

1923

SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL.



The RECORD



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Vol. XV.

No. 1.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.



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Record

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Deputy Headmaster: W. A. Moore, B.A., Dip. Ec.

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Classics: H. O. Craddock, M.A., J. W. Gibbes, B.A., O. Kelly, M.A.

Modern Languages: P. L. Murphy, B.A., J. Gibson, M.A., F. B. Jones, B.A., J. A. Snowden.

Mathematics: C. E. George, M.A., J. P. Austin, M.C., B.Sc., R. Golding, B.A., E. F. Hallinan, B.Sc., J. Leaver, B.A., L.L.B.

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

Commercial: W. A. Moore, B.A., D.Ec., H. P. Brodie, F.C.S.S.

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

Captain of the School: E. Henry.

Prefects: C. Boyd, A. Castleman, J. Churchward, N. Cunningham, G. Colefax, H. Caterson, H. E. Crabb, C. Cramp, S. Goodman, E. Henry, S. King, K. Levy, A. Llewellyn, H. Maguire, W. Mahoney, C. Robertson, C. Saunders, V. Stafford, R. Swinburn, C. Taylor, F. White.

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The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSSE."

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1923.

No. 1.

Officers.

Patron—C. R. SMITH, M.A.

Editor—J. H. SMAITH, M.A.

Sub-Editor—H. E. CRABB.

Business Manager—H. CATERSON.

Sports Editor—S. KING

Editor Old Boys' Pages—R. F. GOLLAN, B.A., Law School, Phillip-st.

EDITORIAL.

The idea of a school rowing club originated in the desire to participate in the G.P.S. regatta some years ago. The expression of such a desire caused the N.S.W. Rowing Association to consider what assistance it could give. After a discussion with representatives of the school, the President of the N.S.W.R.A., who was also President of the North Shore R.C., offered the school the use of the boat shed and boats of that club. Work was at once begun, and good progress made for several months, when the school suddenly dropped the rowing on account of difficulties arising out of the dual use of boats by club men and school boys.

The desire to take up rowing still remained but financial difficulties seemed insuperable. Meanwhile, however, it was becoming increasingly evident that the school could not maintain its position in the A.A.G.P.S. if it did not participate fully in the activities controlled by that body. The Sports Master, influenced by the keenness manifested by the boys, by the encouragement offered by the associated schools, and by the promise of assistance from Messrs. Austin and Towns, entered a school four in the next regatta.

Appeals for financial assistance have met with a most generous response from the Old Boys. Not only have they already subscribed a considerable amount, but one of them, Mr. Godfrey Smith, intends to give a concert in aid of the rowing fund, and has engaged the Conservatorium Hall for that purpose for Monday night, 12th November.

In addition, a school dance and concert are being organised, and we hope that a sum of about £200 will be available for expenditure on material etc. before the end of November.

The Glebe Rowing Club has kindly offered to house a boat for us at a nominal rental and to allow the school to train from that shed.

In the circumstances it is plain that we have no cause to complain of lack of assistance from outside. It now remains to be seen whether we can help ourselves; whether we have the ability and determination to carry this undertaking through to a successful issue; whether we are to vindicate our claim to the title of a Great Public School, or whether we are to stand forth convicted failures.

A SONG OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

(S.K.)

(For the first S.H.S. crew that will row in the next G.P.S. Regatta.)

Now you're ready, hold her steady,

Every muscle taut;

Do not jostle, for the tussle

Will be keenly fought.

Now you're rowing, keep her going,

Cleave the water through;

Now you're gaining, keep on straining,

"It is up to you."

Colours flying, friends are crying

Both from shore and boat;

Words that urge you, shouts that spur you,

'Cross the water float.

Oars are flashing, blades are splashing

Showers of silvery spray.

Swing so nicely, dip precisely,

Make the ripples play.

Now you're leading, keep her speeding,

Pull with might and main;

Never tiring, keep aspiring

Victory to gain.

The post you're passing, far out-classing

Every rival crew.

All is ended, oars suspended,

Hear the shouts for you!

THE B.L. AND D.S.

The B.L. and D.S., or, to give it its full name, the Bushville Literary and Debating Society was in full blast. To put it in better style though by no means as expressive, English, the Society had well started on its business.

This excellent institution met once a week under the chairmanship of the curate. The local Bank Manager (also Junior Clerk and office boy), Mr. Raymond, ably filled the position of Honorary Secretary. He had just read the "minutes of the previous meeting," which had been "confirmed"; and as I entered and took my customary seat in the very back of the hall the chairman arose to announce the form the evening was to take.

"Friends," said he, "the subject for this evening was to be a lecture by Mr. Hotun, on 'Things not to do in Society.' Unfortunately Mr. Hotun cannot be here." This was no news to me, for less than an hour ago I had myself taken Mr. Hotun's message to the curate.

"As is usual in such cases, gentlemen," he continued, "I have taken it upon myself to arrange a new subject. A literary evening will, I am sure, be welcome to you all. Before me I have some verse, and after it has been read, it will be open for discussion. Here are the lines.

"In the days gone by, when grass was green,
And coal was black as black,
There came one day to see his Queen
A Knight on horse's back.

'My love, I love you yet,' he cried;
'And I love you,' said she.
Then home on horse's back he hied
And dined right heartily.'

"The author's name, I might mention, is not appended."

The appreciation of this masterpiece was general, and everyone was wildly excited about it, especially the alliteration in the last line but one. Then the subject of the authorship cropped up, and a heated discussion took place, some affirming that it was the work of a modern imitator of the older writers, while others thought that it was actually the work of one of the bygone masters.

Then the editor of the local daily arose, and said it reminded him in some way of the work of Chaucer, and he believed it was a modern reproduction of some of Chaucer's own work.

At last the curate admitted that even he did not know whose work it was, and still agitated, the meeting closed.

Now, you who read this, I will reveal to you the solution of the mystery on condition that you faithfully guard the secret. Silence, while I whisper!

I wrote it myself!

J. S. P.

THE LATE DR. PORTER.

The late Dr. Edward Harvey Porter was the third son of the late Henry Porter, who was for many years a pharmacist in business at Lithgow, and who, leaving the retail, entered the service of Elliott Brothers, Limited, where he remained for about 25 years, up to the time of his death, about two years ago.

Dr. Porter had two uncles, chemists, the late Mr. Edward Porter was a pharmacist at Lakemba, and who died recently, and Mr. George Porter, who is still in business as a pharmacist at Singleton.

Dr. Porter was born at Carlton, N.S.W., in 1896. He was educated at Hurstville and Kogarah Public Schools, then at the Sydney High School, and at Sydney University, taking his M.B., Ch.M. degrees in 1921. He was then appointed to the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, and then to Royal North Shore Hospital and while filling the latter appointment he received notice of his appointment to the Brisbane General Hospital as a resident medical officer. Here he remained for 18 months and prior to leaving that hospital he became acting medical superintendent. Recently he took an appointment as locum at Maleny, about 50 miles out of Brisbane, and while there is said to have suffered from a boil which is said to have become septic. He was removed to "Ingarfield" Private Hospital, Woolloowin, but septic pneumonia set in and he died after a week's illness on July 13. Everything possible was done, but all treatment proved of no avail. His relatives were summoned from Sydney, and were with him as much as possible in such a case. The death of this promising young doctor is a great loss, not only to his widowed mother and her family, but also to his profession. He was a man of great promise, capable and accomplished, and of a high and noble character. Those who knew him as an intimate friend speak of him in the highest terms. He was an affectionate son, and devoted to his mother. He was a keen sportsman, and excelled in tennis, lacrosse and boat sailing. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and there was forecast for him a long and useful career in his profession. His death at the early age of 26 is deeply regretted.—*Australasian Pharmaceutical Notes and News.*

THE RECORD.



The late DR. E. H. PORTER.

SCHOOL NOTES.

On behalf of the School the *Record* extends a hearty welcome to Mr. Louis Stone, a member of the English staff. We are fortunate in having with us a man who has won a distinctive place in Australian literature through his novels and dramas.

* * * * *

We are delighted to say that the School concert so ably and energetically directed by Mr. Brodie was a pronounced success. As we are going to press immediately, we are compelled to postpone a full account until next issue.

* * * * *

News from Alan Watt, the 1920 Rhodes Scholar, is that he had been selected to represent Oxford in tennis (in which he represented N.S.W. against N.Z. in 1920) against the American Universities.

"YOUR TESTING TIME."

(By Philip Wood Street.)

*When failure stares you in the face, with cold and steely eyes;
When others pass you in a race and others bag the prize;
When bitter things are said of you, to ruin your renown,
By those who leap ahead of you and hit you when you're down;
When all the joys of yesternight seem fled for ever more,
And that inconstant friend, DELIGHT has turned and barred the door,
When life's no longer like a song and all its sunshine dies,
And when the selfish and the strong still seem to tyrannise.
When first they take away your friends and then your fortune too;
When all ambitions, aims and ends have vanished from your view.
When every high endeavour fails and men misunderstand,
And a wide mist of gloom prevails to hide the promised land.
When storms contend around your head, and brightness fails to shine;
Then treat it with a smile my lad, this is your testing time:
They pierced you to your very soul; they've drugged the cup you drank.
But be courageous, proud and strong, let troubles be a blank.*

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY "CHARACTER."

(Thomas Underbury, V. Year.)

A Teacher.

Is that which inhabits a staff room. He is a necessity in this great spacious School and an object of great respect. He is a good friend, but a bad enemy. His meditations are for the judgment of the slothful, and his generosity doth not beget him overmuch thanks. Detention he giveth to-day he doth not forget to-morrow, except it be in the amount thereof, which, it would seem, increaseth like ants i' the sugarbowl. He apprehends a jest by the sight of laughter, and sends the innocent to stand outside the door. The guilty only

doth he permit to stay within and learn. He expects all boys to be in place five minutes early, nor does he allow their dismissal till five minutes late. In sum, he is the very spoiler of happiness, a monopolist of wit, a scorner of originality, and a good unionist.

ODE TO THE JENOLAN CAVES.

(L. B., V. A.)

I.

*Oh, masterpiece of nature, as thou art,
Imperial Jenolan, thou dost make
Me sometimes realise the tiny part
I am of this great world, wherein I dwell.
I view thy splendours, and I realize
That could I laud them to the very skies,
Of all their charm, yet could I never tell;
For, of thy grandeur true account to take
To thee thyself we must our eyes address;
No language could thee fittingly express.*

II.

*Nature in all her forms thou dost portray,
Her grandeur, delicate beauty, gentleness,
And fury; each and all dost thou display
For men to contemplate. I gaze on thee,
And as I gaze, thy majesty and awe
It seems have ever been, and evermore
Shall be while earth shall last. It seems to me
That thou, that all of Nature dost express
In all her forms and moods so truly, wert
By God conceived, a masterpiece of art.*

III.

*Throughout thyself thy grandeur thou dost show,
In thy great, age-worn caverns, high and vast,
Telling the tale of countless ages past,
And in thy deep and mystic depths below
We see, and we are silent; 'tis the charm
Of thy solemnity, so great, so calm
Which makes us so. Man uses all his skill
To make great works. They fall, and rot away;
Whilst thou, let Time pass onward as he will,
Dost grow yet grander, rather than decay.*

IV.

*But then, is all thy beauty so?
Is it all stern and stately? No,
Else there would not be in thee
All the sweet variety
Which doth give to thee the charm
Of Nature, shown in ev'ry form.
Ev'ry cave, in ev'ry part,
Shows some other work of art;
Each one fairer, while 'tis new,
Than the last to meet the view.*

V.

*Here, a curious pillar, see,
Rises like a twisted tree;
Turn your eyes, lo! over there
Lies a heap of jewels rare.
There the curious Helictite,
Turning, twisting, left and right
Grows from out the rocky wall
Where fantastic shadows fall
Crystals gleam with silver light,
Glistening like the stars at night
When the frost is in the air;
And all of these combine to make thee wondrous fair.*

VI.

*Thou hast shown the grand, the beautiful, the curious;
Now thou show'st a different sight
Nature in her savage might
When her mood is furious
Thy tempest-torn crags tell their wild tale to me.
In fancy I see
The fierce Storm Fiend, on a thundercloud he rides,
While the tempest howls
And the thunder growls
And the rain and the hail dash against thy sounding sides.*

VII.

*Then when I go into thy far recesses,
Thy calmness and peace are so soothing to me
Lulling me softly with silent caresses,
Oh, naught else in Nature was ever like thee.
I am awed by thy grandeur, entranced by thy beauty,
Roused with thy fierceness, calmed with thy calm,
I pay thee my tribute, as is but my duty,
O Changeless creation, that Time cannot harm;
The same as thou art, evermore shalt thou be,
For all unsurpassed; quite unequalled for me.*

A ROMANCE.

(Sesame.)

Almost in all weathers is he there. And if you asked me to whom "he" refers, I would tell you to go to a certain place, not very far from one of the busiest thoroughfares of the city, where you might see him for yourself. "He" is an organ grinder, and all day long he is there, sitting upon an old camp-stool, clothed in a soldier's overcoat, and with a cap pulled well down over his ears. A small notice, suspended from his neck, informs the passer-by that he is blind; that if you help him, God will help you.

All day long he turns the handle of his small organ. All day long, the small organ gives forth to the world the tunes of old-fashioned melodies. Not the music of a master player, displaying all the technique of years of study, but merely an ordinary street organ player. I do not ask myself whence he comes, whither he

goes, but as I pass him, and as I look at his poor, sightless eyes, staring fixedly at space, I often wonder what he is thinking of; what is passing through his mind.

I have said that he is near one of the busiest parts of the city. A busy part means much noise. Sometimes the blatant notes of his instrument become almost silent, as some heavy traffic passes by. It is then that one can understand why he has his cap pulled well down over his ears. For him the world has no visual beauty. To him, all the beauty is music and meditation, by which he passes the long hours of his solitary sojourn. His organ may not please the trained ear of the musician; the tunes may become monotonous to the regular passer-by, such as I, but to him who sits there, it may be the only thing which binds him to humanity and humanity to him. Such music, which is the very breath of his soul, must not be disturbed by the commerce of man. You might say, then, that he could not bear his own music with his cap over his ears. No; I suppose he could not. But he knows it, I suppose, with every turn of the handle: he knows what notes he is playing.

Where does he live? That is it. He does not live in this world, a world of materialism; he lives in a world of thought, a spiritual world. He is the child of man—his organ is the organ of heaven, and there

“Let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic’d Quire below.”

DAWN.

(Ralph Farrell.)

*Night, sable Night,
Hastens away.
Yonder! the light
Heralds glad Day.*

*Saffron and gold
Tint the pale sky
Nature, behold!
Hymn’s melody.*

*Hail to the Dawn!
Spectres have fled,
Life is re-born,
Man comforted.*

*Hope’s aureole
Enraptures him,
Strengthened his soul
By seraphim.*

*Welcome the Dawn!
Hosannas sing!
All gloom withdrawn
Pictures Day’s Spring.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WOOD-CARVING.

(J.H.)

Wood carving in general may have charms for only a few, but the particular branch of wood-carving of which I am about to speak, seems to be popular with almost every member of our School; one has only to examine the desks and doors and black-boards to see that. Sometimes we have new blackboards installed, as happened not long ago in certain cases, but though we appreciate the extra writing space available to the teachers, we miss the old friends we have gazed on so long, not only the countless names and initials, but also the life-like portraits of some of our most respected masters, which were real works of art in their own way. We have still some fine specimens of the carver's art on desks and door-posts, but none to equal the masterpieces which used to adorn the Fifth-year black-boards. It may be some years before we have artists skilful enough in the science of wood-carving to replace those old masterpieces by new ones equally entertaining and true to life.

The carving of portraits, however, is a branch of wood-carving indulged in only by the talented few. The more humble followers of the art content themselves with carving their names, but even in this a certain artistic touch is necessary for complete success. We find large letters and small ones, deep ones and shallow ones, but it is always the neatly and carefully cut names that are most effective; large, sprawling, and uneven letters are repulsive to the eye; inordinately deep ones are an inconvenience, particularly in desks and black-boards. A real artist can make his name conspicuous merely by carving it neatly, with moderate depth and size and by setting it in a central position where it strikes the eye.

The predominance of crude and ugly pieces of work makes one think that the majority of carvers sacrifice art to having their names inscribed in a great many places. It is a pity that some people, particularly in First-year, who happen to be the fortunate possessors of pocket-knives, should monopolise whole desks with their own careless and often ugly inscriptions, to the exclusion of others whose superior skill makes them more worthy of space in which to carve their names. How much better it would be for each to carve his name once, and once only, in his desk, and to take a pride in making that one name excel the others about it in neatness and artistic beauty. It may be said that practice is needed to attain perfection in this art, but I would suggest that those who desire to excel should practice on the side-boards and tables at home, rather than use up valuable space at School with their atrocities.

Particularly to be condemned are those who disfigure their desks with meaningless and hideous carvings, sometimes digging deep holes in them, or cutting off the corners; it is such persons as these who make wood-carving unpopular with the authorities, for whereas neatly carved initials are rather an embellishment than otherwise, these hideous atrocities are at all times an eyesore, and they are also destructive. No doubt, it is only natural for the possessor of a knife to assist his meditations during a Latin lesson by chopping up his desk—the writer used to do so himself, in First and Second year, since when he has not had the good fortune to possess a pocket-knife—but in the interests of wood-carving as one of the fine arts, I would urge upon such persons the necessity of restraining themselves as much as possible.

I would further emphasise the advisability of leaving black-boards alone, unless you should happen to be particularly expert in the art. Black-boards should be reserved for masterpieces only, and it should be only masters of the craft, particularly persons experienced in portrait carving, who attempt to make use of such valuable space.

ESSAY OF DUSTERS.

(R.M.C.)

It is an innate characteristic of Sydney High School that it should lack dusters. Were a chance visitor to seek further than that "sanctum sanctorum," that shrine of authority vulgarly renowned as "the Office," he could not but notice the number of hollow-cheeked students wearily wandering from door to door. He could not but notice the air of despair worn by the great majority of those wanderers as though they were in search of something, but had realised the utter hopelessness and elusiveness of their El Dorado. And, if he were to linger until the end of a period, he would be blind, were he not amazed by the wonderful effect of the official bell, and did not wonder at the magic of the sound which could dispel that look of despair from their faces, and could so brighten those drooping eyes. If he enquired, he would learn that the cause of all this disturbance was the search for dusters.

It is a strange thing. We can quite understand the saying that food and water are a thousand times more precious than gold—though many people seem to prefer the latter—but how it is, and it is so, that a contraption of felt and wood, or, as is more common, a strip of rag, inspires searchings and strivings worthy to be expended in seeking the precious metal, is ever a source of wonder to us. And yet, the lives of many youths—

that period which older sages so continually declare to be the wine of life—are often made miserable for the space of some half-hour by the search for this insignificant piece of cloth. Strange, that knowledge, the lady of the enlightening torch, should need to descend to such a low level as a duster!

And so, this fruitless and heart-breaking search goes on, day after day, year after year, and shall continue till black-boards and chalk are no more. How often is the poor master almost driven to drink by the block-headedness and opposition to knowledge of his unappreciative herd, interrupted and helped on in his path to destruction, by the insertion through the doorway of a woe-begone and despairing face, with a small boy attached, who sadly and hopelessly asks: "Please, sir, could you lend me a duster?" And how often has that now entirely distracted master exploded, helplessly gasping: "Dusters! If I——!!——" But the small boy has fled far, to tremblingly beard some other master in his den.

Weird and wonderful tales are told in whispers and with bated breath, of the fate which has befallen those in search of the elusive duster—of him who, after a long and fruitless search, had ever afterwards continued to open doors, and wearily enquire for a duster. And the like. But the authority for that report seems to be as mythical as the victim himself.

But there is good ground for believing the story of him who, having carelessly left an overcoat behind him at school returned next day to find that sorry garment in tatters! It had been deprived of its lining with a pen-knife. Report said that that pen-knife belonged to a certain master, noted for a propensity for collecting dusters—so valuable are they.

This lamentable lack of dusters has caused much undeserved suffering. The meek and unoffending writer once greatly annoyed the sorely tried master by the application of news-paper to a black-board. The resultant sound closely resembled the music of an unoiled gate—and brought down upon the well-meaning boy the wrath of the gods, and of injured nerves. However, he has survived to afflict that master for some time yet. Were he M. Jourdain's Maitre de Philosophie, he would compose a "satire du style de Juvénal, qui le déchirait de la belle façon." However, he isn't, and if the aforesaid master will award the injured one high marks for his Latin prose, the latter will consider forgiveness.

Someday, perhaps, dusters will be supplied. So will the North Shore Bridge. And when they are, lovers of things old and established, will mourn the good old days of dusters and ferry-boats, and rue the time, when modern innovations have destroyed even more of the romance and excitement of life, and we are hastened on to being well-oiled machines.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

(J.G.)

Since the last issue of the Magazine our Debating Society has had many successful meetings. After our win in the second debate with Fort Street, we approached our first G.P.S. contest with considerable confidence. Nor were our hopes belied. After a most interesting discussion and a hard fight on the part of the opposing teams we carried off the laurels from St. Ignatius. In spite of the distance and late hour of return it was gratifying to find such a fine roll-up of our own boys. Our efforts were repaid, not only by victory, but also by the hearty welcome we received at Riverview. Although the subject "That the slogan to ensure peace, prepare for war, is fundamentally false" was one which we had threshed out on several occasions from both the affirmative and negative points of view, our opponents succeeded in bringing to the mill a good deal of fresh grist, which, however, was soon demolished by the crushing reply of our leader, Macguire.

Owing to an unavoidable change in the date of our meeting with Riverview, only a short time elapsed between our first and second G.P.S. debates. Thus our preparation for the second debate was somewhat hasty. This time we had to tackle the subject, "That the white races have no right to dispossess inferior races of their territories." Our opponents were "Grammar," and we had the affirmative. Since their first meeting with Riverview "Grammar" had improved very considerably, and in spite of the best efforts of our three speakers, Maguire, Collings and Crabb, the debate was won by the opposing team. At "Grammar" we spent a very pleasant evening. Disappointment at our defeat was almost mollified by the courteous and sportsmanlike demeanour of our opponents. We wished them success in their final debate with "Scots" and gracefully retired from the contest to await the fray of the coming year.

After the G.P.S. debates we decided to keep interest in our Society awake by admitting Third Year to our deliberations, and by challenging some of the other High Schools. The admission of Third Year revealed to us several new speakers of promise, among whom were Buchanan, Eisenberg, and Butler. With the Technical High School we had a friendly debate on the subject that "The Northern Territory be handed over to the Japanese in return for payment of the Australian National debt." In this debate we had a new speaker, Sachs, who acquitted himself with much credit, and showed considerable promise for next year. As the Technical School had not had as much practice as we, they were at a disadvantage, and by the unanimous decision of the judges we were declared the victors. We are hoping to have debates with

other High Schools in the near future. Perhaps a High Schools' Debating Society and an Inter-High Schools' Competition might be formed next year.

Meanwhile our debates take on a very different aspect. Now, forsooth, we have to debate with the examiners; but, alas! it is no debate, for they brook no reply. We must catch winged victory at one fell swoop or not at all. Even at the eleventh hour we may have one or two debates to get us into form for next year. Fourth Year must manage these, for theirs is the path of ease till they reach the highest rung of the ladder in the coming year.

Before closing our report of the Debating World, we must thank Mr. Denehy, of the Technical High School, for his very able lecture on Celtic Literature. Some of us, it is to be feared, are not yet quite mature enough for such good things, but we hope to grow to literary appreciation by and by.

We close with an appeal for greater interest in our Society. Debating is not a sport, but, apart from being an interesting pastime, it is a valuable training for life after school in various professions, or in the domain of politics. Let us make up our minds to have a large and active Society next year. Third and Fourth year pupils get ready! File your notes! Summon up your oratorical abilities! and prepare to fight the intellectual and political battles of next year's Debating Society.

NIGHTFALL.

(C.C., V.A.)

The sun had already dropped below the hills, and the cloud-streaked western sky was changed into pure shining gold. The birds, as though breathless in admiration, had ceased their busy chattering, and the bush was left in silence. At the bottom of the slope lay the creek, unruffled by the faintest breath; and across the waters, a hundred yards away, the rising hills were slowly becoming silhouetted, as the light faded into semi-darkness. Near by, under an overhanging branch, floated a mass of broken twigs and fallen leaves. Further up the stream the stranded mangroves were being noiselessly covered again by the stealthy tide; while, around the shore of the little inlet, the trees cast their crooked shadows in the level water, where they waved and bowed as the swell of the tide passed silently by.

Down the stream passed the faintest breath of the night breeze, bidding all creatures rest, while the shadows stealthily crept away, leaving a scene of dreamy silence, broken only by the occasional ominous cry of the curlew, or the gentle lap of the wavelets on the beach and the soft sound as they went sliding up the sand.

The fading light was nearly gone, and the golden clouds had flown away.

A lonely star peeped forth. The hills were dark, and silent. It was night.

THE POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

(Ralus.)

*I hail not him who sings of love,
And calls down blessings from above
On all the earth;
Who praises rank, and pride, and pow'r,
And Gold and worldly wealth each hour,
And all the're worth.
But him I hail who all his life,
Tells of the petty cares and strife
That do beset us;
Of want and poverty and worse
That sully this fair universe
With their Foul fetters.
Who cares not for the marks of fame
That those who loving not his name
But ill accord him;
Who for himself doth make no plan,
But works and toils for good of man
May God reward him.*

MISS MAC'S COLUMN.

In this month of April we honour our glorious heroes and give more than a passing remembrance of their sacrifice, that we might live. There is one of our soldier boys whose name will each year be honoured at the School, "Johnny Cross." The following letter was written to me in recognition of a little gift for him from his pals. It was a suede leather letter and money wallet, the School Shield (miniature) in silver, with ribbon of silver, inscribed letters being: "From his pals at S.H.S., 1913-16," on the lappet, and an autograph letter:

Hurdcott, 29/5/'17.

My Dear Old Pard,—

You can't imagine how happy I am at the present moment after receiving that very handsome token of esteem from you and the lads of dear old "School."

You know I'm a bad hand at expressing my feelings, but I thank you all most sincerely for your goodwill towards me, and appreciate the present from the bottom of my poor heart; and it will always wake up such dear memories. Dinkum, Miss Mac., words fail me, but suffice it is to say, that when I part with that wallet my spirit will part from this body—dinkum!

Forgive the sentiment, please; I would also like you to convey my deepest regrets to all the good old cobbers that I was unable to see them before leaving. It grieved me immensely to go so suddenly, but you know how anxious I was to get away. Glad to hear that Les and Alec are on their way. I hope to be well in France by the time you get this, "dodging lead," not swinging it. Please forgive this short letter, dear heart, but give fondest remembrances to all the dear lads at School, and love to your dear self.—From

JOHNNY.

It may prove of interest to the S.H.S. boys to know that John enlisted after he had sat for the Leaving Certificate, 1916—sailed Jan. 17. His mother never received the wallet mentioned or autograph letter, the Base Records stating "forwarded"; the only conclusion being that they were on one of the many ships sunk at the time it was despatched to Australia.

Now for some news of the other A.I.F. boys, who were spared to return and take up "Life's Toil."

It may prove of interest to each of the others what objectives they have taken or gained in business and professions.

Start with our famous Rhodes Scholar, Captain Southie, principal, Hawkesbury College.

Lieut. Wheen (Skin) at Oxford, carrying on the good work.

Lieut. Kershaw (Ray), France.

Dr. Don. McCredie, Medical Staff, Prince Alfred Hospital.
Sgt. Claud Henry, dentist at Brisbane.

Sgt. Fred Wootten has been removed to "Dubbo" after being on the staff of teachers at his old School, "The Sydney High."

Lieut. Claud Fuller, M.M., B.E., has finished his Engineering course at 'Varsity.

These three soldiers were in the 55th Batt. throughout the war, and strange, all were severely wounded.

Jimmy Garner, Alec. Gray, Les. Claremont, Eric Henry, are in their last year of Medicine.

Stan Robertson is meeting with success at banana growing at Lismore.

Bill Sherwood is doing well at the "Surveying."

Ron Wheen, who is a brother to "Skin" Wheen, is on the land far out of Bathurst.

Ralph Carter is now a chemist at "Gordon" (North Shore Line).

Mac. Cameron is at the Forest Survey camp.

MacCulloch (big Mac.) is now taking on wool classing as a side line.

Bill, Ron, Ralph, MacCain and MacCulloch spent their war service in putting Johnny Turk in his place, and all had a rough run in Egypt at all times for upwards of three years.

Ian Muir, having gained his objective honours, is now in a position as assistant to Mr. Douglass, B.D.S., of Dubbo, where he has been since December.

All our Old Boys remember our famous athletic twins, "Victor" and "Fairlie" Paterson. The former is in business at Leura; the latter is trying accountancy at Lismore.

A. W. Brand, "Dick," is well set at the H.M. Customs.

Ray Cooney is draftsman, the Engineering Branch, Tramway Department.

Jack Oag (brother Ash), following his father's footsteps, architect and builder, at Balmain.

Cecil Willmott (Willy) is now lucky enough to add B.E., and may be seen at the Australian General Electrical Co.

Johnnie Reeves, after being at the Teachers' Training College, gave up the arduous work to enter his father's business.

H. L. McLoskey (little Mac.) combines Law and a coaching college for intending 'Varsity students.

Trevor Henry is now on the staff of Messrs. Slade, Brown and Bloomfield, estate agents, etc., and may be consulted on property buying or estate managing.

Harry Alexander is in the clerical branch of Tooth and Co. Ltd.

George C. Ludwigsen is doing accountancy with a relative's firm in Sydney.

Mario Perryman is in a shipping office.

Harold Kershaw is well set now at his nurseries, "Briarside," Billyard Avenue, Wahroonga, cultivating the beautiful flowers their name is famed for.

Now for news of other Old Boys who have completed their different courses at the 'Varsity, and are ready and willing to take on S.H.S. pals as patients; each ought to be successful at his chosen profession for they say the S.H.S. students are by far the smartest—time will tell.

Dr. Archie Cunningham is now at Women's Hospital. One of the staff advisers.

By the last list, the S.H.S. boys were very well treated by the examiners, adding about six or more to the medical profession. You may consult now Drs. Bob Back, Frank McCredie, Eric Murphy, Bert Carroll, Walters, George Macdonald.

Last examination in Dentistry our friend, Bill Byrne (who is Dr. John Byrnes' brother), has been more than successful in his new appointment. He was offered a position of managing a Mr. Maclean's practice at Charleville, Queensland, for six months, expenses paid over, and good salary, whilst Mr. Maclean is doing the surrounding districts. If they mutually agree, he will remain longer. Should any Old Boy like to get in touch with him, he will be very grateful. Address: Hotel Norman.

In the same list was Ian Muir, also successful in gaining his degree.

Frank Bradhurst, who has been attending evening lectures on his chosen profession, Industrial Chemistry, at the Technical College, has gained his Diploma Certificate, and is now Associate, Technical College, otherwise, A.T.C.

George Pike was also successful, and kept pace with Frank. They were both athletes in the various line of sports.

Reg Hessian and R. Campbell hope to gain their honours this year. They too are Old Boys. Campbell is in the Electrical side of the game, and Reg. in the Railway.

Dr. George Thompson (Tomo), has left the staff at Prince Alfred Hospital and is "somewhere" north of Queensland. They say that the Northern Territory of Queensland is the happy hunting ground for young medicos.

Arthur Harrison, B.E., is the Shire Engineer at Canterbury.

More! Anon—space limited.

Ray Kershaw has completed his term as "Rhodes Scholar" at Oxford, gaining B.A., B.Litt., and was then commissioned by the "Clarendon Press" to revise and add to a History of Australia. This work completed, he was then offered and accepted a scholarship of 8000 francs, tenable at Paris University. He expects to be there until the end of the year. This French scholarship is offered to one Australian student at the English Universities each year.

Two very popular masters of the Sydney High School (Messrs. J. Leaver and H. W. Moffatt) were the recipients of a little memento from the boys at a dance given in the Christ Church Hall. The IV. year boys of years 1921-22-23 had the able assistance of Stan Martin and their friend Miss Mac. The form of presentation was the School Shield and Motto, in silver, mounted on oak, handed over to them by Fairy Joy Andrews, after a few well-chosen words from the Headmaster (Mr. C. Smith).

Both gentlemen feelingly responded.

A few remarks from the Captains of the School for each year, S. Burt, A. Underhill and E. Henry, were received with enthusiasm.

The best of music was supplied by Cliff Cleary and Herbert Green. Amongst those present were A. Emanuel, Frank and Togo Salmon, A. Pelham, Norman Parberry, Wally Smith, Bill Norman, Jack Davies, John Clark, Alan Newton, Francis Grill, Alan Ginns, Bill Liebermann, J. Isaacs, Stan Martin, Arthur Beresford, Douglas Clifton, Harold Hardy, Norman Mainwaring, Alan Willsford, Bobby Bruce, J. Churchward, Alf Underhill, Selby Burt, Ernie Henry, Bob Swinburne, H. Johnson, and others, accompanied by their fair young friends, the girls.

Regret will be felt by many of the Old Boys of the S.H.S. at the early death of one, Dr. Harvey Porter, familiarly known as "Ted," in Queensland Hospital. After taking his degree he was for a short time at the North Shore Hospital with an S.H.S. Old Boy, Dr. Douglas Corleson, thence passing on to Brisbane.

The 1st XV. Football teams of 1921-22-23 combined with the present boys in having a dance last August at Christ Church Hall. The guests of the evening were: The Headmaster (Mr. C. R. Smith), Messrs. Moffitt and Leaver, the Captain and Prefects of the Girls' High School. The Committee, Ern Henry, Stanley Martin, Norm Mainwaring, Bob Swinburne, with Miss Mac, attended to the comforts of the many happy guests. Messrs. Cliff Cleary and Herbert Green (old boys) supplied an artistic programme of music. During the interval Mr. Smith presented Messrs. Moffitt and Leaver with a token of affectionate regard from the boys of those years, the School Shield, in silver, mounted on oak in plaque fashion, suitably inscribed.

In very happy vein the recipients voiced their thanks. Then the Headmaster called on the Captains of the School 1921-22-23. Burt, Underhill, and Henry added a few well-chosed words. Those present were J. Clarke, Syd King, N. Parberry, A. Newton, W. Smith, Allen Wiltford, A. Beresford, Bill Lieberman, Jack Davies, Alan Grimes, Harold Hardy and others.

FIFTH YEAR DANCE.

To augment the funds of the proposed Rowing Club, the Captain of the S.H.S., Ern Henry, ably assisted by Stan Martin, John Churchward, Bob Swinburne, Norm Mainwaring, Syd King, Harold Caterson, organised a dance, which was held at the "Burlington Cafe," September 24th, 1923. Messrs. Cliff Cleary, Herb

Green, were again happy in their selections of music for the programme. The ball-room was made more attractive by the School flags and streamers. Amongst those who were present were many old boys, George Stenning, Bill Lieberman, Bobby Bruce, Ken Robinson, V. Stafford, F. White, Bill Moran, Alan O'Neil, Syd King, Alan Newton, John Clarke, Selby Burt, Colin Robertson, John Churchward, Norm Mainwaring, Caterson and many others. The Prefects of the Girls' High School were fair rivals with the other young ladies for our popular dancers from the School.

A CRY FROM SECOND YEAR.

(B.M.)

Every schoolboy ought to have school "spirit." What I mean by that is, he should think his school is the best school. Don't say, "Oh, I know we'll get beaten at the football match"; but "we're sure to win." That is school spirit. Join in all the school features, athletics, carnivals, etc., even if you think you haven't a chance. Do it for the wellbeing of the school. Don't be selfish just because you can't run or swim, say, "let the carnivals go to pot!" Join in them all: be a sport. That is spirit.

The well known lines

"The spirit of our dear old school
Upon our hearts its spell hath cast."

show us the need of spirit.

The school is old, but values its honour and fame of the past. We have something to be proud of. Inside these old walls of ours much worthy school history has been made. What made that fame? Spirit.

The boys of the past entered into the sports, and won, and broke records, and made fame! Now it is up to every boy to uphold that fame.

If every boy shows some spirit, the school will progress very well and not

"Be ashamed to come in last,"

if that does happen.

Boys who don't play football ought to be out crying "School! School!" and encouraging those who do play. Even when the match is highly in favour of the opposing team, don't hide your face and badge, keep calling "School! School!" and go home proud

to fly your colours and proud of the gallant spirit the footballers had in sticking at the game. That is school spirit!

Though our school has been severely beaten the latter years in the G.P.S. Competition, we have shown school spirit. We thought of dropping out. Why did we not? Because school spirit shamed us to do so. We should have been scorned by other schools as "cocky of being licked," and so forth.

"In sport we strive with might and main,
To make the struggle keen and fast."

And

"Although we haven't won the shield,
We're tryers all the same."

ought to ring through every boy's brain as he is returning from a football match, though beaten.

It is a manly spirit also that a boy needs. If he goes in for boxing, it is no use crying when he is hit. He should get up and land one back as hard as he can. Be a man! Play the game!

No matter how many times you are beaten, keep on battling, and you will pull through after all. Build a manly spirit for yourself and a manly frame, fearing nothing, beaten by nothing, and facing everything. That is manly spirit.

THE HEIGHT OF OPTIMISM.

(Spectator, V. Year.)

It had been a cold day, and work in the class-rooms had sharpened the appetites of the scholars. Consequently, there was more than the usual rush for the tuck-shop when half-past twelve came. No one who witnessed the rush will forget it. Within a few minutes the tuck-shop, which previously had displayed its plenty to the hungry eyes of boys, had become bare, but still there was a throng about the counter, clamouring for what was not there.

It might be pardoned in a first year boy for not knowing the emptiness of the shop after the first rush, but such ignorance is unpardonable in a fifth year student. Incidentally, it illustrates the vein of optimism that runs in the Senior class. This student, late through prefectorial obligations, no doubt, calmly strolled up to the shop, and in a voice of hungry anticipation calmly asked for an apple pie!

In the opinion of those who heard him, it was the height of optimism.

ATTEND TO YOUR HEALTH.

(By "Old Boy.")

When I was at school many years ago, our class, one morning, read a story about a very wealthy lady who owned many castles and ships.

One day this lady took it into her head to order the captain of one of her ships to sail away to a distant land and bring her back a cargo of the most precious thing in the world. Now, we were all curious to know what the captain would look for, so our teacher asked each boy to give his opinion as to what is the most precious thing one can possess in this world. The replies, naturally, were varied. Some said "Gold," others said "Diamonds," "Wheat," "Sleep," etc., but the teacher agreed with none until he heard the unexpected opinion of "Skinny" Manders (who was known as the Tuck-shop's "White Hope" on account of the huge quantities of sweets and pastry he daily consumed). And what do you think pale-faced "Skinny" replied? Quite solemnly he declared: "Good health is the finest thing on earth!" Of course, we all burst out laughing, but the teacher, taking the matter seriously, devoted the rest of the lesson to a talk on Health. Here are some of the most striking things he said:—

(a) "Be sure you have eight hours of dreamless sleep every night." (b) "Keep a good tooth-brush and use it freely and energetically." (c) "Bath yourself thoroughly every day." (d) "Always carry a clean handkerchief and make good use of it, even though you do not urgently feel the need to do so." (e) "A cold in the head is almost invariably a sign of catarrhal trouble, originating in the stomach, and caused by wrong eating." (f) "The state of your health depends mainly upon the quality and quantity of the air and food you take into your system." (g) "Drink only one thing—pure water; if you break this rule, let it be by drinking raw milk which you know has come from a healthy local herd." (h) "Tea and coffee, like tobacco, are merely poisons." (i) "Use raw foods as much as possible: all fruits and nearly all vegetables worth eating can be taken uncooked, and Mother Nature never wished that her children should lower the tone of their system by allowing heat to destroy the nutriment she provides." (j) "Never eat white flour—and give the best part of the wheat to animals in the form of bran and pollard." (k) "Eat sparingly of fresh foods." (l) "Never eat cane sugar in any form; it is the mother of catarrh and colds and, like all other crude vegetable sugars, can be assimilated only by the stomach of an animal." (m) "Do not drink with your meals, but masticate every mouthful until there is no taste

left in it, and always take a light breakfast, preferably one of fruit." (n) "Tomatoes and onions are heavily charged with oxalic acid which readily sets up kidney trouble." (o) "Indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis, Bright's disease, catarrh and all the other common ailments are caused by unsuitable foods."

(p) "The human system has wonderful reserves of force, and can often resist ill-treatment for a very long time; but as sure as sunrise, it will eventually give way before persistent attacks, and the period of recovery (or rather of partial recovery) is slow and uncomfortable."

From my own experience, I know this last sentence to be full of truth; so, boys, whilst you are young, acquire some habits of living, and when you have grown up you will be free from the myriad maladies which at present afflict us chiefly because we prefer the empty pleasure to be derived from a tickled palate to the real joy of a body bounding with natural vigour.

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

(A.T.L., E.S.T., V. Year.)

The present St. Andrew's Cathedral owes its design to Bishop Selwyn, who at the opportune moment decided the controversy which had long been raging as to whether the building should be modelled on St. Mary's Church at Oxford, or on a later design with two towers, suggested by several prominent churchmen, who said that a tower at the west end was a thing unknown in England. But the credit of originating the idea of the Cathedral must be given to Governor Macquarie.

The style of architecture is the perpendicular or the last stage of true Gothic, which was at its best in England about the year 1500. The building, from the western front, presents a noble appearance with its two Gothic towers, each 130 feet high.

Entering the western door, we pass the font on our left, and proceed down the nave. This, together with the chancel, and the choir, form a continuous structure, 157 feet in length, divided into nine bays by the clerestory arcade. The total width of the structure is 61 feet. The east window is composed of 21 compartments, depicting scenes from the life of Christ, while the west window contains the figures of 19 saints. There are 21 clerestory windows. The six pillars which make up the nave, bear the names and designations of the six Bishops of Australasia of the year 1850. In the gallery of the south transept is a magnificent organ. In the north aisle of the choir stands an altar tomb as a memorial to Bishop Broughton, which is surmounted by a stone effigy.

Standing in the body of the Cathedral one experiences a feeling almost amounting to awe, and when the grand tones of the organ resound in the vaulted ceiling, we are reminded of the words of "the immortal blind bard."

But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embomed roof,
With antique pillars, massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And as the sweet strains of music die away and we once more pass into the outer world with all its rush and bustle, it seems hardly possible that in the midst of such a busy scene, there could be a place of such peace and quiet; a veritable haven from the storm of the city, and we are glad to have experienced for those few brief moments, that atmosphere of "solemn beauty."

CLASS NOTES.

5A.—Once more 5A is called upon to give an account of itself. Nor is it chary about doing so, for its activities have been compatible with the traditions of a senior class.

The once "far-off divine event" is now no longer in the distance; it is close at hand. Already we have had a premonition of its proximity, in the shape of a welcome accorded to its twin-brother, the Yearly Examination. It has been a refiner's fire. Not only has it refined, but it has also illuminated. Only a few weeks elapse between the writing of these notes and the time when we shall be in the iron grasp of the examiners. We pray to the "dii immortales" for success, for we realize that the examination marks the consummation of a five years' course.

It has been said that "laborare est orare." 5A has taken this maxim to its heart, and within the precincts of No. 1 room may be seen many industrious students poring over dusty tomes.

Life, however, is not all work. 5A has its appointed place in the world of sport. Swinburn, for instance, won distinction in

the recent Athletic Carnival, as will be seen in the Athletic Report on another page.

Needless to say, however, the greater part of our time is concentrated upon study, for we realize that sport, excellent in its own way, does not get one through the Leaving.

One word more. By the time the next issue of the *Record* appears, all will be over. 5A will have gone out to battle with courage in its heart, and as the Dauntless Three, in ancient Roman times kept at bay superior forces, so it trusts that, in conjunction with its brother 5B, it may keep at bay the superior forces of the examiners.

4A.—Once again we greet you all! We are still compact, but not so compact, having lost one of our classmates, E. Hook. We wish him success in his position. Last Bank Holiday we were visited by an old friend, "Ticky" Gray, whom we were all glad to see.

We all wish Virgil had taken the place of Aeneas in his little pleasure jaunt (see Virgil, book VI.), and had taken with him a few other Latin authors and writers of Latin prose works, and had stayed there.

After a long sustained struggle we fought our way through "Le Roman D'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" (cloth cover, 3/6). We think the title should have read "Le Roman D'un Jeune Homme.—Pauvre." We have also been informed that any laddy who does not know the notes in his little French book will not do well in the coming half-yearly. For the benefit of some of our budding scientists we must say that the privilege of coming to class six minutes late applies only to teachers.

Under the supervision of our English teacher, we are preparing a piece for Mr. H. P. Brodie's entertainment. Our "tame lion" is calculated to bring down the house.

The History section wish to record their appreciation of the kindness of their master in allowing them, some time ago, to take their lessons in the sunshine, which was so pleasant.

We are considering the advisability of putting a brass plate on our door. We think that "4A, Volley-ball Specialists," would look very well.

In conclusion, we wish all who are to shortly undergo ordeal by examination, the best of luck.

4B.—With the approach of the last term we are just beginning to realise that another of our precious school years has slipped by. However, thoughts of the yearly examination now close at hand are sufficient to oust sentimental thought and bring us back to reality.

Since last issue, we have made the acquaintance of "Old Abe," and our contribution to the "Vagabond's Revue," in aid of the Rowing Club, was a scene from that play. "Cato," as General Grant, eventually fought his way to victory, while K——, taking the part of a condemned soldier, reprieved by Lincoln, had no difficulty in breaking down at the emotional scene. He probably had stored it up from the time of first facing the audience. Some pessimistic members of our very Amateur Dramatic Society, thought the play would be a failure, so they dropped out.

In the recent Athletic Carnival we furthered a reputation that has been the envy of every class. Weatherstone, who tied for the Senior Cup, was unfortunate in not winning it. After winning the half mile, he was straight away called upon to compete in the broad jump, but the task was too much and he failed to gain a place, which at other times would have been certain. It is singular to notice that of the first five positions in both half-mile and mile, four were filled by members of this class. The closing triumph of the day came with victory in the relay. The success augurs well for the 5th year of next year.

2A.—We are still entering into sport and School affairs. Up to now, several scholars have progressed in various subjects. Others who have not been so successful, should be successful, because they have tried.

During the last football season we were not very fortunate, for we won only a few matches. Charlton was our outstanding player. The closing of the season saw both Davis and Spender still at their best. One thing to be regretted was that a full team could never be procured. We hope this will not be repeated next season.

In cricket, however, we were very successful, losing only a few matches. Both Randall and Sellors were good wicket-keepers. Humphrey's bowling was excellent, and at the conclusion of the season he had the best bowling average of the class. Randall also shaped well with the bat. Charlton improved wonderfully towards the end of the season. In fact, he is the best sportsman of the class.

Having exhausted all our news we shall conclude by wishing both teachers and scholars the best of luck.

2B.—Here we are again, demanding sufficient space in the *Record* to let the remainder of S.H.S. know that we have not faded away altogether. We certainly lost the backbone of our class in the boys who were transferred to 2A. There can be no doubt that 2A was utterly unworthy of such a gift. We still live a happy life inside room II, though sometimes our studies are inter-

rupted by really weird noises which issue from the main hall. However, nobody minds this, as long as it will help the proposed Rowing Club.

The members of 2B take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. Stone as their new English master, under whom they are already progressing favourably.

The loss of boys like Cook and Randall leaves our cricket prospects fairly gloomy, but we might find a few surprises yet. As a class, in the sports, we did no good at all, but a few of our runners showed prominence. In football, however, we were not so bad. Twelve of our members obtained positions in the 4th and 5th grades. 2B was also represented in the 3rd grade.

(?) Once more the pages of the *Record* are graced by our notes.

Our second year at Sydney High School is drawing nigh, and next year we attempt that much dreaded examination, the Intermediate.

We have not done badly in sport since last half-year.

As regards cricket and football we have supplied quite a number to the grades, and tennis claims quite a number of us.

Our performance in the Athletic Carnival was not up to scratch but that was owing to our "champions," being "between" the ages.

Singing has become popular among many of us and the talent which has been slumbering for innumerable years, has been aroused.

Some sing lustily while others play the violin.

Last half-year our class consisted of 36. This number, however, has decreased to 33.

The yearly examination is nearly upon us, and in all haste we start "fagging" for the terrible trial.

We look forward to the picnic, however, and we hope it will be as big a success as was the one last year.

Well, we must bid farewell now, and wish other 2nd year classes luck in the fast approaching examinations.

1A.—In this, our second appearance in print, we wish to say that we feel we are progressing rapidly under the able tuition of all our masters. Since the beginning of last term our class has undergone a change viewed with mixed emotions by various members of the class. We regret to announce that we have lost our inimitable comedian. We take this opportunity of congratulating de Vos on coming top of 1A at the half-yearly examination. (Well done, Vossy!)

In the athletic world, too, 1A has been, and will always be, well to the fore. In our own Athletic Carnival we won the relay race, and the tug-o'-war. A member of our class also won the under 14 years cup (N. Hall); Caldwell, of 1A, won the mile open handicap. We also won the class football competition. We have suffered a loss in the world of sport, that of Col. Robinson, a good wicket and a good sport.

1C.—For the second time we appear before the eyes of the reader, but with a bolder feeling. We have almost completed three-quarters of our first year, and during that period we have become used to the old school, and have entirely settled down for the purpose of passing our "Inter." three years hence.

Our sport has considerably improved. We have several fine athletes—Caulder, Fielder, Huxtable, and several others, who, we hope, will find a place in the School athletic sports to be held soon.

We also have several good footballers—Kelly, Alexander, Street, and Hepper, who have brilliantly displayed their talent.

Besides sport we are excellent actors, and are taking the greater part in a comic opera, which will shortly be played. He hope that it will be a success, as it specially concerns the whole School.

Our attendance shows a good record, as we have won the competition almost every week. We have also very few for detention, and as a whole, we have fared very well during our first three-quarters at Sydney High School.

R.I.S.

(R. 4AG.)

*"Beside the far Samoan shore,"
Beneath the brilliant sunset red,
A singer sweet, who sings no more,
The singer of an age lies dead.*

*His life was short, an exile he;
His call was sudden, unforeseen.
He did not grumble 'neath the yoke—
As brave a soul as e'er has been.*

*He looked beneath the ragged coat,
Beneath the beggar's rags so thin,
Into the very souls of men,
And saw the gold refined within.*

*Remorseless death knocked far too soon
For guernmore the pen is still.
"Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."*

FOOTBALL.

The past Football season is one which School supporters do not mind talking about, but which none of us wish to write about. In conversation encouraging features may be stressed and depressing facts kept in the background, but when we come to discuss the work of our teams on paper, there is lurking the ghastly truth, that the 1st XV. lost every competition match. Still, in looking back over the season, we find plenty of ground for encouragement and none justifying gloomy prognostications as to the future. To begin with, our team had to be almost entirely remade. Of those who had played in 1922, only one back and three forwards were left to us, and of the three forwards one was lost to us after the second match.

In the circumstances the fact that the team was only outclassed in three matches and that it put up really close games in the other four, is distinctly a subject for congratulation.

In resolution, keenness and general knowledge of the game the team was certainly not inferior to last year's XV., but we missed the nip and dash of the inside backs of 1922. The total scores against us (155 points), are the same as in that year, but the scores for us shew a falling off, being only 41 as against 68. The 2nd XV. entered the competition for the first time, and did not do badly. Their solitary point was gained by drawing with N.C., but they played good football on other occasions, notably against Scots. They had more than their fair share of casualties, and were frequently depleted to reinforce the Firsts, but the men on whom the bulk of the work fell stuck to their guns in fine style.

When we consider that about eight of the 1st XV. should be with us next year, and the experience gained by the seconds in the past season, we feel justified in prophesying that 1924 will see us with a really good team in the field.

Of the lower teams, the 3rd XV. was as bad as usual, but has brought out one or two men who should be useful to us in the future.

The 4th and 5th XV.'s played really good football, and if their members will only stay at the School and grow, our prospects for the next three years look bright.

Members of these teams played matches both at Riverview and Grammar, winning the first by 30—0, and drawing the second match 3 all.

S.H.S. v. N.C.

For the third consecutive year, we met Newington in the wet. On this occasion, High put up a better fight against the heavy team than it has done for years.

From the kick-off School were the aggressors, and from a scrum in Newington's twenty-five, King secured, and cutting through scored.—S.H.S. 3, N.C. 0.

The kick at goal failed. High continued to press, and from a penalty, King added three points. S.H.S. 6, N.C. 0.

Newington's heavy forwards now began to use their superior weight to advantage, but were unable to score owing to the stubborn resistance of our pack. Their first score came from a penalty, Hodgson dropping a splendid kick over the bar, 6—3. Just on half-time, Bryant, Newington's captain, secured from a line-out, and crossed over. Judd converted. N.C. 8—6.

Play resumed, saw Newington pressing, and Maiden scored for Judd to convert. N.C. 13—6. The game see-sawed for the next 20 minutes, Judd increasing Newington's lead by kicking another penalty. With ten minutes to go, High again took the offensive and raised the hopes of their supporters by a determined attack. King, picking up in the loose, ran to the full-back, and transferred to Mainwaring to score a good try. King added the extras. N.C. 16—11. Further attempts to score were met by solid defence, and the scores remained unaltered at full-time.

Our forwards stuck to their guns with great tenacity, but the weight of our opponents, gradually wore down the staunch opposition.

It was purely a forward's game and any attempt to handle by the backs, usually led to fumbling the greasy ball.

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

The team we met at Parramatta was a strong one and the superior pace of their backs largely accounted for the 30 points compiled against us.

From the kick-off High's forwards pressed. After ten minutes hard play the King's backs got possession of the ball and a speedy run by their winger, Rylance, resulted in a converted try. Hard play followed, and although High were repeatedly within a few feet of their opponent's line, they were unable to score. Half-time left King's in the lead 13—0.

The second-half was a repetition of the first, as regards hard and fast football. King's continued to score, despite our solid defence, and we continued to attack despite the way the score was mounting up.

A combined rush among the forwards was finalised by Caterson making a fine run along the touch-line, only to be thrown out against the corner post, when a try seemed certain. Shortly after, Caterson received an injury to his knee which forced him to retire and prevented him from participating in any further matches for the rest of the season.

From a line-out Newman used his weight to advantage and fell over the line. Boyd converted with a good kick. T.K.S 18, H.S. 5.

King's retaliated by scoring three consecutive tries in ten minutes, putting hope of victory further out of our reach.

Once more coming to the attack, School kept the play in the home team's 25, and Mainwaring, making a good run, scored. The kick for goal was disallowed.

The final whistle left the scores T.K.S. 31, S.H.S. 8. Although the margin was a big one, it was not a true indication of the play.

S.H.S. v. S.C.E.G.S.

The features of this game (as the low scores indicate), was the stubborn tackling displayed by both teams. Time and again fine passing rushes among the backs and clever dribbling among the forwards, came to nought. Williamson, Shore's full-back, repeatedly prevented us from scoring, and his fine kicking earned applause.

Boyd and Johnston, in the forwards, were prominent, and the former would have scored more than one try if he possessed more pace.

The half-time whistle sounded without either side having scored. The second-half provided a better display of football. However, it was half-way through before Shore registered the only try of the day. From now on, High School concentrated their whole strength in an attempt to even the score, but on every turn were met by staunch defence. So once more School came out second best in a close-fought battle.

S.H.S. v. S.I.C.

School pressed from the kick-off, but a penalty relieved Igs. The latter, in their turn, attacked, but again a breach of the rules prevented a score. St. Ignatius' backs figured in another passing rush, but Martin intercepting, raced for the opposing team's line, and beating the full-back, scored after a fine individual effort. Boyd failed to convert. S.I.C. returned to the attack, and Murray, their wingman, showing pace, scored between the posts. Duff converted. S.I.C. 5, S.H.S. 3. There was no further score at half-time.

Resumption of play saw Ignatius' score an unconverted try.

However, a combined movement among the backs and forwards saw Martin score his second try. Boyd converted with a beautiful kick. S.I.C. 8, H.S. 8.

Ignatius were now continually in our 25, and another fine back movement saw Clifford cross. Duff converted. 13—8.

With 10 minutes to go, High returned to the attack with renewed determination. At this juncture, Mainwaring missed an easy try. What was perhaps the finest rush of the day came from a final fruitless attempt by High's backs and forwards combined to snatch a victory. The whistle brought the close of a hard-fought game.

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

Although reputed to be a weakened team, the one that defeated our XV. was a strong combination. They dominated the game after the first 20 minutes and despite plucky defence by School's backs, the score at full-time was 28—0.

Early in the game, both Martin and Mainwaring had bad luck in not scoring. The opposing backs were too good for our forwards and beat them in scrum and line-out. Time and again the ball went out to their backs, and time and again our three-quarters braced themselves for the tackle. Half-time scores were 12—0 in Grammar's favour, two tries, one convert and a field goal.

The second-half was a repetition of the first, but now the continual tackling was having a wearing effect on our defence. Any attempt on High's part to open up the game was frustrated by the fine kicking of Miller, the S.G.S. full-back.

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

The match against the premiers of this year's competition, resulted only as could be expected. They are exceptionally fast and heavy, while their team work is splendid.

No sooner did the backs gain possession of the ball than Galli scored in the corner. Then followed a succession of tries that solid tackling could not stem. Whenever one man was tackled two or three were always there to support him.

The only score High registered was the result of a fine individual piece of work by Stafford. Boyd failed to convert. The scores at half-time were 28—3. The second-half saw the machine-like combination once more set going, but the tackling was more determined. Several times play was reversed to Joey's 25, but their defence proved as solid as their attack.

The final scores were S.J.C. 43, S.H.S. 3.

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

This last match of the competition was the most disappointing display given by our team. Yet at times the backs gave a brilliant exhibition of football and were unlucky in failing to score on

several occasions. Then again, a weak tackle let the opposing side through. This was particularly so in Churchward's case, who, though effecting several spectacular movements, would make a weak attempt to tackle his man. The forwards also played badly and continually allowed their opponents to break through in line-outs and rucks, while no protection was afforded the half-back. As a result, although Robertson repeatedly won the ball from the scrum, very little was done with it. Half-time scores stood at 15—0 in Scot's favour.

Although the team played better in the second half, they could not make up the deficit and Scot's ran out winners 21—11.

The scorers for High School were Mainwaring, Boyd, and Johnston and Boyd converted one.

MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN.

(Ralus.)

The scene was the porch of a certain city picture theatre where stood, a player-piano, an advertisement for one of the many art unions with which Sydney is overcrowded.

The piano was a prize and the agent used it for advertisement purposes, by allowing anyone who pleased to play it. All of which was of great benefit to the Art Union, but of little benefit to the piano.

The time was about 1 p.m., on a Saturday, and quite a crowd had collected round the piano which was pounding out, at the hands, or rather the feet, of an ardent amateur, some noisy melody of the modern school.

Looking over the crowd, composed largely of girls returning from work, and eagerly clamouring for "just one more fox trot," we noticed a certain middle-aged gentleman, loaded with parcels and giving an attentive ear to the music. He was slightly bald-headed, and was good-natured. This was seen at a glance. Also he had a knowledge of music, or perhaps (like many other people in this world of ours) he only wished it to be thought that he had, and in the intervals could be heard his voice, "Why not play something of Mendelssohn or Chopin (pronounced Choppin')? That is music."

Now that we have introduced our leading actor, we shall—but, hark! Enter the villain or, to more exact, the villains; for there were two of them, nondescript little outlaws of about nine and six years of age, dirty and ragged, but in whose eyes, especially those of the younger, there was that irresistible sparkle betokening

love of life and adventure; that sparkle that often culminates in mischief, sometimes in crime, but without which life would be flat and insipid to a terrible degree.

But at that moment the sparkle was hidden, and the youngest of the pair was crying bitterly, while his brother consoled or upbraided him with such phrases as, "Well yer got ter get it" and "It's yer own fault."

The heart of the good-natured man was touched at the sight of such misery, and he immediately stepped over and enquired the cause, the meanwhile trying to cheer the younger brother from his grief.

The story was told briefly and concisely by the elder, and during his recital his brother's distress was redoubled.

It's like this," he said. "Young Jim 'ere was given a bob ter go to ther shop and he's lorst it down the drain, and 'e's in fer a hidin', but it's 's own fault; 'e'll have ter get it."

The gentleman brightened up. "Is that all the trouble?" he queried. "We'll soon fix that up. Here you are, here's a shilling Jim; now cheer up, like a man."

Jim cheered up considerably, and gazed with awe-stricken eyes at the kind gentleman, while his brother vented his delight in a faint, "Yer a sport, mister."

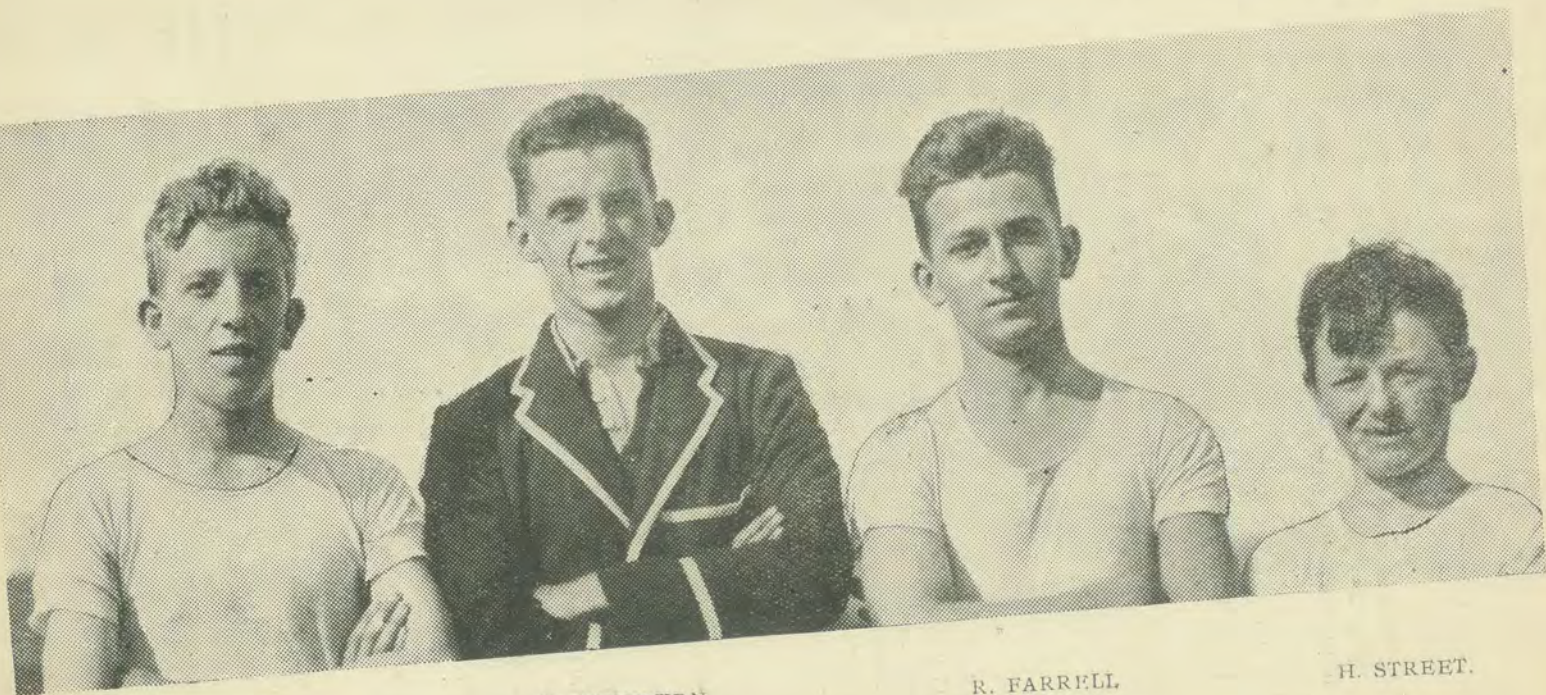
Then the pair vanished round the corner leaving the kind middle-aged gentleman a veritable picture of self-gratification. The light of generosity and kindness beamed from his eyes; he had done a kind deed; he was proud of himself.

One spectator lauded his action with the words, "Ye acted like a sport." Another immediately borrowed his matches. All the girls cast pleased glances at him for his generosity, also the player began to play (whether intentionally or not, I am unable to say), "For he's a jolly good fellow."

ATHLETICS.

It was an anxious High School that saw rain clouds gathering a few days before the 6th September. Their fears were fully realised when heavy rain fell on the Wednesday, causing the postponement of the sports from Thursday and Friday till all day Monday.

This, of course, somewhat upset the schedule of the programme, but from a competitive point of view, the meeting was highly successful, despite the fact that the state of the Cricket Ground No. 2 and a strong southerly wind were against fast times.



N. HALL.

R. SWINBURN.

R. FARRELL

H. STREET.

Competition was rife in Senior, Junior and Junior Cadet divisions. Swinburne, Weatherstone, and Mahoney gaining equal honours for the senior cup, while Farrell, and Robinson proved keen rivals in the Junior. Farrell, after winning the 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards and half mile, failed to gain the cup, owing to his inability to jump.

The Junior Cadet Cup was won by Hall as expected, but, nevertheless, some promising talent was discovered in Davis, Cauldwell and Randle.

The Senior 100 yards, 220 yards, and 440 yards went to Swinburne. The 880 yards developed into a struggle between Lawson and Weatherstone, for the latter to win in the fair time of 2 min. 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs. The mile went to Nicholas, which in no way created a surprise, in view of his promising performance in the Handicap over that distance on the previous Monday. Weatherstone won the high jump with 5 ft. 2 in. and tied with Collings in the Putt Shot. The broad jump was won by Mahoney.

The only event of the day which warrants unworthy comment is the 120 yards hurdles. Only two competitors started, Boyd winning in poor time.

In view of the success attained in past years by boys from the school in this event, this year's poor showing is a matter for serious reflection. Nor is it the fault of the boys, for success in hurdling comes only with practice. As the equipment for such practice is not available, there is every possibility of our remaining stationary in this branch. Although the School Union made a grant of £20 in 1920 to obtain the necessary material, advantage was not taken of its open-handedness.

This makes the present difficulty much easier, as it would appear the money could be obtained for the asking.

The best performance in the Junior division was R. Farrell's half-mile, won in 2 min. 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs., and incidentally lowering Cramp's record for the previous year by 1 3-8 secs. Robinson won the High Jump with a good 5 ft. 1 in.

The Under 14 years saw two new records established, Hall winning the high jump by a splendid effort over 4 ft. 9 in., and Randle the broad jump with 15 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

The Combined High School Meeting was somewhat disappointing to High School supporters, as a number of our "reps." did not perform up to standard. However, the Juniors were second in their division, and the Junior Cadet team came third.

In the Senior division, our sprinters ran well in their heats, but Swinburne was the only one to gain points in the finals. He won the 220 yards in fine style, but was unplaced in the 100 yards. Although these were the only points gained, it was pleasing to see Nicholas, Robertson and Caterson well up at the finish of the mile. Nicholas ran very well and was just beaten out of a place. He might have done much better if he had sprinted earlier.

K. Robinson won the Junior hurdles in 15 secs., and Farrell delighted School's supporters by winning the 440 yards and by running second in the 220 yards.



Hall in the J.C., created a new record in the high jump for this meeting by clearing 4 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., a very creditable performance.

Summing up, there is a distinct improvement in the standard of our athletes on last year, but they can only hope to gain further improvement by conscientious training.

Any success gained by our representatives in the coming G.P.S. Athletics Meeting will be largely due to the unflagging energy of Messrs. T. McNamara, Harvey and Hodgkinson. Mr. McNamara

proposed to take our representatives in hand about two months ago, and his generous offer was gratefully accepted. Since then he has been assisted by Mr. A. Harvey and Mr. Hodgkinson, who is associated with the Botany Harriers.

As a result of this coaching, there has been a marked improvement in all those who have come under their hands, and it remains for the boys themselves to do credit to their instructors.

The Record takes this opportunity of thanking the above gentlemen for their services to the Old School.

COMBINED SCHOOLS' SPORTS, 1923.

The 29th Sports Meeting of the Combined Schools was held at the S.C.G. on Saturday, October 13th. The ground was in good order, but a nasty westerly inconvenienced the sprinters.

Shore won the Senior with Grammar a fair second. The Shore team was a very fair one and is to be congratulated on winning an absolute majority of the events. Walker was the outstanding athlete of the meeting, winning the 220, 440, and Hurdles, though the most brilliant single performance was that of Cunningham, of S.J.C., who won the broad jump at 21ft. 11ins. His Grammar namesake was unfortunate in meeting such a great jumper, since his own jump of 21ft. 2ins. has only been beaten once before.

Lyne, of Shore, put up a great performance in winning the Mile Championship from MacDonald, whose successes in 1921-22 had caused him to be regarded as invincible. Shore must be particularly congratulated on the excellence of their 440 and Mile teams; King's 440 team was also remarkably good.

Finlay, of Grammar, ran a splendid race in the 100 Yards. Our chance of putting up a respectable showing was ruined by Swinburn's injury. Mainwaring ran a fair 100, considering that he was called on as an emergency.

Nicholas' Mile shewed considerable promise for next year and both One Mile and 440 teams performed creditably.

The Junior Championship produced a keen fight between King's, Grammar and ourselves, the ultimate placings being in that order.

For us Farrell ran a splendid 100, equalling the record, but his judgment was much at fault in the 220. Robinson hurdled in good style but failed miserably in the High Jump. Culpan gave away all chance of a place in the 880 by bad judgment. His stand-

ing Broad Jump was fine. Hall, in the Under 14 section, secured most of our points. His High Jump was excellent, his 100 good, but he suffered from nervousness in the 220. The outstanding performances in the Junior Division were the record-breaking Broad and High Jumps of Cowdery and Egan respectively, and Farrel's run in the 100, which equalled the record.

Rouse, of King's, ran very finely in the Hurdles, as did Mann, of Grammar, in the 880.

The great improvement manifested by our representatives is due almost entirely to the work done by Tommy McNamara. Thanks to him, and in a lesser degree to Harvey, our reputation for athletic ability has been to some extent restored after last year's ghastly failure, and with the continuance of their assistance we hope to do really well next year.

RESULTS.

Senior Championships.

220 Yards.—Walker (E) 1, Smith (N) 2, Finlay (G) 3, C. Crichton-Smith (S) 4, Rylance (K) 5. Time, 23 1-5 secs.

880 Yards.—McDonald (G) 1, Stuart (E) 2, Smith (K) 3, Branch (N) 4, G. Crichton-Smith (S) 5. Time 2 mins. 6 secs.

100 Yards.—Finlay (G) 1, Smith (N) 2, Rylance (K) 3, Davis (E) 4, Mainwaring (H) 5. Time 10 2-5 secs.

Shot.—Hyndes (E) 1, Jennings (G) 2, Bryant (N) 3, Bate (K) 4, Ford (J) 5. Winning put, 37ft. 3ins.

High Jump.—Cunningham (G) 1, Young (K) 2, O'Hearn (J) 3, Martin (S) and Osborne (A) 4. Winning jump, 5ft. 6ins.

Broad Jump.—Cunningham (J), 21ft. 11ins., 1; Cunningham (G), 21ft. 2ins., 2; Egan (K) 3; Crichton-Smith (S) 4; Walker (E) 5.

Mile Teams and Championship, 1st Division.—Smith (E) 1, Lamport (K) 2, Meura (J) 3, Edwards (S) 4, Cole (N) 5. Time, 5 min. 2 secs.

Mile Teams and Championship, 2nd Division.—Smith (K) 1, Bull (G) 2, Byrne (E) 3, Caterson (H) 4, Kershaw (S) 5. Time, 4 min. 59 4-5 secs.

3rd Division.—Christmas (G) 1, Drysdale (S) 2, Tress (E) 3, Forrest (K) 4, Hamilton (J) 5. Time 4 mins. 52 2-5 secs.

4th Division.—Lyne (E) 1, MacDonald (G) 2, Clouston (S) 3, Atkinson (N) 4, Nicholas (H) 5. Time, 4 mins. 47 4-5 secs.

120 Hurdles.—Walker (E) 1, Rylance (K) 2, Kentish (N) 3, Quinn (J) 4, Barr (S) 5. Time 17 secs.

440 *Teams and Championship, 1st Division*.—Moore (K) 1, Maiden (N) 2, Meura (J) 3, Warden (E) 4, Taylor (H) 5. Time, 56 secs.

2nd Division.—Davis (E) 1, Boydell (K) 2, Tcohey (I) 3, Farrell (H) 4, Hall (S) 5. Time 55 1-5 secs.

3rd Division.—Stuart (E) 1, Johnson (K) 2, Quinn (J) 3, G. Crichton-Smith (S) 4, Caswell (G) 5. Time, 55 1-5 secs.

4th Division.—Walker (E) 1, Rylance (K) 2, Finlay (G) 3, Smith (N) 4, C. Crichton-Smith (S) 5. Time, 54 3-5 secs.

Teams' Placings, Mile.—Shore 1, Grammar 2, King's 3, Scots 4, Joseph's 5.

440 *Yards*.—Shore and King's 1, Newington 3, Scots 4, Grammar 5.

Points Scored, Senior.—Shore 65½, Grammar 51, King's 34½, Newington 26½, St. Joseph's 16, Scots 13½, High 2, St. Ignatius 0, Armidale 0.

Junior Championships.

220, *Under 14*.—McDonald (S) 1, Nicholson (K) 2, Hall (H) 3, Love (N) 4, Prentice (E) 5. Time 28 secs.

220 *Under 16*.—Cowdery (G) 1, Farrell (H) 2, Sheehan (J) 3, Campbell (N) 4, Kirby (I) 5. Time 24 4-5 secs.

High Jump Under 14.—Hall (H) 1, Rountree (K) 2, Rogers (G) and Donnison (N) 3, Cook (J) 5. Winning jump, 4ft. 9ins.

880 *Yards, Under 16*.—Mann (G) 1, Brab'ayon (K) 2, Honner (J) 3, Hunt (N) 4, Stewart (S) 5. Time 2 mins. 14 3-5 secs.

High Jump, Under 16.—Egan (K) 1, Sautelle (E) 2, Robinson (H), McLaughlin (I), Stewart (S), Horvard (G), Braund (A), Moffit (N), dead heat 3. Winning jump, 5ft. 4½ins.

100 *Yards, Under 14*.—Hall (H) 1, McDonald (S) 2, Barron (N) 3, Meagher (I) 4, Nicholson (K) 5. Time, 12 1-10 secs.

100, *Under 16*.—Farrell (H) 1, Cowdery (G) 2, Campbell (N) 3, Carlton (J) 4, Hattersby (E) 5. Time, 10 4-5 secs.

Teams Race, Under 16.—S.J.C. 1, T.K.S. 2, N.C. 3, S.G.S. 4, S.C.E.G.S. 5. Time, 3 mins. 27 secs.

90 *Yards Hurdles*.—Rouse (K) 1, Cowdery (G) 2, Sautelle (E) 3, Robinson (H) 4, Harris (S) 5. Time, 13 2-5 secs.

Broad Jump, Under 16.—Cowdery (G) 1, Egan (K) 2, MacKellar (E) 3, Braund (A) 4, Culpan (H) 5. Winning jump, 19ft. 11½ins.

Points Scored, Junior.—King's 42, Grammar 39½, High 36, Newington 18½, Scots and Joseph's 16½, Shore 14, St. Ignatius 4, Armidale 3.

CORRESPONDENCE.

S.H.S., September 12, 1923.

To the Editor, *The Record*,—

Dear Sir,—It seems to me, as an interested spectator, and participator in most of our School functions and activities, that the "Spirit of our dear old School" of which we hear so much every Friday morning, is decreasing every year. The fact is in itself remarkable that S.H.S., a member of the G.P.S., can muster no more than fifty at the most at a G.P.S. 1st XV. competition fixture, and of these thirty are generally derived from the 2nd grade, and some other junior team.

Then, on a Monday morning much criticism is levelled at the defeated footballers by those who do not possess the smallest particle of School spirit themselves, and yet try to nullify the well meant efforts of a few that do. ONCE S.H.S. was a force to be reckoned with, but now most schools treat it as a joke, safe in the knowledge that it has the privilege of non-compulsory sport. Needless to say, this same privilege is thoroughly abused. This state of affairs should not exist. Let us pull together and raise S.H.S. to the top of the tree once more. It certainly can be done, and let us begin at once, and in the forthcoming cricket turn out one and all, and see what we really can achieve; and lastly, above all, let us try to live up to our motto, and "be ashamed to come in last." Hoping this subject will be brought forward by someone with more influence than the writer.—I am, yours expectantly,

"URGER," 3C.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

B.M. (2B): Thanks for effort; but not yet up to standard. Try again.

SKEETER: Not up to Milton's standard.

ECONOMY FIEND: Good economy; but not poetry.

Y.A. LEAGUE: Unsuitable owing to length.

B.L. (4A): Owing to personalities, unable to accept.

RALUS: Thanks for your several contributions. We are printing the best.

SIR TOPAS (3A). Your poem "Just missed the boat."

R.A.A.: Subject not quite suitable.

S.C.: Impossible to reproduce your sketch.

R.A.N.A.: Unsuitable for internal reasons.

L.B. (5A): "The quality of Mercy is not strained."

F.S. (2nd Year): Symbols very ingenious, but can't be reproduced.

P. STREET: Not yet up to standard.

E.P.E. (1C): Try again.

L.C. (4A): Not up to standard.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:—

"Hermes," "The Fortian," "The Torch-Bearer," "The Graftonian," "The S.J.C.," "Hawkesbury Agricultural Journal," "Falcon," "Wesley College Chronicle," "The Aurora Australia," "Royal Blue," "Quondong," "Pioneer," "Northern Cheeringer," "Novocastrian," "Newingtonian," "Melbournian," "Goulburnian," "Canterbury Tales," "Blue and Gold," "Armidalian," "Chronicle," "Fort Street Girls," "The Burr," "Technical High School Journal," "The Sydian," "The Lens," "King's School Magazine," "Glasgow High School Magazine," "The Mirror."

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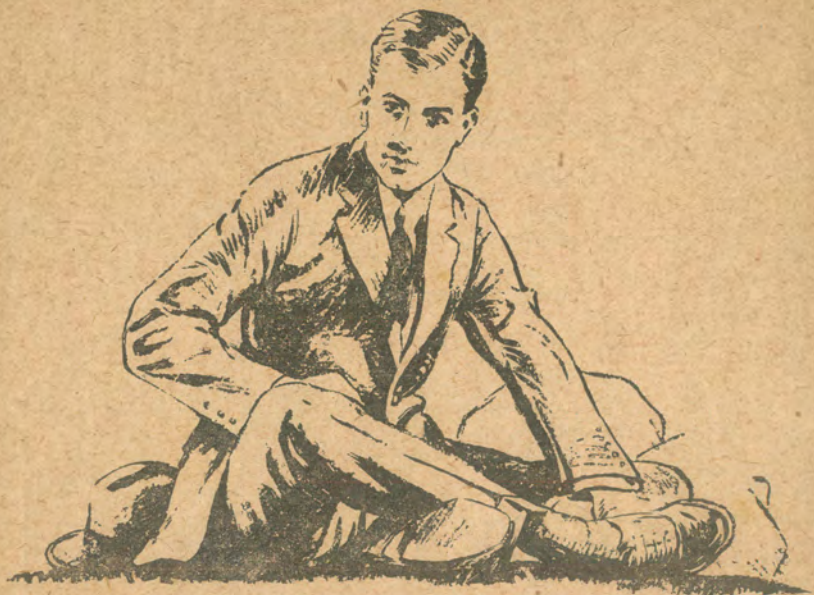
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