



The Record

The Magazine of
The Sydney High School

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June, 1946

The Roll of Honour

We grieve to record the names of 76 Old Boys who laid down their lives for their ideals and their country in the second Great War.

This list is compiled from information at present available to the Headmaster, who will welcome additions and corrections to the list, so that all eligible names may be recorded on a permanent memorial. The form the memorial should take is under consideration, and any constructive ideas on this subject will also be welcomed.

- Sgt. Alan Fletcher ADA, R.A.A.F. (1929).
- Ordinary Seaman Peter Anthony ALFORD, R.A.N.V.R. (1940).
- L.A.C. Ross Thompson ALLAN, R.A.A.F. (1941).
- Sgt. William F. ALLAN, *M.M.*, A.I.F. (1925).
- F/O. Lindsay BACON, R.A.A.F. (1939).
- F/Sgt. Gordon Edwin BECKHOUSE, R.A.A.F. (1941).
- P/O. Roy Stuart BEVERIDGE, R.A.A.F. (1937).
- Sgt. Jack Stanley BIFFEN, R.A.A.F. (1937).
- Capt. Athelston Kendall BOSGARD, A.I.F. (1930).
- F/Sgt. Robert Paul Scott BROWN, R.A.A.F. (1941).
- F/O. John BUSH, R.A.A.F. (1936).
- F/Sgt. Ivan CHAPPLE, R.A.A.F. (1936).
- Sgt. William Roy Kenneth CHARLTON, R.A.A.F. (1934).
- Squadron-Leader James CLARK, *D.F.C.*, A.F.C. (1930).
- F/O. Frederick John CLUBB, R.A.A.F. (1935).
- F/Sgt. Brian COLLINS, R.A.A.F. (1941).
- L/Bdr. Kenneth Martin COLLINS, A.I.F. (1940).
- F/O. Charles Clifton COOPER, R.A.A.F. (1932).
- F/Lieut. Edward Daniel CREMIN, *D.F.C.*, R.A.F. (1935).
- Lieut.-Col. Archibald James CUNNINGHAM, A.A.M.C. (1915).
- F/Sgt. Geoffrey McDowall CURWOOD, R.A.A.F. (1935).
- Lieut. Athol Harnett DAWSON, A.I.F. (1936).
- P/O. Victor Leo DEARMAN, R.A.A.F. (1931).
- P/O. Hal Ian Cower DENT, R.A.A.F. (1938).
- F/Sgt. Phillip Wesley DUNN, R.A.A.F. (1937).
- P/O. Frederick William Spencer EASTON, R.A.A.F. (1931).
- Sub-Lieut. Bruce Alfred ELDER, R.A.N.V.R. (1937).
- P/O. Raymond Charles FLEMING, R.A.A.F. (1933).
- F/Lieut. Charles Burton GADEN, R.A.A.F. (1934).
- L.A.C. Ian Samuel GORDON, R.A.A.F. (1933).
- Squadron-Leader Reginald Lloyd GORDON, *D.F.C. and Bar* (1933).

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- P/O. Kevin Francis GROGAN, R.A.A.F. (1936).
 F/Lieut. Frank Walker GROSVENOR, R.A.A.F. (1937).
 Lieut. Reginald Montague HOWARD, A.I.F. (1933).
 P/O. Richard Julian HUDSON, R.A.A.F. (1937).
 Sgt. Edmund Freeman HUNT, R.A.A.F. (1938).
 Lieut.-Col. Frank Albert John HUNTER, *M.B.E.*, *M.C.* (1928).
 Sgt.-Pilot Lindsay Thomas HUTCHISON, R.A.A.F. (1935).
 Sgt. Carl Edwin JOHNSON, R.A.A.F. (1941).
 F/Sgt. Norman Keith JUDD, R.A.A.F. (1935).
 Col. William Elphinstone KAY, *D.S.O.*, *V.D.*, *A.A.M.C.* (1906).
 Pte. James Andrew KELAHER, A.I.F. (1931).
 F/O. Eric Rex LOTON, R.A.A.F. (1940).
 Sgt. Gordon Halkerston MacDOUGAL, A.I.F. (1930).
 Pte. Kevin John McLACHLAN, A.I.F. (1932).
 F/O. John Macarthur McLEAN, *D.F.C.*, R.A.A.F. (1935).
 Sub-Lieut. Robert McMILLAN, R.A.N.V.R. (1940).
 Pte. Keith Edward MERRICK, A.I.F. (1939).
 War Correspondent William MUNDAY (1929).
 F/Sgt. David Logan MUNRO, R.A.A.F. (1938).
 F/Eng. Kenneth Lawrence MURPHY, R.A.A.F. (1935).
 F/O. Kenneth Roy NERNEY, R.A.A.F. (1939).
 L.A.C. Leslie William OAKES, R.A.A.F. (1940).
 Capt. Robert Charles PAGE, *D.S.O.*, A.I.F. (1938).
 F/O. Leslie Rupert PARNELL, R.A.A.F. (1936).
 F/Lieut. Kenneth William PLOWMAN, R.A.A.F. (1934).
 Sgt. Kenneth Hastings POYNTING, R.A.A.F. (1937).
 Sgt./Plt. Harold PUUSEPP, R.A.A.F. (1938).
 Sgt. Jack Henry RODEN, R.A.A.F. (1937).
 Capt. John Harris SAMUELS, *A.A.M.C.* (1932).
 F/O. Kenneth Macdonald SIMPSON, R.A.A.F. (1931).
 L/Sgt. Oswald Victor SKINNER, A.I.F. (1938).
 John SPENCE, Merchant Navy (1939).
 Sgt. Philip STANTON, R.A.A.F. (1937).
 L/Cpl. Reginald STARK, A.I.F. (1935).
 F/Sgt. Ian Douglass STUART, R.A.A.F. (1940).
 F/O. Neville Thomas STUBBS, R.A.A.F. (1940).
 F/O. Peter Alfred TAYLOR, R.A.A.F. (1942).
 Sgt./Plt. Robert Litchfield TRESSIDER, R.A.A.F. (1931).
 Sgt./Obs. David WALTERS, R.A.A.F. (1937).
 F/Sgt. Raymond Oswald WATTS, R.A.A.F. (1935).
 P/O. R. WHITE, R.A.A.F. (1931).
 Capt. Owen Upcott WILLIAMS, A.I.F. (1933).
 F/Lieut. Richard WILLIAMS, *D.F.C.*, R.A.A.F. (1931).
 Radio Officer William John WILLIAMS, Merchant Navy (1941).
 Sgt. John Oliphant WILSON, A.I.F. (1938).

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SCHOOL DIRECTORY

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Deputy Headmaster: P. W. HALLETT, Esq., B.A.

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Dept. of Commerce: L. A. Swan, B.Ec., O. A. Taylor, B.A., B.Ec.

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Physical Training: Maj. W. J. Acason, C. H. Black, A. F. O'Rourke.

Technical Drawing: R. F. Egan.

District Counsellor: A. H. Webster, B.Ec.

School Counsellor: R. W. Harland, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Careers Adviser: L. A. Swan.

PREFECTS

Captain of School: P. Turner.

Vice-Captain: K. Fetherston.

Prefects: R. Andrews, W. Barclay, J. Bell, W. Cook, P. Dawson, W. Dearberg, N. Greenwood, J. Hagan, K. Harmer, R. Law, K. McLellan, J. McRae, A. Mitchell, M. Pears.

YEAR REPRESENTATIVES

5th Year: K. McLellan.

4th Year: B. Thiering.

3rd Year: N. Pearce.

2nd Year: B. Mackie.

1st Year: G. King.

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Vice-Presidents: W. Barclay, H. Brunen.

Secretary: H. Bauer.

Assistant Secretary: S. Rosenblat.

Committee: E. Isles, M. Pears, P. Powell.

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Mistress-in-Charge: Miss M. Smith.

CRICKET

Captain and Secretary: K. Fetherston.

Masters-in-Charge: Mr. D. M. Henderson (G.P.S.), Mr. O. A. Taylor (C.H.S.).

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Master-in-Charge: Mr. E. G. Evans.

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Captain and Secretary: P. Turner.

Master-in-Charge: Mr. A. F. O'Rourke.

NON-GRADE FOOTBALL

Master-in-Charge: Mr. T. E. Hornibrook.

ROWING

Captain of Boats: M. March.

Master-in-Charge: Mr. W. E. Cummings.

ATHLETICS

Secretary: B. Blanch.

Master-in-Charge: Mr. L. A. Bassier.

SWIMMING

Secretary: K. Millar.

Master-in-Charge: Mr. D. Johnson.

LIFE-SAVING

Master-in-Charge: Mr. C. H. Black.

TENNIS

Secretary: J. Dunlop.

Mistresses-in-Charge: Misses E. Cochrane, M. Smith.

S.H.S. CADET DETACHMENT

Union Representative: Cadet Lieut. Dawson.

O.C.: Maj. W. J. Acason.

2 I C.: Lieut. T. L. Pearce.

"THE RECORD"

Editorial Committee: M. Harris, D. Hut-ton, B. Powis, W. Rowlands (Student Editor).

Master-in-Charge: Mr. J. E. Harrison.

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Committee: J. Hagan, A. Matthew, A. Mitchell (Union Rep.), P. Musgrove.

Librarian: Miss K. J. Lawrence.

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Headmaster: FL 4904.

Staff and Sportsmaster: FA 1808.

THE RECORD

VERITATE ET VIRTUTE.

Vol. XXXVIII.

JUNE, 1946.

No. 1.

THE EXPANDING HORIZONS OF EDUCATION

Many people are, I believe, taking more interest nowadays in education but, by and large, there are few who are educationally minded, fewer still for whom education is a matter of vital importance. Education does not pay dividends in pounds, shillings and pence; its aim is to improve minds whose value after all cannot be assessed in coin of the realm. Professor McRae, Principal of the Sydney Teachers' College, has recorded his observations on this matter. "Compare," he says, "any Education Department's Head Office with that of any bank. Compare the average school building with the picture theatre or public house." When we believe that education is "as important, say, as law, or medicine or banking or dentistry," we will have come nearer to a true estimate of that Cinderella of modern times. The average ambition, "to get on in the world," implying as it usually does the intention of swiftly acquiring material wealth, may, at some future date, be replaced by the more laudable desire: "to give the best service I can," and then indeed education will have come into its own. for education in its widest and noblest sense prepares one for worthy citizenship with the accent not on "take" but on "give," and on "the other fellow" rather than on "self."

To put our own State educational house in order, we have much to attend to. Our Minister for Education, when, on the occasion of the 1945-46 Estimates debate, he took the unprecedented step of speaking for some two hours on the educational requirements of the State, gave a sane though startling picture of what has to be done before even a start can be made in raising our educational system to that level which the State has a right to demand. "The expenditure on education to-day," he says—referring, of course, to New South Wales—"is the all-time record amount of £7 million, yet we are still unable to effect any major alterations." Mr. Heffron makes reference to the fact that the cost of schooling per pupil has risen from something over £11 in 1934 to almost £19 in 1944, which figure, though impressive to some, is far too little, for other countries, like England, Scotland and most of the American States, spend a far greater sum per head, Scotland, in particular, spending many times as much.

Here is another statement by Mr. Heffron: "The programme to meet our building needs, which does not include all the special accommodation required for the functioning of a modern school, would cost £10 million. The modernisation of present buildings to provide some of the special accommodation of

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modern schools would cost £8 million, exclusive of the cost of remodelling classrooms. More and better buildings are one of our most urgent needs." Mark you, these are urgent needs not to be sidestepped if we are to make a practical beginning with reform. Those old school buildings of the past which may rightly have been the pride of a previous generation are to-day quite antiquated.

Mr. Heffron has asked not only for more buildings but for more books, teaching equipment, extended courses of training for teachers, a longer period of compulsory training for the young, and much greater provision for the voluntary education of the mature. These demands illustrate the trend of modern education, which has shifted its emphasis from the "three R's" that were of such paramount importance half a century ago. Looking back on those times we can with pride regard the improvement shown in our present-day system, but we are still far from our goal of national, and ultimately world, education.

Only the best is good enough for the youth of the nation and, wrong though the German and Italian doctrines may have been, we have this lesson from the totalitarian powers, namely, that youth education is a most powerful weapon in national affairs. To educate well we must keep abreast with the times and with modern scientific discovery. There will be better libraries and we will make greater use of broadcasting in our schools, and of visual education, too. Let us strive for a broader appreciation of the culture and beauty to be found in music and art and let us do all we can so that the mentally and physically handicapped may be helped to take their place in our social system and thereby find their share of happiness.

We are laying the foundation for the future of Australia when we are doing our own job well in this State. Many are the reforms forecast and the innovations to be introduced. That obstacle to progress, the overlarge class, will ere long, we trust, cease to exist. The school leaving age will gradually be raised to 16 years and it is hoped that this prolongation of school training will foster in minds, so much more mature, a desire to continue their education, that it will in fact make them realise that the process must continue on through the adult stages; the alternative is something perilously close to mental stagnation.

It has been said that "our one defence against ruin, our one hope of a nobler world, lies in an educated people." Yes, but by educated people we do not mean people who can merely absorb facts, but rather those who can think. And so our education must make people begin to think, or even take that prior step of making them want to think. Herein lies the true meaning of education and it is our duty to arouse, stimulate and encourage in all, an interest in the suggested improvements to our educational system, with necessary emphasis on the unavoidable financial aspect. The purse strings must be loosened so that education may keep pace with all other progress in the post-war era.

W. ROWLANDS (4D),

Student Editor.

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LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS, 1945

Numbers following the names indicate subjects of study as follow: 1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I; 6, Mathematics II; 7, General Mathematics; 8, Lower Standard Pass in Mathematics (conceded); 10, Modern History; 13, Physics; 14, Chemistry; 18, Geography; 19, Economics; 31, Greek; 34, Hebrew. The letters H1 and H2 represent First and Second Class Honours in a subject; x, Honours in Mathematics; (o) after a language subject indicates a pass in a separate oral examination; L, a pass at lower standard.

Annetts, N. J., 1A 3B 5B 6B 14B.	Flahvin, J. T., 1B 3B 5B 6A 13H2 14H2.
Auerbach, E., 1A 3B(o) 4H1(o) 7A 13B 14H2.	Freeman, H. C., 1A 3A(o) 5A 6A 13H2 14H1.
Basser, J., 1A 5B 6B 13B 14B.	Goldman, L. M., 1A 3A(o) 5A 6A 13H1 14H2.
Basser, P. N., 1A 3L 5A 6B 13A 14B.	Goodman, B. N., 1A 2A 5A 6A(xl) 13A 14A.
Bayliss, P. J., 1A 3B 5B 6B 13B 14A.	Goodwin, D. G., 1A 5B 6B 13B 19B.
Becker, P., 1A 2B 5B 6A 13H1 14A.	Graham, A. J. D., 1A 5A 6B 13L 14B.
Bowen, J. E., 1H2 5B 6B 10A.	Gray, K. A., 1B 3B 5A 6B 14B.
Bowman, K., 1B 5B 6B 14L.	Grime, L. H., 1A 3B 5B 10B 14B.
Brookes, C. W., 1A 3B 5B 6B 10H1 14B.	Hall, D. W., 1B 3B 7B 18B.
Bryden-Brown, J. T., 1A 7B 10H2 19A.	Hannan, J. L., 1A 2B 3B 7B 10A.
Cable, K. J., 1H1, 2A 3A(o) 7A 10H1 13B.	Hannes, G., 1A 4A 5A 6B 13B 14H2.
Channon, J. C., 1A 2B 4H2(o) 7B 13B 14B.	Harding, J. R., 1B 3A(o) 10B 19B.
Connell, A. G., 1B 3L 5B 6B.	Harris, A. G., 1A 2A 3H1(o) 4H2(o) 7B 14B.
Crawford, M. J., 1B 5B 6B 13B 14A.	Herzberg, W., 1A 2A 5B 6A 13A 14H2.
Cronshaw, F., 1A 3L 5B 10B 14B.	Heywood, D. R., 1B 5A 6B 10B 14B.
Cross, K. A., 1B 3L 5B 6B 13B 14B.	Higgins, 1A 3L 5B 14B.
Davies, R. J., 1A 2B 3L 5B 6B 14B.	Hoffman, J. E., 1H1 2A 3A(o) 7B 10H1.
Davis B. D., 1A 3B 5A 6A 13B 14B.	Holder, J. M., 1A 2B 5B 6B 10A 13L.
Davis, J. I., 1A 3B 7B 10B 13L 14A.	Holmes, F., 1A 2A 3A(o) 4H1(o) 7B 13B.
Davis, L. M., 1B 2B 3B 8L 14B.	Holmes, R. F., 1A 3L 5B 6B 13B 14A.
Dinning, G. G., 1A 3A(o) 5B 6A 13A 14A.	House, H., 1A 3B(o) 5A 6A(1) 13A 14A.
Drummond, R., 1A 3A 5A 6A(xl) 13A 14A.	Howden, M., 1A 3B(o) 5B 6B 10B 13L.
Duke, J. S., 1A 2B 5B 6B 13A 14A.	Hudson, M. S., 1A 3L 5B 10B 14B.
Duncan, B. C., 1A 3B(o) 5A 6B 13A 14A.	Humphries, M. O., 1A 2B 3L 5A 6B 13B.
Dunn, R. H., 1B 3B 5B 6B 13B 14A.	Hyams, N., 1A 2B 3B 7B 10H2 13L.
Dunn, T. M., 1A 3L 5B 6B 13H2 14H1.	Israelski, H., 1B 4A(o) 5B 6B 13B 14B.
Duval, W. J., 1B 2B 3B 4H2(o).	Jackson, N. J., 1B 3B(o) 5B 10B.
Economos, J., 1B 3L 5B 10B.	James, N. H., 1B 5A 6B 14B.
Edwards, A. E., 1B 5B 6B 13B 14B.	Jones, B. E. R., 1A 2B 3B 7B 10B 13B.
Emerson, J. W., 1B 2L 3B(o) 5B 6B 13B.	Joyce, W., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 14B.
Engel, R. A., 1A 3B 5A 6A 13H2 14A.	
Farrer, B., 1B 7B 10B 19B.	
Fieldus, J. C., 1B 5B 6B 14B.	

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- Kelly, R. J., 1A 2B 5B 6B 13L 14B.
 Kentwell, P. W., 1B 5B 6B 10A 13B.
 Kingsmill, N. W., 1A 2A 3A(o) 5B 6B 13B.
 Lalas, T., 1A 5B 6B 10A 13B.
 Lawrence, R. W., 1A 2A 3B(o) 5A 6B 13B.
 Lewis, D. A., 1B 3A(o) 5A 6A 13A 14H1.
 Little, J. P., 1H1 2A 5A 6B 13A 14A.
 Loewenstein, F., 1H1 3A(o) 4H1(o) 7A 13B 14B.
 Lucas, F. S., 1A 3B(o) 4H1(o) 7A 13B 14H2.
 Lumsden, J. A., 1B 5B 6B 10B.
 McGrath, J. G., 1A 3L 5A 6B 13B 14B.
 McKenna, H. W., 1H2 2B 5B 6B 14B.
 McLeod, A. L., 1H2 3B 5B 6B 10B.
 Mackey, K. H., 1A 2B 4H2(o) 7A 13B 14A.
 Maisey, G. M., 1A 3B 5B 18B.
 Mannix, J. J., 1H2 2B 3B 7B 10A 13B.
 Marcusson, P., 1A 5B 13B 14A.
 Mellor, B. B., 1A 3A(o) 5A 6A 13H2 14H2.
 Mendels, P. H., 1A 4H1(o) 5B 6B 13B 14H2.
 Miran, M., 1B 3B(o) 5B 6B 10B 13B.
 Monteith, N. H., 1A 3B 5A 6A 13H2 14A.
 Moon, K. W., 1A 7B 10B 18L.
 Morphew, H. J., 1B 2B 5B 6B 13B 14L.
 Morton, D. C., 1A 2A 5A 6A 13H1 14H1.
 Mullinger, P., 1A 3L 5B 6B 10B 14B.
 Neeson, R. A., 1B 3B(o) 5B 13B 14B.
 Nicholson, R. D., 1B 5B 13B 14B.
 Norman, A. T., 1A 3B(o) 5A 6A 13H2 14H1.
 Peryman, S. J., 1B 3L 5B 13L 18B.
 Peters, P. F., 1B 2B 3H2(o) 4H1(o) 7A 13B.
 Phillips, E. B., 1B 3B 7B 10A 14B.
 Pickering, P. H., 1A 3B 5A 6B 13H2 14A.
 Pickering, R. E., 1B 5B 6B 19B.
 Pool, D., 1B 6B 13B 14B.
 Prior, R. W., 1A 5B 6B 13B.
 Rains, J. C., 1A 3L 5B 6B 10B 13B.
 Ratcliffe, M. S., 1A 3B(o) 5A 6B 13L 19B.
 Roberts, G. F., 1B 3B(o) 5B 6B 13B 14B.
 Ronfelt, A., 1B 2B 3B 7B 10B 14B.
 Rouse, J. A. C., 1A 3B(o) 7B 10A 13B 14A.
 Ryan, P., 1B 5B 6B 18B.
 St. Hill, L. J., 1B 3B(o) 5B 6A 13B 14B.
 St. Leon, H. R., 1A 2A 3A(o) 4H1(o) 7B 13L.
 Serafim, J., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 14B.
 Shepherd, D. McP., 1B 5B 6B 10B.
 Simpson, C. R. B., 1B 5B 6B 10B 13B.
 Simpson, L. J., 1B 3B 5A 6B 13B 18B.
 Skillington, D. E., 1A 2L 3B(o) 5B 6A 13A.
 Skinner, J. F., 1B 3B(o) 5B 6B 13B 14A.
 Smith, A. R., 1B 3B(o) 5B 6A 13B 14A.
 Smith, G. H., 1A 3L 5B 6B 13B 14B.
 Sugerman, D. A., 1A 2A 5A 6A(x1) 13A 14A.
 Sunter, F. W., 1A 3B 5B 6B 10A 13B.
 Telleson, M. R., 1B 3B 5B 6B 13L.
 Tombs, G. A., 1A 3B(o) 5B 6B 13L 14B.
 Tetolos, A. C., 1B 5A 6B 13A 14B.
 Towers, B., 1A 3B 5A 6B 13B 14H2.
 Transfield, J. B., 5A 6A 13B 14L.
 Troy, M. S., 1B 2B 3B 7B 10B 13B.
 Utting, J. C., 1B 3B 5B 6B 14L.
 Velkou, G., 1A 2B 3B(o) 7A 13L 31H2.
 Watson, W. B., 1B 3L 10B 18B.
 Webb, J. E., 1A 2B 3B 5B.
 Weinberg, H. C., 1A 3B 7B 10A 13B 14B.
 Wells, R. E., 1B 2L 3B(o) 5B 13L.
 White, R. B., 1B 5A 6B 13H2 14A.
 Williams K. J., 1A 3A(o) 5A 6B 14B.
 Wise, W. L., 1B 3B(o) 5B 6A 13L 34A.
 Young, P. W., 1B 5A 6B 13B 14A.

THE RECORD

HONOURS, SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND BURSARIES

Kenneth J. Cable, Dux of the School, 1945, was first in the History Honours list, and ninth in English. Among others highly placed in the first-class honours lists were: John E. Hoffman, second in English and fourth in History; Robert Drummond, seventh in Mathematics; L. M. Goldman fifth, and D. C. Morton sixth in Physics; T. M. Dunn, second in Chemistry, and was awarded a Liversidge Scholarship in Chemistry tenable in the faculty of Science. A. T. Norman was seventh in Chemistry. E. Auerbach topped the list in German, and F. Loewenstein and F. Lucas were fifth and sixth respectively in German. The class of eleven in German gained seven first-class honours and four second-class honours.

Eighteen boys were awarded University exhibitions in the following faculties:

Arts: Kenneth J. Cable, Albert G. Harris, John E. Hoffman.

Medicine: Egon Auerbach, Robert Drummond, James T. Flahvin, Louis M. Goldman, Benjamin N. Goodman, Harry House, John P. Little, David C. Morton, Peter H. Pickering, David A. Sugerman.

Science: Hans C. Freeman, Walter J. Herzberg.

Engineering: Brian B. Mellor.

Dentistry: Frederick Loewenstein.

Veterinary Science: Frank S. Lucas.

In addition to the 18 awarded exhibitions, there are 50 others who have commenced University courses:

Arts: F. Holmes, A. L. McLeod.

Medicine: N. J. Annetts, P. N. Bassar, R. J. Davies, B. D. Davis, G. G. Dinning, J. S. Duke, R. H. Dunn, K. H. Mackey, J. A. Rouse, B. Towers, W. L. Wise.

Dentistry: J. Abeshouse, J. Bassar, C. W. Brookes, B. C. Duncan, P. Hastie, M. O. Humphries, N. B. Hyams, W. E. Joyce, R. J. Kelly, P. W. Kentwell, H. W. McKenna, M. Miran, M. S. Ratcliffe, A. Ronfelt, G. Velkou.

Science: T. M. Dunn, S. E. Edwards, A. T. Norman, H. C. Weinberg, R. B. White.

Engineering: P. Becker, G. Hannes, H. Israelski, H. J. Morphew, D. E. Skillington, A. R. Smith.

Architecture: P. J. Bayliss, N. W. Kingsmill.

Veterinary Science: J. C. Utting, P. W. Young.

Agricultural Science: D. A. Lewis, J. G. McGrath.

Law: J. J. Mannix, E. Berge Phillips.

Economics: R. E. Pickering.

Entry to Duntroon Military College: Eric O. Larson, Robert Prior, William M. Purdy and Ronald E. Wells.

SUMMERHAYES SHORTERhand in SYDNEY



● In mid-January, 1943, four young men, matriculants, set out on a high adventure at the Metropolitan Business College. Could they learn the theory of Shorterhand and acquire skill in writing it at speed IN TWO MONTHS?

They entered the University in mid-March, two months later, two of them able to write 80 w.p.m. and two of them writing at 90 w.p.m.

Their names are (left to right in photo. above): Dermer Smith, Alan Stuckey, Norman Frew, Alan Downes (T. Stanley Summerhayes, author of Shorterhand, centre).

BOYS! Summerhayes Shorterhand can be a great pal, can accompany you in many fields of activity, and make permanent records. Shorterhand can help you by keeping pace with your thoughts, in essays now and in reports later in scientific or commercial work.

Write for details and booklet "What Speed is Required?"

WHAT ACTIVITY for YOU . . . soon! This is a brief message to tell you that here at Dalley Street are skilled and experienced men, conscientious enough and sympathetic enough to give you help whenever you have the courage and sense to come and ask for it. We will not necessarily recommend a business course—you may be entirely suited to something else.

REAL SERVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE IS OUR MAJOR AIM.

METROPOLITAN **Business College**

6 DALLEY STREET, SYDNEY

Interviews daily

BU 5921

THE RECORD

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE PASSES, 1945

Ackers, Henry T.
 Alger, Robert J.
 Andrews, Frank D.
 Asquith, Walter H.
 Austin, Brian A.
 Bauer, Henry H.
 Bell, David S.
 Bell, Robert S.
 Bellingham, Bruce W.
 Benson, Jack H.
 Bird, Geoffrey C.
 Blanch, Bruce B.
 Bloodworth, Keith R.
 Booth, Ronald G. H.
 Bradshaw, Dennis G.
 Browne, Neil I.
 Bryant, Rodney
 Burke, Robert N.
 Buttsworth, Keith H.
 Campbell, Russell J.
 Carroll, Barry R.
 Cheetham, Robert B.
 Chivas, Donald
 Clayton, Maxwell R.
 Codd, James D.
 Cohen, Neville K.
 Cole, Barry D.
 Combes, Bevan H.
 Corish, Ian R.
 Daniels, Ross
 Dawson, Peter J.
 Debus, Raymond L.
 Dexter, Edward A.
 Duncan, Donald V.
 Edwards, John D.
 Eldering, Peter B.
 Everett, Kevin O.
 Falk, Robert
 Farmer, John K.
 Fizelle, Geoffrey, L. G.
 Fulker, Stanley S.
 Gallop, John F.
 Gardiner, Russell C.
 Gardner, Ronald W. M.
 Glen-Doepel, William A.
 Glover, Kevin T.
 Griffith, Arthur B.
 Griffith, Warren R.
 Haneman, Dan
 Hanlon, Robert R.
 Headford, John T.
 Heatley, James D.
 Hews, Raymond H.
 Holland, John T.
 Hopkins, Charles B.
 Hopper, Bruce R.
 Hughes, Maurice D.

Hutton, Dennis G.
 Hyland, Bruce V.
 Ingle, Charles B.
 Jacobs, Norman L.
 James, Peter R.
 Johnson, Stanley F.
 Johnston, Kevin C.
 Joseph, Hyman D.
 Kemety, John S.
 Kennedy, Neville T.
 King, Ian
 Knight, Donald H.
 Larcher, John A.
 Laver, Graham A.
 Lawrence, Joseph A.
 Llewelyn, Owen A.
 Looby, John H.
 Lord, Brian W.
 Lumsdaine, David N.
 McDermott, John P.
 McIntosh, Geoffrey
 McLachlan, Ian S.
 Macveigh, William P.
 Maidment, Colin B.
 Mathew, Anthony J.
 Megson, Phillip A.
 Mercer, James E.
 Middleton, Harry M.
 Mills, Norman W.
 Mooney, John R.
 Morrison, John E.
 Mottershead, Denis E.
 Murray, Kevin H.
 Musgrove, Peter A.
 Neill, Barry V.
 Otter, Bruce W.
 Parkes, Kenneth N.
 Paul, Kenneth S.
 Pickford, Geoffrey W.
 Plunkett, Henry J.
 Podmore, Bruce A.
 Powis, Jon. B.
 Pratt, Ronald R.
 Priestley, Lancelot J.
 Ramsay, John W.
 Reeves, John L.
 Richards, Richard T.
 Robertson, Douglas G.
 Robertson, Graham D.
 Robertson, John I.
 Ronayne, Gerald H.
 Rosenberg, Samuel
 Rosenblatt, Simon
 Rowlands, William T.
 Rowsell, Mervyn A.
 Seddon, John D.
 Skilton, John R.

THE RECORD

Smith, Robert G.
Snellgrove, Neville R.
Spencer, Harvey T.
Squires, John L.
Stanfield, Ralph C.
Stark, Harry
Staveley, John K.
Syer, Frank C.
Taylor, Brian G. F.
Taylor, Donald F.
Taylor, Eric G.
Thiering, Barry B.
Tiddeman, Edmund S.

Vagg, Terence R.
Wagner, Graeme G.
Walker, Geoffrey M.
Warburton, Neville
Weber, Ronald J.
Wells, William E.
West, Allan S.
Westerland, Robert D.
White, Grahame F.
Whitting, Alan C.
Wilkinson, Kevin J.
Williams, David L. J.
Zines, Leslie R.

Intermediate Bursaries

Intermediate Bursaries were awarded to James E. Mercer and Ronald M. Smith (Randwick).

SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' UNION

Office-bearers Elected Tuesday, 12th March, 1946, and
Wednesday, 10th April, 1946

Patrons: His Honour the Chief Justice of N.S.W., Sir Frederick Jordan, K.C.M.G., B.A., LL.B.; G. C. Saxby, Esq., B.A.; J. H. Killip, Esq., B.A.

President: Dr. G. Hardwicke.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. Winston, Messrs. R. T. McKay, H. F. Halloran, E. Pye. W. Byrne, C. A. Fairland, C. N. Hirst.

Advisory Council: Sir John McLaren, Sir Earle Page, Dr. O. Diethelm, Dr. C. G. McDonald, Dr. S. A. Smith, Prof. von Willer, Messrs. M. Albert, A. R. Beveridge, H. Caterson, W. J. Cleary, F. Firth, J. N. Lawson, O. D. Oberg, W. D. Schraeder, E. A. Southie, W. W. Vick, L. F. Watt, E. S. Wolfenden, A. R. Cutler.

Council: Messrs. A. K. Paterson, N. V. Young, A. Cross, C. Campbell, W. J. Eastaway, W. Cummins, H. St. Leon, A. Quinton, A. Hodge, N. Gilberthorp, J. Metcalfe, D. Duffy, H. Wiedersehn, A. Powys, J. Molesworth, F. McKay, P. Dreelin and J. Geary.

Honorary Auditor: A. G. Leroy, Esq.

Social Committee: Messrs. F. McKay, A. Hodge, H. Wiedersehn.

Honorary Treasurer: A. K. Paterson, Esq.

Honorary Secretary: L. Tingle.

The Annual Meeting of the Union was held at the School on the 12th March, 1946, and was well attended. Of the 18 Council members elected, six are Old Boys who left School only last year, and it is hoped that this infusion of new blood will react to the Union's advantage. Present membership numbers approximately 450, and it is felt that this could be considerably increased. To this end, it is hoped that more social functions will be possible in the future, with the aim of bringing Old Boys together, and thus

THE RECORD

encouraging membership in the Union. The ultimate goal of the Union at the moment is the provision of permanent quarters, wherein would be situated offices for the preservation of records; a semi-permanent Officer-in-Charge to answer telephone enquiries and receive subscriptions, and all the usual facilities which would make such quarters attractive to members.

The Union is deeply indebted to the School Union for its invaluable assistance in encouraging those leaving School to join, and for accepting their subscriptions. This service will be appreciated when it is pointed out that the Union already has a considerable task in looking after those requirements of the boys which fall within its sphere.

Old Boys are also grateful to the Parents and Citizens' Association for its assistance in organising and presenting the Dance which was held on the 6th October, 1945, at which 300 Old Boys and their friends spent such an agreeable evening.

The Union's genial President, Dr. Hardwicke, very kindly made all the arrangements for the Reunion Dinner on the 17th November, 1945, attended by some thirty members, including some "Original Old Boys," who actually sat in the classrooms on the first day Sydney High School was opened!

D. R. Jackson, who left School for the R.M.C., Duntroon, about 1934, has had a lot of war service, and is now in Japan in command of one of the battalions of the Australian Occupation Force. His younger brother, O. D. Jackson (left School also for Duntroon about 1936), went about two years ago to Canada as an Instructor. Present whereabouts unknown.

John Forsythe and Ralph Blacket, who left School in 1935, both did good work in New Guinea, and John followed up his training in languages at School and Sydney University by becoming a member of the Allied Translator and Interpreter Section, and performed some valuable work. Ralph Blacket joined the R.A.M.C. after graduating in Medicine at Sydney University, and was selected towards the end of the war to attend the Australian Staff School, which is quite a distinction for members of the A.A.M.C., as vacancies are few.

Alex Ross is back at Sydney University to complete his Civil Engineering Course which was interrupted so abruptly on the 3rd September, 1939. At the end of the year he will return to Army Duties, as he is still a member of the Australian Staff Corps.

Personal paragraphs of the above nature are invited.

L. TINGLE, *Honorary Secretary.*

432 New South Head Road,
Double Bay.

OLD BOYS AT THE UNIVERSITY

We congratulate the following Old Boys on recent successes: E. C. Foulkes graduated with first-class honours in Bio-chemistry. H. Duewell, *B.Sc.*, and E. E. Salpeter, *B.Sc.*, gained the Master's degree in Science. In the Department of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, J. M. R. Frost, *B.Sc.*, graduated with second-class honours. In Engineering Technology, D. M. Sweet graduated with second-class honours, and J. May gained a pass degree. R. L. Taylor, *B.D.S.*, gained the Master's degree in dental surgery.

J. V. McKeown, in his course in Economics, was awarded the Frank Albert Prize for Year III, the Commonwealth Institute of Accountancy Prize, and the Evening Students' Association's Prize for Statistics.

SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

Office-bearers, 1945-46

President: R. S. Betty.

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. F. D. Campbell and B. R. White.

Council: Mesdames A. V. Pickering, R. A. Geary and A. V. Daly; Messrs. H. Booth, L. C. Davis, D. Graham and C. S. Upton.

Honorary Secretary: F. G. Arnold.

Honorary Treasurer: A. L. Shepherd.

Honorary Auditors: Messrs. C. A. Fairland and O. W. Earl.

Ladies' Auxiliary

President: Mrs. A. V. Pickering.

Honorary Secretary: Mrs. R. Daly.

Honorary Treasurer: Mrs. R. A. Geary.

The Annual Meeting of the Association was held in the School's Great Hall on 21st March, 1946, when the above members were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year.

Also at this meeting committees were elected as follows:—

General Purposes Committee: Messrs. W. F. Colley, R. Daly, J. A. Daniels, L. C. Davis, H. A. Dwyer, R. Dyson, R. A. Geary, T. E. Gould, H. Kerr, R. L. S. Levick, L. E. March, K. W. Moon, H. J. McCann, W. B. Nehl, S. Phillips, N. Sligar, D. F. Smith, R. Snellgrove, H. V. Steele, L. Tingle, S. R. Thompson, H. G. Wagner, W. H. Wilson.

Centennial Park Committee: Messrs. F. D. Campbell, R. Dyson and B. R. White.

Grounds Committee: Messrs. D. Graham, N. Sligar, D. F. Smith, W. H. Wilson.

Rowing Committee: Messrs. R. S. Betty, F. D. Campbell, A. V. Pickering, W. H. Roberts and A. L. Shepherd.

We regret to report that Mr. L. C. Davis relinquished the office of Honorary Secretary. During his occupation of this position he has been a most energetic worker and his sterling work has done much to further the Association's effort to promote the best interests of the School.

The Association's income for the year was £1,243, the principal items being: Ladies' Auxiliary, £560; Headmaster's Appeal, £215; Dances, £418. From these amounts we were enabled to maintain the grants for various school requirements and reserve £631 for Boatshed and £100 for Mackay Oval.

For the ensuing year the Executive at its first meeting budgeted upon an anticipated revenue of £1,000, the estimated expenditure for this period being: Library, £100; School Equipment, £140; Prizes, £50; Rowing, £150; Cricket, £25; Football, £15; Gymnasium and Cadets, £20; Mackay Oval, £200; Printing, Stationery and Incidentals, £100. Total, £800.

The Headmaster's Appeal on behalf of the Association was launched early in April and is meeting with a very good response. We hope that all parents will endeavour to give the utmost support to this worthy appeal.

The popularity of the dances arranged by the P. & C. has been maintained. These entertainments, enjoyed by so many of the young people, provide a most satisfactory revenue.

We wish to record our appreciation and thanks for the whole-hearted support and co-operation of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and have pleasure in presenting their report.

The Executive urges every parent to give the Association a full measure of support, thus enabling us to give greater assistance to the work of the School in adequately fitting the boys to take their places in the world. A cordial invitation is extended to all parents and friends to attend meetings, which are held at the School at 8 p.m. on the third Thursday in each month.

(Signed) F. G. ARNOLD, *Honorary Secretary*.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

The parents of the boys largely comprise the P. and C. Association, and of those parents the mothers (forming the Ladies' Auxiliary) have made special efforts in the interests of the School which have resulted in the raising of £560 during the year—a record in the history of the Auxiliary. This is in no small measure due to the enthusiasm of a small number of willing workers for whose achievements the President's warmest thanks and congratulations are placed on record. To maintain that level of achievement, the active co-operation of all mothers in the Association will be most welcome.

Mrs. C. L. Downie, the former Secretary, was elected President of the Auxiliary for the present year, but upon her resignation on account of ill-health Mrs. A. V. Pickering was again elected to that position for the remainder of the term of office.

By the passing of Mrs. J. H. Killip, the Auxiliary has suffered a great loss, not only personally but by reason of the untiring work which Mrs. Killip performed as a member of the Auxiliary.

PERSONAL

Two changes have been made in the staff since 1945.

Mr. Hoffmann, after being with us only twelve months, resigned from the Department of Education early this year to accept a position with the Universities Commission. We wish Mr. Hoffmann every success in his new sphere, and hope that the work he has chosen will be congenial.

Miss Osborne was transferred to Sydney Girls' High School at the beginning of the present year, so we may now regard her as a next-door neighbour. Our good wishes go to Miss Osborne in her new appointment.

In place of Mr. Hoffmann we welcome Mr. Ingram, who, however, is no stranger to the School, having been on the staff until the end of 1943. Mr. Ingram returns to Sydney High after acting for two years as Deputy Headmaster at Drummoyne Junior High School.

Mr. Menzies has taken the place of Miss Osborne. We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Menzies, who takes up his appointment with us after serving for over four years in the R.A.A.F. We hope his stay here may be a happy one.

* * * *

This year we have been fortunate in having our staff increased by the inclusion of Miss Lawrence, who comes to us as Librarian. Already Miss Lawrence has shown what an advantage it is to have a librarian always on hand to give valuable advice to students in their search for information, and to prescribe useful courses of reading. Miss Lawrence comes to us from Mudgee High School.

* * * *

We hear that Mr. Levis, who left our staff for the staff of Dubbo High School at the end of 1944, has now been appointed as an English Lecturer at the Teachers' College.

Dennis Fay, of Class 2B, has been awarded first prize—books to the value of two guineas and Bronze Medal—for an essay submitted to the London Headquarters of The Royal Empire Society in their 1945 Competition, Class "C."

PATRIOTIC FUNDS

The value of War Savings Certificates sold through the School Union now totals £4,300. Certificates are still on sale at the Union Office.

During the First Term, two collections were made for the Food for Britain Fund. A total of £21 was obtained.

S.H.S. CADET CORPS

During the war years the School Cadet Corps has enjoyed a very progressive period of training, and now the war is over, we look forward to even more successful developments. As battle equipment becomes more plentiful through A.I.F. demobilisation, we hope to be supplied with modern weapons of all types, demonstrations of which were experienced by those who attended the Officers' Course this year. These cadets were privileged to witness field displays involving the use of many small arms, heavy artillery and tanks. Those present are also very much indebted to members of the Royal Navy Fleet Air Arm, who staged a very spectacular air display. The impression made upon the boys will not easily be forgotten, and they all benefited from this interesting and instructive exhibition of modern Aerial Warfare.

At two parades this year we were honoured by a visit from Lieut. K. J. Oram, a distinguished Old Boy of the School. Lieut. Oram graduated from the Royal Military College at Duntroon in 1941, taking with him Duntroon's highest honour, the coveted "Sword of Honour." In his talks to the Corps he gave an interesting account of his war experiences in Borneo and New Guinea, and later told us of the advanced scientific weapons to be used by the armies of the future. His promise to bring two artillery pieces to the School for a demonstration is an event to which we look forward. Lieut. Oram was Captain of the School and School Rifle Team in 1937, and winner of the John Waterhouse Prize.

During the last month, owing to the efforts of our O.C., Major Acason, our parades have been attended by two Senior N.C.O.'s from the Royal Marines, who have given many interesting addresses on their experiences. Sgt. Mitchell's account of his visit to the Sultan of Zanzibar's Palace was instructive as well as highly amusing. Regimental Sergeant-Major Graham, Royal Marines, gave us an excellent description of his unit's part, as Commandos, in the Norway landing. Our band has also profited by the services of a bugler from the Royal Marine Band to direct them in their work.

Only one bivouac has been arranged this year, and it was held in our "private grounds" at Middle Harbour. The weather was unusually fine, and those who attended had the advantage of using the service rifle in circumstances more practical than usual.

The next Officers' School, which was postponed until September, will be held at Greta for the first time.

The G.P.S. Rifle Shooting Competition will be officially resumed this year, and the Corps hopes to find enough latent talent to fill the teams.

We congratulate our Detachment Sergeant-Major of 1945, Cdt.-Lieut. P. Dawson, on his promotion as Senior Cadet-Lieutenant, and assure him of our full support during this year's training.

M.B.P.



PREFECTS, 1946.

Back Row: M. PEARS, W. DEARBERG, W. BARCLAY, P. DAWSON, R. ANDREWS.
Second Row: J. BELL, J. HAGAN, K. McLELLAN, K. HARMER, W. COOK, J. McRAE.
Front Row: A. MITCHELL, K. FETHERSTON, J. H. KILLIP, Esq. (Headmaster),
 P. TURNER, T. HORNIBROOK, Esq. (Master-in-Charge), N. GREENWOOD, R. LAW.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Officers, 1946

Patron: The Headmaster.

President: Mr. T. E. Hornibrook.

Vice-Presidents: W. Barclay, H. Brunen.

Secretary: H. Bauer. *Assistant Secretary:* S. Rosenblat.

Committee: E. Isles, M. Pears, P. Powell.

The Debating Society meets regularly on Thursday afternoons in Room 1 at 3.30 p.m. The object of the Society is the improvement of its members in the art of public speaking, and to this purpose weekly debates or discussions are held. Membership is open to all boys of the School, and everyone can benefit from our meetings.

Most of the first term of the year was spent in hearing and providing practice for aspirants for the Senior and Junior teams. In this respect our thanks are due to Mr. Hornibrook, Master-in-Charge, who has given much helpful advice, and has ironed out many faults in the speakers.

There will be several inter-School debates during the Second Term, and we hope to see a large percentage of the School in attendance to hear their best speakers. The School has a fine tradition in public speaking, and high hopes are entertained for the coming competition. It will be recalled that the 1943 team won both the G.P.S. and C.H.S. trophies.

All programmes of the Society and the dates and places of the abovementioned debates will be announced in the notice case.

H. BAUER, *Secretary*.

S.H.S. DRAMATIC SOCIETY

It was agreed last year by the committee that meetings of the Dramatic Society should be suspended until after the annual examinations. But the Society did not continue, and after the departure of Mr. Hoffmann, the Master-in-Charge, from the School, it ceased to function altogether. Nevertheless, it was recently awakened by Miss Smith, and already rehearsals are under way for the three-act farce, *The Rising Generation*, to be presented at the School at the end of the Second Term.

A more immediate need, however, is the production of a one-act play for performance at the Sydney Conservatorium in June, for which the second act of the above play has been selected. Sydney High School is one of a number of schools which have been chosen to do this as a means of showing the public just what is being done in the way of drama at the various schools. This is the first essay of the School at a public production, but under the capable direction of Miss Smith, is sure to be a success.

Although there are at present no regular weekly meetings, it is expected that after the June performance such will be held. It is hoped that an interest will be taken in the Society by the boys of the School, since it was primarily through lack of interest that the Society lapsed before.

W. GLEN-DOEPEL (4A).

S.H.S. MUSIC CLUB

The S.H.S. Music Club has functioned this term under the supervision of Miss Maloney. A great variety of programmes have been given, ranging from Symphony to Chamber Music, Concerto to Opera. Works played this term have included Symphonies of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert; Concerti by Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin; Wagnerian Opera, Schubert Trios and Bach Unaccompanied Sonatas.

The Secretary wishes to thank Miss Maloney and a few boys for the trouble taken in bringing recordings for the benefit of the Club.

THE RECORD

Meetings are held each Thursday and Friday in Room 8 in the lunch recess. All boys interested are invited to attend.

R. A. BONYNGE (5B), *Secretary*.

THE ORCHESTRA

Another spade was turned in the slow task of exhuming the body of music in the School when, owing to the untiring efforts of Miss Maloney, the first units of a School's orchestra were assembled and drilled to perform at the Annual Speech Day.

It would seem that the School, as a whole, has come to the realisation that musical lethargy, like all other forms of death, is still the victory of the worms of disinterest eating into the social fabric of the School's body.

Æsthetic enjoyment has been reborn.

A gust of new life has been breathed into the musty corners of the School's talent, incidentally blowing the dust off many a school-boy's neglected musical instrument. With the limited means at her disposal, Miss Maloney has welded a team of music enthusiasts into a unified whole. Full praise must be given to the skill displayed by her in preparing the orchestra. Instrumentalists, whether strong or weak, confident or nervous, have been encouraged. Her remarks have been free from any attempt to belittle anyone, and at the same time she has freely pointed out any serious errors.

The applause following each number on Speech Day was as spontaneous as was the evident willingness of the audience to listen to any number of selections played by an orchestra which, above all, had promise of things to come.

We wish specially to compliment Richard Bonynge, whose brilliant playing was marked by a musical temperament enabling him to create the atmosphere which each piece demanded.

The orchestra is still in its tentative stages; hence it behoves all who can play an instrument to rally to its assistance. Also, let us develop an audience of delicate discernment, eager to encourage a love of music rather than to discourage it with harsh criticism.

The time has now come when athletic prowess, till now almost the only form of success acceptable by school-boy ethics, must look to its laurels in seeking primary consideration for the award of School "blues."

D. J. DELLER (5A), *Leader*.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club is meeting regularly every Friday afternoon at 3.30 p.m. in Room 9. The attendance has increased since last year, which is a very promising sign for the club. A very successful competition was held during the First Term.

THE RECORD

The club's object is to improve the play of its members by constant practice, and to give them experience in the art of playing under competitive conditions. Membership is open to all, and we are willing to teach those who wish to learn.

S. ROSENBLAT, *Secretary.*

THE INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The I.S.C.F. meetings have shown a marked increase in attendance on that of previous years, and our members have shown great enthusiasm. We are indebted to Mr. Killip for his co-operation in allowing us to arrange for visitors from the University and other sources to visit the School. An address given by Mr. Henderson was particularly enjoyed. All who heard the visiting speakers during the First Term enjoyed themselves, and testify to the benefit gained from their talks. We intend to introduce into our meetings in future some suggestions made at a recent I.S.C.F. Conference.

Meetings are held in Room 6 at 12.40 p.m. on Fridays. All are invited to attend, and we would particularly like to get in touch with boys who have been to V.A.S. camps.

E. DEXTER (4A), *Leader.*

THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN

The honour of being Captain of the School this year falls to Peter Turner, whose scholastic and sporting achievements bear comparison with any of our past captains.

Captain of Fourth XI, 1943, he gained rapid promotion to the First XI in 1944, and last year distinguished himself by gaining a coveted "Blue." After two years' experience with the Third XV, he last year rose to First XV. Also he has represented the School every year at Athletics, being Under 14 and Under 15 Champion in 1943 and 1944 respectively.

The respect in which he is held by others was shown in his selection last year as Assistant Secretary of the School Union; also in being awarded the Lodge Sydney High School Prize.

His scholastic record is also outstanding, so that it is hard to find such a happy combination of sportsmanship and academic ability.

RECITAL BY MR. PAUL SCHRAMM

On Monday, April 1st, the School had the valuable experience of hearing a recital by Mr. Schramm, the visiting Austrian pianist.

Mr. Schramm began his recital with a sonata for harpsichord by the 17th-18th Century composer, Domenico Scarlatti, and illustrated that, although Scarlatti's sonatas have no capacity for appreciation in grand structural developments which are essential to the later sonata, they sparkle with life, freshness and vitality. As his next work, Mr. Schramm chose a Counter Dance by Beethoven, explaining that the composer, who produced this work in 1796, could rightfully be regarded not only as the musical giant of the Symphony Sonata, etc., but also as the master of the dance. Then was heard Debussy's *Golliwog Cake Walk* from the *Coin des enfants* suite, in which the composer aimed to depict a popular cake walk movement of the time.

The pianist then introduced his audience to the contemporary English composer, William Walton's *Facade*—a composition representing the setting of a number of poems by Edith Sitwell. In the original presentation an auditorium was divided by a curtain painted to represent a mask, the mouth of which was the orifice of a megaphone in which the speaker (originally Miss Sitwell herself) recited the poems, which had a close affinity with the music.

After playing his own composition, *Valse Sentimentale*, and *Peter and the Wolf* by Prokofieff, Mr. Schramm concluded his recital by accompanying the boys in their singing of the National Anthem.

Mr. Schramm was accompanied by the Hon. Clive Evatt, who introduced him to his audience, and spoke briefly to the boys at the conclusion of the recital.

ANZAC DAY

The School being closed on Anzac Day, an Anzac Commemoration Ceremony was held in the School Hall on 24th April.

After the singing of the hymn, *O God, Our Help in Ages Past*, and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, the School, led by the Headmaster, recited in unison the words inscribed on the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

In his customary Anzac Day address, the Headmaster outlined briefly the events we celebrate—the landing at Anzac, the events at Cape Hellas and Kum Kaleh, and the Evacuation of Cape Hellas.

on 8th and 9th January, 1916. He spoke also of the well-known account of Anzac to be found in John Masefield's book, *Gallipoli*. It will be remembered that the Headmaster read two extracts from *Gallipoli* on Anzac Day of last year. The Headmaster also drew attention to a quotation which appeared on the printed programme: "Thou therefore, for whom they died, seek not thine own but serve as they served, and in peace or in war bear thyself even as Christ's soldier gentle in all things." These words are part of an inscription to be found in the very beautiful memorial cloister of Winchester College. The cloister commemorates the sacrifice of five hundred Wickhamists (Winchester College was founded by William of Wickham) in the Great War of 1914-18; true to the traditions of the six-hundred year old school, they were faithful even unto death.

During the ceremony the School sang *O Valiant Hearts* and Kipling's Recessional, at the conclusion of which the School remained standing while the School Captain, Peter Turner, accompanied by Cadet-Lieut. Dawson, placed a wreath on the Honour Roll.

SPEECH DAY, 1945

The 1945 school year concluded with our Sixty-second Annual Speech Day, at which Mr. R. S. Betty, President of the Parents and Citizens' Association, presided, and the Hon. R. J. Heffron, *M.L.A.*, presented the prizes. Special prizes were presented by Mr. Betty on behalf of the P. & C. Association, H. F. Halloran, Esq. (Vice-President, S.H.S. Old Boys' Union), G. C. Saxby, Esq. (The J. & E. Saxby Bequest Prizes), C. N. Hirst, Esq. (Worshipful Master, Lodge S.H.S.), and by Judith Alexander (Captain of Sydney Girls' High School).

The Headmaster's report reviewed a year of steady achievement in all branches of the School's activities. Parents could be left in little doubt that the School had catered in an admirable manner for the academic, cultural, physical and recreational needs of the pupils.

In the course of an address to the School, Mr. Heffron gave some figures taken from his recent budget speech on educational expenditure. Though we had for long been well aware of the great discrepancy between actual expenditure and the needs of our schools if education in Australia is to be modern and efficient, Mr. Heffron's factual analysis of requirements summed up the position in a striking and thought-provoking manner.

The programme was attractively varied by musical items. The School Orchestra rendered the March from *Carmen* (Bizet)

and the Minuet and Trio from *The Surprise Symphony* (Haydn). Richard Bonyngé played *Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum* (Debussy) and a selection from Beethoven, while the Choir was particularly congratulated on its singing of the part-songs, *See, the Realm of Rest Eternal* (Gluck), *Song of Home* (Dvorak), and *Chorale from St. Matthew Passion* (Bach).

The function concluded with a vote of thanks to our visitors proposed by the School Captain, Keith Cross, and with the singing of the National Anthem.

The Speech Day programme was preceded by the unveiling by Mr. Heffron of a replica of the Apollo Belvedere, which now stands at the southern end of the quadrangle. The statue, which formerly stood in the Botanic Gardens, was presented to the School by the Government.

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE

Many ancient statues of Apollo have come down to us, but in the opinion of experts, the most remarkable and the best that art has produced is the one called Apollo Belvedere. It is a copy of this statue that now graces the lawn of our quadrangle. Some will remember having seen it previously in the Botanic Gardens:

Discovered in the ruins of Antium towards the end of the 15th century and purchased by Pope Julius II, the original statue is now lodged in the Belvedere Gallery in the Vatican at Rome. It is said that a pupil of Michelangelo restored the left hand and right forearm which were missing when the statue was found. To-day it is universally recognised as the most beautiful of the extant representations of the god, Apollo.

Reference may here be made to the fact that this celebrated statue has also been called the Pythian Apollo, either, firstly, because at his temple at Delphi, called Pytho by Homer, Apollo used his powers of prophecy through the medium of his priestess; or, secondly, because of his victory over the great serpent, Pytho, which lived in the caves of Mount Parnassus near Delphi.

Why has the god Apollo, son of Zeus, been the subject of so many a sculptor's art? Is it because, as possessor of eternal youth and emblem of youthful manliness, he inspired the Greeks with a desire to be physically perfect? There are other reasons, I think, for this worship of Apollo, the god who had more influence on the Greeks than any other, who reflected the brightest side of the Grecian mind, and without whom the Greeks would probably never

have become what they were. As far as Apollo's identification with the sun is concerned, this almost universal conception of later writers was chiefly the result of Egyptian influence. Apollo was the great deity of the Greeks because he afforded them help and warded off evil, because he had prophetic vision, and because he aroused their civic pride and kept alive their love of music. In later Greek mythology he appears as the god of moral and spiritual light and purity, the source of all intellectual, social and political progress.

Therefore, when we gaze from our open-air assemblies on our Apollo Belvedere standing gracefully poised with his right hand resting on a snake-entwined support and his extended left hand holding a plectrum, we are reminded of what he stood for, and therein may find food for reflection. The laurel on his brow suggests perhaps that the sculptor has represented the god in the moment of victory, a physical victory which, to us, may prove symbolic. We little know but merely guess:

*"What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both?"*

All we need to know is that "of the glory that was Greece" much of the beautiful has never died, that things that were splendid and stately and civilised have survived her vanished greatness. It is the Greeks' idea of restraint, simplicity and repose, that has served as an inspiration whenever humans since have striven to express the idea of loveliness. As one feels the divine serenity of their sculptures, one realises "a dying glory fades," and that their like will perhaps never be seen again.

W. ROWLANDS, (4D), *Student Editor.*



THE RECORD

1945 PRIZE LIST

FIFTH YEAR

Dux of School (Albert Cup and Headmaster's Prize), A. B. Piddington Prize for English Literature, E. L. Bate Prize for History: **K. J. Cable.**
 G. C. Saxby Prize for Mathematics: **R. Drummond.**
 Alan C. Corner Prize for Physics, Prize for Oratory: **H. C. Freeman.**
 Dr. F. W. Doak Prize for Latin, Henry F. Halloran Diamond Jubilee Prize for Chemistry: **D. C. Morton.**
 Earle Page Prize for Modern Languages: **F. Holmes.**
 Earle Page Prize for German (aeq.): **A. G. Harris.**
 Earle Page Prize for German (aeq.): **H. R. St. Leon.**
 Economics: **W. Franken.**
 Greek: **G. Velkou.**
 Prize for Shakespearean Declamation: **F. L. Loewenstein.**
 General Proficiency: **D. A. Sugerman.**
 General Proficiency: **L. M. Goldman.**
 General Proficiency: **F. S. Lucas.**
 General Proficiency: **P. F. Peters.**
 General Proficiency: **P. Becker.**
 General Proficiency: **E. Auerbach.**

FOURTH YEAR

Dux, A. B. Piddington Prize for English Literature, K. Saxby Prize for Mathematics and Physics, Latin (aeq.): **A. J. Mitchell.**
 Mathematics II: **W. J. Cook.**
 Henry F. Halloran Prize for Chemistry, History: **J. McRae.**
 Russian: **B. D. Latter.**
 Latin (aeq.): **B. R. Topfer.**
 Physics (aeq.): **R. O. Silva.**
 Earle Page Prize for Modern Languages: **J. M. Kirtley.**
 Economics: **N. E. Connellan.**
 Geography: **R. J. Banwell.**
 Prize for Shakespearean Declamation: **R. A. Bonyng.**
 Prize for Oratory: **M. B. Pears.**
 General Proficiency: **J. S. Hagan.**
 General Proficiency: **B. S. Thornton.**
 General Proficiency: **M. A. Mishkel.**
 General Proficiency: **G. J. Tofler.**
 General Proficiency: **P. P. Turner.**
 General Proficiency: **R. T. Loder.**

THIRD YEAR

Dux, Dr. F. W. Doak Prize for Latin, German, Science: **S. Rosenblat.**
 Mathematics II (aeq.): **P. A. Musgrove.**
 French: **B. V. Hyland.**
 Russian: **R. C. Stanfield.**
 H. A. Coss Prize for English: **D. G. Hutton.**
 Mathematics I (aeq.), Greek: **M. D. Hughes.**
 Business Principles: **L. R. Zines.**
 History: **B. Coombes.**
 Mathematics II (aeq.): **A. C. Whitting.**
 Geography: **W. P. Macveigh.**
 Mathematics I (aeq.): **J. L. Reeves.**
 General Proficiency: **H. Stark.**
 General Proficiency: **H. Bauer.**
 General Proficiency, Prize for Shakespearean Declamation and Oratory: **W. A. Glen-Doepel.**
 General Proficiency: **W. T. Rowlands.**

SECOND YEAR

Dux, French, German, Russian, Latin, Science, Mathematics II: **W. R. Levick.**
 Mathematics I: **R. Nicholls.**
 History (aeq.): **J. V. Judge.**
 English, Prize for Shakespearean Declamation and Oratory: **B. R. Beveridge.**
 History (aeq.): **D. S. Roberts.**
 Geography: **A. M. Hughes.**
 Business Principles: **B. Eckard.**
 Greek: **S. C. Stylys.**
 General Proficiency: **S. B. Bodlander.**
 General Proficiency: **A. J. Gray.**
 General Proficiency: **G. Eckert.**
 General Proficiency: **G. Wills.**
 General Proficiency: **R. L. Cope.**

FIRST YEAR

Dux, English, History, Music (aeq.): **L. E. Smith.**
 French, Mathematics I, Mathematics II (aeq.): **L. B. Hardacre.**
 Mathematics II (aeq.): **J. F. Andrews.**
 Science: **N. J. Sligar.**
 Latin: **M. F. O'Shea.**
 Manual Training: **K. Reynolds.**
 Music (aeq.): **D. C. Anderson.**
 Geography (aeq.): **P. I. Harris.**
 Geography (aeq.): **P. Eiszele.**
 Prize for Shakespearean Declamation: **A. N. Snowsill.**
 Prize for Oratory: **C. F. Leber.**
 General Proficiency: **D. J. Daly.**
 General Proficiency: **P. B. Bloom.**
 General Proficiency: **L. Black.**
 General Proficiency: **F. L. Kinstler.**

SPECIAL PRIZES

P. & C. Association Prizes for General Proficiency:
 Fifth Year: **B. N. Goodman.**
 Fourth Year: **K. A. Millar.**
 Third Year: **D. Haneman.**
 Second Year: **R. M. Mason.**
 First Year: **R. Stark.**
Literary Prizes:
 Best Prose in "The Record": **L. J. St. Hill.**
 Best Poem in "The Record": **J. S. Tingle.**
Old Boys' Union Prizes:
 The Old Boys' Prize: **K. A. Cross.**
 The John Waterhouse Prize: **K. A. Cross.**
 John Skyring Cross Memorial Cup: **K. A. Gray.**
 J. & E. Saxby Bequest Prize: **D. G. Hutton.**
 Lodge Sydney High School Prize: **P. P. Turner.**

SPORTS PRIZES

Girls' High School Cup for Games and Sportsmanship: **K. A. Cross.**

AWARD OF "BLUES" FOR 1945

Athletics: **P. Basser, G. Lucas, B. Mellor.**
 Cricket: **K. Fetherston, K. Gray, P. Turner.**
 Football: **N. Annetts, K. Cross, K. Gray.**
 Rowing: **K. Cross, R. Holmes, H. House, M. Hudson, N. Monteith.**
 Swimming: **K. Cross, R. Windshuttle.**



CRICKET

G.P.S. CRICKET

This year High was in the unfortunate position of losing most of last year's team, three members only being left—Turner, Taylor and Fetherston. This meant that, as a whole, the team lacked its most important requisite—experience.

In the opening round, the team played extremely well, and had no difficulty in defeating St. Ignatius outright by an innings.

Two hard matches followed, however, the School being defeated outright both times, first by the strong St. Joseph's team and then by Sydney Church of England Grammar School.

The last match, against the King's School, showed that the team possessed a keen fighting spirit, as it won outright on the first day.

The team wishes here to express its gratitude and appreciation to Mr. Henderson for his untiring efforts to assist and improve it, and also it is indebted to the Ladies' Committee for the zealous and efficient way in which it served luncheon during the season.

Results of Games

S.H.S. v. St. Ignatius College:

S.I.C.: 93 (Fetherston, 7 for 23) ; 99 (Scott, 7 for 46).

S.H.S.: 203 (Taylor, 32; Turner, 23; Fetherston, 87).

Result: An outright win.

S.H.S. v. St. Joseph's College:

S.H.S.: 29; 102 (Taylor, 38).

S.J.C.: 205 (Bradley, 6 for 58; Scott, 3 for 36).

Result: An outright defeat.

S.H.S. v. Sydney Church of England Grammar School:

S.C.E.G.S.: 203 (Gallop, 3 for 36) ; 1 for 21.

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S.H.S.: 64 (Taylor, 15); 157 (Taylor, 24; Scott, 12; Fetherston, 101 n.o.).

Result: An outright defeat.

S.H.S. v The King's School:

T.K.S.: 27 (Wilkinson, 5 for 17; Fetherston, 4 for 4); 116 (Gallop, 3 for 23; Fetherston, 3 for 43).

S.H.S.: 101 (Mitchell, 20; Fetherston, 39); 3 for 44 (Taylor, 16; Fetherston, 18 n.o.).

Result: An outright win.

FIRST XI, C.H.S.

At the end of the first half of the C.H.S. Competition, High is occupying first place. This is the result of a prevailing team spirit. The team has been defeated only once, a first innings defeat by five runs suffered at the hands of Parramatta High.

While the batting as a whole was disappointing, it is pleasing to see that the batting of Taylor, Mitchell and Gallop has been quite consistent.

The main feature of the bowling attack has been its accuracy. Wilkinson and Bradley, the two fast bowlers, have sent down 35 overs for 88 runs and 29 overs for 76 runs respectively.

Gallop and Taylor have both developed into fair slow bowlers, who troubled the batsmen whenever they appeared at the bowling crease. The fielding has left much to be desired. The wicket-keeper, Turner, has done a good job behind the wickets once again.

During the season, Taylor and Fetherston represented the School in the Combined High Schools' Team which visited Newcastle. K. Fetherston, Captain of our own team, had the honour on this occasion of being chosen as Captain of the Combined Sydney Schools' Team for the second successive season. If performance is any justification for the choice, the selectors chose wisely: Fetherston played a chanceless innings for 121 and also took two wickets. We congratulate our Captain, not only on his fine performance on this occasion but also on his excellent batting throughout the season. It will be recalled that in the 1945 season Fetherston made the record score for a High School player of 267 not out, against The Kings' School. Accordingly, he was presented with the bat which he used on this occasion, it being a school custom to present a suitably inscribed bat to all scorers of centuries in G.P.S. Cricket.

Once again the Team's thanks are extended to Mr. Taylor, who has been ungrudging in time and patience, for his ceaseless efforts to improve the standard of play.

Results of Games

S.H.S. v. North Sydney Technical High School:

N.S.T.H.: 109 (Taylor, 3 for 18; Fetherston, 5 for 31).

S.H.S.: 1 for 114 (Mitchell, 19; Taylor, 35 n.o.; Fetherston, 52 n.o.).

Result: A first innings win.

THE RECORD

S.H.S. v. Parramatta High School:

S.H.S.: 97 (Taylor, 22; Rowsell, 20).

P.H.S.: 102 (Fetherston, 5 for 36).

Result: A first innings loss.

S.H.S. v. Fort Street High School

F.S.H.S.: 115 (Bradley, 7 for 58; 3 for 39).

S.H.S.: 6 for 206 (Taylor, 25; Turner, 25; Pfeifer, 34 n.o.; Gallop, 20 n.o.; Fetherston, 76).

Result: A first innings win.

S.H.S. v. Canterbury High School:

C.H.S.: 70 (Gallop, 5 for 37; Fetherston, 5 for 14).

S.H.S.: 126 (Turner, 18; Mitchell, 32 n.o.; Fetherston, 27).

Result: A first innings win.

S.H.S. v. Hurlstone Agricultural High School:

S.H.S.: 168 (Rowsell, 26; Pfeifer, 27; Mitchell, 17; Fetherston, 77).

H.A.H.S.: 57 (Gallop, 2 for 16; Fetherston, 6 for 17); 72 (Taylor, 7 for 14).

Result: An outright win.

SECOND XI

The 1946 season saw an almost entirely new Second Grade Team, recruited mostly from the 1945 Third Grade side, with Andrews as Captain and Peard as Vice. The enthusiasm and sporting spirit of the team left nothing to be desired.

The team is rich in bowlers, with Joass, Holder and Nicholson outstanding. Good work was also done by Keir, Otter and Andrews.

The fielding was keen and the catching reliable. The wicket-keeping by Andrews was first rate. The patchy batting was responsible for the team's unimpressive match tally to date. There has not been a good team batting effort. It is true, of course, that sound defence in batting is of prime importance, but it is essential for run-getting that the batsman go out and attack the ball. The defeats were by small margins, and might have turned out differently had the batting been more aggressive.

Scores

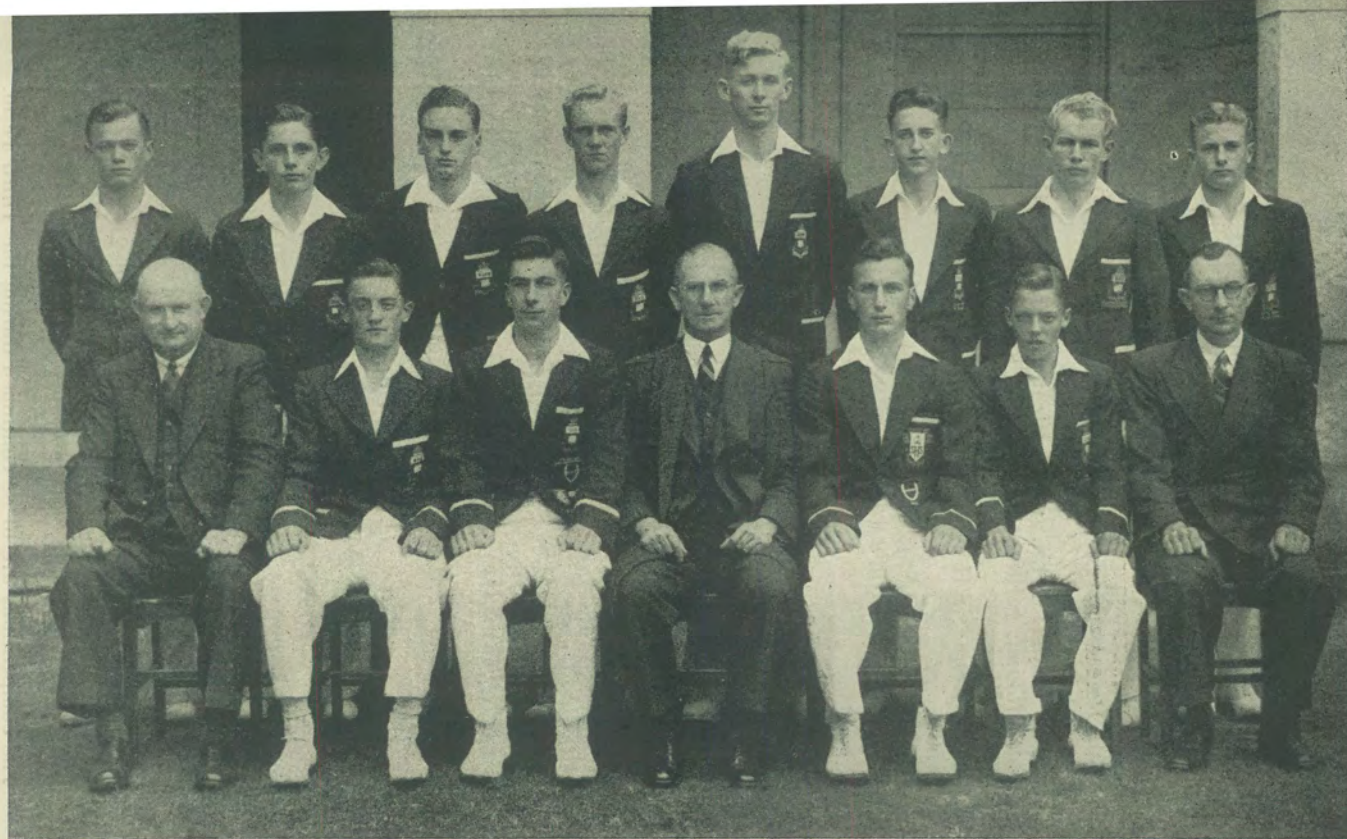
First Round: S.H.S. (100) lost to North Sydney Technical High School (119) (Ramsay, 23; Peterson, 22; Holder, 5 for 33).

Second Round: S.H.S. (110) defeated Parramatta High School (17 and 6 for 27) (Peterson, 32; Joass, 5 for 8; Keir, 2 for 1; Holder, 3 for 0, and 3 for 9).

Third Round: S.H.S. (137) lost to Fort Street High School (148) (Andrews, 76 not out; Smee, 43; Joass, 3 for 39; Andrews, 3 for 1).

Fourth Round: S.H.S. (37 and 40) lost outright to Canterbury High School (64 and 7 for 34) (Holder, 3 for 7, and 4 for 14).

Fifth Round: S.H.S. (57 and 35) lost outright to Hurlstone Agricultural High School (48 and 87) (Nicholson, 6 for 14, and 4 for 27).



FIRST XI, 1946.

Back Row: P. BRADLEY, A. MITCHELL, A. PFEIFER, W. DUVAL, W. WILKINSON, B. OTTER, A. SCOTT, M. ROWSELL.
Front Row: O. A. TAYLOR, Esq. (Master-in-Charge, C.H.S.), J. GALLOP, K. FETHERSTON, J. H. KILLIP, Esq. (Headmaster), P. TURNER, B. TAYLOR, D. M. HENDERSON, Esq. (Master-in-Charge, G.P.S.).

THIRD XI

The Third Grade Team completed the first half of the season very successfully. Five matches were played, each resulting in a win for the School. The side was well captained by B. Latter. A feature of the play was the high standard of the bowling, the brunt of which was borne by Eiszele, Booth, Moseley and Nicholson. Podmore and Walsh performed well with the bat.

Scores

First Round: S.H.S. (78) defeated North Sydney Technical High (33).

Second Round: S.H.S. (117) defeated Parramatta High (100).

Third Round: S.H.S. (97) defeated Fort Street High (46 and 8 for 42).

Fourth Round: S.H.S. (72 and 5 for 64) defeated Canterbury High (59).

Fifth Round: S.H.S. (2 for 68 and 4 for 17) defeated Hurlstone Agricultural High outright (20 and 58).

FOURTH XI

The first half of the season has been a very successful one for Fourth Grade. With an outright win, three first innings wins, and an outright defeat, the team is among the competition leaders. Banwell has been the outstanding batsman, and he and Bosler have shared the bowling honours. A keen team spirit has been fostered by the able captaincy of Bosler.

Scores

First Round: S.H.S. (3 for 105) defeated North Sydney Technical High (98).

Second Round: S.H.S. (53 and 19) lost outright to Parramatta High (47 and 2 for 26).

Third Round: S.H.S. (115) defeated Fort Street High (31 and 2 for 70).

Fourth Round: S.H.S. (71 and 0 for 20) defeated Canterbury High (58).

Fifth Round: S.H.S. (59 and 47) defeated Hurlstone Agricultural High outright (60 and 37).

NON-GRADE CRICKET

Non-Grade players were arranged in teams to play in three competitions; particulars of these are given below, together with the leading teams on 4th April, the date on which the first half of the 1946 season ended.

First Year (4 teams): 1C team leads with two wins and one loss.

Second and Third Years (8 teams): 2C and 2D teams lead, each having won three matches.

Fourth and Fifth Years (6 teams): Deller's team leads with three wins.

The competitions are to be continued during the Third Term.

THE RECORD

LIFE-SAVING

In spite of mounting difficulties at the Clovelly Pool, another successful season was concluded with pleasing results in the two examinations held.

The most outstanding achievement was that of K. Kuhn, who scored 100, and 92 points out of a possible 110 in the Award of Merit and Australian Bronze Cross examinations respectively. Another fine effort was that of D. Heyes, whose scores were 96 and 87.

The most arduous work is undoubtedly that of the instructors, and the boys who take this award are to be commended for the service they do the School. Much fine work was done in the first part of the season, but more instructors would have been welcome in the latter half, when a much larger number of boys presented themselves for lower awards. It is hoped, with so many promising juniors in the School, that curtailment of squads will not become necessary, owing to lack of support from senior boys.

Mr. Edmonds was again instrumental in teaching many boys the art of swimming and, in addition to this essential work, gave much useful coaching to the candidates for the Award of Merit and Australian Bronze Cross.

During the season Mr. Edmonds took charge of the non-swimmers in the School and succeeded in teaching 17 of them to swim. Non-swimmers are required to pass a test by swimming unaided a distance of 20 yards before they are dismissed from the squad. There remain only five boys who have failed to pass this test.

The onerous work of organising the various life-saving squads has fallen, as usual, on the shoulders of Mr. Black, whose experience and enthusiasm have no doubt done much towards securing the many awards which our boys have gained.

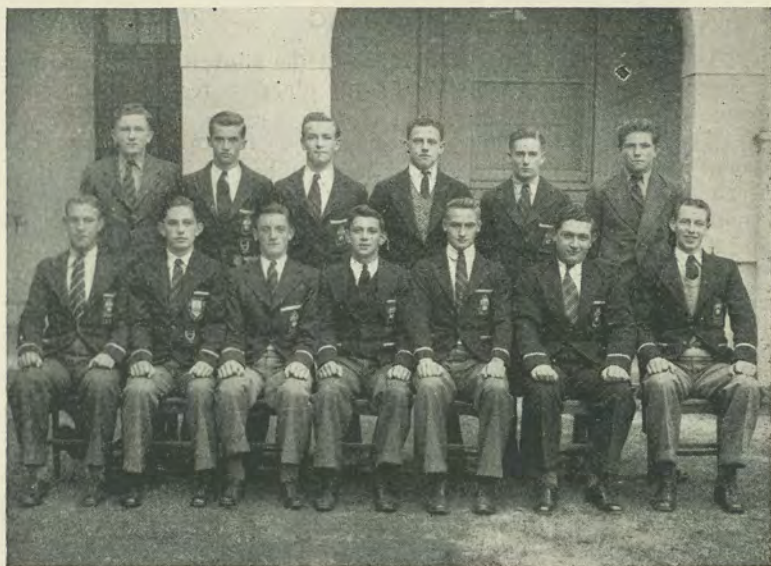
Awards for the Season

Award of Merit, 7; First Class Instructor's Certificate, 5; Second Class Instructor's Certificate, 5; Australian Bronze Cross, 15; Bronze Medallion Bar, 5; Bronze Medallion, 40; "Unigrip" Certificate, 1; Intermediate Certificate Label, 5; Intermediate Certificate, 59; Elementary Certificate, 40; Resuscitation Certificate, 43. Grand total, 225.

SWIMMING

As detailed results of competitive events are not at present available, publication of these details will not be made until the November issue. It is pleasing to announce, however, that the swimming standards have been maintained, evidence of which lies in the fact that the School won the Aggregate Point Score and the Junior Challenge Shield.

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SENIOR AND UNDER 16 SWIMMING TEAMS, C.H.S. CARNIVAL, 1946.

Back Row: I. CONLON, G. HANNON, R. BANWELL, D. G. STEWART, K. WEIR,
P. POWELL.
Front Row: R. SMEE, A. MITCHELL, J. GALLOP, K. ANDREWS, M. MARCH, K. KUHN,
B. THIERING.



UNDER 15, UNDER 14, UNDER 13 SWIMMING TEAMS, C.H.S. CARNIVAL, 1946.

Back Row: P. MEALEY, T. SCHUBERT, F. WILLIAMS, M. TAYLOR.
Second Row: E. G. TAYLOR, D. ANDERSON, B. BLANCH, B. BENNETT, R. MORROW,
B. CHRISTIANSEN.
Front Row: B. MACKEY, E. PROUDFOOT, N. PEARCE, P. MUSGROVE, J. KERR.

TENNIS

For the first time since 1942, G.P.S. Tennis took its place with the other sports. Representing the School in the Senior Team were Alle, Barch, Fetherston, Latter, Shineberg and Singer. Although the Team did its best, it was nevertheless outclassed. With the remainder of the School, the team heartily congratulates Scots' College on its supremacy in the series of matches.

The Junior A Team (Snellgrove, Vagg, Linnane, Ingle, Priestley and Eldering) won its first round against S.C.E.G.S. and had a bye in the second round, but was beaten in the final round by Scots' College.

The Junior B Team (Maidment, Wolfe, Dwyer, Minogue, Noakes and Laver) won its first round against Scots and won again against S.C.E.G.S. in the semi-finals, but was beaten by Sydney Grammar in the finals.

Summer tennis was conducted on the School courts as usual. Playing conditions have been considerably improved by the addition of three new nets, while a quantity of tennis balls is now available to the players; during the War it was necessary for those who wished to play to supply their own balls, as they were not available in the stores. Further good news received during the term was that the courts are to be completely renovated, though this will necessitate fewer boys playing tennis this term, as only three courts will be available at a time.

The tennis players wish to take this opportunity to thank both Miss Cochran and Miss Smith for their interest and support during the last three years, a period during which considerable difficulties had to be overcome before it was possible for tennis to be played at all.

 ROWING, 1946

The first official G.P.S. Regatta since the War was held on the Nepean this year, and so the enthusiasm and competition for places in the crews was very keen in the early parts of the season. This enthusiasm prevailed throughout the whole season and, although we were not as successful as in some previous years, each crew did its utmost to live up to the high traditions of rowing of Sydney High School.

Two of the members of last year's Eight were in the crew, M. Hudson and N. Greenwood, and this helped greatly to strengthen the crew. M. March and R. Law rowed last year in the Fours, whilst the others, J. Bell, W. Cook, R. Thompson and J. Chenhall were new to rowing, this being their first season in a crew of any sort. The crews settled down to some solid training and soon developed into a strong combination under the hand of the Coach, Mr.

THE RECORD

F. M. Nichols. The Fours soon began to take shape and to show good form under the training of their respective coaches.

We thank those parents, Old Boys and all others who came out to the shed to watch the crews at work and for the interest shown in the crews while in training. Especially do we thank Mr. H. Andrews, who supplied apples and milk for the crews, for the service done to the boys and the help he gave us during the season.

On behalf of the crews, I would like to express our gratitude and appreciation to the Coaches, Messrs. F. M. Nichols, A. Callaway and E. Longley, for their perseverance and time spent in the training of the crews, and also to the Rowing Master, Mr. Cummings, for the fine work done in organising rowing in the School during the season and especially during the training period in camp at Penrith. I would also like to thank N. Greenwood, the Vice-Captain of the Boats, for the valuable support that he gave me in the various tasks throughout the season, and all the boys for the way they rallied round and willingly performed any small job asked of them, thus adding to the smooth running of the season in the face of many difficulties.

Newington College held a Minor Regatta on the Parramatta River for the junior crews, and the Fifth Four rowed well and succeeded in obtaining first place. The First, Second and Third Fours appeared in the Riverview Regatta on the Lane Cove River, and all crews performed well under the rough conditions prevailing. Both the First and Third Fours succeeded in gaining second place in their heats, but unfortunately were unable to gain a place in the final. The Third Four also appeared earlier in the season in the J. B. Sharp Memorial Regatta on Iron Cove, but were narrowly defeated in their event by senior crews.

An enjoyable three days were spent in camp at the Police Barracks at Penrith, and I think that I can say, speaking for all the rowers, that it was a time that will not be hurriedly forgotten. The sleeping accommodation was perfect and the food well prepared by an excellent cook.

All the crews made amazing progress on the still water of the Nepean, and many of the boys have excellent photographs of the crews at work and at rest to remind them of the enjoyable time spent in those three days at Penrith. On the Friday night before the race we held a formal dinner and the rowers expressed their appreciation to the coaches in a practical way, and so closed the season of training for the Sydney High School crews.

In spite of early mishaps, it was an enjoyable season, and we take this opportunity of congratulating the Scots' College on securing both the "Head of the River" and the Yaralla Cup.

M. E. MARCH, *Captain of Boats.*

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FIRST FOUR.

Bow, R. TATE; 2, B. THIERING; 3, P. MUSGROVE; Stroke, G. HANNON;
Cox, N. PEARCE.



SECOND FOUR.

Bow, J. HILE; 2, W. DEARBERG; 3, G. BISHOP; Stroke, J. PLUMMER;
Cox, J. STAVELEY.



FIFTH FOUR (Winners).

Bow, K. TIBBEY; 2, J. McRAE; 3, T. JONES; Stroke, R. SILVA; Cox, J. STAVELEY.



THE EIGHT.

Bow, R. LAW; 2, J. CHENHALL; 3, R. THOMPSON; 4, W. COOK; 5, J. BELL; 6, N. GREENWOOD; 7, M. HUDSON; Stroke, M. MARCH;
Cox, A. WINKLER.

Truth in Advertising



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HE AND HIS THOUGHTS

He walked out of the dimness into the sun. It glared in his eyes and he couldn't see properly. His head felt fuddled. He always felt that way after the pictures. He blinked his eyes and then felt better; but still a bit fuddled. He looked round for a paper-boy and saw three of them. The crowd was milling out of the doors around them. He got out sixpence and put it back. They might give him four pennies change. Pennies were heavy. Threepence was better. He pushed his way over and asked for a *Sun*. The three struggled with their papers and he took the first one ready. That made him feel good. It gave him a feeling of fairness and equanimity; like a god doling out justice.

The girl in front of him was a good-looker. That made him feel good, too. He'd have to keep behind her; but he soon forgot her for the cricket scores. Dad always laughed at him. Cricket scores first, comic strip second, and then the news if he had time. But what was the use of the news? It was always the same: some mug drowned, somebody else run over, international crisis here or there; always the same. Like Mr. Edwards said about poetry: "Nothing really new"—only the same old idea rehashed. He wouldn't have liked that show. (That girl certainly was a good-looker.) Sentimental he would have called it. No subject matter. Ballet was a conspiracy against the public to him. He reviewed books that way, too. But still, it was quite an enjoyable show and he was glad he had gone.

Squaring his shoulders and folding the paper, he walked along the street. The hamburger shop was full of kids from the picture theatre. Why did people stop and gaze in hamburger shop

windows? There's a job; making hamburgers. He might finish up doing something like that if he didn't buck up. Not doing enough work, he knew. But there was so much else to do, sport, boys' club, dances. . . . H'm, the good-looker seems to have disappeared into the crowd. Never mind; doesn't matter. Funny thing, life, you know. We work at school to get a good job. We work at our job to improve our income. We do all this to get a good home and then we work to improve that. Never really satisfied, that's the trouble with us. At least the people with intelligence aren't. Ah, there she is again. Now, she looks intelligent; she's a good-looker, anyhow. Funny thing that. The people with brains have to work the hardest. Think they'd have the best of it, but they haven't. The more they learn, the more they want to learn. Ever since Eve ate of the Tree of Knowledge (there's poetry) man has always been trying to improve. Still, in a way, there's some sense in it. Things would be awfully dull without something to strive after. Have to do some more work. Only eight months out of your life, he said, then you're secure—or are you? Still, better do some work.

Gosh! Half-past five. Must have been dreaming. Better hurry. Be late for that church social to-night. Wonder if there will be a good surf on to-morrow. . . .

He walked in through the door—out of the sun into the dimness. It blinded him and his head felt fuddled. He always felt that way after the pictures.

W. BARCLAY (5A).

THE STORM

*The sun is cloaked by one great black-hued cloud,
An eerie quiet enfolds the afternoon.
A clap of thunder, menacingly loud,
Is heard as lightning pierces through the gloom.*

*And now the first great drops of rain appear,
Forerunners of the deluge soon to fall;
A boisterous wind hurls leaves into the air;
It dies; they drop; there's silence over all.*

*The wind increases in intensity
And blinding rain comes pouring from above.
An orange fork of lightning splits the sky
As awful thunder bids the heavens move.*

*I love this great tempestuous demon, for
He makes me feel all petty things must cease,
All bad and evil must be crushed, before
He settles with a sigh, and there is peace.*

*Now in the distance grows the light at last;
The sickly sun peers through; the storm has passed.*

A. MITCHELL (5A).

FORT DENISON

Fort Denison, a romantic relic of the past, is placed right on one of the main shipping channels, midway between Kurraba Point and Garden Island.

Somehow, when on a cold, foggy winter morning I glide slowly past it on a ferry and gaze up at the stone walls and hear the gentle lapping of the water against its sides, I feel as if I could almost catch the sound of marching feet.

Then, through the mist there comes suddenly the light of a half-shaded lantern, then a hoarse shout from the sentry, as with a clatter the muskets of the picket fall in unison on to the stones, the very stones that had really heard and seen these things, on a similar foggy morning almost a century ago; for then Fort Denison was one of the most important places in the young colony—the arsenal.

Even before that time, when the colony was still only the tiniest of penal settlements, "Pinchgut," or, as it is more elegantly known, Fort Denison, was beginning to become important.

In the faded writings of a certain Mr. Holt, aboard the brig "Minerva," bound for Sydney with rebel felons of the 1798 Irish Rebellion, it first came into written record. As the dainty white-winged ship sped past the rocky isle, he noted the skeleton of a murderous convict called Morgan, hanging from a gallows erected there. It was just another stern measure taken by those hard, tight-lipped military officers to keep down the unruly convicts who were our ancestors.

Many unsubstantiated stories have been left to us by convicts of dreadful deeds enacted there. Although, of course, most of these were but efforts of the convicts to "get their own back" on the warders, some of them unfortunately were true. Still, it was an age of stern and hard punishments, and if ever a place needed these it was the wild and lawless penal settlement of Sydney.

The island itself, prior to the building of the Fort, was a bleak, wind-swept, barren piece of rock, jutting up out of the sea to a height of about seventy feet.

Here, particularly in winter, convicts were marooned, without food and with only a little brackish water, for periods varying from a few days to perhaps a fortnight. How some of the poor unfortunates lived during this time without a regular supply of food is beyond my comprehension. Probably they subsisted on a diet of shellfish, weeds and insects. No wonder the convicts called it "Pinchgut"!

It is recorded that remarkably few attempts to escape were made by convicts while on the island. They knew that to enter the water was almost certain death. The sharks lurking in the surround-

ing waters were a far more effective guard than high walls and soldiers would have been.

Still, just towards the end of the pre-fort era, a bushranger by the name of Scott, while in captivity on the island, braved the sharks one stormy evening and swam to safety and freedom. This daring fellow had what was probably the longest career as an outlaw in the history of the colony. In fact, it was not till a quarter of a century later, in 1880, that he met his well-deserved fate, and was hanged in Darlinghurst Gaol, only a short distance from the scene of his famous and daring escape.

The habit of convict-marooning went on for many years until Governor Denison, looking round for a suitable position to build a new arsenal, cast his eye on Pinchgut Island. In those bygone days of the early steam-driven vessels the island was most admirably suited for this purpose, and so in 1857 the Fort, including a tower forty feet high, was built. So came into being Fort Denison.

Contrary to popular belief, the "cells" of the Fort have never held a prisoner, being used only for the storage of powder.

So it is that down the years this little island has been the background of many an historical incident. From its rocky heights starving and formerly vicious criminals, now broken in mind, body and spirit, have watched the prison boat come to fetch them.

English redcoats, leaning on their muskets, have looked out from its walls into the foggy gloom of a winter's morning, seeing, perhaps, the dark shadow of some famous China tea clipper as it rolled in the gentle swell near Circular Quay.

Governors, now but names in history books, have worked and planned its destiny, and so we could go on naming men and women, great and small, who have taken part in the history of this tiny islet.

Even now, after the passing of so many years, it still performs some useful duties, as its light marks the spot of a dangerous reef, the bell in the tower sounds a warning in foggy weather, and the tide gauge informs the Maritime Service Board of the tide levels.

Of late there has been some talk of destroying Fort Denison, as it is "in the way." This, I am sure, will never happen; when present generations have passed and many of the mechanical marvels of to-day are but memories, Fort Denison will still stand.

In the summer the gulls will dive from the old walls on to the azure blueness of the water and in winter the mists will eddy through the silent passages as they have done in years gone by.

Yes, it will always be there, steadfast, strong, with the sea still lapping round its edges and the fog bell sending out eerie, mournful notes across the harbour, while the ghosts of the past walk between the cannon on its stout old walls.

A. WILLIAMS (3D).

THE RECORD

ROUGH SEA

*Long white fingers clutch at the cliff-face vainly,
To sink back where the white foam writhes like bodies wounded
In the eternal conflict of land and sea.
Even the indomitable cliffs shudder
As the white-plumed waves leap down, smashing, frighteningly,
And the whole world disappears into the mad chaos of foam, into
the martial thunder and the drifting spray;
Awesome strength and power in every wave that splinters on the
solid, stark-black cliffs,
While, insignificant, I watch upon the trembling heights, and the
spray-damp seagulls shriek encouragement.*

*But this is not strength,
These mad, inane surges, and the senseless, crashing water.
They are poor weak things that rush and plunge blindly.
And I am stronger than all of this:
The green-walled breakers, the irresistible, rushing, white water,
and the very sea itself. Yes, I am greater than all of these—
I have a mind.*

D. G. HUTTON (4A).

"HENRY V" ON THE SCREEN

Once every two or three years there is released a film of exceptional quality, which distinguishes itself from other films by its flawless acting, direction and production. Such a film, which the motion picture industry of Great Britain has given to us, is *Henry V*, perhaps the best-known of Shakespeare's chronicle plays. Although two Shakespearean plays have already been adapted for the screen (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Mickey Rooney struggled hard to capture the spirit of Puck, and *Romeo and Juliet*, which starred Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard), and although these films must have convinced the most sceptical that Shakespeare was eminently suitable for screen production, yet they are left far behind by *Henry V*.

The man we have to thank for realising the screen possibilities of Shakespeare's *Henry V* is Filippo Del Giudice, the guiding beacon of Two Cities Films. (To his credit are sixteen films, which include Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve*.) He happened to hear a broadcast of *Henry V*, the title role being played by Laurence Olivier, and was so impressed by it that he prevailed upon Dallas Bower, associate producer, to prepare a script for it. Dallas Bower may be remembered for his *Path of Glory* in 1934. These two men came to the conclusion that the only person who could successfully play *Henry V* for their film version was young, popular Laurence Olivier, who had played in many a successful role, his most impor-

tant ones being perhaps Heathcliffe in *Wuthering Heights* and Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice*. More recently he has taken the role of the Russian engineer, Ivan, in *The Demi-Paradise*. Before taking on the job of actor, director and producer, he had to be persuaded to agree to his release from the Fleet Air Arm. Technical experience for the film came from such men as Film Editor Reginald Beck, Art Director Paul Sheriff, Costume Designer Roger Furze, and Photographer Robert Krasker.

The transition of *Henry V* to the screen will bring before thousands of audiences Shakespeare's play in a medium of which he never dreamed. Had Shakespeare the remotest inkling that this play would have been brought to the screen, it seems quite safe to say that it would have remained substantially the same. The average picture to-day contains a war theme, a love story or a swashbuckling adventure surrounded by romance—but Shakespeare has all these plots contained in one play, and, to top this, has as his hero a real figure, not a fictitious one.

There is, of course, one great difficulty in adapting any Shakespearean play for the modern screen: Shakespeare wrote to be played on bare boards, with little or no stage-scenery; not only his story but its very setting had to be conveyed to the audience through the mouths of the actors; Shakespeare's plays are essentially works of the spoken word, and if we make a comparison between them and our modern plays, with their more or less elaborate stage-scenery, it becomes apparent that it is not a platitude to say so. The cinema, however, relies on the presentation of scenes to tell its story; the appeal is still in the main to the eye and not to the ear; even since the innovation of the sound track this is still true. There lies the difficulty in screening Shakespeare. Just how well it has been overcome, those who see the film may judge for themselves.

But if this difficulty has to be admitted, Shakespeare, on the other hand, offers two great advantages to his adapters, as Roger Manwell pointed out in his review of the film (in *Britain To-day*, No. 107). First, Shakespeare, because of the very limitations of his stage, was able to change his scenes rapidly, often making as many as seven or eight changes of scene in an act. On the modern stage, with its elaborate and realistic settings, to deal with more than two distinct stage settings in one play is generally considered cumbersome. The screen, however, can give us shot after shot, cramming many scenes even into the space of a minute. Obviously Shakespeare is closer here to the screen technique than the modern dramatists are. Then, secondly (to quote Manwell's own words this time), "Shakespeare is at his greatest when he outgrows the bombast of his predecessors and writes words which look into the hearts of his characters with a psychological insight unequalled by any other modern dramatist. These simple, profound words, like the great soliloquies, have all the intimacy required by the film, which can present them in quiet close-up and with the maximum of visual and aural concentration."

On January 6th, 1943, the first meeting of the optimistic adapters of *Henry V* was held. June 1st saw the commencement of the rehearsals for the Battle of Agincourt. On the 9th of the same month, shooting began on the Battle Scene in Eire, where a large area of land was made available for it. Of the forty-three days spent in Eire for the actual shooting, only a small percentage were fine days, the rest being rainy—evidence of this wet weather is seen in the film. All the time the production was taking place, expenses were mounting steadily. The Battle Scene alone cost £51,000, while everything had to be insured against war risk.

The thirteen months spent in making this technicolour film have brought to the public an entertainment which lasts exactly 134 minutes. This represents an average of one and a quarter minutes' shooting time for each day of the period of production.

Laurence Olivier, as Henry, gives his best performance to date, his interpretation bringing Henry V to life once again. Robert Newton, as Ancient Pistol, does an excellent job. Some of his other roles have been in *The Letter and Private Lives*.

Leslie Banks, of *Sanders of the River* and *Jamaica Inn* fame, plays Chorus, appearing at intervals throughout the film, at one time asking of the audience

“... can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France?”

and at another appealing to the audience to give their imagination free rein:

“... let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.”

Esmond Knight, who gives depth and understanding to his part of Fluellen, gives no evidence of his lack of sight, lost in the sinking of the “Bismarck.” *The Silver Fleet* was another film in which he acted when blind. Other roles well played are those of the Constable of France, played by Leo Genn; Archbishop of Canterbury, played by Felix Aylmer, of *Mr. Emmanuel* fame; and the Bishop of Ely, played by Robert Helpmann. Special mention must be made of Valentine Dyall, who played the Duke of Burgundy so eloquently; his voice alone is capable of commanding the situation and is dominant when the camera is not focussed on him but on the French countryside.

Practically all of the scenery in the background is painted. The film opens in the Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's own day, and the audience is not allowed to forget that the whole play (with the exception of the Battle of Agincourt) takes place there, where only a drop curtain is used, the imitation background being used after, when Chorus claims the right to work on our “imaginary forces.”

The music, written by William Walton, is exceptionally well rendered by the London Symphony Orchestra. In the Battle Scene the stirring quality of the music plays a full part. In this scene

the French knights approach the English, first at a trot, then at a canter, and finally at a gallop; at this point both the music and the film have their climax.

A film to equal *Henry V*, let alone one to surpass it, will perhaps come only when another *Shakespearean* play can be presented with such a fine group of actors and actresses and with such a producer-director-actor as Laurience Olivier has shown himself to be. If this is Shakespeare, we look to Arthur J. Rank's studios and, like *Oliver Twist*, ask for more.

G. J. TOFLER (5A).

[Thanks are due to Mr. J. Austin, manager of "The Embassy," and Mr. R. Lawson, of Gaumont British Dominions Films, without whose help this article could not have been written.]

THE CLOCK

Have you ever observed the high speed at which we are living nowadays? Well, if you haven't had time to do so, I have! To-day all mankind seems generally to plunge into life precipitately and then dash on through it, thrusting aside all things which might tend to retard us or slacken our mad rush. We seem to have no time for introspection, no time for even thought; fast is the modern human being becoming a mere automaton, fast is he losing all sense of judgment, all sense of reason.

The accent is continually on speed; our favourite phrase is: "There is no time!" repeated continually when any attempt is made to draw our notice to the things we might do, or even the books we might read, if we took life at a rather more slackened pace. Talking of books, how long is it since *you* read a full-length novel? Surely the short story is fast elbowing the novel out of its top place of popularity among the public. The short story is more concise, easier to understand, and, above all, takes only about half an hour to read. And many people find that even this is too long a time; thus the various digests have come into great favour, for in them all matter has been dehydrated into the smallest possible space. Most people, then, seem able to assimilate only about a page and a half at once!

Why has man been brought to such a state that his whole being absolutely worships the clock? Why, when humanity has now only to press a button or pull a lever to be supplied with all its wants? Why is it that people are continually clamouring: "Faster! Faster!" It is totally impossible to achieve the velocity that the business man desires! He is on edge the whole time, and is not happy until he has reached his destination, almost prostrate with the thought of being late, be it a conference or the latest quotes from the stock exchange, and then he hurries off to his office. This type of man is no isolated case; we are all always hurrying, hurrying. For what?

It is science which has given us all manner of conveniences and labour-saving devices. It is science which is continually trying to surpass its own previous speed records, for the express purpose of transporting people faster and, of course, more comfortably. Thus we are continually being supplied with faster means of conveyance. This is an answer to everyone's prayer, and one soon develops the "speed complex" from this fruitful beginning. The point is, have we lost anything by it?

There are, no doubt, those among us who would stubbornly aver that as we have, to the best of our knowledge, only one life upon this sphere, the more we can crowd into it, the better. But really, if we attempt this, by the same reasoning, our lives will necessarily be shortened. The human machine stops only when it is worn out; surely, then, this high pressure at which we live will wear out the machine sooner than living at a slightly slower pace? And I consider most definitely that something is lost from our lives when we live in such awe of the clock. We have lost, first of all, the love of simple pleasures. Now we crave for something to stimulate the senses, something to terrify us, something to thrill us. Then, as I have shown before, we are not content to spend a quiet afternoon reading. We cannot bear to allow ourselves to lapse into inactivity, but striking no happy medium, we go to the other extreme.

We have lost that delightful repose in which our fathers revelled. They lived at a pace much reduced, quietly, calmly, and with a distinct absence of the breathless hurry in which this generation finds itself. They have bred a race of dyspeptics, what with the furious, thrust-down, few mouthfuls which constitute our breakfast for the beginning of the day, and the still more furious swallows at the middle of it. Then comes evening, and, strange to say, the modern human does not take advantage of the greater space of time at his disposal for eating. No, he now *instinctively* makes a rush at the food, and is not content until he is virtually ramming it down his throat with the utmost speed, "as if," indeed, "he had a train to catch."

To look at a crowd rushing for a public conveyance is truly a revolting sight. The weak and the aged are elbowed and pushed out of the way in a shocking fashion. It is indeed only a "survival of the fittest," or, at least, "the transport of the fittest," since the others are left standing!

Thus we have also lost practically all courtesy and all knowledge of social ethics. We boast of our civilisation and our progress, but these are such only in name, for in truth we are progressing backwards. Why, are we so removed from the savages, when we behave in this disgusting fashion? It appears to me that our wearing of clothes is the only distinguishing mark between us!

Therefore speed, or rather the desire for feverish hurry, has brought us to this pretty pass. And is there any cure for this life-

long scramble? I doubt it. Science has rendered us complete robots, rushing madly about over the earth. What then is left to effect a cure? How can we remove the disturbing influences of science from our daily life, and live as though its extraordinary advances had never been made? Who among us would, in support of this campaign against the clock, be willing to journey to and from his job by means of a horse-drawn cart, for example? Why, the whole affair descends into the ludicrous!

Ah! no, we shall continue to look at the clock and to scramble onwards until we are all obliterated by an atomic bomb, and Heaven have mercy on our souls! But till that day comes, we shall dash headlong through life as we always have, in our desperate struggle to reach the end of it, and die naturally, before we are wiped out—a cheery prospect indeed!

By the way, if you have, by some strange stroke of chance, read this, then you deserve my heartfelt respect and admiration—for daring to waste so much time!

W. GLEN-DOEPEL (4A).

FAR JOURNEY

*Help me, O God, when Death is near,
To mock the haggard face of fear,
That when I fall—if fall I must—
My soul may triumph in the dust.*

A Soldier—His Prayer.

A light of hope was born in the night of despair which covered Czecho-slovakia. In this struggling dawn of freedom, a name was hurling itself, an accusing finger, against the black soul of Nazism, and Hitler's apostles of evil gritted their teeth when someone said Karel Horak.

Karel Horak had formed a group around him, a group of patriots, who sacrificed their lives and died laughing, the sole purpose of their existence to free their country. So Headquarters sent Kurt von Muller to wipe them out. The patriot movement was still young, and had not expanded greatly, so Muller went straight to the centre of their activities, and started a ruthless war. His reign of terror was cold and efficient. Yet, Horak always slipped through his fingers. However, one night, about nine months after Muller's arrival, a railway bridge was blasted while an express carrying German troops was crossing it, and two hours later, Karel Horak stood, with two other men, in von Muller's office. As he surveyed the party, von Muller, in spite of his habitual impassiveness, could not suppress the glitter of satisfaction which flashed in his eyes.

"And so," he purred, "our brave friend comes to the end of his rash career. You should know by now, that no one—nothing, can stand against the might of the Third Reich." His tone was that of a schoolteacher lecturing a boy who has committed some misdeed, and his ascetic face registered none of the triumphant thoughts

which shrilled and echoed and repeated themselves in the valleys of his brain. He smiled quietly, a mere hairbreadth movement of his mouth.

Horak smiled more broadly, and, speaking pityingly, as if trying to drive some point home into Muller's brain, said: "Yes, perhaps nothing *can* stand against the Third Reich, but as long as we live, we can always try, can we not? You may kill us, Muller, and keep on killing, until you drop from exhaustion, but there will always be more of us rising up to take the place of the dead. You will imagine that you are in some endless nightmare. You will have to kill, night and day, or be killed. And all the time we shall be fighting you, ceaselessly fighting a war of nerves. You will jump at every sound, tremble with terror at every shadow—and then, one day, your brain will explode, and you will run, screaming, from our country. Remember that, Muller."

For a moment the Nazi was caught off his guard, and a dark cloud of anger passed over the blank, inscrutable moon of his face. It passed in a minute, however, and he was his usual impassive self.

"It is a pity," he said casually, "that you will not live to see our inglorious defeat. You have exactly three weeks to live! I am sorry to have to tell you that they will not be pleasant.

* * *

It was 5.30 a.m., and another dawn was rising, reluctantly and wearily, giving birth to yet another day of heartrending misery and backbreaking labour. Its grey fingers came groping blindly across the sky and touched with a cold light an object in the centre of the square, which had not been there the night before. It was twenty-one days, seven hours and thirty minutes since the conclusion of the interview between Horak and Muller, and the object in the centre of the square was a gallows. The people of the town were gathered round it, not from choice, but because they had been so ordered. Muller had a room overlooking the square, for he did not cherish the thought of rising at five-thirty on a cold morning, nor of mixing with the people below. He preferred to stand just inside the French windows of his room.

Beyond the windows was a microscopic balcony; thirty feet below the balcony was the square and the gallows, and, beyond the gallows, stood the silent crowd.

A roll of drumming intruded suddenly on the silence, and hurled itself, reverberating, around the walls of the square. A door in one wall opened, and the prisoners and several guards emerged. The little company moved, in the silence of death, down an avenue in the crowd.

The first mounted the platform, and two minutes later, the first rope jerked taut. The second followed, quite as unconcernedly as his companion, and a second rope jerked sickeningly. Horak walked up the steps, and the noose was placed around his neck. Then his eyes swung round and fastened on Muller. Seeing that he was about to speak, and interested to hear what he had to say,

Muller motioned the hangman to wait. A hush fell on the crowd, not a silence, but a complete absence of sound or movement which worried the eardrums. And there, in that silent courtyard, while all nature seemed to listen, and a rosy flush crept through the eastern sky, Karel Horak began to speak. He spoke in a normal voice, yet his words seemed to fill the square, the whole universe, in their intensity. His was not the dull, listless voice of a doomed man, but the clear ringing tones of one who has found sudden victory in the midst of defeat.

"Are you ready, Muller?"

And, suddenly, Muller was terribly afraid. The terrible, panic fear of the unknown gripped his heart in an icy clutch, and despite the intense cold, he was sweating. While the blood froze in his veins, he croaked: "What are you talking about?"

"He's waiting for us up There, Muller"—and, as Muller blanched—"Surely you are not afraid to meet Him, Muller? You have done nothing. You have had to murder some people because it was your duty. You have done nothing but your duty. Don't be afraid. Come with me, Muller—or are you afraid to go so far a journey?"

And Karel Horak, the helpless man who was more powerful than his captor, stepped on to trap. A silence was suddenly broken by Muller, who screamed: "Kill him! Kill him!" and rushed forward to see the last of the man he hated.

The hangman was jerked out of his daze, and pulled the lever without even knowing that he had done it. Karel Horak dropped. The German leaned forward to see the last of his enemy, his nervous fingers gripping hard on the flimsy rail around the balcony. Suddenly there was a sound of splintering wood and a piercing cry, yet almost before the echoes had died away the breath had frozen in the body of Muller, who lay limply at the feet of the man he had killed.

J. TINGLE (3D).

DESPAIR

*O peace, where is thy joy,
When sharp dissent and want
Have claimed thee as their toy?
The passion and the pain,
From which thy soul was born,
Are cast in the abyss
Of greed and avarice.*

*O death, where is thy power
When life itself outvenoms Dante's fire;
When every second, minute, hour by hour
Is pent in culminating base desire?
Yet though before the holocaust I cower,
I hear the voice of love: "Fear not, my son,
The peace will live; the task is but begun."*

W. BARCLAY (5A).

THE REPORT OF TOLDINE MITHRA, M3

By an Old Boy

To the Council of Archaeological Research: Terrestrial Group 609;
Greetings.

Gentlemen,

In accordance with Ruling 27f, I, Toldine Mithra, M3, submit herewith a report of my latest research into those matters with which our illustrious Group is concerned.

Know then, that this time I return with a most curious device, which, in my opinion, was used by the Ancients to project a visible, mobile scene. This apparatus, excavated in the ruins of the city of Sydney (which we now know to have been a considerable metropolis—vide my last paper, 4/16/5273)—is childishy simple in its modus operandi, and consists essentially of a device which winds a strip of transparent material from one spool to another. Upon this transparent material (whose exact composition I have not yet been able to determine) is reproduced, evidently by the ancient method of photography, a series of vistas or scenes. In passing from one spool to the other, these scenes are guided before a very crude lens system, and the resultant images, projected upon a flat surface, produce what appears to be animated action. This is secured by that truth known to the Ancients as "Persistence of Vision." Accompanying the animated scene is a curious sound whose nature I cannot for the life of me determine. There are ancient human figures in the scenes, and these sounds appear to synchronise with an odd mouth movement. Whether the Ancients regularly opened and closed their mouths when in each other's company, or whether this is an effect produced by the crudity of the machine, I cannot tell.

Nor can I tell what purpose this strange device served, unless it be merely an historic record, so with your indulgence, Gentlemen of the Council, I propose to outline the amazing things I saw the first time I operated the machine.

I discovered that the machine fails to operate except in complete darkness. So I set it up opposite the only flat wall in my apartment on Level Ten; waved my hand over the Window Control Box which, as you know, causes the steel shutters to slide softly over the apertures, shutting out the nightlight, and then gestured across the Eye of the Light Control, which plunged me into that Stygian darkness which we Moderns fear so much.

But now there appeared, floating in space as it were, these images of which I have spoken. First there was a view of an extinct animal called the lion. This beast opened his mouth and simultaneously there was emitted the odd noise of which I have also spoken.

The lion image faded and was replaced by one of humans fighting. (You gentlemen will remember that the Ancients indulged in a primitive practice called war.) This was most interesting, for I now believe I have stumbled upon an authentic record of the weapons used by the Ancients to kill each other. They had vehicles into which several of them could fit and which clawed their way over the terrain, flattening all before them. They had curious tubular devices which they pointed at the foe and which, evidently by emitting some sort of ray (though obviously very crude, for there was much flame and smoke), ploughed great holes in the earth (and, of course, killed any of the foe who happened to be near), and they travelled in great companies, all dressed alike, and all carrying the same odd devices. Evidently it took a great many men to carry on a war! What would those Ancients have given to have had Ray Z2, with which one man, himself immune from destruction by Zone-of-Force A9, could annihilate a city ten times the size of one of theirs in fifteen seconds?

Now this scene faded and was replaced by one much more peaceful. There were green parklands, studded with trees. (It will be remembered that the Ancients needed vast spaces for their exercises.) In these parklands stood a building which, despite its antiquity, was of noble proportions, and above the portal was an inscription: "Sydney Boys' High School, 1927." I have not yet deciphered the characters, though I suspect the final figures are a date. This habit the Ancients had of dedicating their buildings with inscriptions seems to me to have been a worthy one.

Moving around and in and out of this building were scores of sub-adult humans, with here and there a fully adult one. By this time I had decided that this was one of those seats of learning about which we already know. We are aware that the Ancients learned slowly, their period of instruction sometimes lasting as long as seventeen of their years!

And now the scene moved slowly, gradually sifting out the multitude of faces until only one remained, that of an Ancient of very nearly adult stature, and it seemed that his period of instruction was over and that he was looking upon the noble building for the last time. His archaic garments bore upon the left breast a strange symbol, graven with ancient characters, and the thatch of hair which is known to have crowned the Ancients' skulls fell in an untidy mop about his face, while the five-fingered hand clutched an oblong box which evidently contained those possessions necessary to his learning.

This person's mouth moved too, and the noise from the machine corresponded with the movement. But in spite of my ignorance of this matter, there was no mistaking what he meant. Gentlemen, I tell you solemnly that this young being loved that noble edifice! Yes, loved it! Scoff if you will, but you, too, will believe when

you have seen the machine in action. This young human was dedicating himself to the building, or perhaps to what it represented, ere he set forth to join his fellows in the War.

The next scene showed this young Ancient interviewing an older one in the distinctive raiment of the fighting men. And, of all the strokes of luck, there on the wall was an ancient date computer! And it showed that the year was Nineteen Hundred and Forty-four! Just think of it; over 3,000 years ago!

Then the last scene showed this same young Ancient lying stricken on the field of battle. About him his fellows surged; flame and smoke and death polluted the air and yet there shone in his eyes a great light. A light, gentlemen, which could be nothing else but emotion! Emotion at which we scoff; which has no place in our minds. But it was magnificent! Perhaps I am what is called "old fashioned," but I tell you I was deeply moved by what I saw in those eyes.

And then, in one corner of the scene appeared an image of the edifice, as though the Ancient were thinking of it in these, his last moments. There were the same sub-adults moving about, and one by one they passed close to him and they smiled at him and their mouths moved, and the stricken one, lying there so helplessly, smiled back, until a glad light of happiness and devotion illumined his features, transforming them into something God-like and divine, so that, as the black wings of eternal night folded closer and ever closer about him, he was able to meet his destiny with a smile on his face.

And gentlemen, it was exactly as though he laid down his life for that noble edifice! As though his period of instruction were the happiest of his life and that the dying for what it represented were well worth while.

With this thought, then, I leave you, gentlemen. Are we right in this modern age to exclude emotion from our consciousness? Or did the Ancients have a fuller life in spite of their emotions?

Signed this thirty-fourth day of the twenty-ninth month of the year Five thousand two hundred and seventy-three.

TOLDINE MITHRA M3.

THE HOSPITABLE GHOST

Reg and I had jumped at the invitation to spend a long weekend at the Riverside Mansion with our old friend, Bill Holton, and so one Saturday afternoon, last May, just a week after we had received the invitation, we found ourselves abandoned by an earnestly puffing little local train on Riverside Station, and, moreover, religiously ignored by the local populace excepting, of course, the taxi-driver, to whom we represented Business.

The four-mile journey in the ramshackle old derelict was an unthinkable nightmare and we were not a little relieved when the decrepit old vehicle crashed and shuddered to a panting halt outside

a pair of iron gates let into the stone wall. Beyond the gates we could see a red gravelled drive curving out of sight behind some trees, and all else that was visible was drooping willow trees, their branches hanging languidly in the May sunshine. No vestige of civilisation apart from the fence and drive was apparent.

"This be Riverside Mansion, gents," wheezed the ancient cab-driver, chewing hard on his plug. "Oi do 'spects you'll have to be walking down to the house."

"Is it a long walk?" inquired Reg, tipping the old man monstrously as he paid him.

"Oi don't be knowin'. zur. Oi've never bin, an' Oi never want tew," was the reply. "Oi've tew much respeck fer me reason, aye, an' me life!" and before we could recover from our consternation, he had jumped into his cab and was swaying and rattling off down the hill.

Reg and I exchanged glances; our eyebrows went up and our mouths down. What had the masticating old yokel meant? We dismissed it as rustic superstition, but nevertheless it was a much-discussed topic as we trudged down the winding drive.

But yet another curious experience awaited us. As we walked along, suitcases in hand, making conjectures about the Mansion, we could hear birds chirping busily in the willows on either hand, and a faint scent of mimosa hung in the air. Yet suddenly we both stopped, as if confronted by an invisible wall. We neither saw nor heard anything unusual, but we felt a strange sudden stillness fall upon us. We could no longer hear the birds; the willows hung limp and lifeless; and the scent was replaced by fumes—acid, choking, burning fumes, yet no smoke was visible. We were suddenly alone, hemmed in by drooping willows, and I could not help thinking of that verse in the Bible: "Even though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death"—Then I felt a touch on my arm, and, forcing my head round, I saw Reg jerk his head forward, and we both moved on with a physical effort. I decided that there was something extraordinary and mysterious going on, and a little pang of relief ran through me as I remembered that my motto, "Be prepared" (a legacy of my Boy Scout days) had led me to pack in my bag a small automatic pistol.

The Mansion appeared unexpectedly around a curve in the drive, and at the identical moment when we glimpsed the place the icy, still atmosphere left us, so that, as we walked over broad lawns and bright flower beds towards the Tudor-style Mansion, the whole scene was bathed in the welcome warmth of the spring sunshine, and the exquisite perfumes of the flowers and new-found voices of the birds made the earlier half of our walk seem like some horrible illusion.

When we arrived at the iron-studded oaken door, my hand was only half-way to the immense knocker when it was whisked open by a butler with a graven image of a face. He had ushered us into

the lofty hall, taken charge of our hats and coats and taken our luggage before he spoke in a voice which matched his wax-like face in its lack of expression.

"This way, if you please."

It was more like an order than a request, and we complied uneasily and with a feeling of slight resentment. However, our misgivings were quickly dismissed by the hearty welcome extended by our host as he rose from a huge armchair by the open French windows in the lounge room. For some time we sat chatting in the traditional manner of school-fellows, about old times at Warrampton Public School, then, after a sumptuous dinner, cooked with the masterly perfection of a culinary genius, Reg and I retired to the room which had been allotted to us, and were soon sound asleep. We were awakened the following morning by a valet who brought us our breakfast, which we ate with the glorious sunshine streaming in through the windows.

We spent that Sunday, somewhat irreligiously, duck shooting in the marshes on the far side of the river. We "bagged" several fine birds which rounded off our day for us in the form of an excellent game pie, made even more enjoyable by the fact that it was the first I had tasted for some time. Then the three of us played billiards till bedtime. Bill's play was unfortunately very bad, because he had his wrist bandaged. I noticed this for the first time when he leaned forward to take a difficult shot, and his wrist was exposed from under his sleeve. When I questioned him about it, however, he merely replied, "Oh, that! A beam of wood fell on my wrist in my workshop last Thursday. Quite nasty it was, too—I had to yell for Smilton, the butler, to help me lift it off. It was lucky that I was wearing my watch on my right wrist for it would have been smashed, and I rather value it—it's a presentation," he explained, and leaned forward to score another seven.

When we went to bed about eleven-thirty, Reg and I were both fairly tired, and had no trouble in finding sleep. However, it seemed that my head had hardly touched the pillow when I awoke with a start, rubbing my bleary eyes and looking round the room for the cause of my awakening. Then, as my gaze ran round the walls, I had to slap my face to assure myself that I was not dreaming, for, near the window, clearly visible and glowing a pale, phosphorescent green, stood a woman!

I pressed my eyelids together and opened them again smartly—yes, there she stood, gazing out of the window. Her once beautiful face was now pale and drawn and—only then did I notice—she was dressed in the starched lace ruffs and billowing skirts of Elizabethan fashion. But her eyes! In those eyes blazed stark, bitter hatred, such as I had never before witnessed. Then, even as I took note of this, she wheeled and saw me. Quick as a flash she glided out through the open bedroom door and closed it behind herself. I blinked hard and rubbed my eyes again, but no, she was gone.

I was too thunderstruck for a moment to do anything, but I sat up with a jerk and threw back the bedclothes. I was just sliding to the floor when I realised that Reggie was awake, too, and then I heard him say in his lazy drawl, "I saw her, too, old boy."

So! It had not been a dream, I reflected as I switched on the lights. Glancing at the clock on the dressing table, I saw that it was just twenty-to-two. Then I whipped the door open and looked up and down the passage outside, but not even a mouse stirred in the murky blackness beyond the rays from the door.

Reggie and I sat up that night till three o'clock, when we decided to set a trap for our visitor on the next night without "bothering to mention it to Bill." I had my Heaven-sent pistol, and we both had powerful flashlights, and so we decided that we would be able to give as well as take—we hoped.

Thus it was that one o'clock on Monday morning—the morning of our projected departure—found us wide awake, sitting in chairs in shadowy corners of the room. We were both clad warmly in pyjamas, dressing gowns and slippers, for outside the world was bathed in thin fog. We had eaten very little dinner lest it should act as a soporific, but nevertheless fatigue was battling with our will-power. I must admit that I think I was dozing in my chair, when, without warning, the door was stealthily opened and the apparition once again glided into the room. As on the previous occasion, she crossed the room and stood staring through the window at the swirling fog. Although we could not see the face, there was no mistaking that pale greenish glow, and I felt a chill coursing up and down my spine.

She must have stood for several minutes, stiff and motionless, before she turned round and made for the door. It was not our plan to stop her, for we had decided to attempt to trail her, so we waited until the door was shut and then converged on it. Once through this we padded along the passage and were duly rewarded at the corner by a fleeting glimpse of our quarry rounding the next turn.

At the following corner, however, forgetting caution in our anxiety, we careered madly round the bend to be confronted by a long, empty corridor; nor in the ensuing half-hour did we so much as glimpse our elusive spectre, search as we might, high and low, from cellar to attic.

Finally, Reg and I stood, somewhat annoyed and very puzzled, in the hall near the front door. Our search had apparently failed to awaken anyone else, and the great old house was dim and dark, and silence reigned supreme. Suddenly Reg, who was standing slightly farther from the front door than I, gave a start and his right hand flew to his throat. Then, in the light of my flashlight, I saw the puzzled look on his face switch to one of realisation as he yelled:

"Look out; *it's* there!"

He started forward suddenly, but stopped abruptly in his path and fell backwards on the thick carpet with a thud. Then I myself experienced the unique sensation of being shoved bodily aside—by nothing. I felt hands laid on me, yet Reg and I were apparently alone. Then before our astonished eyes, the thick, cumbersome bolts on the front door shot back as if automatically, and the heavy oaken door swung open, untouched by human hand, and the fog came swirling in.

By this time Reg and I had recovered from our shocked stupor and were racing towards the door. Once outside, we brought our powerful flashlights into play, cutting through the as yet thin fog like scalpels through butter.

Nothing was visible.

But wait! Reg was seizing my arm and stammering incoherently in my ear. My eyes followed the direction of his quivering finger, and I, too, trained my torch on the spot. As I looked, I could see depressions in the thickness of the lawn. Moreover, the number was increasing, so that the line of what were unmistakably footprints, forged ahead with clockwork regularity.

Only then did I realise that, in some inexplicable manner, our invisible ghost was leaving visible footprints!

Now, having gained the freedom of the gardens, she was heading unerringly for the river bank.

We ran as we had never run before in an attempt to head those footprints off from the bank, but once again we were just too late, and arrived breathless at the top of the steeply sloping river edge.

We stood there, baffled, flashing our lights through the ever-thickening fog, but no sign of life could we sense. Then came the first real calamity of the night.

Reg tripped over a protruding willow root and, in an effort to save himself, he released his hold on the torch. It went rolling and bumping down towards the placid blackness of the river. I scrambled after it, but lost my footing, and instead of one, two splashes came in quick succession, followed by a series of unrestrained gurgles as our torches sank slowly into the depths.

I resorted to mental profanity as I groped my way back up the slope.

"Well, Reg," I sighed, on reaching the top of the bank, "that's that! We'd better go back now; it's useless to grope round for those torches in the blackness. So come on——" and here I trailed off, for I realised that Reg was not listening. He was standing erect on the edge of the bank staring out over the river. I followed his gaze, and there I beheld a sight which, even now, I can hardly believe.

Out over the river, piercing the blurring wetness of the fog, danced a weird pale green light . . . a will-o'-the-wisp. Dancing up and down, from side to side, in an ever-receding faintness—there! even as I looked it was gone, and the fog rolled in thicker and more oppressive than ever.

We hurried back through the white shroud and across the dim lawns, for the loss of our torches left us bereft of courage and sense of power; we were hemmed in by the ever-thickening fog.

Riverside Station is usually a morbid, melancholy little place, possibly because it adjoins the local cemetery. However, on the following afternoon, that is, Monday, Reg and I were in unusually high spirits to be leaving behind the evil atmosphere of Riverside Mansion, until Reg, apropos of nothing, made a remark about my gun, and straight away I knew that I had left it under the pillow of my bed.

There was nothing else for it—I would have to return and get it, and I knew that the ancient taxi-cab that had transported us to Riverside Mansion the previous Saturday would, with a little luck, get me back to the station in time to catch the 4.15 to London.

I bade Reg farewell, and, leaving my luggage in the tiny office of the station-master, left the station and tackled the taxi-driver, who readily consented to my request.

"Of course," he murmured between chews, as he opened the cab door, "you know that the Mansion was burned down last Thursday, Guv'nor."

I doubt if there is a word to express my feelings when he produced a newspaper cutting and the facts became indisputable.

Extract from the London Times, Saturday, May 21st, 194—

"Mr. W. Holton, author, was incinerated in a fire which completely destroyed his house at Riverside on Thursday night. Mr. Holton was pinned down by the wrist under a falling rafter. All the servants escaped.

"The cause of the fire is unknown, and although an automatic pistol was found in the debris, foul play is not suspected."

B. POWIS (4B).

COMING HOME

*My spirits lift as I come home
From battlefield and stormy stress.
I vow I never more will roam;
This is the peace I crave and bless.*

*A cottage nestling 'midst the trees,
The weaving path, the lush green grass,
The scent of flowers, the hum of bees—
Their charm for me can never pass.*

*Be stilled! O foolish heart, be stilled;
I cannot see; that is my cross
And my inheritance of war;
But this alone cannot be killed,
My love for home, great though the loss
To dwell in darkness evermore.*

B. DAWKINGS (4A).

SIDELIGHTS ON LANGUAGE

(Other *Sidelights on Language* appeared in the last three issues of "The Record.")

6. Surnames

The study of the derivations of our present-day surnames is one of absorbing interest, although it has few devotees compared with other hobbies such as stamp or coin collecting. The study of surnames, of course, entails a far greater amount of research than do most other hobbies. However, once deeply immersed in this fascinating subject, the student will strive to trace an elusive specimen with the same eagerness as a philatelist seeking to classify a rare stamp. There is, too, a certain amount of interest in it for all. Everyone has a name and is at least mildly curious to know why he has that particular name. Whole districts also have their interest, for the history of each, political and industrial, is embedded in its surnames. A striking instance is the fact that in French Canada are to be found plenty of MacDonalds, MacGregors, etc., who do not speak a word of English, being the descendants of disbanded Highland soldiers who intermarried with the French.

The study of English surnames, being a region of knowledge which has rarely been scientifically explored, is a regular happy hunting ground for the amateur. For historical reasons it is more complicated in England than in any European land, although by far the most difficult of all are American names. Derived from innumerable sources, the changed, distorted and adapted names of immigrants from countries civilised or uncivilised form a pathless etymological morass. In one respect English surnames are easier to trace than Continental ones. In the case of the latter, possible variants of any given name may run to thousands and, for example, in France and Germany (where the surname system is related to our own) there may have developed hundreds of forms of one favourite name. Take, for example, the old German name *Arinwald* (eagle mighty). It passed into French, undergoing new phonetic development and infinite variation, thus becoming *Arnaud*, then by aphesis, *Naud*, and with diminutive suffix, *Naudot*, which by second aphesis turned to *Dot* and, with a new diminutive, finally to *Dottin*! A parallel process in England was suddenly interrupted by the Norman conquest, after which nomenclature made a fresh start, which fell fortunately in well-documented times.

At least half our surnames are of the dull, unimaginative local kind which come through local origin. These are of least interest and it is rather curious that few names of this type have acquired an aristocratic flavour. In England there is scarcely a spot which has not given its name to a family and for a study of such names a profound knowledge of earlier forms and local pronunciations is essential. Besides innumerable names derived from towns, villages

and estates, large numbers are derived from landscape features or specific buildings; hence the frequency of names like *Hill*, *Wood*, *Field*. Examples where prepositions have survived are common, also the retention of *De* from French names, e.g., *Atwood*, *Danvers* (= from Antwerp). A few of the local types of surname are interesting because of their rarity, although such choice examples as *Cowmeadow* and *Bullwinkle* would be rather burdensome for their possessors.

Occupational surnames such as *Draper*, *Fuller*, etc., are fairly obvious, though some varieties are rather elusive. The next class, however, physical nicknames, can afford plenty of puzzlement. There is hardly an item in a man's appearance or garb which has not produced a surname. Most are still extant and many are easily recognised, the commonest being *Hood*. Others come from tools, implements and household objects of all types. For instance, *Baskett* is generally derived from an ancestor who regularly carried a basket. As all tradesmen in medieval England had a sign, many names come from the symbols once portrayed over their doorways. Even general terms for food and drink—the fairly common *Beveridge* and *Vittles* (found in Devonshire)—and coins (the name *Pennyfarthing* still exists), must be reckoned in this class.

A great many names come from the vegetable world; these can only be regarded as folknames created by medieval folklore, little of which is known. We are still apt to describe a person as a "daisy," or in subtler moments as a "peach." In this section all the important cereals, flowers, fruits and vegetables are represented. Among the plants which have given rise to surnames it is to be noticed that medicinal varieties and the more odorous and pungent predominate, e.g., *Rose*, *Bloom*, *Sweetapple*, *Onions*, *Pepper*.

When such names as *Priest*, *King*, *Pope*, *Bishop*, etc., are found, it is by no means to be supposed that their possessors owe their origin to an ancestor who filled such a position, as all names of this class were first bestowed on an actor who played such a part in one of the pageants so popular in the medieval period.

The *Shakespeare* type of surname is found plentifully not only in English but also in all related European tongues, a large proportion corresponding with English compounds, e.g., French *Boileau* (*Drinkwater*). Incidentally, it is not known whether medieval wit was responsible for naming a drunkard thus ironically, but the following are suggestive:—

"Margery Drynkewater, wife of Philip le Taverner."

"Thomas Drynkewater, of Drynkewaterstaverne."

These are entries to be found in the London Directory of 1328.

In a short summary of surnames of the British Isles, the Celtic names must not be omitted. These include the nomenclature of Cornwall, Wales, the Isle of Man and the Scottish Highlands. The Welsh language is still very much alive, but Cornish died out about 1800. Recent years have seen learned attempts to resuscitate it, and in 1936 the service of Evensong was conducted in Truro Cathedral

entirely in Cornish. Gaelic and Manx seem doomed despite artificial attempts to preserve them. Manx, spoken all over the Isle of Man fifty years ago, is now known only to a few hundred people. Cornish names, thanks to their unfamiliar appearance, have for most a somewhat romantic flavour, though literal meanings are quite commonplace. *Treulawny*, *Carlyon*, and so on are to be found in many novels because of the highly aristocratic sound they have to the Saxon ear. Be prepared for a surprise—*Kelly* is also a common Cornish name!

Before days of combines and big stores it would have been safe to say 90 per cent. of milkmen and drapers in London had Welsh names. It is very interesting to study, with the help of country directories, the eastward march of the Welshmen and their large but gradually diminishing colonies founded on the way to the capital. Typical Welsh names are *Morgan*, *Griffiths*, *Maddox*, *Lloyd*, *Powys*, *Gower*, *Bowen*. The names of Scotland are divided into two classes—the Lowland names, formed like the English and largely Teutonic in origin, and Highland names, whence most of the *Macs* are derived.

When you realise that the investigators who have already unearthed so much knowledge of the origin of our system of names still have a considerable amount of research to do, you will easily see that a certain amount of interest in this fascinating subject will be well repaid by a fund of enlightening and entertaining facts.

J. KIRTLEY (5A).

BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY

Short Stories

Perhaps the best collections of Australian short stories are published by Angus and Robertson under the title "Coast to Coast." In 1941 Cecil Mann was entrusted with the task of selecting the best Australian short stories of the previous year, and the first "Coast to Coast" series presented to the short-story reader a fine collection of stories, not the least interesting of which is the shortest—a simple child-study by Alan Marshall called "Tell Us About the Turkey, Jo." A wise measure was adopted when the editorship was changed from year to year, the inevitable bias of one editor towards one type of story thus being avoided. Beatrice Davis (1942), Frank Dalby Davison (1943) and Vance Palmer (1944) have each had the honour of acting as editor. The 1945 volume, which is in the hands of Douglas Stewart, is to be released about June of this year. To students of the short story, the value of the series lies in the fact that the types of story vary widely and that they afford a means of becoming acquainted with a large number of Australian writers in a very pleasant way. Incidentally, for the serious-minded student, Frank Davison's introduction to the 1943 edition is an excellent analysis of short-story types. The 1941, 1943 and 1944 editions are in the School Library.

J.H.

Written in the early period of his literary career, before his attention to style waned in his enthusiasm for new and striking ideas, the short stories of H. G. Wells have in them all the qualities of great literature. They contain touches of warmth, pathos and humour all blended together in a well-defined

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO BOYS



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plot with a marked climax. They are either a happy combination of action, dialogue and character or a well-developed piece of atmosphere. Often they have a scientific background and abound in pervading optimism; nor does one read for long without being struck by Wells' brilliancy of phrasing. Yet how different are these tales from one another, how different "The Country of the Blind" from "Pyecraft." How different "The Temptation of Harringay" from "The Beautiful Suit"; yet there is little difference in quality. Many critics consider "The Country of the Blind" the best of these stories, but who can say that any other is poor in comparison? They all possess something which, alone of Wells' novels, perhaps only "Kipps" and "Mr. Polly" can claim. It is a touch of humaneness and pathos not overwhelmed by sociological or scientific theories, for Wells, in these tales, leaves the realm of sociology and enters that of pure literature; in them he is nearest to Dickens and Galsworthy.

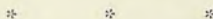
S.R. (4D).



Historical Novels

"The Forerunner" (Dimitri Merejkowski), a historical novel based on the life of Leonardo da Vinci, deals not so much with his work as with the spirit of humanism and realism represented by him, and the opposition and condemnation with which it was met. The main effect, however, is to give a vivid idea, both by incident and description, of Renaissance life in Italy. The task is tackled in a fresh and original manner and the book is therefore much more readable than the usual historical novel. It consists of a series of chapter-stories, which often have no relationship with the other chapters, and thus can be enjoyed in isolation. Although the book is not true to historical fact in every detail, it should be extremely valuable to students of history who wish to grasp the spirit of the Renaissance period.

J.B.P. (4B).



"War and Peace," written by Count Leo Tolstoy, deals with Napoleon's invasion of Russia, the capture of Moscow and the fatal retreat of Napoleon's army. It is neither history nor pure fiction; the author keeps to the facts in nearly all the details of the war and politics; but he creates new characters to make the book more interesting, while the impressions, too, which one gains of historical characters are different from those to be found in history books. Thus Alexander I appears as a rather weak man with but little influence, whereas the impression one usually gains of Alexander is that of a great man under whose guidance Russia rose to political importance in Europe. Tolstoy's ideas about the causes of Napoleon's failure in Russia are also different from those which historians hold. However, one important fact to which he does adhere is the significance of the one fatal mistake Napoleon made—that of letting his soldiers plunder Moscow after he had taken it. In this book the likeness between Napoleon's and Hitler's invasions of Russia is apparent. Just as Napoleon had, one hundred and thirty years earlier, marched triumphantly into Russia and had finally been driven out by the loyal fighting spirit of the Russian people, so also did Hitler march confidently into Russia, only to be driven back by the same spirit. Just as Napoleon's defeat in Russia proved to be the beginning of his downfall, so, too, was Hitler's failure in Russia the beginning of his end.

Besides its historical value, "War and Peace" is an extremely interesting and well-written novel.

H.S. (4A).

THE RECORD

Science

"Chemistry in the Service of Man" merits its existence for two main reasons. Firstly, it serves the purpose for which it was written, namely, to give the layman or person with only a passing interest in science a book to which he may refer if any aspect of the subject particularly interests him. Simply and directly the author deals with at least the more common applications of chemistry—in medicine, in agriculture, in plastics, to name but a few. Yet, the book should appeal to the student as well as the layman, for it is not so general that it lacks interest for a keen student of chemistry. It opens up for him fresh fields which he may not have realised existed and provides an incentive for wider and deeper reading in specified branches of the science. "Chemistry in the Service of Man" is a book of interest to all, written in such a way that its readers may enjoy it and profit from it simultaneously.

E.I. (5A).

TO CONTRIBUTORS

As contributions to the *Record* last term were more numerous than usual, the Editor wishes to announce that he still holds in reserve for the November issue certain contributions which were submitted for this number. Those who have every right to believe that their work was on a par with that printed should not be disappointed, therefore, as it was probably displaced by writing of a more topical nature.