



The RECORD

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Vol. XIII.

No. 2.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

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The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSÉ."

VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1922.

No. 2.

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Editorial

We commonly deplore the grimy drabness and the inconvenience of our School, and rightly hope for a modern building in a more congenial situation as soon as may be. Yet we know that the School is more than the bricks and mortar that house it. Our loyalty and love are given to that intangible something, that compound of present habits and past tradition, of effort and hope, which is the mainspring of our School's life, and really means the School to us.

Now this spirit is not a casual growth. It is the product of innumerable efforts and untiring perseverance. It lives and grows, and with its life and growth come many changes for better or for worse. Our predecessors laboured, perhaps unknowingly, to build it up, and only by equally strenuous labour shall we hand it on a live and growing power to inspire the boys of the future. In the making of this spirit the tradition of the past and the life of the present both share and are both required. For in a few years we and our work will be part of a past tradition, to which we must hope the School of the future will look with respect.

Each one of us is moulded and influenced by this same School spirit through all his School life, and in almost every action, great and small, influenced and moulded without his own will or knowledge. But equally significant is the other side. Every word and deed of his, be it manly or mean, selfish or generous, has its effect on the thoughts and feelings of his fellows, and so on the tradition which his generation will leave behind. By his efforts or his indolence, by his public spirit or lack of it, he is doing his share to make better or worse that spirit which is the life of his School. None is free of this responsibility; it cannot be left to others. Here he may, nay must, repay to the future the debt he owes to the past.

Anzac Day.

Mr. Board's Speech.

(Reported by G. Matterson, 2C.)

In his address, Mr Board said that after the speech boys had heard from the Minister, there was not much left for him to say, and continued, "But, I would like to add that Australia has made a few traditions in her history. There was one more tradition grafted on to Australia on April 25, 1922.

"When the Australian soldiers landed at Gallipoli they made their way to the first trench at the foot of the cliffs and overcame the Turks. Half way up the cliffs another trench was captured. Half an hour later they were in the trench at the top of the cliff. The task which was declared impossible was done.

"Two hours later the first boat was returning to the hospital ship. It had on board the first three wounded men in the Australian army, and as they passed each of the boats, the three wounded men raised their hats and cheered, and the little midshipman who was so badly wounded did the same. That was the Anzac spirit.

"One woman had sent her son to the war and the news came that the boy was dead. The woman said that she was proud to be the mother of an Australian.

"Sir Ross Smith said he had made no provision for ships of war to follow him in his flight. He said he would take his chance. He said Australians never squeak when they are up against it. That was the Anzac spirit."

Mr. Bruntnell's Speech.

(Reported by G. Matterson.)

In his address, Mr. Bruntnell said that if he was to make a comparison between the reception at the Girl's High School, Moore Park, in the morning and that of the afternoon, he would be compelled to say that what the boys lacked in looks was made up in their enthusiasm. He went on to say: "Now, as you have heard, we are commemorating in the school to-day, that great day—Anzac Day. Just as we commemorate Empire Day, we shall commemorate the day when our brave men faced difficulties, such as have never been faced before in the world's history. This event made a name for Australia and so we are here to-day to honour the memory of our brave and beloved Anzacs, and, you know, it does us good to sit down sometimes and think of their great deeds.

"We should ask how it is we are here to enjoy the advantages of this country. We owe a great debt of gratitude to our ancestors for making this country what it really is—a white man's country. We owe a deep debt to those men who fought for us in the Great War, and came through with such courage and such a record as our brave Anzacs did.

"We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Old Country, to that mighty navy and that protecting arm, which has shielded us while we have been resting here in security. We owe, however, a deep debt of gratitude to our boys. I consider the response of our young men to be magnificent, and it was unconsciously a tribute to the public school system of Australia. It was in itself a triumphant answer to carping critics, who out of their own ignorance, had derided our public school system.

"They were no cowards. 'Cowards die several times, but heroes never die.' Duty called them and they responded, leaving home, sweet-hearts, loved ones, all behind. They went—and some of them gave their lives for our sake. 'They saved others, themselves they could not save.'"

Mr. Bruntnell went on to say "that courage had been the crowning feature of these men, and he hoped that those present in school to-day would carry forward that tradition, and maintain the attribute of individual and personal valour; which had been personified in the men who had gone out to fight.

"Australia would always have Ross Smiths and Chalmers, who sacrifice themselves for the good of others."

He concluded by saying: "I am going to make this request to you that at some time to-morrow, just spend a moment in honour of the boys who have gone, and think of the good old mother who looks at the picture on the wall and thinks of the happy days gone by. I hope you will have a most profitable time to-morrow and I wish you every success in your life."

A Vivid Recollection.

Boom! A long roll of thunder rumbled forth from the gloomy vault of the western skies, pregnant with ominous forebodings. The wind moaned mournfully through the adjacent pine trees, while out in the long white line of ringbarked forest a curlew uttered his eerie note.

Unconsciously I shifted closer into the rays of the little lamp, which filled the room with a yellow glow, for the gloomy darkness outside depressed me.

Suddenly a vivid white streak of lightning swept across the sky, giving place to a purple glow, which preceded the same monotonous blackness as before. And still another flash, almost blinding me with its startling vividness, lit up the heavens; while the long rumbling of the thunder growled an accompaniment to the vast lightning display of the heavens.

For a moment the yellow moon shone wanly through a rift in the black clouds, while a few drops of rain pattered disconsolately on the roof, sounding remarkably loud in their fewness.

Flash after flash of lightning followed each other in vivid succession, illuminating like day the bare paddocks, the ringbarked forest, and a few sheep scattered beneath the sheltering pines.

A cow moored mournfully to her calf, while here, in the shelter, the cat rubbed itself in a melancholy fashion against my leg. Even the humblest animals were imbued with the same morose spirits which dejected me. Oh that this terrible night would end, and give way to the welcome daylight!

Casting aside my gloomy thoughts, I looked through the window at the last fitful starts of the departing storm. A few stars peeped timidly through the fleeting clouds, while the moon lit up the damp surroundings with a wan glow.

Out in the scrub a dingo howled, while the never-ending song of the curlews rang in my brain, as I dropped into the arms of Morpheus.

PONT (R.A.).

The Rivals.

"See that you don't bring that dog in this shop next Saturday, young feller-me-lad," said the butcher to the small boy struggling along under some ten lbs. or so of meat, "I'll be on the look-out for him." The dog alluded to was a large brown retriever, which had been guilty of many depredations in that butcher's shop. Among his numerous crimes was that when he polished off a bucketful of dripping—he had a liking for dripping. Another time he "lifted" a pound or so of chops. The butcher did not like the dog, but the owner was his best customer, and a rival butcher had just settled in the town. The dog seemed to know this.

Next Saturday arrived in due course, with its messages to the butcher's. The dog followed the boy to the shop, and, in spite of his frantic efforts to prevent it, went in. The butcher, however, was ready. Chasing the dog out of the shop, he pelted a throw-down at him—it was getting on towards Empire Day. The butcher's cricketing days, however, were past, and the shot went wide—of the dog. Instead it bit a favourite lady customer who was just entering the shop, and it exploded loudly. So did the lady. The butcher fled. More custom for his rival, he thought.

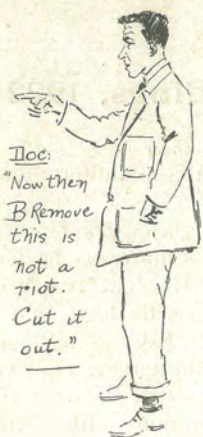
Meanwhile the cause of all the commotion pursued his dignified way through an admiring throng of small dogs.

R. M CRAWFORD (3rd Year).

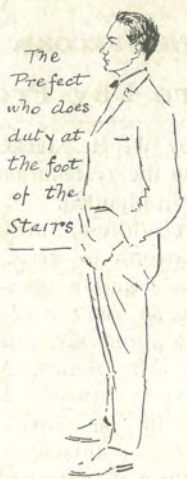
Our School Cadets.

Mr. J. W. Greaves is to be complimented on the excellent way the School Cadets have been managed since he has taken over the control of them. It is needless to point out that during the last two years the School Cadets were declining in efficiency. But now, under Captain Greaves' able supervision, the decline has been changed into an incline. We can confidently look forward to our School Cadets being very efficient in the near future.

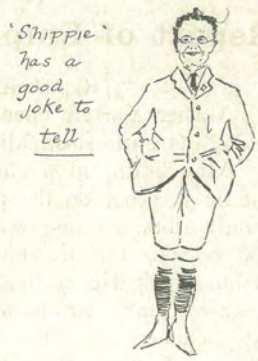
"SPECTATOR."



Doc:
 "Now then
 B Remove
 this is
 not a
 riot.
 Cut it
 out."



The
 Prefect
 who does
 duty at
 the foot
 of the
stairs



'Shippie'
 has a
 good
 joke to
tell



Tired of
 Lessons,
 Taffy
 adjourns
 to the
 Tuck
 Shop



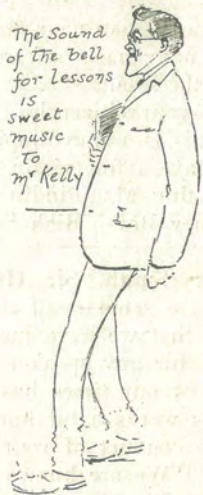
3.15
 Mr Cohen and
 Mr Hallman
 depart. Car in
 Waiting



Our man of
 Commerce - A
general favourite



A well-known pair
 of 4th year men



The Sound
 of the bell
 for lessons
 is
 sweet
 music
 to
 Mr Kelly



The Captain
 has electrified
 the Cadets



A rising young
author

Familiar Sight. (As seen by the Editor.)

Report of Empire Day Proceedings, 1922

(Reported by W. R. Mackenzie, 2C.)

Master Farrell opened the celebrations with a pianoforte solo which was enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. Smith, in a short address, introducing the speakers, said that he was not on the platform to speak about Empire as he had already done so on several similar occasions. He had two very good reasons for not doing so, on the platform beside him, in the persons of Sir Henry Braddon and Mr. Piddington, K.C.

Sir Henry Braddon:—Mr. Smith, Mr. Piddington, Teachers and scholars of the Sydney Boys' High School, all over the Empire to-day there will be little celebrations like this one of ours going forward at this very moment, giving thanks for our Empire's coming through a terrible ordeal. There are two great purposes in these celebrations; one is to celebrate the birth of the Empire's first empress, Queen Victoria (1819). She came in a time, when the world was just recovering from the horror of the Napoleonic War. In the years that followed, Britain, one of the nations that was most handicapped by the war, regained her honorable position among the nations.

In her reign many improvements were made for the betterment of social and commercial life generally.

Now I want to ask you never to be ashamed of being enthusiastic about the Empire of which you are a unit. You are going to be better men if you kindle in your hearts feelings of happiness and charity towards your fellow beings, and of loyalty to your flag. You have a great mother country and good reason to be proud of your Empire. Britain was the first nation in the world to abolish slavery.

For a hundred years the British navy has been an unchallenged instrument of war. This navy has conferred upon all the nations, of the earth the freedom of the seas.

Never be ashamed of your citizenship and never be afraid to assert your loyalty. For this is a fine Empire to which you belong.

Master Ratner here gave a fine violin solo which was encored.

Mr. Smith, in introducing Mr. Piddington, said that they had taught together in the Sydney Boys' High School under Mr. Coates, the first Headmaster.

Mr. Piddington:—Mr. Smith, Sir Henry Braddon, masters, and my younger brothers, the scholars of the Sydney High School, after this delightful music that we have just heard it would be the hardest thing in the world for any speaker to interest an audience. The most famous novelist of our times has been George Meredith. No doubt you will find his works a bit hard to chew, but in them you will find rules for the conduct of your life second only to the much quoted Shakespeare. "We are known by our way of loving." I am going to apply this to Sir Henry Braddon's reference, in the close of his speech, to "Love of Empire." A certain man who

lived in Melbourne loved an actress who was considered the greatest beauty, on the Melbourne stage. He married her, against her mother's advice, and when he was married he became jealous of everything his wife did, until she, in disgust, went home to her mother. He enticed her back with a letter, and on her arrival shot both himself and his wife. Now is that a proper way of loving? Did that man love that woman?

But take the case of the man on the sinking ship who gives up his lifebelt to a woman whom he does not even know. Does not that man love humanity? You take that as a lesson in your life and love humanity.

I will now speak of this as applicable to "Love of Empire." I am going to say that you should not love your Empire because of the immense area her lands cover. If somebody came up to you and told you of a young lady who lived in Sussex who, at 14 years of age, was six feet high and weighed 15 stone, and then if they asked you whether you loved her, you would most probably say, "Oh, the young lady may be all right, but I could not say that I loved her just because of her size." In the same way do not love your Empire because of her great size. But you have something above and beyond the mere area of your Empire, and that is the great principle of fair government. The fair government of the people by the people has been a great material benefit to humanity at large.

Again, you have all through the Empire that wonderful spirit of fair play which is the jewel of the schoolboy's life in work and play. This wonderful spirit of fair play runs all through our code of laws. And the inherited sense of the people whom these laws govern make these laws all the more effective. In India the natives have had to recognise that, since Britain has become the reigning power there, the same chance of fair play is given to every caste and creed, from the highest to the lowest.

That reminds me of a tale I heard from a man who has just returned from India. He said that there are a certain class of men in India who specialise in the pleasant profession of lying; in fact, they are professional witnesses. One of these men was caught by a judge lately through being in too much of a hurry. It came about like this:—A certain man came to court with a grievance, but his opponent hired a team of witnesses. One of these witnesses was unable to link his story up successfully with the accounts of his fellows, which made the judge very angry. He asked the witness what he thought would happen if he kept on making statements as he had been. To this the witness replied: "I think my side will win."

Another point was alluded to by Sir Henry Braddon, and that was Britain's great system of "self-government." Other nations in the British Empire, or, as I would much rather hear it called, the "British Commonwealth of Nations," are not so far advanced on the path of self-government as Australia, but even so, the policy

of the British Empire has been to give a wider outlook and freedom to each and every one of her colonies.

There is another point which I would like to emphasise, and that is that Britishers are always judged by their sportsmanship. A little incident of this inherent sportsmanship was displayed at the Great War. A British flying ace was on patrol duty over the enemy's lines when he sighted a German plane. They immediately began to fire on each other, when all at once the Englishman saw that his adversary's machine gun was broken, so he held up his hand as a sign that he would not fire on an unarmed man. This incident was not war, but it was magnificence.

This is the answer you will give when you are asked, "Why do you love your Empire?" "I love the Empire because it gives every man a fair deal, and is respectful of humanity at large."

Therefore, be proud of the British Empire or British Commonwealth of Nations, because it stands for liberty, justice, and fair self-government, and is equal, at least, to any set of nations that ever existed on this earth. And just as those boys and those men gave their lives because they loved their Empire, so you will become better and greater men in your business life and in your public life if you are loyal boys to your Empire.

The scholars sang "Advance Australia Fair."

The assemblage were much amused by Master Rubenshon, who recited in fine style, "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo" and "Napoleon's Farewell."

Mr. Smith proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the speakers for their interesting addresses, which was replied to by Sir Henry Braddon.

"God Save the King."

The Library.

[The Editor expresses regret that this article is too long for publication in full. He has taken the liberty of publishing the introduction, for he feels sure that old friends will be glad to hear the sound of Ray's voice.]

Let us take off our hats and march with reverent steps, for we are about to enter into a library—that intellectual heaven wherein are assembled all those master spirits of the world who have achieved immortality; those mental giants who have undergone their apotheosis; and from the shelves of this library temple still hold silent communion with their mortal votaries. Here, as in one focus, are concentrated the rays of all the great luminaries since Cadmus, the inventor of letters, discovered the noble art of arresting so subtle, volatile and invisible thing as Thought, and imparted to it an existence more durable than that of brass and marble. This was, indeed, the triumph of mind over matter, the lighting up of a new sun, the formation of a moral world, only inferior to the Almighty fiat that produced Creation. But for this miraculous process of eternizing knowledge the reasoning faculty would have been bestowed

upon man in vain; it would have perished with the evanescent frame in which it was embodied, human experience would not extend beyond individual life, the wisdom of each generation would be lost to its successor, and the world could never have emerged from the darkness of barbarism. Books have been the great civilisers of men.

RAY MILLER.

Is a Poet an Asset to a Country?

In considering this question, it is necessary to ask what is "a real poet" and what is an "asset"? Country is, of course, taken to mean a people or a nation. The dictionary definition of a poet is "one who has a particular genius for metrical composition." This, however, does not fully explain the matter. There are poets, minor poets—poetasters (those who dabble in poetry) and versifiers. Each of these employs "metre"; that is, the regulated succession of certain groups of syllables in the expression of their thoughts; the difference between them consisting in the subject matter of their work.

Some say that the form of the thought a poet utters is the important thing; others say it is the thought itself. But it is generally agreed that the true poet expresses thoughts, feelings and hopes, and not merely his own, but those of other people, in beautiful and rythmical language.

An asset is defined as "the entire property of a person or company."

It, therefore, concerns what a person or a people possesses; it is something that has value, has use.

The question asked may then be expressed thus: "Is the utterer of thoughts, common to all, in beautiful language of value to a community of people?"

The poet in his work appeals to the spirit and mind of his fellows. They think many things, dream many things, hope many things, but they are dumb—they cannot utter them. The poet feels like them, and puts their feelings into beautiful language. He is, thus, their voice, and so is of the greatest value.

Man does not live by bread alone, nor does a nation. Food is necessary for the body, but man has mind, heart, imagination and spirit. These, too, require food, and poetry is part of the food of the mind.

Some one has said that he did not care who made the laws, if he were allowed to make the ballads of a nation.

The important thing in this view is man's affections and spiritual nature, since laws are something external and merely relate to his outward conduct. The real poet, then, makes his appeal to and influences men's hearts and minds; he can make his fellows feel as one, act as one; he can rouse them to effort and victory; he can cheer them in defeat and urge them to further effort, so that they may win in the end.

Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, the greatest poets the world has seen, largely helped to make their respective countries, Ancient Greece, Italy, and England. Indeed, without them the history of these countries would have been very different. Nor must it be forgotten that they exercised great influence in forming the languages of their countries.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy in an Ode says:—

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World losers and world forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams.
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems."

The real poet is, in this view, one of the greatest assets a country can possess. FARREL (R.A.).

Christmas Bells.

A carpet of wonderful red and gold has been laid in woodland and coppice—a fairy haze that mocks one with a sense of unreality. Everyone must have seen it with a sense of delight and enchantment, for the clear yet aerial colour, the sparkling yet dreamy motion, arrests one like a miracle. I remember one Christmas a shooting expedition to the foothills near the Manning River. At the foot of the Diamond Hills I saw the distant Christmas bells as a rich red mist. On approaching I witnessed one of the loveliest pictures imaginable by an artist mind—stretches and stretches of Christmas bells under the thick shrubbery and in the mountain shadows. At my very feet the Christmas bells sprang in myriads and wandered on in countless multitudes, rising and falling with every undulation, lifting suddenly in a fiery golden glow, and farther away breaking through an undergrowth—a bewitching, glimpse of colour, impalpable and entrancing.

Placed loosely and carelessly in a tapering vase, there is immediately the effect of rubies set in gold. But the real ecstasy of Christmas bells as they grow in the woods is precisely that feeling of hazy unreality, of misty dreams. There is a suggestion of rapid, swirling movement, a mazy motion; it gives one a sense of dancing, of a flower waltz. No other flower, wild or cultivated, possesses this sensation of glamour, of unsubstantiality, of dizzy speed. It is like a fairy ballroom. But to seize and bunch the flowers together is to rob them of this exquisite and luxurious charm.

Whilst watching their dreamy waltzing beneath the forest trees, one can imagine he hears the subtle chimes of innumerable peals of bells—sweet, high-pitched polyphonic music, lighter than the thinnest of spray and rhythmic with the cadences of the dance.

W.H.S. (3rd Year).

Miss Mac's Column.

News of our old S.H.S. boys may be interesting to the readers of "The Record."

Professor Von Willer, who is a very popular lecturer of Physics at the University, matriculated from, and was dux of the Sydney High School in 1899, graduated B.Sc. in 1902. His brilliant scholarship resulted in his being made a lecturer and in 1913 Associate Professor.

George Shipp, in the Leaving Certificate of 1917, gained 1st Class Honors in Greek, Latin and German, and came top of the State in all three and 1st Class Honors in English, 2nd Class in French, and A.S. in Maths. papers, and was awarded the Cooper Scholarship, and has held it throughout his University course; and graduated 1st Class Honors in Classics, March, 1921. He sails in July to take up his study at Cambridge University, having had the distinction of winning the Cooper Travelling Scholarship, tenable for two years in Europe.

W. A. C. Frazer, one of the cleverest 1917 Leaving Certificate boys, and Cramp, our smart 1921 boy, have been lucky to gain the two Cadet Scholarships that were offered for competition by Govt. Meat Board of N.S.W. Vet. Science they take at University—four years' course. Good luck to the Cadets.

Ken. Tonking, LL.B., has just been admitted by the Full Court to practice at the Bar of N.S.W. Best wishes for his future. He left in 1918,

Congrats. to Dr. W. G. D. Cookson. Doug. is superintendent in charge of North Shore Hospital.

A. W. V. King, who left Sydney a few months back to take charge of Melbourne Office of "The Herald," returned in April, and is now reporter in charge at Newcastle Office on the same paper.

Congrats to F. Lyons on gaining the Medal for Science in the recent exams at the University.

J. L. Davies, who is taking lectures at Uni. in Pharmacy, gained his Blue, being a rep. in the 500 Yards Teams Championship Swimming Race, and the Claud Tressider Memorial Shield. It is unique that a school pal of Claud's should be in the team.

Jack Clemenger won in this season's tournaments the Doubles in the Tennis Championships of N.S.W. He is at present trying his art in selling sporting material, and would like old boys to think of him in their wants.

We extend sincere sympathy to Les Claremont in his bereavement at losing his father last month.

Fred Wootten, B.A., has yet another degree of Honor conferred, that of M.A. He is on the staff at the S.H.S. Congrats.

Congratulations to Rawle in gaining High Distinction in Physics and Chemistry at the present examination in Science at the 'Varsity.

The Annual Dance of the "Old Boys' Union" is to be held on August 15th.

The Aim of a Poet.

To reveal beauty to those who do not generally see it, to make or create beauty, to please the reader, to teach and guide him, to record facts, feelings, truth and deeds; but in every case to show something higher and loftier in feeling than merely plain imitation.

The poet feels—he does not construct his poem by rule—and aims at making his reader feel as he did, principally about the artistic creation, and secondarily about the subject.

There are poems in which every item is so definitely drawn that they become definite statements of facts. These are not poems in the true sense of the word, but merely illustrations.

But there are others given, so it would seem, as an appeal to the imagination, avoiding as far as possible plain statements and making the reader conjure up countless mental images. Such poets are Wordsworth and Tennyson. Their technique will be found to be just the opposite of the "facy" and always more full of real feeling. It is through such mediums that the greatest poetry finds expression.

Apart from the action depicted, there is the soul, spirit or halo which appeals to the soul and spirit of the reader. And yet I cannot say too much, for an appreciation of a master mind is a subject so wide and so full of controversy. Still, every work of the true poet carries with it something to thrill, something to make one think more deeply.

A great Frenchman once said of the artist: "*Le fond de tout est toujours ceci; qu'il faut qu'un homme soit touche d'abord pour pouvoir toucher les autres.*" So it is with the poet, for the poet is after all an artist. But instead of using a paint brush and colors, his pen alone weaves a beautiful harmony in a limited number of word octaves. To be able clearly to observe, portray and interpret Nature, he must be in contact with the God of Nature.

But now as I draw this effusion to a mild conclusion, I leave you to consider whether we have such poets. Surely Milton was one? Surely Wordsworth? Could not each as he give us now a scene of peace and restfulness, now one of activity and exhilaration, could not each strike those chords, which wondrously beautiful in subtle gradation and blending of melody, direct the thoughts to things eternal?

"SHYLOCK" (3rd Year).

The Union.

For the information of parents, chiefly, a few facts about the School Union may be in season. The Union, through its affiliated clubs, directs all the sporting and intellectual activities of the school apart from the ordinary school studies. The annual subscription of 10s 6d. entitles each boy to membership in every school activity—the football, cricket, tennis, baseball, swimming and athletic clubs, the library, the literary and debating society, and a copy of the

school magazine, which is published twice a year. The Union is managed by a committee of masters and 15 boys, who are elected by popular vote, representatives of the affiliated clubs, and each school year. This committee controls all financial matters and allocates the expenditure for the year. Its revenue is derived from subscriptions, the tuck shop and donations from old boys of the school. Sixty per cent. of the revenue is earmarked for sport (each sport receiving in proportion to the number it caters for), twenty-five per cent. for "The Record," and the remainder is divided between the library and administrative expenses.

The value of the Union is not to be measured in terms of each boy's half-guinea. It is an important educative factor during the five years of the secondary school course in giving boys the opportunity to manage their own affairs, to organise their own athletic and swimming carnivals, and to feel some sense of responsibility in the expenditure of the Union funds.

A Sad Picture.

If you walk down George Street, you are sure to see "Poor Blind Charlie."

As he stands with his sightless eyes gazing vacantly into space, one cannot help but feel sorry deep down in one's heart for this unfortunate man.

At eight o'clock sharp, he arrives at his usual stand; lays his stick against the wall, opens out his case of wax matches, laces, polish and other articles, and lays them on his stool.

His worn cap with the torn and broken peak seem to give a melancholy air to his brown face.

The old dusty muffler round his neck serves also as a collar. There are many patches sewn over his coat. The flap of one patch overlaps the next; his trouser legs are of different size and shape, and the laces of his worn-out boots straggle on the footpath.

With a trembling hand he takes a photo from within his coat, on which there is the picture of a tall young man, dark-skinned, and in the uniform of a British soldier. Across this—in large-lettered words—is the inscription in ink—"My Son."

As the lingering passer-by reads his life-story, which is written on a placard hanging from his neck: how he was chief cook to the governor and lost his sight by frying eggs for him: how his son, whose photo he had just placed in front of the other articles, was killed in the war, the heart of the passer-by is touched with pity, and he buys some small thing, and asks him a question or two about his past life.

But the big, pitiless world passes on almost heedless of "Poor Blind Charlie."

—A. SIMBLIST (1B).

Trials With Homework.

Picture to your mind a room in which seven children are trying to do their homework.

Myrtle was learning history, Jane was doing her knitting as she reads from a book, Mollie was crying because she did not know what 8×7 was, Cliff and Joe (twins) were putting inkstains on Mrs. Miller's white cat, Jim was learning spelling, and I was trying to do my Latin.

"The men of the New Stone Age were called"—from Myrtle.

"Purl four, knit seven," began Jane.

" 8×7 are 56. Oh! it must be wrong because 7×8 are 56," yelled Mollie.

"Meow," squeaked the cat.

"Susceptibility," from Jim.

"Pat him on the back. He's swallowed a distionary," Joe laughed.

"Fortibus," I said as I was translating.

"Who did?" questioned Cliff.

For some minutes a free fight reigned, and the twins were chased out of the room by Jim and me.

"Danny, Dan-n-n-y," yelled mum from the kitchen. "Dry up like a good little boy."

"Me! I'm the eldest. And Mr. —, the Latin master will keep me in for detention if I don't do my homework."

After a quarter of an hour of this, I went in the play-room again.

"Oh! Dan, tell me what do 5×2 make?" asked Mollie.

"A blooming row in a minute," I yelled.

"Tell her properly," Dad cried.

"72," I answered, as I settled down again to Latin.

"No it 'taint," remarked Jane, with bad grammar. "Purl 4, knit 9."

"What is hysterics?" Jim asked.

"What I will have in a minute," I said, as with vehemence I again started at my Latin.

"Danny, Dan-n-n-y," Mum yelled again. "Please put the cat out, and shut the door, and, etc., etc."

When I had finished those jobs I was sent to bed because it was 11 o'clock.

"Take an hour, you little —," said Mr. —. "When I set Latin I expect it to be done."

D. ROBINSON (1B).

The Old Sergeant.

At the school I came from we had an old sergeant who had served in the Boer war. He used to give us drill every Wednesday and Thursday. He was a curious old chap. His coat was too tight and his trousers were too long, while his hair would rival that of any musician.

The boys used to play-up upon him, for they knew he would never cane them, as he was so kind-hearted, and always said, "I remember that I was a boy once." His favourite order when drilling the boys was, "Right form!" so he came to be known as "Old Right Form." Any Wednesday or Thursday that you came to the school you could hear his voice across the playground giving orders. And as the boys sprang to his orders you could hear them laughing and talking, the old fellow all the while trying to keep them quiet.

But one week it rained continually, and on the following Thursday the old fellow did not come to give them their drill.

Where was he? Everybody was asking the question, for all the while that he had been drillmaster he had not missed a day.

The following day the headmaster came to the class that I was in.

"Boys," he said, "I have something to tell you. Your drillmaster died this morning from a chill. He caught a severe cold on the way home last Thursday. He died this morning."

All that morning the boys only spoke in whispers, for although they had played-up on their old drillmaster, his loss fell heavily upon them; and I am sure all the boys will long have kindly memories of the old "Old Right Form."

W. L. BROWNE (B Remove).

A Boy With a Grievance.

I could not make it out. I'd never seen him that way before; so I said sympathetically, "Hullo, Joe, you look upset to-day; what's wrong, old chap?"

"Oh! bother you," was all I heard for a while. He had turned his back on me. I could not get another word out of him. All he would do was to slouch about on the lawn near the garden, with his hands in his pockets, spitting and mumbling about, "you wait, I'll get quits," or something to that effect.

At last it was time to water the garden. Of course I didn't like asking him, I can tell you. But I did; and this was the answer I got. "Will I! You needn't try to make me, so look out! Go on!"

When tea time came he was still grumbling, "I don't want any tea!" but when his mother came out and spoke to him kindly and in a motherly tone, his attitude was different. He burst into tears. He was easily put out and nearly as easily put right again. It is wonderful what kind words from mother will do.

F. COOK (1B).

At South Mead.

The billows bounding vainly against the rocks below make a striking picture as I stand watching from the top of South Head. I can see in the distance a big collier rolling about on the swell. But what is that that flashes brightly on the horizon? A seagull—No, it is a sailing boat. I shudder to think of the dangers these fishermen face. Turning round I see afar off a dredger busy making a better harbour for this beautiful city of ours. The men can just be descried on deck, working with a will. A ferry boat comes within my gaze. She is plainly making for Watson's Bay. As she comes nearer I can make out the passengers. There are mothers, anxiously collecting their children's spades, buckets and bathing costumes, while also anxious fathers are parading the deck wondering, wondering whether their holiday will be spoilt by the threatening rain. I again turn sideways and see something moving behind the tall, white lighthouse, which I find is a tram. The trees under which many happy picnic parties are seated stand prominently out among the dull, red walls of the week-end houses. The children from tram and ferry seem to be racing for the beach. Then a crash of thunder draws my attention to the approaching storm, and I join the rush, this time facing round towards the wharf, disappointed that my holiday should be thus spoilt.

P. CASSAR (R.B.).

A Victim of the Tap



Class Notes.

IV.A.—Once again 4A publishes an instalment of its annals, being a faithful record of the trials and tribulations of the premier Fourth Year form from November last to May of the present year. So far this year its history has been uneventful and dull, which is all according to the age-old traditions of the form. But one change is worthy of mention; we have sundered connection with the past and forsaken the murky depths of No. I. No more will sympathetic masters juggle with the electric lights; no more will we strain our eyes beneath their glare; and, alas! no more will we be reminded of the glories of the past and the intellectual giants—modest students all—who sat in “that very seat,” silently sifting the seeds of learning. Now we revel in the dust-laden lanes of light that filter through the grimy panes of No. 3, and we are busily engaged carrying out for No. 3 traditions, connections and monograms, equal at least to the gloomy ghosts of No. I.

We are all willing to be taught, are more or less modest, and gifted with a natural buoyancy which helps to keep our heads above the sea of work that threatens at any time to overwhelm us. At rare intervals members are overtaken by the oncoming tide, and invariably rescued on the life-line of bitter invective and sarcasm. Now at last we are almost reconciled to the spirit of the slogan: “Lose your eyesight, lose your boyish exuberance of spirits, but never lose your love of work.” When extra work clashes with football training we obey the urgings of our moral code (borrowed from superior experience), which bids us forsake the football field and devote our time to study. Truly from the microcosm of the past there is evolved a wonderful race of students, whose natural habitat is No. 3.

With becoming modesty we refrain from boasting of our superiority in sport, for, as a matter of fact, it is non-existent, but we are perfectly contented with the exploits of those who do find time for sport, and horribly bored with the achievements of those who don't. As has been said, we have considerably evolved, and in the process of evolution two distinct race sects have formed. No longer have we among us the race of boys who successfully combined work and play; now the prevailing idea is that one or other must go to the wall, and either choice is detrimental to the school. But perhaps this is unfair to the better element of the class, and so we will say no more, in the hope that this hint will be intelligible to those whom it concerns.

On Thursday night, May 18th, the 1st XV., with Mr. Gibbes, left Sydney in the Glen Innes mail to play the Armidale School on Saturday, 20th. Two carriages were engaged by the School, and the trip up was very pleasant. Several of the team managed to get a little sleep, and Bruce was forcibly restrained from gorging himself with pies. From Maitland to Armidale it was rather wet,

but pleasant parlour games helped to while away the time. Arrived at Armidale, we were driven to the School, and installed in the School isolation dormitory, which makes extremely comfortable quarters. We had a little practice, and after dinner were driven out to Herbert Park, a beautiful station situated among the hills, and beautifully appointed with all modern conveniences. On the Friday it commenced to rain, and continued to do so intermittently throughout our stay, but the inclement weather did not deter us from attending the local picture theatre en masse and appreciating its comfortable appointments. We arrived back at the School late that night, and discovered that King was missing, evidently having taken the wrong turning in the darkened streets. At first we were rather anxious about him, but after some time he arrived, accompanied by "Curly" Martin, who explained that he has lost his way in the dark, as we had surmised. Sleep came easily, and we awoke thoroughly refreshed on Saturday morning. Before dinner we went for a stroll through the town, and on the whole we were very appreciative, great interest being taken in the local Town Hall.

On Saturday afternoon we commenced play on a sticky, churned-up field, before a medium attendance. Right from the kick-off Stacey secured possession and scored; but School immediately rallied, and for the remainder of the first half kept Armidale on the defensive. Time and time again we were within scoring distance, but lacked the necessary finish. Armidale, on the other hand, never missed an opportunity to score. The second half was practically a repetition of the first. School were constantly put in possession, but yet failed to score. The final score, 24-0, did not, in keep our heavier opponents mainly on the defensive.

At tea on Saturday night Rev. McKeown addressed the School, and Newton made a short reply. That night we were the guests of the Armidale School at the picture theatre, and spent an extremely enjoyable evening. At 12 o'clock we were motored to the station, and caught the Brisbane mail about one o'clock. The journey down was extremely comfortable, although we did not reserve our carriages, as on the trip up. The train arrived in Sydney about one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and the team then separated, and went to their several homes, thoroughly tired, and pleased with their trip.

IV.B.—Once again a fourth year has been formed to grace the front lobby and the library. "4B" are without doubt the more presentable of the two classes, either in class-room or on the field. In athletics we have "Student Bill" and 'Arold; in football, Arthur, Leo, Allen, 'Arold, and "Plugger Bill"; while in cricket "Bluey" and Allen respectively. Some of our members have of late taken on shooting as a recreation, Carson and Hume shooting well. Congrats. to Henry on winning the Senior Cup, the G.P.S. hundred, and on gaining special full colours. His prowess gained him a hero's laurels. It was a case of love in difficulties. Seven prefects proudly walk out of the gate without passes.

The parental member of our staff is creating a feeling of unnecessary jealousy by crowding the front seats with his favourites and refusing to abuse them.

We have the honour of having in the sacred precincts of No. 2 the captains of the 1st XV. and 1st XI. Cerberus continues to watch the gate, as in former times. We wish to commiserate with "Arthur" and "Plugger," the former injuring his ankle against "Teck," while the latter failed to follow the straight and narrow path at Armidale. The invectives of C's coach and L—z—rrr—s are continually heard for three periods on Thursdays, so we slog in. One of our members is like a little girl—always wriggling about; perhaps this is why "Dock" and Arthur sit on either side of him.

2B.—Another year has passed, and we are now 2B. We pen these notes with heavy hearts and damped spirits, for is not the dreaded "Inter." to be the climax of our young lives in the gloomy future?

It was partly to revive our gloomy spirits and partly to infuse some warmth into our cold bodies that we have established a fire in the grate in our stronghold (with fuel kindly given to sundry of our members by the engine-drivers). Every morning there is a rush for corner seats, but, needless to say, our budding banana farmer generally gets the place of honour. It is rumoured that the experience gained in these scrums was largely responsible for him getting a place in the 1st XV. At 11 o'clock the "big red man" generally brews a cup of morning tea.

At Christmas several changes took place on our teaching staff. The old saying, "I'll take your name," which often used to terrorise us, and which used to give us endless amusement, has now been dropped in favour of "See me at a quarter-past three." The natural way in which this can be rendered by each member of the class, even down to the "little boy," is highly commendable, and if everybody studies other things as well as they have studied this we'll all get a fine crop of "A's" in the "Inter."

We are up to our ears in work, and what with "tists," Cicero with his great orations (?), the doings of Merry Puck and "jotting down points," and with the half-yearly in two weeks, our lives have hardly been worth living, but with characteristic fortitude we have borne it all without a murmur, but, sad to say, we are often greatly discouraged by our English Master greeting us with a "Good-day, loafers."

Some weeks ago our class, in common with other second year classes, attended a special matinee of Allan Wilkie's play, "A Midsummer's Night Dream." It is rumoured, however, that hardly anybody in the class had even a hazy notion of the play, as all their attention was centred on their fair companions. Nuff said!

Two new class prefects were elected the other day, "Rufus II." and "Casey." It is significant that the two old hands were not re-elected, having no wish to take upon their shoulders again the hard task of policing this class.

Although at Christmas some of our best sportsmen left the class and our numbers were pared down to 33, still our sporting activities have in nowise decreased, and in the swimming and cricket season just concluded 2B has worthily upheld its title of the champion junior sporting class. We are proud to say that we are well represented in every branch of sport in the school.

The class cricket competition was won by us without a defeat, and the spoils of victory—a cake (?)—is eagerly looked forward to by the members of the XI. with hungry eyes.

The grade cricket teams contained a fair sprinkling of our members, four playing 2nd grade and two in 3rd grade, one being the captain.

In baseball our honour was upheld by two members in the first team (one being captain and of Interstate fame).

At the elections held at the beginning of the year for the different sports committees our class rolled up in force and practically dominated the situation, the result being Minns was elected Assistant Secretary for baseball and Pickersgill Assistant Secretary for swimming.

At the recent swimming carnival we were lucky, as Bennett came into our class a few weeks before the carnival came off, and he and Pickersgill added further lustre to our name at the meeting; but they were unable to win the junior relay for us, as we were too heavily handicapped.

As that slayer of the Summer—Winter—has now arrived King Football has come into his own again, and we have dropped the willow in favour of the leathern sphere. Our class team, like Kinkara Tea, started the season well by defeating R.C. by 43 to nil. This magnificent victory has raised the spirits of the optimists in the team, who are looking forward to winning the class football competition as well.

In the grade football teams one member is playing in the 1st XV., one is playing in the 2nd XV. (he is captain), another two play for the 3rd XV., and yet another two for the 4th XV.

Well, that is the sum total of our activities, so we close this epistle by wishing our other companions in adversity luck in the forthcoming examination, but we hope that our number contains the one who will top the poll with the largest number of "A's."

1B.—Here we are, one of the first year classes at our old High School, just recovering from the initiation ceremony performed by the higher classes.

Last year we had nightmares as to whether we would ever occupy a seat in the School; our dreams came true.

We are here, week in, week out, studying Latin, French, and Science, all new and nerve-racking subjects.

At cricket we were not very successful, as we had to combine with another class. Quinton, our best all-round sport, was our only grader.

But we have better hopes for football. Our first match we won, forty to nil, which was not a bad start, and the next match five to three, our captain, Cook, being a good leader. He and Atwill have shone out very well so far, and we have hopes of them being "some footballers" later on.

We have one baseballer, in Randall, who gained his place as catcher in second grade, scoring a home run in his first match against Canterbury Intermediate High School.

As for the attendance competition, we came second once, thus getting five minutes off from the Latin period. This was our only place in the competition.

Our two class prefects are rather liberal with detentions, the sum total of which amounts to one hour so far. They often threaten, but seldom carry out their word. A few have also received detentions from higher authorities.

Well, as our class cannot take up all the space in the "Record," we must finish now, wishing the other classes a success in the half-yearly examination.

R.B.—We occupy Room 10, and take pride in it, although it is not an ideal room to work in. Nevertheless, we endeavour to do our best under the circumstances.

We have a class paper which is running very well, and great interest is shown on its publication each week.

This class is well represented in all forms of sport—cricket, swimming, football, baseball, and tennis.

Considering the number of new boys who have started cricket in our class we have done rather well.

"Play up, R.B.," and may we all do our best in both sport and work.

There is a great deal of humour in this class, as one day some humourist decorated the board with ——. But now the class has reformed.

1C.—Mascord last cricket season distinguished himself very much, and he was elected captain of 1C's football team.

In the opening game of the class football competition 1C class met 1A class, 1C winning by 19 to 14 points. We hope to hold our own against the other first year classes. The forwards of our team are fast, and easily out-paced our opponents.

As the half-yearly exam. is drawing near most of the boys have commenced to prepare for it. Most of them think they can pass it, but there is no harm in thinking.

On Friday last 1C had Chemistry. Mr. — asked a certain boy "How to make two dogs fight?" and the reply came, "Stick a pin into one of them."

R.C.—Our glorious class football team has again come into existence, with a defeat to begin the season. The class representative for tennis has made a name for himself. Cricket was not very much

of a success for several reasons. Martin received his half colours for swimming, and was playing rake in the 5th grade football. We have representatives in nearly every team in the grades.

Under Mr. Bartrop's care we are progressing with our Maths. Mr. Brodie would like very much to see some more class spirit. But I think we hang together very well as far as any incidents in the playground are concerned. What we need is a good class paper. If this was only begun we could let some of our extra energy loose. The tap was not used so much this year, on account of some of the boys going on an errand of mercy to save the younger ones from a watery grave.

Third Year.—“A little learning is a dangerous thing.”—Pope. The golden rays of morning light stole through the half-closed windows and fell upon the bowed heads of a very studious and industrious class, who, with wrinkled brows and puzzled looks, were striving with might and main to solve the mysteries of problems. But alas! Such moments of supreme concentration are very rare.

The “Terrible Four” keep the class on the “qui vive” most of the day, for we never know what “fool noise” they will give voice to next.

Livy keeps us in constant suspense with his attempts to change “hens into cocks and cocks into hens,” that we feel like changing ourselves into Romans when called on to translate.

The approaching half-yearly casts a shadow over our heads. Tell us, dear teacher, when will the deluge fall. “O god of exams. steal not our teachers’ hearts.”

We wish the people in trains and trams would oblige us by keeping still, as they give us no end of trouble when trying to solve the knotty problems of permutations and combinations.

Now let us be serious for once. Most of the boys of fourth year are now in their last year at S.H.S., and we hope in years to come they will remember with pride and joy the days they spent here. We hope that they will watch the progress of the School eagerly, and always look for the sportsmanship which has characterised the good old School since its beginning.

Remove D.—Well, here we are again! “Turned up like a bad—ahem—penny” (we don’t think).

We have changed our skin. That is to say, we have added one or two lines to our former title, changing the “I” into “R.”

Of course, we’re not saying that we deserve it, but it couldn’t be helped. Well, we will now consider our introduction to be finished.

Owing to the fact that “King Fag” will be our ruler next year, we will deal mainly with sport at present.

We have entered five or six of our number into grade football, so we are convinced—ahem—that is to say, we—er—hope—they will win all the matches in which they take part.

In class football we hope to be able to present a good team against our rivals in the competition. Of course, with a captain like "How-a-r-r-d" they are sure to win a few matches, but our names not being "Moses," "Elijah" or any other such prophets, we can't say which ones.

Our paper is still going strong, in spite of the fact of the resignation of our Editor.

Our second, and latest, class picnic was a positive—in fact, roaring—success, perhaps through the absence of our teachers!

Owing to a slight misunderstanding we did not enter a relay team in the swimming carnival, but judging by the form otherwise shown we would have done well.

Well, we consider that we have "nabbed" (which on being interpreted means taken) enough space for the present, so we will cease wasting good ink and close down.

2AG.—Here we are again, 2AG Class, 1922. We have no doubt that "Record" readers missed our much-valued notes in the last issue.

What about this "dark cloud looming at the end of the year?" We will leave that for our contemporaries to deal with.

We still manage to get a little fun out of our School life. We are not going to discuss Latin, but we must mention that we all, somehow or other, hold the opinion that Catiline was not fond of aniseed or peppermint in any form. (Simply sickening!)

Owing to a regrettable lack of interest in the class sport, due no doubt to "fagging" (at the pictures), we were unable to form a cricket team, but several enthusiasts joined with R.C., and gave a good account of themselves. Bennett, in 2nd grade, saw someone in the "crowd" at Chatswood, and bowled his best, taking nine wickets in one innings.

After repeated practice with a duster we are all good at giving and taking passes, and hope to form a good team next year.

"Did Mr. H—— leave his duster in this room?" inquires at regular intervals the small and piping voice of a first year boy, just visible in the doorway, with his head almost reaching to the door-knob.

A few weeks ago a party of about sixteen boys from our class went to see a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and we hope to profit thereby at the end of the year.

There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that we have "artists" studying with us. It certainly looks like it, but this is disproved by the fact that they have not had even one fight between them since G—— took D——'s part against R——, as to whether "Gladstone" or "Globite" bags were the better.

We are extremely lucky in having a hair specialist in No. 6, whose views on hair and several other things are very enlightening (to himself).

What in the world are things coming to? We shall soon see, if things go on at the present rate, that our first year rooms are peopled with dwarfs instead of ordinary-sized boys.

In conclusion, we wish all other exam. classes (fourth year included) the best of luck at the end of the year.

Random Jottings.

(By "SPECTATOR.")

"The Record" takes the opportunity of welcoming Mr. J. P. Austin, M.C., B.Sc., to the Science staff of the School.

G.P.S. debating will shortly commence, and we look to the debaters to keep up the reputation of the School in this sphere.

Congratulations to Mr. F. C. Wootten, M.A., D.Ed., in his recent University success.

How will our School feel in saluting the Union Jack? It will no doubt prove a pleasant innovation on our Monday mornings.

Readers of "The Record" will be pleased to note that Miss "Mac," a great friend of Sydney High School boys, past and present, has contributed to this issue. We hope that she will continue to do this for subsequent issues.

The Editor says it is to be feared, judging by the work submitted, that the School has very little poetical talent. Of course, we quite understand that the columns of "The Record" may not have attracted the more brilliant poetical moths to risk being singed in the flame of criticism. We trust that next issue will bring some triers to light.

All members of the School are requested to contribute something to the next issue of "The Record."

A Plea for the Literary & Debating Society

Mr. McTiernan, in addressing an assembly last year, stated that in almost every man's life there came a time when he had to make a speech. Mr. McTiernan said these words in reference to the usual wedding-breakfast toasts; we may, however, leave out this side of the question, and look at his views from another point—the fact, that in almost every man's life there comes a time when he is expected to say a few words before a number of people. Let this be impressed on the mind.

This speaker—he held a responsible office at the time—also went on to say that every young man and woman in every town should join a debating society, and thus gain the rudiments of the art of public speaking.

Sydney High School, like the other Great Public Schools of New South Wales, is fortunate in having a literary and debating society. At the society's meetings on Tuesday afternoons the members of Third and Fourth Years (unhappily the whole of the classes do not attend) give full vent to their pent-up feelings on weighty questions of the present day. Now, anyone, whether he be rich or poor, speaker or non-speaker, interested or non-interested, must confess that such afternoons spent in the contemplation of present-day questions, develop that side of youth—a development unattainable by the ordinary educational curriculum—which is so necessary for an unbiassed and all-round developed mind in later years.

But there is one deplorable thing. The present Literary and Debating Society is solely for the use of the Third and Fourth Years. Sometimes, however, as in the case of the abominable Bolshevik Council Meeting, held a short time ago, the lower school gets an insight into the Society.

But the lower school has no Literary and Debating Society of its own!

Of course, the writer knows that the junior school could not be joined with the senior in a matter of this kind; he does not advocate it. But the writer does advocate that the junior school should have a debating society of its own, free from the influence of the senior society. It was what the Headmaster advocated in his speech in Turner Hall in 1919. He said, in addressing the visitors and members of the school, that it was his wish that the field of debate should be open for the junior as well as for the senior schools. But that was in 1919 and—nothing has come of it.

Last year when Mr. Grahame Browne, the English actor, was here, he addressed the members of the Repertory Theatre Society. "If," he said, and his words were significant, "the Australian mode of speech is the correct one, as I am told occasionally it is, then all I can say is, 'God save Ireland.' I do urge you to cultivate in this society an English that is not mean and not slovenly."

Mr. Grahame Browne's words are only too true. The art of public speaking, from the writer's personal experience, is a difficult art to learn. Months of study and practice will only show scanty results. This is borne out when we remember that the world's greatest orators have been men of indefatigable and persevering energy.

But the point is this. In our schools' debating societies we can lay the foundations upon which may be built the attributes of the future orators.

A word to the adjudicator. There is, as he possibly knows, an undesirable element creeping into the Society within the last few months. I refer to the abuse, a torrential downpour of which frequently falls upon the heads of certain speakers. This should be rigidly suppressed.

SPECTATOR (3rd Year).

Jerry.

Tramp! Tramp! people gather at Dover Road waiting for a tram. I was waiting for one this morning among the many people when the sound of the newsboys going to and fro among the crowd attracted my attention. Hardly anyone that lives at Dover Road does not know Jerry. He is a cripple, and walks about slowly with a limping step. Day in and day out he wears the one old grey tweed coat and the big, long, loose, sagging trousers, open shirt, without collar or tie, except for the brilliant red tie that supports his trousers, in place of a belt. He wears the old portholed hat without a band, with always a leaf or a red flower pinned on the side. "Dally mail, peeper," comes occasionally from his lips. When he wants change he digs his hand deep down into the coat pocket, and is sometimes minutes before he unearths the coins. Many pity him, others throw him their spare pence, and the more intimate crack jokes with him. Ding, Ding, the tram moves. I must be off for school, and casting one look at him, I board the tram.

A. JOSEPH (R.B.).

School Activities.

CRICKET.

So far as our G.P.S. and High School performances are concerned, it may seem that our cricket team is extremely weak. However, this is not altogether the case, as the team has players who should have made good showings, considering their form of last year.

One notable, and very expensive, failure was that of the fielding, which was decidedly bad. At no time did the fieldsmen work like a team. Slip fieldsmen were conspicuous by their absence; in fact, the team did not contain anyone who could efficiently fill that position.

Our bowlers, on the whole, were not dangerous. Hume, a medium-fast bowler, who only struck form at the end of the season, should meet with marked success during the next half of the year. King and Lessing, both left-handers, were good on their day, but neither got quite enough pace off the pitch to take many wickets.

Virgoe, perhaps, was the most consistent bowler in the team, always keeping a good length and at times swerving perceptibly. He, however, was never really dangerous, but was invaluable in the matter of keeping down runs. Brown was dangerous when he struck a length, but he had really no command over his direction. Stening, who only played in two matches, did well, his performance against T.K.S. being a good one.

The batsmen should have done much better, as there was plenty of talent in them. The fault, however, lay in the fact that, making a bad start, they lost all confidence. Nevertheless, this may be remedied by practice and a little luck in the opening matches of next season.

Dexter was the only batsmen to play consistently throughout. Newton did not get going in G.P.S. matches, but should he do so next season will get runs.

Lessing batted well on occasions, and is a fair opening batsman. Ryan showed excellent form in the early High School matches, but thereafter could not get going, and only once did he reach double figures in G.P.S. matches. King did well in High School matches, but he also could not reproduce that form on Saturdays.

Hardy and Brown both have ability to score runs, and should do so. Virgoe was apt to treat the bowling with too much respect, his best performance being against Grammar.

Swinburne and Mortimer, however, were the disappointments of the team. Both showed good form at practice, but in matches it was not up to First Grade standard.

Of the others, Elliott should do well in a year or so.

The results of the G.P.S. matches played to date are as follows:—

S.H.S. v. T.K.S. Played at Parramatta, 11th March. Lost by 70 runs. Probably the best game played by the XI. this season. King's batted first, the wickets fell cheaply, eight being down for 140. Then, however, Sheehan and Egan put on 40 for the ninth wicket, and the innings closed at 202. Stening bowled well, and always looked dangerous. Lessing, one for 17, bowled best of the others. School opened fairly, and three wickets were down for 60. Then, however, wickets fell quickly, and the sixth fell at 77. Brown then hit out well, and the innings ended at 132. Dexter top-scored with 28, while Newton ran into double figures slowly.

S.H.S. v. S.G.S. Played at Rushcutter's Bay, 18th March, and lost by 177 runs. School batted first, but failed miserably, only scoring 55. Virgoe and Dexter were the only batsmen to reach double figures. Gardiner (Grammar) finished with the remarkable average of none for 1 off seven overs. The bowlers did well to dismiss Grammar for 232, for whom Rolle top-scored with 43. Brown's bowling was always dangerous, and he secured the best average with four for 42. Of the others, Virgoe bowled best, while Stening was disappointing.

S.H.S. v. Newington. Played at Stanmore, 22nd March, and lost by 333 runs. S.H.S. won the toss, and put Newington in. This, however, proved a mistake, as Newington collared the bowling and put together 431 for the loss of seven wickets before closing. Virgoe bowled well, and deserved better results. Ryan's fielding was good, but the fielding of the team was only fair. Our batting again failed, and the final total was only 88, despite the fact that the first wicket fell at 35.

S.H.S. v. S.C.E.G.S. Played at Northbridge, 25th March, and lost by 405 runs. School batted first, and again commenced well, the first wicket falling at 40. After that, however, the batsmen could do nothing against bowling that was by no means hard, and the side was out for 80. Shore treated the bowling with no respect

whatever, and batted the whole afternoon, finishing with eight for 485. King was the only bowler to trouble the batsmen in any way. The other bowlers were not up to Third Grade standard, while the fielding was abominable.

The outstanding averages this year are as follows:—

BATTING.					
	No. of Innings.	Not Out.	Highest Score.	Runs.	Average.
Dexter	5	1	28	84	21.00
Virgoe	4	1	17	29	9.66
BOWLING.					
	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.	Average.
Stening	24.75	6	127	8	15.86
Brown	22	—	100	4	25.00

TENNIS.

The High School tennis competition commenced on Wednesday, 10th May, two grades being entered. The first grade match against Technical resulted in S.H.S. winning by 7 sets to 1 set. The second grade were defeated in their match against Randwick by 3-5 sets.

Tennis is also supported enthusiastically by a number of non-graders, for whom a court is provided at Double Bay every Wednesday.

The new committee is: Farrell (Secretary), Henry (Assistant Secretary), Jennings.

We have every reason to place faith in this year's talent, and hope for a successful season.

R. FARRELL (Secretary).

INTER HIGH SCHOOLS TENNIS MATCH.

On Saturday, 20th May, a combined team, consisting of the School and Girls' High first grades, played an all day match against a combined team of North Sydney Girls' and Boys' High Schools. This innovation proved a complete success, and, needless to say, our team spent a very pleasant day at Killara, where the match was played on a private court, kindly lent by Brewster, of North Sydney. The weather was not all that could be desired for such an important event, but the draw, consisting of two rounds of mixed doubles, one of ordinary doubles, and one of gentlemen versus ladies, was satisfactorily completed by 4.30. The majority of the sets were very even, the combined Sydney team eventually winning 9 to 7. The fairer portion of our team—ably chaperoned by Miss Ferguson—played an excellent all-round game, Misses Shipp and Lindsay being particularly brilliant. The Girls' High certainly have a very fine team this year, and should, with ordinary luck, win their competition. The personnel of our team were:—Shipp, Lindsay, Johnson and Stanford, and G. Jennings, J. Woodfield, S. Gibson, and D. Clifton.

Events such as this certainly tend to strengthen the link between this and our sister School, and we hope that these matches will in future occupy an important position in our tennis fixtures.

SWIMMING.

Committee, 1922: E. Henry (Secretary), F. Pickersgill (Assistant Secretary), A. Underhill, P. Ryan, B. Agnew (Committee).

The season, which closed with our annual carnival at Drummoyne on 3rd March, was highly successful, and our prospects are bright for next season.

Towards the end of last year Messrs. Cropley and Killip conducted Royal Life Saving classes at Drummoyne Baths. As a result of their efforts bronze medallions were awarded to 21 boys, and 28 candidates gained proficiency certificates, and ? were successful in gaining elementary certificates.

Last December a team of swimmers journeyed to Newcastle, and in competition with other schools from the city and country we were successful in annexing both the Senior and Junior Cadet Divisions. Full particulars of trip will be found in another part of this magazine.

At the C.H.S. swimming carnival, held in the Domain Baths on 14th December last, the School's reps. did very well. E. Henry won the 220, 440, 880 yards, second in the 100 yards Senior Champ., while K. Martin won the Senior Diving. B. Agnew gained second place in the 220 yards and 50 yards Breast, and third in 100 yards, all being in the Junior Division. F. Davies, also a junior, was placed third in the 50 yards Champ.

E. Henry won the 100 yards All Schools' Championship held at Grammar's Carnival on 3rd March last. His time (60 2-5 sec.) is a record. In the All Schools' Relay Champ., held at the S.C.E.G.S. carnival last March, our team—A. Underhill, B. Agnew, E. Henry, and F. Davies—was placed second, Grammar and Shore filling first and third places respectively.

The 10th annual carnival of S.H.S. Swimming Club was held at Drummoyne on Friday, 3rd March.

The weather was perfect, and the attendance was good. We lost the Inter. High Relay by a touch, it being won by Fort Street H.S. The State Plunge Championship was held at the carnival, and provided an added attraction. E. Henry won the Senior Cup, with A. Underhill runner-up. In the Junior Division B. Agnew won the cup with 16 points, while amongst the Junior Cadets M. Steele was most successful, winning the Junior Cadet Medal.

On the whole the carnival was a great success, and the fact that most finishes were close lent an additional interest.

Appended is a list of the results:—

SENIOR CUP.

50 yards Senior Championship.—E. Henry 1, A. Underhill 2, T. Bennett 3. Time, 29 2-5 secs.

100 yards Senior Championship.—E. Henry 1, F. Davies 2, T. Bennett 3. Time, 66 secs.

220 yards Senior Championship.—E. Henry 1, T. Bennett 2, P. Ryan 3. Time, 3 min. 5 4-5 secs.

440 yards Senior Championship.—E. Henry 1, A. Underhill 2,

P. Ryan 3. Time, 6 min. 20 secs.

880 yards *Senior Championship*.—E. Henry 1, T. Bennett 2,

P. Ryan 3. Time, 13 min. 38 secs.

100 yards *Senior Breast Stroke Championship*.—A. Underhill 1,

E. Henry 2, P. Ryan 3.

50 yards *Senior Back Stroke Championship*.—A. Underhill 1,

P. Ryan 2.

Senior Diving Championship.—Bennett 1, Martin 2.

JUNIOR CUP.

50 yards *Junior Championship*.—B. Agnew 1, F. Davies 2, F. Pickersgill 3. Time, 28 4-5 secs.

100 yards *Junior Championship*.—B. Agnew 1, F. Davies 2, F. Pickersgill 3. Time, 67 2-5 secs.

220 yards *Junior Championship*.—B. Agnew 1, A. Dale 2, F. Pickersgill 3. Time, 3 min. 5 2-5 secs.

440 yards *Junior Championship*.—B. Agnew 1, A. Dale 2, M. Steele 3.

50 yards *Breast Stroke Championship*.—B. Agnew 1, F. Davies 2, C. McCure 3.

50 yards *Junior Back Stroke Championship*.—A. Reid 1, V. Stafford 2. Time, 56 1-5 secs.

Junior Diving Championship.—K. Martin 1, J. Woodstone 2.

JUNIOR CADET MEDAL.

50 yards *Junior Cadet Championship*.—H. Mascord 1, J. Woodstone 2, M. Steele 3. Time, 35 2-5 secs.

100 yards *Junior Cadet Championship*.—M. Steele 1, H. Reeves 2. Time, 1 min. 23 4-5 secs.

220 yards *Junior Cadet Championship*.—M. Steele 1, K. Martin 2. Time, 3 min. 17 secs.

33 yards *Junior Cadet Breast Stroke Championship*.—C. McCure 1, H. Reeves 2, M. Steele 3.

33 yards *Junior Cadet Back Stroke Championship*.—W. Rubensohn 1, M. Steele 2, H. Reeves 3.

OTHER EVENTS.

Inter High School Relay.—Fort Street H.S. 1, Sydney H.S. 2. Time, 1 min. 59 2-5 secs.

3rd and 4th Year Class Relay.—4B (a) 1, Third Year 2.

1st Remove and 2nd Year Class Relay.—RB 1, 2C 2.

Balloon Race.—A. Pollard 1, V. Stafford 2, G. Nicholas 3.

Life Saving Handicap.—E. Knowles and C. McKenzie, 1, W. Rubensohn and P. Ryan 2.

100 yards *Old Boys' Handicap*.—G. Burton 1, L. Maxwell 2, G. Henry 3. Time, 1 min. 46 secs.

Chasing the Bellman.—K. Campey 1.

220 yards *Open Handicap*.—P. Ryan 1, G. Ryan 2, T. Bennett 3. Time, 3 min. 13 secs.

33 yards *Beginners' Race*.—A. Brown 1, W. Gibson 2, J. Carson 3. Time, 21 3-5 secs.

50 yards *Junior Handicap*.—Morgan 1, G. Jennings 2. Time, 41 secs.

50 yards *Junior Cadet Handicap*.—W. Rubensohn 1, M. Steele 2, H. Reeves 3.

50 yards *Open Handicap*.—A. Pollard 1, H. Caterson 2, N. Parbery 3. Time, 38 secs.

Cork Bobbing.—F. Davies 1.

FOOTBALL.

The prospects for the present season are fairly good. Thanks to the fact that we had seven teams playing last year, there are plenty of recruits to fill the vacant places in the first and second XV's. Unfortunately, as the entries are now restricted to one team per School in each grade, we shall have only five teams competing this season.

1st XV.

Of last year 1st XV. only some six boys are left, but the new hands are shaping well, and we have been fortunate in securing the services of a really sound three-quarter in Olive, who has come to us from Lismore.

The team is gradually working into form, but must improve considerably if it is to meet with success in G.P.S. matches. There is, however, plenty of time for that. The forwards have come on until, at the time of writing, they are a really good pack, but the backs have not yet worked up proper combination, and good individual efforts are frequently spoilt through lack of support. Of the matches played so far two have been won and three lost.

v. Sydney University Arts team. Played Wentworth Oval, Wednesday, May 3rd. S.H.S. won, 16 to nil.

v. St. Joseph's College. Played S.J.C., Saturday, May 6th. Lost, 27 to 8.

v. T.H.S. Played Sports Ground, Wednesday, 10th May. Won, 27 to 3.

v. N.S.H.S. Played North Sydney, Wednesday, 17th May. Lost, 11 to 6.

v. The Armidale School. Played Armidale, Saturday, May 20th. Lost, 24 to nil.

Of the forwards the most prominent players are:—

Bruce (first front row man): Uses his weight well; invaluable in both scrum and ruck; good tackler.

Martin (front row): Dashing forward, with a fine turn of speed; good both in ruck and loose.

Pelham (rake): Has so far been fairly successful in getting a fair share of the ball; though light, shows pluck and resolution in the ruck.

Caterson (second row): Fine ruck forward.

Boyd (second row): Promises well; keeps on the ball.

Parberry (lock): Quite the best forward; good both in ruck and loose; shows plenty of speed; can combine with his backs; tackles well.

Thompson (breakaway): Good loose forward; should learn to tackle.

Virgœ (breakaway): Good loose forward; supports his backs well; tackling weak.

King (half): Gets the ball out well; fine tackler; excellent in defence; improving in attack.

Newton, captain (five-eighth): Improved both in tackling and speed; must not overdo the "cut in."

Olive (in-centre): Fine tackler; resolute runner; handling at present uncertain.

Beresford (out-centre): The best of our backs in attack; unfortunately, owing to injury, we have not had his services for the last two matches.

Clark (right wing): Much improved; runs fast; handles well; defence fair.

Hardy (left wing): Very fast; handles well; tackling only fair.

Brown (out-centre in lieu of Beresford): Much improved; handles and runs well; tackling good.

Stanton and *Weight* are candidates for the full back position; both kick and handle well, and both have much to learn about tackling.

2nd XV.

This team has so far played two matches, defeating T.H.S. 20 to nil and drawing (8 all) with N.S.H.S.

The forwards are playing really well.

Saunders (front row): Quite a discovery, having played no grade football before; easily the best of the pack; excellent in both ruck and loose; strong runner.

Robertson (front row): Fine, hard-working ruck man.

Bray (rake): Has only been fairly successful in getting the ball, and is quite useless out of the scrum.

Riley (second row): A stupid, hard-working and determined ruck man.

Davies (second row): Good scrummager; excellent in loose.

P. Ryan (lock): Fine loose forward; knows the game well.

G. Ryan (breakaway): Knows his position; good tackler.

Mainwaring, captain (breakaway): Good loose forward; hangs out of ruck too much, and will not tackle.

Dickson (half): Nippy and smart in attack.

Dexter (five-eighth): Handles well and is tricky; weak in defence.

Stevens (in-centre): Much improved; handles and passes excellently.

Churchward (out-centre): Improved; handles excellently and shows judgment.

Willsford (right wing): Fine attacking player, but must show more decision and learn to tackle.

Blakey (left wing): Handles well; strong runner; deplorably weak in defence.

3rd XV.

This team has been defeated by Hurlstone 34 to 3, and defeated Canterbury 25 to 9. The forwards are quite good, but the backs are very weak. Of the forwards—

Townshend is a most promising front row man.

Wheeler (rake): Not too successful in getting the ball, but good in ruck.

Kiernan: Good ruck man, but slow.

Brien (second row): Good in ruck.

Cunningham (breakaway): Shows dash and promise.

Sachs (breakaway): Hard worker.

Swinburn (wing): Has plenty of pace, but lacks decision.

Weatherstone (in-centre): Strong and plucky; too fond of the ball.

Elliott (full-back): Handles and kicks well; will not tackle.

4th XV.

Matches to date: Lost to Hurlstone 6 to nil, defeated Parramatta 22 to 3. A very promising team; good both back and forward.

Cabban (front row): Good in ruck and loose; uses his tongue too much.

Shields (rake): A fair rake; a good forward.

Fraser (front row): Slow, but resolute.

Nicholas: Fine ruck forward; good tackler.

Dale (third row): Determined forward; good in ruck or loose.

Maguire (lock): Great ruck forward.

Taylor (breakaway): Easily the most brilliant member of the team; handles well; runs strongly; always on the ball.

Wemyss (breakaway): Does not know the game well yet, but shows promise; is fast, and tackles splendidly.

Stafford, captain (half): Good all round; gets the ball out well; tackles splendidly.

Newton (five-eighth): Handles and tackles well, but is too slow both in running and getting rid of the ball.

Hardy (in-centre): Handles well; runs fast; cuts in nicely.

Rawle (out-centre): Runs and handles splendidly; good eye for an opening.

Hook (left wing): Handles well; runs fast and straight.

Pollard (right wing): Runs hard and straight; tackles well.

Green (full-back): Too good an attacking player for the position; runs fast, and is tricky; handles and kicks well.

5th XV.

This team has won both its matches, defeating Hurlstone 6-3 and Parramatta 12-3. The forwards are good, and some of the backs are far above the average.

Hodge (front row): Fine scrummager; hard worker.

Martin (rake): Rakes well, and good in loose.

Hayes (front row): Has fine turn of speed, and handles well.

Sparks (second row): Good ruck man; fast in loose.

Howard (second row): Good ruck man.

Austin (breakaway): Runs about too much; fair in loose.

Puffett (lock): Fine loose forward; tackles well.

Gressier (half): Finest footballer in the team; good in every department of the game.

Paillas, E. (five-eighth): Handles, runs and passes well.

Paillas, R., captain (in-centre): Good all round; the most successful scoring player to date.

Bennett (out-centre): Excellent both in attack and defence.

Llewelyn (right wing): Good both in defence and attack; runs straight; tackles well.

Alcock (left wing): Runs straight and hard.

Eisenberg (full-back): Fine attacking player out of his position; fine tackler.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Over 1100 entries were received for the annual prize meeting of the 1st Division Senior Cadets on 3rd and 5th June. Short service rifles were used, and the scoring was in accordance with military regulations.

In the *Senior Cadet Match* (1904 Quota) prizes were awarded to Cadets Carson, Hume, and Martin.

Cadet Carson also obtained a prize in the *Beginners' Match*.

In the *Anzac Match*, three tied with 18 consecutive bulls. In the shoot-off Cadet Carson, who was the only representative of the Senior Cadets, was placed third. He was warmly congratulated by General Brand for his splendid achievement.

The Newcastle Trip.

On Thursday, December 8th, 1921, a swimming team, comprising ten members, accompanied by Mr. O. A. Cropley, visited Newcastle at the invitation of the Newcastle High School.

Sydney and suburbia disappeared at about 9 a.m., and the first hour or so was spent in fixing luggage, choosing seats, and anticipating what our hosts would be like. We reached Gosford shortly after 11 a.m., and were glad of the chance to stretch our tired limbs offered at this refreshment station. The remainder of the journey was very interesting, as we had to pass over the Hawkesbury and through the country round the Sulphur Works.

We eventually reached Newcastle at 1 p.m., and were met by some of the boys and taken to the School. Here we were introduced to our hosts and hostesses (mostly latter), and taken by them to lunch on the beach. By about 2 p.m. all bashfulness had worn off, and we were "led" to the baths, where a howling sou'easter was blowing that almost froze the water.

"School" won the principal events, and we were heartily congratulated by the losers. At night we decided to meet and go to the pictures, etc., but the writer was late, and consequently went to the etceteras.

The next morning (Friday) we were taken to the Walsh Island shipbuilding yard. Before this yard was constructed no metal pipes were made in the country, and consequently £5,000,000 annually was paid to foreign countries. Here we saw the new Sydney Ferries "Koorongaba" and "Koompartoo" in the slips. We saw also propellers and various other parts of ships' engines being made.

The island is about a mile in circumference, and is situated directly opposite the Steel Works.

In the afternoon we took the tram for the Steel Works. The party consisted of ten S.H.S. boys and Mr. Cropley.



We first had to sign statements declaring that we did not hold the Company responsible for accidents. Our guide first showed us the ores, and then took us over the blast furnaces. From here he took us to the power-house, and then to the converters. While we were leaving the converters one of them overflowed, and several of the leaders narrowly avoided a mishap. We were then shown the steel being rolled, but we were very timid, as the guide told us it "spat."

On Friday night we were treated to a beach tea, and only those who have witnessed one of these functions at Newcastle can have any conception of their form. After tea a boisterous wind was blowing, and very reluctantly we faced the baths again. One member of the party sighted icebergs and Polar bears; one took cramps, and another was lucky enough to take hot coffee with his lady friends. At 9 p.m. the High Schools' Challenge Relay started; the tempera-

ture was about 32 deg. Fah., and the band was playing "Come and Cuddle Me," and we wished that songs came true. Anyhow, after a brilliant struggle, we won, and were free to leave.

On Saturday we left for home, much to our regret; and near Lambton one boy, who could not be persuaded to keep his head in the carriage, nearly had that part of his anatomy smashed by a signal pole.

At Gosford there was a general stampede for refreshments, and one member of the party was very nearly left behind. We eventually reached the Central Station, all vowing that we would visit Newcastle next season.

A.U.



An Upturned Boat.

It was a wild night. The wind whistled among the trees, which bent and strained before it, and almost incessant lightning illuminated the surroundings for miles. These were accompanied by terrific claps of thunder.

Not a person was to be seen in the streets of the little seaside town in which I lived.

I, like, perhaps, many others, was tucked snugly in bed, listening to the steady downpour on the roof, which soon lulled me to sleep.

I awoke in the morning to find, on looking out of my window, that the storm of last night had gone, and in its place there was radiant sunshine, and just a light breeze. Dressing quickly, I ran outside and finding no other member of the household yet awake, I decided to take a short walk along the beach. I found many things there to interest me—things that had been washed up by the storm.

I amused myself thus for about half an hour, and then, thinking it time to return home, I was about to do so when something attracted my attention. I was an upturned boat, half hidden behind some rocks. This was nothing very startling in itself, but coupled with last night's storm, it might have had some significance.

As I looked at it, my imagination strayed, and I saw a party of boys push off from a small jetty in a boat and row out from land. When a fair distance the rowing ceased, and fishing lines were cast overboard. There was apparently, abundance of fish here, for every few minutes one would be hauled up and dropped into the basket, amidst such cheery remarks as, "good on you," and "that's a big one," and so on.

So interested were they, all in this sport, that none of them noticed that a sharp breeze had sprung up and that their boat was drifting. They might have remained in blissful ignorance of this fact, for a long time, had it not been that rain soon began to fall and the wind increase considerably in violence.

Hastily winding up their lines, the boys grasped their oars and began to row. It was then only, they discovered much to their dismay, that they had drifted far from land. As they pulled at the oars, the storm (for into such it had developed) increased, and soon a heavy sea was running.

The boat was scarcely making any headway, though the boys were well nigh exhausted with rowing. All this time it had been growing darker—a new terror. By the time night had set in, the boys could row no longer, and one by one dropped their oars, and trusted to the mercy of the waves.

Vivid flashes of lightning played across the sky, and the thunder was deafening.

The boat was being continually lifted on the crest of big waves, and it was a marvel how it did not capsize or be swamped. But this good luck could not last long, and soon a towering wall of water rushed towards them. The gallant little boat tackled it gamely, but was forced back and capsized.

Although none of the boys had known it, the boat had been buffeted in the direction of land, and when it was upset it was not more than fifty yards away. The waves washed it high up on to the beach, but unhappily without its former occupants. . . .

I was brought back to my actual surroundings with a start and bent down to examine the boat with a strong feeling of awe, wondering the while, whether what my imagination had conceived, was what actually did happen, when I was startled by a gruff voice exclaiming, "What are you doin' there, there's nothin' there to pinch—can't a man leave his boat on the beach without you kids meddlin' round with it? Go on! get out of this!"

It was of no avail trying to explain to this old fisherman, so I departed more happy than offended, knowing that such a calamity as I had conjectured, had not happened.

A.A.S. (1A).

A Latin Lesson.

"Get out your proses. What is it. Exercise 34. Write up the first sentence."

Here a luckless boy rose as his name was called, and went out to write on the board.

"Oh Dear! Oh, deary me. What is that 'omne.' It is a very nice word, but unfortunately it's not Latin. Now, can anybody tell me what it should be? Nobody. Well, everybody write 'third declension adjectives make ablative in 'i' fifty times. Now, some other fellow who is pretty good in Latin come out and correct his mistake. You, Lucius."

The boy who answered to the name of Lucius hereupon rose and disfigured the board again.

"You lazy little blighter. What do you mean by putting that rubbish up. What do you think I give you homework for? For fun. Go to your seat."

"Start on Exercise 35 now."

The minutes passed slowly, and when they pointed to twenty-five past the order was given to stop.

"Come on now, you've had enough time to do twenty sentences. The first sentence, Filipus."

Here the bell went.

"Do Exercises 36, 37, 38, 39, and the next three of Beresford for homework."

J. TOOHEY (B. Remove).

The Wanderer.

The environment of Coyne was that of an affluent mortal, and, consequently, when the wanderlust gripped him, he became deferential to its commands. The transports and perils of his journeyings were not cognisable to him, but both for an adventure seeker like him were acceptable.

"The hope of everlasting enjoyment," to quote Glanville's words, had established a kingdom in his heart. However, he discovered, on returning to his cabin one day, that some miscreant had espied the place of seclusion of his riches. He never recovered them, and, ruined, he disembarked at Sydney, and entered the Police Force. He was dispatched to Bullatoo, where the stock riders are viewed, "sitting loosely in the saddle all the while."

One of the tasks he was undertaking was the capture of a notorious gang of "Lifters," who, headed by Ben Hull, lived in the glens, the first of which was a ride of five hours from Bullatoo. He and the stockmen were on the most amicable terms, and discussing the situation with regard to the "Lifters," and concocting plans to capture them was often their employment of an evening. His visionary pictures would often be marred by the actual sight of

"Lifters" stealing cattle. Yet, with so small a following, he was unable to deter the practice continuing, although his determination to apprehend Ben Hull had not deteriorated one whit.

"Even as the wings of Time are black and white," so was he aided in his determination by the "Idiot," who discovered the whereabouts of the marauders' cattle-pens.

Before I proceed I must explain how Nature had modelled the glens. At the head of one was the "Hanging Marvel," which was a stone, so finely balanced that a hard push would precipitate it into the valley beneath. This stone weighed many tons, and was fifteen feet high, yet the wind could rock it! The glens were on the northern side of the village, and hard of access. A river, which passed through a dam teeming with ducks, flowed along a valley through the glens.

The "Idiot" had been duck-shooting, and had fallen asleep, forgetful of the current which carried him near the marauders' quarters. Screened by the bushes, he discovered the cattle. He galloped to the village, after catching his horse, collected all the stockmen, and told Coyne. The latter, armed with this knowledge, set out to surprise the "Lifters."

Just at this critical moment they were surprised to see the marauders, under Ben Hull, leaving the glens. They made the glens, however, and the first idea Ben Hull had of their visit was the shout of a guard. Coyne's men easily overpowered the guards, and, dismounting, got ready for action. They were clearly surprised when the "Lifters" galloped past the glen they had commanded. However, their foes had entered by the next glen, and now attacked from the rear. They outnumbered the stockriders by three to one.

The "Idiot" now began to take a hand. He had been left up above in charge of the horses. Quick as thought he pushed the "Hanging Marvel" over among the "Lifters." This not only killed two of them, but divided the others into two almost equal divisions. Those outside the boulder could not now enter the fray. Soon the gang, who had been caught between the "Marvel" and the stockmen were killed or captured. The constable's leg was broken by the combined results of a bullet which jarred the bone and a subsequent fall. The real fight began when Ben Hull, having made his way back to the entrance of the glen, reappeared with the remaining half of his force. In the midst of the fight one of the "Lifters" saw the "Idiot" up above and shot him. His body, hurtling downward, fell on Ben Hull and killed him. The constable, unconscious of the pain in his leg, dashed up to recover the "Idiot's" body, but he, too, was killed. After the *townsmen's* triumph, they buried Coyne and the "Idiot" side by side over the scene of their triumph.

F.J.C. (3rd Year).

A Night on a Farm.

"Shut yer row can't yer!" These words were bellowed forth from the bedroom of the lord and master of the house, to two diminutive farmers who were chasing one another around the house and making a rather loud noise. "Get to bed!" was the next command, and the two children slunk off to bed with the fear of a hiding in their hearts. The lady of the house, a raw-boned Australian woman, stayed with me, but as I saw her yawning continually, I suggested retiring to bed to which she joyfully assented. It is now about time I told you who I was; I came from the city the previous day to stay a while at my cousin's (for such the gentleman of the loud voice was). This was my first night on a farm.

I dropped gently to sleep and must have remained so for an hour, when the dog set up a vigorous barking, apparently at the cat. "Shut him up Jimmy!" came in a strident whisper from somewhere in the house, "and don't wake Mr. Bennett." "It's that brute of an opossum again," said the father in loud tones. He evidently did not care for my slumbers. Then came sounds of something being chased and a great chattering, I suppose by the 'possum. After that Jimmy climbed back into bed, and I had scarcely dropped off to sleep again when a new born calf set up a bellowing, and I heard Jimmy slip out of bed and hold a whispered conversation with his mother.

He left the house and after a while the calf ceased bellowing, so I suppose he had taken it farther away.

I kept awake for a little while and I heard Jimmy get back into bed shivering with the cold. I then dropped off to sleep again. It was a dead sleep, one of those sleeps when there is no dreaming, but just a perfect blank. I slept for an hour or two when bang!! bang!! These two bangs might sound soft on paper but when you are awakened from a profound slumber, well—I jumped out of bed, not knowing what had happened, and hurried to where the sounds had come from. There I saw the "Old Man" with a gun with two smoking barrels. "I tried to get the 'possum," he explained half apologetically, ruefully regarding a hole in the guttering and another in the roof. Not saying another word he went back to bed, and I did likewise. It was one o'clock by my watch, I then slept soundly till about three o'clock then I was awakened by the munching of horses around the house. "Jimmy!" "Jimmy!!!" this time more loudly, "drive those horses away!" There were some other words which I would not like to repeat. Jimmy again evacuated his warm "possy" and I heard him "sool" the dogs on to the horses who galloped away loudly.

After that I slept to nine o'clock, when I arose to find that the poor kids were on their way to school, with the milking done, and the old man having an argument with a stubborn old plough horse.

Such is one night of many on a farm.

L.O'C.

Physical Jerks.

"Left, right, left, right! Halt there in front!" The speaker is Mr. Cropley and he intends taking our class for "physical jerks." We are extremely glad for it gets us out of a beastly Latin period.

Lazy chaps like Bob Bruce want a game, but the more energetic, like myself, scorn this. Whereupon Brucey up and smites. "Stop that fooling," calls Mr. Cropley, "Bruce, come here!" When Bruce arrives after a good while Mr. Cropley says. "I'm sorry Bruce, but it'll mean two hours detention. I'll fill in the book later."

Our instructor is not a mean teacher. He scarcely ever gives quarters and half-hours, he deals in the more expensive lines of two and three (to say nothing of four) hours.

Bruce goes back and drill proceeds. After drilling for five minutes Mr. Cropley cries, "On the hands down! To the feet jump! On the hands down! Fling out the feet! Arms bend! Arms stretch!" I really don't know the name of this wasting disease for its not a dinkum exercise. After we bend and stretch several times most of the class are reclining on their "tummies" and others have part of their anatomy sticking in the air.

At last this is over and we still have "time" to do, in the form of ten more minutes.

"We'll have a little ju-jitsu," says our instructor. "Come here Henry, and try this grip. I won't hurt you." Henry does so and when the grip catches him he gives a squeal.

With Bruce fooling there and someone else here, Mr. Cropley decides we are too unruly for ju-jitsu, and he makes us go round the yard at the double. Once, twice, thrice, and soon we lose count. It is surprising how easily bootlaces come undone in a run like this.

At last the bell rings. Hooray! But Mr. Cropley calls us to order, dismisses us. Call us back again. Dismisses, and finishes up by doing it a couple more times.

By the time we are dismissed the bell rings again.

"Come here Bruce," Mr. Cropley cries. "Yessir, here sir!" replies the unfortunate Bob. "I've decided to let you off that detention, but this is the last time, mind. I'll give no more cautions or chances." Methinks there are still plenty of chances waiting to be doled out.

L. W. WHITEFIELD.

An Autobiography of a Kangaroo.

I am a kangaroo in captivity in the Sydney Zoo. I am about four years old. I have not always been here, however; in fact, I only arrived about three months ago. If you would like to hear my story I shall tell it you.

The first that ever I remember was being in my mother's pouch. I know that it was very warm and snug. When I began to grow stronger my mother used to sometimes put me out of her pouch and let me hop around. At last I grew so big that I could no longer get into my mother's pouch. It was then that my real history began.

I used to play with other "joeys" out on the great wide plains, eating the long sweet grass and getting up to all kinds of mischief. For kangaroos, like boys, are very mischevous when young. I would sneak up behind some old kangaroo and nip his tail run away as fast as I could.

But one day as I was basking in the sunshine all of a sudden I heard a big bang, and I saw one of the older kangaroos fall down dead with blood running away from his head. My mother seized me and started hopping away at a great rate, with three dogs and some men on horses in pursuit. My mother found that they were gaining on her so she flung me into a bush and continued on.

Presently the dogs passed and then the hunters. They caught up to my mother soon after, and after she had killed one of the dogs and severely wounded another, the men came up and shot her in the heart.

I was now all alone in the world, quite a young kangaroo. I avoided the hunters and went further into the country. One day as I was going across the plains I fell into a trap set by some hunters we had seen a few days before. One of them came up, and took me and put me into a small cage drawn by a horse.

I was taken to a place whence the train ran to Sydney. It was a dreary trip, and I was glad when I got to the Zoo, for I was very tired.

So that is my story. I often think of my days in the bush, and I still hope to return to my other friends. The people treat me very kindly, and though I often feel "bush sick," I am now quite used to my new quarters.

"MASCOT" (1A).

Examination Results.

KEY TO LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS.

1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Mathematics I., 6 Mathematics II., 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 9 Ancient History, 10 Physics, 11 Chemistry, 12 Botany, 13 Geology, 14 Geography, 15 Art, 16 English and Geography (Engineering), 17 Business Principles, 18 Economics, 26 Matriculation Maths.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1921.

Austin, John W., 1A, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 18A.
 Bain, Ronald G., 1 Hon., 2L, 3A, 5B, 6B, 8B, 11B.
 Barker, Ernest, P. B., 1A, 3B, 8 Hon., 11B.
 Bloomfield, Hilton O., 1B, 8A, 14B, 17B, 18B
 Bunter, Luke, 5B, 6B, 8B, 18B.
 Burt, Selby John W., 1 Hon., 3 Hon., 5A, 6A, 8 Hon., 18A, 17A.
 Clements, Fredk. W., 1B, 5 Hon., 7B, 10B.
 Cole, Norman Ross, 1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 11 Hon.
 Cramp, Reginald C., 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 11 Hon.
 Ebert, Oswald, 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8 Hon., 11 L.
 Fraser, William Ross, 1B, 3B, 5B, 8A.
 Gardner, Norman Charles, 1B, 2B, 3 Hon., 5B, 6B, 8B, 10L.
 Garthside, Stanley, 1B, 2B, 5 Hon., 7A, 11 Hon.
 Grantham, Alfred K., 5A, 6A, 7B, 8B, 11 Hon.
 Hanley, Leo., 1 Hon., 2B, 3B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 8A, 16
 Hobson, Ainslie Fredk., 1B, 3B, 8B, 11B.
 James, Clarence G., 1 Hon., 2B, 3B, 8 Hon., 11B, 26.
 Lewis, Norman, 1B, 5 Hon., 7B, 8B, 11 Hon.
 Maxwell, Robert John, 1 Hon., 2B, 5B, 6B, 8 Hon., 11B.
 Moran, William John, 1B, 5 Hon., 7A, 8A, 10 Hon., 16.
 More, John Gow, 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 11B.
 Mutton, Alister, 1B, 6B, 8A, 11B.
 Pittman, Harold A. J., 1B, 3B, 5B, 8A, 11 Hon.
 Redshaw, George Muir, 1A, 2B, 3B, 5 Hon., 10 Hon.
 Redshaw, Errol Muir, 1B, 3L, 5 Hon., 7B, 10 Hon., 16.
 Ridley, Harry Meyrick, 1B, 2L, 3B, 8B, 26.
 Robertson, Douglas Wm., 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 10B, 14B.
 Salmon, Edward Togo, 1 Hon., 2 Hon., 4 Hon., 5B, 6A, 21 Hon.
 Sawtell, Arthur Cauldwell, 1B, 3B, 5B, 8B, 18A.
 Segal, Reuben, 1B, 2 Hon., 3A, 5B, 6B, 11B, 21A.
 Simpson, Jack Theobald, 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 11Hon.
 Smith, Walter Ranfurly, 1B, 8B, 18B, 17B.
 Stening, George Grafton L., 1B, 2A, 3B, 5A, 6B, 11 Hon., 21A.
 Stevenson, Ronald John, 3L, 5B, 6B, 8B, 10B.
 Wotton, Frederick Chas., 1B, 2B, 3B, 5 Hon., 7B.
 Levy, Lewis, 1B, 3B, 8B, 10L, 26.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1921.

ENGLISH.

Class I. (order of merit).—Edward Togo Salmon, Selby J. W. Burt, Leo Hanly.

Class II. (alphabetical).—Ronald G. Bain, Clarence G. James.

MODERN HISTORY.

Class I. (order of merit).—Oswald Ebert.

Class II. (alphabetical).—Ernest P. B. Barker, Selby J. W. Burt, Clarence G. James, Robert Maxwell.

LATIN.

Class I. (order of merit).—Edward T. Salmon.

Class II. (alphabetical).—Reuben Segal.

GREEK.

Class I. (order of merit).—Edward T. Salmon.

GERMAN.

Class II. (alphabetical).—Edward Togo Salmon.

FRENCH.

Class II. (alphabetical order).—Selby J. W. Burt, Norman Charles Gardner.

MATHEMATICS.

Class I. (order of merit).—George Muir Redshaw, Stanley Garthside, William J. Moran.

Class II. (order of merit).—Errol M. Redshaw, Frederick C. Wotton, Frederick W. Clements.

PHYSICS.

Class I. (order of merit).—George M. Redshaw, William J. Moran.

Class II. (alphabetical).—Errol M. Redshaw.

CHEMISTRY.

Class I. (in order of merit).—Norman Ross Cole, Harold A. J. Pittman, Reginald C. Cramp, Alfred, K. Grantham.

Class II. (alphabetical order).—Stanley Garthside, Norman Lewis, Jack T. Simpson, George G. L. Stenning.

BURSARIES.

Edward Togo Salmon, Selby John W. Burt, Stanley Garthside.

KEY TO INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE RESULTS.

1 English, 2 History, 3 Geography, 4 Mathematics I., 5 Mathematics II., 6 Latin, 7 French, 8 German, 9 Physics, 10 Chemistry, 11 Physics and Chemistry, 12 Botany, 13 Geology, 14 Business Principles, 15 Shorthand, 16 Woodwork, 17 Metalwork, 18 Art, 19 Music, 20 Needlework, 21 Greek.

Alcock, Philip Beynon, 1A, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7A, 11A, 21A.

Ashworth, Geoffrey Armstrong, 1B, 2B, 5B, 11B.

Boyd, Charles Shaw, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 11A, 21B.

Brien, Cecil Robert, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B.

Collings, Francis James, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 11A.

Cornish, Nicholas Alan, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 15A.

Cramp, Cameron Oliver, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 11B.

Crawford, Raymond Maxwell, 1B, 2A, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 11B.

Croydon, Stanley Windon, 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 14B, 15B.

Culey, Edward John, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 6A, 7B, 11B.

Cunningham, Norman Charles, 1B, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7B.

Davidson, Alexander, 1B, 4B, 5B, 7B.

Denning, Ben., 1B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 11A, 21A.

Dickson, John, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 14B, 15A, Agric. B.

Drake, John William Anthony, 1A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 15B.

Driver, Raymond Leslie, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11B, 14B, 15B.

Dyson, Ronald Frank Wilson, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 21A.

Giraud, Henry Clive, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B, 21B.

Grantham, Alwyn Harry, 1B, 2B, 5B, 11B.

Green, Walter Cecil, 1B, 2B, 5B, 6B.

Harrod, James William, 1B, 2A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7B, 11A.

Hook, Jack Daniel, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6B.

Horne, Harry, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.

Humphreys, Nelson, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11B.

Iliff, Graham, 1B, 4B, 5A, 11B, 14B, 15A.

Kersey, Leslie Arthur Charles, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 11B, 21B.

Lambert, Alfred Lyth, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B.

Leape, Cecil, 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B.

Llewelyn, Allan Talbot, 1B, 2A, 5B, 7B.

Maguire, Hugh, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A, 21B.

Marsillo, Joseph, 1B, 2B, 6B, 7B.

McKinnon, Archie, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B.

MacKinnon, Ken. Donald, 1A, 4B, 6B, 7B, 8B.

Mortimer, Charles John Richard, 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 11B.

Nixon, Henry Keith, 1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5A, 11B, 15A, Agric. B.
 Paddle, Eric Hilton, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B.
 Paillas, Roy Edward, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 7B, 11A, 14B, 15B.
 Richards, Thomas Alexander, 1B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7A, 8B, 11B.
 Riley, Harold Edwin, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
 Robertson, Colin, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 11B, 21B
 Saunders, Arthur Clive, 1B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B.
 Shields, Percy Arnold, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A, 11B, 21 A.
 Simpson, William Henry, 1B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A, 11B.
 Smith, Francis James, 1B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 11A, 15A.
 Smith, Raymond George, 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 15B.
 Stayner, Frank, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7A, 11B.
 Steele, Colin McRae, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B.
 Swinburne, Robert, 1B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
 Taylor, Carroll, 1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
 Thorne, Eric Stephen, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A, 11B, 21B
 Townsend, Stanley Norman, 1B, 2B, 5B, 7B.
 Willsford, Alan Conrad, 1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.

Lunch at the Tuckshop.

Half-past twelve is at hand, and a general packing and consultation of watches takes place.

In a few seconds the bell peals out its chimes of gladness to many a hungry lad, who has been patiently waiting for it. Perhaps his keenness in looking at watches is due to the fact that he intends to lunch at the tuckshop, and being, as it were, an old bird at the game, knows what happens if one is last.

As soon as he is dismissed he makes a bee-line for the tuckshop, and finds himself being wafted along in the middle of another crowd of boys, all bent on the same mission as himself.

The scene that takes place outside the tuckshop very much resembles that of a football field. Each one is pushing and pulling his hardest, and stamping his feet impatiently, so that it is for all the world like a scrummage. Generally some unfortunate person's bag has been dropped, and this takes the place of a ball.

However, this scene cannot possibly continue for long, and is brought to a standstill by the arrival of a prefect, whose duty it is to look after the luncheon party. Everyone then tries to jamb himself into a single line, and those unsuccessful at doing so find themselves being hauled out and sent down to the bottom. Things run smoothly for quite a time, but then some smart person tries to "butt in" under the prefect's nose. He is generally unsuccessful, however, and for his pains is pulled out and sent last.

Quite a crowd of boys expect to be served at the same time, and, as can be imagined, a sound like the chattering of monkeys is heard. However, several distinct orders can be heard. "A brown roll and meat pie," from one; "Two cakes and an apple," from another; while from still another, "Three cakes and the roll I ordered."

The staff on the tuckshop have many hundreds of these same orders drummed into their ears for half an hour.

"All good things have to come to an end," and this is what happens at the tuckshop. The pastry is seen to have diminished in a remarkably short time, and yet everyone is not served. Those at the end of the line now begin to get extremely worried, and wonder if any dinner at all will be procurable. Generally, however, the last one finds a cake or two left from which to make his choice, and after grumbling and muttering things under his breath makes his purchase and moves away, but, at the same time, inwardly vowing to be early on the following day.

The crowd gone, the prefect gives a final look to things, and then, wiping his heated brow, strolls away to enjoy his own lunch in peace and quietness.

So another dinner hour rush is past, and he wonders if tomorrow's rush will be as bad as that of to-day.

"IT" (2AC).

Just an Incident.

It had been going on for several months now, and I was beginning to get real tired of the whole affair. But before we go any further I will tell you what "it" was.

At the beginning of the year I noticed a girl sitting in the same compartment of the tram as myself. Every morning she would sit in the same place, and I in my place right opposite her, and no matter how I tried to attract her attention I always failed. One day I raised my hat as she was getting out, and I thought she smiled back, but next day I was speedily disillusioned, for when I bid her the day she seemed to deliberately cut me dead. However, in my perseverance, I still endeavoured to speak to her, but, try as I would, could not go beyond asking her if she minded the door being closed.

For weeks this went on, but now I do speak to her on rather close terms, and I'll tell you how it came about.

One morning, about 11 o'clock, I was surfing at the beach. There were a few good shoots, but several minutes elapsed between each. The water was warm and calm, and I was thinking it was an ideal day for sharks, especially as there were a number of us about 150 yards out and up to our necks in water. However, seeing a good shoot about 100 yards out I swam out to where I estimated it would break. I had about five seconds to spare, when suddenly a dull, monotonous droning sound struck my ear. Turning round I saw, to my horror, that the crowd in the water were swimming for the shore as fast as possible, and, worse still, that I was many yards out and in water over my head deep. There the crowd on the beach was shouting and gesticulating wildly, shouting and directing the swimmers, and I was thunderstruck to hear the word "Shark!" I was thinking of this, but now my worst fears were realised. Suddenly I went icy cold, and then I became very hot, and then my stomach seemed to sink to unfathomable depths. A

sickening sensation seemed to rise in my throat, and I felt as though I must scream out, not for fear, but to relieve my feelings. I am glad to say I did not, for by now the shoot was nearly ready. I made a mad rush for it, and, imagining all sorts of things, I made a bad "shoot," the result being I was carried but a short distance. Striking out, I made as great a splash as possible, for, having recovered some of my scattered courage and wits, I became calmer. Standing up, I saw that girl running and stumbling towards the beach. All of a sudden she let out a scream and fell forward. I dashed up to her, lifted her up, and found a coil of seaweed round her leg, this, I supposed, having given her the fright. I blessed that seaweed even more than I have cursed it other times, as can be well imagined, and, reaching shallow water, she slowly recovered from her fright. Of course, she was very surprised, but I don't think annoyed, at seeing me, and, of course, I had to let her down. Thanking me for my "brave" assistance, she started to walk off, needless to say, blushing profusely, but I was not going to let her escape after such a chance, so I saw her home. However, the fact that was announced later—that sharks did not enter the bay, porpoises only having been seen—did not in the least affect our friendship, but it somewhat dampered my "brave" rescue, but now we are rather close friends, as I have, I think, stated before.

K. M. LEVY (3rd Year).

A Night at Home.

(Rewritten.)

One night I settled down to do a night's study.

I had just got my books out of my bag and settled down when my mother said, "Clive, come and wipe the dishes."

I then sat down to do some writing, when my younger brother said, "Give me my pen." I replied, "I haven't got your pen," but I discovered I had, so I told him to use mine, but he would not, so I had to get my own.

I settled down again, when my brother asked me to spell "expression." I felt I couldn't be bothered, but my father said, "Clive, tell Harold how to spell that word, and do not be so thoughtless."

Once more I tried, but alas! the door-bell rang; I had to open the door. A lady wished to know where Mrs. Nicholas lived, so I told her three doors down the street.

I had just opened my books again when my mother said, "Clive, lend me your pen; I want to write a letter." So I had to hand over my pen.

I started again, when a boy from the Gymnastic Club came to see me about selecting a football team.

Again I tried to be interested, when my mother said she wanted me to turn the mangle. After finishing the mangle I went to bed, resolved to get up early in the morning and do my work.

C. QUINTON (1B).

Coming to School

Two early suburban trains are making their way towards the Central Station, side by side, at the same speed. Simultaneously two heads pop out of opposite carriage windows, and each head is turned up and down the whole length of the opposite train. The eyes meet at last. "Hello, Strawb.," says one, and the other replies with, "Go-mornin', Bobbie." Both retire again. One looks over his books. Something puzzles him. "Say, Strawb.," he yells across the line, "did — give us any homie." "Strawb." is a freckled-faced individual with a mild sort of voice, and he answers, "Yes, that Algebra, page 13—11 to 26. I only did No. 14." The voices are partly drowned by the noise. "No, its no use giving you a copy. It's wrong." ("Strawb." still speaking.) "Did you do your Latin?" "Yes, I did it all. I'll give you a copy of it if you like, in school." "Righto," says "Strawb." Both retire, and the train stops at the Central.

McMILLAN (R.B.).

The People Going to Work at the Railway Station

The crowd which plies to and from the Railway is the smallest at seven o'clock, but it gradually increases till, at about half-past eight, it is in full swing. Then it gradually dwindles away.

At seven o'clock you see the hard-grafting workman, who is on his way to toil for his "daily bread." His face is tanned with the sun, his hands hard and covered with corns from manual labour, rushing on to the Railway just in time to catch his train, or hurriedly leaving the station, dodging here and there, trying to avoid hurstling other people.

At the same time you see the fruit-man going to market in his cart, checking down items he has to purchase, and the Chinaman, with his baskets and pole, hobbling along, jabbering in his native tongue.

At about eight o'clock you see the business man who, perhaps, owns a shop or a factory, hurrying along to be in time to open up for his employees. He is generally a robust gentleman with a rubicund face, perspiring freely, and every now and then stopping and blowing like a steam engine, to wipe his neck and head with a gaily coloured handkerchief.

At this time you see a portly lady doing her best to thread the maze of traffic, screaming when a motor car just passes her.

At half-past eight you see the flapper daintily tripping down the steps of the Railway, always casting eyes for some unsuspecting youth.

The University undergrad, poring over his books, trying to fathom some French idiom, and the High School boy gaily con-

versing on interesting subjects, such as football and cricket, and the paper-boy, declaiming in a raucous voice of some big fire or murder.

The suave bank clerk, dressed without a fault, raising his hat to one lady and conducting another across the road, and guiding her in and out the traffic, next attracts us. You also see the small messenger boy, riding on the back of carts.

“COPPERTOP” (RA).

A Modern “Canterbury Tales”

(In Various Styles).

LUDWIG UHLAND'S “THE COMRADE TRUE.”

(In this verse rendering the rime and metrical schemes employed are those of the original German.)

Ich hatt 'einen Kameraden,
Einen bessern findst du nit,
Die Trommel schlug zum Streite
Er ging au meiner Seite
In gleicrem Shritt und Tritt.

Eine Kugel kam geflogen
Gilt's mir oder gilt es dir?
Ihn hat es weggerissen
Er leigt mir vor den Fugsen
Als wars ein Stuck von mir.

Will mir die Hand noch reichen
Derweil' ich eben lad'?
Kann du die Hand nicht geben?
Bleib du in ew'gen Leben
Mein guter Kamerad.

Once had I a comrade,
A better is there none;
The drum for battle cried,
He marched right at my side
In tread and step as one.

A cannon ball came flying
For me, or was't for thee?
Him did it cut away,
There at my feet he lay
As though a part of me.

O wilt not give thine hand
E'en as I beckon you?
Can'st not thy cold hand turn?
In life eterne sojourn,
My comrade staunch and true.

—E.T.S.

THE PROLOGUE IN THE MANNER OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

*His testes herd, with al hir wretchidnesse,
Alas! whanne that Novembre, as I gesse,
Hath fore our eyen yave in swiche a way
We do fayden, alack and wala wa!
Than longen boys to gon to “movie” showes,
And in the which to drownen alle hire woes.
Bifl that in that seson on a day
In Sidne at the Empresse, as I pay,
Redy to sene the pictures litely flien
Nought fer fro me I sondry folk espien.
What maner man, I woot hem everich on
And soth to seyn, of hem tell I anon.*

THE PREFECT IN THE MANNER OF EDMUND SPENSER.

*Eftsoones was herd a blatant voice of ire
That “Take an hour!” full fiercely gan crie;
And from the justs, full brave there gan aspire
A prefect bold, enclosed by companie
Of maids, to which he shew'd no chevalrie.
No tranchard sword coude there on him be seen,
But flowres that fragrant sheen full prettilie,
And whilom had in beautous garden been;
And eke sits fair Diana there, his fairie queen.*

THE FAG, IN THE MANNER OF ALEXANDER POPE.

*How sweet to see throughout the rustic day,
 The children with the lambs in sprightly play!
 Through sylvan woods they wend their tripping feet,
 Regardless of the sun and summer's heat;
 But one there sits with learned brow full deep—
 His wakeful eyes seld shut in blissful sleep—
 And reads his books in Learning's study hard,
 Of Freedom's play has he but small regard.
 We note them well and here must draw the line—
 To play is human, but to fag divine.*

THE NEW KID IN THE MANNER OF CHARLES DICKENS.

But the most remarkable personage of this very peculiar party was yet to put in his appearance. Slowly, above the top of one of the seats, there appeared an enormous white head, immediately followed by an enormous white collar with an enormous black bow tie. A tiny hand, losing itself in the folds of the enormous bow tie, but by some secret and mysterious process ever re-appearing, had a peculiar habit of first pulling the bow out of position and then pulling it in again. As he arose from his seat an enormous pair of boots, topped by an extremely small pair of socks, came to view. But most astonishing of all was his enormous bag. New it was, with an appearance of fulness, yet the tiny hand manipulated it as easily as if it had nothing in it—perhaps it hadn't. Then with an extra vicious tug at the tie, head, collar, boots and bag, slowly disappeared. (E.T.S.).

Canoe Fishing

One Saturday afternoon I was persuaded by a friend to come out with him in his canoe and have an afternoon's fishing. I had been out previous to this but always in my bathing costume; this time, however, as the air was slightly nippy we decided to dispense with this precaution.

On arriving at his place I found that he had fitted a mast and sails on the canoe, and the bow (where I sat), was a mass of strained cordage. I began to wonder what would happen if the canoe went over and I became entangled. The canoe was launched safely, except for a little water shipped and some curses at my clumsiness.

We paddled slowly away from the cold and shady foreshore of North Harbour, into the green water through which the sun shone weakly, and which was ruffled gently by the light easterly breeze. This breeze did not come up to our expectations (mine at least), my companion declared that the jib and main's'l were "drawing lovely," and that we were "travelling bonzer." I did not agree with him, but I didn't like to destroy his pride in his invention.

After a while we paddled ashore and my mate ran home to collect some bread and a couple of rods, so as to "have a go for mullet," while I minded the canoe. After a while my feet began to get jolly cold, and when "Tommo" returned with the rods and

bread I was not sorry to get into my uncomfortable "possy" up the bow, and we paddled out into the sunlight again.

Having no kellick we just drifted about and "Tommo's" rod became entangled again and again. Then he disturbed me to untangle it, I made some caustic remarks about him and he did ditto about me, we became rather heated and I ended the wordy by telling him he would frighten the fish. We became further incensed by the fact that the bread would not stick to the hook. We had another row over this which was ended by our being stimulated to further efforts by the sight of a boating party further away catching mullet by the ton.

To cap all our bad luck I developed a rotten cramp in the leg, and I was landed under much protest from "Tommo." As soon as my cramp passed we paddled out again and then I sat in the puddle of water in the canoe. This was the last straw and I was again landed and with my wet "duds" sticking to me I made for "Tommo's" house, changed my "duds" and shirt (fortunately I had brought a change), and wended my way dejectedly homeward. Like the raven I quoth, "Never more."

LAND LUBBER.

A Lonely Grave

Out in a lonely paddock, not far from the small town of Molong (N.S.W.), is an aboriginal's grave, surmounted by a white headstone. Many people passing in the train have, no doubt, caught a fleeting glimpse of it, and wondered why it should be out here, uncared for and untended. Then as the train rushed on they have dismissed the subject from mind, little dreaming that under that white headstone lies the body of a faithful aborigine, a noble species of the fast dying race in Australia.

In 1835, when Sir Thomas Mitchell and party were passing through this country on a trip of exploration, the black tribes did not seem at all friendly, and one day a blackfellow, by name Yuranigh, stalked into the camp and warned Sir Thomas of an ambuscade that the blacks had prepared further along the route. It was to this timely warning that the party owed their lives and were able to frustrate the plans of the hostile blacks.

Yuranigh remained with the party, and when he died he was buried sitting up in this spot, and the Government erected a headstone, with the story of his deed inscribed on it in simple language. At the four corners of the grave are four trees, which have been carved by the natives, and are an interesting relic of the past day when the blacks roamed this country.

A photograph of one of these trees appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" some months ago. The trees are very old, and two of them are dead. If a protection is not soon put round them they will be destroyed.

It is to be hoped that the Government will preserve these objects of historical interest for future generations.

L.I.B.W. (2B).

Berniniscences of an Old Boy

I intend to relate a few of my joys and sorrows that took place in the old school building that now stands so neglected and uncared for in Castlereagh St., and which is about to be converted into a "doss house" for unfortunate returned soldiers.

I can well remember the day—now 38 years ago—when I presented myself for the admission examination, and the fear which seized me as I wended my way up the old stone steps to the big class room and peeped in first, and then, after a long pause, summoned courage to face the music, which I don't mind admitting at that time, I had not acquired a taste for. However, to come to the point quickly, I passed, and was duly enrolled as a student.

Our Headmaster was the late Mr. Joseph Coates (affectionately known as "Joey"), a great disciplinarian, but a just and upright man. He was assisted by the late Mr. "Jim" McManamey, who gave his life for King and Country on the rugged shores of Gallipoli, then came Mr. Piddington (called "Pidd." for shortness), Mr. Trebeck (popularly called "Tommy"), and others.

As I cast my mind back there is no doubt we were a happy crowd, we had to work hard, were kept under strict discipline, only having one sports day a month. What oh! You boys now, think of that, with your sports day weekly, and how we did enjoy our football and cricket matches on the greens of old Moore Park, against Newington, Kings and Sydney Grammar, etc. How we used to line out to play or barrack and didn't we do it with might and main. And then our annual sports and prize distributions, didn't we think they were "bonzer," especially as the girl students, who, by the way, had the adjoining portion of the school favoured us with their presence and smiles.

I can see now the telegraphic glances that took place between us, also the detecting glances of the masters and what oh! the consequences next day. Still, it was worth risking.

As our windows opened on to the Girls' playground, but were frosted over, a great game was to scratch sufficient of this off to form a peep hole, or else to raise the window about an inch, but woe betide if "Joey" caught you "de flagrante delecto." I have vivid recollections of one of the senior boys being caned before the whole school—this was reckoned a treat for us—for transgressing in this direction.

Our playground was the worst feature of the school, owing to its restricted area and the number of boys using it, consequently wrestling bouts and other forms of "sport" used to be indulged in to the damage of our clothes and hides.

Our "tuck shop" in those days was Holmes, the baker, in King St., where the best of pies, etc., were retailed at very low prices, and to see the procession to and fro at about 12.20 p.m. was indicative of the quality of the edibles.

In those days the punishment was made to fit the crime. It was the daily habit of "Joey" to meander round various class rooms—which were separated by big drop baize blinds—and round up the boys like brumbies who were frequently adorning the floor instead of their class, and drive them into "his room," there to be well trounced.

The worst punishment of all that we boys dreaded was the return to school on Saturday morning at 9.15 a.m. and to be detained until 11 a.m., which not only broke our morning but fairly broke our hearts. Needless to say one dose of this was equivalent to a term of "solitary" to a refractory prisoner.

Anyway we used to reckon it was all in the game, and through all this, as I now calmly look back over the stretch of years, the majority of us emerged better boys.

Well in conclusion I feel proud I attended such a school, and when I think of the number of my fellow students who have made good in the race of life, I feel prouder still.

My hope is that similar feelings of pride will always abide with you boys when you say farewell to this school, and so terminate the happiest days of your life.

A Wet Day in the City

It was a horrible day, but mum was resolute, and of course, that meant it had to be done. So I arranged to meet her at Murdoch's and trotted off to school. After managing to survive two periods of Physics, one of French, and one of English, I ate my lunch and off for Murdoch's. For a wonder, I only had to wait an hour, but that was enough. I felt like a block of ice in the Arctic Sea.

To make matters worse, mum was in a bad humour, and even went so far as to complain about the appearance of that illustrious and immaculate personage, myself.

But this was only the start of my misfortunes. Everybody seemed against me, and I was blamed for everything. How was I to know that young Reg would fall off the seat, and Maudie would go after another lady and go down the lift? And young Bavin would run behind the counter and pull out a bundle of shirts?

Well, it was poor me that was blamed for everything, as I said before, and, after waiting outside another shop for about an hour and a half, with only the music of a downpour of rain to soothe me, I was positively furious, to use a mild term.

But mum had evidently struck some bargains in this shop, for she was only about as wild as when she went in, and to judge her feelings by mine, she ought to have been twenty times more so.

Well, shopping was finished (about time, too!) but to crown the events of that perfect day, I was forced to stand in the tram right out to Rose Bay.

JACK VINE (1A.).

Sailing

On Monday, the King's Birthday, a boy friend and myself decided to go for a sail in my canoe in North Harbour. There was a good westerly breeze blowing so we hoisted sail and set out. I was sitting near the bow directing my friend who was steering. At first we "ran before" towards Quarantine Bay, and then I directed him to steer towards Manly, so that we could try our "tacking" capabilities. This was not so easy as we thought it would be, for the breeze was freshening and we had to lean out a little more.

He remarked that we were running close up to the wind and so he drew off a little. Just as we did so, another gust struck the jib sending the nose round. We just missed being capsized as the boom swung across. He said "we had better not get out too far Thomo, or we'll be sure to go over." I took his advice and so we ran back into North Harbour for shelter.

There is a house-boat moored in the middle of the bay, which is a very popular land mark, and opposite this some sea scouts were camping. We ran into this place and when about twenty yards from shore he ran her up into the wind and jibed. He gave no warning of this, and I was not ready for it, consequently we swung over sharply and took in a little water which was just enough to make our clothes uncomfortable.

My friend ran on to the beach and we changed places for a while, as we both began to feel cramped. I was not as good as he was with the tiller and within a quarter of an hour I had nearly run into a yacht which was anchored near by.

He was remarking about my being no good at steering when he himself let go his hold of the sheet and we all but capsized again.

The breeze was now gradually dropping, and so he said we had better make the best of it before it dropped altogether. We made a good tack across the harbour, and then we jibed and started across to our landing place on the other side.

W. THOMSON (2B.).

Philately

Civil aviation has been given an impetus by the establishment of an aerial mail between Perth and Broome (W.A.). The service is to start on October 1st, and preparations are almost completed. Wing Commander R. Williams is in charge, and other pilots are yet to be engaged.

Special stamps will no doubt be issued for this mail, and so every collector should be on the look-out to snap up any specimens that come his way, for they are likely to be both scarce and dear.

The most complete collection of stamps in the world is that formed by the late Duke de Galliera, alias M. Ferrary, of Paris. The Duke in his will bequeathed his magnificent collection to a German institution, but the French seized it, and it was divided

into several lots, and these are to be auctioned at different times, extending over a period of three years. The first of these auctions was held on June 30th last, when some record prices were obtained. At present the "Post Office," Mauritius, holds the record, £2400 being paid for the last one sold.

A special report in the "Philatelic Magazine" states that some of the biggest prices paid were:—£4935 for two British stamps dated 1856, two cents, black on rose; a vertical pair on the original envelope and cancelled (unique). £3666 for an Hawaiian stamp dated 1851-52, two cents, blue, very lightly cancelled in blue, probably the finest example in existence of this issue. £1500 for a Mauritius "Post Paid," 1848-58, two pence, indigo blue, the deepest shade of any known specimen; first engraving on thick yellowish paper. Altogether the total proceeds of the auction were £27,500. When the sale of the whole collection is completed it will no doubt have realised somewhere near £1,000,000.

M. Ferray also had a very fine collection of early Australian, which was the envy of all collectors who were privileged to see it.

One of the largest collections in Australia, consisting mainly of Australian stamps, is that made by Mr. H. L. White, of "Bell-trees," N.S.W. It is worth between £30,000 and £40,000, and now rests in the Mitchell Library, the gift of a patriotic man to the nation.

The two Mauritius stamps described before in this article belong to two different issues. The "Post Office," Mauritius, belongs to the first issue in 1847. Only two denominations were printed, 1d and 2d, and these are inscribed "Post Office." The 2d is the stamp mentioned, and, as has been remarked before, only one specimen is now in existence.

The "Post Paid" belongs to the issue of 1848-49. Only two denominations were printed, 1d and 2d, but three distinct types were printed. These are inscribed "Post Paid," hence the name. Of course, stamps of these issues can be bought for £5, £10 or £70, but these are only for ordinary impressions from worn plates, or heavily cancelled. Fine early or intermediate impressions are much higher in price. This accounts for the fancy price paid for the one possessed by Mr. Ferrary. L.I.B.W. (2B).

Cause and Effect

On Monday morning as he wended his way to the school people turned to gaze at him and admire the buoyant air with which he carried himself, his head held high, and his manly chest thrown out, he walked as if on air.

A pair of lovers journeying city-wards gazed on him sympathetically, and then shyly at one another, and murmured, "She must have accepted him last night?"

A man at a garden gate kissing his wife and child good-bye, looked after him with the light of understanding in his eyes, and said, "Ah! It must have been a boy!"

Yet again a sporty looking youth eyed him enviously, and thought of the win he must have had at the races on Saturday, while a hard-worked, studious looking man watched him wearily and muttered, "He has evidently been given a rise above the basic wage!"

But, no! Not one of them was right. The secret of his jaunty debonair bearing was——(The Editor respectfully asks all readers of the "Record" to interview Mortimer at once, and he will gladly supply the nine missing words.)

CHAS. J. R. MORTIMER (III Year).

Trials of Tram Travelling

I set out from home at about half-past eight every morning, and catch the twenty-five to nine tram, in which I see two of my class-mates. We are all engaged in a conversation about cricket, when the tram guard comes along, and I ask him for a penny ticket, but he gives me a one-section ticket. When I draw his attention to his error he wants to examine my pass. "There is no mention of penny ticket on this pass," said he. At this all eyes are turned on me from the other compartments. The guard gives me the pass back and demands full fare, or I'll have to get out of the tram. I tell him I am not going to do either. Then he says that there are sixty-two different sorts of tram passes. I reply, "This must be the sixty-third." At this he stops the tram and tells me to get out, but I remain fast; so he is going to use forcible means when an inspector arrives and informs the guard of his mistake.

We are seated in the tram talking when a stout lady and man, with two large suit-cases each are trying hard to get into the tram. With our aid their suit-cases are bundled in, and one boy stands up to give the lady a seat. She looks at the seat and smiles; then another boy stands up, and she says "Thank you," and sits down. As the man accompanying the lady seems elderly, two boys stand up and give him a seat. They have paid their fares, but when the tram is near Darlington an inspector comes round and asks for tickets, and he asks why the lady and gentleman have not paid double fare because of taking the seats of four persons. They are made pay for their luggage and double fare each. "Here we are at the Railway Station. Get out."

GOW (3B).

Humorous Column

A FITTING ANSWER.

About 20 years ago an Irish wheat farmer near Juneau saw a motor car for the first time. It was bogged on the road near his cultivation paddock. "What is that?" said he to the chaffeur. "Oh, this is an automobile," was the reply.

The chaffeur was ignorant of agricultural machinery, so he in turn inquired of the farmer what was "the affair yonder in the field." "Oh," said the Irishman, with a sly grin, "that is an aw-to-mow-hay, but begorrah it doesn't."

E. BUCKLAND.

A GOOD ARTIST.

I once overheard a conversation between two pavement artists. One was a little, thin, dirty-faced fellow, who was "blowing" about painting a sixpence so well on the footpath that an old gentleman nearly broke his fingers in trying to pick it up. "Oh, that is nothing," said the other man, whose face, hands and clothes were streaked with red and yellow chalk. "I once painted a leg of mutton on the pathway, and a dog nearly ate half the pavement before it found out its mistake."

R.T.

A SET-BACK.

In my suburb two stylish young fellows had just started a small business. Their style seemed to be the only thing in the business; and although the telephone was not connected, one young fellow talked loudly into the 'phone to Mr. — about a £50 order. The few customers were impressed. Then a man stepped into the shop. "What can I do for you?" said the young fellow, putting down the receiver. "I'm the man come to connect the telephone," was the reply.

D. BYRNE.

A SCOTCH JOKE.

"Silver-Eye," as he was called, was a well-known character on the Manning River. He was a large, ungainly fellow, with red hair and a rasping voice; and he earned his name by his love of fruit orchards.

In the season he lived on peaches. As soon as operations had begun his clumsy form would appear in the distance, and he would help himself liberally. No one could stop him, he had such a way with him. "Nice peaches," he would say, and he would eat and eat. He was always awfully glad to see the orchardists (so he said); but I think he liked them for the sake of the fruit. What could one do with a man like that?

Old Jack MacDonald thought of a plan. He placed two of the best peaches on a post near where he was picking. "Silver-Eye" appeared in the distance, and bore down on the peaches. I was helping Old Jack. "Don't leave those peaches for that glutton," I said. But the old orchardist was satisfied.

"Good," said "Silver-Eye," as he finished the two peaches in a few gulps.

"Hoot, mon, them pitches were poisoned, to keep off the crows."

"Silver-Eye's" face was pale as death. In about 20 minutes he had reached the doctor's. The doctor must have had a good laugh. The peaches were not poisoned at all. Old Jack's sides shook with laughter. He had cured "Silver-Eye."

W. RANDALL.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

A teacher of a Sunday School was preparing her pupils for an exam. She had an idea of what the pupils would be asked, so she said to the first boy, "Now, Johnny, when the inspector asks you who was the first man you say Adam." "If he asks you who was the first woman you say Eve"; this to the second boy. "Now, Bill, if he asks you who made you, you say God"; this to the third boy. She went on all round the class like this.

In the afternoon the inspector came. He said to the first boy, "Who was the first man?" "Adam," came the reply. "Who was the first woman?" he said to the second boy. "Eve," came his reply. "Who made you?" he asked of the fourth boy, because the third boy was absent. The fourth boy replied, "I don't know, but the bloke who God made ain't here."

D. ROBINSON (1B).

A SCHOOLBOY'S LAMENT.

[The Editor being somewhat in doubt as to how he should classify "A Schoolboy's Lament" is risking it in this column. It will certainly add variety. Fearful of what might befall the author, the chief sub-editor has torn off the name from the original; therefore we cannot publish it.]

*What's the use of fagging the way we do,
And learning from history who is who?
I think it's wrong to be made to cram,
So that we can pass some silly exam.*

*Geography is a thing that I dread,
Though Mr. Moore drives it into my head;
He'll talk of countries to west and east,
That don't interest me a bit in the least.*

*And simply because the source of the Rhone
And a few more things like that are unknown
(All of which an atlas will tell you at once),
This master maintains that I am a dunce!*

*There's Arithmetic now, a thing I hate;
But I'm made to learn every measure and weight;
But all these things, if you'll only look,
Are easily found in any maths. book.*

*And Shorthand—well, isn't it blooming rot
The way Mr. Brodie makes us swot?
What good can it do to fill up my head,
With stuff that in longhand is easier read?*

*Then there's that beastly science, too,
Which Mr. Wright makes me worry through,
It doesn't do me the least bit of good—
I'd abolish it from the schools if I could.*

*And French! Mr. Wootten should know it's a crime
To make it take so much of my time,
I've thought of a question to ask the Head:
Why can't the French learn English instead?*

A MIND-READER.

Private 254 had had a night out, and was somewhat intoxicated on Sunday morning, when he had to be on church parade and to go to church. He slumbered heavily during the sermon, and woke up at the end of it, when the clergyman called, "Number two hundred and fifty-four: 'Art thou weary, art thou languid.'"

The soldier stood up, scratching his head and blinking his eyes. "Now, whoever told him I had a night out?"

J.H. (1B).

A WARNING TO SCIENCE CLASSES.

The munition works manager was showing a friend round the factory.

"What has become of Harry Careless?" the friend asked. "Wasn't he here last year?"

"Ah, yes," replied the manager. "Poor fellow! He was a good man, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals—very. That slight discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?"

"Yes."

"That's Harry."

W.B.

NO VIOLET.

Teacher (to Willie, who had been complained about as being rather odorous): "Ask your mother to give you a bath when you go home, Willie."

Note from Willie's mother: "Dear Teacher,—I know my Willie ain't no violet. You teach him—don't smell him. Yours truly, Mrs. Brown."

K. A. GENTLES.

Doing Time

It is 9.15 a.m., and a Friday. Not an ordinary Friday, don't forget, but the Friday on which we break up for our Christmas vacation. The Head isn't going to let us get away till 3.15 p.m., and six or seven restive souls like myself are wondering how we can "wangle" a half-holiday. The morning passess without anything exciting, unless you count Mr. — period, when every boy in the class gets an hour. At 12.30 we rush downstairs into the playground, and after eating our dinner we quietly and unconcernedly walk out of the gate with the air of boys who are doing some important business for the head. We go home, not without some qualms of conscience.

Opening day after vacation. 9.30 the Head visits our room. Will he forget all about it? Trust him to let us escape. He opens his book and questions us quietly, and it leaks out; we chaps who "buzzed" off early are "copped." Two hours each is the penalty, and as we sit "doing time" we regret having taken the half-holiday.

L.W.

In the Street

Here comes a portly gentleman, who looks as if he were a profiteer, wiping the perspiration off his face, and puffing along trying to keep up with the crowd, but gradually falling behind. Over there is a newly-made police sergeant; one can see he has only just been made a sergeant by his officious air and stately appearance. No doubt he is "showing off" his new stripes. Here is a happy-go-lucky individual, who is joking with two girls as he walks along. Behind them is a happy, rich woman, clad in beautiful clothes, and a few yards away from her is the other extreme—a poor, miserable woman, leading a child dressed in rags. The rich woman turns at that moment, and, seeing the poor woman, speaks to her, and puts something into her hand. My gaze rests on a man with a mournful hang-dog expression on his face. "Surely," says I, "he has some great sorrow weighing on his mind, poor fellow." Then a man, whose face is wreathed in smiles, approaches the sad-looking man. They are as much alike in expression as a pin is to a pea. The jovial, merry man slaps the other man across the shoulder with a hearty "Good morning, old chap, why such a mournful expression? You look as if you had lost a million." I cannot catch the other man's reply, for I am running as hard as I can after a tram. "Anyhow, it is none of my business," I reflect, and I go my way.

Correspondence

To the Editor,

In view of the enthusiasm shown at the recent G.P.S. Regatta, and the fact that we are a G.P.S. school, we would like to see the school represented in the next head-of-the-river race.

Of course there is the usual money question, but we feel sure that others who are interested in this branch of sport would stand some of the expense. There are various means of obtaining money besides appealing to the Union. Why not have a school concert or fete?

A. WILLSFORD }
C. BOYD. } (3rd year).

Editor of "The Record."

Dear Sir,—In the last issue of "The Record" an article appeared concerning the prospects of a rowing club. Although read by many no effort has been made towards its inauguration.

Why, then, does not S.H.S. wake up?

The only information obtainable from those who take an interest in the welfare of S.H.S. is the necessity of a coach.

Boats and boatsheds would be lent us willingly by many of the rowing clubs, fostering this manly sport for a very modest sum. Surely, then, some person interested in S.H.S., with a knowledge of rowing, would undertake to fulfil this required position.

He would be greatly welcomed, and in after years looked upon as the founder of this healthy recreation at S.H.S.

Sincerely hoping my expectations will be realised.

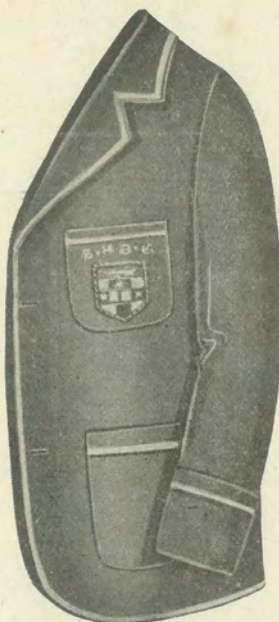
Yours faithfully,

N. S. MAINWARING, 2B.G.

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Armidalian, Blue and Gold (Morven), Canterbury Tales, Chronicle (S.G.H.S.), Clarion (Mudgee), Echrindian (Glen Innes), Fort Street G.H.S. Magazine, Fortian (B.H.S.), Goulburnian, Grammar School Magazine (Toowoomba), Graftonian, Glasgow H.S. Magazine, King's School Magazine, Lens (Lismore), Magpie (Maitland), Melbournian, Newingtonian, Novacastrian (Newcastle H.S.), Northern Churinga (Launceston), Our Girls' (Maitland), Pioneer (Lismore), Quondong (Broken Hill), Royal Blue (Petersham), Sydneian (S.G.S.), Torch-bearer (S.C.E.G.S.), S.J.C. (St. Joseph's College), The Falcon (N.S.H.S.), Wesley College Chronicle (Melbourne), Aurora Australis (P.L.C.), Hermes (Sydney University).

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