



The

RECORD



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Vol. XIII.

No. 1.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

BOYS! You appreciate and admire a good score.

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THREE WEEKS AGO

M.B.C. Students won EVERY FIRST PLACE in the I.P.S.A. Typewriting Exams. (three divisions).

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Also ; 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th places.

Total passes for New South Wales, 147 ; M.B.C. passes, 52 ; M.B.C. "Distinctions" 13 out of a total of 16.

ELEMENTARY—Miss Marjorie Runcie (1st).

Also : 2nd, 3rd, 4th (bracketted), 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th places.

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The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSSE."

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1921.

No. 1.

Officers.

Patron—C. R. SMITH, M.A.

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Editor Old Boys' Pages—R. F. GOLLAN, The Union, Sydney University

Editorial

The Literary and Debating Society, under Mr. Castleman's guidance, is to be congratulated on the results of its work this year. One, outward and visible sign—the Challenge Shield of the Great Public Schools' Debating Union—adorns the Headmaster's office. But there is another sign, not so material, but yet equally visible to the discerning eye—a sign of the intellectual growth and development in character of our debaters.

He would be a wise man indeed who could tell us the full meaning of education and show us a trustworthy method of attaining to it. But if our Schools year by year could turn out young men keen in mind, zealous for the truth, devoted to their work, with some enthusiasm for public service, then a considerable advance would have been made.

Now while in no way wishing to make comparisons with the general work of the School, and with its other activities, we feel that the Debating Society has made its own special and notable impression on the boys who are about to leave us. The experience gained in these public debates has changed our representatives from mere boys into thoughtful, alert, critical young men. They have learnt to know the value of facts. They have learnt to know the power of clear, forceful, logical reasoning. They have learnt to know the importance of manner and utterance.

More than all this, they have been interested in the great problems of humanity—personal, social, political. They have been brought into touch with the issues of actual life—a life in which they, too, must play their part. If they do so in the right spirit, the work of the Debating Society will not have been in vain.

Our Rhodes Scholar.

On Friday, October 28th, Mr. Alan S. Watt, the Rhodes Scholar for 1921, visited the School to bid farewell to the Masters and boys. The Headmaster assembled the Third and Fourth Years to hear a short address. Mr. Smith and several of the teachers congratulated Mr. Watt on his well-merited success, and wished him bon voyage and a prosperous career at Oriel College, Oxford.

Mr. Watt disclaimed any intention of uttering words of wisdom to the boys of his old School, but simply desired as one of themselves to put before them two ideas, which he hoped would be of practical service. First, he urged them to be earnest in their school work, so that they might become efficient. When work was done listlessly and with no definite object there was little progress in intellect or character. But when work was done with energy, devotion and intelligence, boys themselves began to see meaning and interest in lessons that would otherwise seem tedious and useless. In the second place he urged them to develop the creative spirit—to try to do something, to make experiments, to manage something, to write something—a poem, a short story, a play. In spite of apparent failure, the creative effort would bring forth latent capacity and indicate the bent of their original genius.

To some, perhaps, the quiet little function in No. 1 Room might appear to be of no great moment. In reality it was one of those events which are of the greatest importance in the history of any School. For the fourth time the Rhodes Scholarship has been awarded to old boys of the Sydney High School, and, *mirabile dictu*, our boys have been chosen successively in 1919, 1920, and 1921. We mention this in no spirit of boastfulness, but in a spirit of thankfulness. We are proud of these old boys who have brought such distinction to the School, and set such an example to the boys who are now with us.

Do we really know what the Rhodes Scholarship means? From a material and visible point of view, it means an income of £350 a year for three years, a trip to England, residence and study at Oxford, opportunities of seeing the Continent, with its old world interests and associations. But the Rhodes Scholarship means more than this. It embodies an ideal. This twentieth century is hungering and thirsting for those spiritual ideals which will lift the world from the narrow selfish plane of individualism, and national suspicion and hostility. Such an ideal we have in President Wilson's "League of Nations"—to secure peace for the world; such an ideal we have in the present Washington Conference—to decrease the expenditure on armaments of destruction, so that the saving thereby may be applied constructively to the betterment of the lives of

men; such an ideal we have in the work of those social reformers whose lives are spent in the endeavour to raise the masses from the degradation of poverty, the burden of excessive toil, the misery of hopeless existence.

Not so wide, not so cosmopolitan, not so generous as these ideals is that underlying the Rhodes Scholarship, yet still it is a great ideal. Cecil Rhodes had dreamed a dream, and had been vouchsafed a vision of an Imperial Britain. It was his heart's desire to realise this. With the gold of his nature there may have been mixed some clay. Some of his means may not seem worthy of his ends. But, like one of the big Elizabethans, he worked for a great end. He worked to combat the political pessimists who taught that colonies were like fruits that would fall away from the parent stem when they were ripe. To Rhodes such teaching was anathema. The Empire must be held together at all costs; by the material bonds of preferential trade and self-interest; by the more spiritual bonds of race, language and tradition; by the extension of British dominion.

To realise his object he went to the root of the matter. He needed men, as Cromwell would say, "of a spirit." Such men are not easily found. He wanted young men, for the young may be moulded by education. And so by his will he sought throughout the British world for the most eligible young men, the *flos juvenum*, of our race. In his chosen ones he required three things—knowledge and intelligence, leadership and force of character, uprightness and honourable conduct. The democratic principle of human worthiness was to outweigh any privilege of caste or position.

Knowing the power of environment, Rhodes decreed that his young men should betake themselves to Oxford. "Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the middle age." Here the Rhodes Scholars would pass three of the most formative years of their lives, ere they returned to the ends of the earth, carrying with them the spirit of devotion to imperial service. The true Rhodes Scholar knows that if he has enjoyed the rights of his scholarship he must carry out the duties of the same. All things may be observed in the spirit or in the letter. As a Rhodes Scholar a man may forward his own professional experience and interests, or, while not unmindful of these, he may be zealous also for the imperial ends. There has been much criticism of the results of the Rhodes Scholarships. Perhaps the men have not had time to make themselves felt in their respective countries, or to bring forth any fruits of their imperialistic training. Be this as it may, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that the

future Rhodes Scholars will build even better than their founder dreamed, and set forth to the world an imperialism free from some of the limitations, the exclusiveness, the aggressiveness, the materialistic conception of the imperialism of the past, and so lead men to lift up their eyes unto those hills from whence come even now the first faint beams of the dawn of a brighter day, when a higher ideal will be realised—the brotherhood of man.

Farewell and be—Missionaries.

Whilst wishing our departing Senior Boys health and happiness, we should like to impress upon them the fact that, if they have any desire to show they are grateful to the School for what they believe it has done for them, the best way to do so is to go out into the world as missionaries in the greatest cause of modern times—the cause of Education. At the present time we have in this State a well-organised and fairly efficient scheme of public instruction, but, as yet, we have scarcely touched the fringe of education. Our High Schools are knowledge shops wherein “standards of information must be soundly reached,” and where from early morning until late in the afternoon (and often until late at night, for home-work is merely school-work transferred elsewhere) the tide of youth’s fiery, red blood is chained down like a geyser, whilst the delicate, easily-fatigued and readily injured brain is over-worked at subjects which are not only largely superfluous, but, in the great majority of cases, actually dangerous by reason of the terrific mental strain they involve. There is little opportunity for the attainment of the real goal of education, viz., the study of the character and natural tendencies of the individual boy. Most probably there is not a teacher on the staff who really knows a single one of the boys who are about to leave us. This is one of the greatest tragedies of the age, and if the near future does not change this state of affairs the world will continue indefinitely its present drift from slaughter to slaughter, ending in the complete collapse and destruction of our “civilisation.” This question needs calm, sound reflection, to aid which the reading of thoughtful books dealing with education is desirable. A beginning might be made with such interesting, modern and non-technical writers as Edmond Holmes, A. S. Neil, Homer Lane, and Madame Montessori. These are easily obtainable from libraries, and they will suggest others until a thorough grip is obtained of the significance of the great revolution which is at present going on in the world of schools. So let each departing student make up his mind to attack this problem, and let him talk about it to his friends, and so aid in forming a public opinion, which will compel politicians

to free teachers from the soul-killing work of cramming boys for examinations, and allow them to study every child's mental and physical gifts, to develop them at the pace that Nature intended, and to ensure that everyone will be placed in a position in life whose demands will accord with his heart's desire. That is education. Go forth and fight for it!

Sonnet.

*Once, musing in a tall pine's perfumed shade,
With sadly pensive brow and chin in hand,
I saw a traveller from an antique land,
'To whom, "All things must die," I slowly said.
"Ay, so," said he; then, "Hist!" he quietly bade,
"In Araby far sunken in the sand
Was once a well surrounded by a band
Of palms, and there a bowl of clay was laid.*

*A man had died (what bitter fate for all!)
And from his dust was made that bowl of clay;
So, when a pilgrim by the well did fall
And raised a crystal draught his thirst t' allay,
He quickly cast the Marah stuff away;
Such dust must keep our bitterness for aye.*

E.T.S.

The Two Songs.

*A poet wrote a song that stirred,
Some critic's fancy. All averred
Its form was perfect; none so dense
To know not its magnificence.*

*Another poet wrote a song,
All knew it would not live for long,
Too simple and too sweet. For we
Take sense for sensibility.*

*And one of these two songs is dead,
And not the one the critics said,
Would die. Although they praised the former,
The people loved the latter warmer.*

R.F.G.

Armistice Day.

Armistice Day was celebrated at the School on Friday, 11th November. The boys were assembled in the playground, and listened to a brief address from the Headmaster, who said that they had assembled at the express wish of the King to pay homage to

the memory of those brave men who gave their lives in the Great War, in order that Australia might be free. Of Australian soldiers 60,000 had been killed, and of men of British race three-quarters of a million had gone at the call of duty to fight for liberty and humanity and had not returned. The 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month would always be a sacred day to every loyal British subject throughout the world. At the whistle, every boy stood to attention with uncovered head, and remained perfectly steady and quiet for two minutes. A verse of the National Anthem was then sung, and cheers were given for the King and for Australia. So ended a very successful and impressive function.

“ I Want—— ”

(By “ FREE PRISONER ”).

I want to be allowed to think my own thoughts, and not to be always thinking about books and things that don't interest me, simply because someone tells me to do so.

I want to be allowed to spend plenty of time every day doing things with my hands, because I'm sure that more and clearer ideas come to my mind whilst I'm busy at manual work; besides, I hate being accused in school of being “an idler,” “a nuisance,” or a “time-waster,” whenever I satisfy this desire by needlessly sharpening a pencil, by throwing orange skin, or by pinching the next boy.

I want to cease wasting time and energy on foreign languages, especially those that are dry and lifeless, for they only worry and annoy me, and I am so busy thinking, talking, writing and reading in English that any other language is quite superfluous.

I want to be quite free after 3.15 p.m. to do and read just those things which I like and which I know I put my soul into. Home-work makes me feel that I am never able to move or think except as the teacher directs.

I want all my teachers to know me, sympathise with me, and encourage me, for very often I feel gloomy and hopeless, and want to run off to the bush and never see a school again. It is not right to have these feelings, but I can't help it when I feel that I am nothing but a machine, being driven by the gas-engine of my teacher.

I want to be a decent sort of chap when I grow up, but my present harassed life is gradually souring my temper, so that I will either become a cynic, a smoker, or a downright scoundrel. Can no one hold out any hope?

I want plenty of time to learn to speak and pronounce English correctly, and also to read plenty of the books that all really natural young people like reading, not the books that some old person who sets examination papers thinks I ought to read. I know what I like better than anyone else, and I can't get any good out of a book I am forced to read against my will.

I want plenty of play, not organised sport. Perhaps some of the games I like may seem silly to teachers, such as prisoner's base, rounders, hop-scotch, marbles, hares and hounds, fly-the-garter, and cricket, swimming, football and tennis when they are not "sport." Sport is only indulged in by those who have lost the ability to play. Sport is a pitiable pretence; play is Nature's method of effecting development on cheerful lines. c

I want, finally, to be just a boy.

Ballade of a Feud.

*New thoughts old griefs supplying,
With nourishment, Hate grew
A flame within, defying
The gods I sought him who
Had brought me pain and rue.
Tired-out by too much weeping,
I came at last unto*

*My enemy, a-sleeping.
Awhile I stood, him eying,
While thought on swift thought flew
Throughout my mind. He, flying
Had known for that he slew
My friends, that merry crew,
His life was in my keeping;
With me DEATH came to woo
My enemy, a-sleeping.*

*Had Winter not been dying,
Had skies not been so blue,
Had breezes not been sighing,
Soft songs of lovers true,
I had known what to do,
Swift hand, to sword-hilt leaping,
Had slain, as it withdrew,
My enemy, a-sleeping.*

*L'Envoi,
But spring your life did sue,
The air with fragrance steeping,
And so I went from you,
My enemy, a-sleeping.*

26/9/'21.

R.F.G.

Hope for the Unfit.

"I fairly detest physical exercises at school. I'm not strong enough for them. I'd even rather fag than do them." That remark sums up the opinion of quite a number of boys who think they should be permanently exempt from all outdoor exercises. But it was chiefly for these physically unfit students that this outdoor work was introduced into the curriculum. There are many boys who are weak because of a slight internal clogging or under-development, which may need only a little regular, vigorous, open air movement in order that a cure may be effected. It is quite possible that one single half-hour's exercise might, by correcting some slight irregularity, alter a boy's whole career. For success in life depends primarily on the state of one's health. We must be elastic and alert if we wish to succeed in any occupation whatsoever.

Remember, too, that physical exercises are a great aid to sport. One thing helps another. Dempsey and Carpentier are devotees of tennis and golf respectively, for they recognise that the moral and physical demands of these two games are a fine tonic for the boxer, though they may seem to the unscientific observer to have no connection at all with the art of self-defence. The international footballers now in England are spending a good number of their training hours in gymnasiums playing (so-called childish) games such as twos and threes, rounders, etc., for the same result—to produce mobility, alertness and co-ordination of brain and brawn. So let those who are disinclined to indulge in outdoor exercise take heart and believe. Faith is mighty. Doubtless you all know the French proverb, "Appetite comes with eating"; so with well graduated exercise.

The more you take the more energy you acquire, and the more you will feel impelled to take. Be earnest and you will soon become enthusiastic, and enthusiasm is the soul of success. There are no finer antidotes to weary work in small, ill-lit, unhygienic class-rooms than play, exercise, sunshine, and fresh air.

I Wonder.

I have been in this School for four years. Next year I shall be thrown out on the world. What has the School done for me? Am I a better fellow for my course here? Am I more developed than fellows of my own age who went to work four years ago? Sometimes I think I'm not. Yet I must be in some ways. I have enjoyed my science course—that has given me some idea of the wonders of science, and the experiments were interesting. My English and History courses have benefited me no doubt, though I don't seem to have read much, and I know nothing of modern

writers. French is not bad, but Latin! Why did I ever have to drag through that? And Maths. I never could understand beyond Inter. stage.

So really I don't seem to have got very much. A real training in public speaking I have always hankered after, and why is music left out? Lately I have wondered about Philosophy and Psychology. Couldn't we have a book or two on those lines? And what's wrong with doing some carpentering to break the monotony of books, or tinkering with machinery?

Most 4th Year fellows aren't very enthusiastic about school work. They all grumble about the cram. Fourth Year is a nightmare with it. We seem to do four years' work in one. There's really no time for anything but fag.

Anyway, it's only a matter of a few more weeks for me, for I want no Uni. course. Let me get into a job somewhere and get away from compulsory study. When I'm not compelled to do it I may find pleasure in reading, but the authors will be a mixed crowd to start.

“GRUMBLER.”

Night by the Sea.

(1st Prize, 4th Year.)

*Sinking beneath a bank of golden clouds,
The fiery summer sun has gone to rest.
The shadows deepen, and the night enshrouds
The hills but late in glorious colours dressed.
A while the sunset lingers in the west,
A while before those glorious colours fade,
A parting sunbeam reddens yon cloud's crest;
Then night's grey shades from day's bright hues are made;
And evening's sable mantle o'er the land is laid.*

*Facing the west, I watch the setting sun,
And see the shadows steal upon the land;
Now sea and sky are blended into one;
Green hills, dark cliffs, are one with golden sand,
And all is dark, transformed by Nature's hand.
Each side the crumbling cliffs have fall'n away,
And left the jutting headland where I stand;
The combers, breaking, throw up showers of spray,
And hurl themselves against the cliff in wild affray.*

*And long I watch the phosphorescent gleam,
Which flashes from the waves that break below;
They rise, they curl, and in a seething stream
Towards the rugged, weed-strewn rocks they flow.
Far in beneath the cliff the surges go;
Amid the rocks and pools they foam and splash;
And still the broken, surging waters glow,
While mighty waves on mighty boulders crash,
And huge dark seas against those towering ramparts smash.*

*From cliffs, from sea, and waves, I turn my eyes,
 The land is shrouded 'neath the pall of night,
 And Nature sleeps; but soon the moon shall rise,
 For in the East the heavens grow more bright,
 The lowest of the fleecy clouds gleam white;
 And lo! The moon arises from the sea,
 Mirrored thereon in lanes of golden light,
 Which sparkle 'neath the starlit canopy,
 In scintillating, rippling rays of brilliancy.*

*The moonlight shines upon the stunted trees,
 With which the scarred and crumbling cliff is crowned,
 And twisted branches, rustled by the breeze,
 Cast faint, distorted shadows on the ground.
 Soon Nature's creatures waken all around,
 Coming to life on every bush and tree,
 Where now their myriad voices faintly sound,
 And blended with the voices of the sea,
 Produce a sweet, strange music—Nature's melody.*

A. H. PELHAM.

Potent throughout the Ages.

(1st Prize—3rd Year).

Her-hor, priest of the temple of Napatha, dedicated to the mighty god Amman, had lived out his full measure of years. Death drew near. But to him who, from his childhood, had been preparing for this event, it was a matter of exultation rather than misapprehension and terror. For Her-hor was of the gloomier kind of Egyptians. At his gayest feasts it was the custom to bear from one guest to the other an image of a mummy, the bearer of which would cry, "Look at this, and so eat and drink, for be sure one day such as this thou shalt be." All the lost arts of Egypt were applied in rendering the high-priest's tomb worthy of being the eternal residence of such a dignitary. Wonderfully embalmed, wrapped in a robe dyed with a regal purple, he was buried with great ceremony. Let me add, however, there was in his delicately shaped right hand a roll of papyrus, which read:—

Fond of travel, interested in art and antiquity, passionate for adventure, and endowed with ample means consummate with these predilections, it was not an astounding fact to see Sylvester McKaye in the most remote and uncanny regions of the earth.

But before proceeding with the main thread of the story let me explain the private life of Mr. McKaye a little fully.

He was yet a comparatively young man, and his life, as it were, was still before him. His service in the Great War had been a distinguished one; in fact, he rose from the ranks to a captaincy. Previous to the war he had travelled extensively, had written a comprehensive treatise on the hard-woods of South America,

and had collected by his own endeavor and hunting exploits the best set of sea-otter furs in London.

To his nearest living relative—his aged mother—he was passionately attached, and, superfluous to say, his affection was reciprocated. But even the home-tie of a mother's love could not restrict the peregrinations of this Odysseus. Suffice to say that he, with a party of comrades, departed for Egypt early in 1919, accompanied, let it be said, by the wearied sighs and tremulous blessings of one old mother.

It was the intention of this party, after a few pleasurable weeks in Cairo, where they resided at —, to make an exploration tour of the less exploited cities of antiquity, and this finished, to journey into Soudan, and there participate in some exciting elephant shooting.

The second of these propositions was half ended when, in an almost lost city in the vicinity of the First Waterfall, there was a momentous discovery. There was excavated an elaborate tomb, which contained the best example of "mummification" any of the party had ever seen. Everything but for its "petrification" seemed to suggest that the corpse had been placed there but yesterday. On unwinding the death sheet a roll of papyri was found, but unfortunately none of the party could decipher the hieroglyphics. After despatching this noteworthy example of Ancient Egypt with all celerity to the British Museum, where they were confident the meaning of the scroll would be ascertained, the party resumed their original intention and set out for the Soudan. But, let me say, it was Sylvester who discovered the tomb; it was by his express wish that it was so hurriedly shifted and sent to England.

On their very first elephant hunt a disastrous tragedy overtook the party. A charging elephant, undeterred by the bullets of the hunters, crashed through bush and vine and smashed beyond recognition one who was entangled in a vine. The unfortunate man was Sylvester McKaye. The whole party, dismayed after the tragedy, returned with all speed to civilisation, where they informed, by means of cable, the bereaved mother of the death of her boy. The news was fatal, on its receipt the old lady took ill and died within a fortnight.

Professor Aitken, lecturer on Egyptology at Oxford, unravelled the meaning of the papyrus on the old priest's breast, for the mummy was none other than he, Her-hor of Napatha. It read:—

"Cursed be he who moves my bones. May a young and violent death overtake him. Cursed be his forbears. May they, with him, go down to the grave. Ah! mighty Ra, I pray thee lift thy mighty hand against the sacrilegious, so I sleep my sleep of eternity with peace."

G. D. MEAKER, 3rd Year.

Kings' Treasuries.

(1st Prize—2nd Year).

It was in no idle moment that Ruskin spoke about books as being in the same category as Kings' Treasuries. For, are they not written—the masters, I mean—not always by "kings known as regnant," but by men who were inspired, and who wrote and infused into their words the soul which was mysteriously imparted to them, and which characterizes their works?

Kings' Treasuries! We conjure up with this the idea of money and jewels, gathered from the wrecks of nations and preserved through the passing days. But there is another wealth, a greater wealth, a nobler and a more beautiful wealth, that also remains through all time.

Books have been in the world since the beginning of our civilisation, from the crude writing materials of the ancient Egyptians, which, notwithstanding the passing of the centuries, have preserved to us the thoughts of those ancient days, to the elegant writing materials of the twentieth century, the object has been the same. The writer who was inspired with that touch of beauty of expression, that depth of feeling, the gifts which thousands lack, has preserved as a heritage for the millions yet unborn a treasure which surpasses the well-filled treasure-houses of kings.

"The days of our years are three-score years and ten," says One Book; but the Book itself, handed down through the fleeting centuries as an everlasting heritage, is a hundred times that age. Men who were inspired and who wrote, they have passed into "that undiscovered country," but their words remain. What was it that Carlyle wrote? "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." The great writers are not dead; they live on in the hearts of the few who cherish their golden thoughts. Mind you, "of the few." And that leads us to another point.

I say that we have despised literature. What do we, except those "few," care about our books? We are careless concerning them. If a man spends lavishly on his library he is called a bibliomaniac, but one never calls a man who spends lavishly on one of the minor things of life, a maniac of that particular thing. No.

And yet, when we consider those "few," we meet with those people who have, in some cases, denied themselves the so-called pleasures of life that they might gather around them a little "progeny of learning."

Is it polemic to assert that these "few" are richer in the end than the others? I think not. Gaiety and pleasure come and go, but—books remain.

A good book should be "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested"; it should be read and re-read, loved and loved again; passages learnt off by heart; it is only then that the true worth of the book is appreciated. It was one English writer who wrote: "We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!"

We speak of the works of the great masters as Kings' Treasuries; but one may be tempted to ask in what way the books earn that title. It is not difficult to answer. Pick up a book of Scott's, Dickens', Lytton's, and a score of others, peruse the pages, and you will find there a wealth of knowledge, either of men and women of days long gone by, Mediaeval or Victorian; or the writer will take the reader back through the years, as in the case of Lytton, to the days of Roman pomp and grandeur, and to the devastation which followed. It is possible for us, if accompanied by our author, to travel to lands far beyond the seas, to drink of the exhilarating days of chivalry, as portrayed by Malory; to meet with men and women whose opinions are far below or far above those of our own; we can speak to them, argue with them, agree or disagree with their actions, their words, or their lines; all this can be accomplished, not by dreams of the impossible, not by costly travels abroad, but by drinking deep of the water of life found between the covers of a great master's work, whether the seeker of knowledge be king or peasant, it matters not—the same treasury is open to all.

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. We might well ask, "What is literature?" and stay for the answer. "It is that which beautifies life, that which makes us realise and feel the latent ability which is in us, but which, of expressing, is only given to a chosen few."

Truly, libraries are synonymous with Kings' Treasuries.

H. E. CRABB, 2B.

A Day's Adventure in the Mediæval Period.

A huge fire burned in the open hearth of the Red Cross Inn, casting weird flickering figures on the walls of the room.

Besides myself, there were two other gentlemen present, enjoying the warmth of the fire. One was a commercial traveller, a practical business man, with very modern views of life, one who never looked for romance, and never found it. The other was the proprietor—a genial person, who kept the fire in constant fuel from a pile of logs close by.

We had been arguing (that is, the traveller and myself, for the landlord sided with both, and never disagreed with either) as to which was the better place to live in: Present day, or the Mediaeval Period. I, being a writer, and possessing a romantic turn of mind, argued most strongly in favour of the days of

chivalry, while my friend retaliated with equal vigour for the present day of science and wealth.

Arguments for and against were put forward, but neither of us made any impression on the other. How long this would have gone on I could not tell, but over some little remark of mine C.T. got the huff, and, with a surly good-night to the landlord, went to his room.

I did not retire for the night, but sat reading a novel and sipping some good wine that the inn-keeper had brought, before leaving for bed.

Suddenly came a sharp rap at the door. When I opened it I was somewhat surprised to see a page dressed in uniform. He informed me that he was from the court of King Loko. He then handed me a letter, which requested me to go without delay to his castle, where sports and a tournament were to be held.

After two hours' hard riding we arrived at the royal court. I was taken to the King, who was already seated to witness the sports.

The page bowed low, and I, somewhat bewildered, followed suit.

"Arise, O noble Ruffandlum, and go and prepare to show your worth in a wrestling bout, before the eyes of the Queen and myself. I have heard much of your prodigious strength." In vain I protested that I was not the said powerful Ruffandlum. But he seemed to think it mere modesty on my part, and waved me aside with a majestic sweep of his hand.

The page, who seemed to hold me in awe, conducted me to a fine room, and handed me a pair of short trunks and a tight-fitting singlet.

As I crawled into these I thought I was the most unfortunate wretch ever born. What would happen to me when the King discovered I was an impostor?

Just then a shrill trumpet blast announced that the sports were about to commence, and with a last despairing glance at my hateful costume, I went slowly to the lawn.

Here I was informed I was to wrestle with ten great brawny men, the best of that country. My heart simply hit the roof of my mouth and then sank to my boots, but it was impossible to escape, for those for whom I was supposed to be an equal match were now circling round me before making a sudden rush. At last one, who must have weighed twenty stone, tried to catch hold and throw me. No one was more greatly surprised than myself when, in eluding his attack, I grabbed hold of him by the shoulders

and without effort threw him whirling into the air, to fall with a crash that shook the ground. Finding now that I was, by some wonderful witchery, endowed with this strength, I threw myself on to the others, and in turn tossed them as a dog treats a rat. The applause from the spectators was thunderous.

I went and knelt before King Loko and the Queen, a transformed man, so full of pride that I no longer wondered at my change of physique.

I was then presented to Her Royal Highness, Princess Gudelucs, and I at once found myself deeply in love.

I dined with a royal family for the first time in my life, and found great pleasure in sitting next to the charming Princess. I was now indeed enjoying myself.

In the afternoon the sports were continued, and at 3 o'clock the tournament was announced. Equipped with armour and a lance, I joined one of the two sides of knights who were to exchange blows. This time, with the winning smile of Princess Gudelucs fresh in my memory, I experienced none of the previous qualms. Although, to my knowledge, I knew little about the use of arms, nothing seemed strange to me.

When the heralds trumpeted the advance, twenty skilled knights rode from opposite ends of the lists, gradually gathering pace until they met with a mighty crash in the middle. Many a brave knight was hurled from saddle and horse, some never to take their place in battle again.

I acquitted myself far beyond any expectations I had previously entertained. So enthusiastic did the good King become that he took my sword and smote me on the neck, proclaiming to all that I was now Sir Ruffandlum. So proud was I of this great title that my chest swelled to the extent of bursting the lacing that held the front piece of my armour.

So ardent and self-opinionated did I become that before the night was out I proposed to the good Princess Gudelucs, and attempted to enfold her in my arms, but she could not altogether have approved of my methods of making love, for with an unearthy yell, unbecoming in one so fair, she attacked my face tooth and nail. With a cry of surprised pain I thrust her from me and put my hands to my face, to find them covered in blood. Then I woke up.

Yes, I had only dreamed about that glorious time in the Mediaeval period, but the latter part was, alas, only too true. My face was all scratched and sore. The explanation of this suddenly dawned upon my stupefied brain.

Not ten yards away sat a big tom-cat, which must have jumped into my lap while I slept, to pass the night in comfort. It had, however, objected to the squeezing (which had been meant for the princess of my dream), and scratched my face in disapproval.

With a look of undisguised disgust at the equally angry offender I went to bed, there to try and think of some excuse that would hold me free of ridicule on the following morning.

No longer do I consider the romantic period by any means the better, especially when it comes to hugging a beastly cat instead of a beautiful princess. Ugh!!

S. KING, RC.

Moist by their Own Petard.

Jim Bailey (commonly called "Fatty") was a lad, 14 years of age, who attended one of Sydney's High Schools.

He did not care a jot for sport, and was lazy and greedy, as fat boys usually are, but, strange to say, he was always flush with money, and his patronage was eagerly sought after by the dame at the "tuck-shop," but very few of the purchases "Fatty" made there were divided with his class-mates.

One day, as he was entering the class-room, he heard three boys of his class, who were his sworn enemies, planning to raid him of his next big purchase from the "tuck-shop."

"The beasts!" he muttered. "We'll see who will do the raiding."

The lessons that morning were a nightmare to "Fatty," as he was so preoccupied trying to think of some plan to outwit the raiders, that he brought down upon himself the wrath of both the Geometry and Latin masters, who each kindly gave him half an hour.

Also, he could buy no "tuck," and so he was forced to eat his meagre lunch without any tasty additions, as the three plotters shadowed him all day. It really was a trying day, and "Fatty" was glad when, his detention finished, he wended his weary way homeward.

That night he lay tossing about in his bed until 10 o'clock trying to think of the plan that refused to mature. At last he dropped off to sleep, during which the plan came in the shape of a dream.

He dreamt that he poisoned some "tuck" with arsenic, and the three plotters raided him and ate the poisoned food. They died, and he was charged with murder, and the policeman had just laid his hand on his shoulder, preparatory to arresting him, when he let out a scream and—woke up, to find his mother shaking him,

as it was time to get up. "Fatty" dressed leisurely, thinking the while of his dream, and then as the possibilities of it dawned on him, he executed a clumsy war-dance around his room. Hastily finishing his toilet, he had his breakfast, and, rushing down to the confectionery shop, he bought 2/ worth of mixed sweets, and one dozen chillis at the greengrocer's. He then returned home, and liberally coated all the sweets with chili, and set out for school.

He was very relieved when the bell rang at playtime, as, in accordance with his plan, he made for the "tuck-shop," and, using his weight amongst the crowd, he was soon screened from the view of the plotters. Quickly whipping out the bag of treated sweets, he walked away down the playground.

In a few moments he felt himself seized by the arms and hustled unceremoniously along to the bench, where the class was waiting, protesting volubly the while against his capture.

Arrived at the bench, preparations were made for his trial, Harrows, the chief plotter, constituting himself judge. The evidence heard, he passed solemn sentence on "Fatty," which was that his lollies be confiscated and passed round. This announcement caused much laughter and cheers, and before "Fatty" could resist (which he did not wish to do) his sweets were whipped from his hand, quickly shared up, and popped into watering mouths.

Silence for a few seconds, and then there was heard a chorus of excited exclamations.

"Oh, my hat." "Gug-g-g-g." "Ow, my mouth's nearly burnt off." "Wait till I lay my hands on that fat blighter." From which it will be seen that the plot was a distinct success.

At the tap there was indescribable confusion, each boy trying to get a mouthful of water as quickly as possible. Harrows and several others were drenched to the skin through somebody placing the palm of his hand over the mouth of the tap. When they emerged from the crowd, looking like drowned rats, "Fatty" nearly callapsed with laughter, which soon, however, merged into "Ow, leggo, you beasts," as his head was held under the tap by the enraged Harrows.

The next two periods were some of the sweetest he had ever gone through, for most of the class were writhing in agony as the hot chili warmed to its work, and another thing that helped to increase their misery was the sight of "Fatty," between laughs, surreptitiously eating chocolates and caramels.

Thus the raid on "Fatty" was a miserable failure, and the class took care that it was never repeated.

L. WITHERS, R.B.

An Ordinary Day at S.H.S.

While leaving my home to catch the boat one chilly winter's morning, I heard it whistle, but alas! it was too late to run, for it had left the wharf, much to my regret, because we had Latin first period. I caught the next boat, quite easily, and then the tram to school.

When I arrived there I was about half-an-hour late. I got an hour's detention, and then went into the class where I saw Mr. ——— standing.

"Have you done your homework?" said he.

"No, sir," I replied.

"Oh, you haven't, haven't you!" he roared, making a face at the same time, and he wrote my name on one of his numerous pieces of paper. After a while he went out, and Mr. ——— had us for French.

We had to read "Godfrey the little Hermit," a most thrilling story, which tells of Godfrey being shipwrecked on a lonely island. He ran out of provisions; so he got some worms, put them on a hook, made out of a bent pin, and caught many young sharks. I was asked a question, and I answered, "It is conjugated with etre." "Quite right," said the teacher.

We then went to play.

After play we had Mr. ——— for English. He gave us some Parsing and Analysis to do, and looked across the room to where Jerry was sitting, and said, "Come out of that, that big fellow over there," and Jerry shifted.

At the end of that period Mr. ——— arrived, and gave us Algebra. While writing a question on the board, he looked up and said, "Hodgkins, take an hour's detention, Bruce and Mayes do the same." He came round, saw a couple of books, and said, "There is an 'illubrious' mistake which is quite obvious there." Just then he said, "Henry and Ackland also take an hour's detention." Just then the bell went, and we went out to dinner.

While I was having my lunch, I saw big B——— of our class (all brawn and no brain) come down the ground with three pies in his hand, and eating another. After he had finished these he took a big chocolate out of his pocket and started to eat it, then he went round and had a drink of ginger beer.

After dinner we had Mr. ——— again for Arithmetic. We got through the period alright, except for a few detentions, and then, just as he was leaving he said, "Oh! I will let you all off this time," and so he did.

Then came Mr. ———, for the second time, worse luck, because this meant another period of Latin, and he gave us verbs to conjugate, exercises to do, etc., etc., and, of course, did not forget the home-work, as usual.

Last, but not least came Mr. ——— with his History notes. He gave us all about Mary and Elizabeth, and how Johnny Walker was beheaded in 1941 A.D., and Timothy Titus was excommunicated in 20,000 B.C., and Michael Angelo was put in the Tower in 3497 A.D., and all this sort of thing. Soon the bell rang, so he made us finish the sentence, and then let us go.

I caught the tram and then the boat home.

After tea I did my home-work, which consisted of Latin, Maths. and French, and then I went to bed.

S. KEITH SHIPWAY, I.B.

The Fighting Temeraire.

(By Louis Wyatt.)

I was on the Thames one evening, when I beheld a sight that I will remember to the end of my life.

Majestically and solemnly it came, the Temeraire, the fighting Temeraire! Pulled along by a tug-boat that looked insignificant and ugly, compared with the old battleship.

The low rays of the dying sun tinged the long tapering masts with gold, and the hard-weatherbeaten bulwarks appeared softened into a kindlier light by the golden rays of the setting sun.

It was the old ship's last evening; all knew it, and all seemed to sympathise with it, in a kind of awed silence.

As I watched the old ship pass, with its quaint old-fashioned stern, and giant bows that towered over the tug-boat, I imagined it crowded with the men of those old times, when it was a power upon the seas.

There, on the poop, I imagined the Captain, giving orders as only a born commander of men can. The tall, sloping masts, that had once borne the proud flag of France, were bending with the strain of the taut canvas, and the long brass cannon were manned by men who cheered at every shot that scored.

But it was only a dream, as I knew when I awoke to the hard facts of reality, and watched the last of the beautiful carved stern vanish from sight. I felt sad as I went home in the gathering dusk, as I thought of the ship that was going to the undeserved and humble end of being broken up.

Mope.

*As clouds that lazy float on high,
And view the dewy meads below,
Unknowing where they onward fly,
What fierce winds will squally blow;*

*Or as the skiff on tired brook,
That slides and glides full painfully,
Past towered town and mystic nook,
At length to sight the storm-lashed sea;*

*So we do sail to winds that rack,
To foam-flecked seas that surging swell,
And then, alas, we start aback,
And, shrinking, cry, "All is not well!"*

*But, though one match can never thaw
The glacier's icy crystal bed,
Our fire once lit yet flares up more,
And, conq'ring all doth stead'ly spread.*

*And so, when on Life's stormy main,
Just as of old Saint Brandan wise,
We seek our muchly wished for gain,
'Th' elusive Earthly Paradise.*

*And Storms arise to foil our care;
Then must our fire spread unsurpassed
As th' Arab seeks oasis fair,
E'en though the wilderness is vast.*

E. T. SALMON, 4a.

The Armidale Trip.

One of the most pleasing features of the last football season was the visit of the 1st XV. to Armidale, where, though we were well beaten, the whole team thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The party, which left on June 14th, was made up of the 1st XV. and the Debating Team, with Mr. Cropley in charge. Arriving in Armidale at about midday, after a weary fifteen hours' journey, we certainly did not feel like playing at 3 p.m. The match itself can be dismissed in very few words. Armidale dominated the game from the kick-off, our fellows being altogether too weary to present any formidable resistance. Early in the first half Burt received a nasty kick in the head, which necessitated his retirement, thus further weakening the team.

After the match the team were the guests of the Armidale School at the local theatre, where they all spent a most enjoyable evening. The afternoon of the following day was occupied by an intensely interesting motor drive to Mr. Perrot's home at Chevy Chase, where he entertained the team right royally.

Thursday night gave an opportunity to the Debating Team to avenge our defeat on the football field. The debate was on the desirability or otherwise of the New State movement, which we opposed. Our team, consisting of Burt, Lieberman and Pelham, eventually won a most interesting debate by the very substantial margin of 53 points.

The trip as a whole was most enjoyable and interesting. The boys and masters of the Armidale School, of whom we carried away most pleasant memories, occasioned by the fine spirit of sportsmanship and generosity, made us feel quite at home, and entertained us like visiting princes.

One thing is certain, and that is that those of the team who will be at School next year will be certainly looking forward eagerly to the trip to Armidale, which we hope will be made an annual event.

Now I Became Famous.

"Hurry up and get that case ready." That is what I heard, and an instant later I was in darkness except for a little light that beamed through the cracks in the case. I was then roughly rolled on to a lorry, which took me quickly to a place where a huge ship was waiting.

After this I heard something clutch on to the case, and slowly I was lifted high into the air, and lowered into a great den (as I thought), but what people call the hold. All light now vanished completely, and I found myself very lonely. After a little while, however, I felt a slight motion, which increased very quickly.

I soon fell asleep, I do not know for how long, but when I awoke I felt very hungry, so I crawled round the case, hoping to find a rat or some other dainty morsel, but alas, there was only wet paper and rag besides the large steel structure which I afterwards heard called a motor car. Very disappointed, I returned to my cosy position on the seat of the car.

I slept for a little while, and woke more dead than alive. Then I managed to crawl out, hoping to find something to eat. After having searched for some time I decided I would have to eat the paper and rag. What a horrible meal I had, for the paper and rag only tasted of benzine. I lived on this until one day, to my great delight, the motion of the ship stopped, and I could hear many footsteps on deck. A little time after that I had the satisfaction of knowing that I would soon be free, because I was lifted out of the hold, placed on a lorry, and then carried into a large barn, where a number of cases of the same kind as mine were.

I felt as though I would die any minute, when, to my great delight, I heard a person say, "Let's begin on this." The speaker and his comrade then came towards me and opened the case in which I had spent three weeks. The man who had spoken then looked inside, and to his great surprise he saw me. I was only too glad to get out, so I did not stop him from taking me out and carrying me to a kind-hearted-looking man, who was evidently the head. He patted me, and after a little time I had a friend once more in the world. Then I was taken through the streets of a very large town in a motor car, the same kind as the one I spent three weeks in.

Then I was taken to a surgeon, where I spent nearly a month. I was improving every day, as I was given beautiful meals, and because the surgeon's boy played with me every day. I was now thinking what my future life would be. One day a man came, and with a very queer instrument took my "photo," as the doctor called it.

I was very sorry to leave the surgeon and his little boy, but I was motored down to the wharf and taken on board a large vessel, where I had a whole cabin to myself. What a contrast to the previous voyage a month ago. This time I was given the daintiest of food, whereas before I had only benzine paper and rag to eat.

At the wharf I was met by a large number of men, who greeted me very heartily, and as though I was the very greatest cat in the world.

I am now living in great style, and I am very well looked after. It is very strange to me why people make such a fuss over me, as I am only a plain black cat, with one white whisker, who had the misfortune of being shut up for three weeks in a case.

ROY KEESING.

Waywardness in School.

To the Editor, "The Record."

Sir,—In our School, as in all the High Schools, there are a great many boys who seem to find it very difficult to be attentive, reasonable, quiet and good-mannered in class, with the result that both teachers and pupils are worried and hampered in their work. Now a careful examination would reveal the fact that the boys who make themselves a "nuisance" are those who are not interested in what is being taught, and they are not interested because what is being presented to them is beyond the powers of their intellect. In other words, the course of studies in High Schools is suitable

for less than 20 per cent. of those admitted to them. Is it not time the Department instituted a different type of school, where boys who are not "brilliant" in assimilating masses of unco-ordinated and largely superfluous information might be able to go and learn a trade, receive a good grounding in their mother tongue, and be introduced in a sane, interesting fashion to the history and literature of the world? Genuine culture consists in thoroughly understanding and splendidly performing our life's work, for therein lies the germ of character. All else is subsidiary and counts for little in reality. We should give boys only those studies for which they prove themselves to be fitted, but this is impossible under a system which assumes that all children are intellectually the same who fluke a pass at the wretched Q.C. Hence the tremendous amount of unhappiness, which necessarily hinders the development of native talent, which, in turn, means inefficiency in after life in both working and leisure hours. There is no surer method of producing mis-spent leisure in the adult than that of compelling the child, against his desires and his talents, to acquire meaningless heaps of literary, mathematical or scientific information. It is quite clear that our secondary system was designed for the special benefit of a few "geniuses." What, then, shall we do with our "nuisances"?

I am, etc.,

"OBSERVER."

Correspondence

The Editor, "The Record."

Dear Sir,—In the four years I have attended the School, I have been greatly impressed by the number of opportunities we lose in the field of sport through lack of initiative. Some years ago, one of the most flourishing institutions in the School was the Rifle Club. Through mismanagement, or some other cause, this Club has ceased to actively exist, and consequently the School cannot compete in the G.P.S. Rifle Competition. The Rifle Club is an affiliated Club of the Union, and undeniably we have the material for an excellent team; and yet nothing is done in the matter. This is sincerely to be regretted, but I hope that in the near future this defect will be remedied by an efficient and progressive administration.

Then there is the more delicate question of rowing. Admittedly, this would be an expensive undertaking, but there is no reason why rowing should not be added to the list of School activities. At any rate, I place my suggestions before the School, and sincerely hope that these matters will receive due consideration from the Union Committee.—Yours faithfully,

A. H. PELHAM.

Omission.

Unfortunately the name of Derrick Gilder was omitted from "Valet," of last issue of "Record." The Editor expresses regret:—D. Gilder: 1916-20. Prefect, 1920. Second XV, 1920. Half Colours Football, 1920. Athletic Representative, 1920. Inter, 1917. L.C. (Matric.), 1920. Library Committee. 2nd Eleven, 1920.

An Ideal School.

I have had a dream of a school where there was no work at all; there was nothing but play. They had two sets of teachers, one to show the children the best ways of body play, the other to lead them in mind play.

The pupils came to school about nine o'clock in the morning, and immediately entered upon good games, which they continued in the school yard until they were tired. These games were scientifically devised to develop their bodies normally.

Then they came into the class-rooms and played with their minds. There were no lessons, no tasks, no laborious study to be pursued so many minutes, no recitations to see if they had studied properly.

There were mathematical games, in which the children eagerly found out the laws of arithmetic and algebra, so that they could enjoy the fun. There were games that involved history, and reading, and writing. There were science games, in which all sorts of amusing tricks were performed with chemicals, plants, rocks, animals and physical forces, and in which chemistry, botany, geology, zoology, and physics were smuggled in as a necessity to the sport.

In other words, the youths were educated entirely by directing their spontaneous activities, and not by repressing them. They learned, not by the will of the teacher, but by the exercise of their own wills.

The result was they had acquired a college education before they were fifteen years old.

“NESTOR” (4th Year).

The Government Railways as a Career for S.M.S. Boys.

It may be of interest to S.H.S. boys to know that the Government Railways are making a bold bid to secure a fairly well educated type of boy to undertake training as apprentices in the various technical branches of their service. To this end they have established, at Darling Harbour, a branch of the Railway Institute, known as the Institute Instructional Workshops, at a cost of £2500. Here, under expert teachers, youths up to sixteen are taken in hand and thoroughly taught the use and care of the various machines, and are scientifically taught the rudiments of the various trades. The apprentice puts in 250 hours per annum, as compared with 170 at the Sydney Technical College—this is done in his employer's time. The practical course is supplemented by courses in theory, trade drawing and mathematics, designed to meet the needs of the apprentice as he progresses through the course. These courses are taken at night, at the Railway Institute.

This scheme offers a very fine opportunity for the boy who is of the required age, and who has reached the Intermediate Standard, for, on the completion of the above scheme he is eligible for the Technical College Trade Diploma, and is also able to enter the University Engineering Course as a Second Year Student. For the more advanced student big things are in the air. Details are at present sub judice, but may be expected before the next issue of the "Record." Boys who have passed the Leaving should keep in touch with the writer in the near future.

J. LEAVER.

An Ideal School.

(By FRANK L. DAVIES).

A letter for you, sir! It was the butler who made this announcement, and, taking the letter from the tray, I opened it, and found it to be an invitation to visit the New Sydney High School.

The following afternoon I made my way to one of Sydney's fine parks, and there beheld the school.

What a difference from the old school, with its shabby unpainted fence and altogether dilapidated condition.

The new school was surrounded by about four acres of ground. In the front was a beautiful green lawn, while on one side were numerous tennis courts, and at the other side, and also at the back, were playing fields.

And the school itself. It was a large, handsome, well ventilated brick building.

On entering the school I was welcomed by the Headmaster. His office was fitted with electric light and radiator, whilst a small electric bell replaced the old one.

I was conducted to the different class-rooms by the Headmaster's page, a small boy in uniform.

Each of the rooms had several large pictures adorning the walls, and, to my great surprise, on a small table near the black-board was a duster and a small box of chalk.

What drastic changes had taken place, thought I, remembering the time when dusters were unprocurable and chalk very scarce.

One thing that I noticed was the absence of orange-peel, scraps of paper, etc. I was informed by the page that vacuum cleaners were installed throughout the school.

I then went back to the office, and the Headmaster informed me that the boys were proud of their new home, and they had the *real school spirit*.

I then saw at once what a vast amount of good the new school had done.

The Debating Premiership.

All Old Boys join in congratulating the School on its winning the G.P.S. Debating Premiership. As the writer can testify, the School team spoke superbly in the final, and undoubtedly deserved its win. Old Boys hope that this first Debating Premiership will not be the last, and that rhetorical supremacy will speedily be followed by athletic.



G.P.S. DEBATING PREMIERS—1921.

C. James, A. Castlemaine, Esq., M.A. W. Lieberman.
S. Burt. A. Pelham.

Mr. K. Pryor.

"The Record" expresses its gratitude to Mr. Ken Pryor, a distinguished Old Boy of the School, and Ex-President of the Old Boys' Union, for his splendid offer to provide blocks free of cost for "The Record."

Old Boys' Pages.

G.P.S. OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Club has come to the end of its first season. It had some trouble throughout in matters of combination, and the teams had hardly shaken down till the last few matches. The 1st XV., though seventh on the table, defeated the premiers in the last game. The reserves ran fourth in their competition.

Old Boys of the School were prominent in the Club throughout. O'Neil, Willmott, Houston, Reddish, and Gollan all played matches with the firsts, O'Neil winning an honour cap. Bartlett and Chapman played with the reserve XV., of which the three last men mentioned above were regular members. Gollan was assistant-secretary of the Club, and selector of the Reserve XV. O'Neil was on the Committee.

High School, then, has done its share in the Club to-day. Next year four or more teams will be placed in the field. All boys leaving the School, whether members of the 1st XV. or not, should join up with the Club if they wish to play football in company with their School friends and men from other schools in the G.P.S. competition.

OLD BOYS' DANCE.

The Old Boys' dance was held in May last at Sargent's, Market street. The attendance was good, the floor was good, and so, they say, was the supper. Even though (or perhaps because) soon after the start lights went out, and stayed out for some quarter of an hour, everybody voted the function a complete success. More satisfying to the O.B.U. Council, the dance was financially O.K. Another dance will have been held before the appearance of this "Record."

JOTTINGS.

Old Boys hasten to sympathise with their Treasurer, Mr. C. A. FAIRLAND, whose father died quite recently.

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The School's 4th Rhodes Scholar, ALLEN WATT, sails for Oxford this month. He was farewelled by Old Boys at the second dance.

E. A. SOUTHEE has taken up his duties as Principal at Hawkesbury Agricultural College. During the winter he has attempted to revive the name of the College as a stronghold of Rugby Union, and has met with no little success.

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SEP. CARTER will return home about December. In England he played in four tests of the five, and, unfortunately for those critics who had opposed his selection on the ground of batting defects, ended up with the highest test batting average but two. He has the enviable faculty of doing his best things on big occasions.

C. E. FLETCHER visited Sydney at Michaelmas as a Tasmanian delegate to the Inspectors' Conference.

It may be of interest to some to know that DR. EARLE PAGE, Leader of the Country Party in the Federal Parliament, is an Old Boy of the School.

Mr. FAIRLAND recently received a letter from G. C. SAXBY concerning certain Old Boys whose doings were chronicled in these pages last issue. It is good to know that they interest some; it would be a long way better to know that they interested others sufficiently to allow them to give some information to the Old Boys' Editor. Scraping together news is a heart-breaking task. The Old Boys' Pages are very slim in this issue. Unless their compiler receives assistance in future from as many Old Boys as can assist they will cease to be.

An example in this respect is the Rev. R. C. BLUMER, Captain of the School in 1906, who has always kept in touch with the "Record." After some years on the staff of Trinity Grammar School he goes to take up a teaching position in Ceylon.

The Old Boys congratulate Burt and Farrell on their fine performances at this year's G.P.S. sports. Never before has a G.P.S. meeting seen three first places supplied by the School.

Dr. F. A. TODD has been made Professor of Latin at the Varsity. His appointment is a fitting reward for his long and faithful services to the department of Latin.

A. K. Paterson: Congratulations on his obtaining his Certificate as an A.C.P.A.

Form Notes.

4A Once more the Leaving Certificate is upon us, and 4A has sent forth her champions to uphold the honour of the School. Throughout the year we have been working hard to prepare ourselves for this great event, which is to terminate our school days—days which, we are informed by our elders, form the best part of our lives.

Foremost in our ranks are such academic champions as Salmon, Stening, and Redshaw (Pocket Edition), while we possess such sportsmen as Austin, Smith, and Bain, to say nothing of that academic and athletic wonder, Burt, whose splendid record in the 120 yards senior hurdles, both in the G.P.S. and C.H.S. sports, has proved that it is not an idle boast that we possess the cream of the School. We all hope that Burt will equal his achievements in the athletic world with a brilliant pass in the Leaving Certificate.



PREFECTS—1921.

L. M. D. M. Wall J. Austin, W. Moran, W. Smith, H. Pittman, R. Cramp, J. Higgins.
H. Bloomfield, N. Parbery, S. Burt, The Headmaster, J. More, A. Underhill, A. Newton (Capt.)

Our holy of holies, Room I., in which we have joyously (?) toiled (?) during the year, has not been conducive to good work, with its glaring electric lights, stuffy atmosphere, and dismal outlook, although we were informed by one of our worthy masters of the sentiment which shrouds its walls. But "it is a bad dog that has no good points," and with the lights out and door shut our sanctuary was an excellent place to stage the "Ghost Scene" from Hamlet.

Since June we have been deprived of that "boon and blessing to men," "Physical Jerks," which was a necessary and welcome relief to our weekly toil. In fact, most of us agree with the School's champion of "novae res," who says that not enough time is devoted to our physical training. Well, dear readers, "the space allotted expands for no man," as friend Shakespeare would have said, so we must end our woeful tale, and leave the rest to the imagination of our readers.

In conclusion, we hope that the happy bond of friendship which has bound us hitherto will not be broken when we leave our "Alma Mater" to wander out into the world, and perhaps to drift to the four quarters of the globe.

4B Enter 4B triumphant, followed by page, bearing three cakes, representative of our supremacy in swimming, pulling, and relay racing. As from afar there cometh faint echoes of the vainglorious boastings of 4A and Third Year in last issue. That issue has opened our eyes to many facts which before had been hidden—nay, not even suspected by our humble selves. First of all, 4A is supposedly the premier class of the School, and, secondly, they are hard workers. Of the truth of their claims there can be no doubt, for they have said it themselves! For several wearying paragraphs they dilated on what they have got, but we can supply their omissions and tell of what they haven't got—three cakes and a tendency to tell the truth.

Shortly we shall be leaving this noble pile, but shall we be severing our connections with our Alma Mater? A thousand times No! Our notoriety will follow us to the grave. To those who follow in our footsteps, the succeeding 4B, we bequeath traditions innumerable, noble and undying, and, furthermore, we will will to our above-mentioned successors one class-room, a trifle the worse for wear, and our unconquerable disinclination to work. We have striven for the School, perhaps not in the class-rooms, but on the field, and we are very downcast when we find our days at the dear old School are drawing to a close—those days during which we were guided along the path of truth and honesty, and taught to live according to our glorious motto, "Last in —."

Wednesday afternoons have provided us with our only opportunity for the indulgence of the sport "loved of the few but caviare

to the many," which bends our steps towards Hoyt's, or maybe Piccadilly, and 'tis rumoured that at least two of our number have been nominated for honour caps in recognition of their prowess in this field of the School's activities; at least, we sincerely hope so, for they fully deserve them.

Snug and contented in No. 2, we have basked in the sunshine of an easy Fourth Year. Around us were unmistakable evidences of learning and research. Above us the Coates' Library loomed large and baleful in the half light. Before us the office door loomed equally large and infinitely more majestic—even the lockers and desks exuded an atmosphere of learning—and yet we have maintained our serene equanimity, and now we are indeed sorry at leaving that place of happy memories—No. 2, "where everything is beautiful and only man is vile." Regretfully we leave these sacred precincts, and, almost with tears in our eyes, we implore our successors to treat our dear room with respect, and, above all, not to efface the record of ourselves which, with infinite labour and pains, we have cut deep into the annals of the School—or at least into the desks.

Despite our previous statements concerning our aversion to work, we have during the last year overcome our conscientious objections, and, with superhuman energy and resource, have worked points innumerable; and in between we have found time to appreciate the melody of Browning, the humour of Stevenson, and the magnetic attraction which Hamlet exercises over us at the seventh reading. But was Hamlet mad? As an examination class we have been convinced that he was not, but also as a class we marvel at the ingenuity of Shakespeare's imagination in creating a character of so many weird idiosyncrasies who could yet retain his sanity.

We now enter with extreme trepidation on a new venture, for the success of which we sincerely hope. We refer to the so-called "Personal Column." In the chronicles of a class which contains so many self-styled celebrities any general reference to our members would be inadequate, and so we are of the mind that particular reference to individuals would gratify both their personal vanity and the pride of the class as a whole. For the mental comfort and security of those concerned no names will be mentioned.

First of all, we must deal with our candidate for the Old Boys' Prize. His prefectorial services as Guardian of the Gate will be greatly missed by the School, and his voice during the "Harris Street Conferences" at dinner hour is lost to us for ever. "We mourn him as we would a brother lost."

With pleasure we note the existence of a freak in our form, an inseparable dual combination of which the partners are each the complement of the other. This combination will certainly find its way to the National Museum—or at least the State Gaol.

During the past year we have had at our disposal the services of a noted raconteur, whose taste in literature is pleasing if unique, but we find that a certain mop-headed youth objects to being classed with this identity by our respected English master. Why, it is hard to say outright, but quite easy to guess.

The financial side of the Form is very prominent in Sam and Bill, and we have hopes that the former will shine in after life as a prominent —.

The Leaving is over! We have had a gruelling fortnight, but now, fortunately, we are able to "sit up and take notice"—and a little nourishment.

And so farewell for ever,

(Signed) 4B, 1921.

2A.—The end of our third year at the High School is now close. Quite a number of us have left to go home and "fag" for the "Inter," but the majority have stayed on, and are only going to take a week off.

As sport seems to be of great importance, we had better deal with it first. In football—it is rather late to speak about the winter game now—we had about fifteen boys in the 3rd, 4th and 5th Grades, and, on account of this, were not able to get together a class team.

Early in the cricket season our XI. played regularly, winning three games out of four. Now as many boys wish to go home and work on Wednesday afternoons, class cricket is "off" so far as our class is concerned.

We are working quietly enough now—the "Inter." is a too present reality—except in Maths., when the "Frowsy Five" have a little recreation, not unaccompanied by some noise. The Latin and Greek authors have been finished, and most of our time is now spent in revising.

We are pleased to say that on or about the 2nd of December the Junior School is going to hold a theatre party. It is expected that about 60 or 70 boys will be present.

The cricket enthusiasts of our class have once more come together, and before school begins in the mornings and at a quarter to eleven one may see an exciting game of cricket in full swing. Despite the disadvantages of a piece of wood for a bat and paper rolled up for a ball, the games are rather enjoyable. We are, however, sometimes interrupted, with the result that we have to find a new bat—I mean a new piece of wood. "Loo" on one occasion lost a ball; he muttered things under his breath.

In closing we should like to wish everyone good luck for the "Inter."

2B is, and has been! Once more we are called to account. Since we have been graced with the name of 2B, we have raised

its honour as a class, and have made it "the class with the reputation." To uphold this we support three corporals and one sergeant, who rigidly maintain our superiority in the Military Cadet Forces.

In athletics the name of 2B is looked on with awe and admiration. In three branches our representatives have gained for us second place. The tug-o'-war team failed not on account of the poor quality of its members, but because in the finals half of our men were unable to attend. However, notwithstanding, we were allotted second place, so also the relay and volley ball teams.

Throughout the whole football season not one game has been lost nor has one been drawn. Our men have entered into sport with a spirit and enthusiasm hitherto unknown, and thus strike dismay into the breasts of their opponents.

Timid First Year students and those unskilled in the precipitation of fruit in various stages of decomposition are quite bewildered when, on finding their feet turn towards that beautifully adorned and artistically decorated sanctum, known to most as "2B's only address," their ears are suddenly and unaccountably assailed by noises wierd and wonderful, emanating from the learned and forceful tones of a certain Maths. master, who speaks in ethereal spheres of intelligence, and whose deliveries are always punctuated with scenes of the wildest disorder, from the unexpected crash of a falling stack of broken desks, scrap-iron and locker doors, and even from the mystical chink of dozens of bottles, which no one can account for, nor can anyone say how they get into the room. But certain it is that everyone seems highly surprised and shocked in no little degree, openly expressing an earnest wish to find the culprit, and vowing vengeance of the most relentless order. But, strange it is to relate, no one appears—sadly enough. The majority of our members firmly believe in spiritualism, and avow that the departed soul of some master of bygone days is responsible for it. However, it is rejoicing to think that, at least, the prefects can be trusted.

One afternoon, indeed, quite an army of bottles of uniform shape and size appeared in all parts at once. These were promptly confiscated, and, being arrayed along the mantelshelf, formed a pleasing addition to that article of furniture. But, needless to say, they did not stay there long.

We regret to have to state that, through some unfortunate circumstance, Mr. Moore's desk and papers have been interfered with. We wish to express our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Moore, and were we the only class occupying this room we would feel it our bounden duty to set them right. However, we shall endeavour to make what amends lie in our power to compensate this loss.

We wish to tender a sincere and unanimous vote of thanks to all our masters for the attention which they have bestowed on

us during the year just gone by, and hope to show them some return in the crop of "A" passes which we are eagerly looking forward to in the forthcoming Intermediate Examination. Especially would we remember Messrs. Craddock, Cohen and Greaves, who have worked unceasingly for our success in the examination, which means so much to some of our number.

To those who are leaving we would say farewell. There are certainly some whom we hope to lose, drown or reform ere the coming year, but to all we say farewell, and will ever retain pleasant memories of the 2B Class of 1921.

B Remove.—I can here begin to relate the fortunes (?) or misfortunes (which is more appropriate) of B Remove, now that the yearly inquisition has finished. We offer our sympathies to those boys who will shortly display their vast (?) amount of knowledge at the "Inter."

This reminds us that in a short time we will be embarking on a similar mission, and for a moment we have feelings of apprehension. Nevertheless, we intend to make the most of our short-lived happiness.

Being installed in a permanent room has resulted in a marked increase in our studies. For confirmation of this fact (ahem!) we would refer those doubting ones to Mr. G—v—s.

The familiar phrase, "I'll take your name," has caused us to pay greater attention to our conduct than was formerly the case.

In the sphere of sport R.B. has worthily upheld its reputation. No less than eight members of the class represent S.H.S. in Grade cricket, and a still larger number in football. In the athletics R.B. proved its superiority over the other junior classes in no uncertain manner. The first and second in the Junior Cup are members of this class, whilst amongst the lesser lights is included the champion junior hurdler.

C.R.—And still going strong, but with the end of the year near at hand, and all hoping for a rise next term to prepare battle for the "Inter."

Well, to turn to the more interesting matter of sport. We again lead in the highest number of Grade representatives in the Junior School, two of whom are permanent first graders, while a third played one match. Our class team, when they have managed to rake up one from the remaining few, have proved a highly successful and dangerous combination, under the capable leadership of "IT."

At the recent athletic meeting we did not, perhaps, quite live up to our undisputed (?) title of the premier junior class, but nevertheless, after a desperate struggle in the tug-o'-war with 2B, we finally managed to pull the cake from the "jaws of death," or, to be more correct, from the jaws of the 2B-ites.

By the way, while on the question of cakes, it might be as well to state, although we're awfully modest about it, that we will have the pleasure of collecting two other cakes on Speech Day—No. 1 for first in the swimming relay, and (2) premiers of Mr. Cropley's volley ball competition. (Thank heaven one particular youth of remarkable stamina is only included in one!)

Our laurels were further added to by "Nigger" and "Aggie" being the only junior representatives in the Combined High Schools' swimming meeting.

The yearly exam is just over, and the highly strung tension has given place to a rather boisterous relaxation, except in some cases, where anxiety is entertained as to the exam results.

1A.—Well, here we are again—all ready to plunge into our Remove Year's course, and be relieved of the embarrassing title, "First Year Kids."

We have done well on the field of sport this year, our star cricketers, Armstrong, Hardy and Johnson, acquitting themselves excellently. We succeeded in putting up a fine show at last season's swimming carnival. This season we hope to do the same—nay, even better, and we rely on Roberts and Rubensohn to show the other First Year classes *how* to swim.

It was noticed that Farrel, from our ranks, succeeded in putting up several remarkable performances in running at the recent athletic sports.

The reign of apple cores has given way to the reign of water-bags—a much more realistic rain. After several conflicts with other First Year classes, we have proved ourselves to be expert water-bag throwers. We defeated 1D in a sharp contest the other day, and on their knees they wept for mercy. It is rumoured that 1D and 1C are marble players of great skill.

In 1A we have a very fine class paper, "The Echo," and Kingsmill, the editor, has no mean abilities in editorship.

We are all glad the exam. is over, and we did not find it as hard as we expected.

Well, to cut things short, 1A are doing fine, and, as may be expected, all are looking forward to promotion to R.A. on the New Year.

Q.E.D.

1B.—We have progressed very well in our first year at the School, and also hope to do so in our Remove year. Some time ago we started a class paper, known as "The Herald," and Whitefield was elected editor.

Sport.—We had about seven chaps playing Grade football, and, having so many tennis players, we were not able to build up a team. In cricket we are leading. We have only lost one match this season, although we have several of our players—the mainstay of the team—playing Grade. At Mr. Cropley's new game, mitt ball,

we did not do so bad, although we were beaten a few times. At the School sports we upheld our reputation, and now we have several boys desirous of representing the School in Inter-High swimming. We have good cricketers, swimmers, runners and footballers, but only a few all-rounders in any way fair at their sport. They are Bruce, Gow, James, Whitefield, Davies, and Hodgkins.

In the last issue of the "Record" we said we rarely won the weekly attendance, but since then we have won it quite a number of times.

1C.—The captain of our class football team was Schiess. We won the First Year football competition, and also succeeded in defeating higher classes. Campbell, who recently left, played in the 3rd Grade, Blakey played in 4th A's, while several others played for 5th A's and B's. Paillas was the skipper of the 5th B's.

The captain of our class cricket team is Adams. Hehir, Fowler and Paillas are the principal players for our class team. Blakey and Paillas are the principal players for our class team. Blakey plays for 2nd Grade sometimes.

Kelly is in excellent runner. He came second in the Junior Cadet Medal Competition, and also equalled the record for the 220 yards Junior race.

Martin and Mathews, two promising young swimmers, are entering in the heats for the C.H.S. swimming sports. At our last School carnival Martin won the Junior Cadet diving championship.

Jennings, the class prefect, plays tennis for the 2nd Grade.

In the Yearly Examination Mathews' marks for French were 93. We think him the best French Scholar in First year.

"Festina Lente!" hail for IC,

An honest reputation, a speciality;

Move with the time, our word is bond,

Even to the prefects, of whom we are fond.

1D.—Our paper, "The Second to None," is, by common consent, the best paper in First Year. According to certain teachers, we have put the other papers "in the shade." We have regular competitions running, and a good deal of rivalry takes place.

The paper is issued once a fortnight, and has, on an average, sixteen pages per issue. In passing, we may mention that 1D has started a "school for bad spellers," and all our friends in 1A, 1B, and 1C are cordially invited (?) to attend.

Lately numerous notable battles have been fought around the taps, furnishing a scene of many variations; the excited onlookers felt the "hydraulic wetness" or power of certain paper reservoirs, which somehow damped their ardour.

It is said that we have some of the greatest Geometrical, Mathematical, Historical, and Geographical "geniuses" in the First Year, and are looking forward to furnishing Remove Year with another Ba—— Tur——.

There are certain understood facts that 1A chaps would make fine sprinters if pursued by water-bags on the course.

Another point goes to 1D when we announce that we were the first to organise a class picnic. This was done by means of the "Paper."

In cricket we have not fared so badly as we might have done, and, although without a few Gregorys and Armstrongs, we have won a few matches, and tied once.

Although at present we are at the bottom of the First Year, we are looking forward to a higher position in Remove, and we are certain that McE—and one or two others will form the shining lights of the R.A. of 1922.

Well, buck up, 1D, and prove that 1D never will be slaves or "the Duds." Always remember that you are working for the honour of the School, the well-being of your fellow school-mates, and, lastly, but not least, for your own good.

THIRD YEAR CLASS NOTES.

At the beginning of the year high resolutions and a will to do well stirred within the hearts of one and all. As the months rolled by we find ourselves somewhat advanced, and find the Library—the only Union institution coming under our direct administration—assuming something of a businesslike efficiency.

The traditions of Third Year were maintained—"high jinks" indulged in. However, the earliness of the Yearly smashed our aspirations to further laziness and funny business. Now we bid good-bye to our old Form and its allurements, and are wrestling stoutly with the studies of Fourth Year, and entertain little doubt that Apollyon with his fiery darts, as symbolised by Maths., Latin, etc., will be readily vanquished.

During the last few days excitement ran high, and we were unanimously imbued with the idea of preserving the inalienable rights of the Senior School in connection with the Farewell dinner, and much satisfaction was expressed with the settlement of the affair.

In some cases amongst us manifest symptoms of disapproval are evidenced in relation to the sports administration, but things are gradually righting themselves, and we have great hopes for the future.

The discussions in the dailies inform us that ladies are usurping the masculine spheres. Howbeit, let them attend to their own rights in domestic duties. This is said in accordance with a keen observation of our fellow students who, through the windows, watch intensely and with great interest the washing and hanging out of clothes.

Let us, in conclusion, bid those boys who are about to go out in the wide world a sympathetic farewell, and let us especially congratulate S. J. Burt, who, by winning the G.P.S. Hurdles, raised

the school a rung up the ladder, and whose name as a scholar, athlete and gentleman is indelibly imprinted on the annals of our memories.

School Notes.

(By COCK-SURE).

On September the 9th the Sydney High School Amateur Athletic Club held its Thirty-sixth Annual Carnival at the Sydney Sports Ground. The good attendance was a pleasing feature of the day, and says a great deal for the general School interest in athletics. Altogether the Carnival was a great success, and Secretary L. M. Wall and Committee deserve great praise for their excellent management of affairs.

On behalf of the Athletics Committee we desire to thank Messrs. John Galpin, R. Coombes, and W. Kerr for the invaluable assistance they rendered at the recent Carnival.

The attention of the School is directed to the Annual Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival, to be held on December 14th.

Burt, winner of G.P.S. senior hurdles and record C.H.S. hurdler! Heartiest congratulations!

This vacation, as usual, the University Camps will be held at Narrabeen, and it is to be hoped that boys of the School will avail themselves of the splendid opportunity they present.

Congratulations to Burt on carrying off the Senior Cup for 1921!

On Tuesday, the 17th October, the Senior Literary and Debating Society held a Mock Trial, which was very well attended. Burt was charged with a particularly heinous crime—over-attention to hard work. A very corrupt jury heard the case, and considerably appreciated the feminine charm of the witnesses—from a safe distance! Burt pleaded not guilty, and was sentenced to trial by ordeal—the Leaving Certificate.

Congratulations to Mainwaring and Kelly on their annexing the Junior and Junior Cadet Cups respectively.

The "Record" congratulates our Debating Team on winning the G.P.S. Debating Competition for 1921. At present the magnificent Shield adorns the office, where, it is to be hoped, succeeding Debating Teams will be successful in keeping it.

The Leaving Certificate commenced on the 14th November, and the candidates have our heartiest wishes for success.

Burt has further distinguished himself by being selected for the All Schools' Debating Team against University. Congrats. The "Record" takes this opportunity of bidding farewell to Burt, who has in the past proved himself so worthy of the School's best wishes and recommendations. Here we can only say that we sincerely hope that Burt's career in after life will be as pre-eminently successful as his School career has been.

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Congratulations to Grammar and Newington on sharing the honours of the Football Competition for 1921.

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This year, for various reasons, the usual Shakespearean production had to be abandoned, and consequently the present Third Year was deprived of an opportunity of displaying their dramatic talent. This is sincerely to be regretted, as some function of the kind is undoubtedly of great benefit to those participating, and is, besides, a remunerative source of pleasure to the School in general.

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Congratulations to Grammar on again annexing the G.P.S. Senior Athletics, and to Shore on winning the Junior.

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In June last three boys of the School assisted Miss Elsa Parkinson and pupils in a presentation of "Emma" at St. James' Hall. The attendances were gratifying on each of the three performances, and its educational value was fully appreciated by the majority of those present.

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Recently a system of vacuum cleaning has been installed in the School, and we may reasonably hope that in future, with these added facilities, the rooms will be much cleaner than is at present the case.

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Cricket is again in full swing, and judging by present indications the School should do fairly well this year in the Competition.

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Congratulations to R. Farrell on winning the G.P.S. Junior

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Late in October the following boys were nominated for the Cadet 100 and 220 championships.

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Old Boys' Prize:—S. J. Burt, J. Austin, J. More, L. Wall, and W. Smith. Burt was firm favourite.

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On September 18th the Sydney Girls' High School held a dance at Christ's Church Hall, to which our prefects were cordially invited. The School as a whole distinctly appreciates their kindness in extending this invitation, and we feel certain that this function has at least opened the way for a more complete relationship between our Sister School and ourselves.

The new management of the "tuck-shop" continues very successfully, and the boys are now receiving a greater measure of satisfaction than was ever the case under the old system.

Our worthy Physical Instructor, Mr. O. Cropley, D.S.O., inaugurated a volley ball competition among the Junior Forms. The prize, a cake, was won comfortably by R.C.

Mr. Gibbes has now taken Mr. Wooten's place as "Commander of the Forces." True to tradition, our Cadets have earned for themselves the title of F.I.A.—Forced into Action—nad they certainly give promise of retaining this distinction. Another pleasing feature of the parades is the new uniform (or not), which is so popular—for bicycle riding and fishing.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Greaves has resumed his duties at the School.

This year Speech Day will be held on December 15th. All interested in the work of the School are invited to attend.

On November 25th the annual dinner and farewell to departing Fourth Year boys was held at Sargent's, in Market-street.

On the 28th of October we received a visit from A. Watt, our fourth Rhodes Scholar. Packed in No. 1 Room, Fourth and Third Years listened appreciatively to his address, and gave him three hearty cheers, while, in conclusion, Mr. Smith, on behalf of the School, presented the visitor with a fountain pen, "as a small token of the respect and esteem in which he is held by his old School."

School Activities

CRICKET.

Our cricket team has shown excellent form in practice matches, but their performances in G.P.S. games have so far been most disappointing.

For several years past, perhaps, the strongest point of our cricket has been **fielding**, and it is most regrettable that the present team has failed wretchedly in this branch of the game. Not only have catches been missed at the rate of half-a-dozen a match, but the ground fielding of some members has been deplorably slovenly.

The bowling is probably as strong as it has been at any time for the past three seasons. Indeed, this is obvious from the fact that, in spite of lack of support from the fieldsmen, our bowlers have succeeded in disposing of all opposing teams, except one, for less than 300 runs.

The batting has been quite good in Wednesday games, but very few of the batsmen have done themselves anything like justice in competition matches.

At the time of writing only one G.P.S. match remains to be played—v. T.S.C.—and we should win it. If we are successful the final results will be: Matches 7, won 2, lost 5—hardly what one would call a brilliant record.

Individually we have one or two fine players, but they will all be leaving us after Xmas., so a short discussion of the actual members of the team and those who may be expected to fill vacancies should not be without interest.

Bain, Captain: A really fine bat, with great driving power for his size, and fine shots on the on-side. The only member of the team with a decent average in Comp. matches. Would have got many more runs had he only restrained himself a little. A good slip, he unfortunately had to keep wicket in almost all matches, and was none too happy there. Was only fairly successful as Captain.

Burt, Vice-Captain: Good fast-medium bowler, generally keeping a fine length and nipping through very quickly. Fine forcing bat, driving and cutting with great power. Has not had much luck either with bat or ball. Good, safe field.

Stening should have a chance of being selected in the All Schools XI. A very good bowler indeed. Slow-medium, he swings away in the air, breaks back at times very sharply, and rises awkwardly. Unfortunately his length is none too certain, and his fast ball is always a potential boundary. Improving batsman.

Dexter: The most promising batsman we have; has strokes all round the wicket and great power for his size, but too impetuous. Good field, and may turn out an efficient wicket-keeper.

Newton: Much improved in his batting, but has yet to get going properly in a Competition match; safe field.

Dyson: The big disappointment of the team. Should get plenty of runs, but entirely lacks confidence. Improving field and fair bowler, who has not been made sufficient use of.

King shows great promise with both bat and ball, and is a beautiful field. With just the right temperament for cricket, he should go far.

Austin has improved in batting, and made some spectacular catches at slip, as well as dropped some easy ones. Should have been given more chance with the ball.

Brown should make a good bowler in a couple of years, but very erratic at present. Fair bat against medium or fast bowling; no idea of playing slows.

Hardy: Hardly up to G.P.S. standard, but should improve next year. Seems to suffer from lack of confidence with the bat; very slow in the field.

Virgoe: One of the Sports' Master's mistakes.

Carter's loss has been most severely felt in the last couple of Competition matches. Quite the best bat in the team after Bain

and Burt, and perhaps the best field. He will be available after Xmas.

Ryan, G. F.: A splendid field; should develop into a decent batsman with practice and experience.

Lyons: His improvement has been quite a surprise. Coming from class games into the 2nd XI., he has shown very promising form with the bat.

Stafford: A splendid fieldsman, with plenty of batting ability, but refuses to make runs.

Hume: Fast-medium bowler, meeting with much success in the 2nd XI. Must learn to control the ball better.

The scores of the two Competition matches played to date are as follows:—

S.H.S. v. T.K.S., at Parramatta, 29th October. Lost by 51 runs. Bain won the toss, and batted first. No less than five of our men scored 20 or over, all showing good form, but they all got themselves out just when they should have been well set. The innings closed for 155. King's lost six wickets for 93, but Maurice, who gave a chance of stumping before scoring, played a beautiful innings for 67 not out, and won the match. Our fielding was simply detestable, no less than ten chances being missed. Burt bowled finely, but had no luck. King, too, bowled well, but Stening was right off. Scores:—

S.H.S.

Dexter, c Abbott, b Ramsey	1
Newtown, c Ramsay, b Borthwick	7
Burt, bowled Ryan	26
Bain, c Boydell, b Twigg	43
Dyson, bowled Sheehan	0
Stening, c and b Ramsay	25
Brown, c Boydell, b Twigg	0
King, bowled Twigg	20
Austin, c Hansen, b Twigg	25
Virgoe, c and b Twigg	1
Hardy, not out	1
Sundries	6

Total 155

T.K.S.

Twigg, bowled King	25
Single, run out	3
O'Connor, bowled Burt	1
Boydell, bowled King	14
Hansen, c Stening, b Virgoe	26
Maurice, not out	67
Borthwick, bowled Stening	9
Egan, bowled Burt	11
Sheehan, l.b.w., b Stening	8
Ramsay, c Denter, b Stening	18
Abbott, c Austin, b Brown	18
Sundries	9

Total 206



1st XI.—1921.

B. Dexter,
R. Dyson,

F. Virgoe,
S. Burt,

G. Stening,
R. Bain,
S. King.

H. Hardy,
A. Newton,

A. Brown,
J. Austin.

Bowling, S.H.S.: Burt two for 58, Stening three for 67, King two for 46, Virgoe one for 23, Brown one for 3.

Bowling, T.K.S.: Ramsay two for 30, Borthwick one for 38, Egan one for 17, Twigg five for 25, Sheehan one for 24, O'Connor none for 14.

S.H.S. v. S.G.S. Played at Rushcutter's Bay, 5th November. Lost by 180 runs. Bain won the toss, and put Grammar in. At first it seemed as if his policy would be justified, as six S.G.S. wickets fell for 86, of which Datson had made 54, none of the batsmen playing Stening with any confidence. Rau, however, enjoying a liberal share of good fortune, proceeded to paste the bowlers severely, hitting seven sixes and eight fours in compiling 90, and the total eventually reached 252. Stening, who took eight for 98, bowled finely, and should have had much better figures. None of the other bowlers looked dangerous except Bain, and he was only dangerous to the gasometer. The fielding, apart from King, Bain and Newton, was bad. Dexter kept wickets very fairly. Our batting simply collapsed, Burt and Dexter alone showing any form against Campbell-Jones and Rau. The fast bowler proved very difficult on a wicket which did not suit him, but Rau should not have been dangerous.

S.G.S.

Chapman, c Newton, b Stening	13
Alexander, c Bain, b Stening	12
McKenzie, c Stening, b Burt	4
Datson, c Austin, b King	54
Campbell-Jones, c Virgoe, b Stening	6
Langdon, bowled Stening	0
Rau, c Bain, b Stening	90
Rolle, c Austin, b Stening	27
Terrey, c Newton, b Stening	32
Ducker, bowled Stening	1
Storey, not out	3
Sundries	10

Total 252

S.H.S. Bowling: Burt one for 48, Stening eight for 98, King one for 28, Virgoe none for 13, Bain none for 34, Brown none for 24.

S.H.S.

First Innings.

Dexter, c Alexander, b Campbell-Jones	12
Newton, c Rolle, b Ducker	2
Burt, bowled Campbell-Jones	28
Bain, c Campbell-Jones, b Rau	7
King, retired hurt	2
Stening, c and b Campbell-Jones	1
Dyson, st Alexander, b Rau	1
Austin, c Langdon, b Campbell-Jones	1
Brown, not out	2
Hardy, st Alexander, b Rau	4
Virgoe, st Alexander, b Rau	7
Sundries	5

Total 72

Second Innings.

Dexter, not out	17
Newton, st Alexander, b Datson	2
Burt, c and b Datson	24
Bain, c McKenzie, b Chapman	9
Stening, c Rolle, b Chapman	19
Dyson, bowled Rolle	6
Austin, c and b Rolle	2
Brown, b Datson	0
Sundries	4

Total, seven for 83

S.H.S. v. T.S.C. Saturday, 19th November. Our last Competition match was won by 34 runs. Scots, batting first, made 86, no one offering much resistance to Burt, who took eight wickets for 40 runs—all clean bowled. We replied with 120. Scots' score was passed with only four wickets down, but the tail did not do much. Dexter batted splendidly for 38, and Stening made 24 soundly.

Chief batting and bowling averages to date are:—

Batting.	No. of Innings.	Not out.	Highest score.	Runs.	Average.
Bain	9	1	108	258	32.25
Bowling.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
Stening	78.2	2	451	33	14.5
Burt	74	7	345	21	16.4

FOOTBALL.

The First XV. have had another depressing season, having lost every Competition match. There were, however, some encouraging features. Not only was the aggregate score compiled against us over 100 points less than in either of the two previous years, but the football on the whole showed improvement, while the disadvantage sustained by the injury to Burt, who was incapacitated in the first match, can hardly be over-estimated. In consequence of this Burt was unable to play in three of the remaining matches, while in those in which he did take the field he was far from his best. Moreover, the loss of his captaincy was most severely felt. The forwards were not up to the average of past years as a pack; the tackling, with one or two exceptions, was noticeably weak, and their form inconsistent.

Wall was certainly the best of the bunch. His raking, except when the pack was entirely outweighed, was equal to that of the best of our opponents, and his open work was decidedly good.

James, as breakaway, was fast, resolute, and tackled well.

Parbery was good in the loose.

It was in concerted work that the forwards failed.

Early in the season the backs promised well, but Burt's injury and our inability to supply an effective substitute destroyed all combination.

Burt (in centre) was easily the best, both in attack and defence, running fast and resolutely and tackling in a manner which was an object lesson to the rest of the team, but one by which they quite failed to profit.

Hathaway played splendidly at full-back in the first four matches, handling and kicking excellently and tackling well. Unfortunately he was injured at Newington, and was lost to the team for the rest of the season.

Mutton played at half and out-centre, and did well in both positions. He tackled well, ran straight, and when at half-back got rid of the ball smartly.

Newton, at five-eighths, was excellent in attack, handling very well, running trickily, and showing good judgment, but his tackling was very weak.

Beresford (centre) played well at out-centre when supported by Burt, but was too light to make openings for himself when brought to in-centre; always showed dash and pluck.

King played half in the last four matches. Though under 8-stone, he was the most promising of the backs; passed out well, used his head, and his tackling, considering his weight, was superb.

Results:—

V. T.K.S., lost, 32-3. Smith a try. For the first 25 minutes there was no score, and S.H.S. quite held their own. Then Burt was injured, and the team collapsed.

V. S.G.S., lost, 40-0. In the first half the forwards played very well, and got round quickly on the Grammar backs. At half-time the score was 9-0. In the second half Grammar used the high punt and scored continuously.

V. T.S.C., lost, 17-3. E. Salmon a try. Played in a gale and heavy rain. Our worst game of the season. It was a forwards' day, and our forwards celebrated it by getting off-side and staying there.

V. N.C., lost, 28-3. Sawtell a try. Newington's pack outplayed our forwards in every department of the game, and Newman took full advantage of the openings provided.

V. S.J.C., lost, 35-0. Our forwards were very sluggish, and gave their backs no chance. Still, it must be remembered that the Joseph's three-quarters played grandly.

V. S.I.C., lost 51-0. We were entirely outclassed by the same team which had defeated Grammar earlier in the season.

V. S.C.E.G.S., lost, 26-3. Newton a penalty goal. The backs played fairly, but the forwards were poor. Shore were far superior in both divisions.

The 2nd XV. were certainly not up to G.P.S. standard, but did very well in High School matches, drawing one and losing two matches against the unbeaten Fort Street team, and defeating all their other opponents.

Excluding the Captain, King, the best of the backs during the early half of the season was L. W. Ryan, but he left at June.

G. F. Ryan, at five-eighth, showed trickiness, and made good openings frequently. Unfortunately he was injured before the season was half over, and his place could not be satisfactorily filled.

Virgoe (in-centre) was rather weak in tackling and over-fond of cutting in, but was of great value to the team, and always showed pluck and determination.

Thompson (out-centre) handled well and tackled fairly. It was a pity that he had to play in the backs, as he is a fine forward.

E. Salmon, on the wing, was excellent, running straight, fast and resolutely, and following up well.

The forwards were very good as a pack.

Simpson raked excellently, tackled well, and was always on the ball in the loose.

Wotton: Probably the best forward in the pack; a great grafter and fine tackler.

Martin opened the season splendidly, but fell off later. Still, a promising forward.

Maxwell: A hard worker and solid plugger; could do with a larger allowance of football brains.

Caterson: A fine forward, though light; a good tackler, solid in both ruck and loose.

Mainwaring: A fine, speedy man in the loose. Unfortunately had to play several times in the backs.

Of the 3rd XV. the less said the better; their play was as depressing as their record.

Johnson shows promise, and should develop into a fine footballer, but he was not nippy enough for five-eighth, and his passing out from half was poor. Is plucky, and tackles very well.

Pelham: Rake. A fine forward in both loose and ruck, who deserved much better support than he received.

Iliff: A most promising forward; excellent in the line-out.

In the Fourth Grade two teams were engaged. The "A" team opened the season brilliantly, and looked to have a fine chance of winning the Competition, but a couple of easy wins in the early matches led to every member of the team attempting to score tries on his own, with disastrous results. Towards the end of the season they pulled themselves together, and in their last match defeated the otherwise unbeaten Fort Street "A" team.

At their best the backs were not only excellent individually, but combined very well.

Carter, at full-back, was splendid in every department, kicking, handling and tackling, and showed ability to initiate attacking movements.

Willsford (right wing) was probably the best scoring winger in the Competition, running very strongly and cutting in well, but must improve his tackling.

Stevens (in-centre): A splendid man in attack; handles beautifully, runs strongly, passes well, but rather too fond of the ball and weak in tackling.

Dickson played out-centre, five-eighth and half, and acquitted himself well in all positions. His handling is a trifle uncertain, but he is very quick at seeing openings, cuts in well, and passes out smartly.

Blakey (left wing) runs well and handles surely, but hangs back persistently.

Churchward (Captain and five-eighth) handles well, passes out accurately, and is quick at seizing openings; tackled soundly.

Stafford (half until prevented from plying by ill-health): Easily the best tackler in the team. Could learn to get the ball out a little more quickly.

Dexter, owing to injuries, could only play in one or two matches. Quite the brainiest footballer in any of the lower teams, but unfortunately very light.

The forwards were inconsistent as a pack, but on their good days showed excellent form, though they were relatively not up to the standard of the backs.

Bray raked well, but was slow in the loose.

Brien: A good, hard, bustling forward; revelled in ruck work, and tackled well.

Mortimer: A fine loose forward, but weak in tackling.

Davies: A fine footballer; always on the ball; showed ability to get in with his backs in attacking movements.

Brookes: Solid plugger, but rather slow.

G. Ryan: A fine loose forward; good tackler; able to take a pass or give one.

P. Ryan: A good break-away; not quite so good a tackler as his brother, but fine in attack.

Gray: A fine forward and a great trier; always on the ball.

The great weakness in this team, as in the other School teams, was poor kicking.

• The "B" team opened badly, but improved so much during the season that they were probably at least the equals of the "A" team at its close. In their last match they snatched a win from the North Sydney team, which had previously beaten the "A's."

Their back division were nothing like so strong collectively as that of the "A" team, but they were fortunate in possessing as their Captain, *Driver*, whose work at half was hardly inferior to that of King. His tackling was splendid, his passing out quick and accurate; he always seemed to know when to let the ball out and when to go on his own.

Richards, five-eighth, was nippy, and handled well. Should be a fine footballer when he puts on a little more weight.

Rule (wing) ran straight and hard, and tackled well.

Weatherstone (centre) showed dash and resolution, but his passing was poor.

Swinburn (wing) hardly made sufficient use of his pace, but is improving.

The forwards improved greatly towards the end of the season, and were the real strength of the team.

McKenzie raked well, but is rather sluggish in the loose.

Townshend: A fine ruck forward, excellent on the line; always on the ball.

Maguire: A similar kind of forward to Townshend, and just as good.

Riley: A fine bullocking ruck worker, and good scrummager.

Robertson: A fine front row man; shines in the loose.

Stainer: A fine tackler; got round the scrum quickly; could follow on better.

Cunningham (break-away): A first-rate loose forward and an excellent tackler.

Ebert (break-away): The best loose forward in the team; always on the ball; good tackler, and able to get into the passing movements with his backs.

In the Fifth Grade the "A" team suffer from some unaccountable lapses, but at their best were a very good team indeed. In their last match they only lost 6-5 to the unbeaten Fort Street team.

Payne, at full-back, tackled splendidly, but his kicking was weak.

Llewellyn (left wing and Captain): Fast and resolute; tackled well, and showed good knowledge of the game; handling at times rather uncertain.

Bennett (right wing): Very fast; ran straight and strongly, and tackled like a demon; handled well.

Rawle (centre): Handled well and passed out accurately; will learn to make openings for himself with more experience.

R. Paillas: The most versatile of the backs; quite at home in any position from full back to half; handles beautifully, kicks well, passes quickly and accurately, and knows the game thoroughly.

Culey (centre): A fine three-quarter; handles well, runs straight, passes accurately, and tackles low.

Austin was more at home at break-away than five-eighth. Quick, resolute, and a great trier, but could do with a cooler head.

The forwards at their best combined as well as the backs, and that was very well indeed.

Shields raked well, worked well in the loose, and even kicked a goal or two.

Cabban: A good front row man; worked hard.

Campey: Improving; a fine ruck man.

Wilson: A fine, bustling ruck forward; good scrummager.

Nicholas: One of the best forwards in the team; fine ruck man; good tackler; handled well, and was always on the ball.

Drake: A fine ruck forward, and made good openings in the loose; good kick. Unfortunately, injured half-way through the season.

Taylor (break-away): The greatest try-getter and most brilliant player in the team; a strong, fast runner, with a fine eye for an opening; he could do anything with the ball except pass it.

The "B" team was weak, but managed to score a point or two in the Competition table. As a team their work was very poor; but some players showed considerable promise, notably:—

E. Paillas (Captain and half-back), who, though very light, was the best footballer on the side, handling, passing, running, and tackling very well.

Delanby: A fine loose forward and a fair three-quarter; ran excellently, and worried the leather from start to finish of a match.

Whitefield: A fine forward, quite fit for the "A's"; the best tackler in the team.

Thomson: A good rake and splendid ruck man.

Alcock: A good, bustling ruck forward; unfortunately had to be put into the three-quarter line owing to lack of capable centres.

Croydon: A fine forward, excellent in the line-out; he also had to play out of his proper position most of the season.

Pollard (wing): Fine, resolute runner and good tackler; suffered badly from lack of support.

Athletic Report.

For the 1921 Season School's amateur athletics have been decidedly weak. At the commencement of the season we had every reason to place reliance on our available talent, but through lack of training and other causes our representatives did not generally achieve



1st XV.—1921.

E. T. Salmon, W. Moran, J. Clarke, B. Parbery, L. Wall.
 C. James, A. Sawtell, W. Smith, S. Burt, J. Salmon, A. Mutton, H. Bloomfield,
 A. Beresford, A. Newton, S. King.

what was hoped of them. Admittedly, the prominent feature of every Athletic Report is a treatise on lack of training, but this year we feel that the results of this deficiency have been especially evident, and, consequently, we again repeat the "old, old story." With one or two notable exceptions, our representatives did not give the attention to their training which is necessary for success in combined events. If a boy does himself justice in his preparation, then he will do himself justice as a representative, and until the truth of this statement is fully realised by those of us whom it directly concerns, the School cannot hope to retrieve this year's failure in athletics.

At the Combined High Schools' Sports held at the Sydney Cricket Ground, Goulburn High School easily carried off the honours of the Senior Division, mainly owing to the sterling efforts of their sprinters. School was represented by a team of average quality, but gained only six points. Our Seniors were generally outclassed in both the sprints and distances, although Hobson did fairly well in the High Jump. The redeeming feature of our showing was Burt's great victory in the Hurdles, which he ran in 17 4-5secs.—a C.H.S. record. Burt also ran a good second in the 440, receiving vociferous applause from School's supporters on both occasions.

In the Junior division we were entirely unsuccessful, and, excepting Keirnan's second in the Hurdles, were entirely unplaced, while in the Junior Cadet section we fared even worse, as we did not succeed in gaining one place. There seems to have been some unaccountable lack of enthusiasm among our representatives, which certainly had an important bearing on our poor showing, but in future years we hope that this spirit will be eliminated, with a consequent improvement in our general athletics.

The School's Annual Athletic Carnival, held on September 9, at Sydney Sports Ground, was an entire success, and the attendance was distinctly pleasing. L. M. D. M. Wall, and an able committee managed affairs very creditably, and were accorded a vote of thanks by the Union Committee. The Senior Cup, as had been expected, was annexed by S. J. Burt, while Mainwaring and Kelly gained the honours of the Junior and Junior Cadet sections respectively. The surprises of the Carnival were Hobson's high jump of 5ft. 4in., and J. Austin's mile from W. Smith, which was run in indifferent time. Of the other events there is nothing of particular interest to be recorded, and we will here give merely a brief outline of the results:

100 yards School Championship.—Burt, Hardy, Clements. Time, 11 1-5secs.

220 yards School Championship.—Burt, Mahoney, Hardy. Time, 25 1-5secs.

120 yards Hurdles Championship.—Burt, Salmon, E. Cramp. Time, 19 1-5secs.

440 yards School Championship.—Burt, Mahoney, Austin.

880 yards School Championship.—Austin, Burt, Smith. Time, 2m. 26 4-5secs.

One Mile School Championship.—Austin, Smith, Vergoe. Time, 5m. 27secs.
 High Jump, Senior.—Hobson, Cramp, Burt. Height, 5ft. 4in.
 Broad Jump, Senior.—Burt, Hobson, Palmisano. Distance, 18ft. 6in.

JUNIOR EVENTS (Championships.)

100 yards Championship.—Mainwaring, Howitt, Catterson. Time, 11 1-10secs.
 220 yards Championship.—Mainwaring, Howitt, Lyons. Time, 26 4-5secs.
 90 yards Hurdles.—Mainwaring, Keirnan, Stayner. Time, 14 3-5secs.
 440 yards Championship.—Catterson, Mainwaring, Blakey. Time, 1m. 2 3-5secs.
 880 yards Championship.—Cramp, Catterson, Clayton. Time, 2m. 27 2-5secs.
 High Jump.—Weatherstone, Cramp, Clayton. Height, 4ft. 7in.
 Broad Jump.—Mainwaring, Swinburne, Weatherstone. Distance, 17ft. 6in.

JUNIOR CADET CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 yards Championship.—Farrell, Kelly, Long. Time, 12½secs.
 220 yards Championship.—Kelly, Long, Lewin. Time, 28 2-5secs.
 High Jump.—Long, Morgan, Kelly. Height, 4ft. 4in.
 Broad Jump.—

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS.

Old Boys' 100 yards Handicap.—King, Cathels, Robertson.
 Old Boys' 880 yards Handicap.—Wilson, Willmott, Corish. Time, 2m. 16 3-5s.

Combined Schools' Sports.

Congratulations to Grammar on their 24th victory at these meetings, and to N.C., who ran them very close for senior honours, also to Shore, who won the junior.

The meeting was noteworthy for the excellence of the organisation, for which too much praise cannot be given to the Hon. Secretary.

In the under 14 high jump, Sautelle, of Shore, came within a quarter-inch of the record. We supplied the winner of both the 100 yards and 220 yards in this division, R. Farrell, who equalled the record for the furlong. This is the first occasion on which School has won an under 14 event or has won two sprints in any division. If Farrell develops as he should, he must go far.

In the under 16 division, Walker, of Shore, won both sprints, also equalling the 220 record.

The 880 yards was won by Campbell (S.I.C.) in very good time.

The high jump produced a magnificent contest between Haydon (S.G.S.), Smith (S.C.E.G.S.), and MacPherson (N.C.), who all beat Wiseman's record of last year and cleared 5ft. 3¾in., 5ft. 3in., and 5ft. 2in. respectively. The performance of Smith, who is only 14, was particularly noteworthy.

One of our records was broken in the broad jump, Cunningham (S.J.C.) beating Housden's figures by 3¾ inches—a remarkable performance considering the conditions. Mainwaring came fourth with 17ft. 2in.

The hurdles were won by MacPherson in the splendid time of 13 2-5 sec. on a wet track.

In the relay our chances were spoilt at the start. The team ran pluckily, and gained fifth place. S.G.S. won well.

In the senior division the two sprints fell to Moulton (N.C.), the 100 yards being an excellent performance.

The 440 yards championship was won by Hansen (T.K.S.), who finished splendidly on a sodden track.

The teams race went to S.G.S. Mahoney ran third in the first division.

The 880 yards and mile were both won by MacDonald (S.G.S.), the outstanding athlete of the meeting. S.G.S. accomplished the remarkable feat of winning all four divisions of the mile.

The hurdles were won by Burt, who beat Hixson (S.C.E.G.S.) by about a foot. The two were locked together from the first hurdle. Burt rose first at the last, and maintained his lead to the tape. This is the first occasion on which we have won a senior event.

The high jump fell to Cunningham (S.G.S.), who unexpectedly beat Wiseman (N.C.).

The broad jump fell to Croft (T.A.S.), who beat Kennedy (T.C.S.) by 3 inches.

Pannifex (S.C.E.G.S.) put up a fine performance in the shot.

Detailed results:—

Senior.

220 yards.—K. B. Moulton (N.C.) 1, F. W. Bayldon (S.G.S.) 2, F. D. Hixson (S.C.E.G.S.) 3, N. R. Burns (T.K.S.) 4, W. O'Brien (S.J.C.) 5. Time, 23 4-5 sec.

880 yards.—E. L. MacDonald (S.G.S.) 1, N. K. Moffatt (T.A.S.) 2, E. W. Newman (N.C.) 3, M. B. Smith (T.K.S.) 4, J. Hogan (S.J.C.) 5. Time, 2min. 7sec.

Shot Putt.—H. Pannifex (S.C.E.G.S.) 1, C. Morissey (S.I.C.) and F. A. Calder (N.C.) 2, A. A. Campbell-Jones (S.G.S.) 4, R. B. Ramsey (T.K.S.) 5. Distance, 44ft. 2½in.

100 yards.—K. B. Moulton (N.C.) 1, F. W. Bayldon (S.G.S.) 2, O. C. Crossman (S.C.E.G.S.) 3, A. E. Stacey (T.A.S.) 4, N. R. Burns (T.K.S.) 5. Time, 10½sec.

High Jump.—Cunningham (S.G.S.) 1, W. F. Wiseman (N.C.) 2, Young (T.K.S.) 3, W. Robinson (T.S.C.) and Gregory (S.C.E.G.S.) 4. Height, 5ft. 6in.

Broad Jump.—H. D. Croft (T.A.S.) 1, J. N. Kennedy (T.S.C.) 2, N. R. Burns and O. C. Crossman (S.C.E.G.S.) 3, A. J. Morris (S.G.S.) 5. Distance, 20ft. 6½in.

120 yards Hurdles.—S. J. Burt (S.H.S.) 1, F. D. Hixson (S.C.E.G.S.) 2, A. E. Stacey (T.A.S.) 3, K. Moulton (N.C.) 4, L. F. Osborne (T.K.S.) 5. Time, 16 4-5 sec.



ATHLETIC REPRESENTATIVES—1921.

R. Swinburne, J. Austin, G. Cramp, S. O'Grady, A. Keirnan, F. Virgoe,² K. Clayton.
 N. Parbery, A. Mutton, R. Farrell, S. Burt, N. Mainwarring, H. Hardy, A. Sawtelle.
 — Keirnan.

Mile.—1st Division: Kenney (S.G.S.) 1. Time, 4min. 59sec.

Mile.—2nd Division: H. A. Gardiner (S.G.S.) 1. Time, 5min. 7sec.

Mile.—3rd Division: D. G. Jones (S.G.S.) 1. Time, 4min. 59sec.

Mile Championship.—E. L. MacDonald (S.G.S.) 1, T. W. Bowden (N.C.) 2, D. M. Onslow (T.K.S.) 3, L. S. Burr (S.C.E.G.S.) 4, W. Arnold (S.J.C.) 5. Time, 4min. 49sec.

Team Placings.—S.G.S. 1, N.C. 2, S.I.C. and T.K.S. 3, T.S.C. 5.

440 yards.—1st Division: C. H. McKenzie (S.G.S.) 1. Time, 56sec.

440 yards.—2nd Division: R. Galli (S.J.C.) 1. Time, 54 2-5 sec.

440 yards.—3rd Division: A. A. Campbell-Jones (S.G.S.) 1. Time, 55 1-5sec.

Championship.—K. W. Hansen (T.K.S.) 1, E. W. Newman (N.C.) 2, Hogan (S.J.C.) 3, F. D. Hixson (S.C.E.G.S.) 4, F. W. Bayldon (S.G.S.) 5. Time, 54sec.

Teams.—S.G.S. 1, T.K.S. and S.J.C. 2, N.C. 4, S.C.E.G.S. 5.

Junior (under 16).

220 yards.—C. V. Walker (S.C.E.G.S.) 1, M. H. Rylane (T.K.S.) 2, A. A. Cousins (S.G.S.) 3, A. Cunningham (S.J.C.) 4, Patterson (T.S.C.) 5. Time, 24 1-5 sec.

880 yards.—B. Campbell (S.I.C.) 1, G. MacKay (N.C.) 2, G. M. Hunt (S.G.S.) 3, C. Wormald (S.C.E.G.S.) 4, G. Crighton-Smith (T.S.C.) 5. Time, 2min. 14 2-5 sec.

High Jump.—C. P. Haydon (S.G.S.) 1, S. M. Smith (S.C.E.G.S.) 2, B. MacPherson (N.C.) 3, C. Patterson (T.S.C.) and M. H. Rylane (T.K.S.) 4. Height, 5ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Relay.—S.G.S. 1, S.C.E.G.S. 2, N.C. 3, S.J.C. 4, S.H.S. 5. Time, 3min. 27sec.

100 yards.—C. V. Walker (S.C.E.G.S.) 1, M. H. Rylane (T.K.S.) 2, G. Maiden (N.C.) 3, A. Cunningham (S.J.C.) 4, B. Campbell (S.I.C.) 5. Time, 11sec.

90 yards *Hurdles.*—B. MacPherson (N.C.) 1, M. H. Rylane (T.K.S.) 2, C. V. Walker (S.C.E.G.S.) 3, N. C. Nelson (S.G.S.) 4, J. Murray (S.J.C.) and G. Barr (T.S.C.) 5. Time, 13 2-5 sec.

Broad Jump.—A. Cunningham (S.J.C.) 1, J. D. Ward (S.C.E.G.S.) 2, B. D. MacPherson (N.C.) 3, W. Mainwaring (S.H.S.) 4, H. J. Sheehan (T.K.S.) 5. Distance, 19ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Under 14.

220 yards.—R. Farrell (S.H.S.) 1, W. H. Mann (S.G.S.) 2, J. Honner (S.J.C.) 3, W. Middleton (T.S.C.) 4, J. B. Egan (T.K.S.) 5. Time, 26½sec.

High Jump.—G. C. Sautelle (S.C.E.G.S.) 1, J. L. Rouse (T.K.S.) and D. L. Cowdery (S.G.S.) 2, C. Bryson (S.J.C.) 4, S. E. Cox (T.S.C.) 5. Height, 4ft. 10in.

100 yards.—R. Farrell (S.H.S.) 1, D. L. Cowdery (S.G.S.) 2, G. C. Sautelle (S.C.E.G.S.) 3, D. Johnson (T.S.C.) 4, J. Honner (S.J.C.) 5. Time, 11 4-5 sec.

Points (Senior).

Sydney Grammar School	55 points	1
Newington College	47 "	2
King's School	29½ "	3
Sydney C.E.G.S.	27½ "	4
Armidale School	18 "	5
St. Joseph's College	10 "	6
Sydney High School	8 "	7
The Scots' College	7½ "	8
St. Ignatius' College	6½ "	9

Points (Junior).

Sydney C.E. Grammar School	47 points	1
Sydney Grammar School	38 "	2
Newington College	25 "	3
The King's School	22½ "	4
St. Joseph's College	20½ "	5
Sydney High School	19 "	6
St. Ignatius' College	9 "	7.
Scots' College	9 "	7

Report of Literary and Debating Society.

The Literary and Debating Society has concluded one of the most successful seasons since its inception; although not sufficiently encouraged by the majority of third and fourth years, those who did actively participate put forward their best efforts, and those efforts were rewarded by winning the G.P.S. Debating Competition, and, incidentally, the fine Shield attached.

A word must here be said relative to the winning of that competition. Firstly, the keenness and good spirit of the team was a pertinent factor, and secondly, it was in a large measure due to the unflagging zeal and energy of Mr. Castleman.

Throughout the year the same knot of boys under his direction devoted their attention to the Debating Society, striving with emulous ardour to equal the fine record of the previous year's team; and eventually overshadowed that record by carrying off the honours of the competition.

The Society, however, did far more than merely pay attention to the Debating Team: it provided an opportunity for every boy in 3rd and 4th

Years to avail himself of its services, an opportunity which was wisely accepted by many.

In the furtherance of this object impromptu speeches and mock trials were frequently held throughout the year; but excepting in the case of the mock trials, when large numbers were attracted, the attendance was disappointing. A word of pardon might be asked for the apparent vain-glorious resume of the Society's activities, yet we feel no such pardon necessary. We are proud, justly proud of its achievement, and if, on this account, we dilate at some length on the course of the L. Debating Society throughout the year, a word of pardon will be granted.

In the G.P.S. Competition, the schools were divided into two groups—"A," including T.A.S., N.C., S.J.C., and S.H.S.; and Group "B," including S.G.S., S.C.E.G.S., T.S.C., S.I.C. The winners of Group A had to compete in a final with Group B.

Our first Debate took place against Armidale. Burt (leader), Pelham, and Lieberman journeyed to Armidale, and opposed the motion, that "The New State Movement would be to the advantage of Australia." At the conclusion of the Debate, the Adjudicator decided in favour of High School by the comfortable margin of 52 points.

On July 13th School Team met Newington. N.C. was probably the most formidable team we encountered. The previous year they had defeated us by the narrow margin of 5 points, and this year's debate was regarded with a great deal of eagerness, since, on the result, hinged to a great degree, the issue of the competition.

S.H.S. (Pelham, leader, Lieberman, and James), supported the motion that "The British system of trial by jury is an inadequate and dangerous method of determining whether an accused person is guilty or not."

Pelham opened, and made a very fine impression; throughout he was calm and collected, and presented an admirable opening speech. In his reply, he was most effective, completely silencing the opposition. Mr. Lieberman and Mr. James also displayed remarkable coolness; their arguments were logically and forcibly expressed, and at the conclusion we were judged the winners by the narrow margin of three points.

Our final debate in Group A took place in August, when we met S.J.C. School, when we supported the motion that "Commercial enterprise has done more to create war than to promote peace between nations."

The School Team consisted of Burt (leader), Lieberman, and James. As was anticipated, School won by the substantial margin of 37 points, and thus were the winners of Group A.

The final debate for the Premiership took place at N.C. against T.S.C., the winners of Group B.

School was represented by Pelham (leader), Burt, and Lieberman, who affirmed the motion, "That in view of America's rejection of the League of Nations, the League should cease to exist."

This debate was marked by the pleasing feature of the number of School supporters who attended, a feature, be it marked, that was conspicuous by its absence at the other debates, in which School took part.

Mr. Pelham, as leader, probably, delivered his finest speech, during the competition. Logical, with an easy flow of language, he admirably outlined the objections to the League's existence. In his reply, he was no less effective, the weight and forcefulness of his arguments telling greatly against the rhetoric of the Opposition.

Mr. Burt and Mr. Lieberman also materially assisted. Mr. Burt excelled in a constructive and a destructive speech, while Mr. Lieberman lived up to the high standard of his previous speeches. At the conclusion, there followed a painful silence of suspense. Owing to Sir Henry Braddon, adju-

dicator, confusing "Scots" and School, he announced Scots as the winners; when the cheering of the Scotch supporters had subsided, he hurriedly rectified his mistake, and awarded the debate to S.H.S. The actual figures were not made available. Thus had S.H.S. won the competition.

In the "All Schools' Team," chosen to debate against the University, Burt had the crowning honour of being selected, but, unfortunately, the debate had to be abandoned owing to the difficulty of fixing a convenient date.

An opportunity of viewing the Shield was accorded each boy. If that Shield is to remain with us, the Debating Society must have the continued and unlimited support of 3rd and 4th Years.

Next year Burt and James will be leaving the School. Pelham and Lieberman will remain. Both are fine speakers, and have had the added advantage of experience. If the 3rd and 4th Years enthusiastically support the Society, we have every reason for hoping to hold that Shield for another year.

The Debating Society will terminate its activities by holding its annual farewell dinner to the boys who are leaving.

One further word remains. Too much praise cannot be accorded to Mr. Castleman, The Debating Team fully realise that without his energy and experience, their efforts would have gone for nought. The Society once again express their heartfelt thanks for his interest and zeal.

Literary Prize Competition.

In our last issue we set forth the nature and conditions of our competition, and hereunder we publish prize contributions. In one or two cases the adjudicator had considerable difficulty in selecting the winners.

4th Year.—A. H. Pelham.

3rd Year.—G. D. Meaker.

2nd Year.—H. E. Crabb.

Remove.—L. Withers and S. King, aeq.

1st Year.—S. K. Shipway

The "Record" expresses its gratitude to our benefactor (who, by the way, does not wish his name to be published), and wishes to inform him that his generous offer called forth a wonderful effort, fully one hundred contributions having been submitted.

Our Contemporaries.

The Editor desires to acknowledge the following exchanges. He apologises for all omissions:—

Glasgow High School Magazine, The King's School Magazine, The Sydneian (Sydney Grammar School), The Northern Churinga (Launceston), The Newingtonian, The Canterbury Tales (Canterbury I.H.S.), The Royal Blue (Petersham I.H.S.), The Goulburnian, The Novocastrian, Wesley College Magazine, The Graftonian, The Fortian, The Clarion (Mudgee H.S.), The Quondong (Broken Hill H. School), The Torch-bearer (S.C.E.G.S.), The Armidalian, Our Girls (Maitland G.H.S.), The Falcon (N.S.H.S.), The Lens (Lismore H.S.), Blue and Gold (Morven), The Magazine (Fort St. Girls' H.S.), The Chronicle (Sydney Girls' H.S.), The Echringian (Glen Innes I.H.S.), The Magpie (West Maitland Boys' H.S.).

School Directory.

Headmaster: C. R. Smith, M.A.

Deputy Headmaster: W. Moore, B.A., Dip. E.C.

Teaching Staff.

English: J. H. Smairl, M.A., A. Castleman, M.A., J. W. Greaves, M.A., L.C.P. F.R.H.S., D.Ed., J. H. Killip, B.A., H. W. Moffitt, M.A.

Classics: H. O. Craddock, M.A., O. N. Kelly, M.A., J. W. Gilbes.

Modern Languages: P. L. Murphy, B.A., V. A. Cohen, B.A., F. C. Wootten, B.A., J. A. Snowden.

Mathematics: C. E. George, M.A., W. Bartrop, B.A., E. F. Hallman, B.Sc., J. Leaver, B.A., LL.B.

Science: P. J. Willmott, B.Sc., R. E. J. Wright, J. R. Towns, A.T.C.

Commercial: W. Moore, B.A., Dip. E.C., H. P. Brodie, F.C.S.S.

Physical Culture: O. A. Cropley, D.C.M., A.S.P.E.

Union Committee.

President: The Headmaster.

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. Moore and Leaver.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. Snowden.

Assistant Secretary: S. J. Burt.

Hon. Treasurers: Messrs. Killip and Wright.

Sportsmaster: Mr. Gibbes.

Committee: All masters who are not office-bearers.

Secretaries of Union Activities.—W. Smith, A. Underhill, G. Phillips, J. Austin, A. Sawtell, G. Hathaway, C. James, G. Stening.

Year Representatives: IV., J. More; III., J. Clarke; II., K. Clayton; R., S. King; I., H. Bruce.

Captain of the School (Senior Prefect):

S. J. Burt.

Prefects.

S. J. Burt, 1919, 1920, 1921; J. W. Austin, 1920, 1921; L. W. Ryan, 1920, 1921; A. Newton, 1921; N. H.

Parbery, 1921; L. M. Wall, 1921; R. Cramp, 1921; W. Moran, 1921, G. Stening, 1921; A. Underhill, 1921; R. Bain, 1921; H. Pittman, 1921; J. More, 1921; W. Smith, 1921; J. Higgins, 1921.

Cricket.

Captain: R. Bain.

Vice-Captain: S. J. Burt.

Secretary: G. Stening.

Football.

Secretary: W. Smith.

Assist.-Secretary: A. C. Sawtell.

Committee: S. J. Burt, C. G. James, A. C. Sawtell, Hilton Bloomfield, W. Smith.

Swimming.

Secretary: A. Underhill.

Assist.-Secretary: J. More.

Committee: Davies, Austin.

Baseball.

Captain: K. Clayton.

Secretary: C. Phillip.

Asst. Sec.: B. Agnew.

Committee: R. Bain, K. Clayton, G. Stening.

Senior Literary and Debating Society.

President: The Headmaster.

Vice-Presidents: The Masters.

Secretary: C. James.

Speaker: H. Pittman.

Editor-Man. *Journal*: W. Lieberman.

Sub-Editor: E. Salmon.

Committee: E. Barker, E. Joliffe and T. Lewis.

Library.

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