

DECEMBER 1922

SYDNEY BOYS'



HIGH SCHOOL.



The

RECORD

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Vol. XIV.

No. 1.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

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The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSSE."

VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1922.

No 1.

Officers.

Patron—C. R. SMITH, M.A.

Editor—H. W. MOFFITT, M.A.

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Business Manager—H. E. CRABB

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

EDITORIAL.

The School year of 1922 is drawing to a close. The Leaving Certificate examination is over, and the Intermediate is being held as we go to press. We take this opportunity of wishing all our candidates every possible success. The Sydney High School has in the past more than held its own in public examinations. A glance at the Honor Boards in the Assembly Room will reveal the fact that our record compares favourably with that of any school in the State. Many of our Old Boys occupy high positions in the business, professional and academic world. Within recent years we have produced four Rhodes Scholars, won several Open Scholarships, and gained quite a large number of first places in First Class Honours.

It is not generally known, however, that during the past few years the School has laboured under a serious handicap in competition with others. The High School Course in 1912 was fixed as a four years' course, and boys as a rule left it at the end of their fourth year. In 1916 the Department extended the period to five years, and a Remove Class was introduced between the First and Second Years. The majority of the High Schools at once availed themselves of the full course. The Sydney High School continued to follow the old four years' course, except that a few boys remained for two years in what is called the Fourth Year. It was not until the present Headmaster came to the School that full advantage of the five years' course was taken, and now every boy in the School passes through the Remove Classes.

It needs only a moment's reflection to see what a serious handicap this was to many of our brightest boys, as well as to those of average ability. For example, boys who had only one year's instruction in Latin were required in their Second Year to read as a set book Cicero's "Pro Lege Manilia," which is now read by boys in their Fifth Year. In German and Greek, boys selected towards the end of their First Year had only one year to qualify for the Intermediate! A similar state of affairs existed in other subjects, and candidates from the School were in most cases competing for Honours and Exhibitions with those who had the advantage of a year's extra schooling.

The benefit of the new arrangement was partly experienced last year, when every boy had a full three years' course before sitting for the Intermediate. Next year every candidate from this School who sits for the Intermediate or Leaving Certificate will have had the full course of three or five years. It is for this reason that we look forward with fuller confidence to the years that lie before us. The improved organisation of the School should result in an improved standard of average results, and possibly an even larger percentage of Exhibitions, Honours and Scholarships.

Another point needing careful attention is the relatively large number of our boys leaving school before the completion of the five years' course. Some of them leave before, others after the Intermediate. There are classes in the School who have lost more than half their numbers in this way. In the case of dull or backward boys this is perhaps a blessing in disguise. Those who, through lack of ability, cannot take full advantage of their opportunities are better employed earning their living than wasting their time at school. But the great majority of High School boys are quite capable of passing both the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate with credit if they apply themselves to their studies with vigour and enthusiasm.

How frequently in our School reports have appeared the remarks, "More effort required," "Can do much better," and similar comments, in reference to those who have the ability but not the inclination to achieve success. It must be confessed that far too many of our boys realise when it is too late, that the best years of their lives have been wasted in indolence, carelessness or indifference. The remedy lies with themselves. At the very outset they should make up their minds to do their best for themselves and for their School. They should remember that the best equipment for a useful life is a sound education, and that this implies not merely book learning but habits of industry, application and perseverance, which are essential not only for a well-equipped mind, but for a strong and well-balanced character.

Another serious disadvantage under which the School labours is the lack of suitable accommodation. The School premises are

old, cramped and totally unfitted for the purposes of a first-class High School. They are situated in sordid, uninspiring surroundings, amid an environment of dust and noise. The whirr of machinery and hammer strokes on steel continually assault our ears. All the other City High Schools, and many of the Country ones, are fine new buildings, equipped with every possible facility for education on modern lines. The premier High School of the State continues to languish under conditions more adapted to a boot factory than an educational institution. How long is this state of affairs to continue? We have been promised a new School many times in the past, but always financial or political considerations have conspired to cheat us of our expectations. In this respect we come a very good second to the North Shore Bridge. With commendable spirit the Old Boys have taken the matter up, and we confidently anticipate that the long-deferred work will be undertaken some time, at least, before the Greek Kalends.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

(By Spectator, III. Year.)

Once more the festal of the Nativity draws nigh. Once more will men come together as they contemplate what the Spirit of Christmas means to one and all, and those spirits which seem to hover above, and call to us out of the living past with voices which are resonant and unmistakable, none will be more acceptable, none will be more pleasing in the sight of the world, than those which bid us relax our weary bodies and minds, and refrain from our cares and worries, as we contemplate and welcome once more the commemoration of the Nativity of Christ.

For centuries down the long vista of time, man's progress has been punctuated by the regularly occurring Christmastides. Since its inception, since from the time when the first Nativity was given to the world, what has the world passed through! Nations have risen and fallen; rulers and princes have lived and died—some in ignominy, others in glory. How many refiners' fires has the world not passed through, so that men may come and know and love one another with an undying and unceasing love? Through the battle-blasted territory of Mediaeval Europe, up to later times when men, living before their age, have striven and died in attempts to make the world realise in concrete form, rather than abstract, the meaning of the Christmas spirit; when the economic aspect of man has changed from a simple to a more complex form, when a new conception of life has been given, to what, I ask, are these influences due? And a thousand voices tell us, to the Spirit of Christmas.

Longfellow tells us to "let the dead past bury its dead." But I ask you, Is the past dead? Is the fruit of men who

laboured in centuries gone by, and whose experience, in some cases, cost them so dear—is that fruit and experience dead? “To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die” wrote Carlyle, and out of the musty past, with its darkness and oblivion, comes a still small voice saying to the children of men, “This do, and ye shall perish; this do, and ye shall live.”

The aim—bent and distorted beyond recognition, sometimes, it is true—of men whose names grace the pages of history with an indelible ink, has been for the noblest and the best. Man strives continually to reach the stars. From the lowest rungs of the ladder of universal life man is mounting higher and higher. The Christmastides have marked his progress, step by step, painfully and slowly. But in him has been created in the long ago the awakening realisation of what the Nativity is, and what its significance for him is and will be, when the hurrying centuries will have left far behind the little village in a bygone age, and an epoch in the world's history, when these memorable words were first spoken, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.”

WHY WE SHOULD STAND UP STRAIGHT.

(By O.A.C.)

(1) *Because standing up straight means that:*

- (a) The curves of the spine are reduced, preventing spinal curvature.
- (b) The weight of the body is distributed evenly.
- (c) The respiratory apparatus is more elastic, permitting deeper breathing. When the respiratory organs are restricted the lung cells do not have free play; are not filled with fresh, pure air; likewise are not emptied of poisonous air; many cells in somewhat inaccessible places do not receive any oxygen, hence tubercular and other germs, causing chest and lung complaints, are encouraged to breed.
- (d) Muscles controlling the erect position have the responsibility of influencing the organs of, not only respiration but also, circulation and digestion. A body which is not carried erect tends to cramp the stomach and abdomen, giving rise to the mother of many complaints—indigestion—and since a pure and copious blood stream is the first essential to sound health, it is easy to see how important it is to avoid any restriction on the flow of this life stream by refraining from allowing the body to remain in a stooping position.

(2)—

- (a) *A Flat Chest*, likewise round shoulders, accompanies incorrect or "slouchy" standing, thereby diminishing the oxygen to the lungs.
- (b) The abdominal muscles become flabby, thereby the organs of the abdomen do not do their work properly.
- (c) The moral tone of the individual is affected, because the person who "slouches" *physically* as a rule "slouches" *mentally*—so
Stand up through life physically and mentally.

If your coat is tight in front undo the buttons; do not give way to the tightness. For the same reason do not brace your trousers too high.

An erect carriage means better health, and obviously less doctors' bills.

The physical culture lessons received at school, apart from being given for the immediate beneficial reasons, are also intended to give the pupil who cares for his future physical welfare, a guide to work upon outside the precincts of the School.

OLD BOYS' COLUMN.

O.B.U. OFFICE-BEARERS, 1922-3.

Patrons:

C. R. Smith, John Waterhouse, A. B. Piddington, E. A. Southee, G. C. Saxby, J. A. Williams, C. C. Fletcher, J. B. Trebeck, Dr. Earle Page, Professor O. U. Von Willer.

President:

L. F. Watt.

Vice-Presidents:

C. M. Drew, A. G. Henderson, W. W. Vick.

Hon. Secretary:

A. C. Emanuel, c/o Tooth's, George Street West.

Hon. Asst. Secretary:

A. J. Harvey.

Treasurer:

C. A. Fairland, 59 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Council.

H. D. Allen, F. S. Bradhurst, R. F. Gollan, F. E. Hansen, T. H. Henry,
J. C. Cag, L. G. Richards, S. W. Vale, S. G. Webb, H. C. Wilson.

University Representative:

J. F. Boag.

Hon. Auditor:

K. M. McCredie.

SUBSCRIPTION.

The subscription to the Union for the year 1922-3 is 7/6. But the Council is considering a modification of the subscription for Old Boys under 21. The life-membership fee is £5/5/-. During the current year the "Record" will be supplied free of charge to all members.

MEETINGS.

Two general meetings have been held since last issue. The first, the annual general meeting, was held in the Education Building on Tuesday, October 10th. The Treasurer's statement and the Annual Report were read and confirmed, and the Council for 1922-3 was elected. The question of the new constitution was raised, but it was decided to leave its discussion over to a special general meeting.

This special meeting, held for the discussion and adoption of the new constitution, took place also at the Education Building, on Tuesday, November 14th. The constitution was adopted with amendments. The main innovation is the institution of a scheme of life membership. We hope to have it printed in this or the next issue of the "Record."

THE COUNCIL.

The Council has recently lost two valuable members. L. F. Porter, a month before the annual meeting, accepted a post on the "Wagga Express," where he is now preparing items of interest for bucolic subscribers. He had been on the Council for two years, and had lately been acting as Assistant Secretary. We are sorry to lose him.

At the annual meeting C. H. Cooke, on the grounds of business, refused to stand for re-election. Mr. Cooke has in his time filled almost every post in the Union, and as one of our very Old Boys is impossible to replace. We hope to see him back with us soon.

Dr. A. J. Cunningham, elected to the Council at the annual meeting, found it impossible to attend Council meetings, which clashed necessarily with his professional duties, and accordingly tendered his resignation. The Council filled the vacancy in their ranks by the appointment of S. W. Vale, who was on last year's Council.

THE CLUB.

During the past three months there has been some talk about the possibility of a club for Old Boys of the school. The notion itself is really a good one, but it is questionable whether it would now receive the measure of practical support necessary for success. The membership of the Old Boys' Union and the attendance at the majority of social functions certainly do not give any ground for such hopes. It is true, of course, that there are many now unknown to the Union who would support a club, and that the club would thus be of positive service to the School and to the Union. But even so we see no indication of a number of Old Boys sufficiently enthusiastic to make the idea feasible.

SPORTING FUNCTIONS.

The annual football match against the School was played at Wentworth Park in June. Our team contained E. Pye, E. L. Wilson, F. B. King, J. M. Houston, T. H. Henry, A. C. Emanuel, R. F. Gollan, T. O'Donnell, G. G. Robertson, J. C. Cag, S. J. W. Burt, J. F. Boag, F. Sims and two others. Mr. Fairland refereed. School won fairly easily. We take this opportunity of congratulating this year's, the best XV. School has produced for many years, on their successes.

The annual cricket match was played at Wentworth on October 25. Our team was—A. T. Harvey, G. Crane, K. M. McCredie, S. J. W. Burt, C. A. Fairland, E. Pye, L. G. Richards, S. M. Willmott, S. G. Webb, A. C. Emanuel and J. M. Houston. R. F. Gollan umpired. Through the batting of McCredie and Burt and the bowling of Webb the School was well beaten.

The Council has decided that only members of the Old Boys' Union shall be invited to play in any Old Boys' match.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

The dance and the smoke concert were held so long ago that they have faded into forgetfulness. The one was a distinct success, the other a

comparative failure. This is the more annoying since so many Old Boys have expressed a preference for this form of entertainment where it is possible to move round easily and to meet everybody present.

The dinner was held at the Burlington Cafe on October 31 and resulted in a financial loss. Apart from that dismal fact, it went very well indeed. We had with us the Headmaster, Mr. Smith, Mr. Moore, Mr. Gibbes, Mr. Leaver and A. T. Underhill, Captain of the School. The toasts were "The King," "The School," "The Union" and "Fallen Comrades." All were pleased who were present, but we must have better attendances; social functions must pay their own way.

MR. C. A. FAIRLAND.



C. A. Fairland is, in his way, one of the best known men in Sydney. He is treasurer of the Rugby Union, President of the Junior Rugby Union, a leading light in the City and Suburban Cricket Association, and an alderman of Hunter's Hill. But we who are of the School know him best as the old boy of Old Boys, the man than whom none deserves better of the Union and of the School.

In 1902, when the Old Boys' Union was reconstituted, he was appointed joint secretary. Since then he has never been out of office. Once he wanted to resign the secretaryship. His resignation was accepted with regret and he was immediately elected President. His year of Presidency over, back he went into harness again. He managed to keep the Union together during the War. And then at last he rebelled. In 1920 he told the general meeting that he could not hope to find the time necessary for the efficient discharge of the necessary duties. Once again the Union registered its regrets. He was elected treasurer and, at the dinner, was presented with a life membership badge in gold. He is still treasurer and will remain treasurer so long as we can keep him. And that, we think, will be for many years.

But the mere record of the offices he has held does not do justice to the man. Justice we cannot do. One of these days it may be possible to write a complete story of the development of the School in the last twelve years, and that will reveal how much we owe to Mr. Fairland, in that the traditions of the School have remained intact.

As it is, we rejoice to have him among us, to see him playing in the Old Boys' matches, to see him on the dais at Speech Day, to know that he is there, always ready to step in when the School needs Old Boys' help, and to remember that for 20 years he has ever been the same, a living example to his fellow Old Boys, an embodiment of the very spirit of the School.

NOTES OF OLD BOYS.

We hear that "*Skin*" *When*, Rhodes Scholar, 1919, has graduated at Oxford with a third-class in the History schools.

* * * * *

Alan Watt played for Oxford against Cambridge at lawn tennis. According to private advices he has been having the very best of times at Oxford and abroad.

Dr. S. J. Johnson, Professor of Zoology at the University and an Old Boy of long standing, retired early this year worn out with long illness.

* * * * *

Ken Tonkling, who graduated in law last May, has been admitted to the bar and is already doing exceptionally well.

* * * * *

Dr. K. Jack Howell has been a junior resident at Newcastle for the past six months or so. He visited Sydney for the Combined Sports, keen as ever and bringing messages of cheer from *Alfie King*.

* * * * *

During his visit south Mr. Fairland hit upon several Old Boys, who rejoiced to have an opportunity of resuming connection with the Union. We would ask other Old Boys to go and do likewise when they depart countrywards.

* * * * *

There have arisen now and then within the school phenomenal all-rounders in work and sport. The greatest of them all left school at the end of last year, and since the usual "Valet" column did not appear in the last "Record," we would here mention his record. S. J. W. Burt entered the School in February, 1917, and left in December, 1921. He was for three years a prefect, and in his last year at School was captain of the School and Old Boys' Prizeman. He played with the XI. for four years, being vice-captain in his last year, and with the XV. for three years, captaining it in 1921. He was the under-fourteen champion athlete in 1917, junior champion in 1918 and 1919, and School champion in 1921; he won the G.P.S. under-sixteen hurdles in 1919, and the open hurdles in 1921. He holds School record for under-fourteen high jump, under-sixteen "quarter" and "hurdles," and open hurdles, plus the G.P.S. junior hurdles record. He was leader of the School debating team that won the G.P.S. premiership, and was picked in the All Schools' Team. Lastly, in the Leaving Certificate Examination, he obtained a maximum pass, three honours and four "A's." His record will take some beating.

* * * * *

We again implore all Old Boys for news for this column. Its compilation is a heart-breaking job when without assistance one man of one generation has to keep in touch with the doings of all Old Boys.

* * * * *

At the University—

Jimmy Gurner, Vice-President of the Undergrads' Association, found a place on the Union Board at the recent elections.

* * * * *

R. F. Gollan and *R. G. Barnes* have been appointed to the Debates Committee for 1922-3. Gollan is also Editor of the "Arts Journal," and he and *R. N. Kershaw*, now happily at Oxford, are two of the six Sydney contributors to the recently published anthology of Australian University Verse.

* * * * *

The University representative of the Union for the current year is *J. F. Boag*, with whom all University Old Boys are asked to keep in touch.

* * * * *

George Shipp, who graduated in Arts last year with a prox. acc. in Classics, has now vanished to Cambridge with a Cooper Travelling Scholarship in his pocket.

OLD BOYS IN SPORT.

In the season now long ended a number of Old Boys played in the Rugby Union's competitions. *Doug. Wilson*, now returned from England, where he played with Blackheath, was on the wing for Old Boys, and at the time when an injured knee put him out of commission was being mentioned as a probable inter-State representative. *Alan O'Neil* also found selection with Old Boys' Firsts, but injuries kept him off the field for almost all the season. *Gollan, Robertson, Houston, Willmott* and *Reddish* were all regular members of the reserves. Among other clubs, *Euston, Burrows* and *R. C. Cooney* played for North Sydney. Both played for the Metropolitan XV. against the All Blacks. *Tommy Pearse* was a small but good forward for the premiers, Manly; *Jim Stayner* was with Western Suburbs, *Freddy Chowne* with Glebe-Balmain, and when the University 1st XV. departed for New Zealand, *Elmo Pye*, coming up to the Firsts, played really good football.

Among the First-Grade cricketers we have noted with pleasure the performances of *Hanson Carter, Jimmy Garner, George Williams* and *Crane*. Carter was once again selected as N.S.W. wicketkeeper against the M.C.C. team. Williams went very near to selection in the trial match played early in November. *Ken McCredie* played a couple of games for Western Suburbs Firsts, but has now dropped back to the Seconds. In the Second Grade, *Siddy Webb* has bowled with remarkable success for University, a success which has now won him a trial with the Firsts; and *Arch Harvey*, with Central Cumberland, is beginning to fulfil his School promise as a bat. It is interesting to note that three members of last year's School XI. have made good starts in Grade cricket: *George Stening* and *Flea Bain* with Varsity Thirds, and *Wally Carter* with Waverley Seconds. We hope to see them do great things later on.

In swimming School's most prominent representative left only at the end of last year. *Goya Henry* is swimming well and consistently with University, and must rank as one of the best sprinters N.S.W. now possesses. *Sid Willsher* is acting this year as treasurer of the Sydney Club. We are hoping to see him show a glimpse of his old School form later on.

Athletics find *Tommy McNamara* and *Frank King* to the fore. We wish them both the best of luck in the Dunn Shield meet. And we are hoping to see *Selby Burt* over the hurdles once again. May our hopes be realised!

Lastly, in tennis *Jack Clemenger* has won his way into the tennis team against Victoria. We are expecting him to do great things. Clemenger, by the way, has recently gone into partnership with another tennisman in *Keith Poulton* as a sports outfitter. Their venture seems to be proving a success.

IN MEMORIAM.

We have here to record the deaths of two men well known to their contemporaries at School.

Charles Oswald Hamblin, who died in October, was a young but very distinguished agricultural scientist. He was employed by the Department of Agriculture as experimentalist, and his work was attracting much attention. He had distinguished records at the School, where he was a prefect, the 1911 editor of the "Record," and a medallist in the public examinations at the University where he graduated as B.Sc. (Agr.) with honours; and at the war. Australia is the poorer for his loss.

Arthur Fitzhardinge, who died about the same time, belonged to an earlier generation. He was a solicitor by profession, and, practising in the country was rather out of touch with the School. But his interest in its well-being was always keen, and we are very sorry to hear of his death.

MISS MAC'S COLUMN.

The years 1921-22 have been rather remarkable for the number of Old Boys gaining their degree in medicine, and the readers of the "Record" may like to know what they are doing or where they are.

Dr. John Byrne (alias good old John) has purchased a practice at Gundagai, and promises to be very successful in his new life. Bill, his brother, is in his last year of Dentistry.

Dr. Cliff Brake is on the staff at Toowoomba Hospital, Queensland; Eric is a chemist dispensing Medicine at Summer Hill.

Dr. Ernie Burrell is at the Hospital for Insane, Callan Park.

At the Sydney Hospital our good old loyal Dr. Archie Cunningham is gaining great popularity, as are Doctors David, Magill, Forsyth, Paton and George. At Prince Alfred Hospital one of the resident doctors is Dr. Donald McCredie, elder brother of Frank and Ken. Another clever S.H.S. boy is Dr. George S. Thompson, better known as "Tomo."

Dr. Carl Zimmerman (Zimm) and Dr. Wally Madley are at Queensland, also Dr. Claud Henry, D.D.S., is practising in his chosen profession—dentistry, at Brisbane. His brother Dudley, we ought to say Dr. Dudley Henry, M.B., is practising medicine at Cessnock. They are brothers of our old pal Trevor, alias Mick.

Dr. Ramsay Beavis left the old S.H.S. in 1914, going on to 'Varsity, taking Medicine, gaining his degree in 1919, left for Rabaul; now we hear of him as being in Great Britain, most of his time at the throat hospital, London, and has passed the examination for F.R.C.S. Edinburgh. He is now at the Ear Hospital, Birmingham.

The popular Les Porter has left Sydney for Wagga, and is following his profession, reporter on local paper.

The gorgeous spectacle, "The Eclipse of the Sun," should prove more interesting to the old S.H.S. boys, when they know that an old boy, Herbert Rayner, B.Sc. (known to his pals as Squib), when he passed the exam. and entered the Public Service was appointed to the Sydney Observatory and is a very capable and clever officer, and when Professor Cooke and other officials left for Goondiwindi, he was left in charge at Flagstaff Hill to watch the phenomenon, and had quite a busy time with the curious public wanting to gaze through the wonderful instruments at the eclipse.

Our Rhodes Scholars, Arthur Wheen and Ray Kershaw, inseparable as ever, have been touring Germany, visiting Berlin,

Heidelberg and other cities under very different circumstances than when they were on active service gaining their military honours. They stayed for a few days with a millionaire (German) in Bavaria; then Ray went on a 500-mile motor tour with another Oxford graduate, and Arthur has gone on a walking tour in the Alps. Ray finishes his Rhodes Scholarship this year, but will be occupied until March, in revising an Australian History for the University Press, at Oxford. Both Arthur and Ray are now working for the B.Litt. degree, are both at the same College (New College) and are both sharing each other's pleasures.

This news of both came to me through the kindness of Harold Kershaw, elder brother of Ray, who by the way is a devotee of the culture of beautiful flowers at Wahroonga since his return from active service.

Great regret will be felt when our Old Boys read of the death of one of the best of S.H.S. boys, Charlie Hamblin; passed away at his home at Turrumurra, and only 29. He was Principal Biologist in the Department of Agriculture, which branch he entered in 1913 as a cadet. When war broke out he answered the call and enlisted in 1915, and rose to the rank of lieutenant, and after four years' service returned to his Department, and was appointed Principal Assistant Biologist, and gave great promise to be one of the most promising Scientists on Agriculture.

United sympathy we extend to his young wife and parents.

OUR NATURAL INHERITANCE.

By Shylock (III.).

Nature is a wondrous thing and the most glorious of man's inheritance. And yet one fact seems to me a gross injustice. I wonder why we hesitate to pass a few hours reviewing Nature's handiwork?

For myself I find an ecstasy of delight in walking tours such as Stevenson prescribes, and in that "fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air." I like to wander through the bush and watch Nature silently at work. I scale the mountain peaks and explore the gullies. I watch the mantling of the pools in the rock shadows, and bathe in the stream that cuts my father's estate in twain. I call it my domain, because I am there so often in the holidays.

And when I grow tired I seek repose in the bracken and trace out the designs worked in the fleecy clouds. Sometimes they are piled up to form a castle like the old Norman castles seen in pictures. Now they are heaped up high as mighty Olympus, and now they are only a flock of sheep.

Then I sit up and look about me. The water of the stream ripples by, splashing over the rocks and passing on to quietness and seclusion. On yonder bank the herd of kine browse complacently on the luxurious verdure. The sheep are straying in the foothills. The woods are taking their siesta. The light filters through the rift in the vista of gums, and falls in golden flakes like ripening corn.

High up in the mountain shadows, the deep ravishing purple is of exquisite tone and contrasts beautifully with the green of the landscape, blending finally in the azure sky to a colour of subtle tenderness. For hours I watch the colours in their distances, and note the dragon-flies flitting here and there, and glistening like a cluster of jewels.

Then a film passes over my eyes, and in one rich moment I see the mountain shrouded in a noonday haze, and only see a clump of trees ephemerally faint in the filmy shimmering horizon. Form and colour disappear in a beautiful dream, and I, too, take my siesta.

Those who have never had the experience, can never know that fine pleasure of being lulled into unconsciousness in the lap of Nature's grandeur at noonday. Wrapt up in ourselves, or in our studies, or in conducting our business affairs, we fail to appreciate even the ordinary glories of Nature's magnificence. And yet all these things belong to us as an undivided inheritance.

SCHOOL MEDALLIONS.



We print, above, a facsimile of the two sides of the standardised medallion, adopted by the Union Committee and awarded for the first time last year. The medallion in silver is awarded for championship events, in bronze for handicaps. Senior, Junior, and Junior Cadet cup winners do not receive medallions.

ATHLETICS.

The School's Annual Athletic Carnival, held at Sydney Cricket Ground, on September 8th, was, as usual, a great success. It is pleasing to note that so many boys took part in the various events supplied by a well arranged programme, and so helped towards the success the Carnival merits. The weather was well suited for Athletics, and everything went off smoothly. Our junior athletes gave us reason to hope for success in the approaching combined meetings, but Fate stepped in and deprived us of Cramp and Weatherstone, who were over age for the C.H.S., and Swinburn for the All Schools' Meeting. Swinburn, who undoubtedly had too much to do at the C.H.S., showed admirable spirit by doing his best in his several events. The Senior and Junior Cadet reps. were a failure, and little can be said about them, and we can only hope for better success in the coming year.

Despite the fact that the trainer, Mr. A. Gray, put his heart into his work and did his best for everyone, we were far from reaching the standard of previous years.

It is a pity our Senior Cup winner did not show more interest in the G.P.S. Meeting.

SENIOR EVENTS.

100 yards *School Championship*.—Mahoney, Willsford, Mainwaring. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

220 yards *School Championship*.—Mahoney, Willsford, Mainwaring. Time, 24 4-5 secs.

120 yards *Hurdles Championship*.—Keirnan, Mainwaring, Lewis.

440 yards *School Championship*.—Mahoney, Willsford, Parbery. Time, 56 9-10 secs.

880 yards *School Championship*.—Parbery, Mahoney, Neve.

One Mile Championship.—Neve, Parbery, Finlay. Time, 5 mins. 30 secs.

High Jump, Senior.—Robinson, Parbery, Wright. Height, 4ft. 11ins.

Broad Jump, Senior.—Mahoney, Thompson, Parbery. Distance, 19ft. 7ins.

JUNIOR EVENTS (CHAMPIONSHIPS).

100 Yards.—Swinburn, Farrell, Cramp. Time, 11½ secs.

220 Yards.—Swinburn, Cramp, Farrell. Time, 25 1-5 secs.

90 Yards *Hurdles*.—Cramp, Swinburn, Weatherstone. Time, 15 3-5 secs.

440 Yards.—Cramp, Swinburn, Weatherstone. Time, 57½ secs.

880 Yards.—Cramp, Weatherstone, Swinburn. Time, 2 min. 18 2-5 secs.

High Jump.—Cramp, Weatherstone, Robinson. Height, 5ft. 2ins.

Broad Jump.—Swinburn, Weatherstone, Cramp. 18ft. 8½ins.

JUNIOR CADET CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 Yards.—Packham, Jones, Le Messurier. Time, 12 1-5 seconds.

220 Yards.—Packham, Jones, ————. Time, 27 2-5 secs.

High Jump.—Pope, Matthews, Martin. Height, 4ft. 1in.

Broad Jump.—Pope, Squires, Packham.

CRICKET.

Here, at the conclusion of the cricket season, the 1st XI. can look back on a record of which it can in nowise be proud. School's batting has failed on nearly every occasion, the only respectable score being 191 against Scots.

The bowlers, however, performed creditably, both in the H.S. and G.P.S. competitions, although they were given no assistance whatever from the fieldsmen. The fielding on the whole was abominable, hardly a match being played in which several catches were not dropped.

The personnel of the team was not the same as at the beginning on the season, chiefly owing to two of the players simply feeling not inclined to play for the School on Saturdays.

The 2nd XI. have gone through the season without winning a match, which leaves the prospects for next year's 1st XI. very black indeed. Of the players:—

Dexter, although keeping wickets well, was unable to reproduce his form of the early part of the season, his only notable performances being 75 n.o. against Scots, and 23 against N.S.H.

Newton as a bowler was a fiend, his slow off-break completely beating many good batsmen. His figures in G.P.S. are ample proof of his ability to bowl. In three matches he captured 21 wickets for 294 runs at an average cost of 14 runs per wicket. His batting was at times good, opening against N.S.H. with a bright 44, and again at Scots with 39 and 15. His fielding at cover was first rate.

King, School's most reliable player, showed good form with the ball and occasionally with the bat, although his bowling figures by no means do him justice. He bore the brunt of all our attacks, and was perhaps, bowled a little too much. In the field he left nothing to be desired.

Swinburn, although not too successful as a change bowler, reached double figures on several occasions. His most notable performance was 47 against Scots. A fair slip field.

Brown, a slow left hander, secured wickets occasionally, although he was not too consistent with the bat. An uncertain field.

Stafford, a recruit from the 2nd XI., showed most consistent batting form as his figures for two matches (21 n.o., 16, 11, 17) show. He was unfortunate in not being able to play on Saturday. A safe field.

Hardy played in several matches. His most notable performance was 16 against N.S.H. A fair field.

Mortimer is yet a trifle nervous, but showed that he has the ability to score runs and should do well next year.

Lyons and Sachs, two other 2nd XI. recruits, were unable to get going, and must learn to field.

Clayton coming up from the 3rd XI. fielded well, and in his 20 n.o. against Scots showed his partiality for full tosses.

Nichols began the season well, but is not up to G.P.S. standard. Must learn to field. May meet with greater success next season.

S.H.S. v. St. Ignatius.

(Played at Riverview, 28th October, and lost by 179 runs on the first innings.)

St. Ignatius batted first on an easy wicket, and put together 229, to which School replied with 50. In the second knock Igs. were all out for 117. In the first innings School's fielding was abominable, fully 10 catches being dropped.

S.I.C.

First Innings.

Sheldon, b. King, 4; Duff, run out, 63; McDermott, c. King, b. Newton, 42; Morrissey, c. Lyons, b. Newton, 34; Mallam, b. Newton, 20; Walsh, b. King, 3; McAlory, run out, 15; Hoare, b. King, 16; Westfield, not out, 9; V. McAlory, b. Newton, 0; Riolo, st. Dexter, b. Newton, 3; sundries 20; total, 229.

S.H.S. Bowling.—King 3 for 82, Swinburn 0 for 29, Brown 0 for 20, Newton 5 for 78.

Second Innings.

Sheldon, b. King, 6; Duff, b. Newton, 0; McDermott, b. Newton, 0; Morrissey, b. King, 21; Mallam, c. Sachs, b. Newton, 1; Walsh, b. Newton, 3; McAlory, b. Newton, 11; Hoare, b. Brown, 44; Westfield, st. Dexter, b. Brown, 14; V. McAlory, c. and b. Newton, 3; Riolo, not out, 2; sundries 12; total 117.

King 2 for 16, Newton 6 for 61, Swinburn 0 for 4, Brown 2 for 14.

S.H.S.

Dexter, c. Sheldon, b. McDermott, 7; Newton, c. Sheldon, b. Morrissey, 0; King, b. McDermott, 6; Swinburn, b. McDermott, 0; Hardy, b. Morrissey, 1; Brown, b. Morrissey, 4; Nicholl, b. Duff, 11; Clayton, b. McDermott, 0; Lyons, b. Morrissey, 1; Sachs, not out, 14; Maguire, b. Duff, 0; sundries 6; total 50.

S.I.C. Bowling.—Morrissey 4 for 22, McDermott 4 for 21, Duff 2 for 1.

S.H.S. v. St. Josephs.

(Played at Hunter's Hill, 4th November, and lost by an innings and 85 runs.) School batted on a bumpy wicket, and failed against the bowling of Galli and Wright, King being the only batsman to reach double figures.

S.H.S.

First Innings.

Dexter, c. Nolan, b. Galli, 0; Newton, c. Fogarty, b. Wright, 0; King, c. Nolan, b. Wright, 23; Hardy, b. Galli, 5; Brown, c. Ford, b. Galli, 5; Swinburn, b. Wright, 0; Nicholl, b. Wright, 5; Sachs, c. Galli, b. Wright, 9; Mortimer, not out, 4; Wright, b. Galli, 4; Clayton, b. Galli, 0; sundries, 4; total 59.

Bowling.—Galli 5 for 21, Wright 5 for 35.

Second Innings.

Dexter, c. Rummery, b. Jordan, 3; Newton, run out, 2; King, b. Rummery, 8; Hardy, b. Jordan, 1; Brown, c. Ford, b. Johnston, 12; Swinburn, run out, 0; Nicholl, c. Nolan, b. Galli, 0; Sachs, b. Johnston, 0; Mortimer, b. Jordan, 0; Wright, b. Flanagan, 6; Clayton, run out, 5; sundries 14; total 51.

Bowling.—Rummery 1 for 7, Jordan 3 for 14, Johnston 2 for 5, Flanagan 1 for 10.

S.J.C.

Flanagan, run out, 14; Nolan, b. Brown, 24; Fogarty, c. Brown, b. Newton, 0; Rummery, c. Mortimer, b. Newton, 0; Farrell, b. Swinburn, 28; Wright, b. Newton, 53; Ford, c. Sachs, b. Newton, 6; Jordan, not out, 14; Johnson, c. King, b. Newton, 7; Cunningham, b. Mortimer, 12; Galli, c. Mortimer, b. Newton, 14; sundries 22; total 195.

Bowling.—King 1 for 36, Newton 6 for 88, Brown 1 for 26, Swinburn 1 for 13, Mortimer 1 for 9.

S.H.S. v. Scots College.

(Played at Bellevue Hill, 11th November, and lost by 80 runs on the 1st innings.) This was the only match School looked like winning, although our chances of victory were spoilt by bad fielding. Newton opened up well with 39, and 7 wickets being down for 91, the tail managed to wag to the tune of 100 runs. Our bowlers had dismissed eight of Scots' batsmen for

150 runs when McGregor and Webster carried the score to 271, although the former ought to have been caught twice before our total was reached.

S.H.S.

First Innings.

Newton, c. Robinson, b. Cameron, 39; Ryan, b. Robinson, 7; Virgoe, b. Barr, 22; Dexter, b. Cameron, 6; King, c. and b. Cameron, 1; Olive, b. Webster, 4; Swinburn, l.b.w., b. Robinson, 47; Mortimer, c. Easton, b. Webster, 5; Sachs, b. Cameron, 0; Lyons, c. Robinson, b. Carr, 27; Clayton, not out, 20; sundries 13; total 191.

T.S.C. Bowling.—Robinson 2 for 37, Webster 2 for 67, Barr 2 for 36, Cameron 3 for 26, Carr 1 for 4.

Second Innings.

Newton, c. and b. Webster, 15; Ryan, b. Robinson, 2; Virgoe, b. Robinson, 10; Dexter, not out, 75; Swinburn, b. Smith, 11; sundries 10; four wickets for 124.

T.S.C. Bowling.—Robinson 2 for 18, Webster 1 for 18, Barr 0 for 15, Cameron 0 for 27, Carr 0 for 17.

T.S.C.

Munro, c. Ryan, b. Virgoe, 0; Barr, c. and b. Virgoe, 24; Easton, b. Virgoe, 17; Cameron, b. Virgoe, 41; Carr, b. Newton, 8; McGregor, not out, 97; Crichton-Smith (ii.), l.b.w., b. Newton, 6; Robinson, l.b.w. b. Newton, 22; Sneddon, l.b.w. b. Newton, 0; Webster, b. Swinburn, 29; Crichton-Smith (i.), c. Clayton, b. Swinburn, 6; sundries, 18; total 271.

S.H.S. Bowling.—Virgoe 4 for 83, King 0 for 49, Newton 4 for 69, Swinburn 2 for 19, Olive 0 for 22, Mortimer 0 for 8.

FOOTBALL.

1st XV.

Under the leadership of Allan Newton the 1st XI. have had a very successful season, in fact the most successful that our football teams have ever yet experienced in G.P.S. football. We won two matches and led the premiers, Grammar, by 4 to 3 at half time. Who was more enthusiastic than Mr. Gibbes when we defeated Shore by 12 to 8? But towards the end of the season the lightness of the team began to tell and the matches against Kings, Newington, and St. Joseph's, were not altogether up to expectations. Nevertheless, the boys stuck to their task despite the fact that barrackers were sometimes scarce. (But this is an old complaint.)

Congratulations must be extended to Parbery in the 1st, and Newton and King in the 2nd, all Schools' teams as S.H.S.

reps. In consequence of this, we see that our High School 1st XV. has been at any rate for the last season up to G.P.S. standard. In the High Schools' competition the team lacked interest, many of the players being unable to play through minor injuries sustained at Saturday matches. Consequently, we did not meet with much success.

Individually, the players performed well:--

Newton: Captain (five-eight), was easily the best of the back division, and the brains of the whole team. Very quick off the mark. Tackles well.



King (half): Gets ball out well. Is a consistent player, game, and combines well with Newton.

Olive (in-centre): Quite a surprise. Tackles well, but handling is faulty.

Brown (out-centre): Most improved back. Excellent tackler, and heady player.

Clark (right wing): Is consistent and plucky. Defence improved.

Hardy (left wing) : Lacks determination. Good kicker.

Stanton (full back) : Met with more success on the wing. Rather light.

Parbery (lock) : Easily the best of the pack. Strong runner. Handling could be improved.

Caterson (second row) : Improved forward. Must remember he is a forward, not a back.

Boyd (second row) : Follows on well, good in the loose.

Bruce (front row) : Uses his weight to advantage.

Martin (front row) : Runs well, but inclined to take things easy.

Pelham (rake) : A good rake, invaluable in the ruck.

Thompson (breakaway) : One of the best of the forwards; could improve his tackling.

Virgoe (breakaway) : Rather weak; plucky but too light.

Of the rest Beresford was an able back, but he was unable to train owing to injuries. Wright was only fairly successful at full back position. Tackling weak. Mainwaring has a good turn of speed, but interferes with the backs.

2nd. XV.

This team came second to Fort Street in the High Schools' Competition. Unfortunately it lacked combination, but individual members were good. The best of the backs were Churchwood, Dexter, Dixon, and Willsford. Of the forwards, Saunders and Mainwaring were the more prominent.

The 3rd Grade did better this year than last. The 4th Grade was in the semi-final. Fifth Grade met with little success.

CONFESSION.

*I have loved these,
The flowers and the trees,
The lily, the fir and the rose;
Songs that are sung
Lovers among:
The night and the peace that it knows.*

*Breakers that swing
Shorewards and sing
The triumphing chant of the sea;
Storm-winds that capture
In limitless rapture
The heart and the spirit of me.*

*You all-forsaken
In love I have taken,
And still to my old loves am true;
For the glory that binds
All things beautiful finds
Its supremest expression in you.*

R. F. G.

AN ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE.

(By F. J. Collings, 3rd Year.)

It was just after issuing from the life saving practice at Drummoyne Baths, that we first saw him—or, at least, his head. Quickly we lined the stone wall near the bridge to watch and wonder. The swimmer had by this time reached the centre of the stream from Callan Park Asylum, and still showed very few signs of fatigue. True, his pace had slackened, but still the head kept well above the water and the arms continued to do the breast stroke.

As he approached the shore a crowd gathered on the rocks to watch the final portion of the swim. He kept steadily on, gained the rocks and sat there. Then the spectators saw a white boat leave the shore, quickly rowed by the Asylum attendants, who feared the escape of the lunatic.

One of the crowd called out to the escapee, asking him why he was staying seated on the rocks. "I haven't a coat," was the reply, "but I'm not going back there again."

The boat was now quite near the shore and then the escapee again took to the water. After swimming a few yards out into the river he pretended to be dead, but the pretending was too much for him, so he swam back toward the boat.

As it drew level he grasped one of the attendant's hands and was drawn into the boat, none too gently. Indeed we spectators could hear the bump quite distinctly.

The white boat turned again toward the cold prison-like Asylum, and we watched it growing smaller and smaller as it moved towards the farther shore. The poor lunatic had gone back "there" again.

THE SCAMP.

(By Mascot, 1A.)

He was rightly called a Scamp. From his babyhood he used to be a regular little nuisance. I suppose he tried to justify his name, and he succeeded very well. If he was not chewing brother's cap, or biting the hairs out of dad's shaving brush, he was doing something as bad, if not worse. And it was nearly always worse, sad to relate.

The very first day we got him, he chased Mink's cat, scattering plants, and creating ruin in the garden. Not satisfied with that, he chased her through the hole in the fence, and continued his path of destruction among Mr. Brown's cucumber frames, causing irreparable damage. Mr. Brown, who is a rather stout gentleman, began chasing the culprit, who dodged about, enjoying the fun immensely. At length Mr. Brown, per-

spiring freely, had to give up the fruitless chase, and swore vengeance on the Scamp, who, seeming to understand, has kept out of Mr. Brown's way ever since.

Then father and mother held a council of war. They decided that he would have to go, if he did not stop these tricks. He behaved himself pretty well for a week or two, and thus avoided the danger of being expelled from our household.

Then he started again, and soon became the terror of the neighbourhood. He had a natural antipathy for cats; every chance he got he would chase them.

In our neighbourhood is an old lady who has some priceless (in her estimation) Persian cats. Well, one day, the Scamp came across these cats. He did not know they were cats until he smelt them. Then he started. The poor lady was terror-stricken to see her valuable cats so treated. At length after half an hour's good sport (for the Scamp) we managed to drag him off, and took him home a very scolded, but undaunted dog.

That settled it. We determined to sell him. But when we tried to, no one would even take him as a gift, let alone buy such a troublesome dog. So now the Scamp sits at the end of his chain until he will learn better manners, and I suppose, making plans of mischief for the time when he will escape.

A WINTER'S NIGHT AT HOME.

(By S. K. Shipway.)

"Hello Jack, come in and make yourself comfortable," said father, to a friend, as we were all seated around the fire, one cold windy night in the middle of winter.

"Go on with your home work; have you much to do?" inquired father of me as I sat poring over a few books, trying to cram my mind with two or three subjects at the same time.

I was rather pleased when this visitor went out with dad, because I was helpless, unable to ask my parents questions, or even get a word in edge ways with him there.

Everybody was talking and not taking any notice of me reading my home work. My head then dropped and I felt rather tired, the book fell from my hands, and I could see old Caesar and Cicero standing before me, each puzzled with what to fill up their much liked books with, and Mr. Heath working out the present interrogative negative of "donner," to give, which we have to learn in school, also Messrs. Hall and Stephens wondering how to prove Theorem twenty-nine, and a few much learned persons discovering in what year King Charles I. was

born, and such trash as this, which if we want to know we just ask Mr. ———.

Then I felt a pull at my shoulder and I woke up with a start. It was dad who had just come home. I thought he would ask me if I had done my home work, but all he said was, "You had better go to bed, it is now 11 o'clock and you won't be able to get up in the morning."

"Alright," said I, and I bade everybody "good night," as I went quietly to bed.

At first, in bed my feet were cold, but after a few minutes, I went to sleep thinking of "the Latin and French periods" the next day, and how I would fare with my home work.

A GOOD SPORT.

(By S. K. Shipway.)

Our friend and scholar of 4th year, Jimmy Neve, is, and has always been an enthusiast in the athletic movements of our old school.

At our recent Sports Carnival he was present, attired in his chocolate and blue colours. The afternoon passed very quickly and at last came the event, I had been waiting for, and that was the Mile Championship in which I knew Jim was to run.

"On your mark," said the starter. Bang!!! went the revolver, and they were off.

"Go on Jim," "I back Jim," "I'll bet he wins," "I hope he does," "Go on Jimmy," were different interjections, made by his barrackers. First lap over and he was running about fourth place. Three laps to go. Round again, and two more to go. Round again and the bell rang, which meant the last lap.

Jim still held about the fourth position, and several had dropped out on the way, but our man was still going strong; he had been running steadily all the time until within about one hundred yards of the tape, and then he showed them. He put on a "spurt" and passed the rest of his rivals, thus touching the tape and winning the event.

"What did I tell you?" "I knew he would," "He is a good runner," "I'm glad he won," and such remarks as these were passed about the success of our "good sport," Jimmy.

A few of the bigger boys hoisted him on to their shoulders and carried him a few yards, where he lay down to regain his breath. This shows that he is well liked.

I hope I will be present on "Speech Day" when he will receive his prizes, for I will be only too glad to join in and give him a hearty clap, for I think he deserves all the praise given him.

SHACKLETON.

By J. W. W. (III Year).

*Undaunted Shackleton! Thy mem'ry stands
 A sacred one, among our country's dead.
 Remember'd not for near-by deeds, thy tread
 Oft took thee by uncharted routes, to lands
 Far off and bleak: sailing beyond all strands
 Which could afford thee rest and peace, you led
 On men, to help the land where thou wert bred,
 Trusting for aid in the Great Almighty's hands.
 At last, beckon'd southward by a shining star,
 There thou did'st perish: lying 'midst snow-capp'd peaks,
 And frozen ice once dear to thee. No strife
 Can enter there, thy solitude to mar.
 And now for thee a nation mourns, and speaks
 Of one who for his country gave his life.*

CATS.

(By R. C., 1B.)

Very few places can excel ours for cats; big ones, small ones, grey ones, black ones, and every other kind imaginable. It is rather strange they do not seem to trouble us till night comes on.

My bedroom adjoins the front verandah, and each night at 9.30 the concert begins.

First an old tom cat opens proceedings with one of Chopin's Nocturnes and, oh! what a voice. The song is exceptionally beautiful (to the cats). Next comes a chorus, each cat singing in a different key. It sounds charming in bed (I don't think). Meo-w-w, meo-w-w.

Just then father comes in from the breakfast room and hearing the row sends one of his slippers in their direction. This has the effect of adjourning the concert to next door verandah, where they resume the chorus. Presently the gentleman next door can be heard turning on the tap, and in another minute has given the cats a good shower bath. When anything like this happens they quickly depart from the verandah to underneath the house, where all the stamping in the world could not shift them.

Soon our dog smells them, and rushes to the fence barking loudly. This has the effect of sending them to the street where they only remain to sing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," afterwards departing homewards, arranging to meet again the next night, and leaving everyone thankful to be able to now sleep in peace.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

(By A. N. C., R.B.)

It was mid-day. A tall boy wended his way through the busy thoroughfares of the city, his huge form towering over many of the passers-by. He would glance covertly into the mirrors as he passed, to see what he looked like while walking. Each scrutiny brought a self-satisfied smile to his face, for he was a very vain person who imagined people were always looking at him, admiring his unusual size and handsome face. He strutted on until he reached home and, wiping his feet noisily, he entered. There his mother greeted him with the news that his uncle had invited him to the country for a week, and that he was to start in the morning. He gasped. Then thrill upon thrill shot through him as he thought what a sensation he would cause in that country town with his fine figure, fashionable clothes and magnificent airs. He could show those stupid country people how they did things in the city. He did not sleep that night, so great was his excitement.

In the morning he was up early and awaited impatiently for train time. When the carriages shunted in he secured a window seat and became absorbed in contemplation of the trip before him. He hardly noticed the scenery as the train flew past, and in what seemed a remarkably short space of time the train drew into the small country station of M——, his destination.

His aunt was there to meet him in the buggy. Piling his luggage on the back seat they began the drive to the homestead, some three miles away. As they went along his aunt pointed out the various "sights" to him. The scenery was superb; the weather glorious, but Reginald did not notice either. He was too occupied in watching the closed windowblinds of the houses on either side. His eyes took in every little movement. He knew that only people, peering through the cracks at him, could make them move like that. He became more certain, when one of the watchers fell off the bed she was standing on and put her fist through the window pane.

When they reached home he had something to eat and decided to go for a walk. As he passed through the town he heard people whispering wondering remarks about him which sent his hat farther back on his head, and his nose higher in the air. He struck open country at last and suddenly came on a diminutive boy, leading a kangaroo dog, and carrying a bundle of traps on his back. "There's a country bumpkin," said Reginald; now I'll have some fun. So he approached the boy and in a bullying tone asked, "Whose dog is that?"

"Mine," said the boy.

"He's no good, an' I'm going to kick him," said Reginald. He kicked and the dog yelped. Dropping the traps, and hurling forth a stream of profanity the small boy attacked the haughty Reginald. He blacked both his eyes and punched his nose till it bled. Reginald was too amazed to do anything. He just stood. Still swearing violently, the little boy punched, and Reginald gave a howl of terror and took to his legs. The small boy then picked up the traps and began to set one on an adjacent dunghill.

And so this was the way in which Reginald's haughty manner received a rebuff. Needless to say he was quite different when the time came that he should leave for the city.

WIND.

(By R. C., 1B.)

Whew! a stronger gust than usual succeeded in turning me round and knocking me against a post. Of course everybody laughed at me, but soon the tables were turned, for at that moment a stylish young lady had her parasol turned inside out.

Just then I heard some strong language behind me, and turning round I was just in time to see a hat bounding along the street with a stout old gentleman in hot pursuit. After dodging cars and trams it finally deposited itself in a gutter full of water, much to the indignation of its owner, who, producing a silk handkerchief from one of his pockets, proceeded to wipe the mud from it.

Turning round a corner, I managed to escape from the ravages of the wintry blast, and joyfully watch the antics of others who are less fortunate than myself. I am particularly pleased when a hat is blown along the street, but I had hardly subsided from my mirth, when I too was chasing my hat, which a cross current had succeeded in displacing from my head.

Such are the vagaries of the wind.

AN ISLAND ROMANCE.

(By R. Farrell, R.A.)

There was a flutter of handkerchiefs, with men waving their hats, and women laughing and crying in turn, as the Mammoth liner "Occident," glided gracefully from the wharf into mid-stream.

Among the passengers on board, were two men, Richard Lovell, who had recently graduated B.Sc., and his friend, Henry Thurston. At the time of leaving, the two were leaning on the rail of the liner watching the distance between it and the wharf gradually increase. They were chatting about the glori-

ous time they were going to have in Australia, when suddenly Thurston exclaimed, "It would be a great joke if we do not see Australia at all." Little did he think his chance remark would have such poignant realisation!

Slowly did the monotonous days pass, but when they entered Southern waters, the smooth seas became rough, the wind increased into a tempest, the rudder broke, and the climax came in the early hours of the morning, when, with a mighty crash and shudder, the ship struck a rock.

Lovell and Thurston rushed on deck. All was confusion and disorder. Orders rang out above the tumult; there was a dim realisation of lowering the boats in the angry seas, and the next thing the two young men knew was that they were rowing for their very lives against the great billows which threatened every moment to engulf them.

The minutes seemed to drag like hours, and it would have needed super-human strength to fight in that angry sea. Gradually Lovell and Thurston sank down into the bottom of the boat, exhausted and unconscious.

When they awoke, they found the boat had been tossed on to a beach. Evidently the storm had blown itself out, for now everything was calmer. What thoughts passed through their minds! Alone, as far as they knew, upon a desert island, with only a few provisions which they had had the foresight to place in the boat.

One thought passed through both minds. They must explore the island. Perhaps other passengers had been cast upon it as well as themselves. With hope in their breasts, they set out. Every step revealed to them fresh beauties, such as the grandeur and majesty of the rocks. But they saw no sign of human life; they were alone.

But they did see an opening in one of the larger rocks, and Lovell's scientific knowledge was father to his curiosity. They must examine that.

Clambering over the rocks they reached the opening, and squeezed through. Contrary to their expectations, it was light inside, and the majestic interior was revealed to them in a way which the two will never forget.

On one side was a gigantic structure like a cathedral, lit up as though by electricity, with

"Storied windows richly light
Casting a dim religious light."

Words cannot express the thoughts that passed through the two minds. The intruders remained in speechless admiration, until, without warning, there came a crash which awoke

a thousand echoes. Running to the entrance, they were just in time to see a huge boulder blocking their only means of escape. But what was worse, water began to rush from some broken subterranean tunnel into where they were. Higher and higher it rose, until they were compelled to swim for dear life. Then did Thurston remember the words he had spoken in jest, "It would be a great joke if we were never to see Australia at all." The words seemed to be coming true.

It was dark as night; and save for the sound of rushing waters, all was still. Lovell, separated from Thurston, had with great difficulty, dragged himself on to a ledge of rock. Where was Thurston? Lovell called out. His voice resounded through the cavern, but there was no answering cry. Dispirited and weary, he fell asleep. When he awoke—how long after, he knew not—one of the first things he discerned was a point of light in the distance. Crawling on all fours, he gradually reached it, and was soon under the blue canopy of heaven. Perhaps Thurston had escaped that way. He looked seawards, and an exclamation of joy escaped his lips. In the distance was a ship.

It is unnecessary to describe what followed. With what little strength he had left he signalled, and to his joy, the ship responded.

But Lovell could not stand much more. When the rescue party arrived, he was lying unconscious, and the ship's doctor pronounced a verdict of "no hope." Lovell however, regained consciousness for a few minutes, during which he managed to gasp out the story of his plight, and the probable fate of Thurston. And although a search party was sent out, Thurston's body was never found, and so the steamer had to sail away, and on that night Lovell too, passed away peacefully.

And so this was the end of Thurston's "great joke."

THE MANDARINE MAN.

(By J. Toohey, R.B.)

He sometimes stands near the gate with his basket on the ground, endeavouring to coax pennies out of the boys' pockets as they file through the gate. In soft nasal accents he tells them his wares, "Three a penny mandarines. Taste and try before you buy; they're sweet, boys."

Now and again he makes a sale, and his hands unconsciously come together to undergo a vigorous rubbing.

His face is covered with a week's growth and is crowned with a hat that was once upon a time new. His clothes are not the latest cut, but on the contrary they must have been bought the same time as the hat. He stands with his back

to the fence, one hand in his pocket, and the other held out showing his wares.

The fruit in his hands, and the low price, tempt the passer-by, and to the jingling of cash he yields his mandarines cheerfully.

I pass along; feel in my pockets for what I know is not there, create a false hope in the man's heart, and pass along to the strains of:—

"Three a penny mandarines. Taste and try before you buy; they're sweet, boys."

THE MANUFACTURERS' EXHIBITION.

(By B. H., C.R.)

It was on the 26th October, that the commercial classes went to the Manufacturers' Exhibition, held at the Show Ground, Moore Park.

Our party was divided up into groups by Mr. Brodie, so that we would not get lost, but notwithstanding, most of us did before 5.30, as only thirty remained out of the original seventy-two members.

The Exhibition is a splendid display of Australian-made goods. The exhibits are spread throughout three halls, and demonstrate to the visitor the ability, of which Australia is capable. Not the least interesting, is a war museum which contains some excellent relics of the Great War.

To my mind, the most interesting exhibit, was that of Bond's Hosiery. It shows the silk being wound on to the spindles, the making of stockings, singlets, and numerous other silk articles.

Murdoch's exhibit shows the making of football jerseys, and also men's coat sleeves.

Vicar's exhibit shows the different processes of the wool, from the time it comes off the sheep's back, to the time it is made into thread. In the Ironware hall, Vicar's have another exhibit, showing the making of the serge.

Beer brewing is shown by Tooth's exhibit, alongside with the cleaning, filling and stopping of the bottles.

The Broken Hill Steel Works' exhibit shows how the different steel is made, and also the processes of making.

The different stages in the construction of pianos, is shown by Beale's exhibit.

In the Railway and Tramway Hall, are shown the different parts of a tram and train. There is also a tram partly built, showing how the bogie is constructed, and the working principle of the windows.

Altogether, the Manufacturer's Exhibition gives one an idea of what is being done in Australia in the manufacturing line, and we were thankful that we had had an opportunity of seeing it.

A CLOUD.

By H. W. R. (1D).

*Far in the Eastern sky,
A little cloud doth lie,
Hanging like fleecy snow in air;
Nothing in all the world so fair.*

*Perhaps there will be rain,
And I'll not see again
The little cloud high in the sky.
For clouds which fall in rain must die.*

OUR WAY.

(By B. M., 1D.)

My two brothers and myself have lately taken up "Cricket at home." We play with a wooden ball, a kerosene tin for a wicket, and play up against a brick wall.

These are a few of the rules:—

- (1) If the ball bounces off the wall—not out.
- (2) Knocked down the bank—four.
- (3) Over the fence—six, not out.
- (4) Over the fence—fox your own leather.
- (5) Hit into the bush—no runs.
- (6) Breaking a window—wins the game.

All these rules and regulations have to be observed by the batsman.

An explanation of Rule 5 may be necessary. There is a big wattle tree near where we play, and if the ball is hit into this there are no runs counted. My youngest brother, Arthur, has made use of the sixth rule. But only once, the ball went clean through the dining room window. Bill 10/-.

I often play both my brothers, and not infrequently lose.

The other afternoon, Harry, a boy friend of mine, was having a game with me, when along came my brother and sat down where leg should be, consequently, when a swift ball came, I swiped and hit him in the eye. Result, two stitches in the eye lid. By this time however, the eye is quite better.

There is a great habit of trying to knock down the next door house as, I suppose, it is nearer than our's from the pitch. About every four or five bowls, someone rushes up to the fence and yells out, "Mrs. P——, please throw back our ball."

"Alright, but be careful of the windows," comes back the reply every time.

Yesterday I knocked the ball over onto the tin roof of the verandah, and it made a terrible noise. Out came Mr. Peck (as we call him), "Hey! that's enough mucking up with that d—— ball. The missus tells me that you are always knocking

it over. If it comes over that fence again you won't see it any more." With this piece of advice he went inside.

This threat had the effect of checking our inclination for hitting balls into Mr. Peck's back yard, and since then, no balls have gone over the fence.

TWENTY MINUTES OFF THE EARTH.

(By C. S., 3rd Year.)

Although it was a beautiful day with only a slight breeze, we—the pilot, mate and myself—were well wrapped up in the warmest overcoats we could find, with our eyes protected by goggles. We carefully climbed by the footholds into our seats, and made ourselves quite comfortable. While the mechanic was starting the engine (with the chocks still under the wheels), another attendant was holding the tail of the aeroplane down to prevent it from overturning.

And now the time comes for us to start. The chocks are pulled away; the tail is released; the aeroplane rushes forward over the green sward creating a fearful din. We look over the side and we see that we are some twenty feet above the ground. The machine begins to climb and the landscape opens out to our view.

The gardens and the winding river below us, present a picture of green and blue. Now we are over Botany Bay; the many colours showing the changing depths of the ocean. In the distance are the bathers at Brighton-le-Sands appearing as mere dots upon a gleaming yellow ground.

Higher and higher we go, till an altitude of five thousand feet is reached. The wind rushes past us, and we are thankful for the warm clothing we have on. Gradually the city of Sydney becomes more distinct, until in a very short time we are above it. The trams and trains appear as snails. They move and stop with almost monotonous regularity.

But all good things must come to an end; and we begin to return to Mascot. But all our thrills are not over yet. Suddenly the pilot takes a sharp turn, and banks the machine until it is almost vertical to the ground. We look down. Far below, the pits of the brick works appear as small holes dug by children on the sea shore.

And now we experience the sensation of gliding back to earth, with the engine of our 'plane cut off. The gardens and river, which before had appeared so small, now grow larger and larger with increasing and alarming speed. The earth rose up to meet us, and with scarcely any realisation of having done so, we had landed.

When I look back upon that delightful flight, I realise that it was a glorious sensation to have been travelling through space at seventy-five miles an hour at a height of five thousand feet, with only a semi-conscious idea of having done so.

It was my hope as I climbed out of the machine—and I believe it was the hope of all the others—that it would not be long before we would have an opportunity of again enjoying an aeroplane flight.

“ DOGS.”

I have two dogs and their names are Sandy and Knight. Sandy came to us first; he was a miserable scraggy looking object, but he had such a gentle look in his big brown eyes, the appeal of which we could not resist, that we brought him home. After we had washed and fed him, he looked more presentable.

We tied him up for a week, so that he might not run away, but alas, for all our trouble, he only ran back to his former home where, though he had been starved and neglected, he seemed to think he should return. Much to our surprise, the local butcher brought him back, telling us that he had found him hunting for meat at the slaughter yards.

Armistice Day came a week later, and we went to Sydney where we enjoyed an eventful day. Coming home, wearied with our journeyings, we found him again missing. Mother was annoyed and said, “Oh! never mind him, if he wants to go away,” not for one moment thinking that it had been the violent thunder storm and the loneliness of the afternoon, that had driven him away. That night I went to bed a sad boy, for I loved that dog, and even though we had had him only a short time. It was a long time before I got to sleep, and when I did, it was only for a few hours.

What was that? Listen! The clock was striking five and you can imagine my surprise when I saw a big, kind, canine, countenance looking at me, and barking his greeting. I opened the window and caressed the dog kindly—he paying me back four-fold with licks. After that, Sandy never forsook me, and now he will never leave home unnecessarily.

We never thought of loving another dog, but when my chum's sister came with a fluffy black puppy, which we were called upon to admire, I immediately wanted him, so she said, “You can have his brother for the asking,” and that is how I got Knight.

From the first, the two dogs were always good friends. Sandy constituted himself Knight's foster father, and for three years has washed him daily, and taught him manners. Sandy follows me like a shadow, and wistfully watches me off to

school. He knows perfectly well when Sunday comes, and as soon as the bell summons us to Sunday School Sandy is one of the first to respond. He makes a bee line for the Church, and takes up his position nearby, accompanying our singing with frequent barks. Dad ties him up, if he can catch him, and then Sandy sulks, and will not eat the choicest morsel offered him.

On a Saturday, when we take the barrow and go out to get dry wood, both dogs are in their glory, barking at the barrow and chasing each other in and out of the bush, leaping from rock to rock, until they are tired out and glad to lie down and rest.

I could write pages telling about their intelligence, faithfulness and quaint ways, but time will not allow it, so I, on behalf of the two dogs, wish all readers of this an affectionate farewell.

THE FOURTH YEAR FAREWELL.

(By Spectator, 3rd Year.)

On Friday afternoon, the 10th November, the School assembled at two o'clock, in the Main Hall, to bid farewell to 4th Year. On the platform were the Headmaster, and the Deputy-Headmaster, Mr. Moore.

The Headmaster, after briefly referring to the object of the gathering, outlined in a collective way the High School careers of the guests. They were, and had been, he said, always a credit to the old School; they had upheld our reputation for honour and for prowess on the cricket and football fields; they had shone brilliantly at debate; they had some distinguished scholars among them; they had been a loyal body of prefects, and their conduct was worthy of emulation by the younger members of the School. He wished them all success in after life. (Applause.)

Master Rubensohn then gave a recitation.

Then Mr. Moore, the Deputy-Headmaster, rose with that old familiar smile of his. He tendered some sound words of advice, and worldly wisdom which would be useful to the boys when they should embark upon the perilous seas of life. He hoped that the thought of the honour of the old School would be a guiding star for one and all.

The applause had died down, and it was seen that Mr. Murphy was waving his baton. The strains of "Waltzing Matilda" had already filled the room; the musty surroundings had faded, and we all seemed to be tramping towards the sunset with our swags on our shoulders. Wonderful, the power of music.

Stillness. Then applause. Mr. Smairl was speaking. In the course of his remarks, he pointed out to the boys the great value of an intellectual training, such as could be gained at a High School. It gave the boys, he said, a broader and healthier outlook upon life, and enabled them to equip themselves and to do good work in the serious business of the world. (Applause.)

Mr. Murphy's voice now could be heard above the din, and everything became still. All were listening to the sympathetic strains of "Old Kentucky," and all hearts were united, and all voices blended in the wistful refrain, "Weep no more, my lady."

Space will not allow one to say all one would like concerning this farewell. The rest of the entertainment was taken up by a violin solo by J. Neve, a song, "Good-bye, Ladies," by the School, and perhaps the greatest item on the programme—a song by the teachers. From all parts of the Hall they came, until the platform was crowded with them. Under the baton of Mr. Murphy, their voices rose and fell in the strains of a song, the last words of which were drowned in a mighty flood of applause.

But the afternoon was now drawing to a close. At the request of the Headmaster, 4th Year responded through the medium of two of its members, Messrs. Pelham and Wall.

Up to this time, the seniors had remained passive in the Library. But now they gained courage, and after one or two futile attempts managed to give the School the rendering of a popular song.

And did the afternoon consist of nothing else but songs and recitations? Assuredly it did not. It was a time when the School recognised the fact that some were leaving the Sydney High School for ever to go into the greater and higher School of Life; and there was a feeling of warmth mingled with regret that some old friendships were perhaps being severed, for who knows what the fates have in store for us?

At the conclusion of singing "Auld Lang Syne," three rousing cheers were given; then the noise grew more intense, and there was a mighty rush for the doors. The farewell for the 4th Year of 1922 had ended.

LAMBING FLAT AS IT IS TO-DAY.

By S.H.H. (4B.).

In the "'Fifties" Lambing Flat was a celebrated goldfield; to-day it is a thriving township and is called Young.

Though the fields are old and deserted, they are still interesting, and alluvial or surface gold can still be found in small quantities in creeks and watercourses, of which there are very many.

The old markings stretch north, south, east and west of the township, and to a certain degree hem it in. Time and weather, however, have altered the whole aspect of the fields; the deep shafts have sunken in, and are now little more than deep indentations covered with luxuriant grass.

Many deep cuttings yet remain, and the veins of quartz can be seen protruding in different places. Here a few old "fossickers" eke out a precarious living with their rickety cradles and weather-worn dishes, and form a source of amusement to the younger generation.

The town, prettily situated in a broad valley, compares very favourably indeed with any country town of New South Wales, being in the centre of a prosperous wheat district. The district, however, is chiefly noted for its famous cherry-producing qualities, and can boast the largest cherry orchards in the world. Lemons, oranges and grapes grow profusely, and the grapes bid fair to develop into a profitable wine industry, as a movement is now afoot for the exploitation of the many fine vineyards in the vicinity of the town. The township itself is well laid out, possessing broad asphalted streets, shaded by big trees. An excellent, though small, park is one of the numerous attractions. The town is also noted for its fine buildings, and has a population of approximately six thousand. The district is a very wealthy one. The lighting is done by electricity, a powerful plant having been installed some years ago. The town will receive its water supply from Burrinjuck. Situated 1,500 feet above sea-level, Young has an excellent climate and is recommended as a health resort by medical men. Very few towns can offer the same attractions, and for a "safe" district can hardly be equalled.

THE POWER OF MONEY.

By C. R. Willcox (I.L.A.).

The Johnstons were, taking things on the whole, a happy family. They (that is, the father, mother, baby and two boys of about five and six respectively) lived in a small suburb not far from the city, and apart from a slight depression caused by income tax papers, convulsions and doctors' bills, they lived fairly happily.

One Monday morning, however, things seemed to go wrong. The master of the house, after getting up late, spilling his tea on his vest, and cursing all the world in general and his employers in particular, had departed for work in a very bad temper. His wife had, while preparing breakfast for the boys, placed, among other articles, a penny for the baby to amuse itself with, and after sending the two boys off to school she turned to make the

baby's gruel. While engaged in this occupation she heard loud squeals from the baby, but, being accustomed to them, she took no notice until, getting the idea into her head that her baby was in pain (as all mothers do) she went in to it. She took up the baby, gave it its dummy, and, glancing down, noticed that the penny was missing.

After a frantic search she rushed out and telephoned for a doctor, who arrived and examined the baby, but he was very non-committal. However, he advised 'phoning Mr. Johnston, as he explained that "a sudden attack might seize the child any moment."

When father arrived, very anxious and careworn, to him was consigned the job of keeping a fire going to supply hot water.

When the doctor had departed after leaving instructions to be called if any change occurred, it was both a pathetic and humorous scene to see the wife walking distractedly about with the infant (who, by the way, was screaming lustily all the time) in her arms, and the father who, between the intervals of stoking the fire, would insert his head through the doorway with a hopeless look in his eyes.

This continued till one o'clock when the boys, arriving home for dinner, were told that their little brother had swallowed a penny.

Then the storm burst. "But mum," said Tom, "we took that penny to get some lollies." The tension was relieved, and their parents in relief sank down into chairs. The baby was caressed more in the next five minutes than it had ever before.

But, of course, somebody had to pay for the time and anxiety, and since that incident the boys regard their father as one of the strong men of the world.

THE ECLIPSE.

By C.C.C. (III. Year).

It was after three o'clock when we had taken up our position on a hillock about two miles from Tenterfield, where a clear stretch of level country spread out ten miles either way, so that we should see the advancing and receding shadows when the time should arrive.

It was a clear day, not a cloud in sight, and no sign of anything unusual till about ten past three, when one of the party perceived a small notch on the lower edge of the sun. Gradually the round black shadow crept stealthily across, blotting out the light till, when somewhat more than half way across, signs of the coming darkness were distinctly noticeable.

Slowly the daylight changed from brightness to semi-twilight, while the weird light and phantom shadows cast by the almost obscured sun sent a feeling of mystery through our veins. Things seemed unreal. It was as though we had entered upon a new world, a land of spirits, for certainly the scene was changed, and the cold wind which sprang up at the time seemed to make the place feel still more ghostly.

Gradually the shadow advanced, and soon there was but a thin strip of sun visible, which gradually lessened in size till it became the size of a bright star. All eyes were watching eagerly: What was to happen next? Suddenly a *feeling* of darkness rushing upon us was distinctly noticeable—a feeling as though darkness was being poured around us, while upon the ground could be seen the shadow of the moon's edge, like so many dark lines, about a foot apart rippling rapidly over the level ground.

As the last rays of the vanishing sun were blotted out from view there appeared the most marvellous sight I have ever seen. To say that it was wonderful is but expressing it mildly: no artist could faithfully paint the picture; no photo could do justice to it; and no words could describe with just appreciation the splendour of the corona as it appeared to our little group.

It was like a circle of pink-tinted flame set amidst the stars of an evening sky, while every horizon was painted with the multi-coloured splendour of a summer sunset.

But like all good things, this only remained a short time, for very soon the eastern sky was seen to brighten, and in another moment the beautiful corona disappeared, and, as the sun peeped from under the edge of the moon, the rippling shadows could again be seen passing rapidly away across the level country, leaving again only the ghostly semi-darkness.

But we had seen enough, and in another two minutes we were on our return journey to the township where we arrived just as the last remnant of shadow was disappearing from the face of the sun.

CLASS NOTES.

3rd Year.—Third year has accomplished much in sport and has been true to tradition inside the school room. We are just as industrious, just as carefree, and just as noisy as previous third years.

Third year showed their initiative by organising a party to go to Glen Innes on the occasion of the eclipse. This is but one example of our "above-the-average" doings.

At the sports we won both the relay and tug-o'-war, and earlier in the year the swimming relay; also Cramp and Swinburn came first and second respectively in the Junior Athletic Cup.

In football we had two firsts, five seconds, six thirds (including Swinburn, captain) and some lower graders.

Dancing for a time was a popular pastime until two boys were "danced" into a certain room. Since our last class-notes were written we have "danced" from Room 1 to Room 5. The view from the windows of the latter room is much admired and sought after.

"The Reign of Terror" and the "Rain of Apple-cores" has almost ceased. One boy, however, was unwise. He divulged the fact that he had not been hit once by a core during the lunch-hour. He had an awful time afterwards.

To the relatives and friends of those who do not survive the "Inter." or "Leaving" we would recommend: Bury 'Em, as a suitable undertaker. Was one of the science staff "right" when he made "W———" throw away his mouthful of chocolate? The poor lad's awfully frail; only weighs about a stone for each year of his age.

2A.G.—Once more we open our lips and let fall words of wisdom. In spite of the depression caused by the forthcoming examination we are still very merry. The monotonous life of the class is often broken by bouts between the "Blue-headed boy" and Ronald, and occasional visits from Mr. G——s give us all the excitement we need.

Some of our masters foresee plenty of "A's" in the Inter.; others plenty of "B's," and we ourselves foresee plenty of "G's." This, however, remains to be seen. Most of our members hope to have one last long loaf after the examination and regain all the energy expended in translating Cicero and fagging French.

On the sporting fields H.A. has not altogether been in the background, although our class has been reduced to twenty-four members. At our own School athletic meeting, contrary to the expectation of all, our Relay Team ran second, whilst Bennett annexed the 440 yards Junior Handicap and secured second place in 220 yards, and Hook ran into second position in 880 yards Junior Handicap. The tug-o'-war team was defeated in semi-finals owing to the absence of our giants, "Ziffy" and Abel. Bennett represented the School in both C.H.S. and G.P.S. meetings.

King Cricket has again won our allegiance, and the class team, under "Buck," a second Macartney, is progressing favourably. We are well represented in Grade Cricket by "Dicky" Gray

and "Jacky" Bennett in seconds, and Ed. Hook, "Andy" Dale and "Toby" Cabban in thirds.

Our sole representative in baseball is "King Sol," a devoted friend of our musician, Joe Ratner. Tennis still booms, but not to such an extent as it did during the early part of the year. Evidently the game has proved too rough and strenuous for some of our "forty-love" enthusiasts. Herb. "Bowels" tells us that there are more interesting things at Double Bay than tennis courts. We wonder what he means.

Well, we must bid farewell now, and wish our brothers in II.B. and II.C., and our elder brothers in Fourth Year success in the forthcoming exams.

2B.—Here we are again. Once more setting our pen to paper and chronicling all our misdeeds of the past few months. Nearly everyone has become a "student," and even the "loafers" have awakened to the fact that the great event is "2B." in a few weeks.

A great calamity, in the shape of the loss of Mr. Bartrop, has overtaken us since our last notes were written. We always knew that he was very ill, but like a hero he fought it and always managed to give us our lesson, and consequently before he left he had practically finished the course. He was not only a great teacher, but he was also a friend to us, and he will always be remembered in terms of affection by the boys of his old class.

Our quarters also have been shifted in the meantime from Room 5 (owing to our weak nerves caused by the noise in the Tech.) to Room 2, next to the Headmaster's office. The monotony of the lesson is always relieved by the bright wit (?) of the "Big Red Man" who is a firm advocate of "softer seats, less shiny suits," having tacked a piece of carpet over his own. There is no doubt that this invention is successful, as great is the grumbling and argument when he is forced to move out.

The old war-cries have gone out of vogue and a new one—"Creg"—adopted. This has grown very popular, and is the cause of unending amusement. Ask any 2B. chap what it means and you will at once hear all its history. At dinner time, during that "dull and sleeping half-hour," as we can no longer gaze out on the beauteous damsels in the Tech., we have to look for other amusements, which are provided at the expense of a struggling, screaming mass of humanity commonly misnamed a "queue."

Our position in sport has also been maintained and extended during the past few months.

Of the two gold medals and the two silver ones, presented by Mr. Bull for the best forward and the best back in the 1st

XV. and 2nd XV. respectively, "The Old Banana Farmer" (forward) won one of the gold ones, and in the 2nds, Mainie (forward) won one of the silver ones. In 1st cricket we now have three representatives, "Old Dave," "Fighter" and "Casey."

Dave" and "Fighter" are justifying their inclusion in the 1sts by gathering some very creditable scores, "Dave" against "Igs." and "Fighter" against Fort Street.

In the School sports our Relay Team proved its superiority over allcomers by winning the Relay Cake. Also in the G.P.S. sports we had several representatives, and they were the only ones who came near gaining any points. "The Old Banana Farmer" came fifth in the Mile, "Casey," fifth in the 440, and the Junior Relay Team (a good percentage being members of this class) came fifth in their event.

Now, as we are all "very breezy," we will retire to our studies, wish all exams. to Jericho, and look forward to the grand loaf afterwards.

2C.—By the time "The Record" appears all fag and hard work will have disappeared, leaving in its place the black cloud of failure or the glorious sunshine of success. However, as we have been informed that, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail,'" we are hoping that there will be no need for anxiety. Anyhow, the "Inter." is not here yet, and what is the use of speculating on the aftermath when it has not commenced?

Certainly the examination is uppermost in our minds at present, and many who early reckoned on six or seven A's are now seriously considering the possibility of one or two, or even a bare pass. The test recently imposed on us proved generally a regular knock-back, and has caused a bit of a speeding-up in some cases.

In the recent athletic carnival we pinned our faith on a certain genial youth of ready tongue, and were fairly smothered by our falling airy castles which we had so easily constructed. However, he partially redeemed himself when it came to the high-jump.

Recently our commercial man provided the novelty of a picture show for educational purposes, and we hope it "strides out for its intended destiny" as our journalistic terror described the journey of a train in a recent geography test.

We recently visited the Manufacturers' Exhibition, and were divided into groups under captains. Needless to say we remained under the careful guidance of the "captain of our fairy bands." However, we enjoyed ourselves, and take this opportunity of thanking the teacher in charge for his little treat at the end of an interesting day.

For the majority of the class it will be the termination of their scholastic careers if the "Inter." is passed. Some are glad; others are sorry, but let us hope it is the latter, so au revoir.

R.A.—Well, once more to the fore and "tout prêt" to plunge into "Inter." year. Remove life does get a bit tiresome; they work us too much.

Swimming seems to be chosen sport with R.A. this season—better than chasing an elusive cricket ball, so we think. Tennis has also claimed a few, and more than one member of our ranks may be seen on the tennis green airing his knowledge on "love thirty" (whatever that means) and incidentally his spotless "creams."

We have a born musician in R.A.—Farrel by name—and it might well be observed how creditably he played for the 4th year boys' send-off. We are a highly scientific assembly we assure you. Several of us have wireless sets; some dabble in electricity, while others (very few, of course) can tell you the formula for hydrochloric acid without consulting their text books!

We have an excellent fortnightly "Rag" run by Arthur Gerald Kingsmill, a much-abused but hard-working Editor. In conclusion R.A. wishes to take this opportunity of wishing the 4th Year good luck in their exams. and a hearty good-bye.

R.B.—Well, we have survived another year as a class, and except for a few that have left to go out into the world we are all progressing and working hard. In class-work we have not been backward, and all look forward to good passes in the yearly.

Like Johnny Walker's far-famed whisky, and unlike other papers, our class paper continues to survive and is going ahead in a rapid manner.

Since the last account of our adventures, which were published in the half-year "Record," we have done well in sport. In every branch of it an R.B.-ite was sure to be seen, and surer still will continue to be seen in cricket, baseball, football, tennis, athletics and swimming. We figured prominently in all these healthy pursuits, and the noble sons of the class ably held up our reputation. Our class eleven has been considerably weakened by the great number of our regular team playing grade, but we that are left play well and are only two points behind the leaders. We easily won the volley-ball competition of our year, and in the general competition finished second, only being beaten by 2C. at 9-6. These three points were our only losses.

All look forward to the coming class picnic, and it is hoped that it will be as great a success as the last. The library is, or was, patronised by a fair number of us, and when several fail to bring in their books the executive reaches out its long arm and gives them a term in No. 3. Our acting talent is fully

brought out in D——'s period, and it is easily seen that several of us are budding Alan Wilkies. On the subject of theatricals it is worth mentioning our vocal efforts, and how well we can render "Good-night, ladies" and "Jazzing Matilda."

One of our class-mates, who was formerly a weak, shallow-minded little boy, is so much improved now that Mr. ——— is trying to use his influence in reforming a sleepy, stupid fellow who doesn't smile and who wants his hair cut. The air of braggadocio which once pervaded the class is slowly dying out, and "Strawb," with his "rule of iron," keeps old Rosebud quiet. Mr. B——, the popular French student, was much liked by the boys, and when he placed "Splinter" in the post of dishonour, that youth surprised him with a farewell speech which so upset his balance that he begged his pardon.

Some splendid artists live with us, and those who drew on the glass partition were loudly applauded by the members of our class.

We, the chroniclers of Remove B., 1922, now draw these notes to a close, and hope that next issue "Record" readers will look as eagerly for our notes as they have done in the past and present.

C.R.—We have now reached the end of our second year at the good old High School, and next year we start on our mission for the coveted "Inter."

In regard to sport we had no less than eight grade footballers, and we also had a member in the baseball team and one in first-grade tennis. We have very hard trouble in gathering a cricket team for Wednesday, as nearly all of us are swimmers. We are well represented in the coming Life-saving Examination.

During the half-year we have lost several of our class-mates, and we wish them good luck in their new spheres.

We are progressing well in our studies, but owing to the loss of Mr. Bartrop we are not getting on as well as we could wish in maths.

The "ity, ty, ly" boys, and the "Pitmanites" have great competitions, with Mr. Brodie as an able referee. The "Orthicites" come out the better every time.

In closing we wish all 2nd Year boys good luck in the "Inter."

1B.—For the second time 1B. publishes its class notes, undoubtedly the best of the 1st Year classes.

At the School's recent sports 1B. won the 1st Year Relay Race in fine style, due chiefly to Cook and Jones. We also won the 1st Year Tug-o'-War.

1B. takes an active part in all sports. At football we have never been beaten by any other team of our own weight, and have defeated all the other 1st Year classes.

Last season we were not very successful at cricket, because we had to combine with 1D. (not for want of players), but up to the time of writing this season we are doing very well, having won five games out of six. These victories are chiefly due to the spirit of the team which lives up, or rather plays, to the old motto of "Never say die."

The players who are especially worthy of distinction as batsmen are: Ashton, Byrne, Randall and Tobias, the latter obtaining the highest score in the class, that is, excepting Quinton, our only grade player, while those for bowling are: Cook, Ashton and Bye, the last-mentioned obtaining seven wickets for four runs in one game, four of them falling in succession.

The class also gives its thanks to Mr. Snowdon for arranging the theatre party, and hopes that there will be another at an early date.

1C.—We have not been too successful during this cricket season, but we hope to do better next year. Hixson, our captain, distinguished himself as a cricketer by obtaining fifty against 1A and thirty-eight against R.B.

In class we are doing fairly well, and a great improvement is noticed in our geography by Mr. Brodie's lantern. We are all looking forward for a happy time next year, ducking the 1st Year boys, as we were, at the beginning of the year. We all hope the 1st Year boys of other classes will pass the yearly exams., as well as ourselves. We also wish every success to the 2nd and 4th Years.

In conclusion, as we cannot take too much space in "The Record," we wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

1D. is progressing fairly well in class work, and most of us are expecting to be R.D. in the coming year.

In sport we are not exactly champions, but some day we hope to reach the top of the ladder and conquer all our foes. Our only football graders—Wemyss (IVths) and Gressier (Vths) are a credit to their class and their respective grades.

In cricket our only graders are Wemyss (IIInds, when he plays) and Trivett (IIIrds.) who have done fairly well. In class cricket, Patt, Gaskin, Mudie and Murray (captain) are doing well, and have a couple of wins to their credit, but they will have to learn to obey the captain.

In baseball, Trivett (1st.), our only grader, did well, the team winning the competition—nineteen points to twenty—with "Casey" Clayton as its leader.

RANDOM JOTTINGS.

(By "SPECTATOR.")

On September 4th a party of about one hundred and thirty boys and girls of the two High Schools attended a performance of "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure" at The Criterion Theatre. The party, under Mr. Snowden's capable supervision, spent an enjoyable evening.

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There was a good attendance at the Sydney Girls' High School Dance at the Burlington Cafe on Friday Night, 5th Oct.

* * * *

From September 18th to the 23rd, Militia Units of the School were in Camp at Liverpool. Altogether it was a pleasant innovation in what might otherwise be a monotonous life.

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A feature of next year's terms will be the imposition of the payment of fees. No doubt this will materially affect the number of enrolments of pupils.

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"The Record" takes this opportunity of saying farewell to all those who will be leaving the School at the end of this year. If they will get in communication with the Old Boys' Union they will not lose touch with the School in future years.

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Sydney High School received something of a shock when it heard that its successful Debating team had been defeated in a debate with Grammar School. We congratulate the latter, but sincerely hope that the Sydney High School team will regain its superiority in the near future.

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"The Record" takes this opportunity of welcoming Mr. R. Golding, B.A., to the Mathematics staff of the School.

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It is desired by "The Record" that the classes in future will take a greater interest in their Class Notes. Up to the time of publication "The Record" had only received Notes from ten classes out of fifteen.

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As we go to press, news has reached us that John Lindsay is dead. He was a fine scholar and athlete, and we are filled with sorrow at the news of his death.

* * * *

We are waiting anxiously for Mr. Bartrop's return. He has been ill a long time now, but still he has great hopes of recovery. We sincerely wish that his hopes will be speedily realised, and that next year will find him back here again with us.

AN ADVENTURE.

(H. Mascord, 1C.)

When I was about six or seven I had an adventure which I shall never forget.

I was living at Waterloo at the time with my grandmother. Next door to us was a large waterhole surrounded by willow trees, which hung over the edge. The waterhole was very deep because once it was a brickwork's clay pit. A few boys had been drowned in it, and so I was forbidden to go in there. Every Saturday afternoon, boys from around the neighbourhood fished in it, and caught eels and goldfish. I was always longing to fish in this waterhole, but I was not allowed to do so. The interesting part about these boys was that they were often chased by the caretaker, so they always had someone on the lookout for him.

One day my grandmother went out and left me in charge of the house. My mate lived next door to us and he came over to play with me. We played for a long time but, however, we soon got tired of it. After a while we planned to go fishing next door in the waterhole. My mate went into his mother, and soon persuaded her to give him a penny for lollies. We were soon on our way to a shop, but the penny was for hooks, not lollies. On arriving home we found some bait, and with cotton we made a sort of fishing line. We climbed over the fence and were soon at the water's edge. I was so eager to fish that I nearly fell in, but I checked myself. I was the first one to catch a fish, which I pulled in so quickly that I nearly lost it, and just managed to grab it in time to stop it from slipping back into the water. We stopped there all the afternoon, catching a fish now and again.

It was now becoming late, so we decided to go home. We got everything ready and were just about to leave when suddenly a big, brawny, hairy hand was placed on my shoulder, and when I turned round I found it was the caretaker. "What are you doing here, you young scamp?" he said. My mate had the presence of mind to run away, and he was over the fence like a shot out of a gun. The man did not bother about him, but held on to me and said, "Come on, my young gentleman, you're off to gaol." At this remark I burst out crying with fright. I was trembling all over, for I dreaded having to live on dry bread and water. He pushed me up to the fence and made me climb over. I can well remember my grandmother coming out and saying, "What's wrong, Mr. Maloney?" I did not hear the conversation, for I was glad to get inside. When my grandmother came in she gave me a good scolding and sent me to bed. I slept well that night.

LEARNING AND LOVELINESS.

By "Fresh Air" (IVth. Year).

No matter by what route you approach it, you are compelled to fight your way through dust, din and dinginess, and when you reach it, what do you find? A heavy, drab old edifice, with a tiny cracked patch of asphalt in front, where hundreds of unfortunate boys vainly strive to "play," or stand sadly huddled together secretly dreaming of the decency of home and the green parks they have passed in the morning. All is gloom; step inside. The rooms are dark and dusty, and the remaining patches of paint seem to be trembling for fear the next dirt-laden gust of wind will blow them off and leave the walls in a state of stark nakedness. The ventilation is horrible, and the passages and staircase are so effectually hidden from the daylight that one feels that the electric torch must have been specially invented to enable passers-by in these sombre recesses to avoid death from misadventure. And outside? All day long one's ear-drums are assailed by the hammering and crashing of workshops and engineering establishments, and the rumbling of heavy lorries and the carts of Chinese market gardeners. No! it is not a slum ragged school—it is the State's premier High School—a disgrace to any community. Just imagine! In order to obtain the refinement and culture of a Higher Education, the brainiest youths of some of Sydney's brightest and healthiest suburbs are dragged from Nature's store-house of vigour and cheerfulness, and forced to spend the finest part of the day in a little insanitary corner of the city, which is totally unsuited even for the rearing of healthy fowls or pigs! Is it any wonder the authorities are so anxious to obtain a little extra money with which to launch their campaign of school renovation?

AN ADVENTURE IN THE COUNTRY.

By N. Hixson (IC.).

One bright day, while I was staying at my uncle's home in the country, I happened to be sent off to a neighbouring farm to buy a few dozen eggs. After my uncle had pointed out the track to the farmhouse I started off briskly, swinging my bag to-and-fro. It was a beautiful day in spring, and the birds were singing merrily high up in the branches. When I arrived at my destination I was given an inhospitable reception from the farmer's dog, which chased me round the house and bit me on the leg. The farmer came out and, calling the dog away, he said to me: "His bark is far worse than his bite." At that moment I felt as if I would not like to hear the dog bark. The farmer soon packed the eggs in my bag and bade me good-bye. With the bag

in my hand I hurried off, following closely to the track I had previously come along to the farm-house. Not long after I strayed off the track, and after searching for some time found a smaller track which led in the same direction. I soon came in sight of the homestead, and then knowing the way I started off at the double. A magpie perched on a tree, sharpening his beak, somehow took a dislike to me and swooped down, pecking about my ears. Of course I was frightened, and ran as fast as my legs could carry me to the separating room, which was about one hundred yards away. The magpie followed closely, swooping down every time I looked up, and made one furious attack making funny noises, which seemed to me like a war-cry. Before me lay a strong barbed wire fence. I looked round, and then over I went, bag and all. This seemed to have frightened the magpie for I saw it no more. On reaching the homestead I placed the bag on the table.

"Got the eggs?" said my uncle.

"Yes," said I.

"How many did you get?" said he.

"Three dozen," I said. Then I opened the bag, and oh! imagine what I saw; no less than two and a half dozen eggs were broken.

"Oh!" said I to myself, "I'm in for it."

"Who broke the eggs?" said my uncle, and what could I do but tell him all about my mishap? When he had heard my story he picked up a big stick. I shut my eyes, for I thought I was in for it, but was mistaken, for the silence was broken by the harsh words, "Come and show me this magpie." I picked up my hat and went away with him. When we arrived at the scene there was no magpie in sight. "Perhaps he has gone off to his nest," I exclaimed, but it was all of no use. "Your father will be here by the six o'clock train and you will be in for it," said my uncle. You may well imagine I went home thinking that my uncle could not understand the incident. Little use it would have been in explaining. Gradually six o'clock came. A knock at the door signified the arrival of my father. There was another knock. "Telegram, telegram," cried the visitor. Words could not tell my joy as my uncle read out that my father would not be here till next Tuesday, as he had some important business to do.

I breathed a sigh of relief as I came in to tea that evening; and now every time I go near a place where there are any magpies I carry a stick big enough to kill a dozen of them at a time.



S.H.S. PREFECTS, 1922.

Back Row :—Thompson, Clark, Lieberman, Meaker, Henry, Hardy,
 Second Row :—Ryan, Pelhau, Swinburn, Mahoney, Beresford, Dexter, Findlay.
 Seated :—Joliffe, Parberry, Underhill, Headmaster, Newton, Wall, Lewis

IT PAYS TO BE HONEST.

By C.R.W. (2A.G.).

"Fares, please!" growled the conductor, savagely. It was a stifling hot day, and owing to a hearty thirst and a touch of chronic bad temper he felt very irate, as was only natural, for he was working on a very dusty run. "Move along a bit now," he remonstrated, "and give a man a chance." He didn't say who the man was, but the passengers apparently understood him, for those in the back of the tram car moved along while he thrust in his head, glared sullenly around, and withdrew, muttering savagely, "I'll bet half of them haven't paid." His words were too true, for as soon as he had left a youth of about seventeen years of age, standing at the other end, grinned. "I thought he was going to get me then," he muttered to his companion. "I haven't paid yet, and I don't intend to." "Oh, well," said the passenger next to him, who seemed pretty friendly, "you can have my ticket; I'm getting off now." And he handed him a ticket for two sections. The generosity of the action seemed to strike the other lad, for he thanked him profusely and bade him "Good-bye" as he disappeared.

The thrifty lad on the back of the tram now felt very secure in his possession of the ticket, and even went as far as to flaunt it in the face of the conductor when he next growled "Fares!"

At the next stopping a ticket examiner joined the tram, but the youth, nothing daunted, produced his ticket.

"Hold on," said the inspector, that's not the right ticket."

"Yes it is," answered the boy.

"No it isn't" said the inspector; "the number doesn't correspond." He then called the conductor, and they held a consultation, the outcome of which was that the lad had his name taken and a couple of weeks later was summoned for defrauding the Tramway Commissioners, and was fined.

He is now doing nothing but walking sullenly around town with a dangerous expression, seeking the person who was generous enough to give him that ticket. And his expression does not bode good for him when once they meet.

Moral: It pays to be Honest.

OLD BILL.

By O.W.J.

It is Friday morning, and as usual at about 10 o'clock, far up on the top of the hill, is seen an old horse pulling a broken-down cart, which is patched with pieces of tin and roughwood.

Every time the cart goes over a stone, one makes sure the horse will fall down, and if the driver goes to pull the horse up from a stumble one thinks the reins will snap.

But inside the cart is somebody who considers himself of more importance than anybody else. It is Old Bill, a good man for such a horse and cart. He is a half-caste, and he sells tea and coffee.

The people of the neighbourhood know when to expect this dark man, with an old felt hat on, a black shirt to suit the complexion, a pair of trousers, supposed to be grey, but which are really black and full of patches.

And now we see he has come to a house. The horse stops more from exhaustion than anything else; the occupant descends, and takes into the house two packets, one of coffee and the other of tea.

He walks in; gives a hard knock at the door, and when the lady of the house comes he says, "Got some lubby tea day, lady; you likey tea?"

"None to-day, think you." But, alas! she has not got rid of him; he is indignant.

What he says is: "You want some tea, don't you?" and to be exact, he looks daggers at his customer, who is so frightened that she is only too glad to buy some in order to get rid of him. Old Bill is satisfied. He waddles back to his cart, stirs the old horse into life, and rumbles along to intimidate his next victim. Thus do unscrupulous dealers profit by the fears of women.

A MEMORY.

By F.J.C. (III. Year).

The setting was unrivalled. Perhaps some wandering fairies, jealous of their neighbour's beautiful surroundings, had modelled it, and so lost their jealousy. If this were the Fairy Dell's origin, its first constructors had journeyed on, possibly to beautify some other landscape with their art.

The most impressive feature of the picture was a waterfall. No roaring Niagara overwhelming the vicinity with noisy pride was this; rather was it a soft-voiced fall, sweetening its surroundings with its modest joy. Enclosing it on each side was an abundance of greenery—mostly ferns—which, in the moonlight, gave the whole the appearance of silver set in emerald.

Guarding this gem of nature was a large pool of icy water, whose surface, ruffled by the falling water and reflecting the moon, was the dancing floor of a Will o' the Wisp. Thus was the whole appearance remarkably fairy-like. However, "love and hate are often close allied." The dell, loved of man and meet for admiration, hid within its caves dingoes, hated by all for their savage disposition.

The night was suddenly rendered hideous by a canine howl. The water coming over the fall seemed to shudder; the foliage covered the fall from view a moment later, and aided by the winds, as though to protect it from outward menace, the glow-worm's lights became slowly extinguished.

The elder of the boys chattered "D-d-dingoes" to a white-faced small boy. He also ordered him to climb a certain tree and then made his own way to a high rock where, with infinite toil, he ignited a stick by rubbing it against another. He blackened his face and limbs with mud and, waiting till the dingoes appeared, he emitted an awful cry. His companion, seeing his terrible aspect, gave vent to an answering cry of fear. The dingoes, like true cowards, wheeled and ran.

Thus was the situation saved by prompt action.

The dingoes have perished now; the greenery has become a charred mass—the toll of a bush fire; the fall has ceased to sing, its source blocked by envious stones; the glow-worm's light is extinguished for ever; the new moon does not now form will o' the wisps on a stagnant pool. Only one solitary evidence of that scene, when two boys were scared by dingoes remains—the memory of the younger. The elder has gone the way of the other five witnesses of the scene, bound for a happier destination than we can imagine.

"A COOK IN LIVERPOOL CAMP."

(By Charles J. R. Mortimer, III. Year.)

"Get up! Get up! you lazy blighter, don't you know its 4 o'clock and the fires are out," cried the cook who had been on duty all night.

"Alright! Half-a-mo. Why can't you keep the fires alight instead of going to sleep on duty?" replied his companion who had been out late the night before, and had arrived in camp at 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Jolly cold outside, I'm nearly froz—."

"Serves you right for letting the fires go out."

"Come on, get these spuds on. It's six o'clock and breakfast at half past seven."

"All right — yer," was the reply.

"Breakfast comes but once a day,

And when it comes it brings us tears."

No doubt this would be agreed to by all the camp, but putting this aside, the cook has done his best and for his hard work he receives abuses from the men as he dishes out the food.

Breakfast now being over, and the dishes washed, the cook at once begins to think about dinner, which, after much discussion is on the stove cooking. This is the time the cooks

try to snatch a few hours' sleep, but before one is able to settle down his cobbler is calling him to help to see to the dioxies, which by this time are on the boil.

"Darn you, get somebody else."

"Alright, Pigeon, you'll have to help me if 'Bo' won't come."

And so Pigeon has to leave his bed and morning rest to help his pal.

Dinner passes off in much the same manner as breakfast, but with less abuses, for dinner is the meal of the day, and the one meal the men look forward to.

Now comes the cook's easy time, for there are no dishes to prepare, no roasts to cook, or puddings to make as for dinner. The meal is plain—in fact very plain—consisting of dry bread and jam. Think of it you people who grumble at home, dry bread and jam with milkless tea. Be thankful that you were not a cook in camp to be insulted and despised at tea time by a Company of some hundred men.

Remember next time you push your plate of stew away and say, "Mother I don't like this stew, it's no good," be thankful that you were not in camp trying to fill yourself on "Soldier Stew," which consists of a plate of hot water smeared with grease on which a carrot and a scanty piece of meat chase each other round.

Tea being over by six-thirty, the cook begins to think about his own evening meal which is very poor unless he is able to confiscate some rich food from the officers' stores. When the washing up is over the cook has to peel the potatoes for the morning's breakfast and to clean up the kitchen. By the time this is completed it is nine o'clock.

"This is a nice time to finish work, and I had to meet somebody up town at eight o'clock. Never mind I'm going up to see. Leave the door open, I'll be home about three," exclaimed one of the lads as he departs to change his dungarees and make himself look like a soldier.

Now my comrades; if you are thinking of taking the position of cook in camp, be kind, generous and good-hearted to all, for as sure as you find the wrong side of the men they are on to you.

One cook, through some misunderstanding with the men, was greased, floured, tanned and thrown into the river in the night. So take a tip from one who knows and go into the lines with the men instead of annoying them with such luxuries as you may cook.

A cook's life is hard, but "still we have fun."

"CLAUDE TRESSIDER" PRIZE FOR LIFE-SAVING WORK.

It is always a pleasure to hear of Old Boys taking a live interest in their old school. The latest manifestation of this spirit has been shown by Mr. F. S. Bradhurst, an "Old Boy," who left the School in 1918.

In a letter to the School Union, Mr. Bradhurst writes:—

"As an Old Boy of the Sydney High School I should like to offer to the School the following prize, conditional only upon its acceptance by the School Union in the terms as I state them here—

- "(1) The Prize to be called the 'Claude Tressider' Prize, to be awarded to the boy who secures the best pass at the Silver Medallion Life-Saving Examination.
- "(2) Candidates to be 15, or over, on 1st January, and the prize to be competed for during March each year.
- "(3) Value of the prize to be 30/-. (The nature of the prize has not been definitely fixed.)
- "(4) First competition to be in March, 1923.

"Tressider, you may remember, was an Old Boy who, unfortunately, was killed last year in a motor accident. Knowing him well, and having in mind his keen school spirit and love of swimming, I wish both to perpetuate his memory, and to foster an interest in one of the best of Sports, and one of its most interesting branches—Life-Saving.

"I trust you will accept this as an expression of my lifelong interest in the Old School."

The Union Committee has already expressed its appreciation of Mr. Bradhurst's offer, and hopes there will be keen competition among the candidates for the Silver Medallion next March.

J. H. KILLIP, Hon. Sec.

AN ADVENTURE.

(F. Ansell, RB.)

The Saturday before Eight Hours' Day, 1921, stands out prominently in my memory, for on that day a party of us, consisting of five boys, set out for a place called Church Point, about fifteen miles distant from the town in which we lived.

At nine o'clock we departed on our journey, King Sol. giving us his brightest smile. The tram came along and we boarded it, and packed our belongings under the seat. "I say Jack isn't it hot to-day," said Eric. "My word it is. I should be glad of a nice cool breeze." Alas! my wish was granted only too soon, for in half an hour it was raining heavily. By

this time we had reached Narrabeen and on alighting we found a 'bus waiting for us. In an hour's time we were deep in the bush and traversing rough ground. In order that we should not be too fatigued at the end of the day we called a halt. It was a very suitable place, for a small stream meandered through the wood, enabling us to refresh ourselves thoroughly. After some time we resumed our journey, passing through luxurious vegetation on which we feasted our eyes. The sun had long passed its zenith and we were about two miles from our destination when we decided to camp, and partake of a generous meal. There we noticed the brilliancy of the bush resplendent in the golden glory of the wattle and bright red of the gum tips.

After a glorious ramble we returned to our camping ground, and prepared to camp for night.

We whiled away the time for an hour or two with cards and songs, accompanied by a flute.

Thoroughly wearied, we retired. At midnight our troubles began. I was awakened by a terrific downpour of rain. A thunderstorm had burst upon us with all its fury. Our tent collapsed and we were forced to seek shelter in a boat shed near by, where we spent the rest of the dark hours shivering and miserable. Squally conditions prevailed throughout the next day, making camping out anything but a desirable pastime. We decided to return home, and started to row our hired boat back to Narrabeen. Before very long we found our task anything but an easy one. It was with the greatest difficulty that we made any headway at all. Great waves rolled over us threatening to swamp the boat. Each moment our fears grew, and the climax came when an oar broke.

No one spoke and each saw terror in the other's face. We drifted awhile at the mercy of wind and wave when, we, to our joyous relief, discerned coming towards us a motor launch. We hailed the occupants and asked for a tow, which was at first refused, but as they realised our danger they consented to help us. We were towed to Narrabeen, and gladly relinquished the boat to its owner.

We boarded a tram and soon reached home having had quite enough camping for some time, for the experience through which we had been was one that we would not like repeated.

PICTURE SHOWS—THEIR INFLUENCE.

(By F.A., B. Remove.)

Lately there has been a considerable amount of controversy as to whether picture shows have a good or evil influence on children.

Undoubtedly, picture shows are an immense source of amusement to children and adults; the cheapness of them bringing them in reach of all. Unfortunately, in most of our picture shows of the city and elsewhere, pictures are shown representing wild American cowboy scenes, of hairbreadth escapes, and thrilling adventures. These often have a very bad effect on the minds of the younger portion of the audience. They go home late, and their rest is often broken by bad dreams in which they see again the pictures that have most impressed them. Next day, after school, you see them imitating the gun play with toy pistols and trying to rob one another. Most of the American films are too sensational and greatly overdrawn. These cannot be good for nervous children, and if they are constantly taken to see these films, they develop a craving for unnatural excitement.

We want more pictures of travel, showing scenes of other countries, especially of the British Empire. These would be of great assistance in teaching of history and geography.

If some of the uninteresting books we read for our exams. were shown on the pictures it would help lighten our drudgery and impress the stories on our memories.

Let us hope that in years to come picture films will be much more widely used for educational purposes, for I believe in a few years, the film will be an important educational factor.

ROMANCE IN A GARDEN.

(A. Pelham, IV. Year.)

The morning sunshine lights up the tiny garden and the dew drops glisten like pearls in the cups of the half-opened flowers. Already the air is warm and the young green plants seem to lift their heads to catch the sun's beams, while bees and butterflies flit from blossom to blossom, their wings flashing in the welcome sunlight.

An undefinable fragrance, a blending of exquisite perfumes, suffuses itself over the garden. The scent of the evergreen honeysuckle which grows so profusely on a rustic trellis, and the scent of the blooming roses are mingled with the delicate perfume of lavender, and the faint, elusive scent of the violets which hide beneath their own green leaves. Distinct from other perfumes, yet strangely blended with them, there arises a soft but permeating fragrance of most green foliage bathed in the rays of a warm sun. Separate, each perfume is glorious, but blended and mingled, they produce a fragrance exquisite, mellow, and all permeating.

The garden is only small, but in it all manner of flowers are growing side by side in an indescribably attractive confusion.

Violets nestle in clusters beneath the upright foxgloves, while pansies and carnations peep from beneath the nodding daffodils.

Looking at the garden from the trellis of honeysuckle one plant stands prominently in view above the others. It is an old twisted rose tree, but despite its age it has clothed itself in a robe of dark green foliage from which its half opened red buds stand out in relief. Standing in the centre of the garden plot, the other plants and flowers seem to be circled about this old rose tree, and thus its size and position tend to give one an impression of its regality, while its aged appearance, coupled with the spouting rose cuttings around it, indicate the dignity and supremacy of this recognised King of the Garden.

Pottering about among the flowers there is an old man who slowly and assiduously tends each plant in the garden. Standing or stooping among the blooms he makes a pretty picture with his little weeding fork in one hand and a vivid green watering can in the other. From time to time the soft morning wind stirs his snow-white hair, which falls in wisps about his ears and forehead. Gradually he completes his morning round, and now there is but one plant left—the old rose tree in the centre of the plot. While he has been tending the lesser flowers he has worn a fixed smile expressive of genuine pleasure, but as his gaze rests on the rose tree the tender smile is replaced by a strange, indescribable expression which seems to speak of particular interest and solitude. And now maybe an observer is moved to compare the old gardener with this blooming rose tree; both have passed their prime, and one imagines the regality of the plant is mirrored in the placidity and repose of the man. Perhaps he, too, has sensed this subtle relation between man and plant; and perhaps he is moved to liken those sprouting rose cuttings to his own sons and daughters. They too, are of a common stock and like those cuttings they have thrived and bloomed, while the old plant has slowly withered and grown gnarled.

But it is Spring! This rose tree is decked in fresh green foliage; and *he* is allowing himself to droop. But no! he straightens his back and with a happy smile on his face passes between that profusion of colour and that confusion of perfume.

* * * *

No longer does a warm sun beam on the garden and no longer do the bees and butterflies flit from flower to flower. It is Winter, and practically nothing is green in the garden save the honeysuckle on the trellis; all else has drooped, has shed its foliage; and stands there naked in the moist brown soil. Here and there in sheltered nooks an evergreen relieves the monotony of the drab, dull brown, but the "last blooms of

Summer" have been plucked or have run to seed, and their gorgeous colours no longer gladden the sight.

Now, when all is bare, the prominence of the old rose tree is still more in evidence, but now it loses from contrast with the other plants, whereas before a similar contrast had but accentuated its superiority. It stands there bleak, gnarled, and bare while around it its offspring flaunt their few leaves and seem to mock the parent tree's decline.

Again the old man walks among his plants, but now he is not smiling happily as he tends them. A look of gloom is settled on his face and his eyes mirror the drabness of his little garden. Just as before in the Springtime his expression had changed when he looked at the old rose tree, so again it changes, but now the sight of that old tree only intensifies the gloom depicted on his countenance; and slowly the gloom deepens into despair; for just as the rose bush had withered and has seen its issue grow around it, so he has seen his children grow around him, and now he, too, must wither and die. In the Springtime he clothed himself in the dark green foliage of a happy occupation, but now in the Winter he is drooping—drooping and dying, together with that old, gnarled rose tree.

* * * *

The scene again changes. A bleak wind blows over the garden; a cold rain beats pitilessly down. A sad procession comes slowly down the garden path; black robed figures bearing a casket pass on their way to the gate. They halt a space as though to afford the old man one last look at the garden he loved so well in life, and in the centre of the garden they see an old rose tree, dead and rotting in the rain.

A MEMORY OF EARLY DAYS.

(By C. C. Cramp, III. Year.)

Several hours ago all had been bright. Nature had been awake in all her beauty, and the whole bush had been alive with insects and birds. Bees had lazily droned as they floated to and fro among the sweetly scented flowers. Birds had been busy tending their young, and a thousand locusts had filled the air with a loud, monotonous drumming, while the whole atmosphere had been pervaded with that odour peculiar to the bush.

But now all was different. Life gradually became quiet as the lengthening shadows merged into semi-darkness, and even the continuous machine-like sound of the locusts decreased in volume till at length the few lingering ones were forced to silence their noise for lack of supporters.

I had been in the bush three days alone, yet I was not lonely. The birds were my friends and my dog was my faith-

ful companion. During the day I would tramp on steadily, for I hoped to reach home the next afternoon; at night I would build a fire in an open space and rest my weary limbs. But this night I lay awake thinking, dreaming, and watching the twinkle of a million stars.

I could see scarcely twenty yards as the flickering fire cast its lurid glare among the frightened shadows; and against the pitch black background of the forest beyond, the trunks of two tall grey gums seemed to my awed mind like two giant ghosts waiting for the moment when I should doze, to pounce on me and carry me to the land of nightmares.

As I peered into the gloom I heard the terror-striking cry of the bittern, which reminded me of bush-ranging days on the early goldfields when the call of this bird was used by these robbers and murderers as a signal to their mates.

At the sound, as if answering some clarion cry, the two ghosts faded, and in their place stood two phantom horses, mounted by men of iron hearts, each holding a pistol in his hand. The fire's glare seemed as the glare of lamps on a coach and the heavy breathing of Rover behind me changed into the snorting of the coach horses as they abruptly came to a halt.

The driver dropped the reins and threw up his arms; and out of the bush on either side there silently emerged two more riders who, with grim, masked countenances, bade the occupants alight, and robbed them of all their hard-earned valuables. This done, they as silently disappeared again, and I saw but the two horsemen in front. Slowly I became conscious that the coach was not there; my companions even had gone; but still two riders remained before my eyes. Paralysed with fear I stood staring at them.

Slowly they became less distinct, their figures became distorted, colour faded into a ghostly grey and in the places stood two trees.

The fire had not quite gone out so I packed more wood on, and arranged the billy as I saw the first dim grey light of dawn through the trees.

A WINDY DAY.

(By P. C.)

"Whew," an extra strong gust of wind caused a high top hat to sail gracefully past me and to alight in an inch or two of mud, and then to skim along, until an obliging youth stopped it, picked it up, and restored it to a rather breathless owner. It was the fourth hat I had seen become a victim to the wind since entering Sydney an hour ago.

It was windy, indeed. Dust, dust, nothing but dust, whirling about and blinding the eyes of the passers-by. It was so thick that one could not see more than a few yards in front of oneself. At last the dust began to thin, and the sight became less blurred; but the wind still kept on, blowing, it seemed to me, all ways.

Then it began to rain. And, to make matters worse, the wind was too strong to hold an umbrella. One old lady who tried to brave the elements by using one, was rewarded by finding that useful article turned inside out and herself in the arms of a young gentleman, but for whom, she would have come into violent contact with the pavement.

The wind of course made it rather cold. Then the ladies who had come out in thin blouses began to regret it, and to seek shelter. Thus the streets gradually emptied. But this could not last for ever. The wind at last began to die down. As the clouds cleared, the sun came out in all its glory. Then the shoppers reappeared. But there was still enough wind to make it cold. And many ladies regretted leaving their homes that morning.

THE MADMAN.

(By S. C. K., 2C.)

At Aboka the local weekly, "Flashlight," had arrived, and Major Gibbons, late A.I.F., seemed unusually interested. It announced in glaring headlines, the escape of a demented patient from the reception house, who was last seen heading towards Aboka.

At the dinner table the unusual news was discussed, but somewhat cut short by Jack, the Major's nephew, then on school holidays, declaring his intention of an afternoon's shooting.

Jack was unable to obtain a shot, and not improved in temper, started back, hitting the road about a mile from the farm. Here he met Bill, the farm hand, riding a hack and leading a black trotter, the pride of the Major's stable.

"Hello! Bill, where are you taking the mare?"

"Down to the blacksmith's ter git 'er shod, but gee, she's a cow ter lead."

"I'll ride if you like Bill," responded Jack. Bill was only too willing.

At first the mare resented, but soothing words and the quiet disposition of the other horse, caused her to go along without trouble.

Owing to the smith's and Bill's frequent visits to the hotel, it was nearly six before the shoes were on. Bess was impatient to be off, and seeing the hack set to a brisk canter, she adopted the new mode of going and started off in pursuit.

Suddenly a sheet of paper was blown across the road, causing the spirited beast to rear and plunge into a furious gallop with Jack hanging on for dear life. Bill, startled by the sudden tattoo of hoofs behind, just turned in time to see a horse and bare-back rider tearing away in mad career.

Jack, as he flashed by the straggling township, heard people shouting and deemed himself a worthy rival to John Gilpin.

An old grey horse, wandering aimlessly across the road received the full force of the maddened runaway on his flanks. The sudden contact with the grey, caused Bess to falter and swerve in among the trees.

Then followed for Jack never-to-be-forgotten thrills, missing tree trunks and over hanging branches by mere fractions of an inch. At last the mad ride was terminated by the mare coming to the home gate. Jack hastily dismounted, feeling sore and shaky. He decided to wait for Bill, and after five minutes had elapsed, the latter put in an appearance, rather white and frightened. Jack advised him to say nothing of the matter to anyone, and then started home. He went to bed early, but as a result of his ride, he was confined to bed, and had to lie on his stomach at that, for three days. Because of his agreement with Bill, his uncle never knew the real reason for his confinement to bed.

In the next issue of the "Flashlight," Jenkins, the lone reporter, was once more able to display his journalistic ability with further reference to the madman. It announced the recapture of the lunatic who had almost caused a sensation in the town, by riding a bare-backed and reinless horse, first through the town and then into thick timber at the same furious pace.

"From there," it added, "he must have wandered into Mr. Jobsen's barn, where he was subsequently found and recaptured."

Only Jack and Bill had possession of the real facts, and had not Jack been so sore, he would have regarded it as the joke of the year.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

(By "Spectator," III. Year.)

We are told that "man does not live by bread alone." It is the realisation of this truth which has led human nature to seek relaxation and repose in the contemplation of what Omar Khayam termed "the moving fow of magic shadow shapes."

The history of the Drama really begins in England in the century succeeding the invasion of the Normans. It is in the twelfth century that we see the Miracle Plays; and the the Morality Plays and the Interlude.

The centuries pass by, and still the Play lives on without any innovation in its conception. It is not till the beginning of the twentieth century that we see any development in the Drama and the Play. For something like seven or eight hundred years, the Drama had held its own by its appeal principally to the ears and not so much to the eyes.

But with the cinema—for to it do I refer—greater scope is given for the presentation of human nature as one finds it. It is true that in a film we may miss the living personality of some great actor or actress, but I think that this defect is almost balanced by the advantage of continuity which the film has over the stage.

Time is almost eliminated (of course in a relative sense) from the film. For instance, taking Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," the actual acting of the play would take at least two hours; film it and I suppose it could be done in at least three-quarters of the time. Why is this?

The reason is that the best film producers endeavour to eliminate titles and sub-titles breaking in upon the continuity of the series of pictures. On the stage no rational person would object to hearing Portia's oration on "The Quality of Mercy." No one would object to hearing those fine lines spoken. And yet, if the trial scene were filmed, how many persons would not be averse to watching the movements of Portia's lips until they had finished the oration. No sane film producer would film Portia during the whole of her silent oration.

It is in this respect that the stage scores over the film. But when we take the two together, we see which wields the greater influence as an educational factor for the multitude. Go into a busy Sydney street. Pick out a hundred people. How many would delight in hearing Shakespeare? Very few, judging from present day appearances. But how many would not delight in the screening of a film? Very few.

The film has its advantages and disadvantages, as has the play. But the former is a mighty force, which can be wielded for good in the interests of the multitude. The film seems to be semi-concrete in presenting the great truths of life, and it is this which counts with the person in the street.

The cinema is but another step in the evolution of the old miracle play. Man has progressed, and with him has progressed also the miracle and morality plays into the modern cinema. What will come next is for the prophet in his wisdom to say. All that we should remember is that we are in the twentieth century.

THE FIRST FIFTEEN FOOTBALLERS' DANCE.**(And the Experiences of a Beginner thereat.)**

(By S. C. K., 2C.)

I had been a bit dubious about going at first, having small knowledge of the art; but being a member of the First Fifteen, I decided that it would be poor school spirit to stay away.

Of course I took my sister, and as a result arrived at the hall, two dances late.

As we watched the couples gliding by, I wondered if the last few days' practice would stand me in good stead. When the orchestra set up a fox trot for the next dance, I decided to venture forth, and desperately swung into step. Alas! Little had I bargained for a floor as slippery as first prize in a lottery, and as a result, nearly did a back somersault several times.

At the end of that, my first dance, I was wishing I was home again. I confided wretchedly in a friend, and he, glancing furtively around, whispered eagerly in my ear, "Go and wet the soles of your boots with water; I was the same 'till a chap told me what to do." I thanked him gratefully and slipped off to the cloak room.

By the time I returned, the next dance was in full swing, and with a feeling almost akin to dismay saw my sister pass with another partner. However, taking my courage in both hands, and curious to see the effect of wetted soles I struck out with beating heart in search of one on whom to experiment. This was not a difficult task (on account of my good looks, I suppose).

Whether I was getting used to the floor, or whether the wet boots were having their desired effect, I could not tell, but I *do* know I did much better. As a matter of fact, I was able to engage in an empty pleasant chatter with my fair companion. As far as I remember, the conversation ran something like this, "The dance promises to be fairly successful," I ventured uncertainly.

"Yes, it does."

"There's just enough here to—Oh sorry, my fault" (as I managed to get out of step). "As I was saying, there's just enough present to be comfortable without making the hall crowded."

"Yes it——," she commenced, but this time we bumped into another couple and momentarily held up the whole dance.

Once again on the move, she restarted the conversation by asking me "Who is that nice little boy in the frock coat, winking at all the girls." As she had observed this interesting gentleman over my shoulder, I had to turn half round to identify him. Incidentally, I trod on her toe. This time, however, she got in

before me and politely said "I'm sorry." Having by this time gathered that she also was a beginner, I replied with equal pleasantness, "Quite all right, my fault as much as yours."

I now sighted the person in question and could not conceal a slight chuckle at the discovery.

"Oh, he's not a boy, he's one of our maths. teachers." The music stopped.

Needless to say, I enjoyed that dance, as I did the rest of the evening and I was glad it was with SOMEONE ELSE'S SISTER.

THE 1st XV. DANCE.

Some little excitement and conjecturing took place at the School when the news spread around that there was to be an innovation in the School life of the S.H.S. boys.

"A Flapper Dance." "Why, what do you mean?" "What do you do?" and such like inquiries. "Oh! just pay your sub. and ask your favourite flapper girl to accompany you to the Christ Church Hall, and dance the Two-step, Fox-trot, and the Jolly Miller waltz, with the fair one, then pass her around to your best pal at School; the dainty programmes will tell you the rest." Well, the night eventuated on the 8th September, and when the orchestra (who also were of the flapper world) struck the first chords of a popular two step Fox trot, it was one big scene of youthful smiles of happiness; when over 50 S.H.S. boys were tripping past one another, and exclamations of surprise, "Oh! By jove, did you see our Bertie doing fine with a fair girl?; my word, he has made his debut to-night with the girls, and judging by his smiles he is having a heavenly time." Then his pal, Bill, alias Fat, who also became that night, a follower of the One-step, or the pleasure of having that arm around his girl partner, securely enough, and his sunny smile, met you every time. "My word, it's great! Some of our pals will be sorry they didn't come." Our clever little Footie Captain was as good on the ballroom floor as in the football field, very quiet and guided each partner; and that inevitable smile of his told its own tale, of him having the time of his life. Ahem! Wally Smith, Spencer Ross, Alf. Underhill (our School Captain), the exponents of the fine art at Manly, caused a lot of pangs of envy amongst our boys. My word! no wonder Alf. is a success with the girls; *gee, he can dance some!* Our 6ft. 3in. Bill as beaming as ever on each one, danced well and brought a charming sister there, to look after him, too. Our John from Bondi proved himself a very capable lieutenant and succeeded in commanding the boys to do their duty to the girls before he claimed his partners, and floated off. Then Curly was there, and ably assisted in filling up gaps when a nice boy was needed to dance—he is already a

worshipper of the latest in dancing. Brucey, our baby boy, looked as he always looks, out for a good time, and he'll jolly well get it, as one hears his voice, but Bull does not earn his nick-name—being very quiet and shy in his attentions to his fair girl friend, in dancing.

Pelham brought his sister to look after his welfare and see that his clever little tricks did not get him into mischief during the merry time. One could not imagine Virgoe being a dabster at the dance; he did the light fantastic as to the manner born. So also Harvard, Swain and Olive were keen on getting in first with each dance. Rex danced like all the Manly boys, very nicely. Mainie, looking boyish and smart, soon filled his programme. Syd., only being a debutant, was very shy to get on to the game; he brought his sister to meet the merry throng of boys. Amongst the many others were Mutton, Fleming, Churchwood, Philip, Bray, Clifton, Midley, and Ted Finlay were fairy-like dancers, very much sought, everyone exclaimed on their merits as ballroom dancers. Doc. Wall, accompanied by his sister, and well he needed her, because when Berry came along and joined forces "the capps" won every time.

The prefects from the Girls' High School had a good time, and the popular master, Mr. Leaver, said it was one of the nicest functions he had attended at the S.H.S. He gave his attentions to the wall flowers (if there were any).

Supper was handed around by the boys, and when the strains of "God Save the King" were sounded at 11 p.m. there was many "Oh! Oh! What a shame; it was lovely!"

THIRD YEAR SHE CLIPSE.

(By H. M., R. S., C. T., III. Year.)

A party, under the supervision of Mr. Leaver, composed chiefly of 3rd year boys, left Sydney about 10.30 a.m. on Wednesday, 20th September, on an eventful journey to view the eclipse. Mr. Leaver's versatility soon asserted itself. He wielded the baton most ably, being supported by a mouth organ and an extraordinarily large mouth, to say nothing of five other willing, even if not musical, voices. Thus what might have been a tedious journey proved to be most enjoyable.

Having arrived at Tenterfield about 7 o'clock we breakfasted. Then we inspected the butter factory and freezing works, for which privilege we wish to express our indebtedness to the various staffs.

A tennis match with Tenterfield I.H.S. team then followed, the results of which we shall not discuss. After dining at the hotel we viewed the eclipse from an ideal spot some miles out

of town. After the four minutes of totality, previous to which H——, thinking that night was approaching, had fallen asleep, our distance runner paced us back to our quarters where several of the more fastidious of the party nearly missed the train.

Arriving back at Glen Innes about 7.30 p.m. we were met on the station by Mr. Cane, headmaster of Glen Innes H.S., and whirled to the Town Hall which was tastefully decorated with blue and gold and sky-blue and chocolate. We were then duly introduced and put at our ease by our charming hostess. A cordial welcome was then extended to us by Mr. Cane who, by the way, was formerly a master of our School, and by the Rev. A. P. Cameron. Mr. Leaver replied with a well delivered speech, in which he apologised to the Glen Innes folk for having G—— in the party.

As the hour of midnight approached we were reluctantly obliged to wend our ways home. On the following morning our stars were matched against the Glen Innes tennis players, and with the exception of the A team we suffered defeat. Later in the morning a series of athletic contests were held, all of which were carried off by our country friends. After dinner we engaged in a cricket match with disastrous results, owing perhaps, to various batsmen playing to the gallery. In the evening we were the guests at a church dance which proved to be no less enjoyable than the preceding one. For Saturday a picnic was arranged by the pupils of G.I.H.S. at the Well Rock, a picturesquely situated and secluded spot, about a mile out of town. No teachers arrived to chaperone the girls, but this was soon remedied by members of our party until lunch time, when Mr. and Mrs. Cane put in an appearance. The sumptuous repast provided by our friends, and to which we did more than justice, was then served. The afternoon passed all too quickly for the party. A storm approaching, the picnickers trudged blissfully along a railway track to the Club Hotel, where the music room had been placed at our disposal by one of our hosts where we held an impromptu sing song, which concluded a memorable and most enjoyable day. All having to leave for Sydney that night by the Brisbane Mail, our friends turned up in a body to bid us good-bye. The farewell was most touching and affectionate, colours changed hands, and the train steamed out leaving two of the party to escort the now deserted hostess home. The party reached Sydney after an uneventful journey, about 1.30 p.m. on Sunday.

And now in conclusion we wish to thank our Glen Innes friends for the cordial hospitality tendered us during our never-to-be-forgotten visit. In this connection thanks are especially due to Mr. Cane and Rev. Cameron, who devoted so much of their time and attention to arranging the details of our stay.

We look forward with enthusiasm, to seeing G.I.H.S. represented in the next Athletic meeting of the Combined High Schools Assn., and then we hope to repay, in some measure, the kindness shown us during our recent visit.

Now last, but decidedly not least, we wish to thank Mr. Leaver, who was primarily responsible for the excursion, for the lively interest he manifested in the trip. But however many miles Glen Innes may be from Room 5 it is a noticeable fact that often when a train whistle is heard, heads are raised in various parts of the room, and their owners with common accord gaze with a far-away and dreamy look in their eyes out of the windows in the direction of the station, and being brought back to earth by the realisation that it is a maths. period, sigh regretfully and go on with their work only in a half-hearted manner.

OUR FIRST PICTURE SHOW.

(By Eskay, 2C.)

Probably for the first time in the annals of the School's history, the pupils have been entertained by a picture show within the School's walls. It proved a huge success despite the fact that the expensive silvered reflecting mirror had been previously tampered with by some over-ardent amateur mechanic.

A private screening under capable hands, accompanied by lectures of personal experiences in the various countries thrown on to the screen, were greatly appreciated by the select audience. Particularly were those present, tickled by the lecturer's vivid description of his love ventures with the island beauties.

The performance proper was somewhat delayed by the manager discovering the above-mentioned disarrangement of the mirror. This caused him to nearly go into hysterics. A further delay was caused by the discovery that light was entering the room. This obstacle, however, was overcome with the able assistance of one known as Scoutmaster.

When all was ready, the lecturer "cropped" up, bringing along with him a few thousand views and photos of different countries. The boys, eyeing the healthy pile with apprehensive gaze, prepared to settle down for the night. "Another person who was extremely interested," also gained admittance, and from time to time rendered able assistance in the operator's box. Every now and then the same gentleman would venture a word or two that suggested worldly knowledge.

How long the lecturer expounded on the lazy habits of the Irish people, and the beautiful Christians in the Holy Land, the writer did not bother to record. However, when the Blarney Stone was switched on to the sheet, someone who must have been a little affected by the close atmosphere, dreamily asked

if it tasted good. Whether he was absorbed with the thought of a pair of rosy (artificial) lips, will never be more than a mere matter for conjecture.

The distant ringing of a cow bell might easily have been associated with a peaceful country scene, but the subsequent appearance of a certain mathematical genius, doomed any such illusion.

ESKAY.

JERVIS.

(By L. W. W., R.B.)

"I say, missus. Want any coal, coke or wood. The best you can get. Come on ma'am, only one an' ten a bag. Very cheap."

Old Jervis was speaking and he was endeavouring to sell some of his coal, coke and wood.

Jervis is what is termed a "nagger," pure and simple. One cannot call him a merchant, or a business man for he does not proceed to do his work in a business-like manner. If he wants anything, he nags; if he wishes you to buy something, he nags; and even if he does not want anything he nags.

He is about fifty-five and has a small stubby beard and rather long hair. The old hat that adorns his head has several holes in it. I suppose they are for his health—to let in air. His boots are always clean and his clothes are well kept. His apron looks as though it once served purpose as a carpet, and every minute I think it will fall to pieces.

Jervis can talk. On no account must I omit that fact for he beats anyone I know. I always understood that ladies won at talking contests, but Jervis would beat them all.

He calls twice a week, sometimes more, and how he imagines one can consume such a quantity of fuel, I do not know.

Summing up his general character, I must say he is honest and trustworthy, and would not cheat one out of a penny. He is courteous and is never rude to anybody. To know, he is a very decent old chap, and as far as my acquaintance goes, I like him

AN ADVENTURE.

(By L. W. W., R.B.)

The following is a little adventure I experienced when I was a youngster of eight.

An old lady, since dead, lived alone in a small cottage in our street. The rumour circulated was that she lived on "four a penny" chocolates, and we, being children, and easily impressed,

believed it. She possessed at the rear of her cottage, a small plot of land, in which all kinds of grass from six to twelve inches high, grew.

This plot of land was to be the scene of my little adventure. Three corrugated iron sheets placed in an oblong position, held one another up in the yard, as I will from now on term the plot. Why the iron stood there none of us knew, but the fact remains it was there.

A friend of mine and myself, one day looking over her back fence, thought it would be a good joke to knock over the corrugated iron. We were not courageous enough to go in, so we threw large stones, and after a few well aimed shots, with a clatter and a crash, down came the sheets. In our delight we kept our eyes glued to the scene, when, to our horror, we saw the old lady. She recognised us and we ran for our very lives.

Next day my father spoke to me. Seemingly Mrs. O—I had told my father, and I and my fellow joker had to go to the old lady's house.

She had informed my father that we had broken down her fowl-run, and this gave my friend and me the impression that she was a little simple-minded. We both spent a bad half hour, and when she threatened to send for the police we would willingly have done anything for her, to escape such a terrible calamity. The result was that she, like a good old soul, let us off, but with a condition that if we did it again she would not be so lenient.

Moral—next time, beware!

THE BITER BITTEN.

(By K. M. L., III. Year.)

Often had I tried to prove that sailing was the best of all sports and pastimes, but to no avail. She was resolute in her opinion that football prevailed above all, and no efforts of mine could shake her resolution. She admired footballers, she told me, and I tried to be a footballer, but I could not. There was only one way in which I could uphold my prestige in her eyes, and that was by taking her sailing.

Now, thought I, here is a chance to get even with her. I will show her what managing a sailing boat means, and how it takes courage and fortitude.

It was an almost perfect day with a cloudless blue sky above. Occasionally, however, small white clouds passed swiftly overhead, showing that a fairly strong breeze was blowing. When we arrived at the bay the waves were tipped with a white curly top, and having rigged the boat, and stowed away

our few belongings in the cabin, the jib was hoisted, and away we sailed.

The trip down the harbour was truly delightful, with the waves breaking over the bows, and a white foaming track behind us. I felt that Jean (for that was her name) would soon realise what sailing meant. Of course, I wanted, although I disliked doing it, to see her lying "wan and pale" as the result of the cruise. We left many other boats behind, and had quite exciting moments at times with ferries and launches in our path, for I was unwilling to lose such a fair wind.

We passed the time by probing into the mysteries of steering, at which Jean seemed to learn extremely quickly, for before the time we drew near Watson's Bay she alone was at the tiller.

And now we were drawing near the Heads, until finally we shot right outside. The breeze was now trebled in force, and the boat heeled suddenly to the wind. At this Jean seemed to be taken aback, for she clung to the weather gunwale with staring eyeballs and a wide open mouth. Truly, I was beginning to enjoy myself to the full. Gradually Jean became used to the sensation, so I reefed the sail to prevent the boat from heeling. Then I went down into the cabin to prepare dinner.

What assailed me there was a nauseating smell of new paint. This, and the not too gentle heaving of the boat produced an empty feeling in my stomach. I tightened up my belt, and immediately I felt as though my heart leapt into my mouth. An exceedingly bitter taste was there at any rate, and I need hardly say any more. My head seemed ready to burst, and I knew that I was in the deadly clutches of *mal de mer*. Where the boat was, and where it was going I knew not and cared less. Somehow I found my way to the bunk, opened the port and the door, and went to sleep.

When I awoke I found the boat stationary. Going on deck I found the sails brailed up and the anchor let down, and what surprised me most of all was Jean fishing, yes fishing, with her cheeks not "wan and pale" as I expected and like mine, but red with the hot sun. When she saw me she asked if I felt better, and if I would like something to eat.

I thanked her, and asked her how she had managed to make the boat so snug. Then she told me that she had often gone sailing with her father.

As it was now getting late, we decided to make sail and accordingly we reached our moorings an hour later, and making all snug we left for home.

And now, it is needless for me to say, I have never asked her if she thinks sailing is the best of sports, because I fear she does not. All I know is that she enjoyed that day immensely, and said she would like another, but the biter had been bitten, and I was taking no more chances, for once was enough for me to have a girl in whose company I had the misfortune to be sick, because I had never been sea-sick before, or have I been since.

BASEBALL.

The Baseball Club has had a successful season, having emerged from the competition as the holders of the Proud Shield once again. This year two teams were entered in the High Schools' Baseball competitions, whereas in former years only one team has been entered.

The first grade team went through the competition undefeated, and has achieved well-earned success. The brunt of our victories was borne especially by our consistent pitcher, K. Clayton, and McQueen at "homeplate," who formed a strong combination. Minns at third base and Agnew at short stop were the cause of many putouts, while Clayton, Agnew and Goodman, showed good ability with the club. Batting was undoubtedly our weakest point, and this default was the cause of many narrow scrapes.

This year we had the opportunity of displaying our ability in the early match to an inter-State game, when we defeated Technical High by 7—3. Three players from the first grade team were selected in the Combined High Schools' team against the University Reserves, namely Agnew, McQueen, and Clayton, the latter captaining the team.

The second grade team showed greater improvement towards the latter part of the season, and finished the season with eight wins and four losses to their credit, gaining third position in their respective competition.

The 2nd IX. were not without some good players, the best being Clements, Bailey, Randall, Gondolf and Mackenzie, the former captaining the team well. The fielding was the weakest point in this grade, but the batting was perhaps better than that of any other team in the second grade competition. With the ability existing in the second grade team, we should do well in the first grade competition again next year.

The following are the results of the first grade matches:—

S.H.S. v. Petersham, drew 12—12.

S.H.S. v. Canterbury, won 28—2.

S.H.S. v. Cleveland Street, won 12—3.

S.H.S. v. Technical, won 12—2.

S.H.S. v. Petersham, won 9—3.

S.H.S. v. Technical, won 7—3.

OFF HIS OWN BAT.

(A. G. K., R.A.)

Frank Pitt was swinging along the dusty road, bordered on either side by a green hedge which looked remarkably fresh after a heavy dew which had fallen during the night. He was returning home from cricket practice, being a member of the Middington Cricket Club, a flourishing little institution in the Eastshire Senior League, and now at the top of the competition. There was keen rivalry with the neighbouring town, Rowley, quite sporting on Middington's part, but distinctly bitter on Rowley's, which matured into a hateful grudge against Frank and his companions, the main perpetrator of this being Archibald Cuthbert Artley, the captain of the Rowley team.

Frank was thinking of the deciding match on the morrow when he was awakened from his reverie by a shrill cry for help, and having dashed through the hedge he saw a boy struggling in a placid stream nearby. In an instant he was in, and soon had him ashore. But then he gasped at the remarkable likeness the rescued one bore to himself. Certainly a close scrutiniser would not be deceived but a casual observer would have been mistaken.

He learnt that the lad had contracted an attack of cramp while bathing, and Frank, having rejected the profuse thanks showered on him, returned home.

* * * *

It was gala day at Middington.

Thousands of people had assembled at the Middington Ground; Rowley partisans mingling with Middington, exchanging cheerful witticisms and chatter. Frank was making his way to the scene of battle when a figure in blue loomed up at his side and curtly asked him to accompany him to the police station.

At the station Frank was surprised to see Artley present, but then he was informed by the Inspector that he had been seen entering Artley's residence by a policeman the night before. A statement, verified by Artley himself condemned him, and despite his expostulations that it was a fabrication of lies to get him into trouble, guilt seemed to point to him. Suddenly, there was a commotion at the door and Frank's double, the

rescued lad, burst in and was soon pouring his story into the Inspector's ears. "Last night I got into 'is 'ouse and was jest gettin' away when Artley copped me. Then there was a knock at the door and a cop asked Artley if a bloke called Pitt had been gettin' in."

"Artley said yes, but told him he'd got away. When Artley come back he let me go, but as the bloke Pitt saved my life and got blamed for something I done, because the copper mistook us, and Artley 'done the dirty' on him, I owned up. I done the robbery," he concluded ungrammatically.

* * * *

Click! Archie Artley's middle stump performed gyrations in the air and swinging his bat disconsolately he retired pavilionwards. Frank was in brilliant bowling form that afternoon, and when the Rowley innings closed, his score was 7—49 out of 123.

Frank and his chum, Tom Smith, opened for Middington, and when he was bowled for eighteen, with Frank at 26 n.o., the game looked a certainty for Middington, but then a rot set in and with seven wanted to win the last man came in and hit blindly at the first ball, which rolled past cover. "Come on!" cried Frank and they ran with the ball coming in. "Crash!" the wicket was down.

"Howzatt!" cried the field.

"Not out!" signalled the umpire and then Frank pulled a loose ball over the ropes. Middington had won, and Artley had received his just deserts as well as having his dastardly plot frustrated.

SMOKING.

(By "Old Boy.")

I am fond of music. Doubtless you wish to know what that fact has to do with the title of this article. Listen. One night I went to see that tuneful and entertaining musical comedy, "The Belle of New York." In it, one of the leading characters is an old hypocrite called Bronson. He is the leader of a band of ostentatious reformers who call themselves "The Anti-Cigarette Brigade." Their futile antics amused me very much and I was still smiling about them next day when I happened to pick up an interesting article on "Soothing Drugs." Let me quote a passage from it:—"Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the effects of a moderate use of tobacco, there is not the slightest uncertainty as to the consequences of indulgence to excess. Derangement of the digestive organs, disease of the stomach and liver, a morbid condition of the nervous system, paralysis, and even death, have been caused by the immoderate

use of tobacco. All persons whose constitutions are immature or delicate suffer more than the full-grown or robust; but all need to be warned against over indulgence. The young, in particular, should shun tobacco, for they cannot feel the craving which urges older people to seek in it a solace in trouble, nor do they require any artificial stimulus to raise their spirits, while, on the other hand, they are most liable to feel the ill effects of its use.

"The effects of tobacco are due mainly to the action of three of its constituents. The first is a bitter oil which when swallowed produces nausea and giddiness. The second is the alkali nicotine. It is acrid and burning to the tongue, and, moreover, it is a powerful narcotic poisoning, and when a small dose is swallowed the digestive organs are completely deranged. A large quantity produces speedy death. The third dangerous constituent is a highly poisonous empyreumatic oil which causes death when taken internally. Possessing ingredients of such a deadly nature, it is easy to understand how injurious, and even fatal, the effects of tobacco smoking may be, and how necessary it is that the weed should be used with caution and moderation even by the strong and healthy. The young, the delicate, and those with whom it is found to disagree, should avoid tobacco altogether, if they desire to guard their constitutions from permanent injury."

As I read, the smile left my face. I don't smoke now.

To the Editor, *The Record*.

Sir,—Now that we have made a start with "Community Singing" in the School, would it not be a good thing to make it a permanent institution? Let us have at least one practice a week throughout the year, and a "break-up" concert once a term. We should all be brighter and happier for it, and any special occasion would always find us ready with a number of good old well-known songs to entertain our visitors.

I am, etc.,

"WALTZING MATILDA."

Mumorous Column

THAT ICE.

By W.R.

Mr. X., a very portly middle-aged gentleman, wended his way to the Central Railway Station. He was perspiring profusely.

He was going camping—a pastime of his.

He embarked on the train and seated himself, pulling a voluminous hanky from his pocket. The train slowly pulled out of the station.

"Porter!" he yelled; "give me two bobs' worth of ice!"

After a while the ice duly arrived, and the two bob paid, then—

"Porter! What parish is this?"

"Brooklyn, sir."

"Two bobs' worth of ice."

The ice again arrived, but after a while he cried for more ice. This time the porter replied:—

"Can't do it, sir. If I take any more ice off the corpse it will go bad before we reach Wingham."

Collapse of Mr. X.

PEARLS OF WISDOM.

By A.W. and C.B. (III. Year).

Be kind to fools; you may be one yourself some day.

* * * *

When some people drop a hint it is like a ton of coal coming down a chute.

* * * *

Never try to kill time; time is bound to kill you in the long run.

* * * *

If time flies, who leaves footprints on the sands of time?

* * * *

We might forgive the man who knows everything if he would only keep it to himself.

* * * *

The moon affects the tide—also the untied.

* * * *

If we are here to help others, what are the others for?

* * * *

Money is the root of all evil—if you do not happen to have any.

La vie est vaine,
 Un peu d'amour,
 Un peu de aine,
 Et puis—bonjour.
 La vie est breve,
 Un peu d'espoir,
 Un peu de reve,
 Et puis—bonsoir.



HEARD IN A COUNTRY INN.

By D.J.

The commercial traveller was in the parlour of an inn talking to the natives when he addressed them thus:

"I bet a pound to five shillings that I've the hardest name in this inn."

"Done!" answered a native. "What's your name?"

"Stone's my name," said the traveller. "Hand over the five bob."

"Garn! I'll be 'anged if I will. My name's Harder. Up with the quid."

THE REASON.

By D.J.

Two cockies, Bill and Jim, were returning home from a holiday in Sydney. On the journey one of them noticed that the other was carrying a bottle half full of water.

"What 'ave you got there, Bill?" he asked.

"Oh!" replied Bill, "my wife 'as never seen the sea, an' I'm just taking some sea-water home for her to see."

"But why ain't ye got it full, man?" asked Jim.

"Can't you use yer blimy brains?" replied Bill. "If I was to take it home full, when the blinkin' tide come up it'd break."

NO GOOD.

By J.H. (1B.)

A blackfellow was working in the city for a bricklayer, and one day, when he had just completed a very uneven and *sloping* wall, he held the plumb-bob up to see how it was. He scratched his head for a while, and then said: "By cripes, Bill, this plurry plumb-bob no good!"

THE NAUGHTY SCHOOLBOY.

By A.T. (R.D.)

(To be sung to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda.")

Once a jolly schoolboy sat by the picket fence,

Under the shade of the little gum tree;

And he said as he watched and waited till the prefect went,

Don't look behind you, dear prefect, at me.

Chorus.

Dear little water bag! Dear little water bag!

They'll all be drowned by this water bag here!

And he said as he watched and waited till the prefect went,

Don't look behind you, dear prefect, at me!

Down came a small boy to drink at that water tap,

Up jumped the schoolboy and grabbed him with glee.

And he sang as he poured the water down the small boy's neck,

There is a nice little "cooler" for thee!

Dear little water bag, etc.

Up jumped the small boy and sprang into the science room,

"You'll never catch me again," said he.

And his ghost may be seen as you pass by that science room,

So that's all the story that's been told to me.

Dear little water bag, etc.

"JOKES OLD AND NEW."

By S.B. (2A.)

Chemistry Professor: "Name three things containing starch."
 Bright Student: "Two shirts and a collar."

* * * *

There was once in an English school a master whose name was Bird. On coming into the class-room one morning he saw written on the board in large characters:—

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
 Bird thou never wert."

"Who wrote this?" demanded the master of the class. There was silence in the room until at length a small boy at the back of the class raised his hand said, "Please, sir, I think Shelley did."

* * * *

DID YOU KNOW.

That, while some problems in mechanics take "moments" to solve, others take much longer; sometimes hours?

That, although chemical salts do not become sea-sick, they at least become "basic?"

HER PASSION FOR LITERATURE.

By S.B. (2A.)

"Are you fond of literature?" asked Mr. Bowdly.

"Passionately!" Miss Tubbo replied.

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery?"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion'," he went on, "and 'Peveril of the Peak'?"

"I just dote on them!" she said.

"And Scott's Emulsion?" he said, hastily, a faint suspicion dawning upon him.

"I think," she said, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote!"

* * * *

MILDLY CYNICAL.

When women kiss each other it is merely an illustration of the natural wastefulness of their sex.

* * * *

Have you ever noticed what a lot of second-class people travel first-class?

You often read of a woman being speechless with rage, but you never see one.

* * * *

The best part of some sermons is the conclusion reached by the preacher.

* * * *

VERY THOUGHTFUL.

The burglar noiselessly opened the door of the bedroom and glided in. After a few minutes' search he turned his bull's-eye on the table, and began to collect the valuables. He had been at work one minute when the occupant of the bed awoke and said: "Sa-ay, Mr. Burglar——." But the gentleman addressed drew a revolver and, with a husky voice full of determination, said: "If you say a word or make a move I'll plug you, see?" "I beg your pardon," said the other, "I'm not anxious to be an angel yet. I only want to know where I can buy a bicycle lamp like the one you have in your hand. It's the best I've ever seen."

* * * *

Minister to Digger: "Hello, comrade."

Digger: "Who are you to call me comrade?"

Minister: "A soldier of heaven."

Digger: "Then you're a blanky long way from your unit."

* * * *

USEFUL CHILDREN.

Friend: "Your wife used to sing and play the piano. Why don't we hear her now?"

Husband: "She hasn't the time. We've got two children."

Friend: "Well, well; after all children are a blessing."

EXCHANGES.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following magazines.—

"Hermes," "The Fortian," "The Torch-Bearer," "The Graftonian," "The S. J. C.," "Hawkesbury Agricultural Journal," "Falcon," "Wesley College Chronicle," "Aurora Australis," "Royal Blue," "Quondoug," "Pioneer," "Northern Churinga," "Novacastrian," "Newingtonian," "Melbournian," "Goulburnian," "Canterbury Tales," "Blue and Gold," "The Armidalian," "Chronicle," "Port Street" (Girls).

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