

DECEMBER 1917

SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL.



The

RECORD



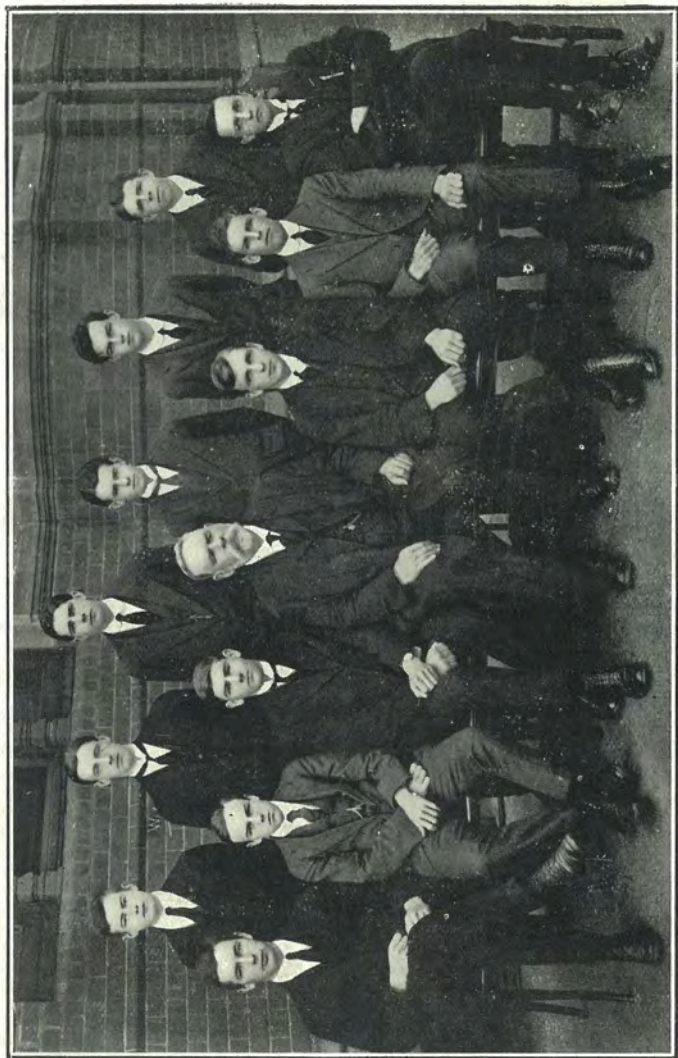
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VOL. IX.

No. 1.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.



SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL, PREFECTS, 1917,
 Sitting—G. Stuckey; G. P. Shipp, T. H. Henry (senior), The Head Master, K. J. Tonkin, H. E. MacGregor
 O. H. Beale.
 Standing—R. F. Gollan (3rd year), R. F. Back, F. E. Stayner, H. Mansfield, G. Morris (3rd year), S. G. Webb

The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSSE."

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1917.

No. 1.

Officers.

Patron—R. J. HINDER, Esq., B.A.

Editor—O. H. BEALE

Sub-Editor—R. F. GOLLAN

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Editorial

It is only when the time for parting comes that we realise what our school has meant to us. In the larger school of life men come and go, friendships are made and scattered, we live our lives experiencing joy and sorrow, love and hate, and so journeying on traverse life's long way. And the same is true of school life. Many and varied are the experiences in the narrower sense, of the school-boy, from the time when he first enters its portals to the time when higher studies or sterner duties call him. And in after life, when memory recalls the past days, he remembers with tender affection the thoughts, fancies and aspirations which were his in those days,

and which, though then all important, now sink to insignificance before the sterner realities of life. And as he ponders, there again burns in him, as it did in that past time, the fire of school spirit.

School spirit. That burning, purifying fire of love and patriotism which stirs us to do the best for our school; that hard, bright flame which impels us to do the clean and good, and disdain the evil—for the sake of our Alma Mater. It is only patriotism re-applied. It is the spirit by which schools become great, and without which no school can ever attain the heights.

In England and the older countries of Europe, the schoolboy of the great public schools is surrounded from his entrance by refining and hallowing influences, and, watched over by time-worn tower and cloister, strives, for the sake of what the Past has been, to make the Future also great.

In this new land our schools and institutions have not yet grown time-revered. No ancient walls and ivied cloisters overshadow the Australian schoolboy, and fill him with awe and pride, and no echoing footsteps from out the Halls of Time call him as voices to higher and nobler things. Our past is but still young. And yet in the great schools of Australia, in this, our own school, there does burn in some degree this fire of patriotism. Yet are we all we should be? There still are many who live and work for self, rather than their school. We owe her so much. She has nourished and bred us, and striven to her fullest extent to make of us men who may worthily take their places in the battle of life. Can there not come a day when all will remember to work and fight for this, our other mother, knowing that thus we emulate the Past, honour the Present, and hallow the Future?

Some of us are leaving to labour elsewhere. We will ever think of the school with love and affection. The time for parting must come, and when it does, it becomes the duty—nay, rather the privilege, of those left behind to strive as others have striven. To them remains the task of making greater and more glorious the name of this our school.

They will not fail.

“ Alma Mater.”

When first we passed thy portals from afar,
 And throve upon thy broad and quiet breast,
 How dreamed we of the quiet and the rest,
 The honour such as drew us like a star,
 That from thy pure and noble soul could flow
 In crystal stream? We knew not of the thought—
 The fire of passion with deep affection fraught
 For thee and thy dear own. How could we know?

But now, O mother, as we pass thy door,
 To leave thee and traverse another way,
 We know. And as thou lovedst us of yore,
 And still dost love, we cherish thee, and pray
 That others may take up the staff and strive
 That thy dear name and honour may survive.

R.N.

School Notes.

The S.H.S. thirty-second annual athletic carnival was held at the Sydney Cricket Ground on the 4th of September. A very successful meeting took place. The Cup fell to J. A. Vote. Congratulations!

* * *

We have taken a step up in the world. Our one-time verandah is now known as the “Loggia.” Eh, what!

* * *

At the C.H.S. athletic Meeting, S.H.S. succeeded in once more bearing off both senior and junior tokens. Both teams deserve special praise, particularly the senior men, who were fighting a hard battle, weakened by the loss of two of the school's foremost athletes.

* * *

At the G.P.S. meet our juniors tied with Newington for first place in the junior field. This is our hitherto greatest achievement in G.P.S. athletics. We feel sure that the future will bring even greater results.

* * *

Mr. Outten has lately joined the ranks of the benedicts. Congratulations! We hope it will have a steadying effect on his wild young life.

* * *

The prefects were recently photographed. They are told that to look at the photo one would think they were quite a decent lot of fellows. Well, that's something, anyway!

Leaving and Intermediate examinations are over. Some have found it necessary to take a little vacation to prepare for the strenuousness of the coming holidays.

* * *

It has now been quite officially decided that the Editor's Box is to be used for literary contributions only. Contributions of bread, orange skins and matches are declined with thanks!

* * *

Speech Day will be held as usual at the close of this term. A large gathering is expected.

* * *

Mr. Bertram Stevens is a lecturer whom the school was fortunate to secure this term. He is the editor of "The Lone Hand" magazine, and is one of the editors of the "Selections from Australian Poets," a book which our Second Years are studying for the Intermediate Examination.

Remembering this, and that Mr. Stevens had compiled the most satisfactory Anthology of Australian verse yet published, we expected an interesting and authoritative account within the limits of three-quarters of an hour. We were more than satisfied. Mr. Stevens told us a great deal of what was of interest, and much that was specially useful for those about to be examined on this work.

We thank a very busy man for his kindness in coming to the school; we thank a very capable man for stimulation and information equally valuable.

* * *

A war savings group has been established in the school. It has met with a moderate amount of success, but it is hoped and expected that the number of subscribers will be largely increased at the beginning of the new year. It could hardly be expected to be a success so near to the close of the year. One capitalist was discovered who bought four certificates on the first day. "May his tribe increase."

* * *

We note with great regret that Mr. Fletcher will not be with us after the vac. He is called to fill a more advantageous and important position. The school will feel his loss acutely. We may say that there never has been a master at our school who has laboured so unswervingly and consistently for her good as Mr. Fletcher has laboured. We wish him every success in his new sphere.

The School Union recently inaugurated the award of honor caps. The following are the conditions which govern the award:—

- (a) Ability in a particular sport.
- (b) General interest in school sport.
- (c) Credit brought to school in representative sport.

Candidates are nominated by the different clubs, full-color clubs nominating three, half-color clubs nominating two.

This year the selection resulted as follows:—Bain, W. S.; Bradhurst, F. S.; Webb, S. G.; Willsher, S. H.

* * * *

The School Honor Roll is almost completed. We hope to have it in place for unveiling on Speech Day. More will be said next issue.

“Night Mist.”

Whence come ye, dusky spectres of the gloom,
That moan around me in the gathering night?
Why speak so softly out the waning light,
And bring me nought save memories of the tomb?
The mountains sleep around me, and yet loom,
Cold, ghostly creatures 'fore my failing sight,
And hold me, shivering by your eerie flight,
And urge me toward the chill, grey hand of Doom.

Sleep on, loved mountain, 'neath the starry maze
That smiles upon you and repels Night's frown;
Sleep on, nor mind the moaning of the trees,
For toward you floats that sweeping, misty haze
That loves to nestle in your leafy down,
And hearken to the sighing of the breeze.

“LETHE.”

The Roll of Honour.

ADDITIONAL NAMES.

Gnr. F. S. Seale,
Pte. N. Bolton
Lieut. H. V. Seale
Pte. A. W. Fraser
Pte. A. R. K. Mitchell
Pte. H. L. Gilmour
Sgt. A. M. Hain
Pte. T. H. McCaffey
Pte. A. Hansen

Cpl. E. Seale
Capt.-Chap. S. McCook
—, McCallum
Pte. —, Parker
Pte. K. McKellar
Spr. A. M. Hall
Pte. A. Miles
Pte. E. Stewart
Sgt. H. Brackpool

Total to date 400

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

There are still many old High School boys on active service whose names we have failed to obtain as yet.

From the Front.

Miss McNeill, who so kindly and enthusiastically interests herself in everything connected with the High School, will be glad to receive letters from or news of any old S.H.S. boys. It is due mainly to Miss McNeill's generous efforts that we are able to print these notes from the front.

Miss Mac. recently held a "smoke evening" to obtain smokes for S.H.S. boys on active service. The result was somewhat disappointing, owing to slackness on the part of some and absence of others after their exams.

Dick Brand is now with the 29th Field Battery. He received the parcel which we sent him some time back. Many thanks.

Bill Sherwood writes from Palestine that recently they had a swimming carnival at Ishmailia. He succeeded in making a few wins. Evidently Bill's aquatic abilities have not deserted him.

Mr. and Mrs. Peryman, of Mosman, have received word that their son, Mario, has gained his commission in Flanders. Lieutenant Peryman, who enlisted in October, 1915, is twenty years of age, and has the distinction of being the youngest officer in the 19th Battalion. Many of us remember "Pery" as one of our most popular boys, and as a genius in matters military.

Wally Frazer has been out of action now for some months. When well, he is returning to Australia.

S.H.S. seems to be amply represented in Palestine. M. B. MacCulloch, Frank Jones, Mac Cameron, Flobler Carter, and Tubby When write from there. They are well. Probably they are all in the present stunt.

Gunner Frank Jones is now in the 39th Battalion. Lately he met Eric Henry and our one time master, "Micky" (excuse us!) Gallagher.

Lieutenant Stan Robertson, writing from England, says that he is now picking up after a bout of fever in France. He has met several High School boys over there.

News has lately been received that Gnr. Frank L. Seale has been killed in action in France. Gnr. Seale was an old High School boy, and in (a brother of the Editor) were in the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, and barely escaped with their lives. Mr. Seale returned only about 12 months ago. He enlisted shortly afterward.

"Australia"

And shall it e'er be said of our own land
That once her mother called, and called in vain?
That free Australia did not dare, or deign
To gladly offer forth a kindred hand?
Shall it be writ on History's faithful page,
In letters black as night, and tipped with red,
"She failed to heed the calling of her dead,
And shamed the glorious spirit of her age."

On wings of sacrifice shall she arise,
And soar through boundless space to farthest height,
Where Liberty and Freedom hold their sway.
And fair tradition shall, in glad surprise,
Record in letters golden, how the light
Of Nationhood at length did come her way.

G.R.C.

Imperialism.

The Lion stands by his shore alone,
 And sends to the bounds of earth and sea
 First low notes of the thunder to be:
 Then East and West, through the vastness grim,
 The whelps of the Lion answer him.

In the present political crisis we are continually hearing in various forms the cry, "Australia first," or "We have done enough." Not only in this political struggle has this cry been heard. For some years there have been those, and some of them prominent citizens, who would consider Australia's interests before those of the Empire, and further them at the expense of the Empire. We even find groups of boys in our own schools who advocate such principles.

Not only is an attitude like this selfish in the extreme; it is also dangerous. The advocates of such a view seem to forget what England has done for them, and they certainly never remember where they would be but for the protection afforded by British power and prestige. We must remember what the British Empire, of which we now form a part, means to us. We boast of our liberty and freedom. Where would they be but for the British Empire? We boast of our democratic constitutions and institutions. Who gave them to us? Step by step, from being a convict colony, we have grown to be a leader and example in world-democracy. When Britain saw us fit to govern ourselves, she gave us the power. Australia now governs herself under virtually no Imperial control, since Home representatives rarely use any stronger weapon than advice. We constantly speak of our naval armament. What are they? A few vessels and guns which would not protect a hundred miles of our coast from a strong foe. And whose navy was it guarded us during the years of our infancy? In peace Britain protected and nurtured us, and now in war, torn and bleeding, she calls to her own for help in her time of need. Who are we to say "Australia first—we have done enough"? And then, what if we scorn the call and travel our selfish way? It is but the way of ruin.

The British Empire stands for no mean thing. It is an Ideal. It aims for the betterment of all within that Empire—for the betterment of the world. She has had a great Past; she shall have a great Future. Cling to her, cherish her, for so doing you will truly put Australia first, and will advance the cause of Good in this world.

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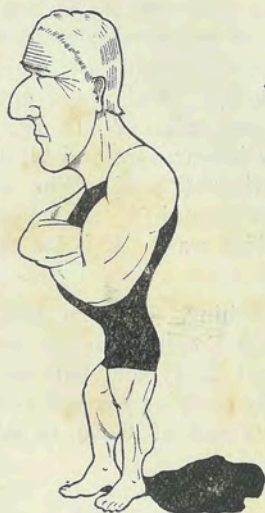
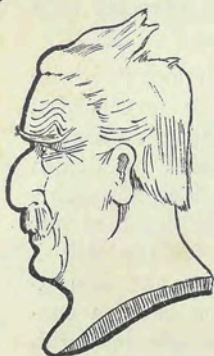
Wad some Power
The giftie
gie us-



To be, or not to be.



Marcus T. Cicero LL.B.



- TO SEE
OURSEL'S
AS ÌTHERS
SEE US.



Archimedes.

E.L.M.

University Letter.

Once more the scribe has to throw himself on your mercy—even more abjectly than is his wont; for his usual excuse—that nothing has happened—has treacherously turned him down, so that he finds himself forced to confess that in a term fairly bristling with incident, he has little wherewith he may entertain you—unless, indeed, he dared face the responsibility of spoiling that atmosphere of respectability that clings, like some odour of old lavender, to the pages of the “Record.” To be interesting and proper—that is the difficulty. Yet much has happened—a Union election, a student or two rusticated, exams. and their attendant casualties, inter-faculty debates galore for all ages and sexes, and (tell it not in Gath!) a suggestion that the chosen of the men should meet in debate and strive to smite hip and thigh the elect of the women. Also rumour insists that there was a strike, which provided the unrighteous with a glorious excuse for cutting lectures (the only branch of sport which still flourishes as of yore).

But yet, in spite of all this restless stirring, it is all very strained and unnatural—through all, even the occasional revelry, there is a disquieting sense of unreality, a kind of apathy which strives to convince the world and itself that all’s well; for to tell truth, University interests are forced more and more into the background, and one topic fills every mind. Once or twice, of course, the old bird (saving its reverence!) half opened an eye, and the old wings threatened to flap, but it wouldn’t do. Yet we can still glance back and recall the incidents—staled by the passage of two or three months—connected with the new birth of “Hermes.” It was all very exciting, no doubt: arms were whirled and tongues set merrily a-jigging, and men told one another casually, “You’re a scoundrel, sir, or a liar,” and the first noun was generally qualified, and the second always. But no one cared, and the whole thing just guttered out. Yet there was in it all the materials for a decent scrap. As some of you doubtless remember, the old cover of “Hermes” would have made a very satisfactory advertisement for hair-oil, or bloater paste, or boot polish, or bathing costumes, or spring fashions—anything at all, in fact. An energetic editor let the thing worry him so much that he changed the cover—the only fly in the ointment being a rise in the subscription. Then someone remarked that the editor was unpatriotic—the money should have gone into a war fund—and the air was filled with words of evil import; then someone else remarked that he was getting used to the nice new cover, and what about something readable inside? And the “Bulletin” crushingly remarked that the magazine was very decent—in its way—but fearfully dull. Still, no one was very excited—no enthusiasm anywhere—and it’s all forgotten now.

So with another movement which was born amidst a great flutter of notices, signed by presidents and secretaries and treasurers, with much flourishing of such phrases as *ex-officio* and *pro. tem.*, to supply the necessary element of formality. The idea was to form an Arts Society, with somewhat vague objects; naturally there was talk in bushels about corporate spirit, also much exploitation of "camaraderie" and "esprit de corps." Everyone was fearfully enthusiastic about it—till someone wanted closer information about its aims. The obliging secretary, or someone, at once explained them:—Firstly, to bring together all men and women in the faculty of Arts (cheers); secondly, to hear lectures from learned professors; thirdly, to pay a subscription. Then the movement dropped down dead. For no rational man would touch a professor with a clothes-prop, nor would he attend a single unnecessary lecture, nor would he pay a sub. for the pleasure of doing either. So there you are!

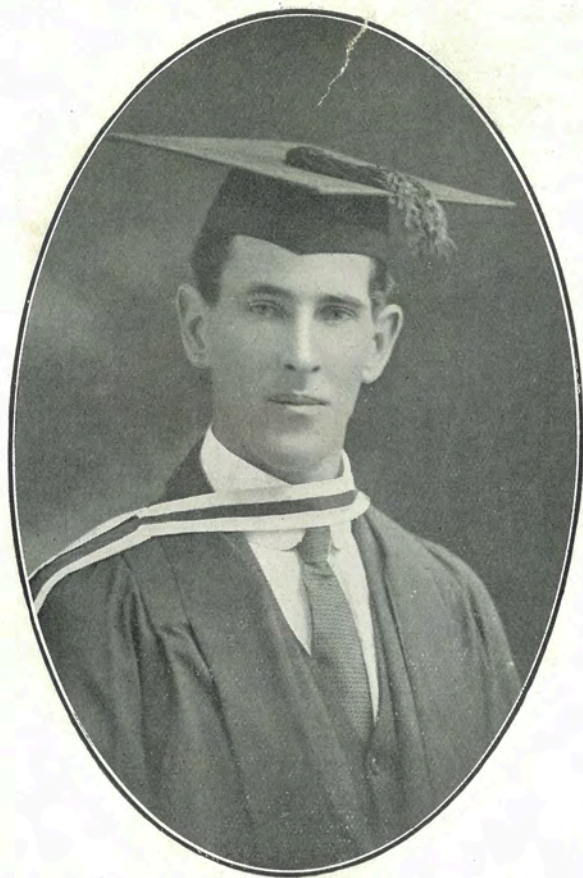
F.J.S.

"Echo and Narcissus."

There is a glen near Oeta's rugged
peak,
With whispering pines which mantle
every slope,
With here a spring beneath a moss
clad rock,
And here a pool o'er arched by branch
of pine,
Olive and fig; and, mantling all the
ground,
Crocus and amaranth and violet grow,
Lotus and lily; and the ivy climbs
With tangled tendrils turned around
the trunks
Of noble pines; while tumbling
through the glen,
Raging o'er rocks which churn it into
foam,
An angry torrent rushes white with
haste
To join the Trachinia many leagues
away.
And to this glen one day fair Echo
came,
Mournful and lonely, and she cast
herself
Upon a mossy bank, whereon there
grew
Crocus and amaranth and asphodel,
Violet and lily, and to Venus pray'd
To her who dwells on high Olympus'
peak:
"Fair Cytherea, hear my fervent
prayer,
For I have loved Narcissus. Hunting
once
I met him in this forest, hot with
haste,
Hounding the boar to its destruction
(The baying of the hounds' melodious
rose)—
And when I saw, I loved him; he, in
scorn,
Laughed at my love; O! make him
feel the pangs—
As I have done—of unrequited love."
Then answered Cytherea from the
heights
Of many-peak'd Olympus, raising high

Its hoary crest above Thessalian
plains:
"Fair nymph, I hear thy prayer, and
pity thee,
And sympathise. And how t' effect
thy prayer
I shall now tell thee. As thou hast
said to me,
Narcissus is exceeding fair. Seek
him,
Entice him to this pool, in whose
mirror
He shall behold himself. His image
then
His every action shall repeat—his
gestures,
And, in dumb show, his words of love
new born."
The baying of the hounds fair Echo
heard,
Melodious rising on the tranquil air
Of morning. Echo went to view the
hunt,
The hunters and the hunted; Nar-
cissus there
She saw, who by mischance was
separate
From his companions. She enticed
him on
To that quiet pool, where, being tired,
he drank,
And then to his surprise his own
reflection saw.
Full many a day he languished by
that pool,
Pining for the imagined Naiad there
Until the gods, in pity for his woe,
Made him a flower, which men have
called Narcissus.
And now beside that tranquil Oetan
pool,
Beneath the over-arching branch of
pine,
There blooms a flower, and Dione
looks down
And smiles, while Echo haunts the
rocky crags.

—G.T.M., 3. A.G.



C. E. FLETCHER, Esq., M.A.

C. E. Fletcher, M.A.

It is again the school's misfortune to bid farewell to a friend. Mr. Fletcher has been with us since February, 1911. He now leaves to take up an important position as an Inspector of Secondary Schools in Tasmania. Mr. Fletcher's teaching was ever characterised by vigour and impressiveness that could not fail to be successful. He showed a mental alertness that made for a ready and formidable debater. His judgment, as seen in his estimation of boys' merits, was always sound and unbiassed. He imparted his own energy to the pupils, and stimulated their industry. In sporting activities, too, Mr. Fletcher was ever to the fore. Under such an able disciplinarian, boys could not fail to make progress. The school has lost a strong man. We wish him every success in his new sphere, feeling sure that he will be as successful there as he has been here.

"Tip."

The old dog yawned and sat up. Even in the shade of the solitary kurrajong the heat was unbearable; he looked up to the house, and all was still; then out across the plain, but there again he saw the same monotony of quivering heat. The house was built on a small rocky knoll, and from here "Tip" could see far to the West over an endless expanse of thistled plainland.

The sluggish river seemed to flow more slowly still. "Tip" stood up, shook the dust from his hairy coat, and trotted to the slip-rails, stood for a long time gazing listlessly across the plain, and then slowly trotted back again to the friendly kurrajong. He tried to think of the glorious days of his youth, but the visions came and went, and the old feeling would return.

The leaves rustled overhead, and the breeze passed on. But not quick enough to deceive the dog. He knew that scent. Oh! how often he had followed it when his eyes were more perfect and his feet more sure! But he thought it strange that a dingo should be afoot in that heat, and even at that time of year.

But onward he sped across the river, and on, and on, till he distinctly heard the patter of the dingo's feet along the bank ahead. He heeded not the rabbits as they scurried from 'neath the shade of the thistle clusters. The instinct of the dog was thoroughly awakened, and his mouth became hot and parched; he would like to have stopped to drink even the hot river water, but he kept on.

Suddenly the dingo pulled up short and faced round. "Tip" saw his dark breast in strange contrast to the gleaming teeth between the parted lips, and he knew what they meant. Both crouched level with the ground, hair all bristling, and muscles painfully

tense. The lips quivered with a bitter snarl. In a moment "Tip" felt a sharp sting at his throat; the dingo's teeth sank deep into the warm flesh, and then tore out again from the mangled throat, and away the conqueror sped.

"Tip" dragged himself feebly beneath the sparse shades of the thistles. He was again under the old kurrajong; he heard the cattle lowing beyond the slip-rails; he heard the old familiar whistle, but how far, far away they all seemed! And now . . . they were gone.

"Cynthia's Birthday."

We print below an extract from one of the "Elegies of Propertius," addressed to his beloved "Cynthia," and accompanying it a rendering in English verse which aims at reproducing the freshness and vigour characteristic of the Roman poet:—

Mirabar, quidnam misissent mane Camenae, Ante meum stantes sole rubente torum.	What have the Muses brought to greet this morn, Standing before my couch at rosy dawn?
Natalis nostrae signum misere puel- lae, Et manibus faustos ter crepuere sonos,	My darling's birthday was their earliest care, And thrice their hands have sound- ed omens fair.
Transeat hic sine nube dies; stent aere venti; Ponat et in sicco molliter unda minas.	A cloudless day be thine, winds lull'd to rest, The shore no longer by the waves distress'd.
Adspiciam nullos hodierna luce do- lentes, Et Niobes lacrimas supprimat ipse lapis;	To-day be far removed all pain and woe, May Niobe's tears of stone no longer flow,
Alcyonum positis requiescant ora querellis; Increpet absumptum nec sua mater Ityn.	The Halcyones forget their mourn- ful tale, And Procne cease her Itys to be- wail.
Inque, O cara mihi, felicibus edita pinnis, Surge, et poscentes uista precare deos.	And thou, my love, upborne on joy- ous wing, Rise, pay to the gods thy pious of- fering.
Ae primum pura somnum tibi dis- cute lympha, Et nitidas presso pollice finge comas. Dein, qua primum oculos cepisti veste Properti,	With water pure all trace of sleep repair, And with deft fingers wreath thy lustrous hair.
Indue, nec vacuum flore relinque caput.	Then don the robe that first en- snared mine eye, And with bright flowers thy tresses beautify.
Et pete, qua polles, ut sit tibi forma perennis, Inque meum semper stent tua regna caput.	Oh, pray thy peerless bloom may ne'er depart, Ne'er cease thy welcome sway o'er my fond heart.

“ Church Bells.”

O! Hark how Bells from distant steeple tower,
 Ring out a hallowed Time and seem to sweep
 The quiet scene with holy worship deep,
 And make us live in fullest, richest power.
 A Breath when all unhallowed thoughts must cower
 'Neath Darkness' shade and every evil sleep,
 And godliness shine out and worship keep,
 When 'even the darkling clouds of Sorrow lower.

Chime mellow Bells across this world's dark stage,
 Move us to bow the knee to One above;
 A King—and crowned as Strongest of the Strong,
 Who yet would have His subjects come by Love,
 And not by Fear to bear their gifts along,
 And worship on in Peace through age to age.

R.N.

Old Boys' Column

OFFICE-BEARERS 1916-1917.

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 J. F. Elphinstone, B.A.
 V. J. Miles, M.A.
 J. A. Hedberg, B.A.

T. B. Trebecke, M.A.
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ASST. SECRETARIES—

A. C. Berman

A. D. Carson

HON. TREASURER—F. N. Lynch.

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 A. Bohrsman

R. Kidston
 T. H. Hughen

C. H. Cook
 A. Palmer

O. D. Oberg
 D. Cookson

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATIVE—D. Cookson.

SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVE—G. Morris

“ Nature ”

And now the sun shines slowly, through
 A wealth of whitest cloud,
 And gently kisses drops of dew,
 As Night's dark head is bowed;
 While many a lofty, high-born tree,
 Salutes the joyous dawn,
 And welcomes, in its stately glee,
 The coming of the morn.
 And at their feet, white violets see
 No light, and weep, forlorn.

And now soft skies grow dark, and fill
 Sweet air with deepest gloom;
 And winds arise at Nature's will,
 Still blacker clouds do loom;
 While powerful trees, with dread-full eye,
 Glance swiftly all around,
 And shaking, shiver; shivering, sigh,
 And crash upon the ground.
 And yet, in tender strength, close by
 Soft violets are found.

A.S.W.

Form Notes.

VALETE.

4th Year.—In the four or more years which have passed since our advent to S.H.S., we have been through many school experiences, and changes of mind and temperament. We entered the school as young boys, and we leave as young men, such difference have those four years of school life made in us. During that time we have bidden farewell to one headmaster and welcomed another. We have marked the departure and advent of many masters in turn, the one always with regret, the other with anticipation. In our own circle, too, we have competed one with another in the race, and watched as some have dropped out, while occasionally others have taken their places from other schools. Studies and sport have both claimed our attention, and in the pursuit of the one, as of the other, we have helped to mould our characters.

With our fellow students of younger years we have not come much into contact. We rather lived in a world of our own, and as was perhaps but natural, were inclined to hold others at a distance, as outside our ken. Now, however, we feel otherwise. We recognise that they are the fellows to whose lot it now falls to keep great and glorious the name of our school. We leave, they remain. Without their efforts the school will fail; by their earnest energy alone will she survive, and become even greater. We have

striven, not always with unmixed motives, and not always aright. They, profiting by our mistakes, will work to better advantage, remembering that at present there can be no higher ideal for which to fight—the Fame and Prosperity of the School.

Towards masters, too, our attitude has changed. In earlier years we regarded them with mixed feelings. Now, however, we realise that, despite opposition and criticism, they have consistently striven for our good. We realise, too, that when apathy and selfishness had characterised our actions, the fame of the school would have been sadly dimmed, had it not been for their earnest work. They still play the part of advisers to us. We cannot reward them. They do not ask it. And yet we feel that their reward does lie in the knowledge that their efforts on our and the school's behalf have succeeded, and that we are grateful for those efforts.

To all we bid farewell, assuring them that we will never forget the school, and hoping that they in turn will never forget her, and will ever remember her motto:—

“Extremos pudeat rediisse.”

III. A.G.—Amid the mingled tunes of “Solidarity for Ever” and “Have a Raspberry,” III. A.G. completes its third year at the school. As usual, our sporting performances are conspicuous above those of all other classes. We boast four representatives in the cricket “firsts,” as well as lesser stars. In the High Schools’ Carnival, the Senior (Willsher) and Junior (Shand) representatives, on whom the school pins its hopes, are members of the class.

In athletics we won, at our own meeting, the relay from “scratch,” and were only beaten in the “tug” in a mighty tussle. Representatives also won the senior “hundred” and “two-twenty,” and the junior jumps and hurdles, besides being placed in other events. At the C.H.S. meeting Dutton won the jumps for the school. His unlucky strain undoubtedly prevented a new junior high jump record in the G.P.S.

The “Yearly” passed over as usual, though one lucky wight received a trig. paper in algebra, and rumours of “stiff” marking are flying around. But we must not forget that one master, sparing of praise and relentless in marks, has affirmed that we comprise the best third year class, in his particular subjects, that the school has ever seen.

The strike afforded an excellent excuse for a week's holiday, and was thus utilised by many of the class. Three took on "wharfies" jobs for some enormous remuneration, and remained a couple of months in them. The tuck-shop has accordingly benefited.

The class is now to be broken up. Some dream of six "Honours" nightly; others content themselves, or are forced to be contented, with merely a pass; still others remain to lead the coming third year in the way they should (not) go. But there will scarce be one of these who will not gladly remember his days with III. A.G., one of the best classes in work or play the school has yet produced.

We take this opportunity of wishing Mr. Fletcher, who has so skilfully guided our English studies for the last two years, success in the new sphere of life he is about to enter on, after the Christmas vacation.

III. B.G.—Since the last edition of the "Record" one of our members, R. T. Wright, has left us to take his place in the commercial world. Others will be leaving at Christmas. We cordially wish them all success.

Despite the fact that several masters continually reiterate that, not only are we the worst third year class they have ever taught, but that we have no school spirit, we can refer these teachers to the Honor Roll collection, the success of which was mainly due to R. T. Wright.

It is reported that sounds of hilarity emanate from Room 4, during Latin periods, owing to the mirthful jokes of the master in charge. Several times during the last half, members of the class have come to school with tired looks—and poems—thinking that they will soon be able to do Rudyard Kipling out of a job, but, alas! the impression was destroyed when the spasms were marked. Maths, however, are our strong point, as any one can see when they enter the room and see us studiously (?) working out how many times two boys and two girls can occupy two seats—or was it four?

But when we come to Athletics, nuff sed! We do not like to hurt anyone's feelings, but we must air our abilities. We won the competition in Class Rugby by defeating 3A in a hard game, and we were joint winners with 2B of the Class Soccer Comp. In Athletics, T. McNamara won the Junior Cup; L. Murray ran third, forfeiting his chances of second place by an accident. Another was placed in the mile handicap, and we ran second to 3A in the

Senior Relay, which we would have won but for a series of accidents. We also obtained places in other events, and had three representatives in the C.H.S. and G.P.S. sports meetings. R. Stonham won the Bantamweight Boxing Championship of the School. Cricket does not hold many of us, swimming a good percentage, and a few, sad to relate, follow amusements not sanctioned by the S.H.S.U.

We wish everybody success in their exams., hoping that they will do as well as we hope to do.

The class wishes to take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Outten on his recent marriage.

In conclusion, we regret to say that we are losing our respected English and History master, Mr. Fletcher. He has been teaching us now for two years. We wish him the same success in his new position as he has had in the Sydney High School.

III. C.G.—Once again the evening of another year in the history of the good old school is with us. Sport and pleasure seem things of the past, and we are confronted with grim spectres in the shape of examination papers, rustling sheets, red ink, and masters' frowns. The absence of the Fourth Year begins to make us realise our growing responsibilities, and wonder, as we enter the last lap of our school course, whether we will be able to uphold the honor of S.H.S. as senior boys as ably as our predecessors have done in the past.

All our teachers seem pessimistic with regard to the results of the Third Year Exam., and genially assure us that it won't be a "soft snap," or it will be a "hard, searching paper to pick out the best boys in the subject." On some poor sufferer beseechingly asking, "Will there be any optional questions?" the reply is, "Certainly *not*."

But enough of dreary subjects. As we have from the first hopefully prophesied, we have finished up, after many rude shocks, the best all-round class of third year. Of course, that statement might be contradicted by the other two forms, also aspiring for the honor, but we feel sure their opinion will go for naught, with your sense of justice.

One rural member of the class delights his fellow-cricketers with his highly artistic "agricultural" strokes, in much the same manner as he delights his class mates with loud guffaws at uncertain periods of the day, apparently in imitation of some friend of the

ass family, who, doubtless, has his habitat somewhere in the region of the Hawkesbury Valley or Brisbane Water. He is perfectly harmless, however, and affords a good source of amusement.

II. A.G.—The storm is over. II. A.G., weather-beaten and battered, rides once more the calm sea, and looks forward in anticipation to much fair weather—until the results come out. Several of our members, however, have not yet recovered from the effects, and have not since been seen “on deck.”

One of our respected and learned pedagogues has recently entered the realms of connubial bliss, and we take this opportunity of wishing him every success in his new sphere of life. To enlighten a brief “quart d’heure” he told us his experiences on the auspicious occasion—and Levinski, though he beat C——n in the race for the supper table, is still suffering from the imprint of the Irishman’s hand.

The class attendance is somewhat depleted owing to the fact that the dreaded Inter is over, and some are suffering from nervous prostration following upon an attack of overwork—“Splinter” especially—and thus a trip to Narrabeen was absolutely essential.

Glauber’s Salts were proved (scientifically) to be more effective than castor oil, so, my readers—take warning—don’t grab too many threepences on Christmas Day.

The superiority of II. A.G. has once again been asserted in the realm of sport. At the school sports we carried off the Junior Tug-o’-War, while many of our youthful sprinters secured places in other events. In the coming C.H.S. swimming carnival, also, II. A. promises to be well represented.

In concluding, we heartily wish the other second year classes a Merry Christmas, and extend our sincerest thanks to those teachers who have so diligently piloted us through the stormy second year.

II. C.G. Safe at last,
 The “Inter” past,
 To ideal third we’re gliding fast.
 The year at rest
 That all love best,
 And thought by boys a feathered nest.

(We don’t think!—Ed.)

Now that the Intermediate has passed, and our teachers’ prognostications have been fully justified, we may gladly look forward to a year of complete bliss (????). Last week we passed successfully through the second year exam., with very small losses. Much

to our sorrow, many of our members are finishing up the course, but we cannot say that our teachers will mourn their loss. We have finished work for this year, after a great deal of fag on the part of some of our more studious workers. We expect very good results, especially on the part of S—g—n and M—ck.

In sport we are still well represented. In the tennis tournament one of our members distinguished himself by defeating all-comers and winning after a hard struggle. The class have eagerly taken up boxing, and recently held a tournament. All the class entered, but much to their disgrace U——n and S—g—m did not make an appearance. We have also a representative in first grade cricket, and, according to the scores, he is no mean player.

II. A.C.—“Sufficient unto yesterday is the evil thereof. The Inter. is over, and we must grieve (?) therefore.” Or should we rejoice? However, let us grieve over our mistakes, and rejoice over our coming successes!

We are nearly all sure that we have obtained nine As. Perhaps the one exception is our fickle “crank,” who dropped certain subjects in order to ensure his success in “Maths.” We understand that his only difficulty was in deciding whether a tangent was a line or a point. When approached on the subject our respected “Maths.” master could only stare dumbly at the unfortunate youth.

Our class is being “winnowed and sifted to a handful”—the coming A.Cs. of third year. We have lost three well known members of our happy band—namely, Southy, Lob, and stentorian “Kooper.” The intended occupations of the first two are unknown, but it has been whispered that Lob is going in for the building trade. We all hope that the castles he intends to build may be real. Imaginary ones are liable to topple down at any moment.

However, many familiar faces are still in evidence, including Bushby, who sits in state breathing pearls of wisdom. Furthermore, all are determined to consolidate our position as the premier class of the school, and incidentally to extend the name and fame of the premier School of Schools.

I A.G. O list ye to our tale of woe,
Caused by the wrathful, callous foe—
Exam.—the scholars’ dreaded ghost.
Before each test he makes the toast,
“To Hades with that I. A.G.,”
And then with grim expectancy
He shouts in his antipathy,
“O master of the fires below,

Please make the winds of homework blow,
 And tempt the masters so that they
 Will make the lessons worse each day.
 Then boys will say, yea, verily,
 That I pile on the agony,
 When yearlies bring their misery.

When we first came to this school we imagined dinner-time raids on other classes, practical bomb-throwing (otherwise water-bags gracefully curving through the air), and amusements each afternoon by way of pugilistic encounters.

Ah friends, mistaken again! We found ourselves trodden underfoot by impossible work, awe inspired by prefects, and to crown our abject existence, a wave of terrible destruction loomed ahead of us, viz., the "yearly." Now that it has passed we lift up our hands in prayer (?) and wonder if we are in Paradise.

Needless to say, many of us were swamped, but a few ought to have done very well since "Guardian Angels" guided their erring footsteps to safety.

Now for our sporting edition. Our success in the Boxing Tournament warrants our superiority still more in first year, and as for cricket—Mr. Cohen perceived that we were invincible, and formed four teams, as equally as possible, from a mixture of first and second year boys.

I. B.G.—Well, here we are again, all of us devoutly hoping it will be the last time we will appear in this paper under the name of I. B.G.

That dreaded cloud which has just broken, namely, the yearly examination, has filled the minds of every boy with promotion—or otherwise. The prospect of a five years' course does not appeal to any of us.

F—g—n has developed a propensity for poetry (?). His inspirations are wonderful (?)—absolute genius (?). But it is not too good to enlarge upon his failing—he might condescend to send some of his torture to the editor. If he did this, the crime of "justifiable homicide" might be laid at the editor's door.

I. A.G. and I. A.C. have again shown their puerile inclination by their playing on the sand, lately deposited in the quadrangle. Their kindergarten antics quite amused this class, which stood benevolently watching. Really, the headmaster should have sand deposited there permanently, so that they may amuse themselves with their gamhbols., which are better suited to them than school work.

To our dismay, and the joy of the other first year classes, proper class cricket was not introduced. A whisper of our form must have reached the Sports Master's ears; it was quite disappointing to us. In support of the above statement, we are able to state the following:—In the only class cricket match played to date, we scored 79 runs to I. A.'s 72. (Williams 17, Rawle 14, and Prattis 13). In the first innings Prattis secured 8 wickets for 34.

One brilliant youth in the recent Latin examination paper was puzzled by "Marathon planitie." He translated it as "The Planet of Mars."

Somebody has been watching the genius of this class in certain periods, for two new Honor boards arrived the other day. A good motto: "Be prepared."

We will now have to retire from this paper, to appear next issue, we hope, under the title of II. B.G.

I. A.C.—We have just finished the final spasm of exams, having fagged all subjects, and been rewarded by that beautiful blue scrawl, which some masters make a habit of putting on our papers. Well, it is all over now, and the Christmas holidays in another fortnight!

What a glorious time we will have fishing by Playfair's Axiom, and breaking Geological specimens by the wonders of Maths. We alone know the use of grammalogs and contraptions in 1st year.

In the great field of sport we are supreme with B—r—t, Sims, Froggie, etc., etc.

Boxing brought forth Evro and Froggie.

Early next year we expect to visit the caves for a week or so. We soon hope to find among our ranks *some* fine Geologists.

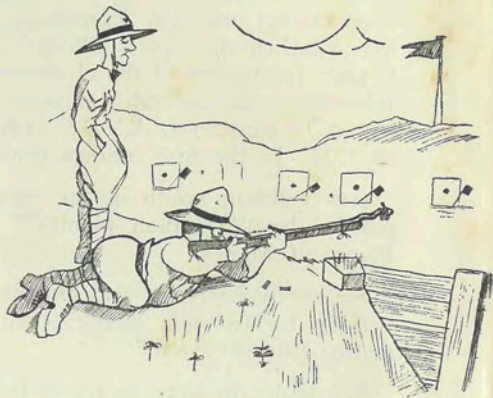
As time is limited, we will now close.

Monour Roll

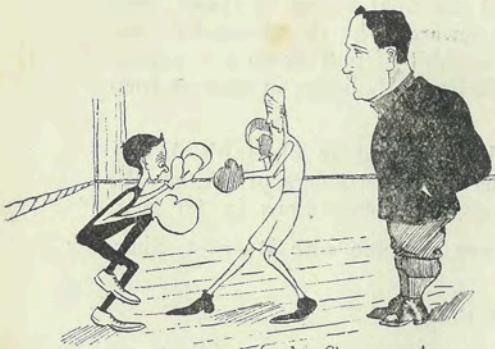
Some time ago the idea of an Honour Roll was mooted, and was immediately taken up with enthusiasm. Since then, owing chiefly to the energy of Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Moore, and others, the very considerable sum of £45 has been raised from among masters and boys. The Old Boys' subscriptions will probably raise this total to £60. Having thus a large sum of money guaranteed, Mr. Moore immediately saw to it that the making of the boards should at once be begun. The Roll, which is extremely large and tastefully finished, will be unveiled on Speech Day next, December 14.



'AH'!



A Scene at Randwick



Skeeter Weight Championship



On the River



And Sydney George beat Holcombe -
In the first 220



S.H.S. Athletics 1917.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor, "The Record."

Dear Sir,—

I have heard that lately, in a G.P.S. cricket match, S.H.S. refused to allow a member of the opposing team to have a man run for him when in batting, the player being unable by an unfortunate circumstance to do so properly for himself, and that, moreover, this privilege has always been allowed him in other G.P.S. matches.

That Sydney High School should be the one to take such an unsportsmanlike stand as this cannot be too greatly deplored. It is one of those incidents that give grounding to the opinion that some seem to have of the school already.

Perhaps in strict legality this was allowable, but do not sportsmanlike actions and fair play take precedence before petty points of rule?

That this action was taken by one man against the advice and protests of the whole team, and that the school promptly suspended him from the captaincy and made adequate apology to the opposing team, show that feeling lay in a definite direction, but can there not come a time when even these individual acts will disappear, and all strive by fair means only for the good of our school?

Yours sincerely,

OLD BOY.

Mr. Editor.

Sir,—Although somewhat late, I would like to bring under your notice the state of affairs existing in the Library and Tuck-shop. All the members of the Library Committee are drawn from 3A., and until July, 3A. had all the members of the Tuck-shop Committee but one, who was from 3B. However, when he left another 3A. boy was appointed. In some cases, boys are on both committees.

A fairer choice should be made next year, each class having the same number of members. If I be permitted to make a suggestion, I should say that a certain number of boys from each class should be chosen, and that boys of each class be allowed to elect their representatives, and one boy should not be allowed to be on both committees.

I am, yours sincerely,

L. J. MURRAY.

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

Dear Sir,—This year, which is just closing, has been a very successful one for the School. It has, too, been a year in which School spirit has been prominent. Many of us who are leaving feel that it would be a fine thing if we were able to have a badge or medal by which all Old Boys of the School might recognise one another as one-time pupils. Could not this be done?—
Yours sincerely,

4th YEAR.

Athletics

Despite the hard luck which dogged us from the beginning of our training activities in connection with athletics this year, we managed to carry off the Senior Cup for the fourth, but not the last, time in succession, and by gaining the Junior Shield once more convinced our opponents that it is our firm determination to hold what we have. All honour must be given, however, to the runners-up for the Cup. Maitland pressed us very close, and their sportsmanship and ability are undoubted.

S. G. Webb, who lowered the mile record by twelve seconds, put up the best performance of the day, and the fact that he missed the 880 record by a mere "fifth" was on a par with our general ill-fortune.

Our Juniors are to be congratulated in tying with Newington for first place in the G.P.S. sports. A photo of the team may be seen elsewhere.

The school's athletic carnival this year was one of the best yet held from a spectacular point of view, although the athletic performances were not up to standard. J. Vote won the School Cup on points, while T. McNamara easily topped the score amongst the Juniors. Appended are the results:—

SCHOOL CUP.

100yds.—1 Masters, 2 Pye, 3 Ford and Hewitt. Time, 11 4-5 secs.

220yds.—1 Masters, 2 Vote and Wilson. Time, 25½ secs.

440yds.—1 Clifton, 2 Vote, 3 Webb. Time, 57 4-5 secs.

880yds.—1 Vote, 2 Clifton and Webb. Time, 2 min. 18 secs.

Mile.—1 Webb, 2 Clifton, 3 Vote. Time, 5 min. 6 4-5 secs.

Broad Jump.—1 Wilson, 2 Ford, 3 Stayner. Dist., 19ft. 2in.

High Jump.—1 Stayner, 2 Dutton, 3 Wilson. Height, 5ft. 2¼in.

Hurdles.—1 F. Stayner, 2 A. Stayner, 3 Willsher. Time, 20 4-5 secs.

JUNIOR CUP.

100yds.—1 McNamara, 2 Murray, 3 Craig. Time, 12 secs.

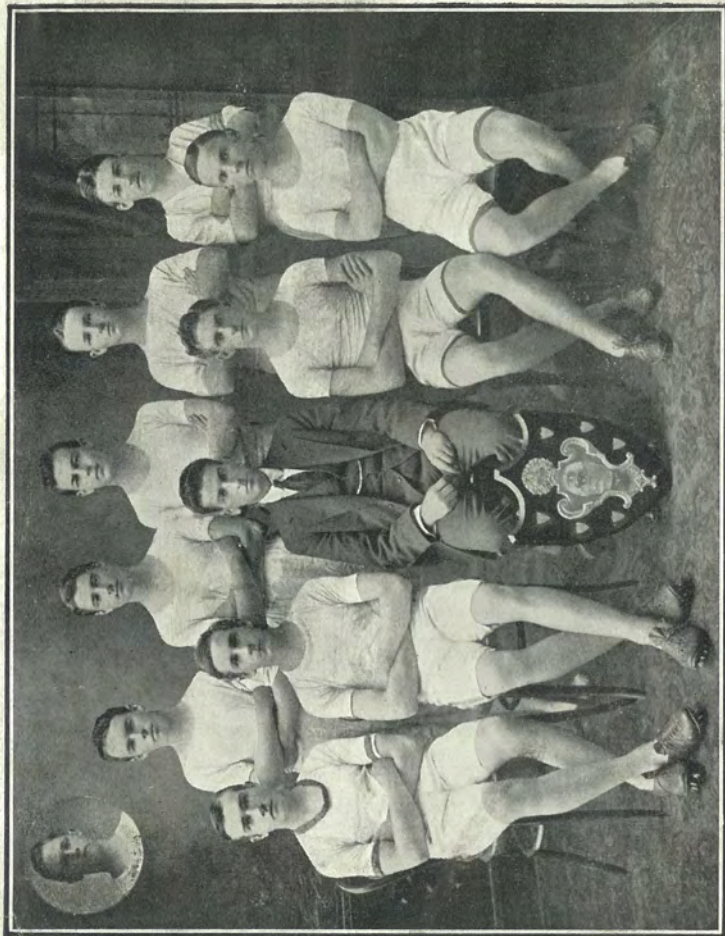
220yds.—1 Murray, 2 McNamara, 3 Southwell. Time, 26 1-5 secs.

440yds.—1 Mc Namara, 2 Murray, 3 Craig. Time, 61 secs.

880yds.—1 Craig, 2 McNamara, 3 Southwell. Time, 2min. 27 3-5 secs.

Broad Jump.—1 Dutton, 2 Southwell, 3 McNamara. Distance, 18ft. 3½in.

High Jump.—1 Dutton, 2 Southwell, 3 Stayner. Height, 5ft. 0¼in.



SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL'S JUNIOR ATHLETIC TEAM, 1917.
 Winners of Combined High Schools' Junior Championship Shield, 1917.
 Joint Junior Champion Team with Newington College, G.P.S. Meeting, 1917.
 Inset—A. Southwell. Standing—J. Crombie, G. Alexander, G. Morris, L. Foley, S. Burt.
 Sitting—W. Wicks, W. Dutton, V. A. Cohen, Esq., B.A., L. Murray, T. McNamara.

Hurdles.—1 Alexander, 2 Dutton, 3 Morris. Time, 15 4-5 secs.

Lack of space prevents the insertion of results of miscellaneous events. We publish, however, the "under 14" group:—

100yds. Championship.—1 Burt, 2 Wright, 3 Bassetti. Time, 3 2-5 secs.

220yds. Championship.—1 Burt, 2 Bassetti, 3 Mutton. Time 29 2-5 secs.

High Jump.—1 Burt, 2 Storm, 3 Parry. Height, 4ft. 6in.

Cricket

Although the success of the 1st XI. has been a little disappointing, the play of some of the individual members has, on the other hand, been praiseworthy. Bain batted brilliantly throughout the season, securing such scores as 109 v. T.H.S., 99 v. S.J.C., 40 v. T.S.C. Harper and McCredie have not batted with the success last year's play seemed to prophesy, though Harper's 63 v. S.G.S. greatly aided the team. Smith has batted consistently, though he fails to get a large score. Andrews has been of great aid to the team, both in batting and bowling. Webb, though not bowling with last year's results, has done very creditable work, while Rickard has shown his worth at both S.J.C. and S.G.S. matches. Following are the results of the matches:—

S.H.S. v. T.H.S.

T.H.S.	
Genge, b. Andrews	0
Johnson, b. Andrews	12
Jolly, c. Harper, b. Webb	8
Mould, b. Andrews	14
Stephens, b. Rickard	2
Tatham, not out	7
Willoughby, h.o.w., b. Andrews	3
Dwyer, b. Andrews	1
Sillin, c. Webb, b. Andrews	0
Bill, b. Andrews	2
Bill, b. Andrews	2
Sundries	6

Total, T.H.S. 57
 Bowling: Andrews, 8 wks. for 22
 Webb, 1 for 18; Rickard, 1 for
 Genge, 0 for 4.

S.H.S.	
Bain, not out	109
Harper, b. Mould	21
Smith, not out	57
Sundries	17
Total, 1 for	204
Won by S.H.S., 9 wks. and 147 runs, on 1st innings.	

S.H.S. v. F.H.S.

F.H.S.—Total, 9 for 170. Match not completed.

S.H.S. v. T.S.C.

T.S.C.	
Martin, b. Webb	8
Bruce II, b. Webb	4
Henderson, b. Andrews	0
Campbell, b. Andrews	2
Bruce I, l.b.w., Webb	1
Andrews, b. Andrews	0
McDonnel, st. Bain, b. Rickard	6
Taylor, l.b.w., b. Webb	0
Pattie, run out	5
Hughes, not out	1
Tyson, c. Webb, b. Rickard ..	11
Sundries	4
Total T.S.C.	32

Bowling, S.H.S.: Andrews, 3
wks. for 11 runs; Webb, 4 for 5;
Stayner, 0 for 8; Rickard, 2 for 4.

S.H.S.	
Bain, b. Martin	40
Harper, b. Campbell	2
Andrews, b. Andrews	9
Smith, b. Martin	19
Pullen, b. Andrews	20
Hyde, not out	17
Webb, c. Pattie, b. Andrews ..	0
Rickard, b. Tyson	5
Stayner, c. Pattie, b. Martin ..	11
Ladds, b. Martin	0
Sundries	14
Total, 9 wks for	137

S.H.S. v. S.J.C.

S.H.S.	
Harper, b. Tumming	8
Bain, c. Ruth	99
Andrews, b. Ruth	4
Smith, b. Gately	50
McCredie I, c.b.w., b. Ruth ..	0
Hyde, b. Laurence	16
Webb, c.b.w., b. Hannahan ..	0
Harrison, b. Hannahan	0
Stayner, b. Hannahan	0
McCredie, b. Hannahan	4
Rickard, not out	13
Sundries	21
Total	215

S.J.C.	
Trumming, c. Rickard, b. Bain ..	75
Bradley, b. Rickard	30
Lensy, c. Andrews, b. Rickard ..	0
Gutely, c.b.w., b. Webb	27
Storman, l.b.w., b. Andrews ..	21
Sim, not out	42
Hannahan, b. Webb	3
Boland I, b. Andrews	1
Laurence, not out	3
Sundries	16
Total, 7 wks. for	218

Bowling: Andrews, 2 wks. for
37 runs; Webb, 2 for 71; McCredie,
0 for 29; Stayner, 0 for 12; Rickard,
2 for 33; Bain, 1 for 20.

S.H.S. v. S.G.S.

S.H.S.	
Bain, c. Wing	6
Andrews, c. Wing	31
Harper, b. Osborne	63
Smith, run out	4
McCredie, c. Hodgins	5
Pullen, b. Wing	25
Hyde, c. Hodgins	0

Rickard, b. Wing	8
Harrison, b. Wing	9
Webb, not out	5
Stayner, b. Wing	0
Sundries	16
Total	171

S.G.S.

Hesslein, c.b.w., b. Rickard ..	57	Kendall, not out	7
Costello, c. Harper, b. Rickard	12	Sundries	8
Aitken, b. Andrews	4		
Langdon, b. Rickard	14	Total, 9 wkts. for	179
Hodgins, c. Smith, b. Webb ..	13		
Wing, not out	26	Bowling: Andrews, 1 wkt. for 40	
Walker, c. Stayner	5	runs; Webb, 2 for 58; Rickard, 5	
Munro, c. Stayner	23	for 55; Stayner, 0 for 2; Bain, 0	
Osborne, b. Rickard	0	for 14; McCredie, 0 for 3.	

Tennis Club

This has been a very successful season for S.H.S., and surely the interest taken in this sport has not been misplaced. Both first and second grade teams were entered in the High Schools' competition, the former finishing second, the latter first, in their respective grades. The first team was defeated by North Sydney, and owing to weather intervening, did not have an opportunity of retrieving their loss in the second match.

Outside of this competition, however, we have been most fortunate. Thanks to the efforts of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association and Mr. Schrader, of Tech., a tournament for High and Primary Schools was arranged at Double Bay. Of a possible four events, S.H.S. won three, viz.:—

First grade doubles, by Clifton and Watt.

Second grade doubles, by McCredie and Shipp.

Second grade singles, by Shipp.

The tournament ended, fifteen out of the hundred of so entries were selected for coaching by interstate players, and of our representatives, Clifton, Watt, McCredie and Shipp were chosen. Of these fifteen, the four most promising players were selected, and generously made members of Double Bay at his own expense by Mr. Marsh, President of the N.S.W.L.T.A. The four selected were Robertson and Genge (Tech.), Hopkins (Petersham), and Watt (S.H.S.). We have thus every reason to be proud of our achievements in this sport. The Tennis Club has recently conducted a school tournament, which, owing to interference of rain and inability to secure balls, has not yet been completed. This, however, will be finished in the near future.

Rifle Club.

Although rifle shooting was handicapped by the absence of a high schools' competition, several boys showed keen interest in this branch of sport.

There were fourteen practices held during the season, at which some good shooting was exhibited. A. Roberts was a consistently good shot, and on one occasion obtained the possible, but on the same day he was rivalled by another good shot, R. Condie. Vernon, Hirst, Lewis and Shand also put up several creditable scores.

The six best averages obtained are as follows:—

1. A. Roberts, with 31 out of 35.
2. R. Condie, with 29 out of 35.
C. N. Hirst, with 28 out of 35.
3. A. G. Shand, with 28 out of 35.
D. J. Vernon, with 28 out of 35.
6. G. Lewis, with 26 out of 35.

Many of the younger members show promise, and we are confident that if a competition is held next year the team will perform as creditably as in former years.

Swimming.

The above club has commenced a season which promises to be the most successful on record. A large number of boys attend the Domain and Drummoyne baths each Wednesday, but recently the proximity of the examinations has somewhat curtailed this number. Much interest is centred on the forthcoming Combined High Schools' Carnival, in which we hope to raise our prestige by victory.

In the junior division we rely on the great Shand, supported by Alexander, Davies and Tresidder, to bring the cup to the school; while Willsher, Lions, and Back are the best of a strong senior team.

An innovation in the form of a polo ball has been successfully introduced, and is now very popular.

After the Christmas vacation the Life-saving Club will start under the able charge of Mr. Leaver.

Boxing

This sport has firmly established itself in the school. Under the able tuition of Dave Smith and Ray Kearney, the members of the Club have progressed favourably. Recently an open tournament was held, consisting of championships in welter, light, feather, bantam, and paper weight divisions. Dave Smith kindly offered to act as referee. Mr. Outten held the watch. The Headmaster was also present, and expressed himself pleased with the proceedings. Keen interest was evinced throughout, and as might be expected, Mr. Smith's keen judgments gave great satisfaction to all. The bouts, which took three afternoons to finish, were concluded on the first and last occasions by exhibitions given by Mr. Smith and a sparring partner. These were much appreciated by the boys. At the conclusion of the tournament a small cheque was handed Mr. Smith as a slight token of our appreciation of his coming to us.

The following are the results of the tournament:—School championship, J. Vote; welterweight, W. Burne; lightweight, M. Speedy; featherweight, R. O'Donnell; bantamweight, R. Stonham; paperweight, S. Williams.

Library

The year has closed on one of the most successful periods of this institution's activity. The committee deserves commendation for the energies they have put forth towards the organisation of the volumes, for the convenience of borrowers. About 30 books were added to the library, which now contains 1350 volumes. Most of the boys have availed themselves of the fine collection of literature in the library, and it is to be hoped that this patronage will be continued and extended.

Literary and Debating Society

The activities of the Literary and Debating Society have been suspended during the last half-year, owing to the urgent calls of work and sport upon the time of the members. Nevertheless, the annual "mock banquet," held under the auspices of the Society, surpassed in its success all previous records. With Mr. Hinder as president, and Mr. Craddock at the piano, an excellent programme interspersed with musical items was rendered. Mr. Fairland, secretary of the Old Boys' Union, and some of the 'Varsity boys and the masters, were among those present.

“Evening.”

Clouds white and scarlet on a background blue,
 Pierced by Apollo's darts—his golden beams
 Broad paths of light or radiant faery streams,
 Each moment changing into something new—
 This is the sunset. But soon a deeper hue
 Of all-pervading purple softly seems
 To steal upon us, and the night air teems
 With myriad clouds of softest evening dew.
 Then dim, mysterious Night casts o'er it all,
 Her velvet mantle, set with jewels bright,
 And sets o'er the bier of the western Sun a pall,
 And hides the dead day from our mortal sight.
 Deep silence broods o'er every vale and hill
 And rolling plain; and all is hushed and still.

—G.T.M.

The Christian Union.

Last month the new committee for 1918 was announced. G. Morris has taken the place of O. H. Beale as president, and A. S. Watt has been made secretary. The names of the remainder of the committee may be had in the Directory.

Owing to examinations, the Union has been able to make only a small muster. The lectures, too, have to some extent had to cease, though some little time back we had a little talk from an old friend, Mr. Phillips. After the vac. we hope to get into full swing again.

The Editor's Box.

It is with much pleasure that the Editor announces that literary contributions to this copy of our paper reached a very high standard. We feel that masters, boys and editorial staff may alike congratulate themselves. We hope that this standard will continue. If it be so, then we feel that the aim of our paper, to express the prevailing literary atmosphere of the school is no mean one.

G.T.M.—“Evening.”—You have caught the spirit, though in places the expression is a little crude. We print “Echo and Narcissus.” Here you have done better. Though by no means perfect, yet by reason of its beauty of expression and narrative, it easily merits publication.

“Wallock.”—“Linda Falls.”—In the first place it is a bit long, and in the second the style is inclined to be too ornate. Nature subjects are more successfully treated in simpler language. But on the other hand, here and there are some rare little gems of language. “A gossamer of falling dew” fits Linda perfectly. Persevere and you will soon find your work in print.

“Hugh Kalyptus”—Accepted.

“S.R.”—You speak of a garden

“Where roam illustrious peacocks.”

Such things as that preclude acceptance. Otherwise, it's not half bad.

"H.G.P."—Afraid your trip is of rather secondary interest under present conditions of sea travel. Anyway, the Editor went to sleep reading your effort—too long. Turn your undoubted ability into more interesting channels.

"P.M.R."—"The Vision."—Held over. "Sunrise" not good enough.

"R.F.G."—Quite impossible to print your letter. We happen to know that the comment was the result of personal ill-feeling on the writer's part. Anyway, nothing is to be gained by creating further trouble. We ought to be above that kind of thing.

"BILL JIM."—Not so bad. Held over till next issue.

"G.R."—A phrase like

"fair oasis in a desert life"

shows considerable thought and skill, but the whole poem is overdone. No schoolboy is properly capable of doing justice to a theme such as yours. The thought in parts is splendid, but you have piled on the agony too much. Take a simpler subject.

"Wilfred O."—A fairly decent piece of English work, but, as you must realise, not suitable for the "Record."

"R.O."—You seem to have struck across the thing which most of us accost some time during our development. We might almost call it "The Bigness of Things." You have expressed yourself well, but we cannot print it in the "Record."

"J.J.J."—To deliberately copy word for word, the work of another places you completely outside the Pale. Your action deserves the severest censure, as an inexcusable breach of literary honor.

"H.W.J."—In the "Record" we aim to give readers articles of general interest. Your effort, interesting enough to a few, is not suitable for insertion here.

"Ronne."—"The Chase."—Not a bad idea. We are thinking of suggesting such methods to Lucy. But you'd better not call him "an undersized detective" or "his nostrils might dilate."

"R.N."—"A.S.W."—Verse accepted.

"G.R.C."—Fine. We print. Comes rather opportunely under the present circumstances.

"Woodpecker."—"The Quest for Beauty."—We cannot print this poem as a whole, as you yourself will see when you examine it carefully. Yet the theme is excellent, and here and there are phrases showing singular thought and beauty. Why not polish your work up, remembering (if we may misquote) that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link? "Sunshine after Rain" held over owing to lack of space.

"Hyperion."—For a second year boy your work is good. But we must say to you as to others—and it implies little fault—you have chosen a subject which is of little interest to the average reader. Try something else.

"Violet."—Too emotional. Of the thirteen stanzas, this is the choicest we could find (after we had wiped our eyes).

"Her round dear arms of firmest flesh,
Around my weeping neck she cast;
She hugged me in a lovely mesh,
And held me as in days gone past."

(Poor thing.—Ed.)

"Lethe."—Accept. Not perfect, you know.

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

The next issue will appear in March, 1918. Contributors are requested to hand in their MSS. 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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1917
