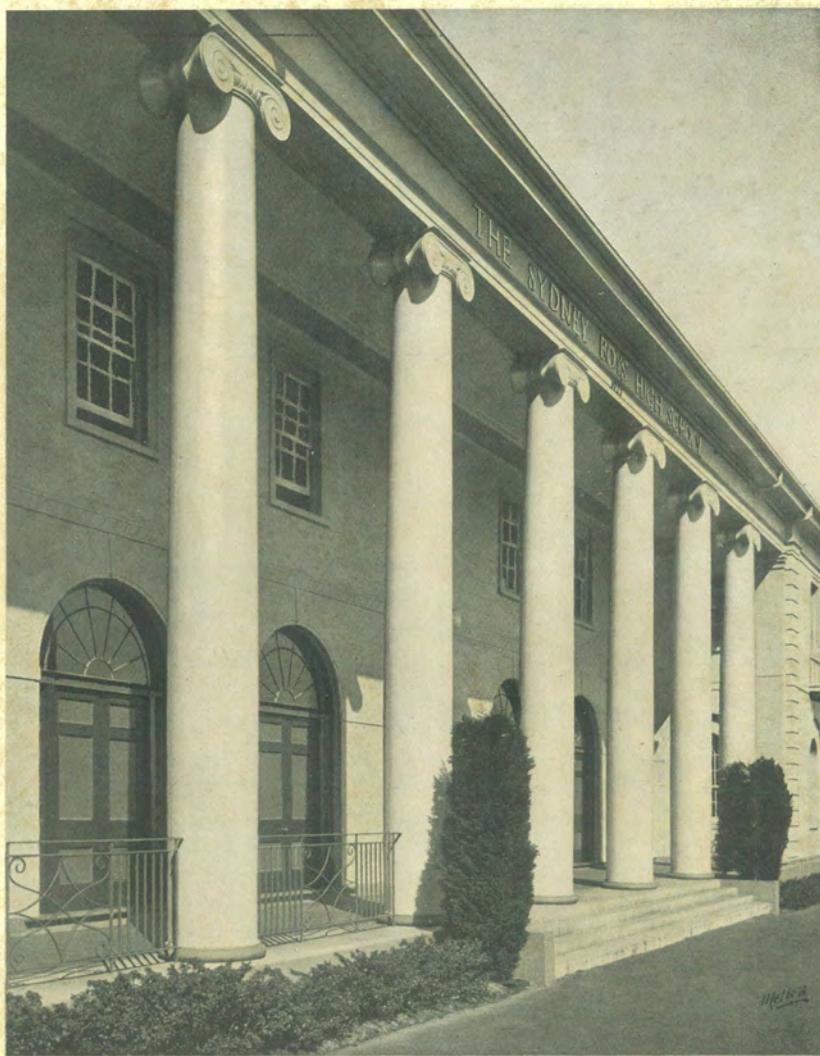




# Sydney Boys' High School Jubilee





THE PORTAL



THIS STONE WAS SET BY  
THE HON. T. D. MUTCH, M.L.A.  
MINISTER FOR EDUCATION

THIS 5<sup>TH</sup> DAY OF MARCH 1927

LEITH, C. M<sup>o</sup> CREIDIE,  
ARCHITECT

S. H. SMITH,  
DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION

This Foundation Stone adorns the Portal of S.H.S.



# School Directory

*Headmaster:* G. C. Saxby, B.A.

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

## *Teaching Staff:*

English and History: H. M. Woodward (Master), M.A., M. F. Lynch, M.A., Dip.Ed., J. W. Greaves, M.A., L.C.P., F.R.H.S., Dip.Ed., F. R. Roberts, B.A., V. Hyde, B.A., Dip.Ed., A. M. Hall, B.A., Dip.Ed., K. Andrews, B.A.

Classics: R. H. Paynter (Master), M.A., H. G. Brayden, B.A., E. Patterson, B.A., Dip.Ed., E. Bembrick, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Modern Languages: F. B. Jones (Master), B.A., Dip.Ed., W. H. Judd, B.A., H. Abrahams, B.A., R. W. Caldwell, B.A., Dip. Mod. Lang., A. M. Duncan, B.A., W. S. Wilson, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mathematics: P. W. Hallett (Master), B.A., W. E. Cummings, B.A., Dip.Ed., E. G. Evans, B.A., N. L. James, B.A., J. D. Renwick, B.Sc., G. C. Shaw, B.A., C. P. Schrader, M.A., J. F. Clark, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., J. L. Griffith, M.Sc., Dip.Ed.

Science: J. P. Willmott, B.Sc. (Master), J. F. Clarke, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., S. R. Bilbe, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., L. A. Bassar, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., V. E. Plummer, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., J. R. Towns, A.T.C.

Commercial: W. A. Moore, B.A., Dip.Ec., O. S. Smith, Dip.Ec.

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

Captain of the School: Arthur W. Horner.

Prefects: K. Cameron, R. V. Clark, F. J. Gray, M. S. Walker, J. E. Ward, R. H. Jansen, S. J. Pogson, A. G. Hunter (Vice-Capt.), J. Buggie, R. Ermann, R. Earl, D. Jackson, T. Johnson, Ken. Moore, Kevin Moore, G. Stone, F. Duggan, S. Coleman, H. Taprell, R. Hill.

Junior Prefects: R. B. Blacket, F. B. Horner, A. H. Loomes, J. G. C. Price.

## *Union Committee:*

President: The Headmaster. Vice-Presidents: Mr. Hallett, Mr. Towns. Hon. Secretary: Mr. James. Asst. Hon. Sec.: M. S. Walker. Hon. Treasurer: Mr. Cropley.

Sportsmaster: Mr. Patterson.

### *Debating:*

President: The Headmaster. Secretary: J. Walker. Master-in-charge: Mr. Greaves.

### *Football:*

Secretary: F. Gray. Committee: G. Stone, F. Duggan, Reg. Clark. Master-in-charge: Mr. Duncan.

### *Cricket:*

Captain: R. Hill. Secretary: J. G. C. Price. Masters-in-charge: Mr. Andrews and Mr. O. S. Smith.

### *Rowing:*

Captain of Eight: A. G. Hunter. Captain of Fours: M. Lawton. Master-in-charge: Mr. Hyde.

### *Athletics:*

Secretary: K. C. Cameron. Committee: F. Street, E. Garrett, Reg. Clark, H. Baret. Master-in-charge: Mr. Bassar.

### *Rifle Shooting:*

Captain: R. Cutler. Secretary: R. Earl. Master-in-charge: Mr. Lynch.

### *Swimming:*

Secretary: D. A. M. Jackson. Committee: S. Blyth, S. Coleman, H. Hall, R. Jansen. Master-in-charge: Mr. Jones.

### *Tennis:*

Captain R. Hill. Secretary: M. Dunnett. Master-in-charge: Mr. Hall.

### *Soccer:*

Secretary: R. Ermann. Captain: H. Jackson. Committee: B. Kreuter, R. Rimes. Master-in-charge: Mr. Bembrick.

### *Library:*

Secretary: S. J. Pogson. Committee: I. L. Higgins, M. E. Hale, J. B. Hely, F. B. Horner. Master-in-charge: Mr. Hall.

*Telephone Nos.:* Headmaster: FL 4904. Staff and Sportsmaster: F 1808.





## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



### EDITORIAL—FIFTY YEARS.

Fifty years have passed since the Sydney High School was first declared open. Fifty years is not a great age. Many public schools, even in Australia, have been established much longer, but when we consider the progress and achievements of our school during those fifty years we realise that its half-century is indeed something of which to be proud.

In the outside world great changes have taken place during these last fifty years. A great war has altered the face of the earth, monarchs have fallen, new lands have been explored, and science has grown up like a mushroom. Sydney High School has, in its way, made no less progress. From a handful of pupils to some eight hundred—from three teachers to a staff of thirty-six—from a small building in the city to a large, handsome, well-appointed edifice in ideal surroundings—this is the progress that the school has made.

And what truer indication of the achievements of the school could be found than in the success of its Old Boys? In all the professions they are well to the fore—among those who control the affairs of the country and of the people, who train the nation's youth and heal its sick.

It was Sydney High School that put the feet of these men on the road to success. When it first opened its doors to them they were raw youngsters from the primary school; when the school doors closed at last upon them they were young men, well educated, upright, manly, ready for great things.

The example set by these Old Boys is the real tradition of Sydney High School. Some people are inclined to the belief that a school like ours cannot have tradition, because it has not the hoary antiquity of other schools. But, so long as the past pupils have left behind them a standard of "what is done" and "what is not done," then—it does not matter if the school is only one year old—it has tradition. In its second year of existence Sydney High School had tradition. The conduct of the boys of the year before constituted a standard so that those who followed could mould their conduct upon it.

This standard has been maintained and handed on each succeeding year, until it has

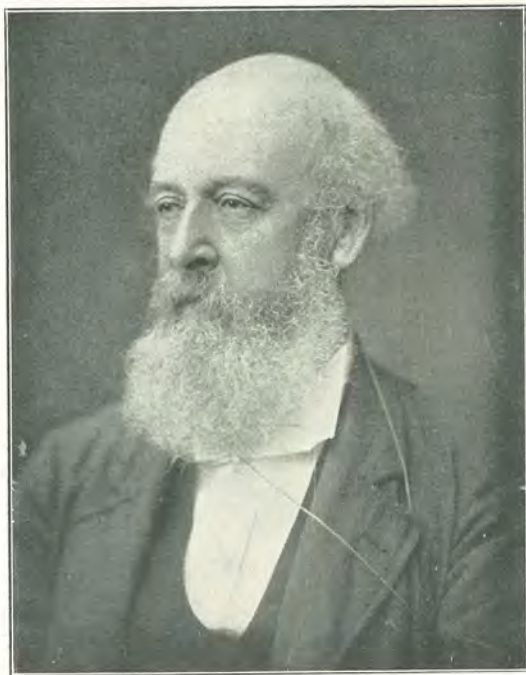
reached the present boys; the standard of to-day will be the tradition of to-morrow.

Truly great is the record of Sydney High School during its first fifty years. May its record be as fine at its centenary!

It has been the aim of the Committee to produce a Jubilee "Record" which will be of interest to both the school and its Old Boys. To this end we have received support from the present boys of the school and from Old Boys, some of whom were pupils forty to fifty years ago.

As usual, articles and contributions have been sent in by the boys. In connection with the past pupils, we have included the "memories" and "portraits" of the Old Boys, together with a selection from poetry which has appeared in past issues of "The Record." These, we feel sure, will interest present pupils, as well as those who have gone before.

We extend our thanks to all those whose contributions, both in donations and in articles, have made possible this Jubilee "Record."



DR. C. BADHAM

(Originator of Secondary Education in N.S.W.)





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# Jubilee Record

The Magazine of the Sydney Boys' High School.

VERITATE ET VIRTUTE.

Vol. XXV.

OCTOBER, 1933

No. 2

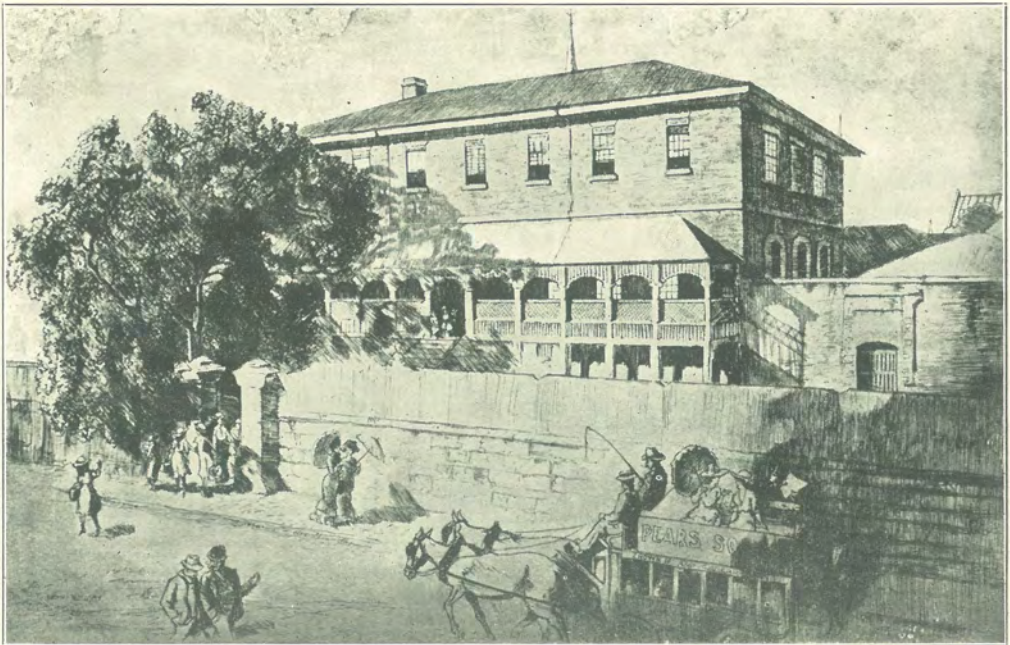
## OFFICERS:

*Patron:* G. C. SAXBY, B.A.

*Editors:* M. E. HALE, F. B. HORNER.

## *Committee:*

D. H. FREEMAN, M. P. HENRY, A. H. LOOMES.



SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH AND SYDNEY GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, 1883-1891. SYDNEY GIRLS' HIGH, 1891-1921.

Castlereagh and Elizabeth Streets, Sydney. Birthplace of N.S.W. State System of Secondary Education.



# The Material Development of Sydney Boys' High School

"The Outward, Visible Sign."

It may be taken for granted that many of the readers of this magazine—even Old Boys of High—have never seen the modern structure which is now the home of "High" School pupils, and we know from first-hand knowledge that many present-day pupils know nothing of the former High School building—still standing at Ultimo—and open their eyes and mouths with amazement when told that David Jones' store stands on the site of the original Sydney High School. It is hoped, therefore, that this article will provide interesting and informative material for both groups of readers.

The first photograph shows the birthplace of Secondary Education in New South Wales. The building, a two-storied one, housed both boys and girls, but as two distinct schools. The Girls' High School (Miss Walker, Headmistress) occupied the top storey, the Boys' High School the lower.

The Boys' High School in Castlereagh Street was opened for work on 1st October, 1833, but the official opening took place a week later—8th October, 1833.

Sir George Reid was Minister for Public

Instruction at that date, and he delivered the speech which declared the school officially open, followed by Dr. Charles Badham, who gave the inaugural address, and presented the scholarships won by five boys at the examination held the previous September. (Framed portraits of Sir George Reid and Dr. C. Badham, presented by Mr. A. M. Eedy, face our entrance doors.)

Dr. Badham, D.D. (see *illust.*), had done much as Professor of Classics, Sydney University, to stir the Department of Public Instruction to begin State secondary education in New South Wales. On previous occasions the Doctor delivered his speeches either extempore or from brief notes, but on this important day he requested Mr. Waterhouse to provide him with a reading desk, as he had written his address, and wished to read it. This unusual procedure was due to a presentiment that the speech would be his last official address, and he desired the Press to have a correct copy. Even so, it proved—Sydney High School, through the generosity of Justice A. B. Piddington and Mr. H. E. Halloran, possesses a copy of the last important address of Dr. C. Badham.



SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, 1891-1928,  
Mary Ann Street, Ultimo, Sydney.





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The second home of the Sydney High School boys was situated in Mary Ann Street, Ultimo. The girls took possession of the old school in its entirety. All present pupils should pay a visit to Ultimo and contrast their pleasant home and quiet surroundings with the "High School" as it existed during the period 1892-1927. This dialogue (the truth and nothing but the truth) shows the disadvantages under which staff and pupils worked at the Ultimo site:—

Mr. Dawson (Inspector): "I have come to show you how French should be taught. Kindly let me take a class, Mr. Waterhouse."

"With pleasure," Mr. Dawson.

Mr. Dawson (returning from the noisiest class room in the school half-hour later): "I am completely knocked up. I must be going home."

Mr. Waterhouse: "Knocked up! Less than one lesson period! We teachers have to endure this noise and rattle for days, weeks——."

Yet relief did not come till 1928.

Our third illustration is a fine view of the present "High" School building, pleasantly situated in Moore Park, Sydney. The new school was officially opened 9th June, 1928—a day which Mr. Saxby refers to "As a peak day in the history of the school"—by Hon. D. H. Drummond, Minister for Education.

Dr. Earle Page (Commonwealth Treasurer in 1928, and an Old Boy of "High"), speaking at the official opening, described the new school as "The best High School building in New South Wales." Our illustration confirms this statement, but setting, or atmosphere, is equally important as the building itself—the environment was wrong in the "city school" and the Ultimo building. We would like our readers to get the right impression of our ideal situation at Moore Park, and with this aim in view we have, where suitable spaces were available, placed pictures of some of the "beauty spots" of Sydney High School and grounds.



SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL SINCE 1928,

Moore Park, Sydney.





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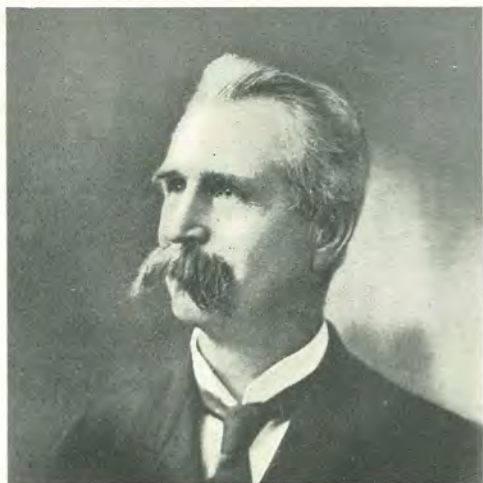


# The Headmasters of Sydney Boys' High School

(A LINE OF KINGS)

During the fifty years of its existence (1883-1933), Sydney High School has acknowledged the rule of five Headmasters, viz., John Waterhouse, M.A., Joseph Coates, B.A. (Oxon.), Robert J. Hinder, B.A.; Charles R. Smith, M.A., and George C. Saxby, B.A.

The Jubilee "Record" would seem lacking in its duty if it did not make reference, necessarily slight, to the careers and influence of these Principals.



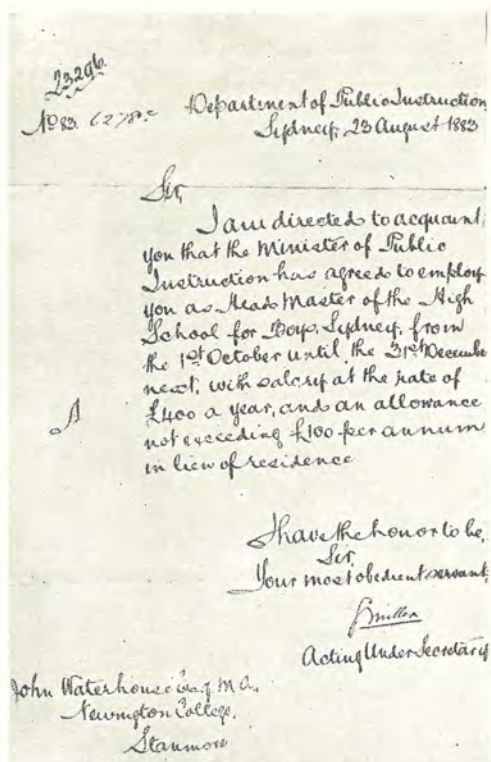
JOHN WATERHOUSE, M.A.

Joseph Coates, B.A. (Oxon.), and John Waterhouse, M.A., were Headmaster and First Assistant, respectively, of Newington College, and made application in 1883 for positions as Headmaster in the proposed State High Schools. Mr. Coates applied for Sydney Boys' High School, Mr. Waterhouse for West Maitland High.

The Methodist Church refused to release Mr. Coates without notice of three months, and

Mr. Waterhouse was appointed in charge of Sydney High School for the quarter 1st October, 1883, to 31st December, 1883.

A facsimile of the official letter (size reduced) establishes clearly that in actual fact Mr. Waterhouse was the first headmaster of "High," filling the position as Acting-Headmaster.



Mr. Coates entered upon his duties at Sydney High School in January, 1884, and Mr. Waterhouse proceeded to the charge of West Maitland High School, a position he held till August, 1889, when he was appointed Inspector in charge of the Dungog District.



Mr. Waterhouse describes with relish the feat of travelling 100 miles per week—not in a Ford—but on horseback. His attention, and perhaps love, was divided between Dungog and Sydney, for during his seven years as inspector at Dungog he was asked by the Department to make several inspections of Sydney High School, both Girls' and Boys'.

January, 1896, found Mr. Waterhouse in the Lithgow inspectorate, but in July of the same year he returned to Sydney High, succeeding Mr. Coates as Headmaster. During the years 1896-1915 (June), a period of 19 years, he grew to be part and parcel of the school, the very *genius loci* of "High."

Ill-health compelled retirement before the customary age (65 years). Doctors gave only two years of life, but John Waterhouse may still be seen at his Chatswood home, may still be heard to chat about his hobbies—geology, ornithology, and gardening. His many gifts bear witness to a still lively interest in the school in which he laboured so long and well.

A small army of Old Boys had come into existence by 1915—the date of his retirement—and the staff, past and present, and Old Boys did honour to Mr. Waterhouse at a farewell dinner, this function giving the opportunity to bestow tokens of esteem—an illuminated address and a gold watch—which Mr. Waterhouse proudly shows to visitors interested in the affairs of Sydney High School.

Mr. Waterhouse was enthusiastically communicative, when interviewed by the writer, on school history and school matters, but oysterlike when questioned on personal topics, particularly expressions of appreciation at the farewell dinner. Other sources of information had to be sought. After many disappointing interviews, we were fortunate in securing the photograph of the dinner and the manuscript of the address from Mr. R. F. Harvey, Headmaster of North Sydney Boys' High School, who acted as Secretary for that occasion. The testimonial was drafted by Mr. J. H. Smairl, an honoured and revered name to Old Boys of High. Forty-seven signatures of



DINNER TO JOHN WATERHOUSE Esq. MAR. 7. 1916





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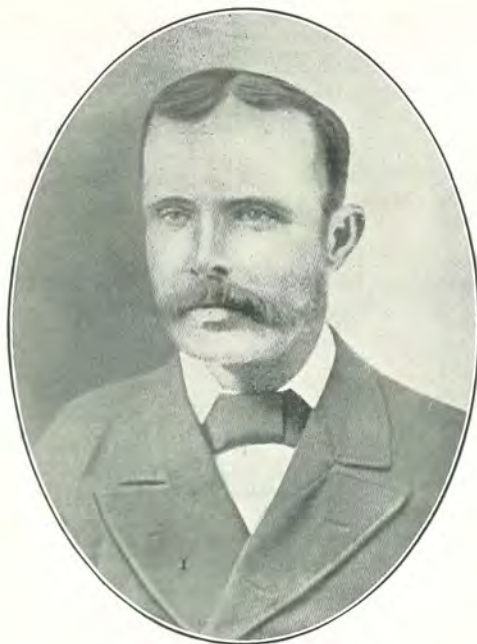
past and present (1915) members appear on the address—teachers of Sydney High School during Mr. Waterhouse's period of service. Two extracts may fittingly be quoted:

"We, as past and present members of the Staff, wish to place on record our appreciation of your worth and character. For nineteen years, enriched with the experience gained during a period of more than forty years in

the work of secondary education, you have directed and inspired the teaching and influence of this great school."

Also:

We, masters who have been honoured by serving under you at different times, wish to assure you of our admiration of your ability as a leader and of our affection for you as a man."



JOSEPH COATES, B.A. (Oxon.).

Joseph Coates was a native of Yorkshire, England, and, before migrating to Australia, took his B.A. Degree at Oxford University. Soon after his arrival in New South Wales he married an Australian girl, the daughter of J. A. Gardiner, of Wellington District, N.S.W. His father-in-law was a well-known grazier, often styled the "King of the West."

The Methodist Church lured Mr. Coates from the Department of Public Instruction, as the Headmaster of Fort Street Model School, and secured his services as Principal of Newington College, then situated on the Parramatta River. This position he held until the close of the year 1883.

He received his appointment under the Department of Public Instruction, N.S.W., as Headmaster of the Sydney High School in October, 1883, but Newington would not release him without three months' notice. So Mr. Coates did not "enter upon duty" at High till the beginning of 1884. He saw service at "Old Sydney High," in Castlereagh Street, till 1891, and in the new buildings, Mary Ann Street, Ultimo, during the years 1891-1896. The latter year marks the date of his retirement—short, indeed, for he died some six months later.

Besides being a great Headmaster, Joseph Coates won a name in cricket. Several half-centuries bear witness to his skill with the willow, but it was as a bowler that he excelled. Leg theory, body-line, or head-line bowling was unknown in his day. He bowled, what an admirer describes, as "an honest, medium-paced ball," relying upon an occasional yorker to dislodge a stubborn batsman. His eldest son, Mr. K. Coates proudly exhibits a case containing five mounted cricket balls—all trophies



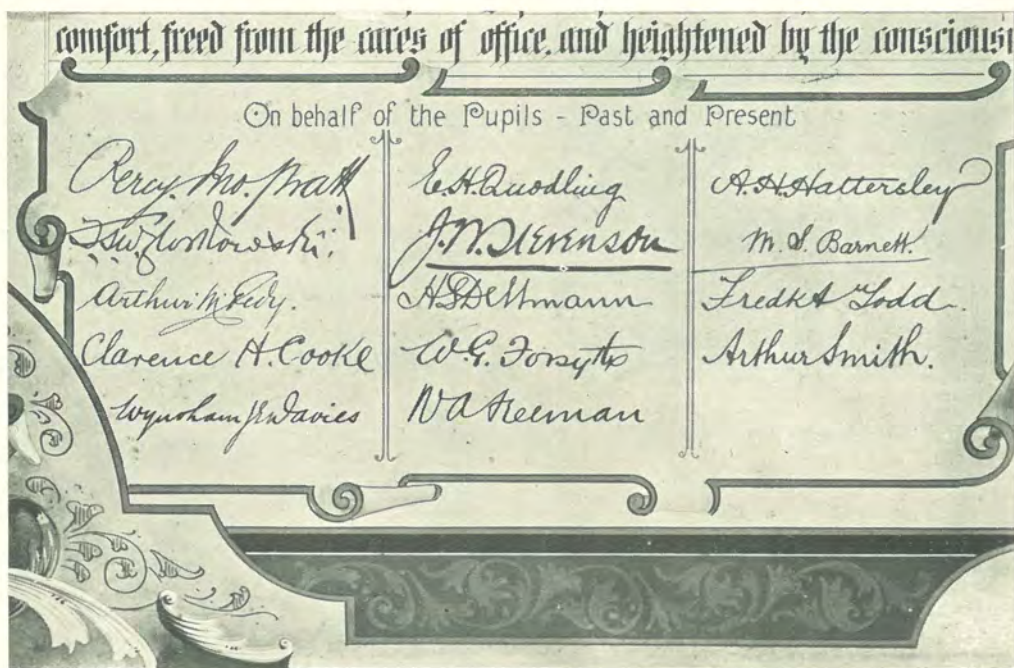


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of "best bowling averages." He played for the University Club, and also the Albert Cricket Club. He also acted as Captain of a New South Wales team in Interstate cricket. Joseph Coates has passed "to his reward," but his name still remains amongst us. His memory is kept fresh and green in two ways at least. Firstly, in the "Coates Memorial Library" at

the Sydney High School, established by Old Boys and Masters in 1909 (fund is still open, A. M. Eedy, Esq., acting as trustee); also by a farewell token—an illuminated address, presented by the then Old Boys of the school. These names, signatures to the testimonial, bear witness to the esteem in which Mr. Coates was held as a headmaster and a citizen.



ROBERT J. HINDER,

Headmaster, 4th July, 1915—6th November, 1918.

The late Robert John Hinder, Principal of Sydney High School at the time of his death, in 1918, was born in October, 1856. He was educated at Sydney Grammar School and Sydney University, from which he graduated. He joined the Department of Education, and gained distinction as a master in the Training

School of which Mr. James Conway was then the Head. In his early thirties he was appointed Principal of West Maitland Boys' High School, at a time when only two High Schools were in existence. A new school having been built in East Maitland, a transfer was effected, and the Boys' High School, East Maitland, was opened in 1892. Here for twenty-five years Mr. Hinder had a most successful career, gaining the esteem of his staff, the affection of his pupils, and the respect of the citizens of the community.





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ROBERT J. HINDER, B.A.

He was chosen as first Headmaster of the newly-established North Sydney Boys' High School, and took up his position in February, 1915. In July of that year he was rewarded by elevation as its Principal to the premier High School of the State, which position he held until his death, in November, 1918.

Mr. Hinder was a man of honour, true to his own convictions, guided by the highest principles. He had a most lovable disposition, and was possessed of that sympathy and understanding that made him always approachable, always lenient in his judgment, and always just. As a citizen, he took his place as a leader of men in thought and action, and his ready help could be relied on in any deserving cause. Great was the privilege of those who came under his influence, for he taught and trained them to live as he had lived. His greatest pleasure was to meet his Old Boys—individually or in re-union—to know that he lived with them in remembrance and esteem.

He died as he would have wished—in full vigour. His monument is in the hearts of those who loved him.

"The Record," Vol. X., No. I (December, 1918), contains appreciative references to Mr. Hinder's sterling qualities. From the appreciation by Chief Inspector H. D. McLelland we quote:

"Those who had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship of the late Headmaster of Sydney High School know that there has passed from our midst a man of engaging personality and great force of character."

Robert Hinder was a fine man, every inch of him, and he wrote his record deep in the hearts of all who knew him and (because they knew him) loved him.

The "Old Boys' Column" refers to Mr. Hinder as "a man whose sterling worth always elicited that unstinted admiration due only to qualities of the purest merit."

### CHARLES R. SMITH.

C. R. Smith, M.A., fourth Headmaster of Sydney Boys' High School, is a native of Scotland. After graduating at the University of Aberdeen, he was engaged in teaching for a short time in the Old Country, and then sailed for Australia, landing in Sydney about the time Sydney High was opened, in 1883.

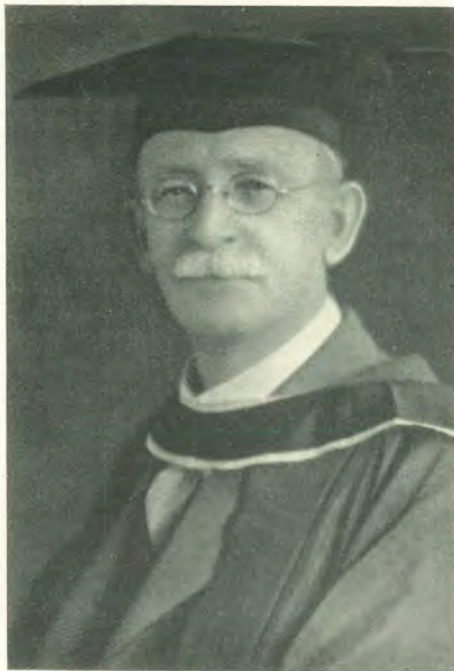
After entering the teaching service under the Department of Education and fulfilling an appointment in a Bathurst school, he was, in 1885, appointed an Assistant Master in the Sydney Boys' High School under its first Headmaster, Mr. Joseph Coates. Later Mr. Smith taught in Goulburn, in Fort Street Model School (as it was then called), and in Leichhardt Superior Public School, and returned in 1897 to Sydney High as Assistant Master, where he taught for nine years under that distinguished and successful headmaster, Mr. J. Waterhouse, M.A. Mr. Smith's efforts were mainly centred in the teaching of foreign languages, and it was under his direct tuition (in Greek) that Wilfred Porter won the Cooper Scholarship for Classics in 1902.

In the Junior Examination Mr. Smith's pupils won the medal for German four times, and in the Senior of 1905 medals for both French and German were won by his pupils.





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C. R. SMITH, M.A.

Other assistant masters associated with the school during this period were:—Mr. Crompton, M.A. (deceased), Barrister-at-Law, who was Deputy Headmaster, and a fine classical scholar; Mr. Albert J. Studdy, B.A. (now engaged in grazing pursuits in the Gunnedah District); Mr. G. C. Saxby (the present Principal); Mr. L. Atkins, B.A. (now Principal at Parramatta); Mr. L. Stephenson, B.A. (Cantab.) (deceased),

and Mr. T. B. Trebeck, M.A. (retired).

Among the students of the school during this time, who afterwards distinguished themselves as scholars, may be mentioned Dr. F. A. Todd, B.A., Ph.D., Professor of Latin in Sydney University; Mr. O. U. Vonwiller, B.A., B.Sc., Professor of Physics in the University of Sydney; and Dr. S. A. Smith, also of the Sydney University.

After being in charge of Newcastle High School for nine years and North Sydney for over three years, Mr. Smith, in 1918, received his third appointment to Sydney High School, this time as Headmaster.

During his six years' occupancy of this position the school distinguished itself in study and in sport. The Cooper Scholarship was won by the school three times, whilst the Lithgow Scholarship for French and German was won four times. Likewise, several Mathematical Scholarships were won at the Annual Examination for Matriculation Scholarships and Bursaries.

The most noteworthy incident in sport was the entry of the school into the annual rowing events on the Parramatta River in connection with the G.P.S. Schools, the opportunity thus being afforded for "High" to secure the proud position of "Head of the River," and to maintain it for four successive years.

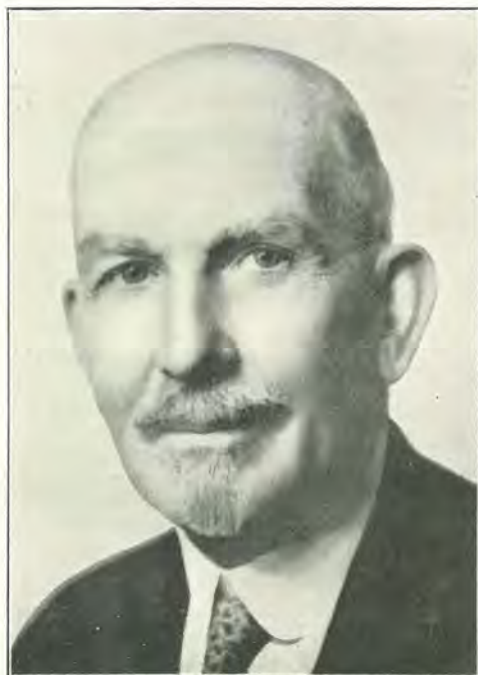
On his retirement at the end of 1924 Mr. Smith received several valuable gifts from the staff and from the pupils. From the Under-Secretary and Director of Education he received a letter expressing in laudatory terms the appreciation of the Department of his long service.







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GEORGE C. SAXBY, B.A.

George C. Saxby, B.A., the fifth and present Headmaster of Sydney Boys' High School, followed in his father's footsteps. He received his early education in various country schools of which his father was headmaster. His career is a great testimony to the thoroughness of the teaching received in the small primary schools of New South Wales.

At the age of 13 years, while attending his father's school at Hinton, a village at the junction of the Paterson and Hunter Rivers, he passed the University Junior Examination, and, coming with his father to Sydney—the latter having received a city appointment—he sat for the entrance examination to S.H.S. at the end of 1883, and qualified. So his connection with "High" began in January, 1884, as a scholar. The Junior was again taken and passed in June, 1885, and the Senior in November, 1886. Matriculation followed in March, 1887.

Mr. Saxby has vivid and tender memories of his school mates, particularly referring in conversations to A. M. Eedy, F. W. Doak, A. Stewart, W. E. Toms, and A. B. F. Zlotkowski. Friendship in their case proved a stronger force than academic rivalry and emulation, for the struggle for "head of the school" was extremely keen between three, at least, of this circle of friends, viz., Saxby, Doak, and Eedy. Mr. Saxby secured the coveted position, Mr. Coates carefully guarding the secret till the school "break-up" for the Christmas vacation. He was Dux or Captain (synonymous terms then) for 1885-1886; F. W. Doak, for 1884. With characteristic modesty, Mr. Saxby states that Arthur Eedy missed the honour by "ill-luck."

Mr. Saxby began his University career in 1887, and in due course graduated as B.A. On graduation he accepted a position as Resident Master in All Saints' College, Bathurst, where two happy and profitable years—in teaching experience—were spent. His subsequent career required skill in "handling mixed schools," and his next position as teacher of Mathematics and Latin in the Girls' High School, Bathurst, gave valuable experience. On 1st August, 1893, his second association with "High" began—as a member of the staff. Sydney High was then situated at Ultimo, and Mr. Saxby remembers Mr. Coates as Principal, Mr. A. Crompton Senior Classical Master, Mr. L. Stephenson Senior Mathematical Master, whilst fellow assistant masters were A. J. Studdy, J. Sharpe, F. J. Elphinstone, T. Trebeck, and A. Stewart. It appears that old associations were renewed. Mr. Saxby and Mr. Stewart met again as co-teachers in the school of their youth.

The organisation in those days was *tri-partite*, consequent on the nature of the entrance examination for scholarships. Boys who passed the University Junior Examination from the primary schools—without foreign languages—had completed the Junior Course in English, History and Mathematics, but had little Latin and no French. Other entrants were of lower standard in all subjects, so that English, History, Maths., and Geography would be taken together, Latin separately, French separately. E. G. Robinson might be in 5A form for





English, Mathematics, History, Geography, but in 4B for Latin and 4C for French. This system pertained in Sydney High School till the re-organisation of the Secondary System, in 1912.

By 1912 Mr. Saxby had advanced from the junior of the Junior Staff through the various grades and classes till he was teaching Senior Mathematics, with Junior English and French. In July of that year, owing to the reorganisation of departments, Mr. Saxby was appointed Mathematical Master and Deputy Headmaster. The school records bear witness to his success as a teacher of mathematics.

With the forward movement in secondary education, in 1912, came Mr. Saxby's appointment to Orange High School as its first Headmaster. His two years' service there was followed by four years in charge of East Maitland Boys' High School, that fine High School which is celebrating its Jubilee at the end of this year. The "school on the hill so high," at Newcastle, was Mr. Saxby's next sphere of action, and after six years there Mr. Saxby came to "High" as its Headmaster, an event which he describes as "the crowning fortune of his teaching career." The third link with "High" was thus forged—Principal of the old school.

Mr. Saxby is still with us, completing his ninth year as Principal, and also his service with the Education Department in the Jubilee year of "High." Mr. Saxby services his circumstances and position with feelings of gratitude and pride. His closing years of service have been "cast in pleasant places." The school has maintained, during his term as Headmaster, its academic and sporting distinction, with the added advantages of a fine school structure and its own sports ground. These latter are the result of the sustained zeal of the Old Boys' Union, combined with the solid impact of the Parents and Citizens' Association, inaugurated in 1925. A sympathetic Minister of Education, Mr. T. Mutch, completed the triangle of forces, whose result we now see and enjoy. The consequence has been that with the facilities afforded "High" has made marked advance in its records, sporting in particular.

Message from Mr. Saxby:—

"As Headmaster of this great school, I tender my sincere thanks to all those who have contributed towards the *status quo*. Especially do I place on record my appreciation of the zealous and effective backing of a very loyal staff."

GEORGE C. SAXBY,  
Headmaster.





1927

## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



1927 1933

"For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever."



WALTER A. MOORE, B.A., Dip.Ec.

The Jubilee "Record" must give some space to "Wally" Moore, for his genial presence has brightened the rooms and spaces of "High" for a period of 32 years.

Mr. Moore was appointed to Sydney High School in September, 1901, ten years after the first trek—from Castlereagh Street, City, to Mary Ann Street, Ultimo. In that year he was one of the select band, viz., Mr. Waterhouse (Headmaster), Mr. Studdy, Mr. Saxby, Mr. Atkins, Mr. J. Williams, and Mr. Redshaw. The roll call was but 240 names.

Those were the days before specialisation. Mr. Moore, in common with other members of the staff, worked full time, and taught a number of subjects, to wit, English, History, French, Latin, and Mathematics.

In those days, says Mr. Moore, each master had a fixed room; his pupils sought him there—the mountain then came to Mahomet. (A glance at the small group of pupils comprising Sixth Form in 1896 will show the ease with

which this plan could be worked.) Sydney High lacked a science room at that time, and each form "marched" to the Technical College for science lessons. Mr. Moore superintended this, and one hears the "note of joy" in his voice whenever he narrates the story of the transformation scene—the conversion of the "Weathershed" and the "Stadium" into a well-equipped science room. One burden, that of drill sergeant, had fallen from his back.

"Wally" took part in the second or great trek—to Moore Park, where he still serves. He has had the unique experience of acting as Deputy Headmaster under Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Hinder, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Saxby—under all "High's" principals, except Mr. Coates.

One finds it difficult to cull personal information from Mr. Moore; the writer puts it down to modesty, but his explanation is: "In the near future I may be forced to supplement the income I derive from "fiddling" by the sale of a book entitled "High School Memories."

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A. B. PIDDINGTON, B.A.

J. WATERHOUSE, M.A.

J. F. McMANAMEY, B.A.

## Internal Development

"The Inner, Spiritual Side."

John Ruskin aptly states that "a church exists wherever God's people meet." In like manner we may say that Sydney High School is not merely bricks and mortar, but the place where teachers and pupils meet. This section of the "Record" will give a brief account of the staff and pupils of 1883 so as to set up a contrast with our school of to-day.

This small group of three teachers constituted the regular staff of "High" in 1883 (October-December). Dr. Thibbault and Mr. A. B. Riley were visiting teachers, the former teaching French, the latter Drawing and Art.

Mr. Waterhouse filled the position of Headmaster for the last quarter of 1883, and in January, 1884, Mr. Coates took up his duties as Principal of the school. Mr. Waterhouse's career has been sketched in an earlier article.

Mr. Piddington and Mr. McManamey were young graduates of Sydney University—described by Sir George Reid in his speech as "two of the most distinguished scholars of the Sydney University—one most specially distinguished in Classics and the other in Mathematics—who had already won the highest esteem of those by whom they had been employed."

Mr. Piddington left the High School in 1887, and reached high positions in political life and the legal profession.

Mr. Piddington, K.C., granted the editors of this magazine an interview, supplying them with a photograph and facts. He reminded them to be sure to send him a copy of the

Jubilee "Record." A great man, with time to give to boys.

Mr. A. M. Eedy has given shares to provide an annual prize for English—the A. B. Piddington Prize—in honour of the first teacher of English in S.H.S. Mr. Eedy speaks with great admiration of Mr. Piddington as a teacher of English. (N.B.—Mr. Piddington, at the age of 21 years, was called upon to take charge of a form in all subjects but French.)

Mr. McManamey was also a young man of 21 years, and the Gold Medallist of his year at the University. He is described by many of the foundation scholars as "the ideal teacher in school studies and in sport." In later years he answered his country's call and, an Anzac, fell at Gallipoli. Boys of all High Schools are familiar with the name of "this gallant gentleman," for our football teams strive to win that coveted trophy, the James Fraser McManamey Shield, given by the Rugby Union in honour of Major McManamey.

A staff of three will seem small to our present pupils, but the following—the School Roll of 1883—will seem smaller still. The boys whose names comprise this list sat for the Entrance Examination of September, 1883, and qualified. The names marked with an asterisk (in order of merit) were awarded Scholarships, and, to quote Mr. Reid again, "were entitled to free education, not as a charity, but as a distinction." Count the names and you will find that Sydney High School opened with a roll call of 46 names.





# 1883-JUBILEE RECORD 1933



## FOUNDATION ROLL OF SCHOLARS OF THE SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, 1883.

*Eedy, A. M.	Halloran, H. F.	George, W.	Russell, C. R.
*Doak, F. W.	Clune, T.	Smith, Grafton Elliot	Langton, W.
*Durie, C. H.	Hobbs, F. P.	Russell, E. R.	Fisher, H. G.
*Paradice, W. H.	Lewis, W. G.	Erwin, A. E.	Heffernan, T.
*Zlotkowski, A. B. F.	Hall, A. T.	Barrett, C.	Kennedy, W. D.
Toms, W. E.	Fraser, A. C.	Baker, F.	Pratt, P. J.
Mackenzie, A. C. K.	Gardiner, H.	Rodick, W.	Mainwaring, A.
Beckett, E. C.	Bowmaker, D. W.	Woodhill, A.	Stewart, A.
Bell, J.	Southern, A. E.	Flannery, C.	Eagar, H.
Winchcombe, A.	Hillman, E.	Hafer, H.	Wicks, J.
Fraser, R.	Harrison, L.	King, R.	Triggs, H.
Harriott, C.			Brooks, E.

\* Awarded Scholarships.

Efforts to secure a photograph of the assembled school of 1883 were fruitless. Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Piddington, Mr. Eedy, Mr. Paradise—all declared "it was not done."

However, the group, the Sixth Form of 1896, may give present pupils a conception of the size of a higher class 37 years ago.



SIXTH FORM, S.H.S., ULTIMO, 1896.

Back: W. CAMPBELL, — WOOD, S. A. SMITH, W. H. PRATT, P. DEXTER, O. WOOD.  
Front: A. MacINNES, J. P. V. MADSEN, W. CROMPTON (Master), C. W. SALIER, F. A. TODD.



STAFF OF SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, JUBILEE YEAR, 1933.

Back Row: O. S. Smith, J. F. Clark, L. A. Bassar, V. Hyde. Third Row: H. Abrahams, J. D. Renwick, A. M. Duncan, R. W. Caldwell, J. R. Towns, E. Bembrick, W. E. Cummings, W. H. Judd, J. Griffith.



Second Row: C. P. Schrader, W. S. Wilson, E. Patterson, S. R. Bilbe, M. T. Lynch, F. R. Roberts, V. E. Plummer, E. G. Evans, H. G. Brayden, G. C. Shaw. Front Row: K. Andrews, A. M. Hall, F. B. Jones, J. P. Willmott, W. A. Moore, G. C. Saxby, P. W. Hallett, R. H. Paynter, H. M. Woodward, J. W. Greaves, N. L. James. In set: O. A. Cropley.





# 1883 JUBILEE RECORD 1933



A striking comparison for this form would correspond in status to a Fifth Year class of 1933. The boys would be proceeding to the Senior Examination, as ours would proceed to the Leaving Certificate Examination.

As further evidence of the development of the school, we show the staff of 1933. A regular staff of 34 has taken the place of one

consisting of three permanent teachers and two visiting instructors.

The School Roll, 1933, affords another effective contrast.

The photograph of the whole school assembled in its fine grounds tells again the wonderful expansion of Sydney Boys' High School.

## SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL, JUBILEE YEAR, 1933.

### THE ASSEMBLED SCHOOL.

#### FIFTH YEAR.

5A.  
Beard, H. M.  
Buggie, J.  
Clacher, R. K.  
Cook, L. J.  
Cortis, E. M.  
Dixon, F. C.  
Fraser, J. H.  
Hansen, N. R.  
Holdaway, H. W.  
Horner, A. W.  
Jowett, J. E.  
Lyons, L. B.  
Mann, D. V.  
Pawley, A. R.  
Peterson, V. R.  
Prior, J. C.  
Robertson, J. H.  
Sweet, J. M.  
Ward, J. E.  
Watson, J.  
Wootten, F. J.  
5B.  
Arnott, D. B.  
Bear, C. L.  
Bond, C. S.  
Burt, R. G.  
Cornforth, J. W.  
Davies, R. N.  
Duncan, D. B.  
Earl, R. D.  
Ermann, R.  
Falk, D.  
Graves, J. N.  
Gray, F. J.  
Hatfield, S. B.  
Higgins, I. L.  
Jasper, G.  
Jay, J. A.  
Johnson, T. D.  
Kington, A. H.  
Kreuter, B. J.  
McGarry, J. M.  
Moore, K. L.  
Owen, M. D.  
Pepperday, R. G.  
Pink, A.  
Plimsoll, J.  
Pogson, S. J.  
Rimes, G. R.  
Seward, L.  
Sutherland, A. K.  
Rhodes, R. W.  
Welch, R.  
Wilson, A. S.  
Wilson, W. J.  
5C.  
Brogan, T. V.  
Bombelli, A. X.  
Brown, D. E.  
Butler, F. L.  
Craig, J.  
Dean, H. S.  
Dymock, A. E.  
Fleming, R. C.  
Gamoty, J. G.  
Griffin, L.

Hyslop, J. E.  
Jansen, R. H.  
Johnston, A.  
Jones, R. F.  
Makim, R.  
Murphy, G.  
Nicol, G.  
Page, D. M.  
Prior, T. H.  
Silver, J.  
Shaw, J. A.  
Simpson, C. H.  
Smee, R. A.  
Troy, R. J.  
Watson, E.  
Wood, R. H.  
Woolfe, S.  
James, I.  
Miller, H. A.  
5D.  
Ashdown, R.  
Baret, V. H.  
Brownlee, P.  
Coleman, S. T.  
Cummins, J.  
Davis, M.  
Dexter, R. S.  
Dryden, R.  
Einfeld, J.  
Ferguson, H.  
Garret, E.  
Grover, R.  
Harvey, S.  
Hamilton, G.  
Hill, R.  
Hohnen, R.  
Hunter, A.  
James, R.  
King, W.  
MacDonald, J.  
McKenzie, I.  
Moore, K.  
Noonan, J.  
Oxley, E.  
Stecum, D.  
Simpson, R.  
Webb, N.  
White, R.  
Wood, R.  
Wood, M.  
Wright, W.  
5E.  
Barden, R.  
Barr, C.  
Cateron, R. D.  
Cameron, K. C.  
Clark, Reg.  
Clark, Roy.  
Colyer, M.  
Cortis, J.  
Cooper, M.  
Elvy, D.  
Gill, A. J.  
Glanfield, G.  
Matfield, J.  
Jackson, H.  
Jones, S.  
Kendall, C.

Lawton, M.  
Lee, F. T.  
Lewis, W.  
Noske, I.  
Nosworthy, W.  
Shearstone, V.  
Sleebrig, A.  
Smith, N.  
Stewart, W.  
Stone, G. C.  
Street, F. N.  
Wade, R.  
Walker, M. S.  
Wallis, P.  
5F.  
Allen, J.  
Bennett, C.  
Boileau, G. E.  
Bowles, B.  
Brown, K.  
Brown, K.  
Bullock, J. W.  
Chalmers, L.  
Duggan, F. J.  
Gallard, L.  
Gordon, R.  
Grove, J. W.  
Homer, R.  
Jansson, R.  
Kiely, T.  
Kyd, J.  
Latona, W.  
McGrath, J.  
Miller, G. J.  
Moore, T.  
Nicholson, J. J.  
Pasley, L.  
Pynt, G.  
Riley, J. A.  
Solomon, N.  
Talty, W.

#### FOURTH YEAR.

4A.  
Bennefin, J.  
Booth, C.  
Brown, F.  
Byrne, R.  
Carmichael, C.  
Cutler, P.  
Deithelm, B.  
Dwyer, F.  
Filler, R.  
Glass, A.  
Hale, M.  
Hall, M.  
Hely, J. B.  
Henry, M.  
Hill, W.  
Hillman, A.  
Holman, E.  
Horner, F.  
Jackson, D.  
Leggott, A.  
Maley, L.  
Miller, L.

Minnett, A.  
Quinn, J.  
Scott, S.  
Seale, D.  
Sims, E.  
Walker, D.  
Walker, J.  
Watson, W.  
Wells, B.  
Wilson, T.  
4B.  
Blacket, R.  
(Vice-Prefect).  
Browne, A. V.  
(Prefect).  
Cahn, S. M.  
Charlton, W. K.  
Conolly, H. W.  
Field, G.  
Flack, A. C.  
Freeman, D. H.  
Green, J. A.  
Guest, W. J.  
Hean, C.  
Hercus, V. M.  
Hooke, R. W.  
Jones, D. W.  
Loomes, A. H.  
Mackay, L. D.  
McKay, W. I.  
McKean, J. G.  
McGill, K. W.  
Mirkin, L.  
Maller, B.  
Phipps, N. P.  
Price, J. G.  
Pritchard, C. J.  
Ramsbotham, F.  
Sandow, C. G.  
Sutherland, D.  
Thompson, R.  
Troy, A. H.  
Warton, A. E.  
Willmott, R.

4C.  
Askins, G.  
Betty, W.  
Blyth, S.  
Bott, J.  
Bullock, T.  
Coape-Smith, J.  
Cooper, T.  
Callaway, A.  
Dermond, P.  
Edgerton, E.  
Facey, J.  
Gardiner, N.  
Gordon, R.  
Hall, H.  
Hall, H.  
Rohehoff, T.  
Levi, J.  
Lidbury, C.  
Noble, J.  
Pearce, G.  
Reynolds, H.  
Rossiter, W.  
Read, K.  
Ryan, T.

Sharples, J.  
Solomon, U.  
Sutton, M.  
Tidswell, N.  
Watts, R.  
Williams, E.  
Wood, C.  
Lapreil, H.  
Scott, J.  
4D.  
Andrews, K.  
Antill, R.  
Biddulph, E.  
Bradford, K.  
Brinkman, I.  
Brown, K.  
Cann, G.  
Cateron, F.  
Cohen, L.  
Chegwyn, P.  
Crisford  
Emmerson, H.  
Gaden, C.  
How, R.  
Instone, G.  
Jones, A.  
Jones, T.  
Moore, R.  
McKay, G.  
Murray, W.  
Phillips, W.  
Rolleston, W.  
Radimey, W.  
Sadler, S.  
Thompson, P.  
Thorpe, N.  
Venn-Brown, B.  
Wright, R.  
Gallagher, J.  
Gibson, G.  
4E.  
Allsopp, W.  
Benjamin, K.  
Cassar, B.  
De Santis, R.  
Dunnett, N.  
Douglas, D.  
Falcon, S.  
Faulks, R.  
Fielder, H.  
Fullarton, J.  
Glandfield, R.  
Goode, E.  
Instone, J.  
Kimber, A.  
Lander, A.  
Lewis, A.  
Macpherson, E.  
Martin, J.  
Mitchell, R.  
Mitchell, W.  
Miller, L.  
Zorgan, E.  
Percival, M.  
Pyne, G.  
Shackcloth, J.  
Stark, W.  
Street, D.





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## THIRD YEAR.

3A.  
Baker, H.  
Balmain, R.  
Baxter, P.  
Brown, S.  
Clubb, J.  
Colman, L.  
Crichton, J.  
Dewhurst, D.  
Falk, G.  
Fletcher, J.  
Golds, H.  
Forsythe, J.  
Goldaire, R.  
Hatton, D.  
Hazell, G.  
Hebblewhite, K.  
Howard, R.  
Hurst, S.  
Iredale, R.  
Judd, B.  
Knox, A.  
Lagerlow, J.  
Lusby, R.  
Longley, R.  
McLaughlin, R.  
MacPherson, I.  
Morris, B.  
Oliver, C.  
Panton, D.  
Parker, G.  
Peter, J.  
Paynter, J.  
Rainsford, P.  
Rush, F.  
Simms, W.  
Titterton, M.  
Torrington, K.  
Venn-Browne, G.  
Wallace, C.  
Weeks, J.  
Wirsu, O.  
3B.  
Campbell, C.  
Carpenter, I.  
Chew, R.  
Cox, N.  
Della Ca, F.  
Dowd, A.  
Duguid, J.  
Farren, J.  
Frizell, P.  
Gallie, K.  
Hooke, F.  
James, D.  
Kennard, W.  
Khan, E.  
Lantos, S.  
Lazarus, D.  
Livingstone, S.  
Martin, D.  
McAuliffe, W.  
Mellewisch, D.  
Metcalfe, W.  
Morgan, P.  
Morris, A.  
Nettleship, D.  
Patterson, R.  
Pollard, S.  
Power, A.  
Smith, D.  
Spence, G.  
Stennett, L.  
Stevens, J.  
Warren, A.  
Weintz, P.  
Whitte, I. J.  
Williams, D.  
Williams, T.  
Young, A.  
3C.  
Armstrong, R.  
Brayne, E.  
Brown, S.  
Butt, D.  
Chapman, C. A.

Chudleigh, D. R.  
Clark, R.  
Crockier, F.  
Daly, J.  
Duncan, J.  
Ford, R.  
Foster, A.  
Godfrey, I.  
Gordon, I.  
Grant, A.  
Greenfield, D.  
Gubbay, N.  
Hibbard, W.  
Kearney, D.  
Keller, D.  
Livingstone, B.  
Marr, W.  
Murphy, W.  
Medcalf, G.  
Nicholson, D.  
Olsen, C.  
Proctor, S.  
Ryall, G.  
Ringland, R.  
Swan, I.  
Wall, L.  
Wade, A.  
Wills, M.  
Yates, H.  
3D.  
Abrahams, W.  
Blackburn, M.  
Bonham, K.  
Christensen, E.  
Cully, J.  
Denehy, J.  
Drury, J.  
Freeman, L.  
Fuller, N.  
Hawkins, N.  
Hunt, M.  
Ireland, J.  
Jauncey, L.  
Johnson, A.  
Kelly, R.  
Lapham, G.  
Moore, H.  
Mathews, A.  
Maxwell, S.  
Miles, A.  
Mitchell, A.  
Moore, H.  
Morris, F.  
Molesworth, R.  
Plowman, B.  
Raftopoulos, S.  
Spedding, E.  
Stevenson, W.  
Tinkler, J.  
Tudhope, R.  
Vivian, C.  
Watts, O.  
Williams, O.  
Windsor, G.

## SECOND YEAR.

2A.  
Abbot, W.  
Ariev, M.  
Blank, D.  
Brennan, W.  
Browne, G.  
Bruen, W.  
Bush, J.  
Butler, I.  
Callen, F.  
Chaffey, D.  
Cotter, C.  
Davis, J.  
Dawson, A.  
Della Ca, R.  
Dellit, A.  
Diethelm, G.  
Epstein, J.  
Killingworth, I.  
Harris, R.  
Hilton, W.

Hudson, J.  
James, E.  
Jarvie, K.  
Jones, C.  
Levi, D.  
Muldowney, M.  
McKenzie, J.  
McPherson, S.  
Parnell, L.  
Plowman, K.  
Renouf, A.  
Reeves, D.  
Rutherford, R.  
Snyder, S.  
Somerville, B.  
Tyrer, J.  
Vaughan, K.  
Vipond, A.  
Voysey, L.  
Warren, M.  
Watts, K.  
Whelan, B.  
Young, J.

## 2B.

Alldis, J.  
Allen, T.  
Angus, D.  
Baker, M.  
Berriman, R.  
Birnie, G.  
Blank, D.  
Browne, G.  
Campion, C.  
Clark, A.  
Dadour, A.  
Davenport, P.  
Denton, W.  
Hailes, L.  
Hanbridge, R.  
Harris, V.  
Henderson, J.  
Irving, L.  
Kead, F.  
Lane, R.  
Lewis, J.  
Macleay, S.  
Moloney, A.  
Macdonald, R.  
McColl, B.  
Mildwater, W.  
Miller, E.  
Morris, D.  
Muller, J.  
Nathan, B.  
O'Dea, C.  
Oram, K.  
Paine, J.  
Pullman, E.  
Ross, K.  
Saywell, P.  
Seller, R.  
Smith, R.  
Southward, G.  
Speechley, J.  
Turner, W.  
Walsh, K.  
Warden, N.  
Wessel, C.

## 2C.

Andrews, P.  
Bowen, W.  
Bullivant, R.  
Brodie-Mack, I.  
Christie, A.  
Coombs, L.  
Davis, J.  
Declauzel, A.  
Disney, F.  
Farmer, W.  
Fielder, A.  
Fielder, C.  
Gould, C.  
Homer, B.  
Johnston, A.  
Kent, G.  
Killingworth, I.  
Lind, W.  
Liddle, N.

Livingstone, E. A.  
Lewis, M.  
Lucas, J.  
Leadbetter, R.  
May, K.  
Newhouse, A.  
Nicholls, M.  
O'Donnell, K.  
Robinson, E.  
Ross, F.  
Ryan, R.  
Spinney, R.  
Smith, P.  
Stanworth, S.  
Slater, L.  
Setter, L.  
Streeter, J.  
Thompson, C.  
Schibeci, E.

## 2D.

Atkins, C.  
Bell, E.  
Berrett, B.  
Campbell, A.  
Christopher, G.  
Collard, F.  
Davenport, J.  
Duncan, J.  
Dunn, P.  
Einfield, L.  
Gibson, L.  
Giles, D.  
Grout, R.  
Grudnoff, W.  
Hay, C.  
Jarrat, D.  
Jaunsey, L.  
Joseph, N.  
Joyce, W.  
Kerr, B.  
Kead, F.  
Lewis, N.  
Marchioni, E.  
Mills, B.  
McLean, J.  
Newcombe, G.  
Olsen, F.  
Oliver, H.  
Paul, D.  
Perry, W.  
Phillips, G.  
Shortridge, T.  
Smith, L.  
Sutherland, K.  
Thatcher, R.  
Turner, J.  
Wise, H.  
Woodman, R.  
Wren, D.  
Wilson, H.

## FIRST YEAR.

1A.  
Bannatyne, A.  
Beveridge, R.  
Biddulph, R.  
Black, R.  
Born, R.  
Bonus, S.  
Booth, L.  
Burgess, C.  
Bland, A.  
Campbell, G.  
Chapman, M.  
Cheers, G.  
Cody, R.  
Craven, D.  
Crosthwaite, P.  
Davis, E. M.  
Davis, I.  
Don, B.  
Dowd, B.  
Drew, G.  
Dunn, F.  
Eccles, R.

Edwards, J.  
Ellison, J.  
Elder, B.  
Fox, J.  
Falkingham, P.  
Finigan, B.  
Fieldhouse, R.  
Fatouros, A.  
Frizell, J.  
Gibson, H.  
Gwyther, L.  
Hare, N.  
Hardacre, R.  
Harmer, J.  
Hart, J.  
Hendy, C.  
Higham, R.  
Hill, G.  
Hook, W.  
Holt, K.  
Hutchinson, R.  
Hudspeth, L.  
Hudson, R.  
Henry, C.

## 1B.

Jones, R.  
Jockel, G.  
Lancaster, K.  
Lambert, E.  
Lewis, J.  
Langley, E.  
Little, B.  
Lumsdaine, R.  
Marlin, J.  
Martin, F.  
Mathers, F.  
Moffitt, K.  
Morris, K.  
Murphy, K.  
MacKinnon, C.  
MacDonald, R.  
McLaughlin, R.  
McEwin, K.  
Norman, K.  
Oliver, K.  
Osmond, W.  
Owen, F.  
Peisley, J.  
Paynting, K.  
Poulton, K.  
Pritchard, W.  
Roden, J.  
Samuels, G.  
Sealy-Vidal, E.  
Smith, A.  
Stark, R.  
Stewart, A.  
Stirk, A.  
Thomas, A.  
Thornburn, C.  
Tregear, F.  
Walshe, J.  
Warburton, L.  
Warren, G.  
West, J.  
Wells, J.  
Webster, L.  
White, A.  
White, R.  
Wise, T.  
Wilson, J.  
Woollacott, J.  
Wootten, L.  
Zander, S.  
1C.  
Brooks, O.  
Buck, F.  
Chapple, K.  
Christenson, C.  
Davis, A.  
Ferguson, D.  
Goldstein, B.  
Garland, C.  
Gidley, J.  
Hardy, M.  
Hamilton, I.  
Hunter, R.  
Jackson, O.





## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



Johnstone, R.	Solomon, L.	Dowker, W.	Haviland, M.	Rothfield, M.
Kingsmill, J.	Spencer, K.	Eastaway, J.	Hunt, E.	Scales, D.
King, K.	Thornhill, E.	Erskine, D.	Hynes, J.	Shaw, W.
Lennon, J.	Van Gelden, J.	Ferguson, K.	McGarn, F.	Squires, I.
Lane, N.	Welch, G.	Froud, A.	McLean, R.	Steenbhom, K.
McLeod, R.	Woodgate, N.	Garret, J.	Mohr, L.	Stevens, E.
McCluse, A.	Whyms, F.	Goundrie, C.	Posener, E.	Symonds, M.
Middlemiss, T.	Williams, P.	Grant, W.	Radeski, C.	Tasker, H.
Mouatt, J.	1D.	Greenfield, A.	Revelman, L.	Turnball, N.
Mouatt, E.	Adams, R.	Grogan, K.	Richards, H.	Underwood, F.
Mortimer, E.	Baker, R.	Grugeon, C.	Ritchie, R.	Ward, C.
Phipps, W.	Bracewell, R.	Gumby, A.	Richmond, J.	Ward, G.
Roberts, J.	Colditz, G.	Hagin, C.	Royall, L.	Coraik, A.

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ASSEMBLED SCHOOL—OCTOBER, 1933.





## 1883-JUBILEE RECORD 1933



### MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

*"Memories of childhood and youth—portraits of those who have gone before us in the battle."*

R. L. STEVENSON.

The Editors knew that this little book would reach the homes of many Old Boys—old in the real sense of the word—pupils of 30, 40, and, in some cases, 50 years ago. They desired to provide reading which might evoke reminiscences and give material for thought and, on meeting fellow pupils, pleasant conversations; so an appeal was made direct to them for contributions. The response has made possible what is, perhaps, the finest section of the magazine.

*Mr. Trebeck:* Went from Sydney High to East Maitland, retired, but still visits East Maitland High to give religious instruction.

*Mr. Studdy:* Left the Department of Education, followed pastoral pursuits in Gunnedah District. Still a "live wire" in Country Party politics.

*Mr. Saxby:* Present Head of Sydney High.

*Mr. Sharpe:* Left Department, weak throat; migrated to Western Australia.

*Mr. Barraclough:* Now Professor of Engineering, Sydney University.

*W. Crompton:* Classical scholar; retired to live in North Sydney; deceased.

*J. Waterhouse:* Still living; resident of Chatswood.

*L. Stephenson:* Mathematical genius, Cambridge University; left High for King's School; deceased.

A. MacI.



MASTERS, SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL, ULTIMO, 1896.

From Left to Right—Top: T. B. TREBECK, A. J. STUDDY, G. C. SAXBY, J. SHARPE, H. BARRACLOUGH.

Bottom: W. CROMPTON, J. WATERHOUSE (Headmaster), L. STEPHENSON.



It would appear that Messrs. Saxby and Moore are the only members of the old brigade (1910/11) still on the school staff. One does not soon forget those gentlemen.

"Boss" Waterhouse, with his cheery manner and flowing gown; "Billy" Williams (eu-phony boy); "Sax" (understand? Well, now, what is it you understand?); "Tommy" Atkins, "Jack" Bach, "Charlie" Wedderburn, "Pat" Sullivan with his sardonic grin, "Ben" Miles, "Tinny," "Heddy" (you're all at C), "Mossy," "Bussy," Stoyles (decline "causa"), and not forgetting "Wally."

Something about the school at Ultimo, the smells and noises emanating from various places in the neighbourhood, blue metal engagements en route to Wentworth Oval, and other phases helped considerably those who went to the War. (Capt. Ken Prior was the only one in our crowd, 13th Battery, F.A., I remember as being an old S.H.S. boy.)

The "thunder of guns," bombs, poison gas, machine guns, etc. Ye gods! A mere echo of S.H.S., Ultimo.

L. A. H.

I remember that "Bert" Piddington, that wonderful exemplar of all the virtues, would not give me any marks in an arithmetic paper because I did not show up all the working. "You might have got it off the next boy," he said. The next boy happened to be a chap named —, who could not add up 2 and 2.

H. M.

In my day at school I held a record. I started as the smallest and youngest in 1908, and in 1911 I was still the smallest and youngest. I was at the school in Ultimo until 1914, seven years in all, which at that time was also a record. It is impossible to pick out an incident to write of. There were so many between the day Rod Kidston and Cyril Versoe carried me home to camp during the sham battle round Long Bay Prison in 1908 and the day, August 4, 1914, the football team, then at Goulburn, learnt of the declaration of war.

I look forward to seeing the "Record" when published, and trust your appeal will be a success. Perhaps there are many sluggards like myself who will now wake up.

Dr. D. C.



# ALAN KIPPAX

## Autograph

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### THE "BASHERS."

Gone are the days when straw "lids" paid desperate homage to the Junior results.

Who amongst us, of the halcyon days of Mary Ann Street, does not recall running the gay gauntlet from the gate to the main door along that alleyway of uplifted and tightly-rolled "Heralds" and "Daily Telegraphs" (equally sizable in those far-off days) on the morning of the publication of the Junior results?

How hungrily did the wielders of those whacking newspapers await the arrival of the poor idiot who had so cleverly filched his eight or ten A's from the University Board of Examiners! How gladly did they make it all up to the doleful collector of but four B's!

It mattered not how high the victim held his Gladstone bag (that generation knew not the proletarian "globite" and "fabricoid"), or how low he bent his head, the newspapers found their mark, and it was an extraordinarily good straw hat, of which the makers might justly have felt proud, that could be worn again after such mornings.

Those careful, timorous souls who left their hats with some Saul at the gate, but brought upon their pates papers more plentiful and painful.

Whisper it not in Gath, but do you remember the dreadful occasion upon which some never-known experimenter "donged" the redoubtable "Tinny" and how suddenly hostilities ceased along the whole front before the thunderings and bristling eyebrows of the boss?

I never think of those exciting moments when the victims blindly barged their way along beneath the raining blows of the newspapers, but there comes to mind those lines from the "Ancient Mariner" which "Les" and "Slab" droned monotonously into our unreceptive ears in those far-off Junior days:

"With sloping masts and dipping prow  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe  
And forward bends his head.  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward, aye, we fled."  
Ah, but those *were* the days!

H. F. W.

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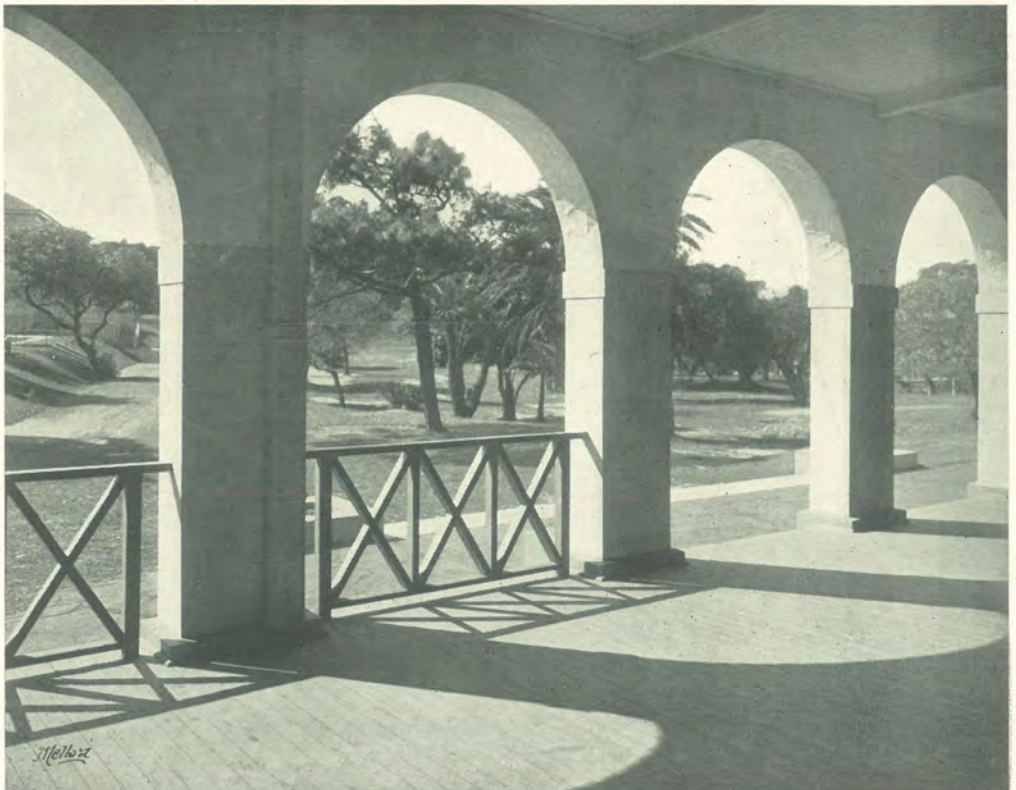


Happy is the lad who makes errors when he is young, and thrice fortunate is he when he is much ridiculed for his mistakes, for I have found that the mistake for which I was most teased was the least likely to be re-born; and at the old school at the time of the Boer War we had one master who had a heaven-sent facility for making errors weigh upon our poor souls till we felt as small as the smallest Lilliputian. He was sarcasm personified. He was more *caustic* than sodium hydroxide, and there is a well-known Sydney medico who, I believe, will remember him well, since this master for months and months after the incident implied referred to the medico as the "*Avant Prendu* Gentleman." We were asked to do a French prose when work was arduous and leisure was a thrill, and the English contained the phrase "having taken." Well, what could seem more natural? "*Avoir*" to have, "*avant*" having. "*Prendre*" to take, like "*rendre*" to give back. Well "*rendu*," why not "*prendu*"? Well, then, "*avant rendu*." Why

not? We had no need to consult dictionaries in the face of such logic. When the said master brought back our papers, of course it was different. He went to speak, and stopped from sheer choler. He thought "*avant rendu*" while his face reddened and his veins stood out alarmingly. Then he chewed the phrase till we thought that it would choke him. At last suddenly out it came in all its dreadfulness, and we all shivered, because any one of us could have been the perpetrator. And then the name of the guilty one was glarefully pronounced while the others breathed in unison one great sigh of relief. And thus there came into being the "*Avant Prendu* Gentleman."

Now, after time has rolled his ceaseless course for many years over us all, I can still see the old room in Ultimo and the old master, and I can see quite vividly the blushes of my friend as the master poured upon him the vials of his wrath. And I ask one question, "*Avant Prendu*," do you still recollect the old incident and the old friends?

L. J. S.







## 1883-JUBILEE RECORD 1933



GEORGE ROBERT DUNCAN,

Missing in France (1917).

How can one convey the charm of one's friend? In a paragraph it is hardly possible to make the attempt. To say that Duncan was one of "High's" crack batsmen in 1914, that he was a fine historian but no mathematician, that "Slab" Fletcher awarded him the palm for a stirring set of verses entitled "Harangue of Bruce Before Bannockburn"—tells nothing.

Duncan was at once enthusiast and comedian. It was in Second Year that I first met him, tall, somewhat pale, but aglow with inward fire, for he had just discovered Scotland. It was a real discovery of the imagination, and even one whose heart was by no means in the Highlands and who occasionally felt obliged to assume the role of argumentative opponent, could not remain cold to such burning, such poetic fervour. For Duncan was a poet. Life as he touched it became strangely, sometimes comically, different, and one's sense of it, with his help, was enriched. But to show how would need many pages, and perhaps then would be impossible.

My thoughts of Duncan linger most affectionately in a remote corner of the science room at Ultimo, where he and I collaborated (if our futile potterings could be suggested by such a word) in "practical" chemistry. Jack Back would pass us by with no more than a pitying glance, averting his eyes, rather in sorrow than in anger, from the spectacle of such ineptitude. Yet we had our pride. Our notebooks—compiled from the records of our neighbours' more fruitful experiments—were written with an eye to the niceties of expression. George, idly inspecting my book, was revolted to find a prominent word echoed twice within the space of several lines. "No need to let your style go to pieces, even if you are doing chemistry." I hung my head at the reproof. He himself embellished the arid vocabulary of the science with sonorous prefixes. I can see the bold flourishes of his "contra-distinction."

One Friday afternoon our activities were unwontedly successful; the vicissitudes of the experiment had left us with a thimbleful of

some dusty-looking powder. George, feeling that the achievement deserved recognition, marched to the desk with our precious residue to ask for instructions concerning its disposal. He returned in a moment shaking with suppressed merriment. To his respectful question, "Please, sir, shall I throw this away?" the supervisor, gazingly solemnly from the powdery relic to its bearer, had replied: "No, cart it away."

A. J. A. W.

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### WAL RIDLEY—KEITH SMALL.

You will not find their names on those boards that bear the names of High School boys eminent in scholarship, nor were they tributaries to that broad stream of intellectual achievement in the swelling of whose waters all great public schools are proud to claim a share for their alumni. But, graven deep in the minds and hearts of their contemporaries, their memory remains, and is perennially fragrant with the sweetness that is in, and of, good and gentle men. They were just two of that generation of boys, schooled amid the dissonant clangours of the foundries that were all about the old Mary Ann Street school, who stepped straight from the wings of adolescence to play their parts, unprompted, as men, in the tragedy of the Great War. I single them out from a goodly company, not because the memory of their fellows, who also claim our gaze upon the altar of remembrance, is any less sacred or inspiring, but because they were, for me, the one an ideal of schoolboy manhood, the other my especial pal from the days of the old Special Class (1910) to the first Leaving Certificate Examination (1913). This tribute of a halting pen is offered to them as representatives of that youthful generation that found Eternity through the avenue of blood and sacrifice.

In what regions of starlit infinitude do their eager questing souls wander now? Wal, the big and broad and jovial, with the irresistibly magnetic smile, radiant with the very spirit of lovely manhood; Keith, far less massive, less exuberant, more reticent, but with a nature broad and clear and deep, like the beloved Clarence, on whose banks he was reared, holding fast the hearts of his friends by the purity (I had almost said innocence) and strength and truth of his subtly-engaging character.

Sitting alone in the peace of a Sunday evening, with the lingering echoes of the holy Sabbath bells in my ears, and worldly thoughts suppressed for the moment of the force of solemn meditation, I vision them returned to the old haunts of learning. There is Rid., stick in hand, "springing up to light the gas," unchallenged in his customary office, with a merrily-mischievous twinkle of fun in his laughing eyes, the while he parries the verbal thrusts that are made at him from all directions, his

very heart laughing in tune with the banter that tells his instinct he is "certainly first in the hearts of his fellows." That flickering light he lit in the gloom of—was it No. 1, the home of the exalted Sixth? is dim by comparison with the radiance that his memory enkindles within us who knew him.

But of Keith I have two glimpses: one, as he holds his pen, in that curious way that never failed to excite my astonishment, between the thumb and the *lowest* joint of the index finger, with the upper joints tucked away mysteriously in the palm, and so laboriously fashions the words that he wove whenever possible into the fabric of his compositions, ". . . the silvery Clarence meandering peacefully along"; and the second glimpse is of the undergraduate in his first year, at the University Union, confirming the evidence of newly-acquired manhood, symbolised by his first long trousers, with the nonchalant handling of a well-chalked cue, as he pots the red or goes in off the white with a masterly suppression of emotion at his success.

And I rather like to fancy that whenever in the peaceful contemplation of the past I find my thoughts reverting to those happy and sacred days of nearly twenty years ago, that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" will imagine those simple pictures of manly youth in boyish actions.

Their bones, now bleached and scattered,  
Still in loneliness must lie,  
But their souls hold free communion  
In the reaches of the sky.

H. L. M.

### INCIDENT.

It occurred during an English lesson in 2B in 1912. H. G. Stoyles was the master, and he was speaking to the class because some members had laughed at a classmate's mistake. He ended by saying that "a person who never made a mistake never made anything." "Tony" Walton, forgetting where he was, had replied with a "Hear! Hear!" and was promptly told to "Hear! Hear!" at detention for one hour.

W. M. C.





# 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



In the school at Ultimo, as you probably know, the Teachers' Room was situated at the head of the stairs. One morning a number of boys were in the vicinity, in the absence of any teachers, and someone wagered Ridley that he could not draw himself up into the man-hole a certain number of times. (By standing on the table he could just reach the manhole, which did not have a lid.)

He was in the act of drawing himself up when a teacher arrived unexpectedly.

Immediately there was a scatter, and Ridley, sensing danger, drew himself right up through the hole.

He was forced to remain in an extremely crouched, uncomfortable position from about 11 a.m. till 3 p.m., as there was not room to sit upright. The first teacher was soon joined by another, and as their conversation was of a private nature, and as many students, including himself, were being discussed, he could not reveal his presence.

All day long, at change of lessons a few boys would dash up in the hope of finding the room empty of teachers, and I suppose the teachers wondered at the attention bestowed on their room. Eventually the room was found temporarily vacant and Ridley released.

The teachers never knew of this incident, to my knowledge, but many of us were enlightened as to their opinion of us.

J. V. G.

I remember one day when Bill Langton (afterwards Dr. W. D. Langton, of Redfern, who died not long ago), who lived up the Western Line, brought a basket of pigeons to school, and during the French lesson, which was in the classroom at the north-west corner of the old building, Os. Bell and I let them out. At once there was pandemonium, and Dr. Thibault (who was a good sort, but had no control) nearly went mad. After matters quietened a little, I heard his usual command on French days: "Mr. Alleron, you will leave de room," at which I went out in the playground and enjoyed myself till play time, and that was all that ever happened. I often used to see that same French gentleman after school days, and we were very good friends.

On another occasion the Head, good old Joey, caught Os. Bell and I (we two were always up to some devilment or other) throwing pens into the ceiling, a favourite pastime, and we were called out together. Joey approached us with that set look of his and his teeth together and bared, and quick as a flash Os. got one from that swift left hand on the right ear. I was successful in dodging mine, but, as I turned, the foot scored where the hand had failed, and I received a beauty in the rear. Joseph Coates was a great Head, a strict disciplinarian in school, but not a spark of ill-will in his whole body, and very just and fair. A great friend of the boys, and well beloved by all of them. He used to give me a rough time, but I know he liked me as I did him. Those were the days, and how we used to appreciate three-pennorth of mixed boiled lollies from Prince's, in Market Street, when we were rich enough to have them!

H. H.



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The late Mr. W. Crompton, at one time Assistant Headmaster, had a wonderful sense of humour. While often this was amusing to his pupils, it was not always fully appreciated by them. Being himself an Old Boy of Winchester College (England), his admiration and esteem for his old school was so great that a certain poem extolling Winchester was invariably given to his class to learn as an aid to memory training. The "poetry," I believe, consisted of some hundred or so verses, but as I do not know of one pupil who was successful in learning the whole of it, I may be understating its length. It was of such great assistance in training the memory that I do not now even remember one line! I wonder if any Old Boys who learnt part of the poem can now recall any of it?

R. GREEN.

After the "mellowing" (or otherwise) influence of ten years in the bush I am afraid that any "short incidents" or "sketches of teachers" would hardly be conducive to your

disciplinary efforts among present-day boys. T. R. Ladds is in Tamworth, and we often yarn about our efforts—e.g., Mr. Hinder was Headmaster, the late Mr. Mussman the German teacher of Fourth Year Commercial. Mr. Hinder unceremoniously turned the teachers out from a little room upstairs in the old Mary Ann Street building, and installed 4AC. In the roof was a trapdoor. One day poor old Mr. Mussman found his entire class missing. He rushed down to Mr. Hinder, who accompanied him back to the room, only to find the whole class in their places—they had been on the roof per means of the trapdoor. Mr. Moore should remember the incident. Fancy character sketches of "Lucy" Leaver, "Jacky" George, "Dickie" Craddock, "Percy" Cane, "Andy" Watson in print!

However, we were all taught "how to learn," and seem to be existing in the depression, and realise the old school is doing one thousand times better now than in 1916. With best wishes for a successful "Record."

K. J. H.







# 1883 JUBILEE RECORD 1933



## GEMS OF THE PAST.

Being Poems culled from past copies of  
"The Record."

The Editors have passed many pleasant moments  
comparing Past and Present poems. Our readers  
may do likewise. (See Poet's Corner for Present  
poems.)

### A WISH.

I drew my curtain, and a star  
Came flashing to my sight.  
It hung so high, so free, so far,  
It seemed that naught could ever mar  
The radiance of its light.

In tender, curving lines of grey  
Seant clouds came straying from their way,  
And caught it in their net.  
As a jewel lost in a woman's hair,  
As a young heart caught in the toils of care,  
Tangled, it sank and set.

A moment hid, then to the night  
It sprang sublime with purer light;  
It flashed from out the grey,  
And, free from danger, free from fear,  
The star shone on serene and clear;  
The clouds fled far away.

So may seant sorrows that should stray  
Like Summer clouds across your way  
Be scattered near and far,  
And leave the light of happy hours.

V. J. M. (1910).

## SPENSERIAN STANZAS.

### I.

I'd stand at dawn upon a mountain top  
And view, with wondering eye, the vast expanse  
Of valley as it lay, the sudden drop  
Of the sheer cliff, piercing like a lance,  
With jutting pinnacles, the mists which dance  
With slow and billowy movement round its  
base;  
And whose ever-changing aspects but enhance  
The wonders of the scene. Across the face  
Of the cliff their intricate designs dark  
Fissures trace.

G. J. M. S. (1912).

### II.

I woke and, round me in the wood, beheld  
The towering trunks of tall and blackened trees.  
About their feet were fallen giants, some felled  
By man's keen blade. A lonely fear did seize  
Me, in that lonely place, and though my knees  
Were trembling like an aspen leaf, I said  
I had no fear. I rose; my blood did freeze.  
What prodigy did I behold in dread?  
I turned, and headlong down the winding track  
I fled.

A. M. H. (1912).

## COUNTRY MEMORIES.

The first long shafts of morning kiss the wattle's  
golden awning,  
And the bell-birds' liquid notes of music swell  
With the splash of rill and fountain down the  
verdure-draped mountain,  
And the kookaburra's cackling in the dell.

And when the bright stars quiver on the ripples  
of the river,  
And gentle breezes fan the crowding cane,  
Through the lowing of the cattle comes the cow-  
bell's rhythmic rattle,  
That lulls to sleep the moonlight-silvered plain.

S. B. G. (1910).

## HYMN.

The anthems of the mighty hills,  
The hymning of the sea,  
The blue, unclouded sky that fills  
The heart with melody—  
All these, O God, tell more of Thee  
Than all the fitful harmony  
Of harp or song,

The curtain of the silent nest  
That steals across the glen,  
The merry streamlets, sunbeam-kissed,  
Far, far from haunts of men—  
Than all the feeble melody  
Of human praise.

The rapture of the happy lark,  
High speeding in his flight,  
The twilight, and the silent dark  
That drops from winged night—  
All these, O God, tell more of Thee  
Than all the laboured minstrelsy  
Of heart and voice.

R. N. K. (1914).

## THE FLANNEL FLOWER.

There grew a tiny flannel flower,  
Deep in a wild ravine,  
Where a streamlet wandered merrily  
And ferns grew wild and green,  
And sunbeams found a golden way  
Down through the leafy screen.

There grew a tiny flannel flower,  
And no one knew 'twas there,  
Save bush-birds, flying down to rest  
Among the maiden-hair,  
And the little bushland fairies  
That go dancing everywhere.

Ah! rare and dainty flannel flower,  
Oft many a commoner bloom  
Hath lent a dimmer beauty  
To array a banquet room,  
Or found a royal resting-place  
Upon a monarch's tomb.

A. W. W. G. (1916).





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### RIVER FAIRIES

While the gentle dew is falling,  
And the waters sparkling glide,  
Fairy voices, sweetly calling,  
Echo o'er the moonlit tide.

In the zephyr's gentle sighing  
Fairy music floats on high,  
And its echoes, slowly dying,  
Linger 'neath the starry sky.

Where the brightest moonbeams quiver,  
Silvering the wavelets gay,  
Fairy craft float o'er the river  
Till the golden dawn of day.

Fairy voices, softly pleading,  
Bid us haste to join their lay;  
Unseen forms, so surely leading,  
Guide us swiftly on our way.

R. K. (1913).

### THE SIGHING OF THE BREEZE.

Gentle breeze, oh! why so sadly  
Dost thou whisper through the trees  
While the sunbeams play so gladly  
And so softly drone the bees;

While so gaily dance the flowers  
And the birds so blithely sing,  
And in scented woodland bowers  
Sweetly sounds the voice of Spring;

While the cascade swiftly foaming  
In its wildest music's swell  
Bids thee cease thy restless roaming  
By its side for e'er to dwell?

Haste, oh, haste thee! ere the glory  
Of the Springtime fade away;  
Whisper not thy mournful story  
While the sunbeams rule the day.

Haste thee! haste! to greet the flowers  
As they flutter in the breath,  
And enjoy the happy hours  
Ere their charms are lost in death.

R. K. (1913).

### DAWN.

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.

R. F. (1923).

### SUNRISE.

I rose ere dawn and, in the magic east,  
Beheld a tinted curtain in the sky,  
Its colours soft and pleasing. To my eye  
'Twas wondrous beautiful, a plenteous feast  
Of joy for tired hearts, and its soft glow  
Diffused abroad, burnished all things that live—  
The dew-impearled grass, the flowers that thrive.  
I was right loath to see that fair sight go,  
But soon it vanished, and a thought arose  
How all things beautiful must fade away  
And needs must pass to dim eternity.  
Temperate Spring days, sunsets and beauteous  
skies,  
A gorgeous flower, a bird with plumage gay,  
Must fade and be forgot. 'Tis Fate's decree.

C. R. W. (1924).

## DEATON AND SPENCER

ARE PRINTERS OF HIGH-CLASS MAGAZINES.

This production can be taken as a specimen of their workmanship.

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*Swiss Studios.*

ARTHUR WAKEFIELD HORNER,  
SCHOOL CAPTAIN, 1933.

It is the good fortune of Arthur Wakefield Horner to be Captain of Sydney High in its Jubilee year, but it is also the fortunate lot of the school to have as captain a youth so capable as Arthur to fill the rather exacting position. So well has the duty been performed that the "Record" has decided to register its appreciation.

Arthur Wakefield Horner is a native of Malvern, Victoria. His primary education was received at Sandringham State School (Victoria), and the initial year of his High School life was spent at Hampton Higher Elementary School, also of Victoria. At Hampton Arthur held the Dr. Leary Scholarship. Family migration brought him to "High" in 1930, where he was enrolled as a second year pupil, Class 2C. In this class he won the second prize in English, and secured the coveted position of Dux.

Passing into 3C, Arthur still showed his mental ability, and secured the first prize for commercial subjects, won a scholarship to the Blennerhassett Institute of Accountancy (value £35, surrendered, however, in order to remain

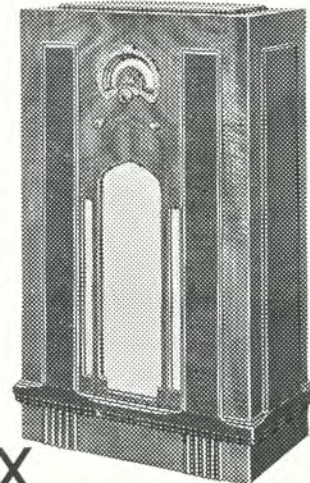
at school), and finished the year with a brilliant Intermediate pass—seven "A's" and one "B." Fourth year added fresh laurels, viz., the A. B. Piddington prize for English and the special prize for the Best Short Story in the "Record."

In addition to scholarship, Arthur has the right idea of "school spirit," and is always anxious to help in any school activity. Evidence of this—the leading role in a school play, the leader of the debating team in the G.P.S. competitions (1932-33), a member of the "Record" Committee, 1932 (also an earnest supporter in contributions), the representative of the State High Schools (boys) in the Empire Broadcast (printed elsewhere in this issue), a prefect, and, finally, captain of the school.

In sport, soccer has been his choice. This year he plays with the First Grade Soccer Team.

The school fetes have given him opportunity to bring "some grist to the school mill" by using his talent for drawing and lightning sketching. Examples of his artistic sketches appear elsewhere in this issue.

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# His Maiden Debate

A. W. Horner



MR. CHAIRMAN,  
 MR. ADJUDICATOR,  
 AND GENTLEMEN, ....

... NOW LET US  
 FIRST CONSIDER  
 ....



... IS THIS JUSTICE?  
 MOST EMPHATICALLY  
 NO! .....



... THIS IS  
 AN UTTER FALLACY  
 .....



... AND YET THE  
 GOVERNMENT HAS  
 THE AUDACITY .....



... THESE FACTS WILL  
 DEAL THE GOVERNMENT'S  
 CASE A BLUSHING CROW



... THAT IS TO SAY  
 ... ER... ER... I MEAN  
 A BRUSHING CL —



— ... ER... IN  
 OTHER WORDS — ER..



... ER... ER... UM!

DING!  
 !!!



!!!





Message given by A. W. Horner, Captain, S.H.S., as representative of State High Schools (Boys).

**"INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL  
MESSAGE FROM THE STATE SCHOOL  
(BOYS) OF NEW SOUTH WALES."**

We, the High School Boys of New South Wales, rejoice in this opportunity of expressing our faith in the future of mankind—not the blind, unquestioning faith of one who is ignorant of the faults and weaknesses of this world, but a strong faith born of logic and authentic knowledge.

Through this wonderful medium of radio we hope to make known to you all the objective for which we are striving, and thus secure your co-operation in this worthy cause. We are especially blessed in our efforts towards a more complete and sympathetic understanding among the nations of the world in having at our disposal this benevolent "sprite" which can put a girdle round about the earth in much less time than forty minutes. For the intimacy and complete lucidity of the spoken word is able to remove the world-old barriers as no other agent can. Where the message of one country is received verbatim and simultaneously by the rest of the world there can be no

foolish misunderstandings as have been in the past, and for this reason we are grateful for the invention of this modern age, which makes possible for us to intimate the sincere and potent international spirit which is the moving force in this world-wide message.

In giving expression to the sentiment which prompts this goodwill message, we are not making a gesture of international goodwill; there is something beyond which is far more vital. It is our endeavour to secure your co-operation in a mutual and determined effort to establish permanent peace on this earth. Let us all work together, with the vigour and determination of youth, to rid our peoples of that tyrant, national jealousy. In a brief space we shall be called upon to take the reins of government, and all the problems of the world shall have to be faced. How much easier will be our task if already we have established the deep understanding which is the basis of pacific dealings and international prosperity?

Malevolent Mars has too strong a grip upon the earth to be vanquished by individuals or by individual nations. A united front must be shown by the peoples of *all* nations if the human race is to experience that serenity and security which have seemed so remote.





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How can we, as schoolboys, assist in the attainment of this ideal where experienced political leaders have fallen by the wayside? There is much that we can do; there is much that we *must* do. As students, we learn to be loyal to the school, but the rights and claims of rival schools we are also taught to recognise. Let us apply this unselfish loyalty to a wider sphere. The relations of nations are as the relations of the individual. If we learn, then, to be patriotic and still remember and respect our neighbours of other lands, we shall become world-minded. The "other fellow's problems" shall be ours to help him face and overcome. So that when we come to take our places as the rulers of the world this friendly spirit shall be universal, national jealousy definitely a thing of the past, and universal peace and prosperity in sight.

That is the task which we have set ourselves and which we hope, with your help, to accomplish. We have to act as a spur to our endeavours the advantages of a modern and enlightened age—all these simplified means of communication at our disposal—the privileges and faculties of youth, and the knowledge that, after all, there is something magnificent in the ideal for which we are working together. We know that you look forward, as we do, to the breaking down of time-worn barriers of race, creed, colour and language, of all the futile prejudices of an ignorant age and the permanent establishment of a warm friendship and sympathetic understanding between nations such as will make war impossible.

Then, you who are our friends shall see with us the dawning of the universal peace and prosperity so long and so eagerly awaited.

A. W. H.

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### The Prefects

The Prefect's Badge is the sign of the highest school honour to which a pupil of Sydney High School can attain, except, of course, the positions of Captain and Vice-Captain of the school, and they, of course, are held by prefects.

This select band, generally of eighteen or twenty, is appointed by the Headmaster, who makes his decisions after receiving recommendations from senior boys, from retiring prefects, and from the staff. A tentative selection is made each year in October, so that acting-prefects may be introduced to their duties by the experienced team that is to leave in the month following. These temporary appointees who prove satisfactory during the balance of the year—and practically all of them do—are fully gazetted early in the following year, when they take their oath of office and are presented with their badges by the Headmaster before the assembled school. The head prefect

and his second in command are chosen by ballot by the prefect body. These high officials are almost invariably appointed Captain and Vice-Captain of the school. It is an unwritten law that no prefect repeating his final year may be elected to these positions.

It has been the custom to choose as junior prefects three or four boys from the Fourth Year, so that each year's band of prefects may have a stiffening of boys experienced in their duties. These junior prefects have fewer privileges and have jurisdiction over the lower school, until the last term, when they are promoted full prefects upon the departure of fifth-year students.

Prefects have many privileges. They have also a special common room, which they alone may enter. The P. & C. Association has recently improved their conditions by constructing a set of lockers, and we are planning further



**S.H.S. PREFECTS, 1933, JUBILEE YEAR.**

Back Row: F. J. DUGGAN, C. G. STONE, R. ERMANN, J. BUGGIE, T. D. JOHNSON, J. E. R. WARD.  
Middle Row: R. H. JANSEN, S. T. COLEMAN, R. D. HILL, K. C. CAMERON, K. L. MOORE,  
KEN. MOORE, R. J. CLARKE, M. S. WALKER.  
Front: S. J. POGSON, R. D. EARL, F. B. JONES, Esq., A. W. HORNER (Capt.), G. C. SAXBY, Esq.,  
A. G. HUNTER (Vice-Capt.), F. J. GRAY.





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little comforts that will improve this room still more.

The duties of the prefects are quite onerous. They are charged with general supervision of pupils, both in the school, in the grounds, and wherever they may be. It is the duty of prefects to help to uphold the good name of the school, both within and without the school precincts. We look to them to set a good example, to be leaders primarily, and to check those whose occasional heedlessness may impugn the reputation of the school.

The successful school captain must show considerable leadership and organising ability, for, under our system, he is a real leader of his prefects and of the school generally.

For some years past a member of the staff has been delegated to act as Prefect Master, to help and advise prefects in their work, and to be an authority, under the Headmaster, to whom they can turn. I have considered it an honour to hold that position since its inception, and I wish to place upon record my appre-

ciation of the prefects who have held office during that period of three years. We have been fortunate in our school captains, and our prefects, with very rare exceptions, have performed their many duties well.

Parents of prefects should be proud of the honour their sons have earned. Parents of boys in junior years should urge their sons to aim, from the commencement of their life at this school, at cultivating those qualities that will bring them to selection amongst the chosen few, for the Headmaster, the staff, and myself are seeking such boys from their earliest years.

No better training for after-life could be had for boys of this school than the office of prefect, for the good prefect is a leader, is a gentleman, is reliable, and is careful in speech and deed to uphold, wherever he be, the traditions of a great school.

We have had many of them, indeed; we shall have very many more.

FRANK B. JONES,  
Prefect Master.

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## Parents and Citizens' Association

*President:* A. R. Sullivan, Esq., Commercial Banking Co., South Kensington.

*Vice-Presidents:* A. E. James, Esq., Castlefield Street, Bondi; Captain A. C. Stevens, 142 Belmore Road, Coogee.

*Hon. Treasurer:* O. W. Earl, Esq., 22 Flood Street, Bondi.

*Hon. Secretary:* E. H. Oliver, Esq., 2 Yanko Avenue, Waverley.

The activities of the Parents and Citizens' Association have always been so closely interwoven with the work of the school that it will not be out of place if in this, the Jubilee number of "The Record," a review be made of the Association's efforts since its inception in 1925.

An examination of the minutes during the eight years of the Association's existence throws much interesting light on the activities of the school, and indicates in no uncertain manner what a useful adjunct the Association has been in assisting the school to maintain its prestige, both in the scholastic world and in the realm of sport. Indeed, it seems safe to say that had it not been for the Association's efforts it would have been difficult to maintain many of the school's sporting activities, and it is quite certain that many very necessary items of school and sports equipment, and many additions and improvements to the school buildings, would not have existed at all.

The inaugural meeting of the Association, which was convened by the present Headmaster, Mr. G. C. Saxby, was held in the old school building at Ultimo on Monday, 1st June, 1925. At this meeting, which was attended by Mr. Saxby and Mr. C. A. Fairland, and about 35 parents, it was decided to form a Parents and Citizens' Association, and a sub-committee was appointed to arrange a form of constitution to be presented at the next meeting. It is interesting to note that the sum of forty-three shillings was collected in subscriptions, this amount representing the Association's first credit balance, and the nucleus of the three thousand pounds or thereabout that the Association has since raised and expended for the benefit of the school. At the next meeting, held on Thursday, the 11th of June, the draft Constitution, taken from that of the Girls' High School, was presented and adopted after certain minor alterations had been made. At this meeting the following office-bearers were elected:—Presi-

dent, Rev. H. E. Hulme; Vice-Presidents, Mr. Philip Moses and Mr. S. J. Southgate; Hon. Secretary: Mr. Golding. A council of five, consisting of Mrs. Pilkington, Mrs. Oliffe, Mr. C. Hughes, Mr. S. M. Butler, and Mr. C. A. Fairland, was also elected.

At this stage the minutes indicate that the newly-formed Association quickly got into its stride. Mr. Saxby notified the meeting that Mr. Philip Moses had offered to contribute the sum of fifty pounds towards the School Library, provided a similar amount was subscribed by other means. Mr. C. Hughes immediately offered ten pounds, and Mr. Saxby five pounds. The minutes further indicate that the Library has not since been neglected, as frequent grants have been made to keep it up to the standard required by the school.

At the monthly meeting held in August, 1925, an item of real interest appears in the minutes. Dr. Evatt, in addressing the meeting, advised the Association to use every means in its power to achieve its main object—the erection of a new school—and promised to assist in every possible way. At this meeting reference is also made to what was apparently the first item of equipment provided by the Association for the school—a rotary machine, at a cost of £22.

The September meeting also discloses an item of interest, as the first mention is made of a branch being formed at Bondi. Subsequent meetings indicate that several other branches were formed in the outer suburbs, all of which apparently assisted very materially in supporting the efforts of the main body. These branches evidently ceased to function when the new school was opened in 1928.

In October, 1925, mention is made of a profit of about £24 on a dance held at the Paddington Town Hall. It is apparent that in those days the Association was forced to hold its functions away from the school. The new school, with its splendid Assembly Hall,





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removed at least one serious disability from the Association's path.

The minutes of the November meeting refer to cheques to the value of £139 being received from various firms for advertising at concerts held on October 15th and 17th. Money, apparently, was not so difficult to obtain in the good old days of nineteen hundred and twenty-five. Mention is made at this meeting of the Association's first grant of £20 towards the school's prize fund, and £25 to the School Union for sporting material. It was at this meeting that the President stated that the Minister for Education had definitely promised to erect a new school at Moore Park.

The first annual meeting of the Association was held on Thursday, 18th February, 1926, and at this gathering the first mention appears in the minutes of the first assistance to the crews in training for the boat race. Subsequently the sum of £30 was voted. At this meeting Mr. Saxby mentioned, in the course of his report, that the number of boys attending the school in fifth year was 60, and 80 in fourth year, and that the accommodation was taxed to the limit. Very little imagination is needed to understand the demand for new and larger premises.

In the records of a meeting held in June, 1926, a minute appears which will probably cause many present members of the Association to conclude that human nature in 1926 was much the same as in 1933. At this meeting Mr. Moses and others spoke of the necessity of canvassing for the purpose of increasing the membership of the Association. It would appear that many parents in those days were just as content to leave their obligations to a few willing workers as they are at the present time.

At this meeting Mr. Gardiner was elected Hon. Secretary of the Association.

The next item of interest appears in the minutes of the meeting held on 16th September, 1926. It was at this gathering that Mr. T. Mutch—who was then the Minister for Education—notified the Association that tenders had been accepted for the erection of the new school.

In January, 1927, the Association agreed to purchase a four-oar skiff, at a cost of £67/10/-,

for presentation to the school, and subsequently a further sum of £15 was advanced towards the cost of an eight-oar boat. In addition to the above items of interest, the minutes record endless grants for school and sporting equipment. In April, 1927, the following amounts were voted:—£25 for a gramophone, £25 for a lantern, £20 for French and German library, Greek and Latin books.

At subsequent meetings £45 was voted for science requisites, £50 for rowing, £37/10/- for cricket, £18/15/- for football and athletics, £50 for pictures, £75 for piano, £25 for prizes, £50 for general purposes, £18/10/- for flagpole, £10 for first aid equipment, £50 for gymnasium equipment, £15 for fittings for prefects' room, and £20 for carpet for Headmaster's room. These, of course, are only some of the amounts voted for equipment. Subsequently the Association subsidised the cost of erection of tennis courts and new boats for rowing, and paid for expensive lighting extensions in the school and grounds.

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At the third annual meeting, held in February, 1928, the names of Mr. A. R. Sullivan and Mr. O. W. Earl, the present President and Hon. Treasurer, appear. These gentlemen were appointed to the offices of Vice-President and Hon. Treasurer, respectively. In June, 1928, Mr. A. R. Sullivan was elected President in succession to Revd. H. E. Hulme, whose resignation was accepted with regret. At this meeting Mr. Metcalfe also replaced Mr. Gardiner, who had resigned the office of Hon. Secretary. Mr. Metcalfe was followed by Mr. Still, Mr. James, and Mr. Sheldrick in that order. At this stage it is interesting to note that the names of Mr. S. M. Butler and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Martin, who are still such ardent workers, appear right through the records since the inception of the Association in 1925.

It is impossible in this article to fully detail the whole of the eight years' work of the Association, but enough has been said to indicate plainly that the work of the Association calls for a tremendous amount of work and enthusiasm on the part of the parents who dedicate themselves so unselfishly to the requirements of the school. Although the names of some prominent office-bearers only have been mentioned, a special word of mention is due to those ladies who give up so much of their time providing refreshments for the cricket and other teams, attending meetings and functions, and assisting generally in raising the funds to enable the Association to carry on.

It is regrettable that all this work should be left to less than one hundred of the parents of past and present boys. As the attendance at the school is now about 800, it is obvious that the Association is not receiving the assistance it deserves from many parents whose sons are deriving such inestimable benefit from the premier High School of the State.

Can they, in all fairness, allow this state of affairs to continue? At the end of this year many of the older members will probably be

dropping their active interest in the work of the Association, and it is hoped that an influx of new workers will make it possible for the good work to continue.

A. R. SULLIVAN, President.

E. H. OLIVER, Hon. Secretary.



JACK METCALFE.

This is our Jubilee Year, and it would be ill-fitting to send our Jubilee "Record" for publication without mention of our illustrious Old Boy and champion all-round athlete of Australia, Jack Metcalfe.

John Patrick Metcalfe was born 3rd July, 1912, at Bellingen, N.S.W., and is therefore now twenty-one years of age. He first attended Daceyville Public School, and from there was admitted to Sydney High School in the year 1925. He matriculated and entered Sydney University in 1931, being now in Third Year Arts and First Year Law. His height is 5ft. 9½in., weight 12 stone 5 lbs. in athletic garb. He was Prefect at Sydney High, 1929, and Vice-Captain 1930, and won John Skyring Cross prize 1929.





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We first hear of him in athletics in 1927 (age 15 years), at which time he practised assiduously. In that year he was High School's junior champion high jumper, 5ft. 2in. being his best jump.

The next year, 1928, in the G.P.S. Athletic Carnival he tied first with Braund, of "Shore," at 5ft. 6in. in the Champion High Jump.

He now commenced to make records. In 1929, when 17 years of age, he jumped 5ft. 10½in. in the C.H.S. Sports high jump, thus creating a record, and in October of the same year he jumped 5ft. 10in. at the G.P.S. Athletic Meeting, also creating another record for the G.P.S. Carnival. The following year, 1930, he tied with Ashbarry for the School Cup, came first in the High Jump at G.P.S. Athletics, and tied with Spicer for first place in the Dunn Shield (5ft. 11½in.). In 1931, when 19 years of age, this wonderful athlete turned his attention to the Hop, Step and Jump, and came first in this event at the Sydney University Championships with 48ft. 3½in. to his credit, thereby creating a record. In Hobart, at the Australian Inter-<sup>2</sup>Varsity Championships, he tied first with Lobban (Melbourne) in the High Jump—5ft. 10½in. Metcalfe then developed a bad ankle, which precluded him from taking part in the Australian Championships and National Games, which took place in January of 1932, but in March of the same year he was recovered sufficiently to compete in the Decathlon, in which he gained distinction, taking second place with 5,750.796 points to Button's first (6,187.825 points).

Jack had by this time perfected the "Eastern cut-off" style of jumping, and in March the same year, at the "Bridge" Games, he came first in the High Jump at 6ft. 2in.

In 1932 he annexed the Frank Albert Cup for the highest points scores in the University Athletics Championship, with the record score of 88½ points.

In 1933 he came first in both the Pentathlon and Decathlon contests, totalling 3,061.85 and 6,773.15 points, respectively—both Australian records—and also was awarded the Richard Combes' Gold Medallion for best athlete in N.S.W., season 1932-33. This was previously won by Jimmy Carlton.

In May of this year he won eleven titles—five Sydney University, three Australian University, three for combined Universities v.

N.S.W., and set two Australian, two N.S.W., three Inter-<sup>2</sup>Varsity, and two Sydney University records. In August he spent three weeks skiing on Mt. Kosciusko, and there won the University Ski-ing Championship.

It is interesting to note his improvement and development as follows:—

Year.	Age.	High Jump. ft. in.	Broad Jump. ft. in.	H.S. and Jump. ft. in.
1927	15	5 2		
1928	16	5 6	18 10	
1929	17	5 10½	20 3	
1930	18	5 11½	21 11½	47 9
1931	19	5 10½	22 6½	48 3½
1932	20	6 2	22 11½	49 6
1933	21	6 5½	23 7	50 2½
World's records				
are		6 8½	26 2½	51 7

Australian records are 6 5¼ 23 9½ 50 2½

His best recognised performances are:

High Jump: 6ft. 5½in.—Aust. record.

Hop, Step & Jump: 50ft. 2½in.—Aust. record.

Broad Jump: 23ft. 7in.—2½in. short of Aust. record.

Javelin: 178ft. 6¼in.

16lb. Shot: 39ft.—Inter-<sup>2</sup>Varsity record.

Discus: 103ft. 7in.

110 Metres Hurdles: 16<sup>3</sup>/<sub>10</sub> seconds.

Pole Vault: 9ft. 2½in.—only clearance.

100 Metres: 11<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> seconds.

400 Metres: 55<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> seconds.

1,500 Metres: 5 minutes 1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> seconds.

Decathlon: 6,773.15 points—N.S.W. record.

Pentathlon: 3,061.85 points—N.S.W. record.

The prospects for this most versatile young athlete are indeed very entrancing. The 1934 Australian Championships at Adelaide should see him competing, as also should the 1934 Empire Games in England, and last, but by no means least, we hope to see our champion carrying the Australian flag to victory at the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936. Of a modest, likeable disposition, Jack Metcalfe has indeed brought honour and distinction to all with which he is, or has been, connected, but who will say but that perhaps "High" has helped to lay the foundations of stamina, courage, and manliness necessary to achieve such honour and distinction for which we, at High School, applaud him?





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### SERVICE.

Editorial work has been but one important phase of the task of publishing the Jubilee "Record."

Mr. O. A. Cropley has rendered inestimable assistance in connection with financial matters and correspondence. His experience as Union Treasurer and his long association with the school, together with his natural disposition to help, have rendered aid which we highly appreciate.

Mr. N. L. James, as Secretary of the School Union, has gained a fund of information, upon which the editors have been able to draw. Such help has always been freely and readily given, and thus interviews have been arranged with persons able to give the "Record" good copy.

Mr. F. R. Roberts, with his artistic taste, has also given valuable help in the matter of design and in the selection of beauty spots for illustration purposes.

Mr. W. Cummings, by dealing with the business arrangements of the photography, rendered appreciated assistance.

Mention must also be made of the assistance given by the whole English Staff in collecting, in reading, and in criticism of literary matter. Mr. Brayden, of the Classical Staff, also helped us in literary criticism.

We thoroughly appreciate the kindly and practical interest of these and all other members of the teaching staff.

EDITORS.

### DONORS.

*"Absent in the body, but present in the spirit."*

Mention must be made of the monetary assistance given to the "Record" by many Past Pupils of our school. Space prevents the formal listing of names and amounts, but the "Record" Committee desires us to express its thanks to those gentlemen who responded so readily to the appeal for funds. This financial help made the special Jubilee issue possible.

Again, we must express our thanks for the many "Memories" and "Portraits" sent by donors, in addition to the money contribution. These are a distinct feature of the magazine, and will certainly provide good reading for Past Pupils who still foster a living interest in their "Alma Mater."

We trust that the Souvenir "Record" will in some measure, at least, repay the school's debt to these men, who are "though absent in body, still present in spirit" with "High."

EDITORS.



VIV. McGRATH.

Viv. McGrath is probably the outstanding prodigy that Sydney Boys' High School has given to the world of sport. While a complete survey of his performances would be too lengthy to be contained herein, a short summary of his main efforts will prove his worth to that title.

At the age of 14 he was chosen in November, 1930, as number two player for G.P.S. v. Old Boys. This was his first official appearance on grass, and although he lost to H. McCausland, he put up quite a creditable showing.

In the County of Cumberland Tournament in December, 1930, Viv. won the Singles Handicap, and with D. Ferguson won the Doubles Handicap. This can be said to be the start of his meteoric career, for he placed himself in the public eye by surviving more than a few rounds in the open events in this tournament.

The following is a chronological summary of his achievements:—  
1931.

*January.*—Chosen to play for Hardcourt Juniors v. Country Juniors, he defeated R. Goldsmith, holder of the Country Junior Singles title.

*February.*—In the N.S.W. Championships, the Singles Championship was limited to 16,





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of whom 12 were chosen. Forty competed in the qualifying rounds, and McGrath was one of the four to qualify. However, he had the misfortune to meet H. Hopman in the first round and lost.

*March.*—Won P.S.A.A.A. Singles Championship. At Strathfield he won the Junior Singles title, and was runner-up with D. Thompson in the Open Doubles.  
1932.

*January.*—Won Australian Junior Singles Championship.

*February.*—Played for Queensland *v.* Japan, and beat Harada and Nunoi, but lost to Satoh. Won Junior Singles Championship of N.S.W.

*March.*—Won Doubles Championship with D. Hopman in M.C.C. Tournament. Defeated Purcell in final to capture M.C.C. Junior Singles title.

*September.*—Won City of Sydney Singles Championship, and, partnered by Miss J. Hartigan, won Mixed Doubles title of Sydney.

*November.*—Selected to play for N.S.W. *v.* U.S.A., he lost to H. E. Vines 2 sets to 1, but defeated Allison 2 sets to 1. In this month he attained his ambition, being selected to play for Australia *v.* U.S.A. in first Test at Brisbane. Here he was defeated by Van Ryn, but won against Gledhill.

*December.*—Second Test *v.* U.S.A., he lost to Van Ryn, but vanquished Gledhill. McGrath was unavailable for the third Test.  
1933.

*January.*—Fourth Test in Sydney, defeated Gledhill and won on a forfeit *v.* Van Ryn. In the quarter-final of the Australian Singles Championship he defeated Vines 3 sets to 1, but lost to Gledhill in the semi-final.

After such performances as these it was natural for McGrath to be selected in the 1933 Australian Davis Cup Team to tour abroad. It would be superfluous at this stage to enumerate his efforts overseas, for they are still fresh in our minds. Whilst the team of which he is a member is not returning with the coveted Davis Cup, we congratulate him on his splendid advertisement of his old school and wish him the greatest possible success in his next venture abroad.

P.S.—This is a letter received from "Mac." We print it for our readers.

R. D. H.

Langham Hotel,  
Portland Place,  
London, W.1.,  
20th June, 1933.

Dear Mr. Lynch and 3C,

I have arrived in London just after our success in Paris, and have travelled a great deal since leaving Australia.

Every place you go to over here is interesting, and each one has different customs. In Paris you see nothing else but open-air beer restaurants, but all round it seems a dirty kind of a place to me.

We are going very well in the Davis Cup, and meet Great Britain next.

Seeing different places is very interesting, and I think one would learn more in six months than one would learn in five years in Australia.

Anyway, I wish 3C the very best of luck in their next exam. I hope you are well. Please give my regards to Mr. Saxby and the members of the staff.

"MAC."

### MEMORIES OF AN EXILE.

Away beyond this desert's burning rim,  
Beyond the trackless wastes of arid sand,  
There hides a mem'ry age can never dim,  
A recollection fond, of God's own Land.

O, Motherland of verdant fields so green,  
Of sunny skies and scented new-mown hay!  
I treasure mem'ries of thy joyful mien,  
The bitter, sweet remembrance of a day.

And further inland than thy sunny shores,  
O'er burning grasslands dead and dry and brown,  
I see the power implacable that awes  
The seeker of thy sweet but dread renown.

But as I peer with burning, red-rimmed eyes  
Beyond the confines of this gloomy shore  
The vision in the distance slowly dies;  
I stand—a homeless exile, as before.

J. B., 4/5





## Poets' Corner

### LIFE.

There's life in our veins and there's laughter  
abroad;

They must meet, they must mate.  
What is life without laughter?  
What sober existence? A prison abhorred!  
But there's Mirth, lovely wafter  
Of souls, to elate  
Us and swiftly abate  
The misrule of Despair, who is lowering lord  
Of our moments of thought. He may go—by the  
board,

For our hearts are a-pounding  
And gaily resounding  
A maddening measure; there's laughter about.

Living and laughing,  
We chant and we shout;  
Living and laughing—  
There's laughter about

To be won ere the life from our veins trickle out.

### II.

The God of the Heavenly Lyre has endowed  
Us with strength to be swayed,  
With a power to be mastered  
By all whose desire to his service is vowed—  
His commandment has lasted,  
Though ages be laid  
In the tomb, and decayed  
Are the ruins of time; but the god has allowed  
To beguile us from thoughts of the coffin and  
shroud

His devoted of earth,  
With their sorrow or mirth,  
To strike into splendour the harp of the ear;  
Fiddle and song,  
How the cadences cheer!  
Fiddle and song  
To the trembling ear  
Are a maddening, gladdening glamour to hear.

### III.

There's a sun in the sky; there are grapes on the  
vine,

And the orb with his beam  
Is regarding them brightly,  
For he with the presses his force will combine  
To infuse such a sprightly  
And mischievous gleam  
In the Bacchanal stream,  
In the stream that we worship eternally, Wine!  
The inspiriting draught—O! Inspire us, ye Nine,  
To a rapturous praising—  
Our spirits are raising  
Hilarious hymns to the god of the bowl;

Flagon and cup,  
Ah! Delectable goal.

Flagon and cup  
And the generous bowl

With the warmth and abandon of Merriment's  
soul.

### IV.

We have hearts that can hate, we have arms that  
can smite.

There is glamour in strife,  
A demoniac magic  
Of joy—O! Magnificent joy of the fight!  
O! Sublimity, tragic  
Yet thrilling with life,  
Where the slaughter is rife  
And our foes are condemned to Eternity's night  
While our swords, in their terrible, blood-swilling  
rite,

Are dispersing the gore  
From the glittering maw,  
While they clamour on helmet and batter at  
shield;

Buckler and sword  
Are the terrors we wield;  
Buckler and sword  
To the lance and the shield

And the clamorous, glamorous glee of the field.

### V.

Great Pegasus, earthward descending, was sire  
To a thunderous breed  
Of the mightiest horses  
That ever were fashioned, of air and of fire,  
By the fathomless forces  
That Nature decreed  
Should give form to the steed.  
O! Ye heavenly coursers that never can tire,  
Be saddled and bear me wher'er I desire.  
Any foot would be blest  
In your stirrups to rest  
And to speed on the wild heaven-wings of your  
flight.

Saddle and boot  
To a breath-gripping height;  
Saddle and boot  
And the magic of flight

With the thundering hoof-beat and Terror's  
delight.

### VI.

Our freedom is granted to rove as we will,  
Over mountain and plain,  
Beside river and ocean.  
Untrammelled delights may be ours; we can swill  
The intoxicant potion  
Of straying, and gain  
All a rover's disdain  
For a stagnant and settled existence, a will  
To be roaming and joyous, 'mid glories that fill  
The unbounded dominions  
Of earth. On the pinions  
Of freedom we travel, with marvelling eyes,

Wondering, gazing—  
In gladdened surprise  
Wondering, gazing  
With marvelling eyes.

We wander and wonder 'neath altering skies.





VII.

All this is the pageant, the witchery, Life!

It is ours, ere it wilt,

To be taken and tasted

With all of its flavours of languor and strife;

Not a crumb to be wasted,

A drop to be spilt;

For, by wizardry built,

With a magic of glimmering gladness 'tis rife.

So savour it well, ere the menacing knife

Of your death be descended,

Your merriment ended;

For now you are living in laughter and light,

Living and laughing

Through morning and night.

Living and laughing,

Yield laughter and light

To the living, the lords of the hoards of delight.

ROSS BYRNE, 4A.

SPRING.

Spring, so delightful, so fresh and so gay!

Now that the winter has faded away

Birds build their nests and lay their eggs;

Children run round on tireless legs;

Nature is budding and blooming all day!

A. C. G. T., 1B.

REVERIE: THE PEACE OF NATURE.

Down in a woody glen,

That's where I roam,

Past the mill and to a fen,

Into the vine, and I am gone.

Up, on a hill so high,

In the buttercups I lie,

And the happy bird doth fly

Till the sparkling light is done.

Then mysterious night descends;

I am all alone.

Birds' chatter and talk now ends,

Bees seek their cone.

Stars are twinkling in the night,

Casting a fine and silv'ry light

Upon the owl's disturbing flight;

Then the rosy dawn doth come!

On the horizon far I see

A faint and glowing glimmer;

'Tis old King Sol in glee

That is so merry in the Summer.

Gradually higher he doth rise

Into the sparkling Summer skies,

Showing where the sleeper lies,

And the night-birds all do flee.

So the Peace of Nature's shown—

In the day, the night, the dawn.

All the worries of life have flown,

And Despair is all forlorn.

Still the happy bird doth fly,

Still the weary sleepers lie,

And the night-bird still doth cry,

And God is reigning from morn to morn!

A. C. G. T., 1B.

TWILIGHT SPLENDOURS.

The sun was sinking down beyond the hill,

The vale was steeped in glorious crimson hue,

While up beyond the ridge's towering sill

The purple streaks enriched the boundless blue.

The peace of evening gathered in the skies,

The darkening scenes played herald to the night,

While thro' the gloom my wondering eye descried

The last long lances of departing light.

The anthem of the winged ones died away,

The owl began her lonely vigilance,

The moon among the stars came out to play,

And shadows joined to dance their sprightly dance.

And as I gazed upon that glorious view

Of beauty fashioned by the Lord's own hand

I marvelled at the twilight's fading hue,

And paid true homage to my native land.

T. RAVEN, 5B.

VERITATE ET VIRTUTE.

Thou stately pile, embower'd in verdant green,

Soon shall thy halls re-echo to my tread no more,

For I, like vagrant wave tossed on some distant shore,

Must onward move from this dear spot serene.

Fain would I linger and awhile delay

The swift onrush of Time's relentless feet—

The joys of Youth are all too fleet,

And crabb'd age soon ushers in decay.

Yet will thy precepts journey with me on

Through all the changing scenes of life's brief day

Truth sits enthron'd in fair majesty,

And with a goodly share of conflicts won,

Courage, with shining mien, shall shed a ray

Of lustrous glory to Eternity.

A. BROWNE, 4B.

A TRIBUTE.

All-hallowed seat of learning, know that thou

Hast never, in thy two score years and ten,

Been other than the idol of all men

Whose pride it was to know thy rule serene;

To thee we come, who feel the urge to sing

Thy praises 'til the thrilling rafters ring,

All eager to acknowledge what has been.

Fair sanctuary of culture, know thou this:

That thou hast brought more pure, unblended bliss

Than ever will be felt again; and now

A mighty, surging stream which knows no banks

Goes out to thee, dear school, a stream of thanks.

A. W. HORNER, 5A.





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## TO A FREESIA.

O, Freesia! clothed in a mantle of white,  
How you sweep and you sway to the wind  
As he rustles among your sweet flowers divine,  
As he wafts off your perfume some lodging to  
find,  
Mingled with incense of fine stately pine  
Gracing the slopes to some tall, rugged height.

As your scent floats to me in the morn  
When the dew hangs in clusters of pearls,  
To the splendour and finesse of art  
Of the web, and you nod as a group of young  
girls  
Smiling right into my heart,  
O, thou, as fine and as fragrant as dawn.

How you droop in the heat,  
But when rain swishes down,  
Dropping on faces so burned,  
O, Freesia! clad in cream silken gown,  
With sweet charming face upturned,  
To keep you my heart would lie at thy feet.  
F. B. DWYER, 4E.

## BREEZY MORN.

A river wind blows the mist away,  
And washes the shore with silver spray;  
White gulls are winging far out of sight  
Seaward bound in the morning light.  
Distant sounds of the breezy morn  
Thrumming clear on the air are borne;  
Murmurous sounds of drowsy seas,  
Little winds searching in slender trees,  
Whispering softly as they pass  
Skimming low in the roadside grass.

I care not whither my feet may stray,  
Through grasses tall or leafy way,  
By sinuous road or vagrant track  
Wand'ring uphill and curving back,  
While the peewits call and the blown leaves fall,  
And a vague enchantment is over all.  
COLIN BARR.

## MY SCHOOL.

From thee, O School, where I have spent my days  
Of fun and sport and work in years agone,  
I find that I must separate my ways  
And go to other fields and carry on.

I know that I must leave the school I love,  
The hall that stood for two score years and ten,  
My School, whose shrine is ever up above,  
Whose name I ever praise before all men.

The place of many boyhood hopes and fears,  
The place of many scenes of work and play;  
My place of daily work for many years  
Is slipping from me quickly every day.

But time flies fast; ere long these days will be  
To me naught else but just a memory.  
NEVILLE J. TIDWELL, 4B.

## SUNLIGHT.

O, to watch the morning sunrise,  
With its splendour and its glory,  
Mount from out the far horizon  
To its throne among the heavens,  
To its zenith in the mid-day,  
To its couch upon the west!

In the half-light of the morning,  
When the birds are slowly waking,  
While they fill the air with singing,  
With their trilling and their chirping,  
And they set the echoes ringing  
As they herald forth the morn!

In the blazing sun of mid-day,  
In the silence of the noontide,  
Now the bees are softly droning  
And the drowsy day draws onward,  
While the wavelets strike the beaches  
With a ceaseless montone!

Then the splendour of the sunset  
Far below the west horizon  
To the bosom of the ocean,  
When Apollo's drive is ended  
And the skies are gently glowing  
With the splendour of the day!

J. B. A., 4A.

## SPRING.

There's magic in the ceaseless stir and sound  
Of purling wave, of wind, of rustling wing,  
That ripples through the land in early Spring;  
And sunshine loiters where dull shadows frown'd  
And lingers on the fruit trees blossom-crown'd.  
From distant range and bubbling mountain spring,  
Like pipes of Pan, unruly breezes sing;  
With flute-like carollings the hills resound.

The swelling chant of Spring is everywhere:  
In quivering leaf, in blithely questing bee.  
Its cadence lingers on the perfumed air  
By flowery road, down winding to the sea,  
Where gulls dart swiftly from their crannied  
caves,  
Flash of white wings above the white-laced waves.  
COLIN BARR.

## REGATTA.

See the shining, swishing oars,  
Yachts and crafts array the banks.  
Din is dominant; all because  
Nearing home glide coloured ranks.  
Ever greater grows their pace,  
Yearning to attain the race.

Hear the shouts of gay supporters,  
In the boats the rowers bend,  
Gliding through the rippling waters—  
High's victorious to the end.

U. H. ROLLESTON.





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### THE SUN.

What great creative power could ever mould  
Thy seething ball, O monarch of the skies?  
Unstable mass! How can thy blaze give rise  
To such maturing mellow beams of gold?  
The yellow shrivelled hand, soft, limp, and cold,  
The dismal glass-eyed glooms and ponderous sighs,  
The haggard countenance, oh, useless eyes!  
Why thus, with heart so young, yet face so old?  
Why thus, when once we see, our soul debates,  
The happy hearts, made so by Nature's wand?  
O magic sphere! 'Tis thine own heat gives vent  
To that sweet, drowsy warmth which e'er creates  
The glory of our nature's fairyland,  
And fills the soul of man with sweet content.  
S. SCOTT, 4A.

### TRIOLET.

A ripple of wind on the river,  
A rhythmical sound of eight oars,  
A myriad leaves are a-quiver;  
A ripple of wind on the river,  
Where softly the little waves ever  
Are lisp'ing along by the shores;  
A ripple of wind on the river,  
A rhythmical sound of eight oars.  
COLIN BARR.

### CHRISTMAS.

Christmas comes but once a year  
With cheer for those who keep it;  
In countries far and countries near  
Christmas comes but once a year.  
The bells ring out the tidings dear,  
No matter where we meet it;  
Christmas comes but once a year  
With cheer for those who keep it.

I. DAVIS, 1A.

### THE STREAM.

They ripple and bubble and twinkle  
As they glide and eddy away,  
The pure, clear waters of my stream,  
O'er the brown stones night and day.

Ah! my pretty stream, how I wish  
My thoughts were as smooth and as free  
As your rustling and rippling waters  
When, smiling, they glide past me.

ROBIN H. JANSEN, 5B.



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## Prose Section

### THE WHEEL OF PROGRESS.

Outside the forge the street was filled with narcotic Spring sunlight, but within all was gloom, save for the blood-red glow of the furnace, glaring like an evil eye in that darkness. Fergus plunged his tongs into the flames and sent a piece of glowing metal clattering on to the anvil. His assistant emerged from the shadows and silently took up the great hammer as Fergus held the shoe in place. The hammer swung back slowly, then down it came, cleanly, with a beautiful "clang," which set all the ruddy scrap-iron on the walls a-rattle. Fergus fell to, whistling discordantly as the other plied the sledge, until the smithy became a vast sinister auditorium, with the bellows roaring approbation among the shadows. Once more the shoe was cast into the furnace, and the youth leant upon his sledge for a brief respite.

Fergus studied him covertly as he pumped at the bellows. Then:

"What's ailing you, lad?"

There was a surprising softness in the voice of the 'smith as he asked the question.

The other looked solemnly at the old man before replying.

"Oh, nothing——"

"Come, John, that's no answer. Your heart wasn't in that hammering just now. Be straight, lad, and tell me what it is that's troubling you."

"I don't even know myself—unless—well, if you must know, I've come to the end of my tether. I'm sick of this place, sick of this dead-and-alive, stuck-in-the-mud, little hole. I want to get out and live—take a chance in the city—at the worst I can see a bit of life, if nothing else comes of it. But here, if I stick round this place all my life there'll never be anything to enjoy, nothing to live for. Can't you see what a stupid existence it is?"

His voice had risen in little jerks during this recital. He broke off abruptly, and somewhat shamefaced eyed his father's expression.

"It is an honest man's calling that we follow, John," said the 'smith quietly, "and one

that was good enough for your father and grandfather, and, aye, your great-grandfather, too."

"I know, Dad. I don't mean that. I've nothing against the shop or yourself, and even the town's all right of its kind. But this job is so useless and old-fashioned. Times change, and we ought to change with them. It won't be long before you'll never see a horse or waggon, even in the country. Machinery's getting a hold everywhere. Down in the city I'd get a chance to do something up-to-date—learn to be an engineer, or a motor mechanic—but here it will always be the same—always the same monotony——"

Again he paused and looked anxiously at the other. But Fergus was bent over the furnace as he drew forth the shoe again, and said gruffly over his shoulder:

"All right, lad, we'll talk it over after tea to-night."

And after the young girl from down the paddocks had cleared away their evening meal they did draw up their chairs by the big fire to discuss the question that John had raised. Athol Fergus, who had long been expecting and dreading the debate, was greatly sympathetic. This was not the first time that his son had mentioned the subject to him; indeed, his spirit had been restless and discontented ever since his return, full of the world's wonders, from the war. But this time he was more pressing in his petitions, more insistent in his demands than ever before, and the old man was wise enough to see that the boy must have his way. If the boy had to leave home, his departure was to be none of the melodramatic "take-what-I-offer-or-go-and-never-darken-my-doors-again" dismissal of the traditional proud father; proud was Fergus, indeed, but stubbornness he relegated to the mule. With innate sagacity, however, he reserved his capitulation to John's demands until he had concluded a long discourse, in which he told the young man of the intense pride which his ancestors had taken in their work; how the name of Fergus and Son had stood over the doorway for nigh a century





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(with the "Smith and Wheelwright" sign underneath it, just as Robert Fergus had painted it 'way back in the 'eighties); and how wishful he was himself that it should remain thus—*Fergus and Son*. But he could see the young man's point of view. John was not for his part so generous; so finally the old man agreed to his leaving shortly for Sydney.

The day came at last for the son to take his farewell. Side by side, the thick-set, brown-skinned, grey-haired 'smith and his tall son, awkward and uncomfortable in city-going weeds (oh, those vile yellow boots!), the two journeyed together in the 'smith's own buggy the seven miles to the station. The elder Fergus could not wait long; he had to get back to his work at the shop, and he did not say much as he stood there on the platform by his son; but those few words which he did utter were sincere and encouraging, and his handshake at the final moment strangely comforting to the young man. Fergus left the station-yard before the arrival of the train. But John saw him later from the carriage window, a black speck on that endless plain, and Fergus was ever looking back at the train as it moved like some great caterpillar over the skyline, and each was thinking a little sadly of the other as the miles between them grew apace and John drew nearer to this unknown, romantic metropolis.

### II.

The Johnson (Inc.) Motor Body Works was separated from the roadway by an expansive stretch of green. An imposing building of impossibly red bricks, it squatted among the smooth lawns like a sunburnt toad upon a water lily. It was universally conceded (by all, that is, save the employees) that the Johnson (Inc.) Motor Body Manufacturing Company was, as it claimed, a progressive institution. Its employees received every possible facility, notwithstanding expense (or their own protests). Board men spoke unanimously of the *ménage* as one happy family; and to work for Johnson's (Inc.) was a privilege enjoyed by a family of eight hundred and fifty happy souls.

The latest addition to this large band was with nervous fingers circumnavigating the brim of his hat as he stood in the outer room of the General Overseer's office. As the hooter

blared forth its prolonged summons to the countryside, the latter emerged and said brusquely to the tall young man before him:

"You're Fergus!" (Deny it if you dare.)

"Yes, sir."

"Take this note to Mr. Manvers, third landing, main fittings branch. He'll fix you up."

The G.O. scurried back to his den and John Fergus was left to pierce unaided the vast labyrinth of corridors. The elusive Mr. Manvers at last run to earth, young Fergus stood a little bewildered amidst an incessant bedlam of clashing machinery while the note was read. A voice came to him faintly through that awful din, and mechanically he removed his coat and listened with straining ears to belated instructions:

*. . . as the belt comes past . . . slide the  
binge into the socket . . . like this . . . and  
again with the other . . . this man . . . show  
you.*

An impassive being in overalls repeated the directions, with additional details, and simultaneous execution. Fergus found himself following the other's actions without knowing when and how he had commenced. For some time he worked automatically, as if he were a spare part which the other had just fitted on to the machine, before clear thinking mercifully returned. He heard a voice within him crying vainly, incessantly: "If it would only shut off . . . just for a minute . . ." The clashing machinery took up the refrain till the whole building resounded to an ironical *only shut off . . . just for a minute*. His ears tingled till he thought they must burst, the metal floor vibrated so that before long he felt physically sick, and always that placid belt moved onward and a doorless motor-body stood waiting.

So this was to be his job—putting doors on motor-cars as they filed past; so close together that he had barely time to fit the doors into those gaping caverns. For one unbelievable moment there was a hold-up on the belt, and he was able to take rapid stock of his surroundings. He watched, fascinated, the "little dark bloke" on his left, who moved with the accuracy and precision of a machine. A pale face opposite him looked up, but there was no friendly smile in those eyes, only a dull, animal





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stare. Then Fergus was once more called into action as the next impatient body swooped down upon him.

The luncheon siren was a blessed signal of temporary armistice. Suddenly the machinery stopped. The silence which followed seemed unreal. Boots rang sharply on the floor as the men left their machines and made for the door of the shop. Human voices spoke in normal tones; a human laugh rose to the girdered ceiling. Moving at last, the new man left the stationary belt and stumbled towards the exit, feeling immeasurably foolish.

John Fergus tumbled fully-clothed upon his bed that night. Wheels were buzzing madly in his brain, steel hammers pounded at his temples. There was borne to him in fancy just before welcome sleep a familiar composite smell—the sweet scent of fresh wood shavings, the pungent odor of a burning hoof as the shoe is applied, the acrid perfume of dog-bush. There was a shrub of dog-bush close by the door of the forge, he remembered. By the door of the forge. Dog-bush—.

He slept.

John was long to remember that first day at the motor works. It was not that it differed to any marked degree from succeeding days, save that the strangeness gradually wore off. The noise was no longer a discordant clashing inferno, but merely an incessant humming. This change served only to increase the monotony; and monotonous it was! The same daily grind, always that same routine. Fergus began to be obsessed in his leisure moments by pictures of empty spaces waiting to be filled with doors. He dreamt of moving belts till the room on waking seemed strangely stationary.

Daily the young man grew more pensive.

### III.

Old Fergus stroked his stubby chin with a horny palm and bent earnestly over his work. This measuring was certainly a ticklish job, and one for younger eyes than his in this half-light. Still, he made another mark on the board with a stump of pencil. The frame was almost ready now for bolting together; he

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would have the cart waiting for Baines on Friday all right. It had been rather a strain altogether, but then he had put his heart into it, and he had always found it worth while to be thorough, if it were only for the increased pride which the sight of the finished product gave him. But he was getting too old for the work—he should really have a skilled assistant. And here a thought struck the old man and brought lines of pain to his placid brow.

Well, despite his handicaps, Baines was going to possess the finest, solidest, smartest-looking, most serviceable shay that can be had in this world.

The light was too bad now to do any more to it to-night. The smith and wheelwright put away his tools with care and picked his way through the precious rubbish on the floor of the shed to the darkening rectangle of light in the doorway. As he stepped out into the yard he perceived faintly, in the Autumn twilight, a black figure just inside the gate.

"Who is it?" he called, and stood a moment in doubt.

"Is that you, Dad?"

The figure advanced, and the old man remained still no longer. Stumbling heedlessly over the gravel, he ran to embrace his son.

"John! What brings you back, lad?"

He was too old somehow to want to conceal his joy. His son was home again—that bonny lad who meant so much to him.

"I've come back for good, Dad. The city doesn't suit me. The pace is too cruel. And monotony—don't let's talk about it."

The other might have reminded him that he had used similar phrases to describe another kind of life. But Athol Fergus was not the man to take a mean revenge.

"You've really come back, John? Given up your ideas about progress and machinery and motor-cars—?"

"I'm not going back," replied John, as they moved towards the house, "and as for motor-cars, they have one great fault which I cannot overlook."

"And what's that, lad?"

The son of Fergus stepped on to the verandah and announced solemnly to the four dark corners of the yard:

"Motor-cars have too many doors."

A. W. HORNER.

### A LEGACY OF HATE.

It was the evening of the day on which Ralston had returned from Port Moresby, and Berkely and I were in his comfortable flat at Rose Bay. It was raining heavily outside, and a cold wind was whistling shrilly between the house-walls, but we were very warm within in front of a large fire.

As this was the first time we had seen our friend for several years, we talked for a long time about his experiences in New Guinea. In the course of the conversation Berkely chanced to mention a recent murder of two prospectors in Papua by natives, and said that he was in hearty agreement with the official action in hanging the malefactors.

At this statement Ralston immediately came to the defence of the tribesmen. He had lived among them for a quarter of a century, and had made a study of their lives and customs.

"Though probably in this case the punishment was well-merited," he began, "we must

not come to the conclusion that it is possible to apply the law of civilised man to a primitive race. I have found that to a very great extent the existing tribal law is sufficient to cope with any situation which may arise.

"The native has a mind that needs special study. It is, perhaps, the mind of a child, and should be treated as such. Many 'crimes' have a justification when we consider what has happened in the native's mind. Usually the Papuan does not commit crime for the mere purpose of doing wrong.

"Nearly twenty years ago I went on my first expedition into Papua up the Fly River with two others, a man called Sharpe, who was new to the Territory, but whose father had been a prospector several years before, and had been murdered in the very district to which we were going, and an ex-professor of anthropology, who had resigned his chair because he found life in a city intolerable.





"We left the Fly River half-way up its course, and followed a small tributary between luxuriant tropical vegetation. The river was infested with huge crocodiles and turtles, while in the trees towering above us, and vines entwined over the water, we could frequently see gigantic pythons and bright green constrictors sluggishly stretched along the boughs. We could hear continually the songs of myriads of birds, while around us would flash brightly-coloured butterflies and gleaming dragonflies.

"Shortly before sunset we came to a native village, and were immediately surrounded by about half a dozen long, narrow native boats and escorted to the bank, where we were courteously greeted by the chief. It was a typical native village, containing about thirty small square houses raised on piles to a height of about twenty feet. All around swarmed a host of domestic pigs and dogs, but, in spite of this, the villagers had succeeded in keeping small gardens, in which they grew various vegetables, such as taro, yams, and sweet potatoes.

"The natives were so friendly that we decided to stop there for some weeks, and the

tribe took a childish delight in assisting us. There was a remarkably intelligent youth named Kulah, who showed such aptitude that we made him a kind of aide-de-camp.

"After a while Sharpe contemplated taking him to Port Moresby with us, and with that aim he began to teach him some of the elements of British law. In particular, he was informed it was wrong to steal, a fact which he learnt very quickly, as it was already in his own tribal law.

"The chief of the village was now an old man, and had in his youth, and even middle-age, been a head-hunter. Indeed, he used to take a keen delight in showing us his collection of human skulls. But what interested us most was a steel penknife, on which was engraved, 'To Robert Sharpe, April, 1872.' My friend immediately recognised it as the property of his murdered father, and attempted to buy it from the chief. But the old man refused, for he cherished it very much, as it was the only piece of steel the village possessed.

"My friend, therefore, resolved to take it without permission, and did so on the first

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# PEARSON'S SAND SOAP





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opportunity. He was perceived by Kulah, who was naturally surprised at this violation of the law, but he remained silent.

"They returned to our house, and my friend sat down to write an account of the day's happenings in our diary. As he watched him doing so, Kulah perceived the Professor's watch outside the door. The native was immediately attracted by it, and felt an urge to take it.

"What passed in his mind? Well, I think he was trying desperately to reconcile Sharpe's taking of the knife with what he had said about theft, and probably regarded the taking of a watch in the same light. At any rate, he crossed over to the door, took the watch, and returned to stand behind my friend.

"Sharpe, his attention drawn by the ticking of the watch, turned his head, and seeing the watch in the Papuan's hand, immediately concluded that he had stolen it. Rising in anger, he struck him smartly in the face, and at the same time savagely kicked his ankle. The usually mild face of the native suddenly blazed with anger and hate, but without a word he disappeared, with a limp, I noticed.

"Next day we returned to Port Moresby, leaving behind us a legacy of hate."

At this point Ralston rose and poked the fire. A flash of lightning lit the room.

"Four years later," he continued, "we three again left Moresby, but this time with a German from the other side of the island, about the same size as myself. He was lucky—or unlucky—to be with us, as the war broke out five hours after we left.

"Eventually we stopped again by the same village, and were warmly welcomed by the natives. The old chief had died soon after we had left four years before, so no mention was made of the knife. But we did not see Kulah; we attributed this to a natural feeling of shame on his part.

"We retired at our usual time, but I could not sleep, and dawn was already breaking when at length I did fall asleep. The sun was high in the sky when at length I awoke.

"Surprised that my companions should have let me sleep until such a late hour, I rose quickly and went across to their beds, instinctively dreading evil. Each of them was quite dead, killed by a native's club. I could not doubt who had done the deed. Kulah, lame as a result of Sharpe's kick, had been rendered

almost useless as a hunter, and was consequently an outcast. Can we blame him if he thought of revenge? The German was killed in mistake for me, as the native did not know there were four of us.

"I retraced our steps as quickly as possible, and informed the officials of what had happened. They sent a party to arrest Kulah, and hanged him a week later.

"As I said, the native mind is like a child's. It must be studied. Now, if——"

At that moment there was a peal of thunder, and the house shook to its very foundations. With the vibrations a knife fell from the highly-polished shelf behind Rutland, and fell on a rug near the fire. Rutland stooped and picked it up.

"The knife that cost three lives!" he said.

J. PLIMSOLL, 5A.

### DESTITUTION.

Faintly to my ears there came the wistful strains of music; music played by a master, yet sadly—an outcast. I turned and my eager eyes beheld him as he stood there, dishevelled and forlorn, yet—still a master. Fortune had deserted him, and had forced him to employ his magic art to fight for his bread, his bed, indeed his very existence.

To see him there, forgotten, often ignored, but still proud, touched my heart, and as I advanced nearer I beheld to my amazement, beneath the grime and dirt adorning them, the hands and fingers of a genius. I watched him play his music, his sweet, sad, and mournful strains enchanting me, and when I dropped my money into his battered hat the genuine look of humble gratitude expressed in his weary eyes was one which I never shall forget.

B. DIETHELM, 4A.

### THE IMPRESSIONIST.

H. Kington Eliot walked along the bridge. His was not a fast walk, nor was it a slow walk. He simply strode easily along, free from daily care, burdened with a pleasant palate, and on a very pleasant mission.

To his right blazed the Capstan clock—8.46 precisely. He checked by his wristlet—thirty seconds difference. Well?





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"N'importe."

She had said nine, which meant nine-thirty.

Behind him the city gleamed and murmured; down in the glimmering darkness slid many clumps of lights, and away in the remoteness gleamed the lighthouse, just a gleam occasionally.

He sighed, paused, and drank deeply of the cool night air. An electric train thundered by on the other side, setting the bridge a-tremble. Cars sped by with gleaming headlights and sizzling tyres.

One of them stopped. H.K.E. stopped also, no particular reason, he decided, just to kill time.

The car came to a standstill with a faint squeak of brakes, just this side of the pylon. The engine purred gently; two men jumped out. H. Kington idly watched.

Queer time to enjoy the view.

And then a voice across the tram-track:

"Easy there, treat it gently! Don't drop it for goodness' sake!"

The two shadowy figures struggled with a dark, bulky object.

"Any trams coming—any officials about?"

"No."

"Good! Just a moment until I hop over this rail."

"Here's the coil."

"O.K."

"Officials—coil—good heavens!"

H. Kington Eliot was startled.

He'd only read in that evening's paper of bridge-wreckers at work in the North. That had only been a wooden bridge over a creek. Nevertheless—

The case they treated so gingerly, of course, was the explosive—enough to wreck the pylon and portion of the span, and then—

H. Kington shuddered. Visions of the bridge lying utterly wrecked across the harbour flashed into his brain. The worst tragedy since the Firth of Forth.

"Good heavens!" he repeated.

He looked anxiously around. No one within thirty yards of him. He made to step boldly forward, but—

Away down in his heart H. Kington Eliot quailed. He was unarmed, and if men were desperate enough to blow up the bridge—

Meanwhile the man had got over the iron fence.

"Now, lift her up easily—be careful!"

She was gently lifted up and rested in state upon the rail. She was about half the size of a butter-box, and black—just enough to do too much damage.

H. K. E. trembled and backed away.

A gleam from the pylon at the opposite end of the bridge.

"Wow! A confounded tram!"

The black box was resting on the ground just near the tram rail.

"Quick! Lift it up! If that tram hits it—"

"If that tram hits it—"

H. Kington's courage oozed away through his shoes. He melted backwards like a winged fairy in fear.

They just managed to get the black box back in time.

The tram rattled by in a blaze of light.

One of them grinned ruefully.

"We'll get these darn night photos yet," he said.

ROBIN H. JANSEN, 5B.

### APROPQS DE RIEN.

By Schnozzle, 5A.

In the midst of all this fearful controversy regarding the history of the school, I should like to add my mote to the widow's eye by quoting from the "Dance Band News" of 1805. The cutting is from the mouldy recesses of my great grandmother's autograph book—my G.G. was deputy cleaner at the school in that year.

"The S.H.S., established many years ago, has now attained remarkable proportions, and our technical adviser would not be surprised if . . . (here the cutting is burnt) . . . and was . . . (burnt) . . . to which he retorted . . . (moth-hole) . . . our readers."

I'm sorry for the gaps. My G.G. was always so careless with her cigarette ends, but you must have gleaned the information that even at that early date the school was rapidly advancing, and hence it is not surprising that, one hundred and twenty-three years later, we were granted a new building.

Here we have continued to progress, emitting a long trail of Old Boys and retaining a longer one of "repeats."





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Mention of Old Boys calls to mind the Rowing Club. Rowing has accounted for quite a large increase in pupils. The inner working of the system which causes this is very intricate and obscure, but, briefly, it hinges on the fact that to have a Rowing Club we must have Old Boys to provide the water and boats necessary to row. Now Old Boys necessitate new boys, who become both Old Boys and rowers, who are financed by Old Boys who now are Old Boys themselves, having once been new boys and, perhaps, rowers, so that they would really be financing themselves had they not previously left and become—but this will become so deep in a minute that we will be forced to take to the boats. However, you have had a glimpse of the system which drives Mr. Cropley and Mr. Hyde mad.

The rowing river has many tributaries, such as Monday blanket collections. The scenes of enthusiasm with which the collection is greeted are incredible. Hordes of boys crowd round the blanket, all shouting and scrambling to reach it. The sight quite filled the rowers with pride until they discerned that the clamour was for change.

We commenced rowing in 1925, and are still rowing strong—the 1933 eight are expected to land home at any date now. (I hope that none of the rowers is so thick in the scull as to think that I mean oarll this.)

Of course, the dominant factor in our success in sport has been the phenomenal age attained by some of our pupils. It is common property in Fifth Year that W. S. is surreptitiously drawing the Old Age Pension, while many others can remember Mr. Moore when he was as yet a toddler and had not learned to write. These boys are pursuing a policy of repeating Fifth Year until chemistry is wiped off the syllabus, when they will attend the L.C. with greater confidence and, having passed, retire quietly to the Liverpool Old Men's Hostel. Until then they will doze over their chess and exchange stories of the old school when it occupied no more space than a tobacco kiosk. In regard to the tobacco kiosk, it might be added that some boys are seemingly bent on making history repeat itself.

Then, of course, we have the staff, who give us occasional help in our work when required, but we hate making a convenience of them.

There are quite a few notorieties on the staff—Mr. Woodward can already recite "Allison Phillips" and "Roberts," and is reputed to remember more of Bismarck's "Reminiscences" than Bismarck himself. Not content with this prodigious feat of knowledge, he is also up to SUC . . . in his commital to memory of Encyclopædia Britannica. Then there is Mr. Roberts, whose sole ambition is to paint the school, and so we could go on down a list of fishermen, regimental grave-diggers, golfers, and tennis-players, but we won't, for fear of offending someone. In fact, we've gone too far already. So we'll stop.

R. A. SMEE, 5A.

## "NATURE IN REVOLT."

For weeks the sun had scorched the thirsting plains; for weeks the searing west wind had swept over them, blasting all in its path as though from a furnace; for weeks the shimmering haze had risen in vain to protest against the injustice done to a blameless earth; for weeks the sere grass and parched shrubs had been gasping for water, and then, in their dying agonies, curling and twisting into pitiful shapes. Every day that fiery ball of death wheeled brazenly through a sky of azure blue, unflecked by any clouds, the harbingers of life. Out on the pitiless tracts, where sheep were perishing miserably in thousands, even the crows refused the carrion thus wantonly exposed to the rays of the sun and the attacks of feathered marauders. Down by the straggling line of gums, which usually marked a watercourse, the surviving animals bleated piteously in their vain efforts to find water where none was to be found. They cropped the flavourless leaves from the trees, and when these failed, lay down to perish and rot and pollute the air. In the hollow of a leafy valley behind the range of hills where the creek always ran, dingoes and wallabies pawed the mud, their parched tongues panting now from hope, now from disappointment. The bed of the stream was soon a maze of fast-hardening footprints.

Would relief never come? What had become of that elixir—rain? Would nature never follow again the cycle which she had run for aeons? Perhaps rain would never bathe the land, with her soothing fingers and gentle touch.





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Out under the fiery darts of the angry sun a dying man croaked his last; and that night the sun went down in a blaze of triumphant glory, blood-red with sated lust. Were the gods at last appeased?

Next morning a faint grey speck appeared in the sky to the south. Was it cloud, or merely a flock of hardy birds? By noon it had resolved into a huge black pall, which with ever-increasing rapidity spread from south to east—west—everywhere. The sun was blotted out. The very air was hushed. The trees held their breath in expectation. Birds were stilled; not a sheep bleated.

And then at last came the first few, huge drops, grudgingly wrung from some great water-cloud. The whole earth sighed tremendously, and down rushed a myriad carriers of life, sent from the far-off portals of the rain-gods. All that day it rained, and all the next. Millions of birds drank of the water, millions of blades sprang to life, millions of animals lay and soaked in that miraculous draught. The creeks gurgled, their song of joy found again, and the murmur of a myriad living things filled the air with a paean of praise.

The drought had broken!

G. P. MURPHY, 5C.

### THE CURSE.

Even nowadays rumours are heard of ghosts in the mediæval Vessycourt Castle. One man asserts that he heard inexplicable whimpering sounds during the night; another says he saw a spectral shape seated at one of the old tables in the hall, rolling its eyes most horribly. Many explanations have been put forward as to these phenomena, but the following epistle is the true one:—

It was a glorious day in the year eleven hundred and forty-three. The sun glinted on the battlements of the castle, zephyrous winds rustled the trees in the forest nearby, the skylark fluttered and carolled overhead—one would have said:

"God's in his heaven,

All's right with the world!"

Not quite all, however, for in this joyous world there beat one despairing heart. Beneath the bluff grey walls of the castle across

the moat an old woman stood chained to a stake. The baron and his family, his soldiers and his servants, watched with interest. Torches were applied to the heaped-up faggots, and as the flames leaped up around her, the witch raised her wrinkled face to the skies and called down all the curses of Hell on the House of Vessycourt.

The next morning a stranger knocked at the castle gate. He asked for employment. There was no lack of servants at the castle, but, strangely, a job was found for him—serving at the baron's table.

It was then that the plague struck the castle. The baron's beautiful wife was the first victim. A minstrel was entertaining the company in the big hall, when the Lady Matilda suddenly jumped up, her hands clutching at her throat, and fell to the floor with a scream that sent a chill to the hearts of all who heard it. She was gently lifted and carried to her room, where she passed a terrible night, tossing and shrieking in delirium. When the first grey streaks of morning light filtered through the high, narrow windows of her chamber, she went into a deep sleep from which she never awoke. That afternoon the plague took the baron's eldest son, a fine youth who could ride a charger, hunt the deer, and torture a varlet with the best of them. He was dead by nightfall, and his brother soon after.

The baron soon realised that this was no ordinary sickness, but a pestilence that was on them, and that it was the stranger who had brought it. He would have expelled him forthwith from the castle, but one steady look from the stranger's unblinking eyes made him helpless.

By morning the baron's whole family was wiped out. The retainers had all fled to the safety of the forest, and the baron was left alone in his great rich castle—with the stranger. He wandered aimlessly through the huge, dim, empty hall, his head sunk upon his breast, trying to turn his thoughts from the tragedy which had overtaken him. He passed the long eating benches, still littered with the remains of a meal, and raising his eyes met the dead gaze of his daughter Margaret. Margaret, his youngest, the apple of his eye, now lying dead on the couch, her once-fair neck





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swollen and dark, her beautiful eyes fixed in a glassy stare straight at him.

Something snapped in the baron's brain. With the light of madness in his eye, he rushed from the hall and ran crying across the courtyard—the Baron de Vessycourt, who had never run from anything, now in full flight!

He hurled himself screaming against the stout castle gate, but through the din of his own voice he heard a footstep behind him. Turning fearfully, he looked into the hypnotic eyes of the stranger. They continued boring into his for a moment, then their owner, without a word, turned on his heel and walked away with deliberate strides. Drawn by some unknown force, the baron followed him across the courtyard and into the hall. The stranger made straight for the body of Margaret. He took the feet, and the baron, he knew not why, the head, and together they raised the plague-ridden thing that had been a living young woman. Out of the hall, out of the castle they carried the body, and buried it near the edge of the moat. Then they brought out the other bodies, one by one, and interred them nearby.

The House of Vessycourt reduced to five mounds and a madman!

It was not until then that the baron's real punishment began. He was doomed to live forever in that pestilence-stricken place, with the evil stranger for servant, and the terrible imaginings of his own tortured mind for companions. He would pace the empty corridors and chambers of the castle, terrified lest the stranger should lurk in a corner, or hang from a rafter, ready to spring on him. Behind every chair, under every table, he imagined some hidden evil lay waiting, and always it had the face and malevolent eyes of the stranger. At meal-times he would go straight to the big hall, and sit down always at the same table, always on the same chair, to be waited on by the stranger. Every mouthful he took tasted poison in his mouth, but his throat swallowed it against his will; every movement of the stranger behind him filled him with a primitive fear, but he dare not look round; every minute was an hour of terror. He was denied even the gift of sleep. Each night as he lay on his couch he was assailed by nightmares even more harrowing than his obsessions of the daytime.

His body has long since mouldered away, but he dwells in that castle in spirt form now, still pacing up and down, still living in terror; he will live thus unto eternity.

F. B. HORNER, 4A.

### "EXCEPT YE BE CONVERTED."

Glaniffer School was out. That, however, was a systematic occurrence. It happened regularly at forty-five minutes past three Monday to Friday all the year round, except on holidays. The usual romance took place, too. This afternoon lank, ungainly Joe, with his big, bare, dirty feet, captivated Molly.

"Goin' home, Molly?" he asked awkwardly as he met her, *accidentally*, at the gate.

"Of course, Joe!" she said simply.

That left Fred McKay (whom Molly detested) and Keith Sanderson (whose nose she thought twice too big) to wend their homeward ways without the company of the fair—.

The smaller fry of the fair sex were unmolested by admirers, however.

Little Merle Rosewood and her younger brother, Billy, always walked home with Kathie Collins. The three children lived on neighbouring farms a few miles distant from the school.

The warm, sunny afternoon, with the lusty chorus of the galahs and parrots in the trees, called for naught but happiness. Merle burst into a childish little song as she walked easily along.

She broke off to speak. Before them rippled the creek they always had to cross. Recent rains had swollen it, and Merle's mother had specially warned the children to take care while crossing it.

In reality, the danger was slight. The ford was a mere eighteen inches deep, but the water was discoloured with mud and the stony bottom might be treacherous in places.

The children soon slipped off their shoes and, hand in hand, began to cross. The stones yielded here and there, but a pull here and a push there saved falls. And they enjoyed the cool water playing round their legs.

Little Kathie never could explain it afterwards, but suddenly and without warning Merle uttered a frightened scream and fell





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headlong into the water. Their gripped hands availed to nothing, and the girl was borne swiftly away into deeper channels.

She could not swim.

The other children hastily reached the other bank and ran along the road crying with horror.

And along the road came James Weyton, a wealthy bachelor "bougie" of the town of Inverness, riding a sleek chestnut.

"Oh! Quick, sir, quick!" cried Kathie. "Merle's drowning in the creek! Quick, help her—oh, oh—sir—!"

Weyton shrugged his shoulders, but did not turn his head as he rode by, flicking the horse's shoulder with his crop.

The child looked after the retreating horseman in puzzled and tearful wonderment.

Then she fell helplessly on her knees and buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

\* \* \*

"... God alone is supreme—he sees all. He knows all. He knows this world is corrupt—wicked—evil. But He will purge it as He has purged my soul!"

The man ceased his low, concentrated speech. He looked up with blazing eyes; the face was set that the veins at the temples stood out in relief.

The room was practically in darkness. In one corner, however, burned two candles. They threw a ghostly gleam into the chamber and revealed sombre, gloomy outlines. They stood on a sumptuous silken-covered altar, on which had been placed a half-size image of the Christ as He is depicted in the sheep-fold. The gleam of the candles was vaguely reflected in the twin silver crosses standing on each side of the image.

The man came forward and knelt reverently before the shrine. He clasped his hands and bowed his head.

The muttering tones died away into silence. Only the sound of his irregular breathing broke the stillness of the room. Fully half an hour elapsed before he moved from his prayer. Of a sudden he sprang to his feet. His features were diabolic; his eyes gleamed with more than a maniacal gleam; the look was not human. Deliriously he tore at his hair as he screamed:

"Jesus is coming! He is coming! He is coming! Jesus is coming to-night! Soon shall

this corrupt den be swept clean—He is coming to-night! He demands human sacrifice—ah!—sacrifice!"

The maniac rushed from the room.

Teddy, aged seven, slept at the rear of the house. His mother, father, and elder sisters slept in bedrooms adjoining the front verandah. Usually the lad slept deeply, but to-night he was restless. The thing was uncanny in itself. It was a good night for sleeping, too—the air was chilly and heavy. He awoke from a fitful doze. The silence was deathly. He shivered in the bedclothes and snuggled down closer.

And then, from inside, a scream rang out. Never had he heard such a scream before; it was ghastly, horrible, appealing, and he knew it was his mother's voice. The lad lay in the bed trembling with fright. The seconds dragged by. Then there came another scream, and another. This time it was his sisters' voices. He also heard his father's voice raised in a mad howl, but he could not understand what he said.

A childish fear and instinct made him slip out of his bed and get underneath it. A few moments later there came a gleam at the door and his father stepped in gently. He could only see his father's legs and hands.

*In one hand was a tomahawk which dripped blood.* He shrank back and uttered not a word. His father murmured something and went away.

Young as the boy was, instinct of personal safety made him fly from the house. Out into the road he dashed, blubbering, gibbering with terror. His flying footsteps carried him away—away from death.

Some time later he presented himself in a bachelor's sitting-room uninvited. The door had been left open, which was enough. He stood there, breathless with fatigue and terror.

"What the deuce——" began James Weyton.

"Mister, oh, mister!" breathed the lad, "my dad, he's—he's—killed—my——"

He fainted, and slid noiselessly to the floor. Weyton glowered angrily at the inert little heap on the carpet. It looked so pale, so pitiful in the crumpled pyjamas, the tiny bare feet, dirty and bruised.

"What confounded tomfoolery is this?"





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Weyton sucked furiously at his pipe, and looked at the senseless child. He made no attempt to pick it up.

There came a knock at the door. Weyton walked over and opened it.

The figure of a man stood there. The wildly dishevelled hair, the distorted face, and the ghoulishly bright eyes amazed Weyton considerably.

"Did a boy come here?" he asked in a voice curiously excited and unnatural.

Weyton looked at him in silence. He noticed spots of blood on the sleeve of his coat. He saw the inhuman look. He hesitated. Only too well he knew what would happen. Then:

"Yes"—he nodded his head carelessly—"in there. Take it!"

\* \* \*

"Except ye be converted and come as a little child ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Hades!"

James Weyton's face was a picture of anger and disgust.

"Fancy meeting this tripe—here. Utter bunkum—pah!"

He savagely ripped the leather-bound volume in two, hurled it into a corner, and fell to glowering at the fire. But the comfortable position did not appeal to him. He got up and began pacing the room. Clearly he was agitated—much more troubled by some other source than the passage of text.

Two years had passed since the night Weyton had yielded up the life of little Teddy Fanchaw. Varying fortunes had guided his steps during that period until he now was managing director and chief shareholder of one of the biggest mines in the district. But recent indications had shown that the lode of tin was shallow. In fact, there was a dangerous possibility of the mine turning out a failure. Small wonder, then, at Weyton's discomfiture.

"Lord, if it does fall through——!" He broke off and clenched his fists.

He commenced pacing up and down again.

There came a knock at the door.

"What's the latest, Seylee?" he asked the newcomer anxiously, as he stepped into the room.

Tom Seylee walked over to the fire and warmed his back. Weyton regarded him impatiently.

"The mine's a dud," he said laconically.

The chief shareholder recoiled.

"A dud?"

"Yes," said Seylee, a shareholder.

Weyton's face was white. He strode up and down the carpet muttering.

Seylee watched the other's footsteps and idly noted when he overstepped the carpet. His wandering eyes were distracted by the ripped volume in the corner. He picked it up and laid it on the desk, for he was a neat, methodical man. Besides, he had heard of Weyton's temper before.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we'll have to make the most of it. I've lost a thous——"

"A thousand! Heavens, man, I've lost *ten*! I—I'm broke!"

Weyton sobbed, not the soft, ready tears of a child, but the harsh, grinding sobs of a man. Seylee went out silently.

Later Weyton sat down by the fire. An impulse of his thought made him rise and go to his desk. His eyes sought a document, but, instead, they met the pile of disarranged pages. And on the top leaf were printed the words:

"Except ye be converted——"

Weyton's face went livid. With a curse he picked up the pile of offending pages and hurled them savagely across the room into the fireplace. The leaves scattered freely and littered the hearth and carpet.

He ran from the room out into the night. He wanted to get out—anywhere—to walk and cool his overheated senses.

And on the fireplace rested three pages very close to the flames. On the closest page of the three was printed:

"Except ye be converted and come as a little child ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

The flames lit one corner of the sheet. A thin line of blue slowly stole across it, leaving a charred and twisted trail of black behind it.

The words gradually disappeared, until the two words "little child" remained whole; then they, too, disappeared.

The blue flame passed from one sheet to another. The hearth caught fire—the carpet——.

And Weyton had walked a good two miles in the night air. His temper was gone, but he felt hazy and puzzled. One word beat dully, incessantly, on his brain: "Broke! Broke!"





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Broke!" It reminded him ironically of a bit of poetry:

"Break! Break! Break!

On thy cold grey stones . . ."

Went somehow that way.

"Cold—grey—stones," he muttered, "sorrow—despair—that's me—broke!"

Yes, Weyton pitied himself. He laughed bitterly, and retraced his steps. Nearing home he noticed a glow.

"Somebody's house—well, their bad luck."

But then he realised it was his own. With a hoarse cry he ran forward. As he drew near he saw how hopeless it was. The dry weather-board was burning greedily. He tried to force his way through the crowd of idle watchers, but two local constables grabbed him.

"Steady, sir. You can't go in there."

"I can! I must! My books! My papers!"

"You can't! It's absolutely useless!"

The last three words the constable uttered drummed strangely on his ears—it's absolutely useless.

Of course—broke! broke! What was the use of the papers? The whole lot of them weren't worth tuppence.

He wrenched himself free fiercely and raced along the road.

"Hi! Hold him! He's crazy!" shouted a constable, and tore along after him.

Weyton ran blindly with head down. He did not care where he went—or how.

A motorist came round the corner, recklessly agog to see the fire. The brilliant headlights revealed Weyton running along.

The driver swerved frantically, to no avail. A moment of tearing suspense, and then an awful, soft, crunching jolt, another from under the car, and it was all over.

Weyton lay in the blood and dust. He was not dead. He raised himself on one lacerated arm.

"Broke! Broke! Broke!" he cried.

The constable rested Weyton's head on his knees.

"Now, sir——"

Weyton heard not—"Broke—the mine——"

His voice sank and his life-blood flowed. He started up, his eyes were bright and his gravel-rashed face stared eagerly at something.

"I know," he said weakly, as if answering a question. "Little children.

"Except ye be converted and come as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom—of—Heaven."

Weyton sank back.

"I want—to—be—con—vert—ed," he whispered, and he was dead.

ROBIN H. JANSEN, 5B.

### FIRE REVERIE.

The fire flickered low, died, and lived again. The flames licked jealously round the logs, leapt into the chimney.

He looked into the fire . . . .

She looked into the fire . . . .

In the confused leapings of the flames he saw the face of a pretty young woman with a glorious aureole of golden hair, a Madonna-like expression illuminating her countenance. She had a sad, wistful look in her sky-blue eyes—his wife.

He remembered how he had first met her, over thirty-five years ago it must be now, during the service one Sunday morning. Strange it was, too, that he should have gone that very Sabbath morn—he who had lost the habit of going; it surely must have been fate; how he had met her, introduced by a mutual friend, and afterwards going home—it had been the beginning of their romance. How clearly these memories came back to him!

He had had to rescue her from a cruel father, maddened by his infirmity, he recalled grimly, and they had been married immediately afterwards. In those far-off days he had been but a poor, struggling accountant, struggling to keep body and soul together, but with the coming of his young wife life had become one never-ending joyous dream.

Mentally he pictured their pride at the little purchases they had ventured on week by week, for, like the little Spartan she was, the dear had insisted, gently but firmly, on supplementing their weekly spending money by working at home as a seamstress.

From straitened circumstances they had come to a station in life where they might occasionally indulge in a theatre. And the joy and excitement of such an adventure: the changing into best Sunday clothes; his wife altering her dress at the last moment, taking





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those last few instants before the mirror so as to make her man feel proud of her—the eternal feminine peeping out. She was his wife, his dear. And the breathless rush and scramble for the tickets, the pushing and bustling up the steep stairs, and then beholding the whole vast theatre below them—joy of joys.

He wiped a tear from his eye. Silly old man that he was, getting sentimental over the past. In the darkness, his face lit up by the fire, he smiled a quiet, sad, little smile out of a full heart.

And then had come a rise in position for him, yet his wife had wanted to keep on helping; and then he had fallen ill, had lain on a sick-bed for weeks, and his loving wife had cherished him, nursed him back to health, snatched from the edge of the Unknown. A shiver coursed down his spine.

How quickly their small savings had gone! What had represented the laborious savings of years had been used up in a few weeks, leaving them to begin all over again to regain lost ground.

When he got up and about he felt strangely elated. He had conceived an idea, how or why he could not fathom.

Later children had been born to them, but they had been called back by the Almighty to do nobler work. One only had lived—his daughter—his only remaining daughter.

And then, some time later, his wife had fallen ill. He had done his best; had cherished her. The doctors had called it pneumonia; he knew better—it was heartbreak.

And what of the aching void he had felt in his heart, the loneliness, the desolation, the hopelessness, the desperation, the bitter loneliness? What was there left to live for? Wherever he had gone there had always been some little thing to call her back into memory, to make her breathe again. How queenly and majestic she was, how tender and simple!

So he had aged. People had thought of him: Look at that unhappy man, white-haired and bowed before his time; he must surely have suffered.

Deceived he is who says: "Time is the cure for all ills," for his loss had been irreparable; everywhere he turned he seemed to miss her.

Often at night he believed her still alive and happy, dreamt of his darling, only to

awaken to reality and bitter disillusionment, to find his conjuration had vanished, like a mist before the radiant sun, leaving him all the more heart-sore.

So in the years that followed he had reared his daughter, lavishing on her all the love and tenderness of a mother, guiding her footsteps, making her into a sweet and beautiful girl.

To compensate for his cruel loss—tragic irony!—an idea, born of sickness, had come to fruition: his new methods had revolutionised and simplified accountancy. Much fame and more money were his—money too late, fame unwanted.

He had moved to a better-class suburb, but only for his daughter's sake, for his heart still continued to live in that little cottage where he had spent the happiest years of his life.

A score of years had passed since then, bringing change and invention, trial and trouble, had he lived cloaked in the memory of happy days, with his wife with him, forever with him. In the flickering flames he saw her.

He gazed into the fire . . . .

She looked into the fire . . . .

In the dancing and flickering of the flames she saw the pageantry of her life, the figures she knew, her friends, her interests, her sports, her amusements—herself.

With none of the gravity usually associated with old age she watched the stages of her life being depicted in the fire like a series of familiar paintings.

The fire-fairies showed her that happy childhood which was a dream of delight. Had come her school days, at first days of terror, then times of supreme happiness. How well she could remember the Primary School, with its tiny-tots and its small children; then her college, with its pleasant companions, its sports and its associations.

Although only twenty-four, yet these childhood memories seemed far away from her like a dream. She felt tired, old and tired.

The crackling of the wood brought her thoughts back to the red tongues, each striving to tell her its message.

They seemed to tell her of life after college, of her interests, of her pleasures; how she drove and rode, swam and sailed, played and worked, laughed and cried, and cried, for she had





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missed her mother, although she could not remember her; a kind lady, they had told her, gentle and good, refined and simple—she had missed maternal love. She had more than once cried herself to sleep, for she knew an empty loneliness; she had no one to whom she could unburden her soul, tell her sufferings.

Not that her father had been unkind or austere; but he did not understand her; not like a mother would. He had troubles enough of his own, this bent-up figure of a man, whose white locks and sad eyes plainly showed his ever-present melancholy. He had given her everything, yet strange that this fit of depression should have overtaken her to-night, when she was supposed to go to a gay party. Fool that she was, and yet—

She put her arm over his shoulder.

Father, daughter.

He smiled sadly.

They gazed into the fire . . .

JEAN G. GAMOTY, 5A.

## A FISHERMAN'S PHANTASY.

There are moments in this restless existence of ours which seem peculiarly adapted to vague and aimless meditation, but there are none more favourable to these mental meanderings than those spent in a fishing boat at night.

I sat one night in a small open boat in a certain well-known bay with a tin full of fresh bait and a head full of wild imaginings. The chill wind played about my face as I sat there, motionless, with the boat rising gently with the swell and sinking slowly down again, like a fairy cradle in a magic sea. The pale beams of the moon scarcely relieved the intense darkness of that black waste of water, while the soft, glimmering light added to the air of strange and weird unreality.

Now and again I would hear, almost subconsciously, the sound of a stray mullet as he splashed along in his erratic course, or a porpoise ploughing his way noisily towards the river-mouth. These occasional disturbances, and the constant wash of the water against the side of the boat were recorded dimly by my outer consciousness, but my thoughts were far away in the dream-land of imagination.

I thought of the years I had spent, of the years I was to spend, in this world—and beyond that. I thought of the generations who had sat, as I was sitting, alone, and had dreamt, as

I was dreaming, of their past life and their future. I thought of those who had, perhaps, gone down in their sleep as the black waves closed over them, bearing them gently, ever so gently, lest they might waken, to the legions of the past. I thought of those who lay sleeping for ever amongst the gaudy-coloured fish and the gently-waving seaweed, and shivered involuntarily as a long, narrow shape flashed past the boat amidst a trail of gleaming phosphorus.

Hours passed by. My line was unheeded as I lay in the bottom of the boat gazing up at the pale yellow moon as she sailed serenely on, unmindful of the sleeping world beneath her.

The shadows lengthened from the dim outline of the mainland. Along the distant shore the faint twinkling lights were fading one by one. The fish had ceased to jump, whilst the wind had dropped to the faintest suggestion of a breeze. Only the gentle rise and fall of the boat, with the soft thud of water against wood, remained to show that all the universe was not dead.

As the moon sank slowly down, gradually, imperceptibly, below the rugged outline of the mountains, revealed for an instant in the dying rays, a horrible, impenetrable darkness settled over all. An icy coldness seized my limbs, and, try as I might, I could not stir from the boat. I strained my eyes to see, but the darkness was overpowering. I strained my ears to listen, but the silence was unbroken. I felt my reason giving, slowly, ever so slowly. I felt myself sinking, with a motion that was gentle, ever so gentle. I felt the waves close over me as they wafted me down, lightly, ever so lightly. Something snapped within me, and I felt that it was the end.

The boat had vanished. I sensed that I stood upright, but I knew that I was changed in form. I found myself in a huge, misty, vault-like place, suffused with a soft green light. The shadowy floor, formless as a cloud-bank, was covered with a waving mass of shifting tendrils, swaying gently, fantastically, while before me and around me flitted dim, shapeless creatures, which seemed strange and intangible. But they spoke not a word, and vanished into the unknown, whence they had come. From some remote region I heard a dull, muffled roar, sounding regularly, monotonously, pausing every second, and then continuing again without variation.





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I looked down again beneath me. Amongst the heaving masses of growth I discerned countless bones and grotesque skulls, accumulated through the ages, and tossing for ever in the tangle of the weeds.

I realised with horror that I had joined *the legions of the dead.*

\* \* \*

When the first faint streaks of dawn were stealing over the sky I awoke, cold and numb, with the sense of having returned from another world. The forms dotted along the beach were not the forms that I had seen in that dim world of horror under the sea. The sky, the water, the very seagulls, whirling and screaming harshly above me, seemed somehow more real, infinitely more material than ever before. I rowed thoughtfully back to the beach with the conviction strong upon me that I was allowed, in that one night of terror, a glimpse of the Unknown, a revelation of the Past, a vision of the Future.

J. McGARRY, 5th Year.

### MODERN ART

(as observed at a recent exhibition).

It has been said that Art is the sort of mental expression, the empyrean of the æsthetic, and no greater incentive to refuting this statement exists than to enter a room wherein are situate examples of art that is essentially modern in every aspect, including the tendency of present-day life to enter mental institutions at an early age.

But a few days ago we had the somewhat doubtful pleasure of witnessing such an exposition of crudity, and the first exhibit which struck our attention on entering was a multi-coloured—was it mosaic?—representation of a Biblical character, effected by that great and noble partisan of the strange and bizarre—Epstein. It was entitled "Moses," or some such character, and might as well have borne the name "Napoleon in the Grounds of Waterloo Castle" for all the impression it conveyed of the artist's sanity. It is unhappily unknown whether the gentleman depicted is suffering from acute congestion of the abdominal muscles or merely laughing, but at all events it is a masterpiece of physical and mental distortion.

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The next exhibit was the figure of a woman, completely *sans vêtements*, crouching in what appeared to be extremely unnatural modesty. This graceful creature was also a product of that super-genius Epstein, and immediately explained Herr Adolph's antipathy for the Semitic race. At first sight it is difficult to determine whether the lady is reclining on head or toes, but her appealing glances of meek and unaffected grace compelled our utter disgust. Why this German genius should idolise deformation of the body and mind is unfathomable. The head of the woman is quite out of proportion to the rest of the body, the legs suggesting a particularly virile athlete and the arms a tender maiden. Ah! to what level has Art come?

So sighing, we came to the next exhibit by this defiler of Beauty. We must confess that it somewhat lessened our detestation of his art. It was a bust, suggesting Helen of Troy, but for some inexplicable reason dubbed "The Negress." So natural is it, so expressive of his latent, extremely latent, genius that we might almost picture him himself as the model. For facial representation of moral depravity I have never seen its equal. Of course, it's a type, you say, but, I fear, a very evil one.

Enough of Epstein. We left him assured of many pleasant memories at our next appendix operation.

But not yet were we done. With classic examples of mental deficiency and chaos, the most striking example on leaving, not without some pleasure, the anomalies of Epstein, was a representation of Guy Fawkes' night as it appears to a child of two. A fit subject for art, someone will say. Quite so. One could almost smell the gunpowder. Our only impression and reaction was utter astonishment that the artist has not one at several of the local baby shows. One more possible interpretation—it may have been the canisters on the dresser shaking as he searched for the matches after an indiscreet *soirée*—utter banality, we admit, but so was the painting.

To abandon vituperation, there was one painting in particular which we cannot but laud to the stars. It was modern, in that it presented its message without an *éclat* that compelled admiration. One returns to one's childhood. We feel exhilarated, exulting at the sight of the gorgeous rainbow, glorying in its

hues, its fairy lore, then suddenly we realise we are looking at this painting. It is a garden scene representing a figure reclining in the shade of a tree on an extremely hot Summer's day. Behind splash the waters of a fountain, its limpid water reflecting the brilliant sun so that we actually blinked, dazzled. Through the trees was a fretwork of softened sunlight, playing up and down on the face of the reclining figure, every detail of light and shade being represented in the flow of crystal light filtering through the rustling leaves—a scene of delightful coolness. It was truly a masterpiece of colour and impressionistic design.

To return to vituperation. We now approached the star exhibit of the collection. At first sight of this marvellous portrait one feverishly endeavours to hide behind one's fellow, to flee from the wild stare of the subject.

It was a painting of one Marchesa di X., a Venetian beauty. The form was slender, almost Sibyl-like in its grace and flexibility, but as one's eyes travelled up the dark green robe one suddenly came face to face with a most terrifying countenance, eyes which denied all gentleness, which pursued the onlooker, the face of a Medusa turning the unhappy curious into frozen terror. Wherever we walked those eyes followed us, reading our thoughts, rebuking our indignation at the insolent stare.

We did, however, manage to evade her glance and beat a fast retreat. As we passed from this fairyland of gnomes and hideous goblins, I could scarcely help heaving a sigh of regret that Art was lost, drifting in a sea of madness, distortion, prismatic ugliness. To what hast thou come, O ars formosa? See thy disgrace, witness thy shame, and depart shrieking thy woe! See now, Praxiteles, despised, taunted by the hideous Epstein; Santi, Rafael Santi! Behold thy death, thy wails resound on empty ears, broaden the awful leer of defiling John, Augustus John.

And as I thought thus, it seemed I saw the shades of many men. Yes, there was Rubens with his fawns and satyrs, Michelangelo with his Sistene Chapel.

Ah! Da Vinci, what is thy "Mona Lisa" to man to-day? It is nothing, the figment of a dream, the mockery of panderers, slaved to Impressionism, the unholy cult of the insane!

INSTAR HORATI, 5B.





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### PROFESSOR TIPPETT.

Professor Tippet was a very old man with a big black patriarchal beard. Something like Ned Kelly's, it was, but his face above the beard was the most kindly imaginable. His eyes twinkled beneath his shaggy brows; his broad forehead was like a dome; his greying hair fell to his shoulders behind. On his travels he attired himself in a long, well-worn coat, a pair of neatly-patched corduroy shorts, thick woollen socks, and some old shoes. He had a big covered cart, like a caravan, and an old horse (I forget what colour, but I know it must have been old), and these were his living.

One evening he arrived in Hampton and set up his camp in the big paddock opposite the school. The next day he spent in getting ready his show. At dinner-time the children came over to see. Open-mouthed, they stood watching while he unloaded his cart. One or two boys shyly helped him with a plank that was somehow stuck. The Professor smiled benignly.

"Thank you, my boys."

Children will always assist in anything that is a little out of the ordinary, and soon they were all at work, some unloading, some carrying, some driving in pegs.

"What can I do now, 'Fessor?" asked the little boys breathlessly, while their elder brothers paused to enquire: "Shall I knock in a peg here, Pro.?"

The school bell rang, and the children trooped back, with many a backward glance. All that afternoon the Professor laboured, and at four o'clock he had everything ready. Out came the school children in droves, and a glorious sight met their eyes.

Here was a real dirt-track, and there, leaning against the trees, dozens and dozens of shining bicycles, each about one-third the size of an ordinary bicycle.

The Professor commenced operations.

"Come on, boys! A penny a race, a penny a race! Threepence if you win, money back for a place!"

The boys who had any money rushed forward gleefully; the ones who hadn't ran home to get some. The entrants picked their mounts, not without a little squabbling, which the Professor smoothed out. The bikes were wheeled on to the roped-in track in a most profes-

sional manner. Handicaps were allotted by the Professor, and the competitors tensed themselves for the start.

"Ready, boys? Go!"

Off they go in a cloud of dust, each boy trying hard to recall the last motor-bike race in the "Champion." Round and round they go amid roars of encouragement from the bar-rackers. The scratch men soon overtake the others, as is often the way in handicaps. There are a few spills, and one or two collisions, resulting in nothing worse than a few scratches, torn clothes, and a "dirtying." These are borne with Spartan fortitude. The leaders have soon lapped the slow-coaches, but the Professor's eye follows them, glowing with the enthusiasm of a boy. The winner, flushed and grimy, shoots over the line, to receive the spoils of his victory. He could not be prouder if he had won the Golden Helmet, like his hero in the "Champion."

The racing went on until late in the afternoon. The boys soon knew all about "cinder-shifting," and "broad-sided" round the bends in style. The Professor taught them the names of the bicycles (he had a name for every one of them, like an old lady with canaries). Some of the bicycles, slightly bigger than the others, he had called after members of the Kelly Gang, and these were in great demand.

At last the failing light, lack of money, and fear of the welcome awaiting them, conspired to send the children back to their homes, and the Professor put his bicycles away for the night.

The next day being Saturday, the boys were there in their scores. All day the bikes raced round, and it was late when the youngsters returned home, tired, hot, dirty, bruised, ragged, and happy.

For two more days the Professor plied a brisk trade; on the third day he was gone. I saw him one day in a street in Melbourne, still wearing his corduroy shorts, riding along this time on a full-size bicycle. I have never seen or heard of him since, but in the big paddock opposite the Hampton School there still remains (unless a house has been built over it) a deep-worn patch where Professor Tippet held his dirt-track races.

F. B. HORNER, 4A.





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### H. M. WOODWARD, M.A.

#### AN APPRECIATION.

Mr. Woodward's labours, though they be "labours of love," in connection with the special issue of the School Magazine demand recognition, and it is with the heartiest goodwill that I tender him, on behalf of the Sydney High School, our sincere thanks and congratulate him upon his "*magnum opus*." Though trite, "*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*" exactly expresses our tribute to Mr. Woodward in connection with this Jubilee number of the "Record."

GEORGE C. SAXBY,  
Headmaster.

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We thank the many who sent copy, both in poetry and prose. Many poems and prose efforts had to be omitted for lack of space. They may appear in our next issue.

The Prize for Poetry has been won by Ross Byrne. His poem, "Life," is brilliant in conception and execution, and shows power of sustained effort. The shorter poems, however, may be called "Gems of the Present."

The Prize for Prose is awarded to A. W. Horner. His contribution, "The Wheel of Progress," was closely pressed by "The Legacy of Hate," by J. Plimsoll. Indeed, in plot, the latter is better than "The Wheel of Progress." Style turned the decision in favour of Horner.

#### CRITIQUE.

"Oblivion" (S.A.S., 4D).—As you say, "Enough of this morbidness."

"Night" (W. W., 4A).—Excellent attempt; try again.

"Variety" (Waltman, the Wit).—Original? See "Hermes," or have you already seen it?

"On Myself" (Magician).—You say, "Did I not stipulate that there were not to be any readers?" Don't worry.

"Dismagnis" (Instar Horati, 5B).—To use almost your own words—

"Cease, I pray thee, tripe to send,  
Give us, Mars, a more timely end."

"Seascape" (R. J. J., 5F).—Very graphic, but not poetry.

"Fate" (M. H., 4A).—"The wind moaned through the rigging"—we moaned through the reading.

"Parts I. and II." (R. I., 3A).—Turn your undoubted literary ability to something more suitable for the "Record."

"A Petition" (I. N. G., 4C).—Here ends your love-sick plea.

"Youth" (R. R. de S.).—Try again, "O sweet youth."

"Coral Island" (W. S., 4A).—Good attempt. Metre inappropriate to theme.

"Jack Frost" (C. B., 4A).—Leaves us cold.

"The West" (D. W., 4A).—

"Through Menindie, Ivanhoe, and Parkes

The engine belches soot and sparks."

Pray, what does it belch at Wallerawang?

"On a Lost Friendship."—Good.

"The Joys of Motoring" (A. L., 4A).—Good, but have your next MSS. typed. We are not chemists, remember.

"The Dupe" (R. R. de S.).—We perceive the influence of Edgar Wallace, especially in the plot.

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## An Historical Hammer

A. D. Watson, B.Sc., was a member of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1911-12-13 under the leadership of Professor Mawson, who was afterwards knighted by the King.

As Geologist to the expedition, Mr. Watson carried with him a hammer which he used while examining, geologically, the area explored by the party. The territory traversed was later named Queen Mary Land. It is now under the direct control of the Commonwealth Government.

Mr. Watson, for a short time following that expedition, filled the position of Acting Professor of Geology at the University of Adelaide, S.A.

For a number of years, subsequent to that appointment, he held the position of Science Master of Sydney Boys' High School.

When he left the old school to become Deputy Headmaster of North Sydney Boys' High School, he, on request, left the hammer, which had played a very important part in antarctic exploration, as a relic to the school.

It has been highly prized on account of its associations.

It may be seen in the Geology press of the Science Department, with a small plate attached recording some of its history.

J. P. W.



## "Miss Mac—Appreciation"

Only two syllables, but what memories they revive! What gratitude it evokes in thousands of old "High" boys who passed through the Mary Ann Street School and were privileged to meet, know and benefit from their contact with "High's" "Fairy Godmother," for Miss McNeil, in her 23 years' association with "High" has given a host of Old Boys something which "High" itself could not bestow—that is, an idealist's influence—an example of selfless service, affectionate encouragement, and quiet, steadfast endeavour which has been an inspiration to all to find some contentment in life by being men and doing the job well, whatever it may be, and at the same time lending a helping hand to one's fellows.

What was it drew us to this lady of the bookshop? Not her physical charms, nor her "luxurious" surroundings, but just her motherliness—her readiness to listen to our troubles, imaginary and otherwise, and her ability to help us, to give comfort and new strength to see things in a clearer perspective, without in-

juring our youthful pride in our "complete" knowledge of things.

This dynamic personality, this readiness and willingness to comfort and help has given all generations of Old Boys over the past twenty years a living, tangible bond with the school which makes us all one. If you're an Old "High" Boy you have a place of special favour in our hearts, but if you are one of Miss Mac's boys—well, *you are one of us* without further ado.

One realises the unique position Miss Mac holds with those Old Boys who have been blessed with her favour when you drop into the dingy bookshop unexpectedly, and after receiving her affectionate embrace and accepted the age-old ritual of a cup of tea, she begins to talk of your contemporaries. "Smug" Jones has written from Cambridge, where he is in his final year, and doesn't know yet whether he'll return to Australia or not. He met Black, "that big fellow who played in the forwards," who is at Oxford. Smith is now a mining engineer





## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



in the Straits Settlements and is married ("who ever thought he'd settle down?"). "Ginger" Wilson is now a doctor at Glen Innes—and so on and so on. What is it that makes these old "High" boys, scattered all over the globe, write more or less regularly to Miss Mac.? Only we who have known and benefited by her friendship know, but if we want to find a long-forgotten schoolmate's whereabouts we go to Miss Mac., and she seldom fails us.

Her love of High School, unswerving and abundant; her mascots for our rowing crews; her jealousy of "High's" traditions; her exemplification of "High's" ideals have been the things which have drawn all true "High" boys to this splendid lady. Student or "muck-up," it made no difference; all were welcome to her advice and comfort and assistance. All she asked was that you be decent and manly; love and work for your school, and lend a helping hand wherever possible.

And that is the reason why this lady is, and will remain, enshrined in our memory and our hearts. She gave us, by example and deed, all that was good in life, taught us to despise petti-

ness and meanness; taught us the meaning of service, self-respect, and love of school. To her "High" stands for all that is best in life; its ideals and traditions must be maintained unsullied, and so we of the school realised that individual achievement is nothing unless it adds lustre to the school's escutcheon. It's not what we achieve, but *how we achieve it*, that counts, and each pupil of High School carries the responsibility of maintaining and augmenting "High's" traditions, ideals, and prestige as long as he lives.

This is Miss Mac.'s great contribution to our school, and to the lives of thousands of its pupils. We cherish it with the honour it warrants.

To those who only know the Moore Park school, we regret their loss in knowing Miss Mac. only as a name. Your task in finding *yourselves* in relation to *our* school will be the more difficult; but, at least, you have before you the ideals and traditions of a great school which have been built up for fifty years, and you and those to follow you will know as one of the greatest builders—Miss L. McNeil.

A. O'N.

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Alexandria, N.S.W.





Miss "Mac." is ill!

There is not an Old Boy of Sydney High School but who will feel a pang of regret at the fact that Miss L. McNeil is not with us helping to celebrate the Jubilee of the school.

"Old Boy" in this case more particularly applies to those lads who were at school in the bad old Ultimo days. Perhaps they were not so bad after all. To those who had the privilege of Miss Mac.'s friendship they were legion—they were rather good old days.

We did not have the elaborate buildings, the spacious grounds, all the mod. convs. of Moore Park, but we, too, were proud of our school, and so was Miss Mac. To her, S.H.S. was a religion, its pupils were her family, and a boy only had to be a bit of a scallywag in class and he became an object of special interest to her.

Whenever the late R. J. Hinder wanted any one of a certain dozen boys, and he could not be found on the school premises, a search of "Miss Mac.'s" would find him perched on the best drawing paper, on a box behind the coun-

ter, sipping tea made on a small spirit lamp, or chewing an apple bought at half price from Mrs. Dunn's, next-door.

Dignified prefects who are now eminent professional men—"Liz" Stayner, Sydney George Webb, the miler, Murphy, whose cartoon of the "Pied Piper" is still talked about, "Porter 1 and Chapman," pet aversions of nearly every teacher in 1918, Ken Howell—who remembers the year he wanted school to drop out of the G.P.S. and play soccer?—George Stening, Ken Robinson—they, amid a host of other Old Boys, have been privileged to share in Miss Mac.'s sacred tea-making rite. Nobody was allowed to put on side in there. And, doyen of them all, Pat Bradley, he will miss her at these celebrations.

When the traditions of S.H.S. are under review, Miss Mac. and her gospel of loyalty and service to the school stand out like a beacon. Gentlewoman and pal, she has been an inspiration to many of us, and in the years to come she will be a fragrant memory.

L.P.

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## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



No historical record of the Sydney High School is complete without a laudatory reference to the influence and activities of "Miss Mac." She was outside the school, yet an intimate part of it. For 23 years she fostered and encouraged thousands of boys who had occasion to cross the threshold of the dingy but beloved little shop in Harris Street, Ultimo, over which "Miss Mac." ruled with the benevolence of a beloved tyrant.

Perhaps tyrant is too strong a word to use for one so gentle and lovable as "Miss Mac." Yet, gentle as she was, she yet could supply that control of the unruly that only a tyrant can exercise. It is no exaggeration to say that the cold disdain of "Miss Mac.," or quiet reprimand, was as effective in quelling an over-exuberant temperament as the most painful interview in the Headmaster's office.

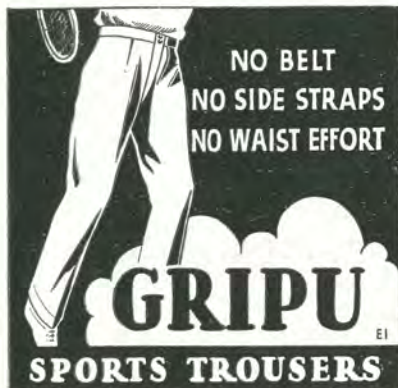
It is more pleasant, however, to recall the manner in which she helped and encouraged the good and bad with sympathy and kindness than to emphasise the way in which she dis-

couraged the wilfully offensive boy. "Miss Mac." was never a sycophant of those who held high place in masters' hearts. She formed her own standards of character. She could find the gold in the dross of the "ne'er-do-wells" as well as the faults in the apparent perfection of the paragons. This ability to analyse character—perhaps inherent, perhaps acquired by long contact with the Australian boy—was one of her greatest assets, for it brought into her friendships each year a small circle of special favourites who represented, in the aggregate, the gamut of youthful character.

"Miss Mac.'s" kindliness was exceeded only by her loyalty—her loyalty to masters as well as boys, for she never encouraged criticism of the rulers of the classrooms; her loyalty to those who reposed confidences in her; her loyalty to "the school," even when it was deeply overshadowed by the sports superiority of its G.P.S. rivals; her loyalty to her employers. She had a host of loyalties and was faithless to none.

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Perhaps those who most keenly appreciate the goodness of the "lady in the little shop" are those of us Old Boys who served in the A.I.F. The work which she did for those who served abroad cannot be adequately praised. The hundreds of letters she wrote to her "boys" at the Front were all eloquent of her good qualities. Her interest in them never waned, and she suffered much through the loss of many a good "pal" in the service of his country and hers. For those who returned, her

welcome was as warm and as eloquent as her farewell had been sad and encouraging.

The fact that many of her friendships have endured from boyhood to near-middle-age is itself the best testimony of what a generation of Sydney High School boys thought of the great-hearted Miss MacNeil, manageress of G. B. Philip & Sons' Ultimo branch.

A. W. V. K.

(J. W. GREAVES.)

## FIRST ELEVEN, 1933



Back Row: Left to Right: O. S. SMITH, Esq., E. KHAN, J. MACPHERSON, K. MOORE, J. SWEET, K. J. ANDREWS, Esq.

Second Row: A. DELAVERE, J. PRICE, R. HILL (Captain), F. DUGGAN, G. STONE (Vice-Captain), J. DALY, R. GROVER



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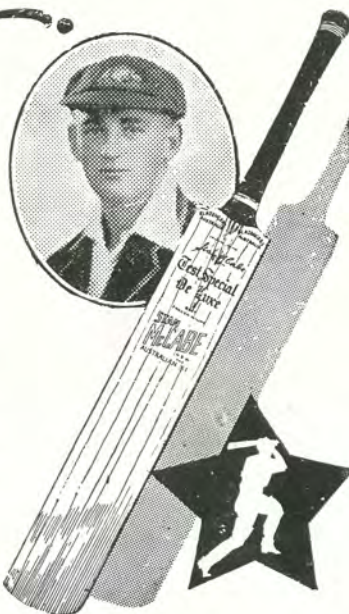
*Stan McCabe*

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# 1883-JUBILEE RECORD 1933



## CRICKET, 1933

At the end of the first half of the 1933 season S.H.S. held a unique position in cricket. In both the C.H.S. and G.P.S. competitions the school Eleven stood undefeated at the head, an achievement that is without parallel in the

history of the school.

Appended is a summary of all matches played, which was inadvertently omitted from the Cricket Report published in the last issue of the "Record."

### G.P.S. Competition, 1933.

Opponents.	Scores.	Batting Honours.	Bowling Honours.	Result.
St. Ignatius .. ..	S.I.C., 220 S.H.S., 277	Hill, 107 Delavere, 106	Grover, 3—46 Stone, 3—84	Won by 57 runs
St. Joseph's .. ..	S.J.C., 98 S.H.S., 239	Stone, 118 n.o. Hill, 36 Price, 30 Moore, 30	Macpherson, 5—15 Grover, 3—46	Won by 141 runs
Shore .. ..	S.H.S., 69 and 0 for 51 S.C.E.G.S., 68	Delavere, 12 Stone, 49	Grover, 6—30 Macpherson, 2—7	Won by 1 run
King's .. ..	T.K.S., 103 S.H.S., 153	Hill, 45 Delavere, 23 n.o.	Macpherson, 4—16 Hill, 5—26	Won by 50 runs
Grammar .. ..	S.G.S., 105 S.H.S., 270	Stone, 80 Delavere, 60 Price, 31 Daly, 30	Hill, 6—40 Stone, 2—15	Won by 165 runs
Scot's .. ..	Match abandoned			Drawn
Newington .. ..	N.C., 76 and 2 for 85 S.H.S., 88 and 5 for 21	Moore, 29 Daly, 18 n.o.	Stone, 3—15 Duggan, 3—17	Won by 12 runs

### C.H.S. Competition, 1933.

Opponents.	Scores.	Batting Honours.	Bowling Honours.	Result.
Hurlstone .. ..	H.A.H.S., 31 and 51 S.H.S., 112 for 8 wkts.	Hill, 33 Delavere, 17	Duggan, 7—9 Grover, 2—16	Won by an innings and 30 runs
North Sydney ..	S.H.S., 119 and 1 for 86 N.S., 78	Stone, 30 Duggan, 28 Daly, 27 Hill, 51 n.o.	Hill, 6—15 Macpherson, 2—16	Won by 41 runs
Enmore .. ..	E.H.S., 9 for 173 S.H.S., 6 for 276	Stone, 69 Khan, 67 Delavere, 55	Grover, 3—29 Hill, 4—75	Drawn
Fort Street .. ..	F.H.S., 105 S.H.S., 2 for 139	Hill, 66 Stone, 35 n.o. Delavere, 24 n.o.	Grover, 3—24 Hill, 5—59	Won by 8 Wkts. and 34 runs

Totals.—G.P.S.: W. 6, L. 0, D. 1. C.H.S.: W. 3, L. 0, D. 1.



OPENING MATCH ON CENTENNIAL PARK GROUNDS—S.H.S. v. RIVERVIEW. SEASON 1933.





# FOOTBALL, 1933

## RUGBY UNION.

The First XV. of 1933 failed to do as well in competition as that of 1932. The team was a good deal inferior to that of 1932, lacking such a star in the backs as McKinnon, with the forwards as a whole inferior to Paton, Wyatt, and company. Football could be better supported in the school, and it is hoped that, with a nucleus of players in this year's team who will return, and some fine players from this year's Seconds, greater enthusiasm will give us a stronger combination in 1934.

### FIRST GRADE.

The season's football was rather disappointing for the Jubilee Year, and the results do not indicate so successful a year as was expected at the beginning of the season. This, I might say, has not been caused by lack of training, but possibly by the fact that, having to play two matches, C.H.S. and G.P.S., almost

every week, the players became stale, and thus could not very well be expected to do credit to themselves or to their team. Results of practice matches at the beginning of the season uphold this fact. Consider, for example, the First XV's meritorious win of 13 to 11 over Hawkesbury Agricultural College, a very strong and heavy team, and the defeat of T.A.S. by 36 to nil.

However, we cannot gain much by discussing the cause of the defeats, and this year's First XV. was undoubtedly a little inferior to that of 1932.

After a stirring battle, the Old Boys' First XV. beat the school by 24 to 12. The school put up a good showing, but the experience and "size" of the Old Boys told in the end.

The results of other matches are as follow:—

### High School Competition.

First XV. versus N.S.H.S., lost 9—11.

„ „ „ P.H.S., won 25—5.



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First XV. versus H.A.H.S., lost 9—19.

" " " S.T.H.S., won 41—5.

" " " C.H.S., won 22—6.

" " " F.S.H.S., won 6—5.

This placed the First XV. in the leading four teams which played off, Fort Street winning the competition, North Sydney and Hurlstone second, and S.H.S. fourth.

Of this year's team, Reg. Clark, Stone, Gray, Hall, King, and Wallis served us best. Gray and Stone, in particular, deserve the school's gratitude for the way in which they repeatedly filled positions strange to them. Coleman, Sims, and Duggan did well at times, and Bott, despite his lack of weight, promises to be a fine footballer next year. Stone was an able captain, ably assisted by Clark as vice.

It is hoped that every footballer in the school will do his utmost to see that, next year, we have a far greater number of boys ready to play football.

A. M. D.

*G.P.S. Competition.*

First XV. versus T.A.S., won 36—0.

" " " T.K.S., lost 6—9.

" " " S.I.C., lost 11—19.

" " " N.C., won 9—6.

" " " S.G.S., lost 8—16.

" " " S.J.C., lost 6—21.

" " " S.C.E.G.S., lost 3—16.

" " " T.S.C., won 11—8.

St. Joseph's and Sydney Church of England Grammar School shared the premiership, S.H.S. filling sixth place in the competition. To Fort Street, S.J.C., and S.C.E.G.S. we offer our congratulations.

Several players were included in the combined teams, and deserve congratulations.

*Combined High Schools' First XV:* Stone, Clark, Wallis, Gray.

*Combined G.P.S. Rest Team v. S.J.C.:* Stone, Duggan, Clark, King, Sims.

*Combined G.P.S. Rest Team v. Combined Associated Grammar Schools:* Hall, Gray.

*G.P.S. First XV. to play R.M.C.:* Reg. Clark.

*G.P.S. Second XV. to play H.A.C.:* W King, G. Stone.

The following will be recommended for blues for 1933:—G. Stone, F. Gray, R. Clark, H. Hall, W. King, F. Duggan, S. Coleman, P. Wallis, L. Sims.

On behalf of the S.H.S. Rugby Football Union, I wish to thank, firstly, the coaches, not forgetting Messrs. King and Breckenridge, who gave valuable assistance; the Ladies' Committee, for their kindness in providing afternoon tea for the players; those Old Boys who kindly loaned their cars to take players from the school, and Mr. Gray.

FRANK J. GRAY,  
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### FIRST XV., 1933.

Back Row: P. WALLIS, A. LANDER, S. HARVEY, L. SIMS.

Middle Row: A. M. DUNCAN, Esq., W. KING, S. COLEMAN, E. GARRATT, G. C. SAXBY, Esq.,  
K. MOORE, ROY CLARK, P. TALTY, O. S. SMITH, Esq.

Front Row: A. DELAVERE, F. DUGGAN, REG. CLARK (Vice), G. STONE (Capt.), F. GRAY,  
S. BLYTH, J. MARTIN.

Inset: H. HALL, C. BOTT.



### SECOND XV., 1933.

Back Row: N. FULLER, A. LANDER, R. CLARK, J. DYMCK, F. BUTLER.

Second Row: J. ALLEN, J. SHAW, T. WALL, F. STREET, K. MOORE, J. BROWN, D. PAGE.

Front Row: J. KYD, R. HOMER, P. TALTY (Capt.), S. R. BILBE, Esq., J. SHARPLES (Vice Capt.),  
J. MARTIN, P. THOMSON.





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## 1883-JUBILEE RECORD 1933



### SECOND GRADE.

The Second XV., the premier team of 1933, performed with distinction throughout the season. At the outset they showed marked superiority over their opponents, in both open and ruck play, and finished the C.H.S. Competition at the head of the table with a clear lead of four points. The team scored 115 points to 44, and suffered one reverse only.

During the first half of the G.P.S. Competition our team played creditably, but towards the end of the season, after a surfeit of football, our lads showed a lack of the fire in their play which was so evident in earlier months. In these matches, also, several of the regular members were promoted, consequent on injuries suffered by the firsts. "High" teams will never be able to show to advantage in both competitions while they are called upon to play two strenuous matches every week.

The success of the Seconds shows, however, that there is the nucleus for a good First XV. for 1934. Let us hope and work for more enthusiasm in the football next year, for we know there are dozens of boys in the school who have football ability, but will not attend practice to display and develop it.

I wish to add my tribute to the boys comprising this team. Most of them trained assiduously, played with zest, and, above all, endeavoured to keep to the spirit and letter of the laws of the game. The forwards worked well together, and sometimes played inspiringly. In this connection, Lander, Sharples, Kyd, Page, Allen, and Bob Clark were outstanding. The backs were uniformly good, Bott, Martin, Thomson, Homer, and Talty playing consistently well.

S. R. BILBE.

### THIRD GRADE.

The Third Grade team this year suffered, as usual, from injuries to players and from depredations made in its ranks for purposes of replacement in the higher grades. However, a record of 3 wins, 2 drawn games, and 10 defeats makes unnecessarily dismal reading, especially when we consider the number of boys in the school with the necessary physical equipment for football at Third Grade standard.

Early in the season we had much demand for a fourth team for G.P.S. fixtures, but the numbers dwindled until, at one stage, it was only with difficulty that we fielded a third team! We need greater keenness for the game throughout the school, more sustained enthusiasm amongst those who set out to gain selection, better attendance at practice, and a better team spirit if we are to have a successful season.

The team's best football was produced in the first and last games of the series. Had some of the vim and dash of the game against Scots' been in evidence throughout all the matches, even with depleted teams, we could have shown a much better result sheet.

A word of appreciation for those enthusiasts who were always looking for football and getting into it when the game was on, and a final word of praise for the captain, Rhodes, who always set the example to his pack of tireless forward play.

### FOURTH GRADE.

This season the Fourth Grade had a lean time. At the beginning of the season a number of intending players just failed to make the weight, and accordingly the number available for selection was comparatively small. Outstanding players were H. Fielder (captain) as a centre three-quarter and F. Darmody on the wing. As full-back, A. Miles played a steady, reliable game. Among the forwards, J. Noonan (breakaway) showed out most. The scores were:—

Versus Hurlstone, won 11—3.

„ Hurlstone, lost, forfeit.

„ Canterbury, won 11—9.

„ North Sydney, lost 15—3.

„ Parramatta, lost 11—9.

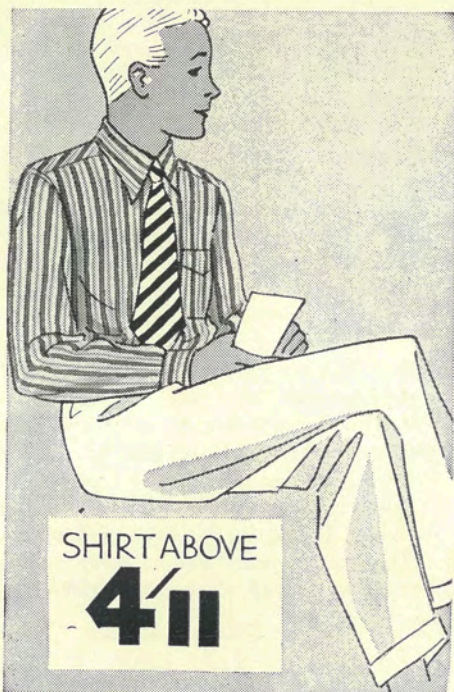
„ Parramatta, lost 22—3.

„ Technical, lost 8—0.

„ Fort Street, lost 16—5.

The Team: A. Miles, T. Ryan, H. Connolly, A. Fielder, F. Darmody, H. Fielder, J. Denehy, J. Noonan, E. Christensen, T. Butler, L. Miller, D. Sutherland, C. O'Donnell, T. Wise, F. Cully, M. Davis.





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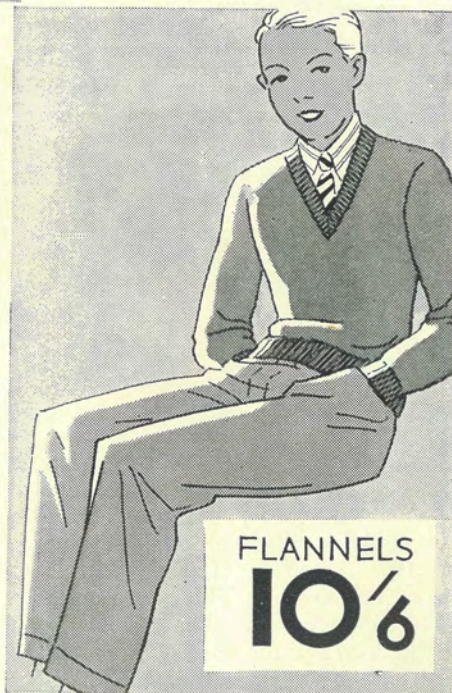
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## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



### FIFTH GRADE.

Fifth Grade Rugby almost kept up the traditions of that grade. For many years, starting with Syd. King's team and running through V. Thicknesse's team to that of Bobbie King's, in 1930, the Fifth Graders have been very successful in winning premierships. This year the team was good, but not brilliant. The real football sense that makes the difference between high-class and just good players was wanting. The finish and determination, the dash and hard tackling of such great little Fiftths as Syd. King, the brothers Newton, V. Thicknesse, F. Starr, R. King, and M. Hall was lacking. The team did well, and finished in third place to North Sydney and Hurlstone.

K. James made a good full-back; R. Rolleston proved a fast winger and prolific scorer; Flack was a very promising centre, and should do well later on. Williams did well at five-eight, but lacked guile; Askins made a good scrum-half. The forwards were at times better than the backs, but lacked true cohesion. J. Clubb played every game well enough to rank with the stalwarts mentioned above. Cox was also very consistent, and always well on the ball. Hibbard also did well. Levi raked with success, and Makin was a good rucker. Lidbury played excellently at times. The team played nine matches and won six.

The personnel was R. Lidbury (capt.), R. James, K. Rolleston, M. Newhouse, A. Flack, S. Zander, T. Williams, A. Makin, J. Fletcher, A. Hibbard, J. Clubb, H. May, J. Cox, M. Hunt, R. Kent, T. Askins, M. Levi, A. Alsopp, R. Grant, J. Armstrong.

### SIXTH GRADE.

Sixth Grade Rugby upheld the prestige of the S.H.S. Sixth Graders by again winning the competition. For many years the Sixths have either won or been runners-up. Many who figured in that lowly grade as stars have represented the State in later years. This year's team was not up to the standard of the teams of 1928, 1929, 1930, or 1931. The real sparkle of those teams was missed. This was more a team of good individualists. The real heavy players of this year's team were A. Johnson (the captain and scrum-half) and R. Bowen (the five-eight). They did many things worthy of First Graders, and besides, Bowen kicked many fine goals, both placed and dropped.

K. Coombs made a good and game full-back; R. Willmott and R. Dadour were capable centres. Both run well and strongly.

Davis, Weintz, and Blackburn did well as breakaways. Charlton made up for skill by enthusiasm as back. Baker hooked with great success, and played very well in the open. R. Falk was the most dashing forward and the best tackler. O'Dea did well at times. R. Raftopolus was useful once he learned to run in the right direction. J. Davenport and Kerr both did well at times. Hendy needed more dash. Berrett played keenly, and will make a good forward later on.

The best Sixth Grade team the school has produced was that captained by S. Russell in 1930, and included such players as A. O'Connor, M. Lynch, R. McLeod, C. McKenzie, R. King, J. Martin, M. Hall, and others.

This year's team had a good record, with 9 matches played, 7 won, 1 drawn, 1 lost.

## SOCCER

The results this year were fairly satisfactory. The First XI. came third in the High Schools' Competition, won for the third year in succession by Fort Street. Of the eight competition matches played, four were won, one drawn, and three lost. The School scored 32 goals (Barr 10, Rimes 8, Pynt 7, Moore 4, Jackson 2, Faulks 1) to opponents' 17 goals. Two other games were played, bringing the total to 45—24. The forwards were light, fast and often combined excellently. Barr, always very enterprising, was the most successful, while Pynt, Rimes and Moore also played very well. The half-backs were not nearly so good. Kreuter's hard and determined play and F. Horner's safe tackling and kicking were marred by the lack of a left half. Consequently the halves were unbalanced. Jackson (capt.) and Faulks were excellent as full-backs. Jackson, Barr and Rimes were selected to play in the combined teams, Jackson being captain of one of them. The team was somewhat unlucky. Injuries and rain spoiled our chances of being at least runners-up. Mr. Bembrick was again our coach.

The Second XI. came fifth. In the five competition matches S.H.S. scored 14 goals to 12, winning one game, drawing one, and losing three. Two other games were played, the final





#### SIXTH XV., 1933.

Back Row: K. Oliver, B. Berrett, B. Kerr, R. Willmott, D. Raftopolus, J. Davenport, R. Thatcher, H. Edgerton.  
 Second Row: C. P. Schrader, Esq., P. Weintz, C. O'Dea, W. Charlton, A. Dadour, C. Carmichael, E. Davis, G. Drew.  
 Front Row: K. Hebblewhite, C. Hendy, M. Baker, A. Johnson (Capt.), G. Bowen, R. Falk, L. Coombs.



#### FIRST GRADE SOCCER XI.

E. Bembrick, B.A (Coach), W. Brogan, R. Faulks, A. Horner, R. Dryen, R. Glanfield, F. Horner, R. Rimes, C. Barr, H. Jackson (Capt.), R. Ermann, R. Moore, G. Pynt, P. Morgan.





## 1883 JUBILEE RECORD 1933



total of goals coming to 18—14. The diminutive Declauzal was perhaps the best player. Determination and good kicking made up for his lack of inches. Ritchie also did well, and Murray developed into quite a good goal-keeper. The team, as a whole, lacked combination and kicking ability. However, they need not feel discouraged, as, in addition to receiving good practice, Mr. Cummings taught them much about Soccer during the five months he was coach.

Indications point to a light First Grade team for 1934, good in the forwards and halves. The Seconds will have many vacancies, and we would urge all boys unable to play Rugby Union to take up Soccer as the Winter sport. It is good dribbling practice for potential Rugby footballers, excellent training for track athletes, and a fine sport for everyone.

Results:—

### First XI.

Against Canterbury, lost 1—4.  
,, Fort Street, lost 3—5.  
,, Enmore, won 8—0.

Against Hurlstone, won 4—0.  
,, Ultimo, won 6—1.  
,, North Sydney, won 8—0.  
,, Fort Street, lost 0—5.  
,, Enmore, drawn 2—2.  
,, Canterbury, match abandoned.  
,, North Sydney, won 11—0.  
,, Hawkesbury Agr. College, lost 2—7.

### Second XI.

Against Canterbury, lost 2—3.  
,, Fort Street, drawn 1—1.  
,, Enmore, lost 2—6.  
,, Ultimo, lost 0—2.  
,, North Sydney, won 9—0.  
,, North Sydney, won 2—1.  
,, Cleveland Street, won 2—1.

R. ERMANN,  
Secretary.

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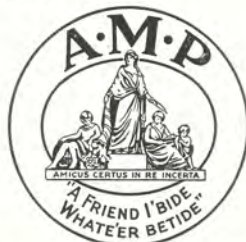
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## The Library

The Reference Library dates back to the earlier period of Mr. Waterhouse's regime. As the Coates' Memorial Library, it had modest beginnings, and was housed in the press—now standing in the Library—opposite the Head's office in the old Ultimo building. The school has had fiction libraries of various kinds, but the latest of these was divided up a few years ago and became the nucleus of class libraries in the classrooms themselves.

The Reference Library has been built up to its present size by numerous donations and bequests, principal among which are the Philip Moses bequest, donated by the father of several Old Boys, and the Wright Memorial (Science) Library, in memory of the popular teacher, Mr. Wright, who lost his life in the "Greycliffe" disaster. Considerable additions have been made from time to time through the generosity of the Parents and Citizens' Association, who, besides giving valuable grants, purchased the books which make up the Wright Memorial Library. This useful Association has ever been ready to help the scholastic side of the school's activities, and is never deaf to an appeal for new books.

This year the Union was asked to renew its annual grant to Library funds, and the sum

of twenty pounds was made available. This enabled us to buy a number of new books and replace some which are showing signs of wear. The P. and C. Association also assisted with a grant of eight pounds. Some books were bought in Sydney; but here we were handicapped by various adverse factors, but principally by the extortionate profits which the big booksellers are trying to make. We have on order a large consignment of books from London. We hope the Sydney booksellers will note this!

An effort has been made this year to make our two thousand books in the Reference Library more readily accessible to the upper school. More class library periods have been instituted, and small groups of Honours students have been given a freer run of the Library. The room continues to be open every afternoon, except Wednesday. A good, hard-working team of boys has again supervised the issue of books, giving up much of their valuable time in truly self-sacrificing spirit.

Although the Reference Library has a large number of volumes, much money will be needed during the next few years for extensive re-binding.

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### DEBATING.

Back Row: J. Walker, J. Einfeld, H. Glass.

Front Row: J. W. Greaves, Esq., A. W. Horner, K. Cameron, H. M. Woodward, Esq.

### DEBATING NOTES.

This year it was wisely decided to choose two teams: one for C.H.S. and the other for G.P.S. debating. Those selected for C.H.S. were K. Cameron (leader), H. Glass, and J. Walker, and A. Horner (leader), J. Einfeld, and K. Cameron represented "High" in G.P.S. debating.

#### PERSONNEL OF THE SENIOR DEBATING TEAMS.

- A. Horner:* First-class leader; excellent impromptu speaker; faultless English; lacks force, but very fluent.
- K. Cameron:* Outstanding humorist; quickly appeals to audience; tremendous voice power; an able leader; a trifle heavy at times.
- J. Walker:* Eloquent speaker, particularly strong in prepared debates. Should develop attack; a promising debater.
- J. Einfeld:* Always forceful, and at times eloquent speaker; varies considerably; can be humorous.
- H. Glass:* Clear, lucid, deliberate speaker; pleasing personality; with a little experience, should go far.

S.H.S. won the first round of the Hume-Barbour (C.H.S.) on a forfeit from Newcastle. They were defeated, however, by North Sydney in one of the closest debates this year. It was a struggle between Mr. Cameron's wit and the bursting eloquence of the leader of North Sydney's team. The final results of the adjudicator showed that "High" had been defeated by one point in a total of a hundred.

The G.P.S. team was unfortunately defeated three times in succession. The decisions, however, excluding the Grammar debate, were very close, and the narrow margins by which they were defeated speak well for the standard of our G.P.S. debaters.

The two C.H.S. subjects were: (1) "That Universal Suffrage is in the Best Interests of a State." (2) "That the Introduction of Machinery into Industry has been to the Advantage of the Community." S.H.S. upheld the positive in the former and the negative in the latter.

Of the three G.P.S. debates, two were impromptu, and the other was "That Political Revolution Has Been More Beneficial to Mankind than Scientific Progress," High opposing the motion.





## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



I would like, on behalf of the teams, to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Greaves for his keen interest, Mr. Woodward for his un-failing encouragement, and Mr. O. Smith and Mr. V. W. Hyde for their valuable help to the C.H.S. team.

The Old Boys, represented by Messrs. Bowler, Davis and Martin, also deserve our thanks for the preliminary debates in which they participated in order to prepare us for the G.P.S. struggles.

Although debating this year has not been greatly productive of material results, yet the debaters themselves have gained a great deal of experience and have every confidence of avenging their defeats next year.

JOHN WALKER, Secretary.

### THE PLAYS.

By a Victim.

So the night of the play had come at last! It seemed almost incredible that it could have crept upon us like this. Was it really so long since we had done any energetic work? So long since we had been blessed with that beautiful and watertight excuse of "The Play, sir," with which to dodge the terrible French prose and the English appreciation?

Well, it was no use wondering about that now. For the moment one's whole existence seemed to consist of having awful-smelling grease paint smacked on one's face, and in keeping still during that nerve-trying ordeal. Now, I appeal to you. How could we be expected to keep still? Despite the many imprecations and urgings of disgust on the part of the applier, it is unfortunately the lot of boy and man to be ticklish; and when cold grease paint is glided down one's neck—really, it is too much!

Suddenly came the clarion-like call, "First play behind stage!" This dooming announcement fell upon the enthusiasm of all like a bucket of cold water. With what indescribable reluctance did our fellow actors (?) stumble out of the comparative safety of the staff-room into the blackness of the night! "Anyone would think they were going to their own funeral," came from a gentleman of distinctly clerical appearance. One or two weak, forced laughs and a sickly giggle greeted this attempt to buoy up our now fast-drooping spirits.

Thus had our fellow sufferers departed, like oxen to their "Golden Doom," a *comedy of subtle satire* by Lord Dunsany. The stage was set with two fearsome monsters, half man, half beast, with wings rivalling the richest plumage of the humming bird, guarding the sacred Iron Portals of the King's Palace. Bright sunshine flooded the scene, and, the curtain rising, revealed two sentries on duty, accoutred with armour, weapons and legs which were the envy and admiration of all.

"The day is D-E-A-D-L-Y sultry," and on they go. Soon the apprehensions of the soldiers were relieved by the entry of a stranger from Thessaly—half Arab, half ghost—at least, the voice found its way from among a huge black beard and the winding folds of a tremendous sheet. Then entered two children—a boy and oh, such a girl!—in search of a hoop. These had the audacity to deface the Royal gates with a horribly-scribbled poem about a purple bird.

Intermittently the King's spies slunk through, sleuth-like and ominous, hot upon many trails. The King, resplendent in his royal robes, accompanied by his faithful Chancellor, was alarmed at the frightful possibilities of the rhyme upon the gates. The Prophets of the Stars were called to interpret the writing, and unanimously decided it to be a "DOOM!" to confirm which and, incidentally, to exercise their beautiful voices, they retreated chanting "Larimonas" with harmony and action.

But the Prophets, all whiskers and white robes, now covered with a black pall, were convincing, and His Majesty prepared to make a sacrifice to appease the stars, in spite of the Chancellor's advice to the contrary.

The audience trembled and looked pale when the sacrificial knives were made ready and the altar stone was brought in, but were spared a ghastly spectacle when the Chief Prophet advised the King to sacrifice his pride instead. After a touching farewell to his "Brittle Glory," all departed, leaving the scene to the purpling shades of twilight.

Luckily the boy claimed the crown as his hoop, thereby saving so much treasure, and spies, Chancellor and King, creeping back in the darkness, found the articles missing, much to the relief of His Majesty's peace of mind, for now, undoubtedly, "the stars were satisfied!"

Applause—curtain—a scurried congregation back on stage—more applause amid angelic



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smiles and curtsies—more curtain, and oh!—the first play was over.

Have any of you readers ever watched a clock's hands approaching a zero hour? A word of free advice—DON'T. Words are useless to describe our sensations.

Dicky remarked that he felt like a martyr. This impression was quickly rectified, however, when he remembered that no martyr yet in history had ever had that awful sickening impression of vacancy in the region where his stomach should have been.

Unoccupied, I strode into that most holy of places—the staff room kitchen. Here T—Z—N, chief chef and self-appointed honorary cook, was busily stirring some indescribable mess with a fork. Upon venturing to question this worthy man as to the metal he was mixing, I was told it was steak and onions. Steak and onions! That horrible, revolting mess? And worse, we had to eat it—steak and on——. Ugh!

For the moment I thought he was trying to poison us; but no, he was really cooking steak. Not that we mean to criticise his cul-

inary efforts—oh, no! Far be it from our minds even to entertain the thought.

Then some villainous person informed us we had just a minute left.

A panic-stricken rush for props and chattels was quickly made, and we were all set, except that——.

"The fish! Where's that fish? I can't find the fish!"

"Behind you, poor mut!"

Phew! That was a close shave. Would that minute never end? Torture upon the rack could not have been worse—at last!

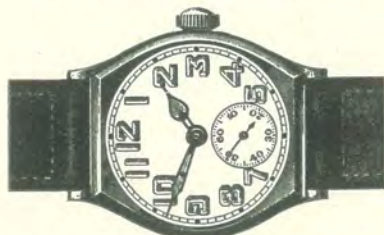
"Right, boys, and good luck!"

Out we marched, determined to do or die—ahem! Armed with pans, fish, lantern, and beer, we threaded our way through a maze of lights, wires, dimmers, and "DANGER, don't TOUCH" notices.

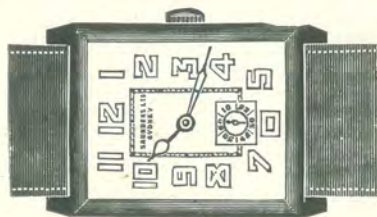
Now the scene was set. "Tim" was seated on his box, bathed in moonlight, and back rolled the curtain. A burst of applause (what for, I don't know), and horror of horrors! There was my cue. A "jelly" feeling, plus complete paralysis, overtook me, and, but for

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a timely shove from the "Corncrake," most likely I would still have been standing there.

"Hullo, Dicky!"

"Hullo, Tim!" And we were off. Yes, under a barrage of purple-shaded lights and before a crowd of indiscernible people, we were really speaking away as naturally as if we were living the part (a couple of ahems!).

Then I remembered I had to eat the steak. That foul, revolting mess! It was the blight of my life that night. Yet, I thought, never should my mother's little son be called a shirker, so I bravely shut my eyes and swallowed the greasy, evil-smelling plateful.

How thankful was I that we were able to have a drink. As the beautiful nectar-like fluid flowed down my parched throat I was most grateful for the liquid interlude.

I noticed, however, that "Tim" began to live his part too well and was imbibing like a hardened inebriate; so freely, indeed, that drought set in for the rest of the cast. We have never forgiven him for that.

The time seemed to fly past—why, we were almost three-quarters through.

"Jenkins" had stormed and the "Bishop" had purred, and we hadn't noticed it. The prompter was absolutely unnecessary, and I'm afraid that that diligent gentleman must have become rather bored.

And now it was the final scene. "'Is 'Oly 'Ighness" was scathingly denouncing Jenkins, and in the offing we could see the "corncrake" preparing to utter his last harsh crake.

So it was with feelings of true and unaffected regret that we spoke our last few lines. All our months of preparation had culminated in this night's effort. Well, even if we had not been a success, we had all given of our best, and not even Allan Wilkie could do better. Again down came the curtain—a burst of clapping—embarrassed grins and congratulations—and so ended "Birds of a Feather," a Wayside Comedy.

I wish to thank Messrs. Hall and Roberts, on behalf of the casts, for their conscientious and untiring efforts to make the plays a success, for their fine production and scenic effects. Their efforts on our behalf were sincerely appreciated.

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To my colleagues, too, I extend my heartiest congratulations, knowing full well that they greatly enjoyed their dramatic "flight."

The lighting effects, which were the result of the untiring energy and enthusiasm of Malcolm Walker and his sturdy henchmen, deserve special mention and appreciation.

Our thanks we extend also to all who assisted towards the production of the plays, either in labour or by the loan of material, particularly General Theatres Supplies and the Capitol Theatre.

This epistle would not really be complete without a word of appreciation to T—Z—N, the frier of the steak. Perhaps he didn't mean to poison us at all—perhaps!

"THE VICTIM," 4A.

### School Histories in brief BADGE—UNION—CHOIR.

The origin of the School Badge is shrouded in mystery. The old badge is believed to have been designed by A. Arrouseau, prior to 1912, the exact date being uncertain, the reason for its shape and markings and the authorship of the motto being impossible to ascertain.

However, in 1928 it was felt that the old badge and its motto were unsuitable for the First School in New South Wales, and in that year a Committee of the Union was appointed to go into the matter. This Committee commissioned Mr. N. L. James, one of the staff of the school then and now, to design a badge. After much searching amongst books on heraldry and school badges, the present badge was designed, presented to the Committee, and accepted. The motto was suggested by the Headmaster, Mr. Saxby.

The badge is simple in construction and idea. The shield is a variation of the City of Sydney Shield, the crown is a symbol of a State-owned institution, the open book one of the traditional symbols of learning, and the school indicates its respect for tradition through the scroll, which is that of one of the oldest colleges in Cambridge—Jesus College. The school colours are also incorporated on the shield.

There are various accounts of the origin of the colours, and who chose them and why, the most generally-accepted account being that the chocolate and blue colours were chosen by Mrs. Coates, wife of the first permanent Head of the school, they being her favourite colours for decoration.

Most of the activities of Sydney High School which the average schoolboy of to-day takes for granted, regarding them as hoary-headed survivals of a past age, are, nevertheless, of comparatively recent origin. "The Union," or, to give it its full title, "The Sydney High School Union," is no exception to the rule, being inaugurated in January, 1913. Prior to that date the sport of the school was conducted in a very haphazard manner. There was no controlling body to organise and finance the sporting activities of the school as a whole. There had been in existence, apparently, from the foundation of the school, cricket clubs, football clubs, and so on, but these were unofficial bodies without any definite constitution and with no specified powers. The material necessary for the various games, in the early days of the school life, was largely supplied by individual members of the respective teams, the practice wickets, for instance, being the asphalt of the playground for the most part, not the expensive, carefully-attended turf wickets of Toongabbie soil that the grade teams have at their disposal to-day.

However, towards the end of 1912 Mr. Cecil Fletcher, who was then a master on the staff of the school, and now Chief Inspector of Schools in Tasmania, drew up a draft constitution for an organisation that was designed to finance and control not only the sport of the school, but also practically all extra-school activities. The fee of 10/6 per annum was intended to cover—(a) Football, Cricket, Tennis, Baseball, Swimming, and Rifle Clubs; (b) other activities, Debating Societies, Glee Club, "Record," Library, and Camera Clubs; (c) and such others as may be sanctioned by the General Committee.

This draft constitution was placed before the Headmaster and the school as a whole towards the end of 1912, was accepted without amendment, and operated from January, 1913.

There have been a few minor alterations made in recent years, but for the most part the Union still functions under its original constitution. The various headmasters of the school—Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Hinder, Mr. Smith, and our present Headmaster, Mr. Saxby—have invariably given every encouragement to the Union, and so increased its powers and field of operations, that at the present time everything not directly pertaining to the academic side of the boy's life is left to the Union to deal with. The Union is responsible for the Tuck Shop and its management, for dealing





### CHOIR.

Back Row: R. Setter, F. Disney, N. Redman, B. Somerville, B. Dowd, G. Cheers, J. Perry, G. Warren,  
E. Robinson, J. Fox, A. Clark.  
Third Row: J. Hynes, F. Underwood, W. Dowker, A. Gumby, G. Hill, J. Lucas, E. Peasley, K. Walsh,  
N. Haviland, B. Don, T. Fatouros.  
Second Row: K. Grogan, M. Symonds, C. Fielder, L. Hailes, F. McGarn, K. Norman, C. Goundrie,  
B. Finigan, R. Fleming, F. Kaad.  
Front Row: E. Stevens, G. Colditz, K. Holt, E. Hunt, D. Angus, J. Eastaway, R. Baker, J. Frizelle,  
L. Smith, C. Ward, E. Scales, N. Rothfield.  
N. James, Esq. (Conductor), D. Arnott (Accompanist).

with injuries incurred either at the various sports or through accidents in the playground, for the badge the boys wear, and the awarding of "Blues," Honour Caps, Strips, and Pockets, as well as all matters dealing with the activities mentioned above.

Of late a new field of operations has sprung into being on account of the new ground at Centennial Park. The Secretary of the Union, Mr. N. L. James, is a member of the Ground Committee, and as such voices the opinions of the school on this most important matter.

In view of this increase in the Union's activities, there will need to be a revision of the constitution in respect to the membership fee before very long. A proposal to increase the fee to a guinea and make this amount cover entry into all events at the Swimming and Athletic Carnivals is one that should appeal to most.

Another activity of the school which is an every-day affair nowadays, but was quite unknown before 1922, is the School Choir. It was not until somewhere in 1922 that the late Mr. Murphy and Mr. H. Brodie formed a choir and had definite periods allotted for practice. The work was entirely in unison, however, no attempt being made at part-singing. Various

successful concerts were given under Mr. Brodie's direction, and the choir became a feature of the school life.

In 1925 the present conductor, Mr. N. L. James, took over the post of conductor, and the choir was placed definitely on a three-part basis. Mr. James was assisted in the preparation of the parts by the late Mr. P. Murphy and the present Deputy Headmaster of the school, Mr. W. Moore. When Mr. Murphy was promoted to the Training College, the late Mr. Victor Suleau, and this year Mr. K. Andrews, enthusiastically stepped into the breach.

A high standard of attainment has been set in the class of music put before the boys. Such works as Dr. Elgar's "Snow," Coleridge Taylor's "From the Green Heart of the Waters," Schumann's "Gipsy Life" being amongst the compositions successfully produced at the different entertainments.

The choir has been fortunate, too, in always being able to command the services of first-class pianists and violinists. This year D. Arnott is the accompanist; last year Albert Engel, now playing in the "Nothing Over Seventeen Club," and W. Krasnik, one of our coming violinists, was a pupil in 1931.

N. L. JAMES, Hon. Sec.





## TENNIS

As we are publishing in this issue a photograph of the School Courts, it will not be out of place to relate how they came into being. When the school was opened, the space occupied by the courts was ill-shapen and unsightly, and the courts and their fencing were part of a scheme for the beautification of the grounds. Altogether something like £800 was spent on the scheme, the money being raised by an overdraft, guaranteed by six public-spirited Old Boys. This method of finance enabled us to build the completed design immediately. The closing of the Bank forced the School Union to pay off the overdraft more quickly than was first intended, but this proved a blessing in disguise, because we can depend on a steady income from the letting of these courts on Saturdays.

Naturally, the standard of tennis in the school has improved with these facilities for practice ever at hand. But in fairness to ourselves, it must be remembered that inter-school tennis—both G.P.S. and High School—has improved considerably during the last three years. It is becoming increasingly harder to win the championships.

This year we were left without a first grade team, the six best players of the previous year having left. However, as the date of the G.P.S. competition had been fixed in advance, we began active preparation for that event. Gradually a team of six—R. Hill (Capt.), J. Sweet, N. Dunnett, D. Stecum, Cohen, and E. Garratt (E. Goode making way for the latter at the last moment with a good grace, which did him much honour)—was evolved.



TENNIS—FIRST GRADE.

R. HILL (Capt.), D. STECUM, A. M. HALL, Esq., N. DUNNETT, J. SWEET.





#### TENNIS—THIRD GRADE.

G. L. McKAY (Capt.), B. CASSAR, A. M. HALL, Esq., L. CHALMERS, W. NOSWORTHY.

This team defeated both Shore and Newington in a triangular contest, and played King's in the final. The King's developed an early lead by winning the majority of the singles, but our superior doubles play made the finish one of the most exciting in our career. Every person at the White City crowded around the players to see the finish in the half-light, and every stroke was watched and cheered. Tennis is rarely so tense! Though we lost, the team performed wonders, considering its comparative inexperience.

On the form of this day's play the All Schools' G.P.S. Team was selected. R. Hill, J. Sweet, and N. Dunnett were selected as our representatives. In this match the boys acquitted themselves well, N. Dunnett distinguishing himself by winning his singles against a seasoned player, a feat rarely done in this match.

In the High School Competition we defeated every other team in First Grade, except North Sydney, whom we congratulate on winning the Shield. We were runners-up, as we were last year.

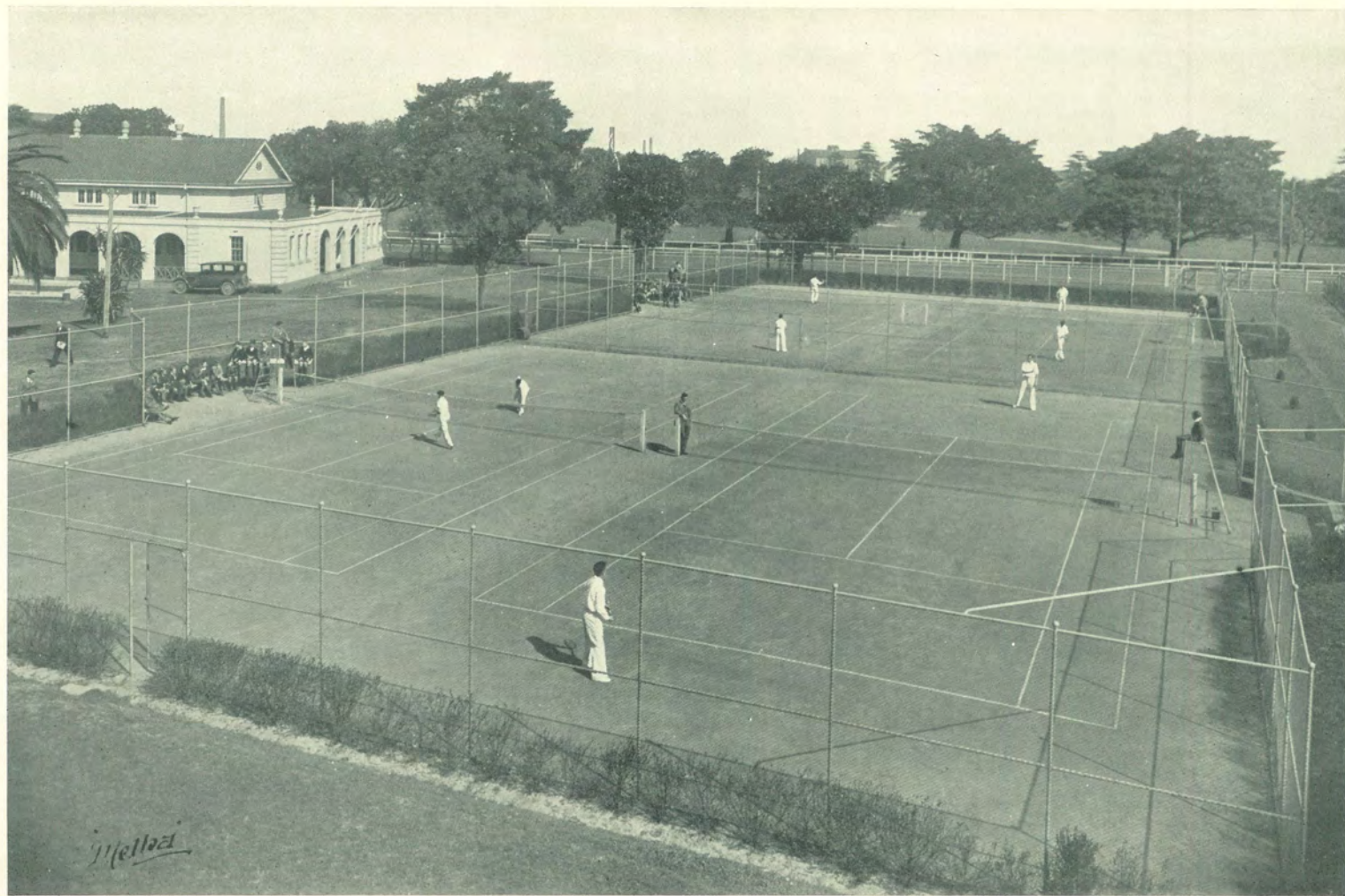
In the other grades all three teams reached the final round. The Third Grade won their competition.

Besides the few players who have been practising on the school courts on Wednesdays, many groups have been arranged on outside courts. As it has been impossible to see these boys at play very often, we hope that any good players there who have been overlooked will be in the trials for grade teams early next year. There are a number of excellent tennis players in the school who, for various reasons, have not been in our grade teams. It is to be hoped that such boys will offer themselves next year.

Perhaps we should make it clear that small boys are not encouraged to play tennis in large numbers. The policy of the Union is for such small boys to play football and cricket for a year or two. But boys who show exceptional promise as tennis players are given every encouragement to come forward and practise on the school courts.

A tennis racquet presented by Messrs. Fitzgerald and Munro was won by J. Sweet in a singles championship, and R. Hill was runner-up.





GYMNASIUM AND TENNIS COURTS.





### SWIMMERS.

Front Row—Snrs.: P. Wallis, M. Sutton (P.), K. Moore, J. Scott (P.), R. Clark (P.), K. Cameron (P.), S. Blyth (P.), S. Coleman, J. Allen (P.).  
 Middle Row—Jnrs.: R. Iredale, R. Lane, E. Biddulph, A. Lander, R. Jansen, H. Wise, T. Wilson, C. Jones, N. Tidwell, A. Foster.  
 Back Row—Under 14: J. Fletcher, J. Hart, A. Warren, R. Biddulph, D. Cameron, T. Wise. (P.), Polo Team.  
 Inset: H. Hall (P.), I. Wyatt (Keiran Memorial Cup).

Sydney High School has reason to be proud of its swimming record, especially over the past four years. This sport is primarily concerned with Combined High School activities, as the A.A.A.G.P.S. has not yet seen fit to put swimming in its rightful place among other sports.

As regards C.H.S. swimming, the following is our record for the last four years:—

Won Senior Shield: 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933.

Won Junior Shield: 1930, 1931, 1932.

Won Under 14 Shield: 1932, 1933.

Won Rawson Cup, Kieran Memorial: 1932, 1933.

It will be seen, that our peak year was 1932, when we were successful in all three divisions, a feat that had not been performed since 1918.

Of C.H.S. records at present standing, our school holds a formidable list:—

#### Senior:

50 Yards.—T. Pauling, 1930.

100 Yards.—E. Henry, 1923.

220 Yards.—I. Wyatt, 1933.

880 Yards.—I. Wyatt, 1933.

Back-stroke.—H. Hall, 1933.

Relay.—1933 (breaking our own record made in 1932).

#### Junior:

100 Yards.—R. Shaw, 1931.

Back-stroke.—H. Hall, 1932.

Present C.H.S. champions from S.H.S. are: I. Wyatt, Senior 50, 100, 220, 440, 880 yards (also holder of Kieran Memorial; H. Hall,

Senior Back-stroke; J. Bott, Junior Diving; R. Biddulph, Under 14, 220 and Back-stroke.

The outstanding swimmers of recent years have been R. Clark, I. Wyatt, and R. Shaw, while T. Pauling, H. Hall, S. Blyth, and M. Sutton have been in the first rank. Had Clark been competing this year, he would probably have some records to his credit. Wyatt's performance this year was remarkable. R. Biddulph is a promising juvenile, from whom we expect great things in the future.

In the G.P.S. swimming, confined to a few isolated events held at various carnivals, we have performed very well. Results:—

1931.—200 Yards Relay (4): 1st.

500 Yards Relay (5): 1st (record).

1932.—100 Yards: R. Clark, 1st (record, 57 $\frac{2}{3}$ ).

200 Yards Relay: 1st (record).

500 Yards Relay: 1st (record).

1933.—100 Yards: I. Wyatt, 2nd.

200 Yards Relay: 2nd.

A High School Water Polo Competition has been commenced. We have a good team, but so far are only running third. M. Sutton and H. Hall were chosen in a C.H.S. team, with S. Blyth reserve. We hope that swimmers will continue to support this new venture and commence practice during their earlier years.

Messrs. Cropley and Schrader were responsible for some fine figures in Life Saving Examinations up to 1931, after which it was not found practicable to hold further classes.





#### RIFLE SHOOTING.

Back Row—Left to Right: W. Ryan, M. Colyer, L. Freeman, W. Rossiter, C. Sandow, B. Bowler.  
Front Row—Left to Right: J. Fraser, E. Ashdown, R. Cutler (Capt.), M. T. Lynch, Esq., R. Earl, R. Molesworth, N. Webb.

Each year, it would appear, this sport is growing more popular. At the beginning of this season, 1933, the keenness of boys to become members of the Club was remarkable. Approximately seventy boys submitted themselves for trial. After a series of shoots extending over several weeks, this number was reduced to twenty-four, three teams of eight. Of these, sixteen made use of the re-barrelled school match rifles, while the remaining eight used those rifles issued to the Club by the Military Ordinance. Previously the Club has never had to cope with such numbers, and while we welcome enthusiastic aspirants, we discourage boys who regard this sport, more or less, as a sinecure.

On August 12 a team of thirteen boys visited Hawkesbury College. After a pleasant tour of the College and a wholesome meal, the two teams adjourned to the 300 and 500 yards mounds. Two active members of the College team being absent, it was agreed to count nine men. The school team, after being behind on the first range, regained lost ground on the second, and finally won the match by 524 points to 505. A return match was arranged at Long Bay Range on Wednesday, 23rd August, Hawkesbury winning by 487 points to 483.

The standard of the Club this year has been an improvement on that of previous years, possibly on account of the more abundant

material to choose teams from, but more certainly on account of the enthusiastic captaincy of R. Cutler.

This year the House Competition was won by Gordon House. After being behind, on the first stage, the team finally won by a margin of 46 points. Gordon's total was 777 points, Reid followed with 731, with Parkes and Wentworth respectively third and fourth with 639 and 628 points. Members of Gordon House captured the first places in the individual totals. They were: R. Cutler, 163; Colyer, 159; R. Earl, 158; Bowler, 156. The competition was conducted on more extensive lines this season, rapid and snap shooting being included in the programme.

Two teams have been entered for the new G.P.S. Grade in the M.D.R.C.U. matches at Anzac. Prospects are bright for these matches, which ought to give more experience to newer members, for, after all, experience is the essential element in rifle shooting.

On account of the early printing of the "Record," this year's Club Championship, not yet decided, must be omitted.

I would like to express thanks to Mr. Lynch, on behalf of the members, for the keen interest he has taken in the Club, and have no doubt that under his guidance the "club spirit" will become even more evident than it is at present.

R. D. EARL, Secretary, 1933.



# ROWING



**S.H.S. EIGHT, 1933.**

*Photo. by courtesy Melba Studios.*

Bow: A. ROSE (11-9); 2, R. FLEMING (11-9); 3, D. JACKSON (12-5); 4, M. WOOD (12-8); 5, R. CLARK (12-2); 6, A. HUNTER (12); 7, S. COLEMAN (11-12); Stroke, W. KING (11-3);

Cox., J. FARREN (8-4);

Coach, G. HANCOCK, Esq.

The results of the 1933 Regatta were very pleasing. The Eight was beaten, but by no means disgraced; the First Four won the Yaralla Cup in a magnificent race; the Second Four was narrowly defeated for first place, while the Third Four won its event decisively.

Despite these results, it was generally felt that the coaches had been given insufficient

time to prepare their crews. Year after year S.H.S. crews are largely composed of boys who, ten weeks before the Regatta, have never rowed a stroke. To rectify this, Winter rowing was inaugurated. Many boys responded, and Mr. Hancock, Mr. Duffy, and Mr. Livingston have given their enthusiasm and skill to help the project.



**FIRST FOUR.**

**Winners of the Yaralla Cup, 1933.**

Time, 5.48½.

Left to Right: Bow, R. G. CLARK (11-2); 2, C. M. LAWTON (10-7); 3, R. WISE (11);

Stroke, F. GRAY (10); Cox., R. RYAN (5-6).

Coach, W. E. LIVINGSTON, Esq.





## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



The scheme, while helpful, has not been altogether successful. Despite a praiseworthy enthusiasm, the boys available were not the type suitable for the Eight—age, stamina, and power were lacking; also, the coaches were severely handicapped by the inadequacy of our equipment. Mr. Hancock had to put novices, some rowing for the first time, into an old racer. Mr. Duffy trained thirty boys in one pair and one four, the latter a very poor boat, indeed.

So I wish to emphasise these points: Our coaches are as keen as ever, but they are severely handicapped by the limited supply of suitable rowers and by a boating equipment which makes adequate training impossible. It rests with boys of the school to rectify the first deficiency. As for the second, the provision of a new boat would be a happy expression of the Jubilee spirit. In fact, an addition to our fleet is vital if S.H.S. is to train in its own boats for the next Regatta.

V. HYDE,  
Rowing Master.

### SECOND FOUR. Second in Race.

	Weight. st. lbs.	Position.
G. Jasper .. .. .	10 6	Bow
R. Jones .. .. .	10 8	2
J. Allen .. .. .	10 5	3
C. Wood .. .. .	10 6	Stroke
B. Henderson .. .. .		Cox

Coach: F. Nicholls.

### THIRD FOUR. Winners of Race for Third Fours.

	Weight. st. lbs.	Position.
P. Wallis .. .. .	10 0	Bow
J. Brown .. .. .	10 2	2
K. Gallie .. .. .	10 10	3
A. Lander .. .. .	10 2	Stroke
F. Wootten .. .. .		Cox

Coach: D. Duffy.

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We carry the largest stock of Sporting Cups in Australia. We are always adding new designs.

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Opp. Town Hall



## Sydney High School Athletics

Enthusiasm has run high among the athletes this season, and training has been intelligent and thorough, with the result that the school Jubilee meeting was worthy of the occasion. Large fields participated in every event, for our school meeting is not for the talented few, but is, as it should be, a happy gathering, where everybody competes in one or more events.

Although times were good, runaway wins were infrequent, the high general standard being pleasing in view of the change to teams events for C.H.S. this year.

An Inter-school Relay was innovated this year, "High" celebrating the occasion by winning from North Sydney in the record time of 45 seconds.

Whilst on the subject of records and the times thereof, the Athletics Committee wishes

very sincerely to thank the Honorary Time-keeper, Mr. W. T. Kerr, for his splendid work in that capacity. Both for duration and efficiency, Mr. Kerr's efforts must themselves be a record, for I believe that he has timed all our meetings for forty-seven years, and I doubt if his total errors over that period would amount to a fifth of a second. Hence, the sprint double by T. Kiely (in the heats) of  $10\frac{2}{3}$  secs. for the hundred and  $22\frac{1}{2}$  secs. for the furlong definitely places him amongst the school's greatest sprinters. R. Clark again put his 12lb. shot into the middle of existing records, and set a new mark at 49ft.  $\frac{1}{2}$ in., surpassing S.H.S., C.H.S., and G.P.S. figures. R. Hohnen cleared 20ft. 5in. in the Junior Broad Jump, and 5ft. 5in. in the High, setting new school figures, the former being better than



### ATHLETICS.

Back Row: D. FALK, R. EARL, F. GRAY, J. BROWN, D. STREET, G. MILLER, J. GRAVES.  
Second Row: C. SIMPSON, E. OXLEY, R. JANSEN, R. HILL, R. HOHNEN, H. BARET, A. LEWIS, A. GILL.

Front Row: F. BUTLER, L. COOK, L. A. BASSER, Esq., R. CLARK, G. C. SAXBY, Esq., E. GARRATT, T. KIELY.

Inset: H. HALL.





# ACHIEVEMENT

IT takes time to ripen accomplishments and to mould them into reputations.

An institution which has carved its own record for worthy service for 110 years is naturally zealous to guard its future goodwill with the same keenness as it has exercised in the past.

Anthony Horderns', therefore, do not expect to close any deal unless absolute satisfaction has been given . . . because **To-day** will be, in time to come, the past on which judgment shall be passed.

## ANTHONY HORDERNS'

*"The Senior Store"*

### SYDNEY

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? — 1927

## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



1927 1933

the C.H.S. record, whilst A. Morris did likewise by putting the 8lb. shot out to 44ft. 8in.

In the Under 14 Section, D. Smith clipped the school 220 record to 26 secs.

Following are the detailed results:—

### SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 Yards.—T. Kiely 1, L. Cook 2, G. Miller 3, R. Clark 4, A. Gill 5. Time, 10 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

220 Yards.—T. Kiely 1, G. Miller 2, L. Cook 3, A. Gill 4, R. Clark 5. Time, 23 $\frac{7}{8}$  secs.

440 Yards.—E. Garratt 1, G. Miller 2, R. Jansen 3, R. Earl 4, M. Lawton 5. Time, 53 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

880 Yards.—E. Garratt 1, F. Butler 2, R. Jansen 3, D. Falk 4, H. Hall 5. Time, 2 mins 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

Mile.—F. Butler 1, D. Falk 2, H. Hall 3, C. Barr 4, F. Gray 5. Time, 4 mins. 58 secs.

High Jump.—R. Clark 1, R. Hill 2, C. Simpson 3, S. Proctor 4, D. Ferguson 5. 5ft. 5in.

Broad Jump.—R. Clark 1, G. Miller 2, L. Cook 3, T. Garratt 4, F. Crocker 5. 20ft. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Hurdles.—J. Brown 1, L. Cook 2, D. Street 3, S. Harvey 4, Roy Clark 5. Time, 19 secs.

12lb. Shot.—R. Clark 1, H. Baret 2, F. Gray 3, F. Crocker 4, H. Jackson 5. 49ft.  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. (record).

### JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

100 Yards.—R. Hohnen 1, G. Field 2, J. Price 3, A. Morris and C. Jones 4. Time, 11 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

220 Yards.—R. Hohnen 1, J. Price 2, M. Titterton 3, G. Field 4, R. Ashdown 5. Time, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

440 Yards.—M. Titterton 1, R. Ashdown 2, J. Price 3, G. Jasper 4, G. Field 5. Time, 57 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

880 Yards.—R. Ashdown 1, M. Titterton 2, J. Bott 3, G. Field 4, G. Falk and A. Browne 5. Time, 2 mins. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

Hurdles.—V. Hercus 1, R. Hohnen 2, C. Jones 3, J. Farren 4, J. Bott 5. Time, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

High Jump.—R. Hohnen 1, C. Jones 2, A. Browne 3, P. Frizell 4, A. Morris 5. 5ft. 5in. (record).

Broad Jump.—R. Hohnen 1, A. Morris 2, G. Jasper 3, V. Hercus 4, A. Browne 5. 20ft. 5in. (record).

8lb. Shot.—A. Morris 1, B. Cassar 2, G. Jasper 3, A. Browne 4, V. Hercus 5. 44ft. 8in. (record).

### JUVENILE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 Yards.—A. Lewis 1, F. Kaad 2, D. Smith 3, H. Tasker 4, L. Parnell 5. Time, 12 secs.

220 Yards.—F. Kaad 1, A. Lewis 2, H. Tasker 3, D. Smith 4, D. Hatton 5. Time, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

High Jump.—S. Livingstone 1, H. Tasker 2, W. Johnstone 3, D. Smith and J. Craik 4. 4ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Broad Jump.—D. Smith 1, H. Tasker 2, D. Hatton 3, F. Kaad 4, J. Turner 5. 17ft.  $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Hurdles.—A. Craik 1, D. Smith 2, R. Johnstone 3, Livingstone 4, D. Hatton 5. Time, 17 secs.

Senior Cup.—R. Clark 27 points, G. Miller and E. Garratt 18 points.

Junior Cup.—R. Hohnen 37 points, M. Titterton 16 points, A. Morris 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  points.

Juvenile Cup.—D. Smith 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  points, H. Tasker 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  points, F. Kaad 15 points.

### NOVICE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Senior 100 Yards.—G. Hamilton 1, R. Rhodes 2, E. Oxley 3, A. Lewis 4, D. Elvy 5. Time, 11 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

Senior 440 Yards.—E. Oxley 1, R. Rhodes 2, A. Delavere 3, J. Buggie 4, D. Elvy 5. Time, 56 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

Senior 880 Yards.—A. Lewis 1, R. Rhodes 2, K. Moore 3, P. Wallis 4, D. Page 5. Time, 2 mins. 19 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

Mile.—A. Lewis 1, R. Rhodes 2, T. Jones 3, N. Dunnett 4, R. Jansson 5. Time, 5 mins. 27 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

Junior 440 Novice.—F. Horner 1, E. Christensen 2, G. Falk 3, W. Charlton 4, L. Wirsu 5. Time, 61 secs.

Junior 880 Novice.—A. Chapman 1, W. Charlton 2, F. Dwyer 3. Time, 2 mins. 38 $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

### AGE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

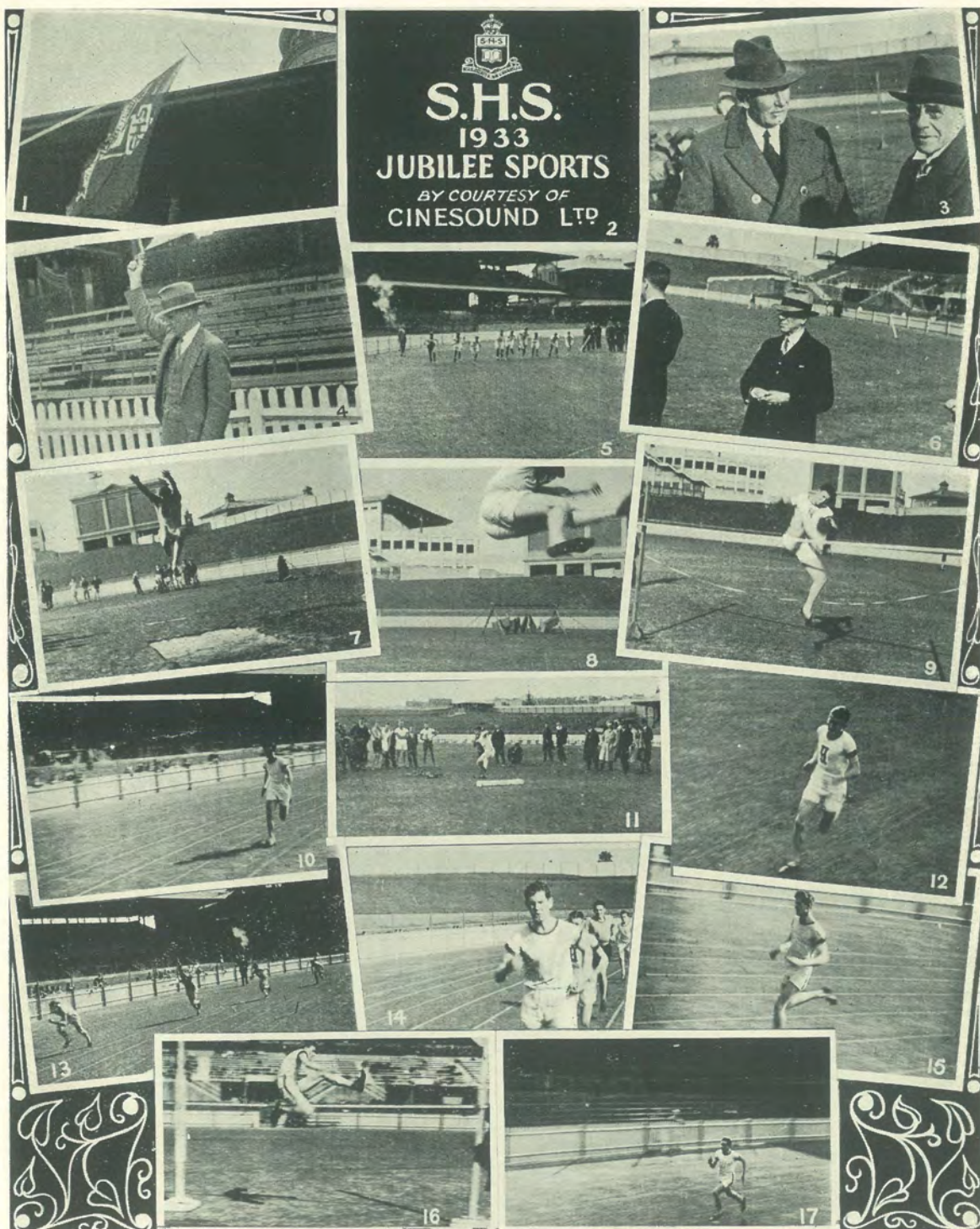
100 Yards:

Under 17.—J. Green 1, N. Dunnett 2, R. Faulks and D. Seale 3. Time, 11 secs.

Under 15.—R. Higham 1, W. Watson 2, A. Dadour 3. Time, 12 secs.

Under 13.—F. Kaad 1, W. Eastaway 2, E. Stevens 3. Time, 12 secs.





1, The School Flag goes to the Masthead. 2, Explains itself. 3, Mr. Saxby and Mr. Eedy. 4, The man with the gun (S. R. Bilbe). 5, The Start of the 880 Yards. 6, The stalwart Timekeeper (W. T. Kerr). 7, Reg. Clark clears 20ft. 5in. 8, Reg. gives us a good idea of the Eastern Cut-off. 9, Reg. about to clear 5ft. 5in. easily. 10, George Miller comes in ahead of all. 11, Clark puts the Shot 49ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 12, Butler's comfortable win in the Mile. 13, The Start of a hard 440 Yards. 14, The 880 Yards tests Garratt's ability. 15, Garratt overcomes all opposition. 16, Star Junior Athlete, R. Hohnen, High Jump. 17, Kiely walks away with the 220 Yards.





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### HANDICAPS.

Open Mile.—J. Crichton 1, — Berrett 2, C. Burgess 3. Time, 5 mins, 15 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs.

880 Yards.—S. Raftopoulos 1, R. Balmain 2, W. Charlton 3. Time, 2 mins. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

440 Yards.—R. Higham 1, B. Cassar 2, D. Hatton 3. Time, 62 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs.

220 Yards.—R. Ashdown 1, Roy Clark 2, P. Wallis 3. Time, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

Junior 220 Yards.—R. Lane 1, W. Watson 2, A. Dadour 3. Time, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

Juvenile 220 Yards.—L. Parnell 1, W. Eastaway 2, J. McKenzie 3. Time, 28 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

Old Boys' 100 Yards.—E. Belschner 1, J. Samuels 2, H. Sullivan 3. Time, 11 secs.

Obstacle Race.—G. Falk 1, I. Hamilton 2, B. Elder 3.

Siamese Race.—Wise and Martin 1, Oliver and Paynter 2, MacPherson and MacDonald 3.

Sack Race.—J. Davenport 1, I. Hamilton 2, K. Poulton 3.

### House Relays:

Senior.—Parkes 1, Gordon 2, Reid 3, Wentworth 4. Time, 1 min. 35 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs.

Junior.—Parkes 1, Reid 2, Wentworth 3, Gordon 4. Time, 1 min. 43 secs.

Juvenile.—Parkes 1, Reid 2, Wentworth 3, Gordon 4. Time, 1 min. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

House Tug-of-War.—Senior: Gordon 1, Parkes 2, Wentworth 3, Reid 4.

House Shield.—Parkes 276 points, Gordon 186 $\frac{1}{2}$  points, Reid 115 points.

In conclusion, the Committee wishes to thank the staff for their efficient and cordial assistance, which ensured the smooth running of a large programme.

L. A. B.

### COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS ATHLETICS.

"High" celebrated its Golden Jubilee and, incidentally, the 21st meeting of the C.H.S., by fielding one of the best teams the school has ever had.

They won the Senior Cup by a tremendous margin, won the Under 14 Cup comfortably; easily took the aggregate point score and pennant, and were just beaten into second place in the Junior Cup on the final relay of the day. Surely a team of which the school may well

be proud. Incidentally, the Medley Relay Team notched "High's" first win in this event, and marked it by clipping two seconds from the record, while the Circular Relay record was also re-gained for the school.

R. Clark broke his own Shot Putt record with 49ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and came second in both the Broad and High Jumps, while T. Kiely, who brilliantly won the Sprint Double, equalled the record for the 220 Yards in 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

The general standard throughout the meeting was exceptionally high, a fine half-mile in 2 mins. 5 secs. by Garrett only earning him second place, whilst F. Butler beat the existing C.H.S. record in the Mile, and yet gained only fourth place. As consolation, he comfortably won the second division of the 880.

As a team, the senior sprinters were outstanding, gaining four firsts, a second, and a third in the six championships, and collecting the two relay records for good measure.

The Under 14 sprinters were not far behind, with four firsts, a third and fourth, and a good win in the Relay.

Senior shot putters achieved the possible with three firsts, while the juniors followed with two firsts and a second, Kearney setting a new S.H.S. record.

Detailed results follow, the events being arranged in divisions, the number in brackets giving the position gained in the final. (See table.)

Senior Cup.—Sydney, 129 points; North Sydney, 53 $\frac{1}{2}$  points; Parramatta, 50 $\frac{1}{2}$  points.

Junior Cup.—Technical, 72 points; Sydney, 62 points; North Sydney, 59 points.

Under 14.—Sydney, 50 points; Cessnock, 38 points; Technical, 19 points.

Champion School and Aggregate.—Sydney, 241 points; North Sydney, 120 points.

The school offers its congratulations to Technical, whose sprinters were outstanding in the Junior events, and to Gosford, who carried off the Kerr Cup for country schools.

L. A. B.

The school's thanks are due to Old Boys Messrs. Metcalfe, McKibbin, Ashbarry and Cohen, who gave valuable assistance in training this year's champion athletic team.





# 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



18, Under the Pole in the Obstacle Race. 19, Through the Sacks in the same event. 20, The Start of the Sack Race. 21, Tug-o'-war Champs, eat their well-earned reward. 22, "It's hard work!" or it looks it. 23, He's over! An event in the Sack Race. 24, Cutting the Cake for Tug-o'-war Champions. 25, Miller lands safely in the Broad Jump. 26, Homeward bound! 27, Hard at work (?) in the Physics Lab. 28, On parade! 29, At the Lockers! 30, School out! 31, Marching into class. 32, A brief respite in the playground.





# 1883 JUBILEE RECORD 1933



## Athletics Table

### C.H.S. RESULTS.

<i>Senior.</i>	<i>Division I.</i>	<i>Division II.</i>	<i>Division III.</i>
100 Yards . . . . .	Kiely (1), 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ secs.	Cook (3)	Miller (1), 11 secs.
220 Yards . . . . .	Kiely (1), 22 $\frac{1}{4}$ secs.	Cook (2)	Miller (1), 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
440 Yards . . . . .	Garratt (4)	Jansen (3)	Earl (2)
880 Yards . . . . .	Garratt (2), 2 mins. 5 secs.	Butler (1), 2 mins. 12 secs.	Falk (2)
Mile . . . . .	Butler (4)	Falk (2)	Hall (1), 4 mins. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
Hurdles . . . . .	Brown (5)	—	—
High Jump . . . . .	Clark (2), 5ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Hohnen (3), 5ft. 4in.	Hill (1), 5ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Broad Jump . . . . .	Clark (2), 20ft. 9in.	Miller (1), 20ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Cook (4)
Shot—12lb. . . . .	Clark (1), 49ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Baret (1), 39ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Grav (1), 39ft. 9in.

Circular Relay, 4 x 110.—Cook, Gill, Miller, Kiely. Time, 45 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs. (record).

Medley Relay, 440, 220, 110, 110.—Garratt, Kiely, Miller, Cook. Time, 1min. 37 secs. (record).

<i>Junior.</i>	<i>Division I.</i>	<i>Division II.</i>	<i>Division III.</i>
100 Yards . . . . .	—	Hohnen (3)	Field (4)
220 Yards . . . . .	Hohnen (2)	Price (4)	Titterton (1)
440 Yards . . . . .	Titterton (4)	Ashdown (2)	—
Hurdles . . . . .	Hercus (4)	Hohnen (4)	Jones (1), 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
High Jump . . . . .	Hohnen (3), 5ft. 3in.	Jones (1), 5ft. 2in.	Browne (1), 4ft. 10in.
Broad Jump . . . . .	Hohnen (4)	Morris (1), 18ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Hercus (4)
Shot—8lb. . . . .	Morris (2), 43ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Kearney (1), 45ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Jasper (1), 40ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Relay, 4 x 110.—Hohnen, Jones, Field, Price (2).

<i>Under 14.</i>	<i>Division I.</i>	<i>Division II.</i>	<i>Division III.</i>
100 Yards . . . . .	Kaad (3)	D. Smith (1), 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Parnell (1), 12 secs.
220 Yards . . . . .	Smith (4)	Kaad (1), 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.	Parnell (1), 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
High Jump . . . . .	Livingstone (1), 4ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Johnstone (1), 4ft. 7in.	Craik (4)

Relay, 4 x 110.—Kaad, Hatton, Parnell, Smith (1). Time, 52 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs.

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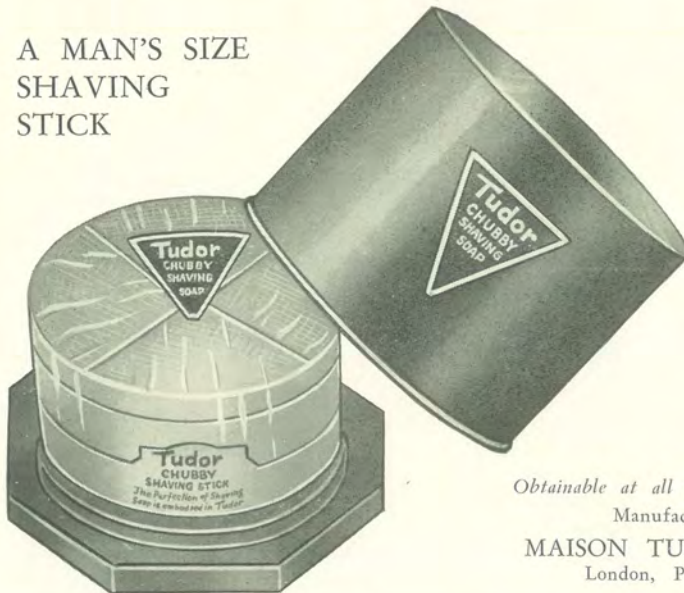
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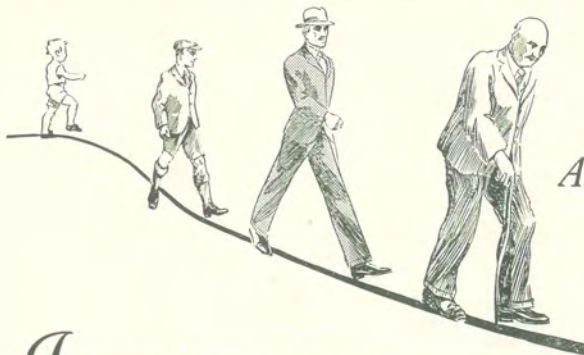
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# SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' UNION

(Founded 1892)

## OFFICE-BEARERS, 1933 (S.H.S. Jubilee, 1883-1933)

### Patrons:

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Philip Game, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O.  
His Honor, Sir Philip Street, K.C.M.G., B.A.  
The Right Hon. The Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman R. C. Hagon.  
The Hon. Sir William Cullen, K.C.M.G., M.A., LL.D., Chancellor of the University of Sydney.  
Sir Mungo MacCallum, K.C.M.G., M.A., LL.D.  
D. Litt, Deputy-Chancellor of the University of Sydney.  
Hon. T. D. Mutch, C. R. Smith, M.A., J. W. Waterhouse, M.A., G. C. Saxby, B.A.

### President:

Dr. S. A. Smith.

### Vice-Presidents:

O. J. Bell	Dr. N. D. Royle	O. D. Oberg	H. F. Halloran
Dr. O. A. Diethelm	Dr. A. L. Buchanan	W. E. Toms	H. K. Prior
R. T. McKay	A. M. Eedy	W. J. Cleary	

### Council:

H. Caterson	L. F. Watt	T. Pauling	B. L. Moses
Dr. G. Hardwicke	D. J. Duffy	H. C. Wilson	J. Reddish
V. W. Hyde	H. E. Harper, M.L.A.	M. W. Flannery	Dr. C. E. Winston
A. J. O'Neil	J. P. Metcalfe	C. N. Hirst	

### University Representative:

J. P. Metcalfe.

### School Representative:

M. S. Walker.

### Honorary Secretary:

C. A. Fairland, 59 Pitt Street, Sydney, B 3359.

### Assistant Honorary Secretary:

H. H. Wiedersehn, Lands Department, Bridge Street, Sydney.

### Honorary Treasurer:

A. K. Paterson, c/o. Jamieson, Griffith & Byatt, 115 Pitt Street, Sydney.

### Honorary Auditor: J. W. Austin.

### Advisory Council:

M. F. Albert	W. W. Vick	W. D. Schrader	F. Firth
C. H. Cooke	A. R. Beveridge	A. E. Waddell	E. A. Southee
A. C. Mackenzie	J. B. Cramsie	R. C. Cathels	





## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



### S.H.S. Golden Jubilee Celebrations

The Jubilee Celebrations Committee has finalised the arrangements for the following programme of celebrations:—

*Wednesday, 4th October.*

Pupils' Commemorative Gathering at the School during the daytime.

Reception by School Authorities at 8 p.m. in the evening, attendance to be by official invitation only.

8.30 p.m.: Reception.

8.30-9.0 p.m.: Addresses.

9.0-9.30 p.m.: Unveiling of Commemorative Plate.

9.30-10.45 p.m.: Conversazione.

(In charge: Headmaster, Mr. G. C. Saxby, FL 4904.)

*Thursday, 5th October.*

Golf Tournament at the Manly Golf Links. Special trophies will be given for (1) the best net score and (2) the best gross score. (It

had been intended to hold this Golf Tournament in conjunction with the Manly Golf Club's G.P.S. Old Boys' Tournament, but this has been postponed to the 26th. The arrangements for our own tournament, on the 5th, have not been finalised at the time of this matter going to press.)

(In charge: A. R. Beveridge, Greater Union Theatres Ltd., Market Street. M 2231.)

*Friday, 6th October.*

Parents and Citizens' Association's Fete at the School. The School will also be open for inspection by parents.

(In charge: E. H. Oliver, Yanko Street, Waverley.)

*Saturday, 7th October.*

Cricket Match—S.H.S. XI. v. O.B.U. XI., at School Sportsground, Centennial Park.

(In charge: S.H.S., K. Andrews, F 1808; O.B.U., C. A. Fairland, 59 Pitt Street, B 3359.)

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## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



Tennis—S.H.S. *v.* O.B.U., and P. & C. Association *v.* O.B.U., at the School Courts. Six men a team. Doubles only to be played. Each pair to play other pair two short sets. (In charge: S.H.S., A. M. Hall, F 1808; O.B.U., V. W. Hyde, F 1808; P. & C. Association, E. H. Oliver, Yanko Street, Waverley.)

Athletics—S.H.S. *v.* O.B.U. in 100 Yards, 220 Yards, 440 Yards, 880 Yards, Mile, High Jump, Broad Jump, Shot Putt, Medley Relay events, at the School Sportsground, Centennial Park. The Old Boys will be graded into two teams for matches against the senior and junior school teams.

(In charge: S.H.S., L. A. Bassar, F 1808; O.B.U., T. Pauling and others, B 06-2309.)

Parents and Citizens' Association Fete at the School in the evening.

(In charge: E. H. Oliver, Yanko Street, Waverley.)

*Monday, 9th October.*

School Staff *v.* Parents and Citizens' Association Golf Match, at the Moore Park Golf Links.

(In charge: S.H.S., A. M. Duncan, F 1808; P. & C. Association, E. H. Oliver, Yanko Street, Waverley.)

*Wednesday, 11th October.*

Old Boys' Union's 29th Annual Dinner, 6.30 p.m., at David Jones'. Tickets, 10/6 each. (In charge: C. A. Fairland, 59 Pitt Street, B 3359; H. F. Halloran, 82 Pitt Street, B 3643; and L. F. Watt, 4 Bridge Street, B 7258.)

*Thursday, 12th October.*

Parents and Citizens' Association's Re-union of Past and Present Members at 8 p.m., at the School, by invitation only.

(In charge: E. H. Oliver, Yanko Street, Waverley.)

*Saturday, 14th October.*

G.P.S. Athletic Meeting at the Cricket Ground. (In charge: G.P.S. Association.)

Combined G.P.S. Old Boys' Union's Dance, Blaxland Galleries, 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Tickets, 6/6.

(Tickets, C. A. Fairland, 59 Pitt Street, B 3359.)

Parents and Citizens' Association's Athletic Night Dance at the School, Moore Park.

(In charge: E. H. Oliver, Yanko Street, Waverley.)

Anyone wishing to participate in any of the Jubilee activities should get in touch with the person in charge of the activity concerned.

Any other references should be made to Dr. S. A. Smith, Chairman of Combined Jubilee Committee, 143 Macquarie Street, or to H. H. Wiedersehn, Honorary Secretary to Combined Jubilee Committee, Lands Dept., Bridge Street.

### JUBILEE BUTTONS.

A special Jubilee Button, after a design by C. N. Hirst, Architect, is being run off to commemorate the occasion.

These buttons are on sale from the school, Old Boys' Union, or Parents and Citizens' Association officials, at a cost of one shilling (1/-) each.

The proceeds from the sale of these buttons are to go towards the "Dressing Shed Erection Fund."

### "OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL."

The compilation of the "Outline History of the Sydney High School" has proceeded throughout the year, and the publication will be ready for sale early in November.

The book is to be a 200-page quarto size publication, containing all the relevant facts regarding the activities, achievements, sport and personalities of the S.H.S. over the fifty years of its existence. The whole issue will be profusely illustrated.

The O.B.U. has decided that no advertisements are to be inserted, and the cost will be five shillings (5/-) per copy, post free. Orders should be placed immediately, as the bare number needed will be printed.

Help in the compilation of this history has been rendered since the last "Record" by Old Boys, W. H. Paradice, N. Mackenzie, H. S. Dettmann, A. M. Eedy, Dr. C. G. McDonald, H. Horne, A. K. H. Reid, A. R. Beveridge, Dr. F. W. Doak, R. Bush, G. C. Saxby, D. McCallum, E. C. Millikin, W. N. Wiedersehn, and by Mr. D. C. Smith, Mr. A. R. Sullivan, and Mr. J. Farrell.

*Order your copy with the Honorary Secretaries now.*





## 1883-JUBILEE RECORD 1933



### ARTICLES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Much detailed and interesting information has come to hand for use in the "History of the S.H.S." Many of the incidents, occurrences, and anecdotes recalled which are not suitable for the "History," will be published in future "Records" in the form of articles.

### DRESSING SHED AND STORE-ROOM FUND.

The O.B.U. issued a booklet in May inviting donations to a Dressing Shed and Store-room Fund. It is hoped to mark the Jubilee Year by erecting a dressing shed on the School Sportsground, in Centennial Park, for the school teams.

The following donations or promises are acknowledged:—Dr. K. J. Howell, £6/6/-; A. Howie, £10/10/-; Dr. L. J. Shortland, £10/10/-; Dr. S. A. Smith, £25; Sir Philip Street (O.B.U. Patron), £2/2/-; Sir Mungo MacCallum (O.B.U. Patron), £1/1/-; J. H. Smairl (ex-Master), £1/1/-; Social Committee, £25; W. H. Paradice, £3/3/-; J. Hannon, 10/-; S. Cash, £2/2/-; Dr. P. Walton-Smith, £1/1/-; Dr. O. Fox, £2/2/-; Dr. N. R. Finlayson, £1/1/-; Dr. E. K. Parry, £1/1/-; A. A. Woodlands, £1/1/-; R. W. Hook, £1/1/-; Dr. W. F. Simmons, £10/10/-; Dr. C. E. Winston, £2; E. F. Barnet, £1/1/-; H. Riley, £1/1/-; K. Paine, 2/-; A. M. Eedy, £25; S. C. King, 10/-; L. Geer, £1.

Parents: T. P. Dowd, £2/2/-; F. Tregoar, 5/-; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. James, £1/1/-; A. Davis, 10/-; J. R. McLaughlin, 10/-.

Total, £140/4/-.

Donations should be forwarded to the O.B.U. officials.

### MEMBERSHIP.

Since the last issue of the "Record" two further life-membership subscriptions have been received, being from T. W. Irish and Dr. L. J. Shortland, and making six new life-members on the roll this year. These two bring up eighty life-members on the roll.

The life-membership subscription of £5/5/- is paid into a trust fund, but the effect is to stabilise the affairs of the O.B.U. Old Boys are requested, therefore, to give serious consideration to the matter of joining up as life-members.

The financial membership of the O.B.U. for this year is quite satisfactory, but there is al-

ways room for improvement. Each member is requested to urge Old Boys of his acquaintance to join up with the O.B.U. The annual subscription of 7/6 covers all membership privileges, including notices of all functions and posted copies of the "Record."

### OLD BOYS IN ENGLAND.

A most interesting letter has been received by Mr. C. A. Fairland from William Munday, who recently arrived in England. The following is extracted from his letter, which is dated 20th July last:—

"There is quite a surprising number of Old High School fellows in London. Incidentally, too, they are still keenly interested in the school, though some of them admit they 'have got a little out of touch.' The 1912-13 vintage are very well represented. Among them are Ray Kershaw, A. W. Wheen, H. Beazley, and Dr. A. I. G. McLaughlin.

"I saw Kershaw yesterday. He is at present economic adviser to the Bank of England, and is representing that institution at the Monetary and Economic Conference. He said he had received the Jubilee Booklet from the O.B.U.

"Wheen, according to what I can gather here, must be one of the most brilliant of our Old Boys. He is right up at the top of the scholastic world, and is recognised as one of the leading English philosophers. He is, however, extremely modest, retiring, and almost shy. He is very keen about the school, and said he would like to join up with the O.B.U.

"Dr. McLaughlin also wants to join up. He is at the Albert and Victoria Museum, South Kensington, and is also established in Harley Street. Beazley is Advertising Manager of the 'Evening Standard.'

"Another of the 1912-13 vintage is Frank Sheed, partner in Sheed and Ward, booksellers and publishers, Paternoster Row, London. Sheed is at present in the States, where his firm has a branch, but is due back next week.

"Wheen, by the way, was responsible for the brilliant translations of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Jew Suss" from the German to English. Languages certainly must have been a strong point at the school when these chaps were there. McLaughlin attributed it all to Mr. Harvey, who was Languages Master then, and who is now, I think, Headmaster at North Sydney High School.





## 1883 - JUBILEE RECORD 1933



"McLaughlin also remembers Mr. Frank Jones, with whom he was at 'High,' and who incidentally had the honour, but doubtful pleasure, of 'kicking' *'la langue de la chevalerie'* into me for three years, with such success, if I may say so, that it succeeded in securing me *'un vin blanc avec glace'* at Toulon, and was also the medium by which I achieved instant popularity with two French soldiers who had been *'a la guerre avec les Australiens,'* and who would insist that I was *'un boxeur.'* If you should see him, you can test Mr. Jones' credibility with the above, and also assure him from me that 'French Without Tears' has its moments, even though I did not notice anyone wandering around demanding plaintively of each passer-by, *'Avez-vous le chapeau de mon oncle?'*

"The Assistant-Surgeon on the boat coming over, Dr. Rawle, is another old High School fellow. He has an elder brother—an Old Boy and a medico—at present on a visit to Sydney from London. Rawle, who is bound for a post-graduate course at the College of Surgeons, made himself known as soon as he spotted my blazer, and thereafter we monopolised a corner of the lounge and made the air heavy with "Do you remember——?" though his French is atrocious and extended only to *'a la sante.'*

"I ran into H. Moses on the Strand shortly after I arrived. He was a contemporary of myself, and is now an inspector with the Mutual Life and Citizens' Assurance Co., Ltd., in the London branch of Arthur Eedy's company. We had lunch together at Australia House, and I am seeing him again before I leave London.

"Alf King, I believe, was over here recently, but has evidently decided that Granny 'Herald's' arms are more comforting than those of the most flighty flapper of Fleet Street.

"The imposing doorkeepers to the editorial sanctuaries, with top-hat and a row of medals dating back to Waterloo, and usually so cross-eyed that they'd probably go south-east to join the North-West Mounted Police, have got the better of me so far. I'll have to charter an aeroplane and drop in through the skylight in approved American talkie style.

"By the way, Professor Grafton Elliott Smith, another Old Boy, who is at present at the London University, is retiring shortly, owing to ill-health.

"Cheerio, and best of wishes. Please remember me to Bev. "Yours, etc.,  
"WILLIAM MUNDAY."

### S.H.S. v. O.B.U. ANNUAL FOOTBALL MATCH.

The Annual Football Match between the school and the Old Boys' Union's Fifteens took place on Wednesday, 28th June, on our own Sportsground, in Centennial Park. The Old Boys proved too strong for the S.H.S. XV., and repeated the victories of the last three years by defeating the school by 24 to 12. The Old Boys Second XV. also defeated the school's Seconds by 6 to 3.

The Old Boys' teams were composed of:—H. Clay, K. C. Hardy, E. Hirst, F. Hunter, T. Jones, J. Kelaher, S. C. King, S. J. Lacey, A. W. McKibbin, L. F. McDonnell, J. P. Metcalfe, G. Nicol, C. K. Paton, T. Pauling, H. Prenter, G. Quodling, S. Segal, H. Talty, D. H. Tapprell, N. Teesdale, A. Trevenan, N. Webb, R. Wise, and I. Wyatt.

### SETS OF "RECORDS" TO BE BOUND.

Two sets of all "Records" ever published have been completed through the assistance of many Old Boys. They are being bound immediately, and one set will be placed in the School Library, and the other will be lodged with the Honorary Secretary of the Old Boys' Union.

### OLD BOYS' UNION BLAZERS.

Old Boys wishing to procure Old Boys' blazers must be financial members of the O.B.U., and must obtain a written order from the Honorary Secretaries before the city stores will supply a blazer.

### SEATS FOR SONS AND GRANDSONS OF OLD BOYS.

As the School Entrance Examinations are once again approaching, attention is drawn to the concession granted by the Minister for Education in 1926, viz., that 50 seats in the S.H.S. would be set aside each year for the sons and grandsons of Old Boys. Old Boys wishing to avail themselves of this arrangement should write to the Department of Education to that effect. If their son or grandson is beyond the school area, they should be prepared to pay all travelling expenses to and from the S.H.S. The O.B.U. Secretaries will be pleased to assist if requested.





## 1883-JUBILEE RECORD 1933



### S.H.S. v. O.B.U. DEBATE.

Following on the practice re-introduced last year, an Old Boys' team debated against the school team on Friday, 9th June. The O.B.U. team of F. K. Bowler (leader), S. Davis, and T. J. Martin won the debate.

A further debate is designed as part of the Jubilee activities in October.

### HELP WANTED FOR NEXT YEAR.

1. Old Boys willing to supervise the Rowing Camps for a week at a time should volunteer before the end of next January.

2. The Social Committee needs the help and assistance of the younger Old Boys to organise and arrange functions. Any Old Boy willing to work on the Social, Membership, Rowing or Sports Committee is requested to GET IN TOUCH WITH THE HONORARY ASSISTANT SECRETARY and not wait to be unearthed.

3. Old Boys wishing to participate in the Annual S.H.S. v. O.B.U. Cricket Match, the Annual S.H.S. v. O.B.U. Football Match and the S.H.S. v. O.B.U. Debate should INFORM THE HONORARY SECRETARY.

4. Old Boys are invited to forward to the Assistant Honorary Secretary any notes or articles which would prove of interest to other Old Boys if published in these pages.

### SOCIAL COMMITTEE ACTIVITIES.

The functions arranged by the Social Committee since the last report have been:—

*27th May—Dance at School.*

This was the first O.B.U. Dance of the year, as on Regatta Night the O.B.U. combined with the other G.P.S. Old Boys' Unions in the Combined Regatta Dance at David Jones'.

This function was a social and financial success, but the attendance was rather low, as compared with other O.B.U. dances held at the school a couple of years ago.

Miss Joan Leister gave an exhibition toe dance, which added greatly to the success of the function.

C. Leister acted as Organising Secretary, and J. V. Lusby acted as Treasurer for this function.

*24th June—J. P. Metcalfe Presentation Dance.*

The next function organised by the Social Committee was a dance at the school, at which

the President (Dr. S. A. Smith) presented J. P. Metcalfe, on behalf of the O.B.U., with an inscribed inkstand as a token of congratulation and appreciation by Old Boys of his sensation and meritorious achievements in the athletic world. Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe and the Headmaster, Mr. G. C. Saxby, were the guests of the evening.

R. Ralph and D. McCallum acted as Organising Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, for this function.

*Jubilee Chocolate and Blue Ball.*

The Annual Chocolate and Blue Ball, which this year was also the Golden Jubilee Ball, was held at the Blaxland Galleries on Friday, 21st July. This function was one of the great social events of the year. It was attended by nearly six hundred people, by far the largest number ever to be at one of the O.B.U. Balls, whilst it also resulted in a net profit easily the greatest ever made on any Annual.

There is no doubt about the brilliancy of the success of the Jubilee Ball. The enthusiastic jollity of those present vouched for the general enjoyment, and numerous verbal and written congratulations by many of those present have been received.

The floral decorations were again carried out by Fred Searl, and were beautiful and tasteful. The official table bore tall standards bearing "Jubilee, 1883-1933" in pink and white camellias. Posies for all of the lady guests and quaint novelties were also placed on the official table. The school and O.B.U. flags were in prominence, with other appropriate decorations. Attractive souvenir menu cards in chocolate and blue, bearing photos of each of the buildings which have housed the S.H.S., and sealed with a golden seal, were also features of the evening.

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Philip Game, and Lady Game graced the gathering by their presence, this being the first occasion Vice-Royalty has honoured one of our Annual Balls.

The President of the O.B.U. (Dr. S. A. Smith) and Mrs. Smith entertained the official party, which included the Headmaster (Mr. G. C. Saxby) and Mrs. Saxby, the Past-Headmaster (Mr. C. R. Smith), the President of the Council of the Old Boys' Union (Mr. R. C. M. Boyce), and Mrs. Boyce, the President of the G.P.S. Association, and President of the King's





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School O.B.U. (Mr. D. Maughan), Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Purcell (St. Joseph's), Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Cox (Scot's College), Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilson (Newington), Mr. G. Turnbull and Miss L. Smith (Shore), Mr. B. Menzies and Miss M. Soutar (St. Ignatius), Mr. and Mrs. Russell French (Old Sydneians), Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Marriott (Armidale), Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Sullivan (P. & C. Association), Miss Helen Taylor and Mr. K. C. Richardson (S.H.S. Old Girls' Union), the School Captain (A. W. Horner) and Miss Joan Rose, and Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Mutch. The President was assisted by Mr. A. M. Eedy, Dr. N. D. Royle, and Mr. W. E. Toms (Vice-Presidents), and Mr. C. A. Fairland (Honorary Secretary) in entertaining the guests.

The especial thanks of the O.B.U. are due to Mrs. S. A. Smith and Miss Lorraine Smith for the trouble and effort they went to in providing for and entertaining our guests.

Credit is due to R. Ramsay, who sold 46 tickets, and to R. Ralph, who sold 39 tickets.

Donations towards the Ball expenses were received from Dr. S. A. Smith and Dr. C. E. Winston.

Credit and congratulations are due to B. L. Moses, who was Organising Secretary for this function, and to the other members of the Social Committee who assisted him.

### **Further Functions Arranged by the Social Committee.**

*Friday, 1st September.*—Supper Dance at the Dungowan Café.

*Saturday, 14th October.*—Combined G.P.S. Old Boys' Unions' Athletic Night Dance.

### **JOTTINGS ABOUT OLD BOYS.**

R. Ewing, Federal Taxation Commissioner, was included in the King's Birthday Honours, having the C.M.G. (Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George) conferred on him.

\* \* \*

R. J. Colvin has been appointed Director of the State Lottery.

# FOR SOFT DRINKS

## *Always Say*

# "MARCHANT'S"

## *Please!*





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T. W. Irish has been appointed Under-Secretary for Lands. He has had a distinguished career in the Public Service, and we congratulate him upon his well-merited appointment.

C. H. Hughes, B.D.S., was awarded a scholarship to the North-Western University (Chicago), where he is to proceed to the Doctorate of Dental Surgery. He sailed in August.

A. W. Butterell stood for the Bulli Electorate in the recent by-election in the interests of the U.A.P., but was defeated.

R. Edelsten-Pope, Dip. Comm., has been appointed to the Students' Representative Council, the supreme student organisation at the University. He is the third Old Boy to attain this distinction since the Council was formed, in 1929.

Lieut. D. J. Duffy, of the St. George Regiment, was responsible for the brilliant success of the Regiment's Annual Ball in August.

F. K. Bowler led the Faculty of Arts Debating Team in the recent Inter-Faculty Debates, and was selected as a member of the team to represent Sydney University in the Federal Inter-University Debates held in Hobart in August.

B. C. Eglitzky was awarded the Adrian Consett Prize for 1932 for the best short story in the University Magazine, "Hermes."

Alan Llewellyn was married a few months ago. Heartly congratulations!

J. A. Waldock, M.A., gave some most interesting addresses to the Australian English Association this year.

N. MacTaggart, formerly sewerage engineer, has been appointed Chief Engineer for Sewerage at the Water, Sewerage and Drainage Board.

Dr. A. L. Buchanan, Dr. R. V. Graham, and Dr. G. A. Hardwicke were appointed Honorary Demonstrators in Anatomy at the University earlier this year, whilst Dr. S. A. Smith was appointed Examiner in Medicine.

T. Jones and T. Martin are maintaining their reputation for scholarships at the 'Varsity.

G. Pauling is now doing Pharmacy.

### OLD BOYS IN SPORT.

All Old Boys join in congratulating J. P. Metcalfe for his prowess in the athletic world. His achievements of a hop, step and jump of 50ft. 2in. and high jump of 6ft. 5½in., both Australian records, are remarkable performances.

V. Thicknesse is a member of the Australian Rugby League Team now touring England.

E. Shepherd has played brilliant football this year, and was chosen to play in the N.S.W. Fifteen early this season.

M. Cohen is Captain of the Teachers' College First XI.

Four of "High's" backs of the 1929 team are playing First Grade football—H. Wines, H. Rees, E. Shepherd, and T. Pauling.

C. K. Paton has maintained his "rucking" reputation, and is playing in the Manly XV. K. C. Hardy is still a star with St. George.

Two Old Boys gained the coveted "Blue" in Rugby Union, namely, H. Wines (Wests) and E. Shepherd ('Varsity).

R. Ramsay is still one of the crack tennis players of the Ryde competitions.



