

Sydney Boys' High School

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, SYDNEY, N.S.W., FOR TRANSMISSION BY POST AS A PERIODICAL.

Becember, 1934

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Captain of School: F. B. Horner.

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Judd. Acting Vice-Captain: A. Knox.

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A. Delavere, N. Fuller, H. Glass,
M. Hale, M. Henry, V. Hercus,
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The Record

The Magazine of the Sydney Boys' High School.

Veritate et Virtute

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OFFICERS:

Patron: F. McMullen, M.A. Editors: B. I. Judd, G. Falk

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G. Venn-Brown, A. Knox, M. Titterton, W. Simms.

EDITORIAL.

E. M. Forster in his novel "A Passage to India," decribes a dinner-party at the house of Hamidullah in the city of Chandrapore on the Ganges. The guests converse pleasantly for a while, then one of them. Dr. Aziz, a young man of literary enthusiasm, begins quoting poetry. "They listened delighted, for they took the public view of poetry, not the private which obtains in England." Imagine the consternation were one of us to try to brighten the evening meal in the way of Dr. Aziz: the look of shocked incredulity on the faces of our friends, a look changing presently to one of slightly shamed discomfort, as at the perpetration of a social indelicacy. There are no warnings in the book of etiquette against this particular error of taste, for it is by its nature unthinkable. And no doubt many years must still pass before we shall be able to feel again, as we felt once, that such a procedure is quite normal. When ballads were being composed in England, poetry was so public a matter that many people seem to have been in the habit of gathering together in order to collaborate in the making of it. In the olden days poets were reciters, and up to comparatively recent times remainded readers, of their work. Then poetry became private. This was a pity, for (despite some advantages) it meant the beginning of a rift between poetry and life. We know that some kinds of poetry can never be "popular." This is true, all the same, that poetry as such was not intended to be material for removed and solitary enjoyment, or even for the exclusive pleasure of some

select group. It has as much right to be a common possession as music or the drama, and it may be that enjoyment of it is not complete until it is shared as these other arts are shared. As we sit in the concert-hall or the theatre we are conscious of the sympathetic emotions of our fellows and this community of appreciation can, it is certain, sharpen the edge of each individual response. Why cannot poetry come to us in a similar way? A little while ago a famous play was performed in Sydnev: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." No one could sit through the first act of that play without feeling a quite fresh -in a sense, a personal interest-in the policy of the Brownings. Suppose that at the first interval, instead of being entertained by a violin solo—or perhaps, as well as being entertained by it—we had heard a rich (possibly amplified) voice speaking, say two of the Sonnets from the Portugese; and I suppose that at the second interval the same voice, or another equally rich, had recited with feeling Browning's deeply-moving lines to his dead wife.

O lyric love, half angel and half bird, And all a wonder and wild desire: . . . on an audience in so receptive a mood, so completely disposed to listen to these verses and so well prepared to take in their full import, the effect might easily have been thrilling.

But we need not imagine instances. The possibilities of "public" poetry have been demonstrated to us within the last few weeks. The visit of the Poet Laureate to Australia will not be quickly forgotten—for it is, so far, a unique event; but it was not merely the uniqueness of the opportunity that made the purchase of tickets for his addresses so like the whirlwind over-subscription of a new Government loan. It was known that Mr. Masefield would read some of his own poems, and this was an experience not lightly to be missed.

All such experiences will, I think, make us surer of one thing: there is no one right way of reading poetry, there are dozens of ways, equally right: as many ways as there are kinds of poems, as many ways as there are good readers. But this will not prevent each good reader from being dogmatic about the rightness of his own way. A memory I cherish is the hearing of Mr. W. B. Yeats read a series of his poems in a hall in Eccleton Square in London. His style of reading was quite peculiar—and seemed absolutely right. No style could have been more distant from the manner of ordinary speech: it resembled a chant. *Innisfree*, the poem about the cloths of the sky, and others were all spoken in this somewhate eerie, level, slightly wailing monologue. But any such description does no justice

whatever to the magical effect. I remember that he made reference to his delivery and told us the answer he always gave to inquiries about it: it was that every good poet, from Homer down, had always recited his verses in that fashion. And to the question which naturally followed, "How did Mr. Yeats know that Homer recited his verses like that?," he always (he said) had this answer ready: the answer that was given by the Scotchman who had claimed Shakespeare for one of his fellow countrymen and was asked how he knew it was so: "The genius of the man warrants the presumption."

A.J.A.W.

A FAREWELL



Mr. W. A. Moore, B.A. Dip.Ec.

This year severed the association with the school of one who was, and indeed who still is held high in the esteem of everyone connected with Sydney High School: the retirement of Mr. W. A. Moore fell due in September. With his departure there was lost to us not only an efficient Deputy Headmaster, but also, to quote a phrase from a speech given at the

Old Boys' farewell dinner to Mr. Moore, "the most human of pedagogues."

Moreover Mr. Moore was in the nature of a landmark at Sydney High School; an article concerning him in last year's Jubilee Edition of "The Record" was headed

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

—since, as it was explained later, Mr. Moore had served as Deputy Headmaster under every principal of the School except Mr. Coates. As a result his departure leaves us with a sense of almost irreparable loss, and that deep regret at his retirement was experienced by the School as a whole was shown by the heartfelt applause which greeted his appearance on the stage before the general assembly in the School Hall gathered to farewell him.

At this assembly representatives from each year made speeches on behalf of their fellow pupils. At the conclusion of these speeches Mr. Moore himself rose, and after tumultous applause had subsided, spoke a few apt words in his usual genial manner, and sat down to more prolonged applause. The assembled school then sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" with very sincere enthusiasm. Mr. McMullen mentioned that it had been intended to give Mr. Moore some gift as a gesture of appreciation of the services he had rendered the School, but with characteristic modesty Mr. Moore would in no way hear of such a thing. The School seemed sorry that they had not been able to make a presentation to Mr. Moore, and it was unanimously agreed that he well deserved it.

After the pleasant Farewell by the Representatives of the several years of Sydney High, the staff said good-bye to Mr. Moore at a very delightful and informal like function in the Staff Room. Mr. Saxby, our recently retired "Head" was present and Mr. Willmott and Mr. Taylor, ex-members of the teaching staff came to add their quota of respect to our Deputy Headmaster and Friend, Mr. Moore.

All the speeches showed how "Wally" was respected and how deeply his absence will be felt. As a small, but tangible token of this esteem, Mr. McMullen, the Headmaster, on behalf of the Staff presented Mr. Moore with a case of pipes and a tobacco pouch. Mr. Moore, in his reply plainly showed his love for Sydney High and all present could see that his "parting" was a severe wrench to one of his kindly and genial disposition.

OFFICIAL APPRECIATION OF W. A. MOORE B.A. Dip.Ec.

Through courtesy of the Old Boys' Union the "Record" is able to print the following extract from a letter by G. R.

Thomas Esq., Director of Education.

"Mr. Moore, better known as "Wally," has served the Department for almost half a century and in a variety of places and positions. He put up something like a record while in the service of the Primary side, in being on the staff of nine schools in as many years. Then in 1901 he began that long association with the Sydney High School which closed after 33 years—surely a record for any High School—with a round score of years as Deputy Headmaster. During that long period our friend was not only of the School but in a very great measure was the School. His place will be hard to fill.

Officially, I just wish to pay a very sincere tribute to his loval and distinguished service, not merely to the School he loved and would not leave, although offered preferment on more than one occasion, but also to every headmaster who was privileged to having his as his adviser and colleague, and to that very long sequence of staffs-hundreds of confreres, who

were fortunate in his association.

As a master he was a man of many parts in each of which he was perfectly at home rendering high service. Few knew, or was known by the boy more intimately than our friend. Therein, because he got quite close to the heart of the boy lay the secret of his success and influence.

Personally, I feel privileged to have been intimately associated with Wally Moore, both as friend and colleague, and trust that the days of his retirement may be blessed happiness and the best of health and be packed full with further working service.

A FAREWELL TO THE SCHOOL.

After five years' daily association with Sydney High School, the time has come for us to leave, and embark on a new era of life. I think that most of the boys of Fifth Year are genuinely sorry to leave, though their reasons for that are probably many and widely-differing. Some will miss the wonderful sporting opportunities that the school has to offer; others will miss the freedom and lack of responsibilities that schoolboys enjoy. Some of us will be anxious about an uncertain future, while others will be worried over a future that is only too definitely and rigorously marked out. Something that



SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL, PREFECTS, 1934.

Back Row— J. Buggie, J. P. Quinn, A. R. Cutler, E. Macpherson, R. B. Blackett, R. R. K. Moore. And Row—H. Glass, V. M. Herrus, M. P. Henry, A. Delavere, C. S. Wood, J. G. C. Price. Front Row—G. J. C. Miller, M. E. Hale, F. B. Jones Esq., F. B. Horner (Capt.), F. McMullen Esq., A. H. Loomes, (Vice-Capt.), S. P. Blyth, (W. G. Jasper, Absent).

causes us all some trepidation of course, is the Leaving Certificate Examination.

It think it is only natural that we should feel a certain amount of regret at leaving school, for the habits and customs of five years are not to be lightly cast aside, and the transition cannot be undertaken without a considerable wrench. But I cannot agree with the opinion, expressed recently by one of our more cynical mentors, that we will be twice as sorry in a few years' time, and will wish to goodness we were back at school. It is amazing, the number of people who hold a similar opinion, that schooldays are the happiest period of life. think the man who says he had the best time when he was at school has not succeeded in life. It is unnatural to give way to retrospective longings, to rebel in this way against the steady march of progress, After all, school life is like life itself, in that it is a preparation for something that follows. Supreme happiness should come to a man in the prime if life, when he is in a position to enjoy its full fruits, while he still has the fresh outlook and bouvant health of youth, coupled with a wisdom and stability of temperament that come only to the mature.

Great as has been our enjoyment of life at school, the greatest happiness, I hope, is yet to come.

However, no man is better fitted for success and happiness in after-life, than the man who has been educated at Sydney High. No one who has passed through the school could fail to be conscious of its exacting standards, its elevating traditions or its undeniable depth — depth in the sense that behind the school's present face there stand generation after generation of the men who have made the school what it is, and who keep a fatherly eye over its fortunes.

In concluding this note I must place on record the gratitude of Fifth Year for the splendid training that the school has given us, together with our hope that 1935 may be an even better year for the school than 1934. It is unnecessary to say, of course, that that can only come about through loyal cooperation with those in authority, for such is only to be expected at Sydney High.

Frank Horner, School Captain.

FAREWELL TO FIFTH YEAR

The retiring Fifth Year boys were, on 16th October, made the guests of Fourth Year at a farewell function. Mr. Mc-Mullen presided and opened the proceedings as toastmaster by proposing the first toast "The King," which was very fittingly honoured.

The next toast was "Success to L.C. Candidates," which was proposed by A. Knox, Acting Vice-Captain of the School; this toast was supported by Mr. Hallett who stressed the practical significance of High School training.

Mr. D. Duffy, representing the Old Boys' Union, spoke next and urged the outgoing students to maintain their asso-

ciation with S.H.S. by joining the OB.U.

Alan H. Loomes, Vice-Captain of School responded on be-

half of Fifth Year.

The final toast "The School" was proposed by Frank B. Horner, School Captain, who also presented Fifth Year's presentation to the School, which took the form of Rembrandt's "Man in the Golden Helmet." The response to the toast was made by B. G. Judd, Acting Captain of the School.

Mr. McMullen then closed the proceedings with a short

address.

B.G.J.



FOOTBALL

First Fifteen.

S.H.S. had only a fair season in Rugby Union. In the High Schools competition we finished second being beaten T.

H.S. (14-6) and Hurlstone A.H.S. (6-5).

In the G.P.S. competition the team began very well, drawing with Grammar 3 all, after a fine game in the mud and rain, defeating N.C. 21—0, though N.C. were not at full strength, and S.C.E.G.S. 9—6, when the team showed its best football After these three games the team fell away. Having played well enough against King's, who, however, played very fine football, and beat us 11—0, the team went to pieces and was beaten 21—0 by S.J.C., 31—0 by T.S.C., and finally 44—0 by S.I.C. These latter defeats need no comment. The players who did best during the season were Delavere (captain), Sharples (Vice) Lander, Clark, Maxwell, Blyth, Gray, Khan and Carroll.

Lander won his G.P.S. colours; Clark, Delavere, Sharples and Maxwell played in G.P.S. trials and Clark, Gray, Sharples

Delayere, Landa and Clark plyed in C.H.S. teams.

Delavere, Sharples, Landa, Blyth and Clark will be recommended for their School colours.

Second Grade

The Second XV finished third in the C.H.S. competition, being decisively beaten by the Hurlstone and Commercial High Teams. Their play was definitely below the standard set by previous teams from this School. This was due to two factors. Firstly, insufficient boys offered to play football with the result that many who have undoubted ability prefer to play less strentous sport; secondly, abnormal injuries suffered by the first and second teams militated against the development of a team spirit, and consequently, of an efficient combination. Those boys who were fortunate enough to be able to play with the team throughout, did their utmost for the side despite several severe defeats.

Glass led the side well and played excellently throughout both competitions, Gerrard and Strachan were always to the fore amongst a hard-working set of forwards.

Third Grade Football.

Our third grade team filled fourth place in the C.H.S.

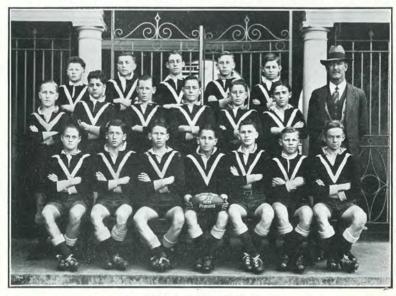
competition — a very fair performance.

Amongst the 'regulars' there existed quite satisfactory enthusiasm; nevertheless, if we are to enter a G.P.S. team, this enthusiasm must be shared by a greater number of boys.



GRADE IV (PREMIERS)

W. Askins, F. Martin, A. Hillman, E. Morgan, H. Baker T. Ryan, A. Neowhouse, F. Cully, G. Kent, N. Gubbay, C. Thompson Mr. P. W. Hallett. C. Vivian, R. Willmott, J. Clubb, A. Miles, J. Levi, G. Hunt, R. Blyth.



GRADE V (PREMIERS)

C. Goundrie, B. Livingstone, H. Tasker, F. Perry, E. Vidal. K. Hebblewhite, A. Dadour, C. O'Dea, J. Davenport, E. Davis, C. Dopson, C. P. Schrader Esq.
J. Chambers, R. Lane, C. Hendy, G. Bowen (Capt.), G. Falk, (Vice-Capt.), B. Somerville, R. Balmain.

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Fourth Grade.

Fourth Grade had a very successful season, gaining the premiership. They lost the first match of the season to Hurlstone, and in the first round played a draw with North Sydney. In all other matches they were the winners. The complete list of matches for the season was:— Hurlstone, 8—16 (lost); Fort Street, 23—3; Canterbury, 6—3; Parramatta 30—0; North Sydney 3—3; Technical, 8—6; North Sydney, 8—6; Technical 14—8; Hurlstone, 27—3; "The Rest" 6—0. Total score 133 to 48.

Tries were scored by Ryan 8, Askins 5, Clubb 5, Hunt 4, Willmott 4, Gubbay 2, Martin 2, Blyth 1, Miles 1, Morgan 1.

Goals were kicked by Miles 12, Blyth 1, Levi 1, Neowhouse

Fifth Grade

Fifth Grade were Premiers. This was the first time that

S.H.S. has won that grade in a decade.

They had a fine record which was due to good team work rather than individual effort though brilliant work by Tasker Bowen, Dopson, Jenkins and Falk helped materially. We lost Jenkins by injury in the fourth match.

Fifth grade showed excellent team spirit. The emergencies were aways ready to take vacant places. That is a test of good sportsmanship. We had to have as onlookers, many really good

players.

The record of the team speaks for itself.

v Hurlstone won 21 to 3, drew 6 to 6.

v Fort Street won 12 to 3, won 16 to 6.

v Canterbury won 30 to 0, won 11 to 3.

v Parramatta won, 30 to 6.

v North Sydney won 29 to o.

v Technical won 30 to o.

v The Rest won 19 to 3.

Tasker scored 17 tries; Falk, 7 tries; Dopson, 7 tries; Dadom 7 tries; and Balmain 4 tries.

Bowen kicked 12 goals, Dopson 3 goals.

Fifth Grade played excellent football and are to be heartily congratulated.

Sixth Grade.

Sixth Grade finished up third on the list after holding

pride of place till the second last match. We were beaten in that match by Canterbury 9 to 0 and then lost a practical final against Technical by 27 to 3 — the worst defeat that sixth grade has had for many years. Our team had many fine players but we lacked a real good scoring five-eighth or wing three-quarter. That makes all the difference to a team.

Paillons made a safe taker and kicker but not a demon tackling full-back.

Gibson brothers were fine defenders but lacked penetration. Coombs also defended well but seldom went for the line. Tude-hope was a game and resourceful half but was too light to be effective.

The forwards were patchy and at times put up fine performances. They lost Gilderthorp by sickness. He was at times

very good.

Baker was always excellent — great little player, Baker. Oliver and Henderson were good at times but inclined to be shiners. Berrett played a couple of fine games and then faded out, as also did Pritchard.

The Sixth Grade was a credit to the School.

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SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL, RIFLE TEAM, 1934

Back Row—W. G. Abrahams, T. F. Wilson, J. L. Lloyd, J. F. Cortis, G. L. Spence.

Front Row — C. R. W. Ashdown, F. McMullen Esq., A. R. Cutler (Capt.), M. T. Lynch, Esq., L. C. Freeman.

RIFLE CLUB REPORT.

Another year of shooting has passed and many old shots will soon be leaving school while new ones will be filling their places.

The team representing the school in the G.P.S. competitions which concluded this shooting year, compares favorably with former ones. In the snap-shooting stage of the "Buchanan Shield" competition, the team shot well to compile the fine total of 55 hits or 220 points.

To quote the Sydney Morning Herald September 20— "The Sydney High School team shot brilliantly in the snapshooting, and four of the team scored 'possibles.' Their total of 220 for the snap-shooting is claimed to be a record."

Some very fine individual scores were also registered in club competitions. Jack Ryan's consistent 189 out of 200, won for him the title of champion 1934. R. Cutler and C. Ashdown were the other cup winners, winning the G.P.S. cup and the Handicap Cup respectively.

We wish to congratulate Newington on their very fine performance of winning the premiership.

The Club's prospects for next year's G.P.S. are bright with Abrahams, Duguid, Freeman and Lloyd back at school.

All boys who were in the club this year and in previous years, appreciate Mr. Lynch's interest, and I take this opportunity of thanking him on behalf of the Club.

The Club much appreciated the action of the second grade team in doing the marking in such a proficient manner for the

Hawkesbury College match.

L. C. Freeman

DEBATING



J. Campbell; F. Horner. G. Venn-Brown, P. Judd, J. W. Greaves Esq., W. Simms, Et Goode.

This year, Debating proved very interesting and worthwhile

to all engaged in the activity.

In the G.P.S. competition, the team was successful against the Scots College, but was defeated by both Newington and Riverview Colleges.

The team comprised: F. Horner, E. Goode, B. Judd.

Our C.H.S. team competed very satisfactry, decisively deteating both Technical High and North Sydney High. In the final debate against Fort Street High the adjudicators' decision was against us, and we take this opportunity to congratulate the Fort Street team on retaining the Hume-Barbour Trophy.

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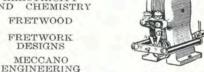
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On September 19 our team debated against the Hawkesbury College team at Hawkesbury. Our hospitable friends at the College provided us with an enjoyable day.

The members of the C.H.S. team were: B. Judd, W. Simms

G. Venn-Brown.

On behalf of both teams, I desire to convey the most sincere thanks to the whole staff for their interest and support, and in particular to Messrs. J. W. Greaves and H. M. Woodward for their invaluable aid.

B.G.J.

TENNIS

It might appear at first glance that Sydney High School has not been so successful in tennis during the year 1934 as previously. Certainly we have not won, or even been runners-up, in so many competitions but despite this, much valuable work has been done in the Tennis sphere and much enjoyment gained.

The growing interest in the game manifests itself in the increased number of applicants for school courts play and the extraordinary rush for positions on outside courts. Unfortunately these numbers have had to be curtailed rather severely to accommodate all the players. This enthusiasm and competition, especially among the younger players, is most encouraging.

With regard to the High Schools' Winter Competitions our fortunes were varied. The First Grade team, feeling very much the loss of the entire former first graders, struggled manfully against odds, enjoyed their games immensely and gained much beneficial experience. Laurels were brought to the school, however, by the Seconds, captained by G. L. McKay, supported by J. Costello, C. Booth, and C. Bennett. This team won the Second Grade division with the added glory of not having been defeated in a match. The Thirds weren't so successful but displayed much promise for the future. It is to the lower grades that we look for our champions next year. Most pleasing of all was the performance of the Fourths. This team, owing to new rules governing selections, was composed of 2nd and 1st year students only. J. Edwards of 2B made a fine captain and played brilliantly while his team-fellows, B. Kerr, R. McDonald, J. Richmond and J. Turner gave him wonderful assistance.

Much interest resulted from the School Championships. For some years past this event has been allowed to lapse, but the present success of such a popular and helpful event has

given it permanence as an annual function. The tournament was run in two divisions - Seniors and Juniors with doubles and singles in each section. Entries were pleasing, particularly among the juniors. All join in offering congratulations to the winners whose play undoubtedly merited victory. The results are as follows.

Senior Singles Championship — E. Goode.

Senior Doubles Championship — C. Booth, C. Bennett. Junior Singles Championships — J. Costello. Junior Doubles Championship — C. Oliver, R. Mackie.

Though the School has not yet produced another McGrath, and such fine players as Hill, Sweet, Gunneth and Slecum of last year who have gone out to make their mark in the world, there is every hope of good material in the near future.

Our present players are comparatively young and we are confident that in 1935 the prestige of "High" in this field of sport, will be creditably maintained.

SECOND GRADE PREMIERS, 1934



G. L. McKay, C. Booth, C. Bennett, J. Costello.

ROWING

Rowing has been carried out by the Club during winter. Quite a number of promising rowers attended on Wednesdays and Saturdays. However, it must be stressed that we still need boys of suitable physique.

The Club's material has been renovated through the efforts of Mr. Duffy but its inadequacy is only too obvious, the School at time of writing possess neither a practice Eight nor a practice Four.

During the year the rowing activities of the P. & C., the O.B.U. and the Union have been co-ordinated through an Advisory Committee representing the three bodies. The Committees will discuss rowing financial requirements and suggest the amounts which each body will subscribe. The school will be the sole spending authority. Under the Chairmanship of Mr. A. Horner, the committee decided to advise the purchase of a new practice Eight. This boat will fill a much felt need. To further co-ordinate administration of the camps, a Coachs' Committee has been established.

During the season two racing Fours were named, the "G. C. Saxby" and the "A. R. Sullivan" — a small tribute to two

great workers in school matters.

We are grateful for the continued support of the P. & C. and O.B.U., for the services of Mr. Andrioli and particularly for the untiring efforts of Mr. D. Duffy both as Coach and as President of the O.B.U. Rowing Committee.

V. Hyde, Rowing Master.

Appeal for Rowing Funds

In view of the necessity of purchasing a new

PRACTICE EIGHT

costing about £118 supporters of the School are asked to send subscriptions to the Headmaster.

Every Shilling Counts.

CRICKET

When cricket was resumed after the long winter break, the First Eleven held the lead in the G.P.S. Competition and occupied second place to Canterbury High in the C.H.S. Though we have been unfortunate in losing the services of H. Tinkler (slow bowler) and A. Donnan (opening bat) we face the second half of the cricket programme with confidence. Already the team has settled down to regular practices and is rapidly becoming a very formidable side. We anticipate that the team will give a good account of itself. A complete record of results will be published in the next issue.

Personnel of the First Eleven. Players and their Characteristics.

A. Delavere. Enterprising captain and fair tactician; good batsman; drives well; good in a pinch; brilliant wicket-keeping a feature of the outcricket; value to the side incalculable.

R. Grover: Vice-Captain; best all-rounder on the side; leads the the G.P.S. batting average this year; left-hand bowler of accurate length and subtle variation; dangerous on a wet or worn wicket; alert and safe fieldsman.

E. Macpherson: Fast medium right-arm bowler; most successful bowler on the side; leads the G.P.S. averages this year; swings the new ball well and makes pace off the pitch; can exploit a rain-affected wicket very well, good slip field.

L. Carroll: Bright, fast-scoring batsman; good array of strokes; especially sound in back play and on-side strokes; very

fast and accurate cover field; reserve wicketkeeper.

E. Khan: Very successful opening bat; solid defence; exponent of straight bat; medium right-arm bowler with command of swing and off-spin; fine field in any position.

J. Daly: Good opening bat with sound knowledge of defence; times the ball well; sound in stroke play; dependable in time of trouble; greatly improved in the field! change bowler.

R. Gray; good forcing batsman with devastating drive; strong in forward play; needs to use attacking shots with more discretion; very active in the field; slow leg-break bowler, but needs to concentrate on accuracy.

M. Titterton: Confident, hard-hitting batsman; inclined to overdo on-side play; uses feet well; consistent scorer; brilliant

outfield.

A. Christie: Left-hand bowler; keeps accurate length and spins the ball well; changes pace cleverly; inclined to bowl too fast at times; useful left-hand bat; hits cleanly; cool in a crisis.



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J. Maxwell: Sound but with good defence; alert fieldsman with good return; a promising slow bowler with command of

leg-spin.

D. James: Good stroke player; watches the ball well; quick-footed and times well; reliable fieldsman with fast return; change bowler of medium pace.

O. S. Smith. K. J. Andrews

Second Eleven.

With one more match to be played, the Second Eleven enjoys a lead of one point from Canterbury in the competition, being so far undefeated. Their record is one outright win, 4

first-innings wins and one draw.

Price has led the side successfully in the first two matches of the second half of the season. In the first game, against Technical High, the side scored 227, Price scoring 57 and Maxwell 52. Knox (44) Chalmers (21) and Oram (20) helped to swell the total. The opposing side was dismissed for 47, Maxwell taking four wickets for 7 runs. Street (2 for 9) and Price (2 for 14) also bowled well. Oram made two fine catches in the outfield.

In their second innings Technical High scored 114 for

the loss of 3 wickets.

In the second match, the home team scored 240 for 8 wickets (closed) against the North Sydney bowlers, the batting being very consistent. Knox, who was promoted to the position of opening batsman, defied the attack for over 2 hours, compiling a very sound 56. Blackett, after an uncertain start, top scored with a rapidly made 64 (1 six and 7 fours). Leggott (47), Fielder (24) and Chalmers (20) all batted brightly and effectively. North Sydney, after a good start, collapsed and could only tootal 125. Fielder bowled well to secure 6 wickets for 36 runs and Leggott took 3 for 37. At times Sydney's fielding was rather lax.

The team will be on their toes in the last match for an outright win will be ssential to ensure the winning of the com-

petition.

W. S. Wilson.

Third Grade, 1934

We finished the first half the season with a lead of five points over Parramatta but at the beginning of the second half it seemed very doubtful whether we should be able to maintain this position, as we had lost several of our best players. However, after exhaustive trials, a team was built up, equal if

not superior to the original. There are several cricketers of very fair ability in third, fourth and fifth years, and it is a pity that places cannot be found for them all in the grade teams.

The result of the first match against Technical High (won outright) was due to the excellent batting of Irving and Fielder and the splendid bowling of our new left-hander, Hibbard, and

the captain, Sleefrig.

Scores: Sydney 4—235 (closed. Irving 61, Fielder 73 n.o. Technical High 96 (Hibbard 7—30) and 99 (Sleefrig 4—7

and Brown 3-14).

The match against Ultimo in Moore Park was also won outright by Sydney High. Fielder, who was acting as captain, hit up 117 n.o., before he retired. This was incidentally the first century and the highest score of the season. Irving batted soundly as usual for 52 runs. The innings was declared closed at 8 for 245. Ultimo replied with 41 and 97, Hibbard, Carpenter and Brown being responsible for the low scoring. The fielding in this match was vastly improved, several fine catches were made and few runs were given away. Fielder is keeping up his fine form behind the stumps.

We are still leading Parramatta by five points and unless the unexpected happens in our final match against that school.

we shall win the honours in the competition.

Fourth Grade.

Fourth Grade are still at the head of the competition having defeated Canterbury, North Sydney, Fort St., and Technical High outright.

The team lost C. Fileder a left hand bowler who also gave

great promise as a forcing batsman.

Dopson and Richmond continue to share the wickets while the batsman are very even with nothing brilliant but none very weak. Quinn and Higham occasionally rattle up a good half century while Dopson and Richmond invariably make a useful twenty or thirty.

The fielding is smart and the catching safe. Tasker and

Dopson have brought off some fine catches.

The team practises regularly so that quite a number ought to be useful to the higher grades next year.

THE LIBRARY REPORT.

We have to thank the Parents and Citizens' Association for its liberal contribution to the funds of the Library. It is pleasing to report that the School Union has again voted some

of its funds for the purchase of books. These two donation have enabled the requirements of the Library to be met reasonably well this year.

At week ends large numbers of books are being borrowed and boys reading for honours have availed themselves of special concessions to the full. However, it is felt that greater use could be made of the library during the hour it is open for reading each afternoon. Then the student would have more books at his disposal and books, much in demand, could circulate much more quickly.

As usual the departing 5th Year students have made a presentation to the school but on this occasion it has taken a new and welcome form. A copy of a famous work be Rembrandt now hangs on the walls of the Library and we desire to express our appreciation of the picture and of the discrim-

ination shown in its selection.

A word of praise is due to M. Hale and F. Horner for the interest they have shown in their work as librarians. Their assistants C. Campbell and A. Brown are carrying on with like enthusiasm. At present they are engaged in preparing a card index which they hope to complete before the end of the year.

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The streams have their sources,
The oceans their courses,
Where their billows roll.
The mountains in heaven lowering
Have yet an end to their towering—
Fixed in their goal.
But the heart, the heart of mankind,
Ne'er an end in its flight can find.
Through tears, longing and pain,
Weening within its clasp
Space and eternity to grasp
And heaven to contain.

D.W. (4th Year)

IMAGINATION

Give me the wide and open spaces, Give me the moon and starry sky: Give me the earth and its changing faces, Give me the fields of waving rve. My thoughts go back to the flowering bushland Where the birds and bees sing all day long; Where the trilling notes of the merry thrushbird Echo from near the Billabong. Give me the red of the setting sun, Give me the dews of the early morn; Give me the night when labour's done, Give me the sounds of day new-born. I long to go far away in the valleys Over the fields and in the plains: Down where the rivulet sparkles and dallies, Down along the winding lanes. Give me the eyes and wings of an eagle, Give me the length of a kangaroo's bound: And I will follow the scent like a beagle To the land where these scenes and thoughts are found. B.T. (4th Year)

PARENTS AND CITIZENS ASSOCIATION

President: A. Horner Esq., J.P., 30 Botany St., Randwick. Vice Presidents: A. R. Sullivan, Esq., Commercial Banking Co., South Kensington. A. E. James, Esq. 6 Bundarra Rd., Bellevue Hill.

Hon. Treasurer: O. W. Earl, Esq. 22 Flood St., Bondi. Hon Secretary: E. H. Oliver, Esq., J.P. 3 Yanko Avenue, Waverley.

In the last issue of "The Record" it was mentioned that, in 1934, the Parents and Citizens' Association had a certain amount of lee-way to make up so far as its finances were concerned. In 1933 the expenditure exceeded the revenue by nearly £100 and this position was naturally a matter of considerable concern to the Executive Committee.

With commitments amounting to approximately £300, very earnest consideration had to be given to the methods to be adopted for raising the necessary revenue. It will be realised, no doubt, that the raising of revenue is entirely dependent upon the efforts of the workers who give such a lot of their time to the various functions by which the wherewithal to carry on many of the School activities is raised. It is a rather regrettable fact that, in a school containing about 750 boys, all this work falls on the shoulders of a willing few. Although an appeal launched by the Association to the parents of the boys for subscriptions met with a fairly ready response, much more could be done by parents taking a more active interest in the Association's affairs. It will not be out of place to again stress the fact that although the Education Department provides the School an excellent staff of teachers it is left to the School Union, The Old Boy's Union and the Parents & Citizen's Association to provide the school with most of the equipment needed to carry on the work of this important institution. To give some idea of these requirements it will not be out of place to again mention that the Parents and Citizen's Association has raised and spent the sum of approximately £3,300 since its inception in 1925. This large sum has been expended on such items as Library Books, prizes, Science and Gymnasium requisites, lighting, rowing, athletic, cricket and football equipment, and the upkeep of the new Sports Ground at Centennial Park in addition to the purchase of a new motor lawn mower for use in the School grounds. To raise this revenue the Association has conducted monthly dances, card parties and fetes. These functions have been well patronised and it is pleasing to report that the Association has just about succeeded in meeting its commitments for 1934.

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This, however, is not sufficient. The future has still to be considered. 1935 will bring it's problems and these problems can only be successfully overcome by more hard work and thought on the part of the Association. It is hoped, therefore, that many more parents will realise that the Association's job is their job, and that if their sons are to receive the full benefit of their attendance at this school it is imperative that parents throw their weight behind the Association, not only by attending the meetings which are held at the School on the third Thursday in every month, but by taking their share of the heavy work involved. It seems only reasonable to again assert that parents should be prepared to put something into the School, from which their sons reap so many benefits.

E. H. Oliver, Hon. Sec.

ATHLETICS

A review of the year's activities in athletics shows the general standard achieved in all grades to be very satisfactory.

Although defeated in the senior division High comfortably

topped the total point score in both C.H.S. and G.P.S.

Particularly brilliant, however, were the performances of the Junior and under 14 athletes who left behind them a trail of shattered and re-shattered records.

First event of the year was the S.H.S. Carnival in which five records were broken. Combined High Schools meeting followed, Sydney High taking the Under 14, and Junior Championships and the aggregate score, but being forced to concede the Senior Cup to North Sydney's fine team.

An annual match with The Scots College was inaugurated this year and proved an enjoyable fixture. Scots won the senior and High the Junior, a junior broad jump of 20ft. 10in.,

by Mackie being the outstanding performance.

G.P.S. provided an exciting contest, High finally taking the Junior Cup after a close struggle with Scots. Competition was so keen that it was almost always necessary to break a record in order to win an event. In gaining two wins, a second and a third, R. M. Mackie was never worse than the previous G.P.S. records, and ranks as the best Junior the school has yet had.

A sprint double in the Under 14 section went to L. C.

Cooke, this athlete promising well for next year.

In the Senior events J. L. Wall had a good second in both jumps and H. Hall was just beaten into third place in the championship mile.



SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL G.P.S. ATHLETIC TEAM,

Back Row— M. H. C. Titterton, W. E. Lockley, C. W. R. Ashdown, F. P. Crocker, T. S. Jones, D. Falk.
Front Row—H. Hall, F. McMullen Esq., G. J. Miller (Capt.), L. B. Basser, Esq., L. Waall.

Detailed results for the year are as follows:-

S.H.S. ATHLETIC CARNIVAL AT S.C.G.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 yards—G. Miller ,1; G. Field, 2; L. Carroll, 3. Time 10½ secs.

220 yards—G. Miller, 1; L. Wall, 2; G. Field, 3. Time 23-4/5 secs.

440 yards—G. Miller, 1; L. Wall, 2; R. Ashdown, 3. Time 55-1/5 secs.

880 yards—H. Hall, 1; R. Ashdown, 2; D. Falk, 3. Time 2m. 9-/15s.

Mile—H. Hall, 1; T. Jones, 2; D. Falk, 3. Time 5m. 2s.

High Jump—L. Wall, 1; C. Jones, 2; A. Browne, F. Crocker, 3. 5ft. Sin.

Broad Jump—L. Wall, 1; G. Miller, 2; R. Kelly, 3. 21ft. 1in.

Hurdles—C. Jones, 1; W. Lockley, 2; L. Carroll, 3. 19-3/5 secs.

Shot Putt—F. Crocker, 1; A. Donnan, 2; M. Wood, 3. 38ft. 3‡ins.

Senior Cup: (1) G. Miller, (2) L. Wall, (3) H. Hall.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS

100 yards—R. Mackie, 1; V. Chapman, 2; O. Jackson, 3. 11 secs.

220 yards—V. Chapman, 1; R. Mackie, 2; O. Jackson, 3. 24-4/5 secs.

440 yards—R. Dickison, 1; K. McGill, 2; D. Smith, 3. 58-4/5 secs.

880 yards—J. Farren, 1; R. Blackett, 2; K. McGill, 3. 2 min. 26½ secs.

High Jump—R. Mackie, 1; R. Blackett, 2; P. Frizell. 5ft. 2in.

Broad Jump—R. Mackie, 1; V. Chapman, J. Farren, 3. 20ft. 5½in. Rec.

Hurdles—R. Mackie, 1; J. Oliver, 2; F. Kaad, 3. 14 secs.

8-lb. Shot—R. Higham, 1; D. Smith, 2; R. Feller, 3. 45ft. 4¼in.

Junior Cup—R. Mackie, 35½ points; V. Chapman, 20½ points. J. Farren

16½ points.

UNDER 14 CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 yards-L. Cooke 1; F. Kaad, 2; E. Stevens 3. Time 11 secs. Rec. 220 yards-L. Cooke, 1; F. Kaad, 2; E. Stevens, 3. 25-4/5 secs. Rec. High Jump—S. Livingstone, 1; L. Freeman, 2; F. Kaad, 3, 4ft. 11½in. Broad Jump—L. Cooke, 1; F. Kaad, 2; S. Livingstone, 3, 18ft. 6½in. Rec. Hurdles-F. Kaad, 1; L. Cooke, 2; J. Eastaway 3. 14-3/5 secs. Rec. Under 14 Cup-L. Cooke, 1; 31 points. F. Kaad, 26 points. S. Livingstone, 13 points.

SENIOR NOVICE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 yards—R. Watts, 11-1/5 secs. 440 yards—J. Buggie, 59-1/5 secs. 880 yards—B. Plowman, 2m. 26-4/5s. Mile—T. Moore, 5m. 38s.

IUNIOR NOVICE CHAMPIONSHIPS JUNIOR NOVICE CHAMFIONSHIPS
440 yards—A. Neowhouse, 62-2/5 secs. 880 yards—H. Glass, 2m. 33-1/5
secs. Under 17, 100 yards—A. Ross, 11-4/5 secs. Under 15 100 yards—
O. Jackson, 11-1/5 secs. Under 13 100 yards—J. Eastaway 12-1/5 secs.
House Competition—(1) Parkes, (2) Gordon, (3) Reid.

Times at C.H.S. Carnival were disappointing owing to heavy rain.

S.H.S. sprinter G. Miller unluckily strained a muscle and was elimin-

ated after heats.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS, SENIOR.

220 yards-Div. (2)-L. Wall (2). 440 yards—Div. (2)—M. T. Titterton (3); Div. (3) A. Delayere, (1). 58-2/5 secs. Mile-Div (3)-D. Falk (2).

Broad Jump—Div. (1)—L. Wall (2); Div. (2), G. Miller (1). High Jump-L. Wall (1), 5ft, 10in, Div. (2) C. Jones 5ft, 6in,

Shot Putt-Div. (1)-F. Crocker (2).

Div. (2), R. Clarke (2); Div. (3). M. Wood, (1). Medley Sydney (4). Senior Cup-North Sydney (1), S.H.S. (4),

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS, JUNIOR.

Div. (1). Div (2) Div. (3) 100 yds.-Mackie (2) Chapman (1) 11-1/5 Jackson (1) 11½ secs. 220 vds.—Chapman (2) Mackie 23-1/3 secs. Jackson (1) 26 secs 440 yds.—Dickison (3) Farren (3) McGill (1) 59-2/5s. Hurdles-Mackie (1) Kaad (1) 14-2/5secs Oliver (1) 14-1/5s. 13-4/5 secs. High Jump-Blackett Mackie (1) 5ft. 3in. Frizell (1) 5ft, 2in. (3) Chapman (1) Broad Tump-Farren (2) Shot Putt.....Higham R. Clark (1) Feller (1) (2) 47ft, 4½ins.

Relay-Sydney (1) 49s.

Junior Cup-S.H.S. 96 points. Tech. H.S. 59 points.

C.H.S. UNDER 14 CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Div. 1. Div. 2 Div. 3 100 vds.—Cooke (1) Kaad (1) 11-3/5s. Stevens (1) 12-3/5s. 11-4/5 secs.

220 yds.—Cook (1) Kaad (1) 26-4/5. Stevens (2)

26-3/5 secs. High Jump - Living-Freeman (2) Kaad (1) 4ft. 10in. stone (1) 5ft 03ins rec.

Relay-Sydney (1) 53 secs. Tech. (2).

Under 14 Cup-S.H.S. (1) 64 points Tech. (2).

It will be noticed that the Juniors gained 96 points out of a possible 120 while the under 14 team recorded the possible.



SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR ATHLETIC TEAM.

WINNERS, JUNIOR G.P.S. CHAMPIONSHIP, 1934. Back Row-D. Smith, R. Dickison, Z. S. Freeman, V. T. Chapman, R. L. Higham, O. D. Jackson, H. E. Tasker. Front Row-F. P. Kaad, F. McMullen, Esq., R. M. Mackie (Capt.), L. A. Basser, Esq., L. C. Cooke, P. Frizell (Absent).

G.P.S. ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

440 yards, Div. 1 R. Ashdown (4). Div. 2 J. L. Wall (5) Div. 3 M. Titterton (5).

Mile Div. 1 F. Moore (5). Div. 2 D. Falk (5).

Div. 4 H. Hall (3). Broad Jump—L. Wall (2) 20ft, 8ins. High Jump—L. Wall (2) 5ft, 9ins.

Shot Putt-F. Crocker aeg. (3).

Senior Cup—S.H.S. (6).

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 yards-R. Mackie (1) 10-3/5 secs. aeq. Record. 220 yards-R. Mackie (3).

880 yards-R. Dickison (3). Hurdles-R. Mackie (2).

Broad Jump-R. Mackie 20ft. 62ins. Record. 8x220 Relay-S.H.S. (1). 3 min. 19-3/5 secs.

UNDER 14 CHAMPIONSHIPS

100 yards—L. Cooke (1) 11-2/5 secs. 220 yards—L. Cooke (1) 25 secs. High Jump—L. Freeman (2). Junior Cup-S.H.S. (1) 95 points. The Scots College (2) 80 points.

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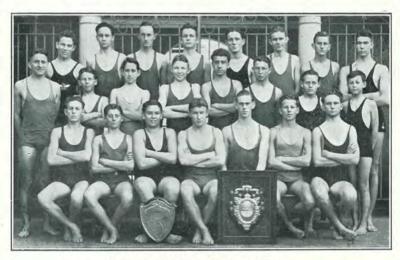
SOLES WEAR LIKE IRON

This, by the way, is the second highest Junior Cup score in the history of the competition King's having gained 99½ points in the inaugral year.

New School records established this year are: Junior 100 yards—R. Mackie 10-3/5 secs. (G.P.S.). Junior Broad Jump—R. Mackie 20ft. 6½ins. (G.P.S.) Junior Shot Putt—R. Higham 47ft. 4½ins. (S.H.S.). Under 14 100 yards—L. C. Cooke 11 secs. (S.H.S.). Under 14 220 yards—L. C. Cooke 25 secs. (G.P.S.). Under 14 Hurdles—F. P. Kaad 14-2/5 secs. (C.H.S.). Under 14 Broad Jump—L. C. Cooke 18ft. 6½ins. (S.H.S.).

The thanks of the Athletic Club are again due to Mr. W. Kerr who continued to act as honorary timekeeper under trying conditions.

SWIMMING



S.H.S. SWIMMING TEAM.

(S)—Senior (J)—Junior (Premiers) (U)—Under 14 (Premiers)
Back row—J. Bush (S); E. Holman (S); H. Andrews (S); N. Gerard
(S); A. Lander (S); T. Wilson (S); C. Jones (S); A. R. Cutler (S)
Centre—H. Hall (S); C. Hendy (U); G. Cheers (U); D. Quinn (U);
F. Kaad (U); C. Oliver (J); R. Iredale (J); G. Walker (U).
Front—C. Campion (J); A. Foster (J); R. Biddulph (U); S. Blyth
(S); (Capt.); W. Boulton (J); R. Higham (J); F. Brown (J).

The season is yet in is infancy, and there is little to report. It is pleasing to note however, that, under the aegis of Messrs Schrader and Marquet the school is again entering a large squad for examination in Life Saving.

Our school carnival will be held very early in the new year, so swimmers should think about training during the vacation. We have two C.H.S. shields to hold and another to fight

for.

Our divers did especially well in 1934, and we are expecting them to be early to practice and so retain their honours.

The school is again reminded that the Tressider Shield is presented annually by Mr. Bradhurst to the winner of the Sen-

ior Breast-stroke Championship.

It is hoped next year to have all championship heats decided before the actual carnival. Other possible innovations will be a four-oar race, a fancy costume race and a balloon race.

Life-savers should prepare for the Life Saving race, and you are advised to pair off for the four-oar race and gain some experience.

The success of next year's swimming depends on the train-

ing done in the holidays.

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POETS CORNER

SONNET.

The dark sky split. A curve of silent fire Marked where a fragment from the lightless void Was kindled, to be worshipped and expire Like pleasure fading, only half enjoyed. All things are thus, life beauty, love—aye, all! All that is framed in living's frail, fair screed; Much radiance lives, then dies beyond recall, Though all Earth's voices in defence should plead. From nothing into nothing—like the star That falls and fades our fitful moment gleams—Destined to be forever quenched, we are, Things of the midnight mist; cold, churchyard dreams Of darkness born; faint shadows that would be Smiles on the face of blank eternity.

R.B. (5th Year)

TO-DAY.

Oh! how vain is mortal life,

In which man, a faded image of the Master Lives, loves and toils in the grace of strife, Heedless of the glorious hereafter.

Still again, life is wasted;

We live in a land of eternal anticipation Awaiting the morrow; to-day untasted,

But savoured by dawn's eager contemplation. Yet, the beacon of a dreary way is flaring,

Burning brighter with its hope-inspiring flame Man finding simple satisfaction, if but daring

To live solely for to-day and play the game.

I.S. (5A)

NIGHT.

A zephyr and a soft spring breeze
Are sighing through the moonlit forest,
They waft from the flower-topped trees
Celestial aromas,
Like delicious perfumes from Paradise,
Down to ferny glens, where the silvery light
Throws strange shadows from fire-scarred trunks,
Till day, great magician banishes night,
Nocturnal splendours—
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NEPTUNE'S CRADLE.

O Sea, your waters deep have made me stand. Amazed and awe struck by your surging grace; I fear your might, emotionless and grand, A restless challenge to the human race. Submerged lies the reef you lash so fierce. The reef which gloating o'er its victim's fate Glowers with threat'ning power, frail craft to pierce: While frowning cliffs defiant guard the spate. You've battered tirelessly at granite rock, And slowly gained and conquered mere land: More powerful you are than earthquake's shock, You've ground those mighty rocks to dust and sand. Will you go on, your conquering never cease? Shall man be overpowered by Nature's will? Ah, no! you'll surely yield and live in peace, You'll sometimes stop, and bid you waves be still,

THE LAKE

The lake is red, and in his bed Of crimson cushioned cloud, Apollo and his horses hide. To watch the slowly moving tide Of fishers, up and down. The lake is pink, and on her brink, The slowly setting sun Doth charm away another day, As Zephrus and his breezes play Beneath the trailing boughs. The lake is green. The silver sheen Of the moon is shining down, The waters slowly, softly glide, And nymphs among the shadows hide, As leaves are wafted down. And so another day is o'er. And all things, quiet and still, Lie peaceful on the earth's green floor, While birds their homing way do soar To await tomorrow's dawn.

B.D. (2A)

THE CENTENARY AIR RACE

Yet faintly echos the dull incessant roar: Thank God, not the messenger of War, But the harbinger of Dawn, Resounding through a listless morn, Awaking man from careless reverie. Gone now is vouthful dream, Which with wars and conquerors teem, And in its stead, more mature imagination Of peace and love reflected jointed. Thus it is, that score of planes Heralds truth and toleration, which yet disdained By every nation, must break upon the world. As if the flag of Peace were now unfurled, Exalting man's tranquility. J.S. (5A)

SUMMER.

Sweet summer is coming; Warm winds are sighing; In lazy meadows The cows are lying. In every field Birds are singing; On their rainbow way Are butterflies winging. In the dimness of night Moths flutter around; The nightingale sings; Dew covers the ground. O Summer so beautiful, So gay, so bright! Nature's dear gift Of colour and light!

G.T. (2A)

SCHOOL JOTTINGS

We should like to express our appreciation at the generous gift of a flag for use at School assemblies by James Peter, a

former pupil.

On 24th August, League of Nations Day was observed at a School Assembly held in the Hall. W. Simms and B. G. Judd gave the addresses and a resolution was carried for the formation of a League of Nations Union Branch within the School.

In C.H.S. matches, among those who played in five matches or more, Gray and Titterton have a batting average of 25 each,

Daly 24.2 and Maxwell 23.5.

James batted attractively in two innings in the C.H.S. competition, since his promotion from Grade II, making 75 in his

two efforts; average 37.5.

The Ladies' Committee of the Parents and Citizens' Association undertook the onerous task of attending to the catering wants of the visitors and members of the First Grade Cricketers in the G.P.S. series. The Debating Club also, deeply appreciates the work of the Ladies' Committee in this connection.

The new Pavilion is a great boon in connection with catering facilities, but the greatly-appreciated work is, at all time, strenuous and enervating, and the ladies deserve and hereby

receive the sincere thanks of the School Union.

This year, the Old Boys' Cricket Match will take place on the McKay Oval, Centennial Park on the 29th November, play commencing at 1.30 p.m.. Selby Burt, who is bowling in devastating fashion in the Senior ranks for Western Suburbs, will be the captain. The members of the present X1 are keen, and anxious to cross-swords with their more experienced opponents.

On the 5th December, a C.H.S. representative cricket team will play a match at Maitland against the Country High School of the Norths and on the 12th December, the annual match against a First Grade side will be played at the Sydney Cricket

Ground No. 1.

Bowling in the C.H.S. competition matches, Grover has secured 28 wickets at a cost of 6 runs per wicket. Christie 17 wickets, Macpherson 14 and Tinkler 11, also distinguished

themselves in the bowling department.

The following are the best efforts in one innings by players in the C.H.S. First Grade competition fixtures: Carroll 129, Gray 82, Delavere 69 not out, Maxwell 67, James 50, Donnan 47, Grover 35 not out, Daly 34, Christic 28, Khan 24, Titterton 20.

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In the batting averages, C.H.S. matches, Carroll has an average of 32 and an aggregate of 224, Delavere, in 6 completed

innings made 190 runs at an average of 31.6.

Mr. Garner, curator at the Centennial Park Ground, has worked intelligently and energetically on the wicket, with the result that batsmen who fail must blame themselves or the bowlers. They cannot reasonably blame the state of the pitch.

On the 10th November, 1934, L. Carroll, batting in the G.P.S. match against Riverview at the latter's ground, compiled a score of 202 not out. This big score included 22 fours, and is the record for a Sydney High School batsman in either a G.P.S. or a C.H.S. match.

He has thus beaten the score of 199, made by R. Hill (Capt.) in 1933. Another fine score was 175 by G. Stone early

in 1933.

The "Record" Prizes for the best short story and best poem in the School Magazine have been won by Ross Byrne with "The Sorcerer" and "A Sonnett."

SPECIAL P. & C. PRIZE.

The "Record" records the School's appreciation of the kindly action of the Parents and Citizens' Association in inaugurating a new special prize—to be called the "Parents and Citizens' Prize for Mathematics and Science"—to be awarded to the boy most proficient in Mathematics and Science in each year.

SPECIAL HISTORY PRIZE.

Mr. R. T. Bate, an ex-pupil of Sydney High feels that he owes a debt of gratitude to his mother, whose self-sacrifice enabled him to complete the High School Course, and also to his old School. He has, to show his appreciation, made available the money for a Special History Prize, called the "E. L. Bate History Prize" (to honour his mother). This prize is to be awarded annually to the boy who shows the greatest appreciation of capacity for History.

The School now has the following academic prizes (1) A Special Prize for English Literature—Donor, A. M. Eedy Esq., called the A. B. Piddington Prize—in honour of A. B.

Piddington the first English Master of Sydney High.

(2) The "Earle Page Prize" for Modern Languages — Donor Dr. Earle Page.

(3) The "E. L, Bate History Prize."—Donor R. T. Bate Esq.

(4) "The Lodge Sydney High Prize"—special prize don-

ated by the Lodge Sydney High—for boy in fourth year showmarked characteristics in Morde Character, interest and partici-

pation in school activities and proficiency in studies.

(6) "The J. and E. Saxby Prize"—a bequest by Mr. Jacob Saxby—father of Mr. G. C. Saxby out lately-retired Headmaster—for the best "all-round" lad proceeding from 3rd year to 4th year.

(6) The Parents and Citizens' Mathematics and Science

Prize.

(7) "The Headmaster's Prizes"—two in number—"Dux Prize for 5th Year," and "Dux Prize for 3rd Year."

(8) "Albert Cup"-Dux of School by Mr. F. Albert.

WANTED

A SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CLASSICS.

Will some Old Boy of Sydney High satisfy this want? Each department of our School will then have a special prize.

PROSE CONTRIBUTIONS

THE SORCERER

The spreading expanse of the white room was to the eye the most modern of laboratories. The white-enamelled benches and cases, the highly polished taps, the glistening glass of the strange and elaborate apparatus set on the stands — all these were the symbols of inquiring science. And amongst them all stood gleaming evidence of the presence of science's youngest,

mightiest child, Electricity.

Great panels of switches threw back the light from blinding lamps. Black fingers of steel moved mysteriously over numbered dials. Here and there a metal hatch, over something too fearful to leave exposed, reflected the savage spark-light that would writhe periodically between metal points. In places, little rooms of metal and ebonite stood up, vaguely showing, by their strange forms the appearance of the things within. Their contents, however, remained secret except in the case of the largest which had a transparent panel in the side.

Through this window was visible a high, throne-like seat built of some black substance and fitted with silvered knobs and spikes and clamps. A kind of hooded searchlight faced this, and to each side of the light stood two shining sheets of silver,

each with a complicated gauze of copper before it. From all these objects ran wires and controlling shafts to the exterior of the cabinet.

The whole laboratory was an affair of polished glass, coldly bright enamel, glinting metal and mirrored lamps. It could only have existed in this ultra-mechanical age, yet the solitary man at work there seemed to belong to a period centuries dead.

His garb had nothing strange about it. The usual white smock was worn over ordinary clothes. A neat beard covered chin and throat, and, although the face was cut by a million bitter wrinkles, this beard held the intense black of ebony, as did the eye-brows and cropped skull. Rather horrible was the contrast between this vigorous growth of hair and the age-worn skin that folded loosely wherever movement might affect a face. Two heavy furrows ran from the mouth corners down to the chin. They seemed like two cords pulling down the lower lip to reveal a jaw of even, sharp teeth, startlingly white against the lurid red of the lips and tongue. From the innner corner of each eye a deep groove slanted towards the cheek-bone, across the dark under-mark that betrays an avoider of sleep. The tortued eyes of a torturer gazed dully from beneath fine black brows.

And, although it was chemistry or physics or electricity he worked on, he gave the disquieting impression of one who wrought Black Magic.

And he was waiting for someone.

John stopped his car to find if he were still really on the road at all. Examination showed that he was on something that had been a road once but was fast turning into a quicksand under the thumping rain. With caution he went back to firmer ground and, leaving the car, resolved to tramp to the Researcher's home. Donning an oil skin and cap from the back of the car, he set out through bog and rain. He almost wished, in the misery of his trudging, that he had not come. But it was tempting, to be the first subject of a revolutionary invention, and more rain than the skies held would have been needed to keep John away. On he went towards the lighted windows he could see far off.

The vivid, voracious smile of the Researcher made John shudder a little, for the expression was much the same as he'd once seen on a tiger about to destroy a human being. And the eyes had not changed with the smile — only their lids covered them a little while the cold, cruel stare stayed fixed.

"Make haste," the Researcher snapped, suddenly removing the hungry grimace, "or else we'll have to make the preparations

all over again."

"What about my wet clothes?" John asked, "they'll interfere, won't they?"

"Naturally, they will; get them off and get dry, There's

no time to change."

His body was soon freed of its clothes and of the clammy

As he watched the Researcher unscrew the door of a big compartment with a window in it, he could see within a strangely equipped seat, something like the electric chair in American

gaols, he thought.

The mysterious movements of the other puzzled him vaguely, gave him some cause for troubled wonder. There was something about the man —. He was no ordinary scientist. John had known many such, but they had all been fairly normal in their personalities. But this man, far from being normal, gave the impression of being scarcely human. He wasn't simply a scientist. He was —

Good heavens! That was it. He wasn't a scientist, but a sorcerer. He belonged to the Middle Ages!



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But he was more than one of the blunderers of old time in sorcery, just as he had proved himself more than one of the usual experimenters in the science of to-day. He didn't use mummies and stuffed crocodiles — any of the ancient articles of the paltry magician or alchemist. He used the true instruments of power, the forces of modern science.

Was John, then, to be the victim of magic. Was he to par-

ticipate in the Black Art?

Quelling these dangerous reflections with a laugh of common-sense that somehow felt shallow and meaningless, John made ready to proceed.

But the silly notion kept returning. A sorcerer! Foolery,

utter foolery, he told himself, yet - yet -

With a swallowing of fear, he stepped forward.

Speedily the door of the compartment that held the seat was opened. Unclad, he was put inside and, almost before he knew what was happening, his wrists were held fast in two gleaming clamps, then his ankles imprisoned. He was held firm in the chair.

"What's up?" He was puzzled, but not perturbed till he saw the fierce triumph on the other's face.

He began to struggle. But the fetters were too strong. He

soon gave up. Then the other spoke.

"I am going to send you into Death and bring you back," he said. It didn't seen a strange announcement as he said it. It sounded like ordinary conversation. But it meant sorcery at its darkest. He went on —

"Your life is just the physical matter of your body under the mechanical influence of motion — vital impulse — call it how you will. Now, I have a means of separating the two parts —the body and the actual life itself — but so separated that I can re-unite them. The force will not be simply dissipated into nothingness, but will preserve something of consciousness, so that you will remember the condition of the disembodied impulse when it is recalled. The wizards of ages have tried to penetrate the screen. I, a scientist, have succeeded.

John stared in horrified wonderment while his captor spoke. "Whether your life will stay after you are released, I cannot say, but I do know I can bring it back. And that's been the only difficulty. A man's motive impulse can be removed by just stabbing or poisoning him. But I am the only one who has learned to remove it temporarily, I can bring back your life — at least for as long as I want it. I shall see beyond the dark mists of Death!"

The door slammed and John lay back, impotent, terrified, expectant.





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The lamp contraption in front had started to give off a faint glow, and the panels on each side if it were vibrating fiercely. John seemed to be dissolved in the glow and drawn gently apart by the quivering plates. Then gradually these sensations left him. Hearing and feeling had disappeared. This must be the beginning of the half-death he had been promised, yet he wasn't dead; that much was certain. He could still see perfectly, and his mental consciousness was at its very sharpest. But the glow in front seemed to take a new shape, and a great vaulting arch, with a clouded view beyond it, held his attention. It swept in one pure curve over his head and seemed the entrance to a huge hall. And, when the obscurity cleared away behind it, such there proved to be — a hall with high-curved arches all along its length. But where did it end?

There was no end to it.

No voice had spoken. He had heard nothing, yet the answer had come to him somehow.

There was another presence, another disembodied force, beside him. For the first time he recognised himself as unfleshed, for now he was holding voiceless commune with a similar bodiless force.

Who was the other?

The other had long since parted with existence and was without identity. All the liberated forces — all the Dead — lost

any identity.

The explanation, transmitted as before, wordlessly, set him thinking. Was he dead? That was his first consideration. For he was on almost equal terms with the Dead. But he still had his identity and they had none And he still had his physical sight. As though from a great distance of time he remembered the Researcher — the sorcerer — who had trapped him. And with the recollection came a strong impulse to start along the great hallway. But he stayed in wonder.

What was this great hall?

The message, unspoken, came again; the passage was Death itself, the everlasting, the unending.

And what would be at the other end? Would he find

Heaven or Hell there?

And in voiceless reply he was told that there was no other end. Death was without end.

Where was he now?

He was almost at the beginning. If he crossed the threshold under the first arch, he would be on the path that knew no turning back. Was it worth while crossing? What would happen when he'd finished the journey?

The answer; He would never finish. The Hall of Death

had no end. Only a beginning. And that beginning seeming easier — easier — almost inevitable. For a mighty power was all

the while impelling him to cross-

(The sorcerer looked at the delicate instruments under his hand. John was still living a little. He wouldn't part. Stronger and stronger the power used on him, still the captive clung to his life.)

The power behind grew stronger and stronger, till John knew what it was forced him on. It was the sorcerer trying to drive him over the portal. He reflected; One, at least, thinks he

can make me turn back.

The reply from the void assured him that no one could cause a withdrawal after entering on Death.

"So his was a vain boast. He can't do all he thinks he can."

The Sorcerer now appeared only what he was. A meddler, a cruel, pitiless meddler, yet one who knew not what he did. And ever he was trying to force his captive over the threshold, into the Endless Hall.

Determined to resist, John turned and gradually drew away from the arch, fighting his way all the time against the Sorcer-

er's power.

(The bright red lips drew back in a snarl over the tigerish fangs, for the vitality-indicator was going up. The man wouldn't die. Then the needle paused in its course.)

John had halted to ask another question ere he decided.

Was toil in life less sweet than repose in death?

There was no rest, the message told for the length of Death is eternity, which is unbounded time. And none, not even the dead can halt in their march through time.

Moving on and on, eternally, it meant then, he thought in a fury of terror. Forward without rest, ever forward, an endless quest, a quest without respite, a quest without a goal.

Madly he strove away from the Hall's entrance, prevailing in his frenzy over the opposing power. The great arch was clouded, dimmed till it seemed itself but a cloud in a burning light. Then there was only a hot glow. Yes! Hot! For he could feel again. He was back in his body. He was stifled in the confined metal cell. His wrists ached with the clasps that held them. Wildly he wrenched away his hands. One of the grips came off, taking flesh with it. A fierce tug broke the other from the chair. Quickly his feet jerked free. He rushed at the window, broke through, brushed past the Sorcerer, who dazedly recoiled, an arm before his face and wailing "The Dead! The Dead!"

Then he was away from the house, running madly towards the shelter of a wood not far away. His bare feet were on

springy earth as he ran. This was a glorious sensation, friendly turf under his feet, and the cool morning air all about his naked body. Beyond the wood dawn flung skywards her bright arms. John caught his breath with the joy of it. Now he dropped to a walk. He was near the wood now. He could hear the leaves shedding the new rain that had fallen on them in the night.

The silver morning light had turned to the pale gold of early day, and John caught a reflected gleam from one of his wrists. There was a bright manacle on it. He looked at the other, the one that had broken free. It was badly ripped. Blood ran from it over his hand to hang in heavy drops at the finger tips then to fall on the rain-kissed earth.

He laughed deeply with the sheer delight of it.

He still had living blood to bleed with.

Ross Byrne.

The Greatest of them all!



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THE BRAINS OF A BOOKSELLER

If anybody were to ask me where, amid the clamour of the city's ceaseless industry, one could enjoy a brief but complete respite, I should reply without hesitation: "Go to Blackworthy's Bookshop."

Blackworthy's is more than a bookshop. Perhaps I should call it an oasis, but even that word seems inadequate, for once you have crossed the unpretentious threshold of Blakworthy's you are in another world. The quietness of the place engulfs you completely, like the waters of the ocean. Your very footfalls are subdued and muffled, and there is something in the air of the place that keeps your voice down to an undertone, a mere murmur.

Blackworthy and his wife are proud of the peaceful atmosphere of their little shop, and encourage it by means of unobtrusive lighting, calculated to relieve the eyes of their customers.

Blackworthy himself is a small sharp-faced man, bald-headed and keen of eye. His hands move in neat meticulous gestures as he attends to his accounts in his little office, or busies himself with a feather-duster along the tops of his books. For fifteen years now he has been the proprietor of the bookshop, and very little has it altered since the day he acquired it. His one deviation from complete conservatism is the bargain table which he innovated only last week, as a means of clearing his shelves of volumes of long standing. The books on the bargain table he re-marked discriminately at sixpence each.

As he explained to his wife after arranging the books on the table, "You see, Emily, it isn't as if some of these books are not worth more than sixpence. A few of them must be worth a shilling or so, though I don't think there are any really valuable ones here. But, you see, they have been on the shelves for years and years, and they're only taking up valuable space. Of course bargains are things I don't like to see in a second-hand bookshop, but I think we are justified in this case."

Mr. Blackworthy always liked to impress his wife with a little logic, and Mrs. Blackworthy, like a good wife, never failed to respond.

Mr. Blackworthy was gratified to notice that customers invariably inspected the bargain table as soon as they came in, and that his sixpenny sales were increasing daily. The bargain table he replenished each day from old stock. Then one day there occurred something for which even the logic of Mr.

You will have an old man to keep some day—that old man is YOU!

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Blackworthy had not allowed.

The bookseller and his wife were at work in the office with a glue-pot, neatly mending a broken binding. Suddenly, from the room outside, there swelled the sound of voices raised in dispute.

Mr. Blackworthy dropped the book he was mending; never before had the peace of Blackworthy's Bookshop been so rudely disturbed. He made discreet investigations from the office door.

and an unpleasant sight met his eyes.

There were two men at the bargain table, tugging away at one of the books, and arguing spiritedly the while. Mrs. Black-

worthy glanced nervously at her husband.

"I'll give them a little longer," murmured the bookseller, "and if they haven't decided by then who is to have the book, we'll see what can be done."

"I'm sure if they are gentlemen-" ventured Mrs. Black-

worthy.

"I'm afraid they are collectors my dear," said her husband

drily.

The argument waxed louder. Mr. Blackworthy approached the offending pair, noting that one was a stout red-faced person with the indefinable bearing of a doctor, while the other bared very prominent teeth and spoke with a slight Scottish accent. The bone of contention was a small red volume, not in a condition to stand much tugging.

Mr. Blackworthy touched the doctor on the arm, and inquired professionally: "Is there something you were wanting?"

"Yes, I want this book," said the doctor.

"No, I want it!" cried the Scot, his huge teeth flashing.

"Look here, I saw it first!"

"Don't be silly. I tell you I've been after this book for months."

"And I've been after it for years. Confound it, man, the book's a first edition! It must be worth —." The doctor stopped remembering the presence of the bookseller.

"Gentlemen, I have a suggestion to make," said Mr. Blackworthy, taking advantage of the pause. "It is almost time to close the shop, and we seem to be in a deadlock. I suggest that we leave the book here on the table until tomorrow morning. Then whoever arrives first may have the book at its marked price — sixpence. The shop opens at nine. Does that suit you both?"

The Scot grunted his assent. The doctor thought otherwise: "Fool of an idea. I've got an operation first thing to-morrow morning. Confound it!"

"Perhaps you could send somebody in your place," sug-

gested the bookseller.

"Could do that. Yes, I'll send the wife along. Deuced in-

convenient, though."

Mr. Blackworthy put the book carefully back in its place, and showed his visitors to the door. Mrs. Blackworthy emerged from the office.

"You were wonderful!" she said. Mr. Blackworthy smiled

faintly.

"Was I, Emily? But I haven't finished yet. We must have another look at that book and hope for the best for tomorrow

morning "

Towards nine o'clock the next morning a man strode apace along the street that led to Blackworthy's Bookshop, and every now and then his lips parted in an agony of exertion and revealed veritable horseteeth, clenched tightly in determination. An unwonted tram delay had made him a little late, and he was bent, body and soul, on getting to Blackworthy's before nine o'clock, or at least before the doctor's wife arrived. He finished the last twenty yards at the run and arrived at the shop as a distant clock struck nine. He made for the bargain table, but stopped. A lady in hat and coat was there already, and in hand a red book.

The Scot turned an inquiring eyebrow towards Mr. Black-

worthy.

"I'm afraid the lady has beaten you," said the bookseller. "Can I show you something else?"

"No thank you!"

The Scot made for the door, teeth flashing.

"You can take your hat and coat off now, Emily," said Mr. Blackworthy to the lady at the bargain table. "I feel sorry for that man, but we really ought to get a lot more than sixpence for a book like that."



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LIGHTNING.

Across the sandy plains came the mad drunning of many hoofs, the cracking of whips and the loud shouts of cowboys. Behind a herd of about fifty horses, led by a giant chestnut, came a small band of horsemen, with lariats swirling, vainly trying to catch up with the herd in front. But, one of them, a sunburnt young man of about twenty-three, urged his already straining horse to an even faster place, and leaving the rest behind set off in pursuit of the herd. He drew up with the stragglers, passed among them, rode through the main body of the herd, and arrived at last within twenty yards of the leader, but the latter hearing his pursuer gaining on him, tossed his head and set off at such a pace that it made it impossible to catch him.

Tom Jackson, for such was the young man's name, dropped back with the rest of the horsemen, drew rein and spoke to a rugged faced old veteran called Jim Rankin.

"I nearly had him that time, Jim, but for that final spurt of his, he would have felt this rope around his neck."

"Don't worry Tom, you'll get him some day. Let's go back to the ranch now and think of a new plan to catch Lightning."

Tom Jackson had inherited the ranch, and while riding on the plains one day he had seen Lightning leading his herd. So impressed was he by the rippling muscles, the glistening skin, and the proud way it held its head, that he vowed that he would some day ride on the stallion's back. He had enlisted his foreman, Jim Rankin, to assist him to catch this wonderful horse. Between them they had devised many schemes but they had all been foiled by the wind and speed of Lightning.

That night while smoking on the verandah, they thought of

an altogether different plan.

Nearby there was a ravine which was open at one end, but ending in a sheer wall of rock at the other. They would attempt to imprison Lightning and his herd in this, then Tom would ride up through the herd and capture the horse.

The next day twenty horsemen surrounded the herd and forced it towards the mouth of the canyon. When Lightning tried to lead the herd in a different direction, the cracking of whips turned him again. At last the horses were imprisoned in the canyon, and Tom weaved his way through them to where Lightning was standing. Lightning looked at him contemptibly, but a few minutes later it was standing with its head drooped, and Tom's rope around its neck.

Tom walked up to the horse, looked at it sadly and sudden-

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ly he shook the rope off and Lightning dashed off.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked Jim.

"I couldn't do it Jim," said Tom, "he didn't have a fair chance. I'll ride him some day, but I'll catch him fairly first."

Back on the plains that night Lightning neighed as he rejoined his herd, and wondered in his heart why Tom had taken so much trouble to capture him and then let him go. "Humans are queer," he thought.

S. Bonus 2A

SIMPSON SHOWS SENSE

Binns, the butcher of Maryvale, laid down his cup, and gazed earnestly at his friend, George Chapman.

"Yes, George," he said "I'm certain about it. There are a lot of rumours which you take no notice of, but I've gathered

the facts from a reliable source."

"Well then, I reckon we'll get a few quid outa that Simpson fella. I 'ad a missus meself once, but I was lost when the old "Akron" sank. At any rate, I didn't turn up. But let that pass. You say she gen'rally goes out on Friday nights before tea? Well, I'll go straight over to Friardale and 'ave a little chat with 'im, seein' to-night's Friday. I only 'ope 'e's never seen me before."

In a few moments he was on his way.

Some men are born mad, some achieve madness and some have madness thrust upon them. Thomas Simpson belonged notably to the latter class. He was really not such a simple chap when you knew him, it was his wife who had acted as the thrusting influence.

He did speak in a childish manner, but he was respected, although not considered normal. This night his wife had left him alone to peel potatoes for the tea, for they had their meal at a very late hour when she went shopping. Suddenly there was a sound of knocking at the front part of the house.

"She's back already!" he exclaimed, rising quickly, "Lor"!

I 'av'nt done much since she left."

Pulling back the bolts, he opened the door to which he had gone, and peered into the darkness. A large bulky figure loomed up before him. It was a man.

"Watcha want?" asked the potato-peeler simply.

"'Ullo mate, what are you doin' 'ere?"



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Sydney

"Eh! Watcha mean?"

"Strike me down! 'Ere I comes back to see me little wife after bein' away for four years, cons'kence o' bein' shipwrecked and I find the 'ouse besieged by a crowda loons."

Tommy Simpson looked round, but saw nobody. He was

very puzzled,

"Aven't you made a mistake? I live 'ere with me wife. Simpson's me name."

"And wotcha wife's name name?"

"Why, Mary. She was Mrs. Smith before I married 'er." The stranger started, but quickly regained his composure.

"You scoundrel! So you've marrried me wife 'ave you. You've taken the light of me life away, d' you 'ere? I think we might go inside and chat things over. But wait a bit. Where's Mary?"

"She's gone out," said Simpson dazedly. He turned and staggered into the kitchen. The alleged Mr. Smith followed

him.

"Hm! Nice little room you've got, eh? Bit cosier than when I lived 'ere."

"But we only moved in a month ago."

"Er—yes. Quite so. This kitchen's like the one we used to 'ave." Just as well the chaps a fool he thought, or the game would have been up. "So she makes you peel the spuds, eh?" he continued gazing at the unhappy Simpson with a leer.

"Well, I — er — do 'elp 'er a bit."

"Yes, I know 'ow it is. I once 'ad a wi-"

He stopped and coughed violently, knocking down the clock

in an effort to divert the other's attention.

"The fella must be absolutely mad," he muttered in relief, as Tommy Simpson steadily continued to peel potatoes. "He won't be any trouble at all." Then aloud.

"Listen Simpson, let's get down to business. 'Ere I comes back and finds me wife married again — and to you." He poked the stub of his pipe decisively at the quavering Tommy.

"D' y' know what'd 'appen if the facts came out? They'd

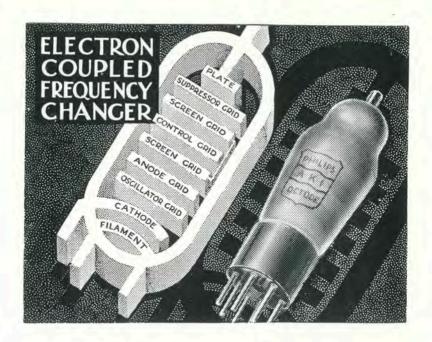
put you in prison."

The other leapt from his chair in amazement — he was stupified.

"But why - why my friend? I ain't done no 'arm."

"That don't matter. You've taken me wife — almost me life — away from me.

Simpson's eyes gleamed. He thought of a time when he could go to his work, and come home to rest. He saw dreams, haunted not by polishing rags and dirty dishes. In fact he saw paradise within his grasp.



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"Listen!" he cried, "I shall not stand in your way. It's all my fault, so I will leave my wife to you." He started towards the door.

The other, realised his false move, so proceeded to rectify

it.

"Wait a bit," he snapped, "I won't let you go like that. You pay me a few quid first for the trouble you've given me."

Simpson was bewildered.

"But I 'avn't a penny. Did she let you 'ave any spare cash?"
Smith bit his lip in vexation. Suddenly there was a knock at the door.

"That's Mary," cried Simpson. "I'll go and let 'er in." He

dashed away, leaving the other speechless with chagrin.

The intruder listened carefully. He heard the bolts being withdrawn and the door opened. Then a gaspy voice gave utterance to the following:

"There's-a-man in the kitchen-to see you."

He heard a swift patering of feet, and an exclamation of surprise. His heart stopped. His gravest fears had been realised.

"Lor! It's the missus!" he gasped.

With a startled howl Smith leaped for the sill and pulled frantically at the window. It did not yield. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and then a voice, coming from somewhere behind, cut into his brain like a dagger. George Smith alias Chapman fell in a swoon.

There was a scream from the doorway.

'George!"

Mary Simpson, or rather Smith, had found her lost husband; for Tommy, the simpleton, was not so foolish as everyone had imagined. He was now running with miraculous speed away into the night.

S.S. (5A)

COUNTRY MEDITATIONS

Mr. Hazlitt describes " a good three hours' walk to dinner" as the very essence of a walking tour, but in my opinion to enjoy a walking tour to the utmost, one must set out in the afternoon, tramp for miles at a pace best suited to the subject, spend the night beneath the stars and return on the next day.

I have been in the habit of doing this all my life and I

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can recall with pleasure my varied adventures upon these tours.

As a matter of fact I usually travelled by train or car to some outskirt of the city and thence I would commence my

happy tramp for miles across the verdant pastures.

One occasion I remember above all others.

After a very trying week in the office, I was extremely relieved to hear the clock in the Tower chime the hour of noon on Saturday.

At last had come my eagerly awaited hour. I pushed aside my books and pen, stood up and arrayed myself in fit attire to journey home, and had just made my exit from the building with heart full of song, and my body and mind joyful

at the prospect of my country walk.

Then, it seemed to me that I had never looked forward to my trip so much as upon that day. Accordingly, I arrived home, had a hasty lunch, gathered my little burden of necessities, pocketed a little money, a pipe and plenty of tobacco and set out.

I soon found myself tramping along a quiet country road, with the sun high in the sky. I walked along at an easy pace and felt in my pocket for my pipe which I filled with tobacco and prepared myself for a peaceful smoke. Then the horrible thought assailed me. I had no matches nor any other thing with which to light my pipe. (Not even was the fiery speech, to which I gave vent with gusto, useful in that direction).

I cursed and swore to my heart's content, and was abusing myself as much as I could, when to my extreme relief I saw a country yokel strolling towards me. For the moment I felt a little more at ease, for perhaps this man of the fields would have a box of matches which I could either borrow, buy or barter, depending on his nature. But my relief was short-lived for as I encountered him I beheld his fingers working overtime on a cigarette lighter that wouldn't light, I enquired after matches but he informed me he had none and had just happened to have dropped his lighter in a stream a little farther along the road. My opinion of country yokels was not enhanced in any respect by this individual. "A lot of fools anyway," I thought

I, quite annoyed by this, left him gaping, wide-mouthed and wide-eyed after me, (in the fashion of all true bumpkins) and once more took up my journey. I walked along and after some little while I jumped for joy when I saw the white puffs of smoke arising from the pipe of a farmer. He seemed a fairly amiable fellow and I accosted him for a box of matches. By this time I was almost irate but realized that it were per-



haps better to restrain myself until I received the farmer's reply.

Indeed my patience was rewarded for at once he was offering to me the familiar little "box of fire." I thanked him, and took my leave. Once more upon the road I lit my pipe and I was thoroughly happy at heart.

"Ah yes! A good lot of fellows these countrymen," I said to myself.

By this time the sun, a blazing, fiery orb, was upon the norizon and as I was about a few minutes walk from a stream

I decided to pitch my camp upon its banks.

Now most of these country streams abound in beautiful fish. Trout are plentiful, and if I may say so myself, since I had the knack of tickling trout, I always felt assured of a meal. So I knelt down upon the bank and peered into the cool crystal waters of the stream. Yes, there against the bank was my meal all ready and waiting to be tickled. But this little fellow somehow did not seem to wait long enough for when I put my hand into the water he was gone. My heart sank as I thought of my quest for matches. Was I to have the same difficulties in catching a fish? Oh, I hoped not — and I didn't — for there just a foot or two away was another trout. This time I made sure of my catch and soon had the beautiful little fellow out of the water onto the bank and shimmering in the golden rays of the setting sun.

I lost no time in getting my fire together and in very short time there was the little fish cooking cheerfully (for me) in the happy blaze.

After my enticing meal I smoked a pipe and reviewed the events of the afternoon. I sat there a little in deep meditation until I realized that the day had gone and the stars were beginning to twinkle.

So I spread my rug upon the ground, rolled my greatcoat so as to form a pillow and composed myself for sleep. I can well remember as I was falling asleep the peace, the stillness the beauty of the night.

Next morning I awoke with the sun shining in my face and a robin chirping gleefully in a nearby bush. I was happy. I was the sabbath, the day of peace, and in this country haven, it seemed strange that other parts of the world were otherwise; I mean the cities.

After breakfast I packed my things and set out yet once

again along the winding country road.

Thus, I spent a happy three hours and a half amid the trees and ferns passing by farmsteads and crossing streams.

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So, when after rounding a bend in the road I came upon a little country church, my interest was keen. There was a service being celebrated and I could hear the youthful musical voices of the country-folk as they sang in adoration.

I knew that all were welcome in a country church and as I entered the little porch, I felt as one of the folk themselves.

I remained at the back of the church and my eyes wandered around the building from point to point. In one corner I espied a buxom country woman between her two offsprings. The offsprings were enjoying the service to the extreme as they poked faces at each other behind their mother's back as she knelt in prayer. I was almost stupified to see one of the young rascals put a bent pin upon the seat of a rather fat and bald man in front of them. I had left before the fat man raised from his knees to sit upon the pew, but I can well imagine the result if the pin had the desired effect.

After leaving the church the morning was almost done so I made as fast as I could for a farmhouse I could see in

the distance.

Although I half expected that there would be no one at home, I was surprised on drawing near the homestead to see a little boy of about the tender age of eight or nine joyfully eating watermelon in the shade of a tree in the garden.

In answer to my hail the youngster came up to me and I fell to chatting with him. When I asked the lad why he was not at church with all the other good people he replied that he never seemed to be ready in time. From the air of satisfaction he wore and the look of the juicy watermelon he was eating, I do not think that he was worried overmuch at his lack of speed in dressing for church, in fact I am sure of it. However, he was a child and would grow up soon.

After a while I left the farm and set about the most difficult part of my outing. This was to persuade some good person to give me a lift back to the city in his car, for heaven alone knew where the railway was — I had no idea and the little eight-year old's idea did not seem very convincing, so I had decided to try and get a lift.

Of course, I was naturally a little pessimistic about my prospects in getting one, and consequently, when the first car I met stopped, happened to be going to the city and was good

enough to take me with him my joy was unbounded.

I climbed into the car (not a very modern one) and after much whirring and rattling, (at which, the thought that perhaps the car would not start had made my heart sink) with a jolt the car started and fortunately did not (perhaps could not

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The "Australian Encyclopaedia" consists of two volumes, each 11x7½ inches and two inches thick, containing in all more than 1,600 pages and 2,000 separate articles, with 52 full-page plates (25 coloured), 64 maps and 432 other illustrations. Its appearance marks the completion of nearly fourteen years unremitting research and enthusiastic work by a large literary and clerical staff, and the expenditure of £30,000 on the "copy" and illustrations alone. From the literary standpoint as well as that of printing, colour work and binding, this encyclopaedia challenges comparison with similar productions in other parts of the world. Over 8,000 sets have been sold.

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I do not know or care) stop until we reached my door step.
I descended from the car, thanked its driver (who was rather amazed that his car should stop at the correct gate) and entered my home.

Well, there I was at home once again, ready for another week's work at the office and looking forward ever as much to my next outing next week end. Life of this kind is really worth living; it is life as it was meant to be and as I shall always endeayour to make it.

B.D.

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I come from grimy engine sheds To stations large and small, Along the iron rails I tread And cast my smoky pall. I puff and blow my smoke about. I pass by hill and dale. I whistle shrill, instead of shout And stem the with ring gale. Onward, mid hail and snow, I wend, Past smaller platforms sweeping, And traverse many a tedious bend My course the meanwhile keeping. It's loud and long, the siren's cry, When I near my destination, Mid joyful shouts as I pass them by, And pull up at the station.

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2. That all PREFECTS are entitled to wear the Prefects

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3. That only ONE School Badge be worn on the blazer.

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1. That all members of first grade teams in Cricket, Football and Tennis who have played three games in that grade, wear a STRIP on the blazer, containing that information.

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3. That all members of the First Grade RIFLE SHOOT-

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4. In SWIMMING, boys entitled to wear a strip for

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5. In connection with ROWING, all members of the EIGHT are entitled to wear crossed oars and all members of First and Second Fours are entitled to wear a strip.

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bited sportsmanship in a high degree.

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CRITIQUE.

D.B.M. (1A).—"The Dangers of Pearl Diving" certainly daunted us.

W.G.S. (5A).—"Roses—and You." We perceived the thorns but not the roses. "To —" We supplied its destination—"To W.P.B."

I.B.L. (2C).—"Lost." So were we.

"Who Am I?" (4B).—Not a "raconteur" at any rate.

A.S. (2B).—Your ideas of rhyme are fantastic to say the least. "Anonymous" (4B).—We liked last verse but "a woof of rain." Well! Well!

"Aspirer" (4B).—Good plot. Just missed.

A.H. (2C).—"American Slang not printed in "The Record." Sez us!

B.D. (5A).—"Railway Travel." You evidently spent some time on this essay. A good attempt—just missed.

R.B. (5A).—"Faminine" was excellently written but it was considered unsuitable for "The Record."

Your sonnet also just missed.

L.H. (3A).—"Seasons in the Country" struck us like a drought.

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Membership

It is with pleasure that we record the fact that the number of Life Members of the O.B.U. has now reached the total of ninety-five, thirteen having been added this year. Since the last issue of the "Record" the following have enrolled as Life Members:

Dr. C. R. Palmer, Dr. L. F. Claremont, Dr. G. H. Hewitt, R. T. Bate, R. W. Hooke, H. S. Utz, Dr. F. S. Cotton, H. T. Dowing, K.C., Dr. A. W. W. Gray, Dr J. V. Garner, Prof. J. P. V. Madsen.

The Life Membership fee is £5/5/- which is paid into a trust fund. The Council requests the serious consideration of Old Boys to the possibility of becoming Life Members of the Union.

The enrolment of ordinary members is less than the record number of the Jubilee year, but is considered satisfactory by the Council.

Subscriptions are due on January 1, and members are requested to re-new as soon as possible after that date.

The "Record," in which is published the Old Boys' Pages,

will be posted to financial members only.

Council

C. N. Hirst after having served on the Council for eight years, resigned owing to his absence in Melbourne for an indefinite period. Mr. Hirst rendered great services in the rowing and social activities of the O.B.U. and acted as its Honorary Architect upon many matters.

R. Edelsten-Pope was appointed to fill the vacancy on Council.

Sportsground Committee

This Committee, on which are representatives from the school, the P. & C. and the O.B.U. is continuing its good work

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under the chairmanship of Mr. Mackay. The ground is fast developing into a fine playing area, and it is being constantly attended to by the groundsman. The pitch has been again top-

dressed and has rolled out into a good wicket.

The possibility of acquiring a power mower and of bringing the second oval into use is exercising the attention of the Committee which hopes to achieve both these ends in the near future. The area for the cricket pitch on the second oval has been surveyed by L. Hepper, L.S.

Too much cannot be said of the efforts of Mr. R T. Mackay who over a period of nearly eight years has given his time and services week after week to details and supervision

of the sportsground.

The Dressing Shed erected this year is now in regular use by teams using the ground. All repayments of principal due

up to date have been met.

All connected with the school should feel proud of this sportsground which is really a magnificent area in a beautiful setting.

ROWING.

The School Rowing activities now have the undivided attention of an Advisory Committee consisting of representatives from the School, the P. & C. Association, and the O.B.U.

Indications are that much overlapping will be eliminated and more adequate provision for rowing equipment is certain.

The Committee is endeavouring the find ways and means

of purchasing a new eight for next Regatta.

D. J. Duffy, Dr. C. E. Winston and T. Pauling are the O.B.U. representatives on the Advisory Committee.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE C. E. HALL

The death of Clarence E. Hall occurred in June. At the time of his death he was on the staff of the Commonwealth Bank. He attended the S.H.S. from 1902-1904. The late Mr. Hall enlisted in A.I.F. in 1915 and served throughout the War. He was granted a Commission on the Field and subsequent to the war attained the rank of major in the Australian Military Forces.

THE LATE P. S. HUNT.

Mr. P. S. Hunt, L.S., whose death occurred last September was President of the O.B.U. in 1911-12, a member of the Council one year and a vice-president for six other years. During this period he took a very active part in the affairs of the O.B.U. Most of Mr. Hunt's career was spent in the Government Railway Service and he was for several years past, the Estate Agent and General Manager of the Railway Refreshment Rooms.

G. C. SAXBY FUND.

The O.B.U. opened a Fund in February last to endow a prize to be awarded annually which is to be known as the G. C. Saxby Prize. It is felt that this is the most suitable way in which to recognise the services rendered to the S.H.S. by Mr. G. C. Saxby.

It is hoped to finalise the details at an early date and all those Old Boys who wish to couple their names with this project are requested to forward their donations to the Honorary

Secretary as soon as possible.



"OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL."

Those who have not yet obtained a copy of this publication are strongly recommended to do so. The publication is a worthy souvenir in which the School's History and achievements are fully recorded.

Copies are 5/- each post free and may be obtained on

application to the Honorary Secretary.

'CHRONICLES."

To complete a set of "Chronicles," the School Magazine published from 1887-1890, a copy of Volv I Nor 1 is required. It is proposed to have the set bound and placed in the School Library for permanent record. Any Old Boy possessing a copy of the above mentioned "Chronicle" is invited to forward it to the Honorary Secretary.

COUNCIL OF THE OLD BOYS' UNION OF THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mr. F. F. Buchanan is now the chairman of the Council in succession to Mr. R. C. M. Boyce, (Shore). The Council which was formed in 1932 has developed into a going concern and much of the success is due to Mr. Boyce's able leadership.

H. C. Wilson is our representative.

PROFESSOR SIR GRAFTON ELLIOT SMITH, K.B. M.A. Ch.M. M.D. D.Sc. D.Litt, F.R.C.P. F.R:S:

It was with pleasure that Old Boys heard that the King had been pleased to confer the honour of Knight Bachelor on Professor Grafton Elliott Smith, who for many years has been acknowledged as the most famous Old Boy from the S.H.S.

Born in 1871 at Grafton, he was educated at S.H.S. (being one of the "Originals" enrolled in 1883) and Sydney University. He won the John Harris Scholarship in 1892; graduated M.D. with honours 1895; won the James King of Irawang travelling Scholarshop in 1896 and went to England. He then became a Medical Research Scholar 1898, then a Fellow St. John's Cambridge 1899, then Demonstrator of Anatomy, Cambridge, 1899-1904, then Professor of Anatomy at Egyptian School of Medicine, Cairo, where he wrote the volume on the Royal Mummies for the Cairo Museum of Antiquities. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society 1907. He was then, in succession

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Professor of Anatomy in the Manchester University and at the University College London, where he has remained and is now

the head of this famous College.

Sir Grafton Smith's teachings and fame have been carried to every part of the world by the many scholars who have studied medicine under him at the University College. He is the author of "The Evolution of Man," "The Ancient Egyptians," "Evolution of the Dragon," "Shell Shock."

The President of the O.B.U., Dr. S. A. Smith, and the late Director of Education, Mr. S. H. Smith, C.B.E., are brothers

of Sir Grafton.

In reply to the Union's message of congratulation a letter was received in which Sir Grafton stated his recognition of the debt he owed to the educational grounding he received at the S.H.S.

APPOINTMENTS

T. W. Irish, formerly Under-Secretary for Lands has been appointed to the important position of Commissioner for Western Lands.

W. J. Cleary, B.Ec., one-time President of the O.B.U. and formerly chief Commissioner for Railways is now Chairman

of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

A. J. A. Waldock, M.A., has been appointed Professor in the Chair of English Literature in the University of Sydney. Professor Waldock had a brilliant scholastic career and has been lecturing in English Literature at the University for some years.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.

In May the Social Committee was re-organised by the inclusion of many of the younger Old Boys. These new members are now working with enthusiasm.

June 16 - Dance at School.

A dance was arranged by the Committee and held at the School on Saturday, June 16. It was the most successful and enjoyable function of its kind held for some years. Features of the function were an exhibition dance and novelties. The organisers were W. Paine and K. McLachlan.

July 12 - Annual Chocolate and Blue Ball

The Annual Ball was held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on Thursday, July 12, the attendance being more than four hundred.

Posies for the lady guests were arranged by Mrs. S. A. Smith and Miss Lorraine Smith, whilst the School and O.B.U. flags were prominent parts of the decorations.

The President of the O.B.U., Dr. S. A. Smith, and Mrs. Smith entertained the the official party which included the Minister for Education, Hon, D. H. Drummond, M.L.A., and Miss Drummond: the Director of Education, Mr. G. Ross Thomas, and Mrs. Thomas: the Headmaster, Mr. F. McMullen and Mrs. McMullen, Mr. G. Saxby; the President of the Council of the Old Boys' Union of the G.P.S.; Mr. R. C. Boyce, and Mrs. Bovce: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Russell-French (Old Sydneians): Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Walsh (St. Joseph's): Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Flannery (St. Ignatius); Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Marriott (Armidale): Mr. and Mrs. John Spence (Newington) Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Cox (Scots); Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Horner (P. & C. Assn.): Mrs. Alan Owen and Dr. Owen (Old Girls' Union); School captain; F. B. Horner, and Miss F. Ross: Mr. G. Turnbull and Miss L. Smith; (Shore); and Mr. Shelley and Miss R. Jones (Kings).

Donations towards the Ball expenses were received from Dr. S. A. Smith, S. C. Cash and O. J. Bell.

The organisers of the dance were H. H. Wiedersehn and B. L. Moses.

September 8 — Dance at School.

A dance was held at the School on Saturday, September 8. The attendance was satisfactory and profit resulted.

W. Wright, A. W. Horner and J. Ward were in charge of this function.

It is anticipated that a play will be produced in 1935 and any Old Boy willing to assist in this or any other activity of the Social Committee is requested to communicate with the Chairman of the Committee, B. L. Moses, 3 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

30th ANNUAL DINNER

TENDERED IN HONOUR OF MR. W. A. MOORE.

The 30th Annual Dinner was held at Farmer's Private Dining Room on Thursday, October 18. The re-union was a great success although the attendance was smaller than the great record achieved at the last, the Jubilee, Dinner.

The O.B.U. tendered this year's dinner in honour of Mr. W. A. Moore, B.A., Dip.Ec., who had just retired from the post of Deputy-Headmaster of the S.H.S. after thirty-four years

service with the School.

Letters were received from the Director of Education, Mr. G. Ross Thomas, and from Mr. C. R. Smith and Mr. G. C. Saxby, former headmasters of the School eulogising the work and services rendered by Mr. Moore. Many apologies for absence were received.

The toasts honoured were "The King;" the "Department of Education and the School" proposed by Dr. O. A. A. Diethelm and responded to by Mr. B. C. Harkness, Deputy Director of Education, supported by the Headmaster, Mr. F. McMullen; "W. A. Moore, B.A., Dip.Ec." proposed by the President, Dr. S. A. Smith, and supported by Mr. G. C. Saxby, responded to by Mr. W. A. Moore; the "Old Boys' Union" proposed by Mr. O. D. Oberg and responded to by Dr. C. G. McDonald; and the "Chairman" proposed by Mr. H. S. Dettmann.

The high standard of the speeches, the splendid cuisine and the conviviality of the re-union helped to make the Dinner an unqualified success.

Once again acknowledgment must be made of the services of Mr. R. T. McKay for much of the success of the function.

JOTTINGS

H. Mylchreest has been promoted to position of Divisional Engineer at Newcastle. He was prominent in the affairs of the Postal Institute at Sydney.

K. Hardy, School Captain of 1926, has been appointed representative of the Sydney Morning Herald in the Northern

Territory. He was married just prior to his departure.

A. W. Horner has been writing plays for wireless broadcasting.

Thanks are due to B. L. Moses for having much of the typing required by the O.B.U. done in his office, also to E. J. H. Colvin for assistance with circulars

Dr. C. E. Hughes has recently returned from America after obtaining his doctorate in dentistry.

Congratulations are offered to A. H. Horner, the President of the Parents & Citizens Association upon his election to the position of President of the N.S.W. Postal Institute.

Congratulations to Ron Ramsay who was married in September

The Annual Football match between the School and the O.B.U. was abandoned for this year owing to the very inclement weather on the day arranged for the fixture.

W. Cotter has retired from the Lands Department, and A. S. Davies has retired from the Department of Labour and Industry.

Mount Kosciusko was visited by several Old Boys this last season.

W. G. Alexander and E. Peel are both now married. Congratulations.

Three Old Boys have just returned from abroad having competed in International Sports. Jack Metcalf and "Blue" Clark from the Empire Games, and Viv McGrath from Davis Cup matches.

We deeply appreciate the support of those firms who advertise in our Magazine, and ask our readers to read the advertisements and support the firms who assist us.

(EDITORS)

