliable boys substituted for unpatriotic fellows, who ought sometimes to remember the school motto:

"Extremos pudeat rediisse."

It is a splendid motto, but what is the use of it if we cannot live up to it?

Trusting you will consider this letter, I remain,

"AN OLD BOY."

Military Notes.

During the last quarter the cadet corps has not only carried on its usual training, but has been very active in special interests. The personnel of the Bugle Band has been increased, and a number of instruments added, there being now fourteen bugles, two side-drums, and one large drum, while the efficiency of the band has greatly improved under the leadership of Mr. Larum.

Examinations have been held for commissioned and non-commissioned ranks, in which R. F. Back, A. Wills, F. Bradhurst, and K. Tonking passed for second lieutenants.

The 1899 quota have passed into the Sydney University Scouts, and in their place 100 recruits have joined the corps, making the formation of a new company (E Company) necessary.

AGERHOMINIS.

The Christian Union.

Our Union continues to gain ground. Our study circles on Wednesdays are becoming more and more popular with the boys. Since the vac. the Thursday lectures have lapsed somewhat, but by the time this is read we will have had a lecture on "Post-war Problems" by Meredith Atkinson, Esq., M.A. The very name without the subject causes us to imagine an extremely enjoyable time on that occasion. We will not be disappointed.

To all the uninitiated who think they would be bored stiff with a lengthy sermon, and for that reason have not come to either the circles or the lecture, we would say, "Come along and see."

Cricket Prospects.

The 1st XI. will again be entered in the G.P.S. and High Schools' First Grade Competitions. Of the XI. which did duty for the School after the Christmas vacation, all will again be available, with the exception of George Williams. This loss will mostly be felt in the out-cricket, as, although a good bat, Williams very seldom came off. Bain, Andrews and Lachmund will be the foundation of the team's batting, with last season's averages of 35.8, 30.4, and 28 respectively. F. McCredie, with 23.5, and Harrison, with 17, should also perform well. Hyde and Pullen, with a season's 1st XI. experience, should perform the prodigies expected of them last year. G. A. Smith, the 2nd XI. wicket-keeper, should also prove a valuable acquisition to the firsts, as his batting average for the seconds was well over 30 last season. Cooper, Webb, Ford, Richards, Stuckey, and Co., should form a strong tail.

In the bowling department we will still have the services of Webb, with 111 wickets last season, and H. Cooper for slows. These two veterans should also be greatly assisted by Rickards, who performed so ably for the seconds last season. For variety, Andrews and McCredie will be available, while Bain may relinquish the gloves for the ball. The need of a medium-pace break bowler, however, is greatly felt. With solid batting and bowling, keen fielding, enthusiasm, and, above all, assiduous practice, S.H.S. 1st XI. should give a good account of itself in the forthcoming season.

Of the three G.P.S. matches played, we have defeated St. Ignatius and been defeated by S.C.E.G.S. and Newington. Four matches still remain:—

S.H.S. v. St. Joseph's, at Hunter's Hill.

S.H.S. v. King's School, at Parramatta.

S.H.S. v. Scots' College, at Rose Bay.

S.H.S. v. Grammar School, at Rushcutters Bay.

A meeting will be held shortly to elect officers for the various clubs. All interested in cricket are invited to attend.

Rugby.

Although defeated on several occasions by rather large margins, the 1st XI. has as good material this season as ever. This fact was demonstrated by the convincing defeat of the Old Boys. The usual drawbacks, however, were again experienced, namely, poor condition and lack of combination. The School should not re-enter the G.P.S. competition next season unless a capable coach has been secured. Only four of last year's team, Lachmund, Henry, Stuckey and Ford, were left to form the nucleus of this season's 1st XV. In this respect the team of 1918 will have a considerable advantage. In the G.P.S. competition we suffer from being outweighed, while in the High Schools' comp., where we could exercise a similar advantage, we are debarred by a 9.5 weight limit. The following is a resume of matches:—

May 12.—v. S.C.E.G.S., at North Sydney. S.H.S. were represented by the following team:—Pye, Harrison, Masters, Ford, Dutton, Lachmund, Crombie, Henry, Vote, Back, Stayner II., Elliot, Stuckey, McInnes, Brooker. Having the advantage of a slight breeze, our forwards at first rushed their opponents into their own 25. Play, however, worked back, and just before half-time S.C.E.G.S. scored from a lucky bounce. On resuming, Shore scored 3 tries in quick succession. Then S.H.S. pressed, and from a scrum on our opponents' line Henry secured and scored. The final whistle sounded with the scores 23-3 against us. Amongst the forwards, Vote in the ruck, and Henry in the open, were best. McInnes failed to hook, and as a consequence the backs saw very little of

the ball. Crombie and Harrison both performed well in the backs. Pye's faulty handling at full-back cost a couple of tries.

May 19.—v. Newington College, at Stanmore. This was our most disappointing performance, but in justice to ourselves we must mention that the team did not have its full representation, and that two of our players, Masters and Wilson, were injured. The fine condition and combination of Newington wore S.H.S. down, and our opponents amassed 31 points, while we failed to break our duck till just on time. Vote secured near half-way, and with a fine run along the touch-line scored. Only one player of S.H.S. deserves mention, and that is Stuckey, who played a grand game.

June 2.—v. St. Ignatius' College, at North Sydney. This was a match of superlatives. This was our hardest match up to date, and we fielded our weakest team for the season, and despite the large disparity of the scores, we played our best game. The Riverview forwards were too good for the School's, and had our backs continually on the defensive. Half-time found us 21 points in arrears. Our first points were gained by Ford, with a fine sprint down the wing. The next try was the combined effort of Crombie and Ford, and was the "tit-bit" of the day. The former picked up on the run, and after beating a couple of opponents, transferred to Ford, who cut in and scored between the posts. Harrison converted. Full time found S.I.C. victors of a strenuous game by 39 points to 8.

July 13.—v. Old Boys, at Wentworth Park. The School on this occasion included Mr. Outten, who justified his selection by playing the best game on the field. School kicked off, and immediately began to press. From a line-out Henry scored. Harrison converted. The next try was a beautiful piece of work by Mr. Outten, who intercepted, beat the field, and scored. He also converted. McInnes and Mr. Outten each added another try, and half-time found S.H.S. with a 16-0 lead. The second half was more even, and provided some very exciting incidents. Mr. Outten, Harrison and Masters scored unconverted tries for the School, while Cookson and Manton scored for the Old Boys, both being converted by C. Clemenger. S.H.S. proved victors by 25-10. After the game the Old Boys were entertained to tea.

HIGH SCHOOL MATCHES.

v. Fort Street, at Petersham, lost 6-12. (For S.H.S. S. Harrison and Ford one try each.)

v. S.H.S. "B," won on forfeit.

v. T.H.S., at Sports Ground, lost 6-11. (For S.H.S., Lachmund and Ford one try each.)

v. Parramatta, at Parramatta, lost 6-9. (For S.H.S., Harrison two tries.)

v. North Sydney, at North Sydney, won 14-0. (For S.H.S., Harrison two tries, Ford one, Stayner II. one, and Harrison converted one.)

v. S.H.S. "B," at Wentworth Park, won 48-0. (For "A's," Lachmund three tries, Crombie three, Harrison two, Henry two, Ford two, Stayner II. one, Masters one. Conversions: Lachmund one, Harrison one, and Masters one.)

v. Fort Street, at Wentworth Park, lost 3-22. (For S.H.S., Harrison a penalty goal.)

v. Parramatta, at Wentworth Park, lost 6-8. (For S.H.S., Ford two tries.)

v. Mudgee, at Wentworth Park, won 28-0. (For S.H.S., Pye four tries, Lachmund one, Little one, Henry one, Crombie one. Conversions: Lachmund one, Beveridge one.)

Played 9, won 4, lost 5. Points: For 117, against 62.

The following have scored the most points in all matches up to date:—

Harrison, 8 tries, 5 goals, 35 points.

Ford, 9 tries, 0 goals, 27 points.

Lachmund, 5 tries, 2 goals, 19 points.

Henry, 5 tries, 0 goals, 15 points.

Crombie, 4 tries.

Pye, 4 tries.

The 3rd and 4th XVs. are both running second in their respective competitions. Following are 4th XV.'s results:

May 2nd.—S.H.S. v. T.H.S., won 12-0.

May 16th.—S.H.S. v. Fort Street, drawn 3-3.

May 23rd.—S.H.S. v. Cleveland Street, lost 3-17.

May 30th.—S.H.S. v. Petersham, won 43-0.

June 13th.—S.H.S. v. T.H.S., won 26-9.

July 4th.—S.H.S. v. Fort Street, lost 13-18.

July 11th.—S.H.S. v. Cleveland Street, lost 14-15.

July 18th.—S.H.S. v. Petersham, won 13-0.

Played 8, won 4, lost 3, drawn 1. Points for 127, against 62.

A notable innovation in this season's football is the establishment of class Rugby on Tuesday afternoon, under the guiding influence of Mr. Cohen. It is to be hoped that by these means Rugby will be fostered in the School, and younger aspirants to grade honours taught the rudiments of the game.

Soccer

This season has been one of the best yet for the Soccer Club. Every Wednesday eight class teams compete at Centennial Park, while the three grade teams also successfully oppose other High Schools. At present the first grade lead in their competition by a considerable margin. The third grade also are in the lead, while

the seconds stand one point behind the premiers, whom they defeated last match. None of the teams have yet lost a match. Briefly summarised, the table stands:—

First—Played 6, won 5, drawn 1, lost 0.

Second—Played 9, won 5, drawn 4, lost 0.

Third—Played 8, won 6, drawn 2, lost 0.

In a combined High School first grade team we secured five places, Cooper (who captained the team), Willsher, Rawston, McNamara and Bradhurst, and two emergencies, E. Baxter and S. Baxter. Also in a C.H.S. third grade we secured five places.

There is shortly to be picked a combined P.S.A.A.A. team to play Newcastle and Maitland. In this we have also a very good chance.

The first grade have decided to visit Wollongong on their first bye, August 8th, and to make a trip to Maitland as soon as it can be arranged. This trip will enable us to play both Newcastle and Maitland, whom we have a good chance of defeating.

Baseball.

For the first time in the history of the School, the Baseball Club has been successful in securing the first grade premiership, and incidentally the much-coveted "Proud" Shield. The enthusiasm and eagerness displayed by both the senior and junior players is to be much commended. The success of the first nine is mainly due to the sterling efforts of such veterans as Byrne, Andrews, Rickards and Bain. Results, 1st IX.:—

S.H.S. v. Fort Street, won 19-5.

S.H.S. v. T.H.S., won 12-8.

S.H.S. v. Fort Street, won 5-3. A splendid game, and the win mainly due to the battery, Andrews and Bain, and a fine home-run by W. Byrne.

S.H.S. v. Tech. High, won 13-0. Pitcher Bain obtained the first and only "Chicago" of the season, striking out 17 batters.

S.H.S. v. Fort Street, won 24-12.

SECOND GRADE.

The younger players are all good triers, and with a little more experience should become excellent baseballers. Griffiths, R. Bain and Murray have proved the mainstay of the team. Results:—

S.H.S. v. Fort Street, lost 7-11.

S.H.S. v. Cleveland Street, won 13-5.

S.H.S. v. Petersham, lost 7-21.

S.H.S. v. Fort Street, lost 1-13.

S.H.S. v. Cleveland Street, won 15-3.

S.H.S. v. Petersham, lost 3-12.

The Editor's Box.

In many cases the contributions for this issue of the "Record" have been marked by one outstanding feature—faulty grammar. However many merits contributions may otherwise have, this one fault must always prevent acceptance, since the Editorial Staff do not consider it their duty to correct, and in some cases practically re-write, all matter passing through their hands. This fault is very markedly noticeable in Form Notes, where emendations were frequently necessary.

Also, some attempt at final copy would be helpful, and might be made to save the staff the torture of attempting to wade through faulty and ill-written contributions. If contributors will remember this, they will not only earn the gratitude of an overworked Editor, but they will also add to their own chances of having contributions published.

"Dedd-horz Minor."—Yes, and if we were not "dedd," we were certainly "horz" when we had finished reading your spasm.

"Boswell."—The combined efforts of our X-ray and microscope operators have resulted in complete failure to discover any humor in your drawing. Our medical expert has diagnosed your condition as "complete atrophy of the Humor membrane, resultant from congenital malformation. Kindly refrain from making the "Record Box" your waste paper basket.

"Moslem."—For the sake of Christianity we simply couldn't print your "Islam." Why, your ravishing description of chaps being waited on by

"... maids with graceful forms and lovely hair.

With deepest blue-grey eyes and faces fair. . . "

would make us all turn Mohammedans within a week in order to experience such unwonted pleasure.

"O.H.B.—Accept verse and prose.

"E.L.M."—Thanks—accepted, of course.

"G.R.C."—Pleased to accept both poems. With regard to the second one, the sonnet, we would suggest that you have been inclined to carry the thought into the next line too frequently. We think that this tends to interrupt the smooth movement, which otherwise would be excellent. We are reminded by your mood of Keats' beautiful line:

"I have been half in love with easeful death."

"Nemo."—To none of your efforts can we give anything but advice. Throughout all your work, however, signs of considerable ability are shown. Try again, and give more attention to details. "Heroes of Anzac" was best, and almost gained publication. Certain crudities of expression, however, spoiled it. For Heaven's sake, use decent names. When we saw your prose effort, beginning "The Kid Sobbed," we imagined it to be the opening line of a Comic Opera, and had read it partly through before we discovered our mistake. As regards "Appeal to Nature," we will be short and to the point:—Theme, excellent; title, feeble; language, vile; scansion, impossible.

"G.O.L."—"Pride."—We must congratulate you on your sentiments. Such feelings are a credit to our School, and only when we have grasped their importance and acted upon them will we become truly great. Lack of space prevents publication.

"Islam."—"F.C.M."—We must reject you for reasons given to your fellow sufferer above. Such descriptions of "the happy state" would certainly result in the immediate decrease in the numbers of our own Faith.

"Bonheur."—Octave good, sestet no good. Try again, and use ink next time.

"W.A.P."—Very good, but impossible to get a block of it.

"C.R."—Your caricature has only one fault—it isn't a caricature. Moreover, drawings have to be extremely carefully done to enable a block to be taken. Have another shot. Turn your genius into literary channels.

- "Agerhominis."—Accepted with pleasure.
- "Leo."—Held over till next issue.
- "A.D."—Up to standard, but only just. Lack of space prevents publication.
- "Hugh Kalyptus."—The editorial staff wept so copiously over your spasm about "No. 10 Platoon" that it was washed into the waste-paper basket. Try again.
- "E.D.R."—"Mice, mice, and still more mice." Beautiful writing, but unfortunately we don't print treatises, dictionaries, or encyclopaedias in the "Record."
- "C.V.A."—Interest good, but the grammar is faulty in parts. Try again.
- "Chicot."—"Moonlight" held over. Pleased to accept "The Blue Mountains," though couldn't you get a better word than "sneaks"? Reminds us of "a dirty dog." "Mountain Mist" not quite good enough.
- "J.L.G."—Pleased to print, but kindly avoid colloquialisms in future.
- "R.A.B."—We publish your verses, not because of their metrical qualities, but because of the interest they may hold for some of us who will soon be experiencing the same feelings.
- "P.G.H."—Shows considerable ingenuity. We print.
- "Scorcher."—Your "Bicycle Tour" contains much worthy of publication. We find, however, that you are too much inclined to dwell on trivial details; but we would be glad to hear of you again.
- "Hugh Kalyptus."—"A Bush Battle."—For this issue of the "Record" we have been fairly inundated with prose contributions. We would point out that such are less likely of acceptance than verse, partly because of their length, and partly because something more than literary merit is needed to warrant publication. Your contribution, however, would have gained its place in print had it not been for lack of space; so, if your genius lies in the direction of prose, persevere, giving more attention to details.
- G.C. (2nd).—You have literary ability, but your dissertation on "The Village where aeroplanes are as common as motor-cars" is somewhat out of your line. Try something nearer home.
- We feel that no apology is necessary for re-printing "The Flannel Flower," which appeared in our paper 12 months ago. All will recognise its worth.
- "H."—Pleased to accept.

Editorial Notices

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges.—"Washington High School Magazine," "Hermes," "Mountain Bell," "Royal Blue," "Sydneyan," "Aurora Australis," "The Torchbearer," "S.J.C. Magazine," "Fortian," "The Burr," "Alma Mater," "Maitland Magazine," "The Quondong," "H. A. C. Journal," "Armidale High School Magazine," "Newingtonian," "Mirror," "Novocastrian," "Grammar Magazine," "Technical High School Magazine," "Melburnian."

The subscription to the "Record" is 2s. 6d., post free. Old Boys are urged to subscribe.

The next issue will appear in December, 1917. Contributors are requested to hand in their M.S.S. in good time.

The Business Manager desires to acknowledge the following contributing Old Boys:—S. W. Vale, C. E. Brake, J. McDougall, A. M. Tonking, M. B. MacCulloch, R. C. Middleton. All omissions apologised for.

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