



The Record

The Magazine of
The Sydney High School

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

November, 1946

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"THE RECORD"

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VERITATE ET VIRTUTE

Vol. XXXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1946.

No. 2.

THE LIBRARY MOVEMENT

From the earliest times man has felt the urge to have speech with his fellow creatures and to communicate with them, and the written word has played an important role in this communication. Give free rein to the imagination and from the book shelves of libraries, you will hear great voices speaking out of the past—voices of wisdom, experience and inspiration. Tablets, papyrus, parchment, and finally paper, have each served as materials on which appear the symbols through which these voices speak; but always there have been those without the chance to hear them. The magical type of the printing press that superseded the manuscripts of the ancient scribes gave millions more the opportunity to read the best that has been written. Nowadays, that relatively modern institution, the free public library, is performing magnificent service in widening still further the circle of readers.

Library systems the world over are now receiving attention long overdue to them, and a similar stocktaking is occurring in our own State. Prior to the Second World War, New South Wales had only three public libraries, two of which were in Sydney. In 1939 the Library Acts planned the establishment of free circulating libraries throughout the metropolitan area and country districts, but then the war came, and no money was available to pursue the scheme. With the war at an end, several branches of the Public Library, including one at Mosman, have already been set up in this State from money raised by the municipalities and subsidised pound for pound by the Government. We look forward with anticipation to a time when every suburb of Sydney and every country centre has its own branch, for there is no reason to believe that literature will be more appreciated the more arduous it is to obtain it.

Since the new library movement is under the direction of the Board at the Public Library of N.S.W., praiseworthy mention may here be made of the fine building, completed in 1942, which houses some half a million books, and whose Reading Section caters for an average of two thousand readers daily. The section devoted to the Mitchell Library contains a vast store of Australiana, including documents, paintings, and the most valuable collection of Australian stamps in the world. (Another treasure is a first edition of Shakespeare now estimated to be worth £16,000.) The Country Section deals with the distribution of books to outback parts of the State. The Research and Photostat Department of this library helps the student both by finding for him references from a required work and also by photographing pages from that work. Through its Technical Sections, help has been given to the great primary and secondary industries, and so information has been supplied to people in all parts.

What role will the modern library play in our educational lives? We must ever bear in mind that the process of education is never complete, that we have an intellectual life as well as a mere existence to lead, and that, in the event of our tiring of books, particularly on leaving school, there may be something in our own make-up which an exercise of, say, patience or self-respect may remedy. The extensions of library services already realised in this State are signs in themselves that adult education will be greatly benefited. With the advancement of adult education will come greater co-operation between the parent and the school; as a result, child education will be immeasurably improved, and so the wheel will have turned full circle.

Let us, therefore, cultivate the libraries, and as we use our own School Library we shall appreciate those books which have been given to us "so

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that though great men died, their teachings might survive." In our own home and school we can acquire and foster a taste for reading, not only because it is entertainment, but also because it stimulates and informs. If for no other purpose than to provide a wise means of employing leisure, this is surely worth while. Having by our reading habit therefore acquired the key to the kingdom of great thinkers of the past we, standing on the threshold of a new "library age," are enabled to unlock those treasures. What a wondrous collection a well-maintained library has to offer free of cost to the reader, a collection beyond the dreams of readers of but a few years ago!

W. ROWLANDS (4b).

Student Editor.

PERSONAL

At the commencement of Third Term it was something of a surprise to find that Mr. Cummings had been transferred to Newcastle Technical High School. Mr. Cummings had been at Sydney High so long that we looked upon him as a "fixture." His energy, enthusiasm and wide interest in the School's many activities made his departure a considerable loss to us. Mr. Cummings had for many years been in charge of rowing in the School, and had controlled the Library.

Mr. Brigden comes to the School in place of Mr. Cummings. We take this opportunity of expressing a warm welcome to him, and of wishing that his stay in the School may be a pleasant and prosperous one. Mr. Brigden has returned to the teaching service after a period of service with the R.A.A.F.

* * * *

Since our last issue of *The Record* the Classics Staff has been increased by the appointment to the School of Mr. Baker. We extend to him a hearty welcome, and express the wish that his stay at Sydney High may be one on which he will be able to look back with pleasant memories in the years to come.

* * * *

Mr. Brayden, who has been on sick leave this term, is reported to be progressing favourably after a protracted illness. We assure him that, both in the class-room and in the staff-room his absence has been a considerable loss, and that we look forward to his complete recovery and his return to the School.

EMPIRE DAY

The highlight of the Empire Day celebration was the presence at the School of a distinguished Old Boy, Wing-Commander Davenport, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, G.M. The Headmaster introduced Wing-Commander Davenport, then read a letter from Earl Gowrie on the subject of Empire Unity. Earl Gowrie is the President of the Empire Day Movement.

Wing-Commander Davenport's address held the interest from beginning to end. He spoke of his personal intercourse with the peoples of many countries of the Empire where he had been, and

made interesting commentaries, not only on the attitude of these peoples to their place in the Empire, but also on the current feelings towards the British Empire of the peoples in other countries which he had visited. At the conclusion of his address, a vote of thanks was proposed by Peter Turner, the Captain of the School.

During the Empire ceremony, Leon Smith (2A) sang *Land of Hope and Glory*, the School joining in the chorus.

CADET DETACHMENT

Although the annual camp in May was not attended by as many as we would have liked, it was a great success. The wider scope for training, since demobilisation has progressed, and the ideal weather, combined to provide an enjoyable and useful experience for everyone.

One of the highlights of the camp was a most interesting and instructive lecture delivered to the whole camp in the Y.M.C.A. Hall by Colonel Prentice. Colonel Prentice is a well known commentator on world affairs, and held an important position at Army Headquarters during the war in Army Intelligence. He gave a most fascinating account of the extent of espionage under modern conditions.

Many parents visited the camp each Sunday, when the camp was declared "open" for visitors. Mr. Killip, accompanied by Mr. Betty and Mr. Campbell, witnessed a march past specially staged for the G.O.C., Eastern Command, Major-General Berryman. It was generally agreed that the Cadets marched exceedingly well, and made a very impressive display considering so many were raw recruits, and very little time was devoted to preparation.

Padre Udy deserves much praise for his part in providing entertainment for all concerned. He asked if Sydney High School could provide a physical culture display for one of his concerts. They received a splendid round of applause, and were offered free transport if they could give a repeat performance at a future date. Unfortunately this could not be arranged. Mrs. Acason kindly stayed until late, and carried out the duties of pianiste. A parent (who desires to remain anonymous) very generously donated prizes for a Quiz Competition conducted by Padre Udy after the display.

The military authorities decided the time was ripe for the preparation of a film featuring every branch of cadet training. We were requested to prepare a portion dealing with unarmed combat, which included methods of disarming an opponent with a rifle. With the assistance of a Cadet Lieutenant from Parramatta High School, who is an expert in the art of self-defence, Sydney High School Detachment contributed this section of the film. We also provided the physical training section as part of the review of cadet activities.

Our camps have their humorous moments; some people would like to know who the midnight prowler is who wakes us from sound

slumber to ask if we put the cat or the milk jug out. Chalked up on the wall of the mess hut were the words: "Never have so many waited so long for so little," for the mess parade to brood over. A very youthful cadet, arriving breathless at the Officers' Mess for orderly duty, looked scornfully in the direction of the cadets' mess huts and said to the Sergeant Cook, "If those cooks down there ever lose their tin-opener we will all starve."

We feel very sorry for the Cadet Lieutenants who returned a smart salute from the Regimental Sergeant-Major on the way to the Officers' Mess one morning, only to look around and find it was intended for the Colonel coming along behind.

An inspection of a Royal Navy Aircraft Carrier was courteously arranged by some Royal Marine officers who were interested in our Detachment. The party was received officially by the ship's Commander on the quarter-deck. As Cadet-Lieutenant Dawson saw the last of the party salute as he stepped off the gangway and re-formed them on the other side of the ship, the Commander remarked, "That is the best conducted party to come on board this ship since we left England."

An Officers' School was held at Singleton in August. Every cadet from this school passed the final exam., and nearly all qualified for commissions. We congratulate L./Corpl. Sandel, who came near the top of the school, and earned a "Distinguished Pass." All are to be commended for their results, and we feel confident that in forming the nucleus of next year's Cadet Corps leaders they will uphold the high standards and splendid reputation which this Detachment has enjoyed.

Only four bivouacs have been held so far this year. During one of these bivouacs at Holdsworthy, the instructor directed a patrol from our corps to clear out a village. They were met by a well-organised defence, who threw flour bombs and fired blank ammunition at the invaders. Unfortunately, the Sergeant himself was "accidentally" bombed with flour, and we returned home to spend an hour or so cleaning our uniforms.

The senior members, in saying good-bye, wish to record their sincere thanks to Major Acason and Captain Pearce for the work they have done in binding together this organisation which we shall always regard with an earnest and splendid attempt to fit Australian youths for the tasks that lie ahead of them.

VICTORY MARCH

On the 10th June, Sydney celebrated the signing of Peace by holding her Victory March, in which personnel were drawn from all branches of the Services. Sydney High School was well represented at this march, having been asked to send more than its quota to Holdsworthy Camp, where cadets from nearly every Detachment in New South Wales assembled for a few days' training. A very fine spirit prevailed at this camp, and everyone was infused with the idea of doing his best. Nearly all the officers of cadets

chosen to form this Battalion, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Patterson, were veterans of the 1914-18 conflict or the last war; the majority of them were decorated, and the display of rows of ribbons made cadets feel they were not merely members of a youth training scheme, but were associated with traditions which had left their mark in history and in fame. From the historical viewpoint, this Victory March wrote another chapter in the records of Sydney High School Detachment.

In 1885, this Corps supplied the Guard of Honour for the departure of the Sudan Contingent from New South Wales. A master of the School and nine members of our Corps attended the coronation of the late King George V in London. The 1946 Victory March gave the present generation the privilege of being represented at another national festival.

At Holdsworthy we were privileged to meet a distinguished old soldier in the person of Lieut. Pattinson, whose record in the Army is an inspiration and well worthy of mention. Lieut. Pattinson is O.C. of the Narrandera Detachment. He first wore uniform as a cadet in Bendigo when he was 11 years old, 54 years ago. At the age of 18 he went to Africa with the Victorian Mounted Rifles and fought in the Boer War. He then joined the British South African Police, a semi-military force. Returning to Australia, he enlisted in the Australian Light Horse and went abroad as their Regimental Sergeant-Major at the outbreak of the 1914 war. On his return to Australia, he was connected with Militia Training for some years. During the last war, he was a Major in the V.D.C., but, not satisfied with what he has done, he now spends his leisure training Senior Cadets.

Among his triple row of service ribbons are the South African King's Medal, the South African Queen's Medal, King Edward VII Coronation Medal, Colonial Long Service Medal, Gallipoli Star, and several African medals for engagements there.

Lieut. Pattinson evinces the true spirit which has made cadet training possible, and provides that stimulus necessary to make it live. He was a keen sportsman; he held both the Victorian Amateur Pole Vault Championship and the Victorian 120 yards Hurdling Championship from 1905 to 1908. He played Australian Rules football with a Melbourne Club, and was a member of a crack Victorian Fire Brigade team holding the titles of champion ladderman, poleman and reelman. He is still an enthusiastic physical culturist, an able gymnast, and his erect carriage is something that many of our young men could regard with envy.

There is no need to refer to the march itself, which was witnessed by record crowds whose enthusiasm knew no bounds. We were, however, disappointed that none of the troops taking part were permitted to have their own bands. With the cheers of the crowds, it was impossible to hear the amplified music clearly enough to maintain a steady pace. It was an experience we will never forget, and cadets regard it as a memorable occasion as well as feeling themselves honoured by being invited to participate.

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G.P.S. RIFLE SHOOTING COMPETITION

On the 17th and 18th September, the first G.P.S. Rifle Shooting Competition since 1942 was held at Long Bay Range. There were two teams from the School competing: an A Grade and a B Grade team, each consisting of eight members. Firing from 300 yards and 500 yards in application, grouping and snap-shooting, the A Grade team, with Cadet-Lieut. Pears as captain, made a good effort, but as they had not had as much time for practice as the other schools, they did not gain a place in the competition, which was won by S.C.E.G.S.

Since the School first entered the G.P.S. Competitions regularly in 1925 till 1942, it has had a good reputation for rifle shooting, but this time the teams were not as strong as they might have been as the rifle shooting coincided with the C.H.S. Athletics Carnival, and a few of the N.C.O.'s and officers who would have been an asset to the teams could not compete, as they were representing the School at Athletics.

The weather on both days was favourable, and did not have any effect on the accuracy of the shooting, and conditions were, in general, good for the match.

Credit must also go to the markers and the others working at the butts, who did a very good job, as without them it would not have been possible to hold the competition.

We would like to congratulate S.C.E.G.S. on their fine exhibition in winning, but hope that, in future competitions, Sydney High will be able to gather together stronger teams and will be able to do better than it did on this occasion.

(Sgt.) R. L. OTTER.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

OFFICERS, 1946

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President: Mr. T. E. Hornibrook (Master-in-Charge).

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

Secretary: H. Bauer.

Assistant Secretary: S. Rosenblat.

Committee: E. Isles, K. Minogue, M. Pears.

Inter-school debating in 1946 has turned out quite favourably for High. In its first debate, the Senior Team (M. Pears, H. Brunen, W. Barclay) suffered a narrow defeat by a strong team from Sydney Girls' High School, but after this the team developed into quite a formidable combination.

The team won the G.P.S. Competition for the Louat Shield, defeating Riverview, Newington and King's to enter the final against Grammar, which it narrowly defeated.

In the C.H.S. Competition for the Hume Barbour Trophy, the School Team defeated North Sydney Technical and Sydney Technical High, but lost to Fort Street. Thus, in this division, three



SENIOR DEBATING TEAM—WINNERS, G.P.S. COMPETITION.

Standing: E. ISLES, W. BARCLAY.

Sitting: M. PEARS, T. E. HORNIBROOK, Esq. (Master-in-Charge), H. BRUNEN.

schools—Fort Street, Technical and Sydney—finished level with two wins and one loss each. The decision was given to Technical High on averages.

W. Barclay, representing the School at the G.P.S. Lawrence Campbell Oratory Competition, delivered an excellent speech, but was not placed by the judges.

The Junior Team (W. Glen-Doepel, S. Rosenblat, D. Stout) engaged in two C.H.S. debates, defeating North Sydney Technical and drawing with Sydney Technical High. The team, therefore, has won its division, but has yet to debate a semi-final.

C.H.S. Competition

(a) SENIOR TEAM.

S.H.S. v. North Sydney Technical High (Opposition)—“That censorship of books should be abolished.” (Won.)

S.H.S. v. Sydney Technical High (Government)—“That Trade Unions have become a threat to Democracy in Australia.” (Won.)

S.H.S. v. Fort Street High (Government): “Political revolutions do not achieve anything of genuine value; their one undoubted effect is simply to throw out one gang of thieves and put in another.” (Lost.)

(b) JUNIOR TEAM.

S.H.S. v. North Sydney Technical High (Opposition)—“That

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censorship of books and films should be enforced in Australia." (Won.)

S.H.S. v. Sydney Technical High (Government)—"That the world is in imminent danger of world war." (Drawn.)

G.P.S. Competition

S.H.S. v. St. Ignatius' College (Opposition)—"That the progress of science in the last four hundred years has not increased the sum of human happiness." (Won.)

S.H.S. v. Newington College (Government)—"That Australia can view the next ten years with confidence." (Won.)

S.H.S. v. The King's School (Opposition)—"That the White Australia Policy should be abandoned." (Won.)

S.H.S. v. Sydney Grammar School (Opposition)—"That the introduction of machinery has done more good than harm." (Won.)

S.H.S. v. Sydney Girls' High (Opposition)—"That the cinema has a greater influence than the wireless." (Lost.)

S. ROSENBLAT,
Acting Secretary.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Though regular meetings were not held during the Second Term, the Dramatic Society has continued to function. Our efforts have been mainly concentrated on the three-act comedy, *The Rising Generation*, which was produced and presented to the public at the end of the Second Term, the first play thus presented for several years. The performance was even more successful than had been hoped, the audience's enthusiastic reception of the play reflecting great credit on the indefatigable efforts of Miss Smith, who capably produced the play, and on the work of the cast who had applied themselves so assiduously through weeks of long rehearsals. The proceeds totalled almost thirty-six pounds.

Prior to this performance, the second act of the same play was presented in June at the Conservatorium in connection with the Drama Conference. Sydney High was one of the schools selected to present plays at this time, to show what was being done in schools in the way of dramatic work. It is to be hoped that now that the ice is broken, plays will be staged from time to time. We should like to take this opportunity to thank all those whose co-operation and assistance rendered the work of the producer and cast so much easier.

Meetings are held regularly on Monday afternoons in Room 1, and all those who are interested are invited to attend. We hope that the success of our first effort will inspire the School to greater and still more enthusiastic co-operation in the future.

R. L. DEBUS (4D),
Chairman.

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MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club has been continuing its activities successfully this term. A great variety of works has been played, recordings by world-famous artists being used: Concerti by Bach, Mozart and Ravel; Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms and Cesar Franck; Chamber Music by Haydn, Schubert and Debussy have been performed and listened to with great interest, although it has been observed that the "classic" period has been far more greatly enjoyed than the "modern" period.

Our thanks are due to Miss Maloney for her tireless efforts to bring such a variety of recordings to the Club.

Meetings are held every Thursday and Friday in Room 8 at 12.35. All are invited to attend, and strict punctuality is required.

RICHARD BONYNGE,
Secretary.

THE CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club meets regularly every Friday afternoon after school in Room 9. Attendance has increased during the year, and Third Term promises to be the best in the history of the club. Tournaments between teams representing school chess clubs have been resumed under the auspices of the Metropolitan Chess Club, and the School Chess Club has entered two teams of five each for the first tournament to be held during the Third Term.

We intend also to hold a tournament within the School shortly. All boys who are interested in chess are invited to visit the club, and we offer to teach boys to play if they wish to learn.

S. ROSENBLAT,
Secretary.

INTER-SCHOOLS CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The Christian Fellowship continues to flourish within the School, as evidenced by the fact that last term attendances increased by a third; we are now enjoying one of the best years we have had since the Fellowship started. The best attendance was recorded when Mr. Lumsdane, a former prisoner of war, a member of the R.A.A.F., came as guest speaker and narrated some of his experiences. Another excellent meeting was enjoyed recently, when two Old Boys from the University visited us.

Meetings are held at 12.50 on Fridays and 12.40 on Tuesdays in Room 6. All boys are invited to attend, and are assured of a hearty welcome.

E. DEXTER (4A),
Leader.

LECTURES ON PHOTOGRAPHY

During Second and Third Terms, the Eastman Kodak Company has sent to the School at fortnightly intervals a number of lecturers to stimulate an interest in photography, and at the same time to assist amateur photographers to overcome difficulties which they commonly experience. Lectures have been given on such subjects as "Pictorial Composition," "The Optics of the Camera" and "Time Exposure." Demonstrations by lantern have proved helpful in elucidating the various points made by the lecturers. Arrangements have also been made for a group to attend Kodak's to see process work being done.

Interest has been very keen in the lectures, but it is regrettable that, for want of a room large enough to accommodate all those who wish to attend, attendance has had to be restricted to members of Fourth and Fifth Year classes who own cameras.

JOTTINGS

In the Schools' Public Speaking Competition conducted by the Royal Empire Society, W. Glen-Doepel, W. Barclay and J. Powis were second, fourth and sixth respectively in the "Under 16" group, which was won by K. Pearson, of Canterbury Boys' High School.

* * * *

Congratulations to K. J. Cable and J. E. Hoffman who shared the annual prize awarded by The Shakespeare Society of N.S.W. for the best answer in the Shakespearean section of the L.C. English paper. The award was announced too late for inclusion in the last issue of *The Record*.

* * * *

We regret also that the name of J. I. Davis was omitted from the list published in the last issue of those who commenced First Year Medicine.

* * * *

Many Old Boys will remember Major R. K. Wilthew, who for three years was instructor of physical training at the School. He is now in Japan on the Headquarters Staff of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force. Just before leaving for Japan, an Officers' Dinner was held at Morotai, and among other Old Boys present were Lieutenants L. H. Wieland and M. E. McLeod, and Captains J. W. Berry, J. Carroll and L. Griffin of the Dental Service.

* * * *

Old Boys in the news this year are Lieutenant-General E. K. Smart, D.S.O., M.C., head of the Australian Military Mission to London since 1942, who has just been appointed Australian Consular representative to U.S.A., and Mr. A. R. Cutler, V.C., who,

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earlier in the year, assumed office as Australian High Commissioner to New Zealand.

* * * *

Bequests to the Library which the School appreciates are sets of Dickens and Thackeray, presented by Dr. and Mrs. A. Dangar Burne, and many volumes of the French library of the late P. L. Murphy, a former modern language teacher of this School, presented by his widow, Mrs. Murphy, of Hunter's Hill.

SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' UNION

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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, Professor 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, 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.

As a result of the new practice of sending Subscription Renewal Notices to members, a most gratifying rise in membership has been experienced, and the large amount of clerical work involved has been considered worth while. This notice may serve as a reminder to those who intend to renew their subscription, but have not yet done so.

The outstanding event of the last half-year was the Annual Ball held at the Paddington Town Hall in July. This was a most brilliant success, both socially and financially. About 400 people attended, and all voted the evening a pleasant and enjoyable one. The Union is indebted to the Headmaster for permission to use the School flag; to the Parents and Citizens' Association for the loan of several of their flags; to the Social Committee for the untiring effort they exerted to make the function so successful; to Dr. Hardwicke for the way he came to the rescue on numerous occasions with advice and help, and to the Treasurer for arranging the financial situation.

It has been suggested that the Union act as an Address Exchange, which means that an Old Boy of the School (but not

THE RECORD

necessarily a member of the Union) wishing to obtain the address of one of his classmates, with whom he has lost touch, should contact the Secretary. The undersigned is ready and willing to supply this information, and invites those concerned to write or 'phone him.

The Secretary regrets that he has caused some delay and inconvenience to members contacting him by telephone, and would like to clarify the situation with the following statement: The telephone number quoted is at his place of business. He may be reached there on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays only, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

No Personal Paragraphs were submitted for this issue of *The Record*, but these, similar to those in the June issue, will be welcomed by the undersigned.

L. TINGLE, *Honorary Secretary*,
'Phone: FM 3001. 432 New South Head Road,
DOUBLE BAY, N.S.W.

OLD BOYS AT THE UNIVERSITY

Congratulations to the following Old Boys who completed Third Year Medicine at the examinations held in August and September: A. L. Baccarini, E. M. Broadfoot, R. W. Burnett, C. H. Campbell, P. R. Casson, B. D. Cotton, H. W. Fogl, T. J. Hansen, H. Harris, L. M. Jacks, C. K. Lindsell, J. Lisyak, P. M. Marnie, B. L. Maybloom, J. Schneeweiss, O. B. Tofler, D. Wolfers.

Many were well placed in the distinction and credit lists. H. Harris gained high distinction in Physiology, distinction in Anatomy, and credit in Bio-chemistry. B. D. Cotton headed the high distinction list in Physiology. C. K. Lindsell, high distinction in Physiology, distinction in Bio-chemistry, and credit in Anatomy. C. H. Campbell, distinction in Anatomy and two credits. B. L. Maybloom, distinction in Physiology and two credits.

Research Scholar

E. E. Salpeter, who gained the University Medal and first-class honours at graduation in Science, and earlier this year received his Master's degree in Science, has been awarded the Commission for the Exhibition 1851 Scholarship for science research, and left in September for Birmingham University, where for the next three years he will concentrate upon research into nuclear physics.

Other Old Boys in England are Fred Edwards and Bruce Carter, who are having post-graduate training with a large engineering firm at Rugby, Jack Eastaway with a similar firm at Manchester, and Ron Bracewell, who is doing special research work into molecular physics at Cambridge University.

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University Appointments

Two distinguished Old Boys of the School were appointed to the professorial staff of Sydney University this year. Dr. Ian Henning became Professor of French after Professor G. G. Nicholson's retirement. Dr. Henning gained first-class honours in French and German at Sydney University. He went to France with a French Government training scholarship, where he gained a doctor's degree. He became lecturer in French at University College, Wellington, New Zealand, and later returned to Sydney to become senior lecturer in French.

Dr. Ralph Farrell succeeded Professor E. G. Waterhouse as Professor of German. Professor Farrell gained first-class honours in German at Sydney University, studied in Berlin, and gained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He has been senior lecturer in German at Sydney University for some years.

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, L. March 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.

MEETINGS: Third Thursday in each month at 8 p.m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

President: Mrs. A. V. Pickering.

Honorary Secretary: Mrs. R. Daly.

Honorary Treasurer: Mrs. R. A. Geary.

MEETINGS: Second Wednesday in each month at 1.30 p.m.

The financial support given to the Association for the year has been most gratifying. By such generous giving, parents, of course, manifest their interest in the wellbeing of the boys, but it is rather surprising that such a small number attend meetings where important decisions are made in the allocation of funds, and matters of topical interest in the School's welfare are discussed.

We would welcome more parents to the meeting on 3rd Thursday in each month.

So far this year advances have been made for the following objectives: Rowing, Library, Tennis Court Renovation, McKay Oval, Barrier for use at Oval.

Our Grounds Committee is endeavouring to have improvements effected on the playing area at McKay Oval, and to this end

£100 has been voted for attention to surface and purchase of top dressing.

Purchase of site for boatshed on Parramatta River is nearing completion. Five Trustees, comprising Headmaster, Dr. Winston (representing Old Boys' Union), Mr. Hallett (School Union), and Messrs. Edwards and Betty this Association, have been nominated, and the execution of contract is expected at an early date.

Consideration is now being given to the fitting celebration of the 21st anniversary of the inauguration of our Association. Tentative proposals are that the function be held in conjunction with the re-union held at the commencement of the first term in the New Year.

Opportunity is taken to congratulate producer, players and all concerned in the recent presentation of *Rising Generation*. Our thanks are extended for a most enjoyable evening.

The patronage to the P. and C. dances is still maintained, and the income from this source is of great assistance to the Association.

A dance will be held on 26th October, followed by the Christmas Party on December 7th, and the first dance in the New Year is scheduled for 1st February.

To all the boys presenting themselves at the forthcoming examinations, we extend our best wishes for successful results.

Ladies' Auxiliary

The Ladies' Auxiliary has continued to function as actively as ever, due to the enthusiasm and untiring efforts of a great many members. Already £475 has been handed to the P. and C. Association.

The President of the Auxiliary (Mrs. Pickering) again wishes to thank the members for their support during the year, and especially Mesdames Schey, Cohen and Hansman for making their homes available for parties, which were not only most enjoyable social functions, but resulted in substantial contributions to the funds raised by the ladies for the School. It is noteworthy that the announcement of the presentation by Mr. F. L. Davis of a racing four, complete with blades, was made upon the occasion of the party held at Mrs. Cohen's house.

Memorial Prize

It is pleasing to announce the completion of a proposal to honour the memory of the Headmaster's wife, Mrs. E. Killip, who died last January after a lengthy illness. Mrs. Killip had worked in close harmony with all organisations, having the welfare of the School at heart, and for ten years had made many friendly and happy contacts with the mothers of boys at the School. Her initiative, tact and judgment in giving effective and yet unobtrusive help to the Ladies' Auxiliary in its early years prepared the ground for the present cordial relationship with the Parents and Citizens'

THE RECORD

Association. During the war years her work for Old Boys in the services as a member of the Comforts Fund Committee was very much appreciated.

Early this year a meeting which was representative of all those who had worked with Mrs. Killip decided on some form of memorial. The Committee has done its work effectively. A sum of £150 has been raised and invested in the Security Loan, and for the next fifteen years the annual interest will provide a prize to be known as the "Mrs. E. Killip Memorial Prize." At the end of fifteen years, provision has been made for the capital sum to be used for the benefit of the School, and an appropriate plaque will record the nature of this permanent memorial.

The prize will be awarded this year to the Dux of a particular year, or if more than one prize is awarded, to the Dux of another year also.

SPORT

FOOTBALL

FIRST XV — C.H.S.

This year in the C.H.S. Competition the First XV suffered only one defeat (Congratulations to Fort Street on their well-deserved win over us!), and were premiers from Hurlstone and Fort Street. With comparatively few of last year's First XV back, the team, under Mr. O'Rourke's expert tuition, soon became a solid rather than brilliant combination. There were many hard games, and the School had many narrow wins in which team-work rather than individualism predominated. The team always had a fighting spirit, and many times came from behind to win.

In his first year of Rugby Union, Smee, as full-back, was safe, and a good man to have in the last line. The wingers, Tate and Freedman, particularly Tate, were speedy and always dangerous, while Freedman was sure in defence. The centres, McLellan and Thiering, excelled in defence, and were partly responsible for the small number of tries scored against us. Booth kicked for goal brilliantly at times, and was consistent at half-back, although he received little protection from his forwards and over-much attention from the opposing pack. The forwards were a hard-working pack, with Bell, Greenwood, Chenhall, Wilkinson and Linnane never stopping. Breakaways, March and Dearberg, never stopped chasing the opposing backs. Stewart, as well as winning a plentiful supply of the ball, kept the forwards going, and was a capable vice-captain.

Midway through the season, McLellan, Greenwood and Turner, who was Captain, represented C.H.S. First XV against University, while Tate, Bell, Wilkinson and Stewart played with C.H.S. Second XV against Teachers' College. At the conclusion of the season, Tate, McLellan, Greenwood and Turner (Captain) represented C.H.S. First XV, and Wilkinson, Booth, Chenhall and Smee, C.H.S. Second XV against G.P.S.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. Hurlstone Agricultural*—Won 6-3.
 „ *v. Sydney Technical High*—Won 15-3.
 „ *v. Homebush High*—Won 14-3.
 „ *v. North Sydney High*—Won 6-3.
 „ *v. North Sydney Technical High*—Won 5-3.
 „ *v. Parramatta High*—Won 6-0.
 „ *v. Fort Street*—Lost 6-9.
 „ *v. Canterbury High*—Won 16-6.

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FIRST XV — G.P.S.

This year the School Team and St. Joseph's College were co-premiers in the official G.P.S. Competition. S.H.S. appears on the G.P.S. Shield for the first time in the School's history. We extend our congratulations to St. Joseph's College, not only for sharing the competition with us, but for their splendid win over our team. During the season there were many memorable battles. The team started well with a narrow but well-earned win against Grammar, in which the result was in doubt until after the bell. We accounted for Riverview and Newington more easily, but then had to meet Scots, who had beaten St. Joseph's. After a scoreless first half the battle began, but, scoring a penalty goal and a try, our team was able to keep ahead and win. St. Joseph's, out to avenge last year's defeat and topple the leaders, did so in the season's best game. The scores were always close, and although we were beaten, the game was thoroughly enjoyed by spectators and players alike. After this, defeat by Shore would have meant the loss of the competition. After a hard rather than spectacular game, the School Team was victorious and won the competition with an easy win over King's.

The team was unlucky to lose Freedman midway through the season, but Fetherston ably filled the vacancy.

Turner (Captain), Stewart and Bell represented G.P.S. First XV; Tate and Greenwood, G.P.S. Second XV; and Smee and March, G.P.S. Third XV in the combined matches.

The team would like to thank Mr. O'Rourke for the coaching and help he gave us, without which our success would not have been possible.

Mr. Killip gave his utmost support throughout the season, and the team is indeed grateful to him for presenting to each player a mounted photograph. To celebrate the success of the First XV this year, Mr. Killip has also bought a photograph of the team to be hung in the School.

Our thanks also go to the ladies who provided afternoon tea after each G.P.S. match.

Results of Games

S.H.S. v. Sydney Grammar School—Won 8-6.

„ *v. Newington College—Won 17-12.*

„ *v. St. Ignatius College—Won 31-9.*

„ *v. The Scots College—Won 6-0.*

„ *v. St. Joseph's College—Lost 9-14.*

„ *v. Sydney Church of England Grammar School—Won 10-3.*

„ *v. The King's School—Won 36-3.*



FIRST XV—C.H.S. PREMIERS, G.P.S. CO-PREMIERS.

Back Row: J. DEARBERG, A. FREEDMAN, K. WILKINSON, W. DUVAL, R. TATE.

Second Row: M. MARCH, K. McLELLAN, B. THIERING, K. FETHERSTON, S. PETERSON, J. BELL, R. SMEE, A. SCOTT.

Front Row: J. CHENHALL, R. BOOTH, J. H. KILLIP, Esq. (Headmaster), P. TURNER (Captain), A. F. O'ROURKE, Esq. (Master-in-Charge), D. STEWART (Vice-Captain), N. GREENWOOD.

THE RECORD

SECOND XV

Second Grade had an enjoyable season this year. Although starting out shakily, they soon became moulded into a good combination, and finished as undefeated C.H.S. premiers, and third in the G.P.S. Competition. Here we wish to extend our congratulations to St. Joseph's College, who took the premiership.

During the season Duval, Peterson, Fetherston, Thompson and Scott played at times in First Grade, and Peard (half) and Duval (five-eighth) were absent for long periods through injuries.

The back line, which was inexperienced, gradually developed into a combination mainly through the experience and penetration of Duval. In Duval's absence Hews ably filled the five-eighth position. The halves, Peard and Mosely, shone behind the pack, both working the blind side effectively. Cook, Fetherston and Taylor, in the centres, developed as the season progressed into formidable defenders and nippy attackers. On the wings, Pfeifer, the leading try-scorer, and Scott, who topped the point score, often made penetrating dashes down the side line. Gallop, as full-back, was very safe, and continually turned defence into attack by tricky runs.

The forwards were one of the lightest packs in the competition, but they always did a good job except for some loose rucking. Andrews, the Captain, ably led the team, and combined with Dransfield and Banwell, formed a front row that was rarely beaten. In the second row, Thompson and Law supplied plenty of weight. Our breakaways, Peterson and Muller, played well, and shone in the loose. Hile, lock, excelled in cover defence. Say, who played as lock when injuries occurred, performed well.

A fine team spirit existed throughout the season and players when called upon from Third Grade played well.

Finally, to Mr. Allsopp goes the gratitude of this team for his valuable and enthusiastic coaching.

Results of Games

C.H.S. COMPETITION

- S.H.S. v. Hurlstone Agricultural*—Won 22-3.
- „ *v. Sydney Technical High*—Won 11-3.
- „ *v. Homebush High*—Won 3-0.
- „ *v. North Sydney High*—Drawn 3-3.
- „ *v. North Sydney Technical High*—Won 11-3.
- „ *v. Fort Street*—Won 12-9.
- „ *v. Canterbury High*—Won 11-0.

G.P.S. COMPETITION

- S.H.S. v. Sydney Grammar School*—Lost 11-16.
- „ *v. Newington College*—Won 20-5.
- „ *v. St. Ignatius' College*—Won 31-3.
- „ *v. The Scots College*—Won 9-6.
- „ *v. St. Joseph's College*—Lost 0-14.
- „ *v. Sydney Church of England Grammar*—Lost 3-16.
- „ *v. The King's School*—Won 13-5.

THIRD XV

The Third XV had a moderately successful season, finishing in third place, two points behind North Sydney Technical, and one point behind North Sydney. Our congratulations are offered to these two teams on their successes.

The team was fortunate in regard to injuries, although key players were sometimes missing from important matches owing to injuries in the higher grades. This gave a number of reserves an opportunity to play on occasions. Five matches were won, two drawn and one lost, 82 points being scored as against 32 by our opponents.

The backs were speedy, tackled well, and were never outplayed during the season. Loder and Plummer, at full-back, always tackled and kicked well, and were a sound last line of defence. McRae proved an opportune winger, scoring on frequent occasions, while Hughes, Harmer and Middleton also played well in that position. The centres, Robertson, McLarn and Musgrove, tackled well, and always penetrated, while Hews, at five-eighth, proved sound in getting his backs running. Mosely, the Captain and half, was the strength of the team. He always penetrated, and his goal-kicking helped considerably.

The forwards at first refused to pack tightly or go down on the ball, but when the pressure was on, they rose to the occasion, splendidly led by the vice-captain, Mitchell, who set a fine example to the forwards. The front row—Gillam, Conlon and Mitchell—rucked hard and gained their share of the ball, being ably assisted in the scrums and line-outs by Joass and Daniels in the second row. Say, at lock, and the breakaways, Lazarus and Robertson, repeatedly harassed the opposing backs. All the forwards played well in the open.

The reserves, Andrews, Silva, Thompson, McElroy and Page, trained keenly, and gave good displays when called upon. The thanks of the team go to the coach, Mr. Mitchell, who gave up much of his valuable time to the team. Without his help, and the general feeling of good-fellowship and team spirit, the side would never have done as well as it did.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. Hurlstone Agricultural—Won 25-0.*
- „ *v. Sydney Technical High—Won 5-3.*
- „ *v. Homebush High—Drew 0-0.*
- „ *v. North Sydney High—Won 16-6.*
- „ *v. North Sydney Technical High—Lost 3-5.*
- „ *v. Parramatta High—Won 13-3.*
- „ *v. Fort Street—Won 6-3.*
- „ *v. Canterbury High—Drew 14-14.*

THE RECORD

FOURTH XV

This season the Fourth XV, although a very light team, went through the season till the second-last game with a "clean sheet," and after a hard-fought game with Canterbury, finished with eight points against them. This success could not have been attained without the coaching and enthusiastic following of the coach, Mr. Rowlands.

The team wishes to congratulate Canterbury, who also remained undefeated till the last game against us. Although Canterbury scored an early try, our team stubbornly fought back and soon scored a well-earned try which was converted. Adopting grand defensive tactics in which Neill and Bird formed the bulwarks, the team held the hard-pressing Canterbury from the line till the final whistle.

As the season progressed the forwards built themselves into the competition's strongest pack. They were always inspired by the tigerish fire of the Captain, Barry Neill, who revelled in defence. He was always grandly supported by the classy forwards, Ingle, Gannon and hard-running Hutton. With a great weight disadvantage, Booth reliably hooked more than his share of the ball. Day, Morrow, Gell and Connellan played solid football in both rucks and loose play.

The fair share of ball obtained by the ruckmen was always used to the greatest advantage by the three-quarters who, under the eye of brilliant and safe full-back and vice-captain Bird, never let the team down. Polished work from the base of the scrum was characteristic of Ramsay, a nuisance to the opposition. Taylor, our reliable goal-kicker; Steel, a penetrating centre; and hard-running wingers, Seddon and Griffiths, were always dangerous in attack. Pearce, with outstanding speed, took full advantage of the slightest openings, often finishing under the posts.

In all games the team's successes were due to scientific playing, fine team spirit and clean, strong persistence.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. Hurlstone Agricultural—Won 28-0.
- „ v. Sydney Technical High—Won 16-0.
- „ v. Homebush High—Won 3-0.
- „ v. North Sydney High—Won 18-0.
- „ v. North Sydney Technical High—Won 27-0.
- „ v. Parramatta High—Won 14-0.
- „ v. Fort Street—Won 22-5.
- „ v. Canterbury High—Won 5-3.

FIFTH XV

This year, Fifth Grade did not have a very successful year, mainly owing to the number of injuries, and also because of the light weights of the forwards and backs; but even though we lost

the game, we were not defeated until the final whistle went. This was shown in the match against Fort Street, when nineteen points were scored against us in a quarter of an hour, but we settled down and did not allow further scores for the rest of the game.

Early in the season, and for most of the games, we felt the loss of full-back P. Davis and hooker Clift due to illness.

Forward honours go to Middlemiss for his solid defence, and K. Davis, while those who were outstanding in the backs were Podmore, Snellgrove and Bayfield on the wing.

Hopper ably led the team, who thank Mr. Frappell for his coaching and advice.

In conclusion, we congratulate Hurlstone, the premiers, and Canterbury, the runners-up.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. Hurlstone Agricultural*—Lost 9-5.
- „ *v. Sydney Technical High*—Lost 0-8.
- „ *v. Homebush High*—Drew 6-6.
- „ *v. North Sydney High*—Lost 0-6.
- „ *v. North Sydney Technical High*—Won 9-8.
- „ *v. Parramatta High*—Lost 5-7.
- „ *v. Fort Street*—Lost 0-19.
- „ *v. Canterbury High*—Lost 3-18.

SIXTH XV

The Sixths started the season well with a win and a draw, but then had the misfortune to lose Gilmour, a winger of promise, and later in the season, McNamara, one of the outstanding backs. In spite of these setbacks, the team settled down and made good progress. In the final game they held the winners of the competition, Canterbury, for most of the game, and at one stage it seemed as if High might win. However, Canterbury deserved their win, and we congratulate them on winning the premiership.

The backs, Harris, Purdy, McNamara, Craig, Gilmour, Dumbrell, B. Newall and Cureton were a light combination, and in the early games Purdy (Captain) and McNamara (Vice-Captain) played very fine football. Later on, the half (Harris) and the full-back (Cureton) showed improvement, and should do well next year.

The forwards as a group showed more improvement than the backs. Holland, Phillips, Black and Goldberg played consistently, and received good support from Wolfe, Widerberg and Rankin.

A pleasing feature was the keenness shown towards the end of the season. This looks hopeful for 1947. Our thanks are due to Mr. Coffey for his assistance and advice to the team.



SECOND XV—UNDEFEATED C.H.S. PREMIERS.

Back Row: A. PFEIFER, K. FETHERSTON, J. GALLOP, W. DUVAL, P. SAY, D. MOSELY.
 Second Row: A. MITCHELL, D. TAYLOR, R. BANWELL, J. McRAE, R. LAW, W. COOK, R. DANIELS, S. PETERSON.
 Front Row: R. MULLER, D. DRANSFIELD, R. ANDREWS, F. J. ALLSOPP, Esq. (Master-in-Charge), A. SCOTT, J. HYLE, R. THOMPSON, R. HEWS, W. PEARD.



THIRD XV.

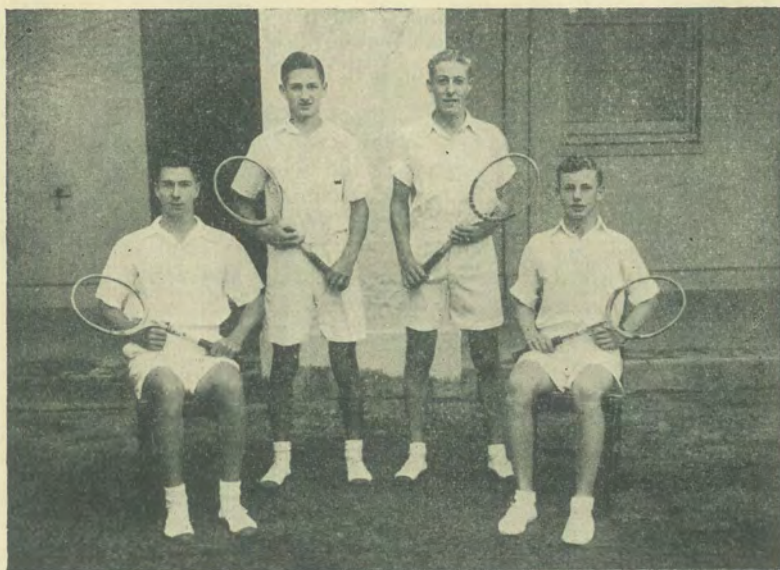
Back Row: G. ROBERTSON, R. SILVA, R. LODER, N. THOMPSON, R. DANIELS, J. PLUMMER, B. HUGHES.
 Second Row: K. ANDREWS, C. McELROY, H. PAGE, K. HARMER, P. SAY, A. JOASS, P. MUSGROVE, E. McLARN, H. MIDDLETON.
 Front Row: L. LAZARUS, J. ROBERTSON, D. MOSELY, A. R. MITCHELL, Esq. (Master-in Charge), A. MITCHELL, I. CONLON, J. McRAE, W. GILLAM, R. HEWS.

THE RECORD



FOURTH XV—C.H.S. UNDEFEATED PREMIERS.

Back Row: T. STEEL, A. WHITTING, B. INGLE, J. SEDDON, A. GRIFFITH.
 Second Row: H. BOOTH, N. GANNON, B. GELL, M. DAY, J. READ, B. TAYLOR,
 N. CONNELLAN, J. DEXTER.
 Front Row: R. MORROW, D. HUTTON, B. NEAL, W. ROWLANDS, Esq. (Master-in-
 Charge), G. BIRD, N. PEARCE, J. RAMSAY.



FIRST GRADE TENNIS TEAM.

Left to Right: K. FETHERSTON, A. ALLE, P. BARTSCH, B. LATTER.

THE RECORD

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. Hurlstone Agricultural*—Drew 6-6.
„ *v. Sydney Technical High*—Lost 3-6.
„ *v. Homebush High*—Won 3-0.
„ *v. North Sydney High*—Lost 3-18.
„ *v. North Sydney Technical High*—Lost 0-6.
„ *v. Parramatta High*—Lost 9-11.
„ *v. Fort Street*—No game (points divided).
„ *v. Canterbury High*—Lost 0-8.

CLASS FOOTBALL

Twenty-seven teams took part in this year's competition. The winners of the year championships are: 1B1, 2D1 and 3B. The matches against Tech. are now established as a regular part of the season's activities.

It would be impossible to control a competition as large as this without the assistance of the pupils. The thanks of the School are due to those boys who so competently acted as referees, line-men and first-aiders.

TENNIS

Tennis this year was fortunate in that the four School courts were entirely reconditioned and a number of new nets obtained. It is to be hoped that the class tennis players will keep up their interest in the sport, as it is from them that the grade teams of next year will be formed.

The C.H.S. Tennis Competition was continued this year during the winter season, and, as usual, the School entered four teams. The First, Second and Third Grade Teams each gained fourth place in their respective competitions. On the whole, the standard of play was good, and we look forward to a successful season next year. Thanks are due to Mesdames Cochrane and Smith for their help and co-operation during the season.

The teams were as follows:—

First Grade—A. Alle (Capt.), P. Bartsch, K. Fetherston, B. Latter.

Second Grade—N. Snellgrove (Capt.), S. Shineberg, J. Singer, T. Vagg.

Third Grade—H. Davis (Capt.), M. Mishkel, V. Solomons, G. Tofler, R. Way.

Fourth Grade—B. Daly (Capt.), B. Connelly, H. Herman, J. Wolfenson.

ROWING

The School was delighted to learn in August of two liberal bequests to rowing funds. An Old Boy, who wishes to remain incognito, made a splendid donation of £200 to provide an "Eight" to be named "Frank McMullen," in memory of a former Headmaster of the School who retired in 1935, and who died suddenly last year.

The second generous donation was from Mr. Frank L. Davis, of Chapman's Pty. Ltd., who presented a cheque for £125 to provide a "Four" with sets of blades, the boat to be named "Frank L. Davis." The cheque was handed to the Headmaster on behalf of the donor by Mr. H. G. Alderson, *M.B.E.*, President of the N.S.W. Rowing Association, at a School assembly. Mr. Alderson, in making the presentation, said that Mr. Davis had always been interested in boys and in rowing. He gave a short talk on sport and sportsmanship, illustrating his remarks with incidents drawn from a wide experience of sport and association with Olympic teams.

After the Headmaster had expressed the thanks of the School, Mr. Davis addressed the School, and hoped that the new "Four" would carry many crews to victory.

SWIMMING

Results of S.H.S. Carnival, 1st March, 1946

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS

- 880 Yards—E. G. Taylor 1, K. Andrews 2, B. Thiering 3 (12 mins. 47 secs.).
 440 Yards—K. Andrews 1, R. Banwell 2, K. Weir 3 (6 mins. 12 secs.).
 220 Yards—K. Andrews 1, R. Banwell 2, K. Weir 3 (2 mins. 46.1 secs.).
 100 Yards—D. G. Stewart 1, K. Andrews 2, R. Banwell 3 (66 secs.).
 50 Yards—K. Andrews 1, R. Banwell 2, M. March 3 (28.2 secs.).
 100 Yards Breaststroke—K. Kuhn 1, K. Andrews 2, H. Page 3 (1 min. 23.3 secs.).
 50 Yards Backstroke—R. Banwell 1, I. Conlon 2, A. Mitchell 3 (38.7 secs.).
 Dive—I. Conlon 1, G. Hannan 2, N. Greenwood 3.
 POINTS—K. Andrews 39, R. Banwell 29½, I. Conlon 13.

UNDER 16 CHAMPIONSHIPS

- 440 Yards—R. Smee 1, B. Thiering 2, D. G. Robertson 3 (6 mins. 22 secs.).
 220 Yards—R. Smee 1, B. Thiering 2, D. G. Robertson 3 (2 mins. 46.3 secs.).

THE RECORD

- 100 Yards—R. Smee 1, B. Thiering 2, D. G. Robertson 3 (63.8 secs.).
 50 Yards—R. Smee 1, B. Thiering 2, D. G. Robertson 3 (27.8 secs.).
 50 Yards *Breaststroke*—R. Smee 1, P. Powell 2, P. Ryan 3 (38.2 secs.).
 50 Yards *Backstroke*—B. Thiering 1, R. Smee 2, P. Ryan 3 (36.2 secs.).
Dive—P. Musgrove 1, J. Gallop 2, B. Thiering and K. Bloodworth 3.
 POINTS—R. Smee 45, B. Thiering 31, D. G. Robertson 12.

UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIPS

- 440 Yards—E. G. Taylor 1, P. Musgrove 2, B. Bennett 3 (5 mins. 45.8 secs.—Record).
 220 Yards—E. G. Taylor 1, P. Musgrove 2, R. Daniels 3 (2 mins. 33½ secs.—Record).
 100 Yards—E. G. Taylor 1, P. Musgrove 2, B. Bennett 3 (61.6 secs.—Record).
 50 Yards—E. G. Taylor 1, P. Musgrove 2, B. Bennett 3 (26.9 secs.—Record).
 50 Yards *Breaststroke*—E. G. Taylor 1, B. Bennett 2, P. Musgrove 3 (37.2 secs.—Record).
 50 Yards *Backstroke*—E. G. Taylor 1, B. Blanch 2, P. Musgrove 3 (34.4 secs.—Record).
 POINTS—E. G. Taylor 48, P. Musgrove 34, B. Bennett 14.

UNDER 14 CHAMPIONSHIPS

- 220 Yards—J. Kerr 1, B. Christiansen 2, E. Proudfoot 3 (3 mins. 31.2 secs.).
 100 Yards—J. Kerr 1, B. Christiansen 2, N. Pearce 3 (74.2 secs.).
 50 Yards—J. Kerr 1, N. Pearce 2, B. Christiansen 3 (30.6 secs.).
 50 Yards *Breaststroke*—B. Mackey 1, E. Proudfoot 2, L. Coleman 3 (44 secs.).
 50 Yards *Backstroke*—E. Proudfoot 1, N. Pearce 2, R. Morrow 3 (44.1 secs.).
Dive—O. Middlemiss 1, R. Morrow 2, T. Schubert 3.
 POINTS—J. Kerr 24, E. Proudfoot 19, B. Christiansen 13, and N. Pearce 13.

UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIPS

- 100 Yards—F. Williams 1, J. B. Mealey 2, C. Galea 3 (77 secs.).
 50 Yards—F. Williams 1, J. B. Mealey 2, P. Davis 3 (33.2 secs.).

THE RECORD

50 Yards Breaststroke—F. Williams 1, M. Taylor 2, P. Wolfe 3 (44 secs.—Record).

50 Yards Backstroke—F. Williams 1, R. Seeney 2, J. B. Mealey 3 (44.5 secs.—Record).

POINTS—F. Williams 32, J. B. Mealey 13, M. Taylor 7.

Results of C.H.S. Carnival, 13th and 14th March, 1946

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS (BRILLIANTSHINE SHIELD)

880 Yards—Div. 1: E. G. Taylor 3; Div. 2: K. Andrews 2.

440 Yards—Div. 1: K. Andrews 5; Div. 2: R. Banwell 3.

220 Yards—Div. 1: K. Andrews 5.

110 Yards—Div. 2: K. Andrews 4.

55 Yards—Div. 1: K. Andrews 5.

110 Yards Breaststroke—Div. 2: R. Banwell 1 (1 min. 31.2 secs.).

CHAMPION SCHOOL—1, N.S.T.; 2, Newcastle; 3, Canterbury.

JUNIOR UNDER 16 CHAMPIONSHIPS (JUNIOR CHALLENGE SHIELD)

440 Yards—Div. 1: R. Smee 5; Div. 2: B. Thiering 3.

220 Yards—Div. 1: R. Smee 5; Div. 2: B. Thiering 2.

110 Yards—Div. 1: R. Smee 4; Div. 2: B. Thiering 2.

55 Yards—Div. 2: B. Thiering 1 (31 secs.).

55 Yards Breaststroke—Div. 1: R. Smee 5.

55 Yards Backstroke—Div. 1: B. Thiering 4.

Dive—Div. 1: P. Musgrove 1; Div. 2: J. Gallop 4.

Relay—S.H.S. (E. G. Taylor, P. Musgrove, R. Smee, B. Thiering) 1 (2 mins. 5.1 secs.—Record).

JUNIOR UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIPS

440 Yards—Div. 1: E. G. Taylor 1 (5 mins. 48.1 secs.—Record); Div. 2: P. Musgrove 1 (6 mins. 8.6 secs.).

220 Yards—Div. 1: E. G. Taylor 1 (2 mins. 36.5 secs.—Record); Div. 2: P. Musgrove 1 (2 mins. 46.6 secs.).

110 Yards—Div. 1: E. G. Taylor 1 (1 min. 8.3 secs.); Div. 2: P. Musgrove 1 (1 min. 10.3 secs.).

55 Yards—Div. 1: P. Musgrove 2; Div. 2: B. Bennett 1 (31.4 secs.).

55 Yards Backstroke—Div. 1: E. G. Taylor 1 (37.2 secs.); Div. 2: B. Blanch 1 (39.5 secs.).

CHAMPION SCHOOL FOR JUNIOR EVENTS—1, S.H.S. (130); 2, N. Sydney; 3, N.S.T.

JUVENILE UNDER 14 CHAMPIONSHIPS

220 Yards—Div. 1: J. Kerr 4; Div. 2: B. Christiansen 2.

110 Yards—Div. 1: J. Kerr 4; Div. 2: B. Christiansen 2.

55 Yards—Div. 2: N. Pearce 2.

55 Yards Breaststroke—Div. 2: D. Anderson 3.

THE RECORD

55 Yards Backstroke—Div. 1: E. Proudfoot 3; Div. 2: N. Pearce 2.

Juvenile Relay—S.H.S. (J. Kerr, N. Pearce, B. Christiansen, R. Morrow) 1 (2 mins. 26.9 secs.).

JUVENILE UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIPS

110 Yards—Div. 1: F. Williams 3; Div. 2: J. Mealey 2.

55 Yards—Div. 1: F. Williams 4; Div. 2: J. Mealey 4.

55 Yards Breaststroke—Div. 2: M. Taylor 3.

55 Yards Backstroke—Div. 1: F. Williams 5; Div. 2: J. Mealey 1.

JUVENILE POINT SCORE—1, Cessnock (87); 2, Sydney (76½); 3, N.S.T. (53).

GRAND CHAMPION SCHOOL—1, S.H.S. (234½); 2, N.S.T. (206); 3, N. Sydney (158½).

ATHLETICS

For many years now High has been justly proud of its standard in Athletics, and 1946 performances gave little cause for disappointment.

In the C.H.S. Carnival we gained two wins and two seconds. The Seniors went down to a fine Canterbury team by two points, and the Juveniles were defeated by the same school, but the Juniors won so convincingly that the coveted aggregate pennant was never in doubt.

The G.P.S. Carnival this year regained its fine pre-war flavour, and provided a scintillating meeting with track events of very high standard. Our Seniors were forced into fourth place, and congratulations go to Grammar for a clean-cut victory. Clapin, of that school, joins the select band of even time men for the hundred.

The Junior Competition provided High with more than its share of thrills. Both the Under 16 and Under 15 Relay Teams appeared sound, and were confidently expected to win, possibly in record time; yet each committed breaches curtailing disqualification. This presented the opposition with some forty points, normally more than enough to wreck any chance of winning, yet so solid was the team throughout that the setback was hardly noticeable on the score-board, and the final victory seemed never in doubt. Our congratulations to Newington, who were runners-up in the division.

Naming individuals who performed well in High's Junior Team almost demands a full list of our representatives, but perhaps Middleton, Blanch, Burke, N. Pearce, Eiszele, O'Farrell, Daly, Colley and Marks could well be singled out.

Middleton's run of 23.3 seconds in the Junior 220, 5ft. 1in. by Daly in the Under 14 High Jump, 10.8 for N. Pearce in the

What Now— Young Men?

To those leaving school this year and crossing the threshold that separates boys from men, we ask: "After these coming Christmas holidays, you take your place in the world as adults—what now, young men?"

What kind of position should you take? What is your future to be? What will you be earning 5 or 10 years from now? You know full well that the answer to all those questions is another question: What kind of training will you have had?

A discussion with one or other of our Advisers costs you nothing and does not bind you to take up any line of study at the M.B.C., but it may prove really helpful. We may advise you to carry on through University. We may suggest a scientific or mechanical career, rather than a business. But the majority of you will be business men, and to those we offer sound, efficient business training in all branches, including Accountancy, on which you can build a prosperous, successful future.

DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. Your position in future years depends almost entirely on what you do now; and so we cordially invite you to call in or write.

METROPOLITAN **BUSINESS**
COLLEGE

Summerhayes House, 6 Dalley Street, Sydney BU 5921



SENIOR ATHLETES—RUNNERS-UP, C.H.S. CARNIVAL, 1946.

Back Row: A. DUNLOP, A. ALLE, J. GALLOP, G. BIRD.
 Front Row: A. PFEIFER, M. HUDSON, W. ROWLANDS, L. A. BASSER, Esq. (Master-in-Charge), R. TATE, D. MULLINGER, V. SOLOMONS.
 Absent: K. McLELLAN.



G.P.S. JUNIOR ATHLETES, PREMIERS, 1946.

Back Row: J. BOSLER, O. MARKS, D. HUTTON, D. BERNARD, O. FRY, N. BAYFIELD.
 Second Row: P. EISZELE, B. BLANCH, W. BARCLAY, J. O'FARRELL, J. ADAIR, J. PEARCE, N. PEARCE.
 Front Row: P. POWELL, R. BURKE, L. A. BASSER, Esq., H. MIDDLETON, H. EDMONDS, Esq., W. STEPHENS, B. DALY.
 Sitting: D. COLLEY.



C.H.S. JUNIOR ATHLETES, PREMIERS, 1946.

Back Row: J. PEARCE, N. POWELL, W. BARCLAY, W. STEPHENS, J. ADAIR, G. HUGHES, M. KNIBBS.
Front Row: P. EISZELE, B. BLANCH, H. MIDDLETON, L. A. BASSER, Esq., R. BURKE, R. SMEE, N. PEARCE.



C.H.S. JUVENILE ATHLETES, RUNNERS-UP, 1946.

Back Row: R. DAVIES, G. GOULD, O. FRY, M. CARSE, O. MARKS, D. COLLEY.
Front Row: N. BAYFIELD, D. BERNARD, J. BOSLER, H. EDMONDS, Esq. (Master-in-Charge), J. O'FARRELL, A. EPSTEIN, B. DALY.

THE RECORD

Under 15 100 Yards, and a narrow defeat of 14-year-old Burke in 12.5 seconds in the Junior Hurdles, were all quality performances.

In the Under 17 Division of the Senior Team, Tate and Rowlands were outstanding, and their speed will be very useful next year.

McLellan, Solomons and Mullinger also scored fairly well.

Our School Carnival, held back in August, provided interesting competition, IVc taking the class pennant.

Following are the detailed results:—

S.H.S. Carnival

Senior Point Score (F. Albert Cup)—K. McLellan (1), W. Rowlands (2).

Senior 100 Yards (A. M. Eedy Cup)—R. Tate.

Senior Mile (R. Macarthur Memorial Cup)—J. Gallop.

Junior Point Score—H. Middleton.

Under 15 Point Score (B. Elder Memorial)—R. Burke.

Under 14 Point Score—J. Bosler.

Under 13 Point Score—D. Colley and O. Fry.

F. P. Kaad Trophy for most improved Hurdler or Broad Jumper—R. Burke.

G.P.S. Meeting

SENIOR RESULTS.

Event.	Division and Name.	Place and Time.
100 YARDS— <i>Under 17</i>	Div. 1—W. Rowlands	2nd, 10.5 secs.
" "—" "	Div. 2—R. Tate	1st, 10.4 secs.
100 YARDS— <i>Open</i>	Div. 2—L. Dawson	4th, 10.5 secs.
220 YARDS— <i>Under 17</i>	R. Tate	2nd, 22.6 secs.
220 YARDS— <i>Open</i>	W. Rowlands	5th, 22.2 secs.
440 YARDS— <i>Open</i>	Div. 2—A. Pfeifer	4th, 52.3 secs.
880 YARDS— <i>Open</i>	Div. 2—A. Dunlop	5th, 2 mins. 5.5 secs.
HURDLES— <i>3ft. 6ins.</i>	K. McLellan	3rd, 16.5 secs.
BROAD JUMP	P. Mullinger	4th, 21ft. 5½ins.
	W. Rowlands	2nd, 44.8 secs.
RELAY	R. Tate	
	V. Solomons	
	P. Mullinger	

JUNIOR RESULTS.

UNDER 16.

Event.	Division and Name.	Place and Time.
100 YARDS	Div. 1—H. Middleton	2nd, 10.5 secs.
" "—" "	Div. 2—B. Blanch	2nd, 10.8 secs.
220 YARDS	H. Middleton	1st, 23.3 secs.
880 YARDS	Div. 2—D. Hutton	3rd, 2 mins. 14 secs.
90 YARDS HURDLES	R. Burke	2nd, 12.5 secs.

UNDER 15.

100 YARDS	Div. 1—R. Burke	2nd, 11 secs.
" "—" "	Div. 2—N. Pearce	1st, 10.8 secs.
220 YARDS	R. Burke	2nd, 24 secs.

THE RECORD

UNDER 14.

100 YARDS
" "
220 YARDS
HIGH JUMP

Div. 1—J. O'Farrell
Div. 2—D. Bernard
J. O'Farrell
B. Daly
J. O'Farrell
J. Bosler
D. Bernard
N. Bayfield

1st, 11.5 secs.
3rd, 11.5 secs.
1st, 25.3 secs.
1st, 5ft. lin.
1st, 51 secs.

RELAY

UNDER 13.

100 YARDS
" "
220 YARDS

Div. 1—O. Marks
Div. 2—D. Colley
O. Fry

2nd, 12 secs.
1st, 12.5 secs.
5th, 27 secs.

C.H.S. Meeting

SENIOR RESULTS.

Event.
100 YARDS
220 YARDS
HURDLES
440 YARDS
380 YARDS
HIGH JUMP
BROAD JUMP
" "
SHOT PUTT
" "
RELAY

Division and Name.
Div. 2—R. Tait
Div. 1—R. Tait
Div. 2—K. McLellan
Div. 2—K. McLellan
Div. 2—A. Dunlop
Div. 2—A. Pfeifer
Div. 1—P. Mullinger
Div. 2—K. McLellan
Div. 1—M. Hudson
Div. 2—P. Mullinger

Place and Time.
2nd, 10.4 secs.
2nd, 22.5 secs.
1st, 16.5 secs.
3rd, 55.5 secs.
3rd, 2 mins. 9.5 secs.
1st, 5ft. 4ins.
2nd, 20ft. 8½ins.
1st, 20ft. 4½ins.
2nd, 39ft. 5½ins.
3rd, 38ft. 6½ins.
2nd, 44.5 secs.

JUNIOR RESULTS.

Event.
100 YARDS
" "
220 YARDS
" "
HURDLES
" "
440 YARDS
" "
HIGH JUMP
BROAD JUMP
SHOT PUTT
" "
RELAY

Division and Name.
Div. 2—H. Middleton
Div. 1—P. Eiszele
Div. 1—H. Middleton
Div. 2—P. Eiszele
Div. 1—H. Middleton
Div. 2—P. Powell
Div. 1—B. Blanch
Div. 2—W. Barclay
Div. 2—P. Powell
Div. 2—H. Middleton
Div. 1—R. Smee
Div. 2—M. Knibbs

Place and Time.
2nd, 10.4 secs.
5th, 10.3 secs.
4th, 23.3 secs.
2nd, 23.8 secs.
3rd, 13 secs.
1st, 13.3 secs.
2nd, 54.6 secs.
1st, 56.8 secs.
5th, 5ft. 3ins.
4th, 18ft. 11ins.
3rd, 44ft. 2ins.
5th, 40ft. 6ins.
4th, 47.4 secs.

UNDER 15.

100 YARDS
" "
220 YARDS
" "
HURDLES
" "
BROAD JUMP
" "
HIGH JUMP
SHOT PUTT
" "
RELAY

Div. 1—R. Burke
Div. 2—N. Pearce
Div. 1—R. Burke
Div. 2—N. Pearce
Div. 1—R. Burke
Div. 2—J. Adair
Div. 1—R. Burke
Div. 2—J. Adair
Div. 2—G. Hughes
Div. 1—R. Burke
Div. 2—P. Stanley

3rd, 10.8 secs.
1st, 10.8 secs.
1st, 24.1 secs.
1st, 24.8 secs.
1st, 12.8 secs. (Record)
4th, 14 secs.
2nd, 19ft. 7½ins.
1st, 18ft. 1in.
2nd, 5ft. 2ins.
2nd, 46ft. 6ins.
3rd, 36ft. 5ins.
1st, 47.6 secs. (Record)

THE RECORD

JUVENILE RESULTS

UNDER 14.

Event.	Division and Name.	Place and Time.
100 YARDS	Div. 1—D. Bernard	2nd, 11.5 secs.
" "	Div. 2—J. O'Farrell	1st, 11.4 secs.
220 YARDS	Div. 2—J. O'Farrell	1st, 25.3 secs.
HIGH JUMP	Div. 1—B. Daly	1st, 4ft. 11ins.
" "	Div. 2—P. Epstein	4th, 4ft. 9ins.
RELAY	J. O'Farrell	1st, 51 secs.
	J. Bosler	
	D. Bernard	
	N. Bayfield	

UNDER 13.

100 YARDS	Div. 1—O. Marks	5th, 12.1 secs.
BROAD JUMP	Div. 1—D. Colley	5th, 14ft. 8ins.
RELAY	O. Marks	3rd
	O. Fry	
	D. Colley	
	R. Davies	

Each year the now formidable School record list is anxiously scanned, and attempts are made to edge out the stalwarts of old and to raise the standard to a new level.

This year, R. Burke almost made a clean sweep of the Under 15 record list, and N. Pearce (100 Yards—10.8 secs.), J. Pearce and J. Adair joined him in equalling the relay record for good measure.

H. Middleton equalled the Under 16 220 Yards in 23.3 secs.

Here is the record list to date:—

S.H.S. A.A.C. Records

SENIOR

Event.	Name.	Comp.	Year.	Time.
100 YARDS	R. Ashbarry	C.H.S.	1930	10.4 secs.
" "	T. H. Kiely	C.H.S.	1933	10.4 secs.
" "	H. I. Dent	C.H.S.	1938	10.4 secs.
" "	F. P. Kaad	G.P.S.	1939	10.4 secs.
220 YARDS	R. Ashbarry	G.P.S.	1930	22.4 secs.
440 YARDS	T. H. Kiely	G.P.S.	1933	51 secs.
880 YARDS	R. Fagg	G.P.S.	1939	2 mins. 2 secs.
1 MILE	H. Hall	G.P.S.	1933	4 mins. 46 secs.
3ft. 6in. HURDLES	F. P. Kaad	G.P.S.	1938-9	15.5 secs.
3ft. 3in. HURDLES	F. P. Kaad	C.H.S.	1938	14.9 secs.*
HIGH JUMP	J. L. Wall	G.P.S.	1935	6ft. 2½ins.*
BROAD JUMP	J. L. Wall	S.H.S.	1935	23ft. 9½ins.*
SHOT PUTT	R. V. Clark	C.H.S.	1933	49ft. 1½ins.*
4 x 110 RELAY	S.H.S.	G.P.S.	1938	43.5 secs.*
100 YARDS—Under 17	E. Morcombe	G.P.S.	1943	10.3 secs.*
220 YARDS—Under 17	E. Morcombe	G.P.S.	1943	22.7 secs.

* Record for the Meeting.

THE RECORD

JUNIOR

Event.	Name.	Comp.	Year.	Time.
100 YARDS	E. Morcombe	G.P.S.	1942	10.5 secs.*
" "	B. Lewis	G.P.S.	1943	10.5 secs.*
220 YARDS	R. Dethick	C.H.S.	1941	23.3 secs.*
" "	H. Middleton	G.P.S.	1946	23.3 secs.
440 YARDS	R. Fagg	C.H.S.	1938	53.7 secs.*
880 YARDS	R. Fagg	S.H.S.	1938	2 min. 9.8 sec.
90 YARDS HURDLES	F. P. Kaad	G.P.S.	1935	12.4 secs.
HIGH JUMP	N. Browne	G.P.S.	1945	5ft. 6ins.
BROAD JUMP	R. M. Mackie	G.P.S.	1934	20ft. 6½ins.
SHOT PUTT	R. Higham	C.H.S.	1934	47ft. 4½ins.
4 x 110 RELAY	S.H.S.	G.P.S.	1943	46.8 secs.
" "	S.H.S.	C.H.S.	1945	46.8 secs.*

UNDER 15 YEARS

100 YARDS	R. Dethick	C.H.S.	1940	10.8 secs.
" "	N. Pearce	C.H.S.	1946	10.8 secs.
" "	R. Burke	C.H.S.	1946	10.8 secs.
220 YARDS	R. Burke	C.H.S.	1946	24 secs.*
90 YARDS HURDLES	R. Burke	C.H.S.	1946	12.8 secs.*
HIGH JUMP	N. Browne	S.H.S.	1946	5ft. 3½ins.
SHOT PUTT	R. Burke	S.H.S.	1946	48ft. 6ins.
BROAD JUMP	R. Burke	C.H.S.	1946	18ft. 7½ins.
RELAY	S.H.S.	G.P.S.	1945	47.6 secs.
"	S.H.S.	C.H.S.	1946	47.6 secs.*

UNDER 14 YEARS

100 YARDS	L. C. Cooke	S.H.S.	1934	11 secs.
220 YARDS	B. B. Blanch	G.P.S.	1944	24.8 secs.*
60 YARDS HURDLES	R. Burke	C.H.S.	1945	9.3 secs.*
HIGH JUMP	N. Browne	C.H.S.	1944	5ft. 3½ins.
BROAD JUMP	R. Dethick	C.H.S.	1939	18ft. 7½ins.
RELAY	S.H.S.	G.P.S.	1944	50.2 secs.

UNDER 13 YEARS

100 YARDS	N. Pearce	G.P.S.	1944	11.8 secs.*
220 YARDS	N. Pearce	G.P.S.	1944	27.2 secs.
HIGH JUMP	N. Browne	C.H.S.	1943	5ft. lin.*
BROAD JUMP	J. Bosler	C.H.S.	1945	15ft. 7ins.
RELAY	S.H.S.	C.H.S.	1945	54.3 secs.*

* Record for the Meeting.

The team's thanks are due, as ever, to the skilful coaching of Mr. L. A. Bassar and Mr. H. Edmonds, to whom they owe much of their success. With such a galaxy of Junior talent, 1947 should prove an interesting Athletics Year, although the big teams needed for modern competitions demand that everyone in the School pulls his full weight.

ATHLETICS COMMITTEE.

LITERARY

MISS MUFFET REVISITED

I came across an old nursery-rhyme book of mine the other day, and, for want of anything better to do, I let my eyes wander over the pages; moreover, being in "vacant and in pensive mood," mused upon some of the verses which so delighted my fancy at a far remote age, regarding them, however, in the cold light of sophisticated reason. How disappointed I was! I could no longer appreciate the inherent simplicity; my mind completely dispelled the wonderful magic in which they were formerly steeped. Thus comes one of the many curses of advancing years . . .

*Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
When up came a spider and sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.*

Miss Muffet is obviously a neurotic of most peculiar disposition. She appears to exist in a rural setting, so must have been aware that all manner of singular, not to say unpleasant, creatures flourish out of doors in such a locality. Of course, we are presuming that it is a rural setting from the word "tuffet"—assuming, naturally, that the word "tuffet" is a diminutive form of "tuft," and that the lady of the poem is not so eccentric as to seat herself upon a tuft of grass indoors. And again, it seems scarcely likely that she is of such meagre avoirdupois as to be able to ensconce herself with any degree of comfort on a mere tuft of grass, so there is some incongruity. There are those who have represented her as seated upon a kind of hassock, but this is unwarranted by the text; nothing is more certain that there is some motive (obscure though it may be) for deliberately distorting the given facts, an inexcusable fault in literary criticism.

I have remarked that Miss Muffet is of peculiar disposition, and I reassert it here. Apparently she is possessed of a perfect digestion, and her palate has become so deadened that she is able to consume sour milk with relish, nevertheless, with not so much relish that she hesitates to abandon it when set upon by the spider. Thus we must come to the conclusion that she has a not very good appetite, or else she would not discard her hard-earned nutriment, though of such unsavoury ingredients.

Again, the spider, as the other character of this story, merits a word. An interesting animal, it prefers human society to that of its own race, and it is strange that Miss Muffet should take umbrage at its earnest desire for fraternisation.

*Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece as white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
That lamb was sure to go.*

An unusual poem—we are told next to nothing. Not, of course, that this is anything new: Tennyson and Wordsworth invariably adopted the practice, but, from the author of a nursery-rhyme we expect something better. At least in *Miss Muffet* we have a story, a drama enacted before us; but this poem is completely devoid thereof. We have a mere statement of fact—"Mary had a little lamb." To add that "its fleece was white as snow" is unnecessary, since all lambs' fleeces are white, except, perhaps, the coat of that unaccommodating creature of "Baa, Baa Black Sheep." It is redundant to mention that the lamb assiduously pursued its mistress, since this is the annoying practice of all such domesticated animals, nor yet is the practice confined to the animal orders. But I can say no more—the uncompromising author (anonymous) insists upon depriving me of data for further thoughts.

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.*

Ah! The inadvisability of sitting on walls! Herein we read of the sad fate of H.D., oh unhappy fellow! At least, these four lines can preach us a moral of sorts, though it is somewhat obscure as to why *imperial* forces should be drawn into the matter. (I have read somewhere that "Humpty Dumpty" has, or had, political significance, so maybe that accounts for it—I might expand upon that if I had time, but the other rhymes call.) I must also remark upon the nonsensical mention of king's horses. It is inconceivable to me that anyone, even a perpetrator of these rhymes, could be so unbalanced (mentally) as to consider that the equine species could do much for H.D.; therefore, we are not greatly astonished when we observe in the final line that the horses, at any rate, were impotent in restoring Humpty to a normal state of integration.

Moreover, Humpty must have been an unusual fellow—here is a man who actually disintegrates upon a collapse from a height! There is no doubt that one certainly meets with some peculiar characters in these ridiculous little ditties. It is beyond my comprehension that such unmitigated nonsense should be thrust at children almost before they have acquired the faculty of registering the meaning of the black and white before them.

*A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.*

At least within the bounds of this modest verse, we receive the first semblance of sanity in the collection of nursery-rhymes. All pictorial representations of the scene (loath as I am to refer to and agree with them—for the most part their creators are mendacious fabricators) seem to concur in this fact, namely, that the

speaker is a woman, or rather, girl. Whence they have gleaned this prescience over and above the information set out in the poem is beyond my present capabilities of comprehension. Presuming that the speaker *is* of the fairer sex, we receive a wonderful satire on the sharp tongue and often vitriolic sarcasm of this section of the community. I shall not say anything of the obvious American (?) influence on the anonymous writer, for the simple reason that he is anonymous, and it wouldn't be fair to him. (Observe how many of the authors of these monstrosities seek to cloak their identity under the four magic letters ANON.)

*Little Polly 'Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And smacked her little daughter
For spoiling her nice, new clothes.*

Now, with regard to this nursery-rhyme, I do not think I need be too hard. It contains a story—even the best prose writers occasionally ignore this minor detail—and, what is more, a moral, so it is an excellent rhyme for infants. But it is plain to see that the mother of the story has not undergone the most rudimentary course in psychology: smacking a child, indeed! Who was it said, "Men cannot be ruled by force—this is the day of peaceful persuasion"? It is regrettable to consider that the inoffensive pastime of warming one's toes, even *with* nice, new clothes on, leads to such disastrous results. Nevertheless, I'll wager the child never sat in the cinders again!

*Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.*

To see this verse always reminds me of the parody of Lewis Carroll, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Bat." It is perhaps the most popular of nursery-rhymes because it is the greatest. I observe that this is the last of the rhymes in the book; it now proceeding to that Edward Lear nonsense, but I shall stop reading here. This little poem, a philosophy in itself, puts me in no mood to continue with L.'s humorous nothings. It is strange that in this poem is embodied the question that astrologers, mathematicians, astronomers and philosophers have been asking themselves for centuries, but it is given to a simple child to utter that question and so recapitulate a thousand years of striving by learned men. To comment is inadequate, to criticise fruitless. There is but one idea I am considering. This poem should be in no nursery-rhyme book for babbling infants to recite, but should be inscribed in letters of gold and placed with the mightiest writings of the world—here is the riddle of the universe. Perhaps if the puerile wording were recast the depth of the poem's philosophy might become apparent—

THE RECORD

*Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivivic,
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific!
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonacious.*

I lay down the book. My facetious thoughts are gone, my quasi-humour fled, my grating whim departed. My proud imperious boast of the "cold light of sophisticated reason" has been exploded, for I realise, as I think of the final offerings of the book, that it is not a book for me but for tiny children, and that its criticism is hypocritical and out of place.

But it is when one comes to "Twinkle, Twinkle" that it is realised that "Little Miss Muffet," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Humpty Dumpty," "A Dillar a Dollar," "Polly Flinders" and all the other nursery-rhymes are a chronicle of mankind, and "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" its riddle.

W. GLEN-DOEPEL (4A).

IDYLL

*Tinged with the rosy flush of early dawn
Awakes the verdant greensward from its sleep;
The listless flowers toss their heads and yawn,
While from the grass the daintier blossoms peep.*

Now languidly the careless butterfly,
With palette-like display of every hue,
Upon the heavy scented air floats by,
And dropping, lights upon some flower blue.

*And here the sparkling stream its noisy bells
Doth joyous chime, in merry timbre loud.
The zephyrs all are still above the fells,
And in the azure sky hangs not a cloud.*

H. PLUNKETT (4A).

HIGH C

The opera was in the last night of one of its most successful seasons. The hero, a poet, was played by one of the world's greatest tenors, a darling of the Opera House, which was why the house was packed to capacity. The audience, a living mass of confetti, a chattering, moving crowd of gaily-dressed ladies and immaculate, beribboned gentlemen, fell suddenly silent as the lights were dimmed for the commencement of the last act.

The second-last scene closed with a duet sung by the hero and the heroine. The liquid cadences floated about the enraptured listeners. But towards the end of the song the tenor, hurt surprise in his eyes, stopped singing. His body jerked convulsively, his hand

flew involuntarily to his mouth, and his horrified prima donna, standing beside him, saw it suddenly become bespotted with blood, while her own voice faltered into silence.

The curtain was hastily drawn, and an excited wave of whispering rushed through the audience, only to die swiftly away as the Director of the theatre appeared on the stage in front of the closed curtains.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as you have doubtless seen, our leading artist has suffered a very unfortunate accident. I regret to announce that he has, in fact, burst a blood vessel in his throat. Happily it is not bleeding very profusely, and he insists that he will be able to carry on. However, the theatre doctor warns him that if he does not rest, but uses his vocal chords to the extent that the rest of his role demands, his throat may start to bleed uncontrollably, necessitating an operation which will rob him of the voice we love so well. However, the last scene will go on, and since he does not appear in the early part, we may be able to persuade him to rest his throat, in which case we will provide a substitute tenor. I thank you."

The Director vanished into the wings, and as he knocked respectfully on the door of the great singer's private room, he heard the opening chorus of the last scene drifting through the corridors from the stage. He was admitted, and stood anxiously watching the scene before him. The tenor was resting wearily on his couch, a towel held to his mouth, his wife looking on anxiously while the theatre doctor, an old friend of his from his chorus days, argued with him gently but firmly. The other listened submissively, his towel to his mouth, and the two silent onlookers began to hope that mayhap the doctor would win his way. But when it wanted but four minutes to his first appearance in the last scene, the singer rose to his feet, took a fresh towel, and smiling kindly at his adviser, said:

"No, my dear Peter, I will finish this, my last opera. I shall sing my swan-song, and leave behind me this stage and all the friends I love so well. No, please, no arguments, my friend. Despite your invaluable medical advice, I know that which you could probably never understand. I know that, whether I sing or not to-night, I will never sing after. I can feel it; something inside tells me. I will retire with my Anna here, to a little house in the country, to peace and quietness. And who knows? Perhaps I shall be glad. I am no longer young, Peter; I am a very tired man."

He put one arm around his wife, patted the doctor on the shoulder with the other, and then, with a towel to his mouth, made his way towards the stage.

From the wings the trio, silent, watched him make his entrance onto the stage. The audience held its breath, waiting for his first note, for they would know by that, whether their idol was to go on or fail. As he launched himself, with his prima donna, into the farewell duet, long sighs of relief escaped from the house. His

voice rang true, and as clear as a bell, showing no signs of his torn throat.

In the wings the trio stood silent, watching and listening. As they heard the unimpaired excellence of his voice, the doctor turned to the Director hopefully.

"Perhaps . . . perhaps it is almost too much to wish . . . but do you think . . . ?"

The Director shook his head sadly.

"In this duet, perhaps; but in the concluding aria . . ."

Instead of finishing the sentence, he held out a copy of the score which he had been holding in his hand. His finger indicated a note in the last line of the aria which concluded the opera. Under his breath, the doctor whispered in dismayed tones two words: "High C!"

High C! The highest note any singer can reach, and the acid test of the vocal capabilities of any tenor. The note that most tenors can reach only with difficulty, even in their prime . . .

The duet ended without mishap, and the stage was plunged into darkness as the soprano swept off. In the brief respite allowed him, the singer quickly wiped his mouth with a ready towel, and hurried back onto the centre of the stage, ready for the last aria . . .

While this aria is being sung the stage is in darkness, and a dim spotlight illuminates the figure of the hero, a dejected and pathetic figure. Parted forever from his beloved, he sings a superb song of lament, begging the gods to banish his loneliness by returning to him his love.

The spotlight grew slowly out of the darkness, revealing the solitary figure on its knees in the centre of the stage. As his voice and his figure slowly rose, one from the silence, one from the darkness, there was no person in that crowded building, from a duchess in her box to a stage-boy in the wings but thrilled to the glory of his voice. Never before had this aria been so magnificently, so splendidly sung; never had this tragic finale to the role been so perfectly portrayed. Into this, his swan-song, the tenor poured all the emotion in his own sensitive soul; all the poignancy of the death of his own voice, and sang as he had never sung before.

Slowly but surely he drew ever nearer to that fatal high C, and in the wings the trio stood as if lifeless, their nerves keyed to breaking point, their eyes fascinated by the dim figure.

And then, without warning, it seemed, he came to the climax of his song, and his voice climbed fearlessly to the high C.

Just in the middle of the note something seemed to snap in his throat, and for one terrible flash of an instant he thought he would break off. But by a supreme effort of will and voice, he held the note unflinching right to the end. After this, the last twelve or so notes were, each of them, a searing stab of pain in his throat. Yet it has been said that his last notes were the most magnificent he ever sang.

THE RECORD

When his song and the musical accompaniment had come to a simultaneous end, he remained in the centre of the stage, motionless, his hands raised in supplication to the heavens.

For perhaps a minute after the conclusion of his aria, there was a dead silence. And then the audience was on its feet, and the old walls of the Opera House were shaking to an uproar of thunderous applause unequaled in opera history. Ladies with tears running unashamedly down their faces showered flowers and bouquets at his feet. Gentlemen, their dignity forgotten, were on their feet, cheering to the echo. And all the time the tenor stood motionless on the stage, arms outstretched, while tears slowly welled up in his eyes: tears of joy—and of sadness . . .

J. TINGLE (3D).

LOVERS AND MADMEN

A One-Act Play by R. G. Smith (4A)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Prunella Pettigree.

Meg Jenkins, a servant to the house.

Kit Fletcher, a man at laws, in love with Prue.

James Pettigree, an alchemist, Prue's insane husband.

SCENE:

LONDON, YEAR 1665.

The action takes place in a room in James Pettigree's house in Angel Street, off Lincoln's Inn Fields. The room has a low wooden ceiling. The floor is of red tiles, strewn with skins. The fireplace is empty. An oaken table and two settles stand by the fireplace. At the back of the stage a staircase leads to a room which is imagined above the stage. On the right, two heavily curtained windows and a door open on to Angel Street. As the curtain is raised, Meg Jenkins is standing by the half-opened door, dressed as though she were about to leave. There is a purply-green glow in the street outside, and the pestilential fog pushes its way through the door. It is the year of the plague. A death-cart rumbles over the cobbles, and as Prunella walks down the staircase, the cry of the death-cart, "Bring out your dead!" is heard off-stage. Prunella stops on the stairs as she hears it, then hurries to Meg's side.

PRUE: Meg, dear Meg, you must fly from this pestilence—and you must go alone. He says I must stay with him. He refuses to leave the house, and insists that I stay also. If it's our time to die, he says, then we shall face death together. No amount of running away will stop it.

MEG: It's hideous, Ma'am. It's hideous and horrible. Why don't you leave him to his raving? It's not fair to you, being so young. It might not be Christian-like for me to say so, Ma'am, but it would be better for him if the plague got him. Think me evil if you will, but I warrant that the devil that's within him will protect him where the children of God would perish.

THE RECORD

PRUE: I understand, Meg, I do understand; but you must not tarry longer with us. Go now. Go to my mother in Chelsea. Stay with her until the pestilence is gone from us. I have my faith, Meg, although I too have my horrors. The good God will give me strength when I have great need of it. It will soon be over. So go now, and, remember, not a word to my mother of the plague being in this street. Swear to that, Meg.

MEG: Upon my life, you have my word, Ma'am, and I'll say a silent prayer that the plague will get the master. I knew his alchemy would come to no good, him with his devil's work and bottles and all——

PRUE: Meg, you must go!

MEG: Bless you, Ma'am, I'll be gone.

PRUE: Hurry, Meg; you must not stay.

MEG (*embracing Prunella*): The Lord save thee, Ma'am.

PRUE: Have faith, dear Meg, and hurry.

MEG (*pointing to the room above*): And may the plague get the master.

PRUE: Quickly, Meg!

[*Exit Meg. Prunella follows her out of the door and watches her turn from Angel Street into Lincoln's Inn Fields. She takes a piece of chalk from her pocket and makes the sign of the cross on the door, writing under it, "Lord have mercy upon us." She crosses to the fire-place and sits on the settle. Above, James Pettigrue raves, smashing glasses and throwing books about the room. After a hurried rap at door—left ajar by Prue—Kit Fletcher enters. Prunella rushes to meet him. They embrace.*]

PRUE: Kit, Kit, you've come! I thought you would never arrive. I've been counting the footsteps you'd be taking. Then I would think, "He's not seen Meg pass the window to know to come," for I watched her until she had passed your house. It took me an awfully long while to get rid of her. She would tarry to talk with me.

KIT: How long has she gone for?

PRUE: I've sent her to my mother at Chelsea. She'll stay there until I summon her back.

KIT: Good. Now the potion. Have you got the potion?

PRUE: Yes, I have it here. I took it from his box of chemicals while he slept. I stole his book last night. The description of the potion says it kills instantly. The victim crouches in death and there is a blueness comes under the eyes and the finger-nails go black, exactly as the dead of the plague. I've chalked up the cross on the door, and I've written "The Lord have mercy upon us" there, so that they will think the plague is with us.

THE RECORD

KIT: You've thought of everything, haven't you?

PRUE: You don't think me callous, do you? Oh, God, don't think that murder comes easily to me, Kit! It was born in the very Hell I've known, in these last weeks of James' insanity. I've had to watch him prance in his raving. There's no rest for him. I've had to listen as the death-cart rattled outside. I've had to hear the cry pass my door. "Bring out your dead!" it has said. It says nothing of the insane, those who are dead in the mind as poor James. The other day, as I helped poor Mistress Blane lay out her dead of the plague, their huddled bodies blue and going black, I thought how much more pleasant was their plight than his. James knows no rest.

KIT: Of course, it's the merciful thing to do. No one knows the misery of his mind. To kill him will be to do him a kindness.

PRUE: But, Kit, this frightens me, this, this [*long pause*] murder.

KIT: If it's murder we're about, then we'll be murderers together. Give me the gruel and the potion. I'll mix it and share the crime or the kindness—think it what you will.

PRUE (*giving him the plate of gruel*): The poison is tasteless; he'll not know what we are about. [*Kit mixes the potion into it.*]

KIT: Take it to him [*handing her the bowl*]. Take him his peace in a bowl. [*Prue walks slowly up the stairs. She pauses halfway and looks timorously at Kit.*] Faith, Prue, have faith.

[Prue disappears into the room above. There is a cold, still silence, broken only by the rhythmic thud of Kit's feet on the floor. The shadows have deepened, and there is a greenish half-light in the room. The silence disturbs Kit; it presses hard upon him, and he goes to the door. He opens it, and the unwholesome fog forces its way into the room. Prue appears at the top of the stairs.]

PRUE: I've given him the gruel.
[There is a choking sound coming from the room above. It is followed by a heavy thud. Prue hastens to Kit's arms. She sobs.]

KIT: It's all over now, dear Prue. The nightmare is almost past. In a short while I shall finish the gruesome thing in the last detail. I'll carry the doubled-up corpse to the cart, and he'll lie with the dead of the plague. Then, then, sweet Prue, we have only ourselves to reckon with. Come. Look out with me on the tired, stricken city and let us make our plans anew.

[They face the open door. The fog creeps along the floor and circles about their feet. The light is fading.]

THE RECORD

PRUE: To-morrow we will start new lives!

KIT: We will go out beyond the city and the dreaming spire of St. Paul's, beyond the edge of the land. We'll look back on our England and our past. We'll drive through Provence in a coach-and-four in the spring-time——

PRUE: To the cities of Italy. Ravenna, Milan, Venice——

KIT: Rome and Florence, even to Naples when the mood takes us.

PRUE: We'll go to the Isle of Capri—to the Blue Grotto, by the Villa of Tiberius.

KIT: We'll listen to the fishermen's songs at Amalphi, and by sunset we'll fly by the Dalmatian Coast. We'll ride through the mists to the summit of Parnassus. We'll pause by the temple of Diana and pray——

PRUE: A pagan prayer.

KIT: We'll walk by olive groves at moonlight and play in the the woods of Arcadia and sing to the pipes of Pan. There's nothing we will not do. There's nothing we cannot do, and when we grow tired of doing it, we'll come back and grow apples in Kent.

PRUE: And make cider with a press.

KIT: We'll grow fat and happy and contented and terribly, terribly English, and bore all our neighbours with the stories of our travels. Prue, Prue, dearest Prue, the future is ours—we have made it so! Smile, Prue. You mustn't look so pale. But, Prue, your eyes, they're going black, and your finger-nails, they're blue and going black. They ARE black!

[The death-cart rattles into Angel Street, and the cry, "Bring out your dead!" is shouted off-stage.]

PRUE: Oh, God, the plague! *[Kit starts back from her, fear in his face.]*

[James Pettigrue, dressed in a nightshirt and a plumed cockade, with several sheets draped around him, appears on the stairway. Blue patches are clearly discernible under his eyes. He makes several attempts to speak, but the life-blood is already running cold in his veins. Prue looks at him aghast, fear of her mad husband and the dread plague struggling for possession of her. Kit slips silently out into the fog. The stage gradually darkens, and as it does so, James Pettigrue sinks to his knees, Prue watching fascinated. As the curtain falls slowly the cry of the death-cart is repeated: "Bring out your dead!" Again it is heard, this time right at the door; a third time, but now it has passed the door, whilst the dying husband and wife still stare speechless.]

CURTAIN.

TO DONN BYRNE

"Siren harper on lyric strings"—
 "This book has beauty," so the critics say;
 I only know your magic lends me wings
 To skim the skies of fantasy, and slip
 The narrow bonds of humdrum everyday.

Wizard of golden words, your sorcery
 Bids banal world of workaday depart,
 And lo! a greener earth, a bluer sea;
 And thronging shades of yesteryear arise
 To tread again the paths of Faerie.

Through mystic veils of clouded time and space,
 Armed with your magic talisman I peer:
 I see crusading ranks that grow apace
 And shining banners, gallant armoured knights,
 As armies gather, spear on flashing spear.

Listen! The music of the harps of old
 Rises triumphant to the timeless stars:
 Silver clarions shrill their challenge bold;
 Mighty warriors file athwart my gaze,
 And Vikings fight again their thunderous wars.

In golden argosies on "seas forlorn"
 I travel far in wond'rous dream crusade;
 I know the song of rapiers at dawn:
 I hear again the mighty bowstring drawn,
 I hear the splintering crash of broadsword blade.

Alas! Although your magic pen shall tell
 No more of bard and poet, saint and sage;
 Your song of truth and courage long shall dwell
 In hearts that loved your sagas passing well,
 And slowly close with grief your finished page.

J. TINGLE (3D).

Note.—Donn Byrne was an Irish-born American newspaper reporter. His books include *Crusade*, *Blind Raftery*, *Destiny Bay*, *Hangman's House*, and *The Power of the Dog*. Literary fame, however, did not bring him wealth. All through his life, one of his greatest ambitions was to own a house in Ireland. This he eventually acquired, but was killed shortly afterwards in a car crash. It has been said of him that he was the last of the Irish romantic writers.

DIMENSION OF THE UNKNOWN

The make-up man had half a column he didn't know what to do with, so I was sent out to interview Doc. Peaceful, and to learn what he thought of the rocket bomb tests and so on; you know the general idea. The Doc. has a big place in wide scrub-country grounds of its own out Campbelltown way.

A notice on the iron gate announced politely that the wire fence carried 10,000 volts. I didn't take the hint. Another notice a few yards away screamed "Boa Constrictors" in huge red letters. I was beginning to think the Doc. didn't like company. I fooled him, though. I hurdled the gate and walked gracefully past the "Trespassers Shot on Sight" notice up to the house, and was about to knock when a mechanical voice stated quite firmly, "There is nobody home."

When the Doc. had decided I wouldn't go away, he let me in.

"Interview? Piffle! I'm a busy man. You might as well make yourself useful while you're here, though. Come here."

I'll swear that cupboard was empty until he pressed the switch, then half-a-dozen weapons materialised. I guessed they were ray-guns. They looked like something straight out of "Speed Gordon." Doc. muttered something about "Fourth Dimension," then handed me one of the guns, a streamlined, deadly looking pistol. I was about to say something—I forget what—when my host turned on his heel and strode out of the room. I followed, because I couldn't think of anything else to do. About a hundred yards from the house was a small shed, housing, I soon saw, a contrivance somewhere between a poker machine and a concrete mixer, with a wide assortment of wires and glassware thrown in for good measure. The Doc. took an odd-looking box from a dusty shelf and proceeded to strap it around his waist. He glared at me.

"Stand back, man, stand back! No! Over there!"

He stepped into the middle of his other worldly apparatus and began fiddling with things. I felt most uncomfortable. Tubes began to warm up, a low hum pervaded the scene, and a green electric discharge began to play round a copper sphere suspended from the wooden roof. He took a deep breath, reached out, and closed a switch. Then the shed was empty. Doc. and his apparatus just weren't. I pinched myself. I didn't believe it then. If there were people who were going to read this, which there aren't, I wouldn't expect them to believe it; but it happened. I lay down on the grass and closed my eyes for about five minutes, then I looked again. No Doc., no gadgetry, no nothing. Then the Doc. was back, as suddenly as he had gone. But he was a dishevelled and very much excited Doc., who ran screaming into the house as though all the demons of hell were after him. They were. I stood and gaped as past me charged animals I had never seen before without the assistance of strong liquor. The foremost had six legs

and the most deadly double row of razor-sharp teeth I ever hope to see. No two of the beasts were alike, but they were all pretty terrible.

"Shoot 'em!" screamed the Doc., "shoot 'em!"

Then he reappeared in the doorway, levelling a brace of his weird pistols. I fired first. I don't know quite what I expected to happen, but I was now beyond surprise. I was therefore merely interested in the blast of ravening energy that spat forth from my weapon. The nearest animal exploded in a puff of vapour and a vile stench. The Doc. fired. I fired again and again. No animals. There were just a few odd legs and things left lying round. Warily the Doc. approached the shed. I was expecting to be awakened by my alarm clock any minute. Doc. turned a knob on the box strapped round his waist, and once more departed for realms unknown. I squatted on the lawn and turned the gun over in my hands while I waited for him to return. Gradually the significance of what I had seen began to penetrate my thick skull. I scrambled to my feet and ran into the house. It's now about six hours since Doc. Peaceful vanished the second time, and I've a feeling that this time he won't come back. I'm writing this account on the Doc.'s notepaper in the Doc.'s living room. I've given as clear an account of what happened as I can, just to straighten myself out on the matter. Now I'm going to burn it and go down town and get drunk. When I wake up in the park to-morrow morning, what a night I'll think I've had!

R. NICHOLSON (5F).

DEATH

The fever patient tossed restlessly on the horsehair mattress. His eyelids and lips were compressed as if he were trying to shut out some horrible sight; drops of sweat streamed in little rivers down his temples. His features were pale and drawn; he breathed quickly and deeply, his nostrils dilating and contracting in the effort. The sister who held his wrist gently replaced it under the covers; she looked up at the doctor who stood behind her and shook her head. It would all be over in a few minutes. They watched and waited for the long, drawn-out breath that they knew would be his last. The silence was broken only by the stertorous breathing of the dying man.

But to the patient there was no calmness; he sensed none of the cool quietness that dominated the tiny room. He turned and tossed; the blankets felt heavy, the sweat itched unendurably. His eyes were closed tightly in an effort to capture the sleep that had eluded him for nights past. He was weak, exhausted almost to the point of collapse, but he felt that he must go on, fighting this disease until he could no longer resist.

He told himself that he had been ill before; you never realised when you were ill just how much worse you could feel. He told

himself that at any moment now he would feel that cooling sensation that would tell him that his fever was abating; that he was getting well. Why, he felt cooler already!

But wait a minute! He *did* seem a little cooler . . . yes, it was unmistakable now. A great relief surged over him; he attempted to sit up, his features relaxed and his eyes opened a fraction. He saw the doctor and nurse at his side, and they heard him mutter something incoherent about "getting well." Then he lay back on the pillow and closed his eyes, this time almost without effort.

He felt as light as a feather . . . he was floating away, borne by clouds, softer by far than swansdown. They swam majestically through the air about him as far as the eye could see. Clouds; rose-tinted clouds hanging under an azure canopy. The atmosphere was warm, pleasantly warm; he felt self-satisfied and drowsily lazy. The gentle breeze ruffled his hair and soothed his forehead.

Suddenly there came a slight bump. He looked around and saw that he was once more on the ground . . . but not the ground that he had left. He scanned the warm blue sky, but there was no sign of the clouds that had so magically transported him. And then he took stock of his surroundings.

He was seated on a hillside covered with deep, velvety grass, pleasantly warm and moist. The landscape was composed of similar hills, stretching far away into the blueness of the unknown. Nearby were several magnificent trees, along the branches of which ran squirrels, squealing happily. Birds chattered and chirped gaily in the foliage, and from a hole in the ground not two yards away a rabbit poked out his ridiculous head and then immediately dived back into the hole again. His gaze wandered further, and at the bottom of the hill he noticed a stream gurgling along its tree-shaded course. The thought of water appealed to him, and he rose and walked down the gentle slope to where the crystal-clear water splashed and sparkled over the pebbles on the bottom. He bent down and drank deeply of the icy liquid, then straightened up and stretched his arms. He was indescribably happy. He had forgotten that he had ever been ill; he was warm with satisfaction; glowing with an inward joy that was new to him. He wondered vaguely why this was; he felt that there was some deep-seated reason for it all. But the perfect bliss and the warm sun had combined to dull his senses, and he felt pleasantly drowsy . . . pleasantly but irresistibly drowsy. He lay down in the shade of a nearby tree, his head pillowed comfortably in the long grass. His eyes closed and he breathed a long, contented sigh.

He slept.

The nurse rose and covered his face with a sheet. Then she followed the doctor out of the room, treading on tip-toe.

J. B. POWIS (4B).

DREAMS

*How oft we dream of other roads,
 Those roads that were not taken;
 The other paths that in our minds
 We've seen, but left forsaken.
 How green they seem, how fair their trees;
 Vivid their blossoms seem;
 No gate can bar us as we tread
 Them softly, in a dream.*

*How oft we dream of barren hopes,
 Like spirits vainly dancing
 In castles built upon the air,
 Ethereal, entrancing.
 How fair they seem, how beautiful,
 With sweet romances teeming;
 How oft they lure us to forget
 Reality in dreaming.*

*Seek not to mar the dreamer's art,
 Him from his fancies sever.
 The temporal things may fade away,
 But dreams endure for ever.*

W. BARCLAY (5A).

THE MAN IN THE DARK

The moon peeped shyly through the big archway as a car cruised up the drive and came to a quiet halt outside the French windows. A man stepped out, quietly closed the door, pulled at the handle to make sure it was shut, and then turned towards the house. A sudden gust of chilling wind prompted him to raise the flap of his large, thick tweed coat about his neck, and digging his hands deep into the roomy pockets, he began to pick his way cautiously towards the rose bed which separated the now disused French windows from the gravel path. The slight crunching of his shoes on the minute stones could scarcely be distinguished from the soft rustling of the leaves as the unsteady breeze wended its way through the tall trees. The man paused at the border of the rose bed and tried to peer into the vast blackness which he knew to be the lounge room of the large nineteenth century house; then with a sudden movement he stepped forward, crushing one of the delicate blooms 'neath his clumsy feet. He was now standing within hand's reach of the brass knob which he knew would afford easy access to the room beyond.

Drawing his hand slowly from his pocket, he carefully donned a pair of white gloves which had been lying dormant in the deep recess; then, taking a firm grip on the knob, he gave a slight turn

of his wrist. The metal yielded, and as if encouraged by this, he gave it a more spirited twist. An ominous creak filled the quiet air as the glass door opened and the man stood silently, waiting for the possible patter of feet and murmur of voices—but all was still. After a few seconds the door was opened another six inches, and he squeezed carefully through. The darkness struck him harshly, and he stood still for a minute while the objects about him gradually took shape. His eyes traversed the room, and came to rest on a large oak cabinet against the opposite wall. A few short paces brought him before it and, kneeling down, he felt for the small metal plate which bore the key-hole. Then he withdrew from his pocket a small key secured to a long thread. It fitted easily into the hole, and with a slight turn the delicately carved door swung open. Without hesitation the man's hand came to rest on an object near the front, and placing it quickly in his pocket the man re-locked the cupboard, rose to his feet, and turned towards the windows.

Suddenly his heart ceased to beat as the darkness was filled with the glaring intensity of a torch's rays. Turning towards the door he saw standing there the menacing figure of—his wife.

Slowly he withdrew from the deep pocket the bottle of whisky, and with downcast eyes he humbly gave it to the woman at the door.

S. HURST (3A).

NO RAINBOW

It was some five years ago that I first met my friend, and I think that the circumstances in which I did so must be the most extraordinary under which two human beings ever made contact. It will suffice to say, however, that they were of such a nature that immediately they established a very strong bond between us.

Once we knew each other, our friendship ripened, until, in the short space of five years, we had become unusually intimate. I soon came to know that my friend had one strange fear. Though ordinarily fearless and brave to an extent which might almost be termed foolhardy, he had a strange, nay, an extraordinary, fear of storms. No amount of reasoning could change this fear or lessen it in any way. And if he had a terror of storms, what can I say of his opposite emotion at their ending? Beaming with relief, he would embrace the thing nearest him in a paroxysm of joy.

He lived in an old house atop a hill overlooking a deep valley. At the end of a storm he would rush up from the cellar where he hid himself during its violence (for indeed the storms raged with great force around his house) and run to the window on his top storey overlooking the valley, for here there was frequently to be seen after a storm a most wonderful rainbow. My

friend delighted in this, and would always stand and watch it till it disappeared.

Six months ago I was asked by my friend to stay at his place for a week, and, having just successfully finished a case (I am a barrister by profession), I decided to accept his invitation.

When I arrived at his house a violent storm was in progress, and had been for two days. Wind howled, rain lashed, the world outside stood still, shivering and listening to the noises of the storm. Nature ran riot, trees were overturned mercilessly, their roots uplifted to the sky, cattle died from the violence of the storm and the beating of the hail as it drove down from a remorseless sky.

I knocked on the door, and a worried-looking butler showed me in. He informed me that his master had been down in the cellar for two days, and had had little to eat during that time. He told me that the storm would kill him if it continued any longer. I went to the cellar immediately, and found my friend sitting rocking himself back and forth on a chair, his face buried in his hands.

He looked up, fearful and startled at my approach, and a look of relief spread over his face when he saw it was I. I was shocked when I saw his face. Usually good-looking and calm, his face was now pale and haggard and terrible to behold. He motioned me to a chair, and continued to rock himself backwards and forwards.

The storm increased.

I began to speak, to do anything but listen to that accursed storm and look at my friend in the grip of his terror.

"Tell me how your fear of storms began."

"Yes, that's right, I will talk. I must talk to keep him away!" he shouted.

"Two years before I met you," he went on, talking quickly and excitedly, "I had no fear of storms. I liked nothing better than to defy them, to go out walking in them. I delighted in pitting myself against their fury. But one afternoon, one dreadful afternoon like this one, I had an experience which has hastened my death.

"I was out walking, miles from home, in the middle of a terrible storm, when, suddenly, as though from nowhere, I heard a cry. I walked on, thinking it was but the storm. But again I heard the cry, weaker this time but more distinct. I looked for its source, but could not find it till, in the middle of a deep pool made by the inflow of a rivulet, which had to be reached through almost impenetrable bushes, I saw a small child and her dog in the black, muddy water.

"Floating on the water, just alive, were the two. And if the scene in the hole was pitiful, then the scene on its bank was worse, for a tree of the forest lay on its side, torn up by the brutal storm which raged around me, and underneath it lay a woman, apparently the child's mother. I saw that the woman was beyond all mortal aid. The rain poured down from a mud-black sky, light-

nings flashed, thunder roared, the wind whipped the surface of the water, flattening the bushes, driving the rain against me and against the girl and her dog and against the Thing under the tree. I struggled into the water, bracing myself against the remorseless wind and stinging, teeming rain. I reached the girl and, holding her by her hair, dragged her almost to the edge of the pond. As I succeeded in doing this, her little dog looked at me appealingly from deep brown eyes. Its plea was so heart-rending that I almost tried to rescue the dog with its little mistress.

"But just as I reached the bank something happened which I cannot explain. The girl was snatched from my arms, something brushed against me. I fell suddenly backwards into the dark sludge, and a hollow, unearthly, unspeakable laugh echoed in my ears. There was a terrible clap of thunder.

"When I got up that dreadful laugh was still echoing in my ears, and the rain still poured down from the black sky, and the wind still blew, and the thunder still rolled loud and horrible. But the girl was gone, and the dog was gone. And under the fallen tree was no longer the figure I had seen, but where it had been, mingled with the water on the ground, lay blood. I began to run from the place, and from the storm, but the laugh still lingered in my ears, for I had thought to deprive the Spirit of the Storm of his prey!

"In my calmer moments I persuaded myself that what I saw was imaginary. But when the storm rules outside and the lightning flashes, the laugh echoes and re-echoes through my brain. This year I hear it more distinctly, and I have seen something which is not, cannot, must not be there! I am afraid. To-day I can recall that scene of the fallen tree as though it were yesterday. The Thing came last night but left. He will come again, he will come again! Of that I am sure!"

I sat, stunned at my friend's story. Was it, I asked myself, the ravings of a man half-crazed with one all-powerful obsession, or was it the innermost soul of a man half-crazed with an awful fear? I did not know then.

Suddenly, as I sat thinking of this amazing narrative, outside there was an ear-splitting roar of thunder which rocked the house, a terrific blast of wind, and a shutter in the room above us clashed open. A pane of glass was heard to break. My friend looked tremblingly at the doorway as, with a bang, the door opened with the violence of the wind. Rain poured in the shutter and through the door.

"God! Look behind you!" screamed my friend.

He fell in a crumpled heap to the floor, dead. The door slammed to, the shutter clanged into place again. The storm, which reached its climax as my friend fell, died away suddenly. Terribly shaken, I sent for the doctor, and climbed to the top of the house. I opened the window where my friend used to look over the valley. This time there was no rainbow.

B. BEVERIDGE (3A).

THE RECORD

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

A One-Act Comedy by Ronald R. Pratt

CHARACTERS:

A typical Australian country family.

Mum,

Dad,

Andy,

Bert,

Joe.

Jackie, the station aboriginal.

One young bull-calf.

SCENE:

The time is a Sunday morning.

The scene is a farmyard, the wall of a barn forming a background, and the sides of the stage simulating fences. There is a gate in each of these fences. Scatterd around the yard are various bits and pieces such as horse-shoes, rope, etc. At the right of centre is a heap of tools for branding and a bucket of tar. The scene opens with Jackie whistling to himself as he whitewashes the barn.

[Enter Dad through gate on left.]

JACKIE: Mornin', boss! Him fella nice day. Me 'ave paintin' finished plenty quick.

DAD: Good lad! It is a nice day all right. We'll have a light morning's work this morning, Jackie. It's Sunday to-day.
[Enter Andy.]

ANDY: Hey. Pop! What about that calf you said we'd brand to-day?

DAD: That's all right. Bert and Joe have just gone to fetch it. Here they come now. Open the gate, Andy.

[A young bull calf frisks in as Andy opens the gate at left. It careers around the yard and bumps into the ladder which supports Jackie, and he crashes to the ground, whitewash everywhere.]

JACKIE: Help! Murder! P'lice! [He sits up covered in white-wash.] Help, boss; I'm gone all white!

[Everybody is helpless with laughter. The calf dashes for the still open gate. Joe races to head it off, and Andy goes to shut the gate. Joe trips, and Andy slams the gate on his head. Joe yells, collapses.]

DAD: Crumbs! What have you done to poor old Joe, Andy? Open the gate, you fool!
[All crowd round Joe's limp body.]

BERT: Broken neck, I think, Pop! He's still breathing, though!

ANDY: I think it's a fractured skull.

BERT: It's not, it's a broken neck! Ain't it, Pop?

ANDY (forcibly): It's a fractured skull, I tell you, drip!

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BERT (*loudly*): Don't be cracked, it's a broken neck. And don't call me a drip!

ANDY: All right. Drip!

BERT: Why, you [*Puts fists in fighting attitude. Andy does likewise.*]

DAD: Cut it, you goats. Don't you see Joe's nearly dead? Jackie, ride over to the Morton's place and telephone the ambulance.

JACKIE: All right, boss! [*Exit. On way out he trips over the whitewash bucket and lands on his face. He picks himself up and continues his way. The calf follows, unnoticed. Dad and Andy pick Joe up and lay him near the rails. Enter Mum, running.*]

MUM: Dad, what's happened to our poor Joe? He looks sort of funny, doesn't he? [*Kneels beside him.*]

DAD: Don't worry, Mum. Jackie's gone to get the ambulance. You go inside and get dinner ready, so that the ambulance driver can have a spot of lunch before he takes Joe away.

MUM: Well, bring Joe inside, Andy.
[*Andy picks Joe up and follows Mum. Treads on a nail and drops Joe with a yell, hopping around the yard. Bert helps him to extract the nail.*]

BERT: Cripes, Andy, it's a long way in!

ANDY: Yeah! Get something to get it out. Quick, Bert, the darned thing hurts.
[*Bert picks up the tongs laid on the ground nearby. He endeavours to extract the nail*]

DAD: Here, let me do it, Bert. You sit on his chest to make the job easier.
[*Bert does so. Dad pulls hard, the nail comes out and Dad falls backwards, his head landing in the bucket of tar for the branding. Andy and Bert sit down laughing. Mum removes the bucket.*]

BERT: Why, he's all black!

ANDY: What did you think he'd be, pink?

BERT (*laughing*): What a coincidence! Jackie went all white and now Dad's gone all black!

DAD (*sarcastically*): Funny, ain't ya? [*Pause.*] Well, do something. How do you get this stuff off?

MUM (*after thinking*): Turps would do it, I think.

ANDY: No! What we want is eucalyptus.

BERT: How about petrol?

MUM: Or perhaps kerosene?

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- ANDY: Don't be silly. We'll have to scrape it off him! [*Pulling out a large sheath-knife, Andy approaches Dad.*] Now, hold still, Dad. I'll have it all off in a jiffy. [*Proceeds.*]
- DAD: Look here, you go easy with that darned knife!
- BERT: That won't get it all off. It strikes me we ought to use metho., or something like that. [*Suddenly shouts:*] I gottit!
[*Andy jumps and cuts his hand.*]
- ANDY: That's right, you dope! Frighten me, so I nearly kill meself. What have you got, anyway? You haven't got any brains, if that's what you mean! [*Rubs tar on his cut hand to prevent the bleeding. Mum runs out to get a bandage and falls over Joe's body.*]
- BERT: I know how we can get that stuff off Dad's head!
- DAD: How?
- BERT (*brightly*): Sheep dip, of course! Come on, Andy, we'll put him in the dip.
- DAD (*protesting*): No, you dopes, you'll poison me!
- BERT: Hmm! I didn't think of that.
- DAD: You wouldn't!
[*Mum returns and bandages Andy's hand.*]
- MUM: Oh, I say, Andy. You'd better go along with Joe in the ambulance when it comes. It certainly is taking a long while. Poor Joe will just about be cooked if we don't take him inside. Here, Bert, help me carry him in.
[*Bert obeys. Dad sits on the ground, desolate. Andy finishes the bandaging.*]
- DAD: You'd better do something for this tar, Andy. The stuff's going hard.
- ANDY: Crumbs! [*Thinks, then says:*] Just a second, Dad; I'll fix it. [*Goes out and returns with a large bucket.*] Here, this'll stop it going hard. Just shut your eyes and hold your breath, Dad.
- DAD: What is it?
- ANDY: You'll see! Now, are you ready?
- DAD (*doubtfully*): Yeah. I hope you know what you're doing.
[*Andy pours the contents of the bucket, boiling water, over Dad's head. Dad screams and collapses.*]
- ANDY: Gee! What've I done now? [*Enter Mum.*]
- MUM: Andy, what happened to Dad?
- ANDY: Well, Mum, you see
[*Mum sees the empty bucket, steam rising from it.*]
- MUM: My washing-water! Confound you, Andy. Why did you

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have to take my washing-water? [*Dad groans.*] Why, Dad, you're all scalded!

[*Dad groans again. Andy picks up the bucket, runs out, and bumps into Bert.*]

ANDY: Can't you see where you're going?

BERT: It's you who can't see where you're goin'!

ANDY: Aw, be quiet. [*Continues his way.*]

BERT: What's happened to Dad, Mum?

MUM: Andy poured my washing-water over

[*She is interrupted by Andy, who rushes in carrying a bucket of cold water.*]

ANDY: Here, Mum! He's hot, you say? This'll fix him. [*He pours the cold water over Dad. Dad groans.*]

MUM: You all right now, Dad? [*Dad groans.*]

ANDY: Yeah, of course he's all right. [*Dad groans.*] Looks as if he'd better go with Joe in the ambulance, though. Take him inside, Mum, so we can finish the branding. [*Dad groans and hobbles out with Mum.*]

ANDY: Blowed if I know where that calf is! Better look for it, I suppose, Bert?
[*Exit Bert and Andy. Enter Jackie.*]

JACKIE: Plurrry funny! Where am everyone? Boss! [*Yells.*] Boss!! [*Louder.*] Boooss!!!
[*Enter Bert, Andy and the calf.*]

BERT: Boss is inside, Jackie. What d'ya want?

JACKIE: Ambulance fella he say him come plenty quick.

ANDY: Good! Now get those branding tools ready, Jackie.

JACKIE: Yes, boss.
[*Bert endeavours to throw the calf.*]

BERT: He's gotta bit of kick in him, by crikey!

ANDY: He ought to have! His father's that bull which nearly killed Dad last summer.
[*Bert throws the calf.*]

BERT: You sit on him while I hold his legs, Andy. Got that brandin' iron ready, Jackie?

JACKIE: Yes, boss.

BERT: Then let him have it.
[*Jackie approaches and jabs the red-hot iron on the calf's back. The calf kicks Bert's leg. Bert falls to the ground and Jackie accidentally jabs the branding iron on his back. Bert yells and hops around, holding his damaged shin and his hurt back. He collapses. Andy bursts out laughing.*]

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- ANDY: Bert got branded instead of the calf. Ha-ha! Anyway, we'll always know you now, Bert. [*Bert groans. Jackie stands gaping. Andy examines the leg.*] Hmm! I don't think this leg's broken. I think it's only dislocated. Hold him down, Jackie, and we'll fix it.
- JACKIE: Yes, boss.
- ANDY: Now, are you right?
[*He grabs Bert's foot, pulls, and gives a sharp twist to each side. Bert screams and faints. Enter Mum, still running.*]
- MUM: Not another one? Good heavens! Poor Bert! It's a good thing the ambulance is coming. I hope there's enough room in it. Bring Bert inside, you two.
[*They carry Bert out. The calf stands, looking round, then walks over to the whitewash bucket, apparently thinking it is milk. He pokes his head in, slips, and his head sticks in the bucket. He rushes round. Enter Andy and Jackie.*]
- JACKIE: Cripes, boss! Look at the calf! Him plurry silly.
- ANDY: Gosh! He'll go mad if we don't get that can off his head. Come and help me catch 'im, Jackie!
[*They chase the calf. Andy trips and lands in the spilt whitewash. Chase continues. Eventually the calf is caught.*]
- ANDY: Get that can off, Jackie!
- JACKIE: I'm a-tryin', boss. Him stuck plenty hard!
- ANDY: Quick, Jackie! I've got an idea. You go and get the shot-gun and shoot some holes in this 'ere can, so the calf'll be able to breathe.
[*Jackie goes, and returns with a big double-barrelled shot-gun.*]
- JACKIE: I gottem gun, boss!
- ANDY: Righto, Jackie. I'll hold the calf while you shoot the holes in the can. Do it from the side, so you won't hit it in the head.
[*Suddenly the calf escapes. It rushes madly round. Jackie aims at it. The gun goes off, and Andy falls to the ground.*]
- JACKIE: Cripes, boss, I missed. [*No answer.*] Hey, boss! Boss! [*Still no answer from Andy's limp figure.*] Crikey, I've shot the boss!
[*Jackie stands, gun in hand. The calf careers round, knocks the gun. There is another explosion as the second barrel fires, and Jackie falls to the ground. So does the calf. The wail of an ambulance is heard coming closer. Two orderlies carrying a stretcher run in from right,*

Very Important News For Your Sisters...

A great change has come over the training of girls, during the last six years, in preparation for Secretarial positions, or for positions as Shorthand-typists in the case of those girls not desiring to take up the additional studies necessary to make the difference between Shorthand-Typing and Secretarial work.

This change has come about through Summerhayes SHORTERhand.

In many cases the change in the outlook of girls has something of magic in it. Since the M.B.C. began the teaching of SHORTERhand six years ago, hundreds of trained young women have entered the Federal Public Service, the State Public Service, the Commonwealth Bank, the Bank of N.S.W., the A.M.P. Society offices all over the City of Sydney.

So great has been the success of SHORTERhand writers in business and professional offices, that a SHORTERhand Department in the Metropolitan Business College became necessary five years ago; and two years ago Mr. Summerhayes decided to establish the Summerhayes SHORTERhand School (Secretarial), and to confine it to High School girls who had an Intermediate Certificate (English essential), or to girls who could establish their fitness to enter this school by doing certain very interesting aptitude tests under the Institute of Industrial Psychology, of which Dr. A. H. Martin, M.A., Ph.D., is Hon. Director.

This school and the M.S.C. (Metropolitan Secretarial College)—established for approved girls whose education has reached the Leaving Certificate standard—are now the two most attractive career-training schools for girls in Sydney.

The M.S.C. course takes twelve months, and includes in its curriculum: Shorthand (or SHORTERhand,) Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Office Organisation, Business Correspondence, Business Principles, etc.

The S.S.S. course takes nine months, and includes the following subjects: Summerhayes SHORTERhand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, training in the actual composition of Business Letters, training in Vocabulary of the language used in Commerce, Office Routine.

The special attractions of the S.S.S. are: (1) Good holiday after the Intermediate or Leaving Certificate—L.C. girls may also select the S.S.S.; (2) A comparatively short course, a training full of purpose and interest and achievement, judged by results of the past two sessions; (3) An additional week's holiday in September; (4) Closing date, first week in November, when positions may be accepted. There will always be a waiting list of businessmen for the graduates of this school, because they are faster writers, and more accurate in the transcription of their notes. (5) The great ease and the pleasure accompanying the learning of SHORTERhand. All the old drudgery and difficulty is taken out of the learning. (6) Some weeks of earnings before Christmas and the New Year.

BOYS! Ask your sisters and their girl-friends to make a forward move and join the thousands who have learned SHORTERhand and have brought both material profit and personal happiness in efficiency into their lives.

The Metropolitan Secretarial College and the SHORTERhand Secretarial School are sponsored by the

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cross stage, and exit left. Re-enter with Joe. Continue out right. Return and cross stage, re-entering once again with Dad. Ditto with Bert. Then they enter and collect Andy and Jackie in turn. As they carry Jackie out, Mum rushes in.]

MUM: Help! Help! The house is on fire!
[She faints. The orderlies come in and carry her out on the stretcher.]

CURTAIN.

SIDELIGHTS ON LANGUAGE

7 — Those Christian Names

Are you one of those people who are burdened by an unusual name; a name which you whisper self-consciously and only when vitally necessary; a name which you intend to change at the first opportunity? It is incredible how many of us are name-conscious, and it is equally incredible just how far imaginative parents can go. So it is to those who look upon their Christian names in much the same way as they would a family skeleton that this article is addressed.

Firstly, there are the parents who insist on giving their child a long string of Christian names. The record in this respect is believed to be held by a lady who was born in Liverpool in 1880, and whose initials contained every letter in the alphabet. Her rather terrifying title was *Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Teresa Ulysis Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeno Pepper*. A good second is *Thomas Hill Joseph Napoleon Horatio Bonaparte Swindlehurst Nelson*, who existed in Lancashire in 1876, while a rather compromising contrast was obtained by the parents of one *Alphabet Ayres*, who kept an hotel in Buckinghamshire up to 1933.

But many instances can be quoted where one "middle name" was quite enough to cause embarrassment, one such case being that of *Sir Thomas Posthumous Hoby*. Needless to say, there are reasons in some cases for children to be given unusual names. Among the early American settlers, for example, are listed the names of *Sea-born Egginton* and *Sea-mercy Adams*, while a child who was born in 1620 aboard the "Mayflower" was called *Oceanus Adams*. Also, in January, 1880, near Dartford, a child was christened *Sou' Wester*, after an uncle who had been born at sea during a south-westerly gale.

Another queer, almost cruel, practice, prevalent during the eighteenth century, was to give girls' names to boys. In the Army lists of the period we have *Lucy Weston*, *Ann Gordon*, *Caroline Fred Scott*, and *George Henrietta Hyffen*.

Christian names have, of course, always been subject to changing fashion. Until the nineteenth century, for instance, names such as *Charles John Huffam* (*Dickens*) and *William Makepeace* (*Thackeray*) were almost unheard of. But in the term "fancy names," as applied to these names, abstract names cannot be included, for these came into popularity just after the Reformation. An excellent example is the family of Sir Thomas Carew, Speaker of the House of Lords in the seventeenth century, who, with his wife *Temperance*, christened his four daughters respectively *Patience*, *Temperance*, *Silence* and *Prudence*, while even to-day *Joy* is quite a common name, and *Felicity* and *Constance* are often heard. These names, however, took an anomalous trend with the innovation of *Free-gift*, *Earth*, *Dust*, *Ashes*, *More-fruit*, *More-trial*, *From-above* and *Live-well*. Nor did the males escape these abstract appellations, for in 1681 *Patience Warde* was the Lord Mayor of London, and in 1758 there occurred the death of the *Reverend Experience Mayhew*. Other examples are (omitting the surnames) *Accepted*, *Redeemed*, *Faint-not*, *Standfast-on-high*, *Kill-sin*, *Fly-debate* and *Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith*. These names, however, only survived with the fanatical Puritans, with whom such names as *Ebed-melech*, *Epaphroditus* and *Mordecai* were not unusual, and are still supposedly used by the Kentucky "Hill-billies." It should be noted, however, that the Puritans did not use eccentric surnames.

So you can see that our ancestors were far worse off than we are insofar as names are concerned. My last word is to say that I hope that this article has done its work, and that in future you will be able to bark forth your *Cornelius* or *Hubert* without turning a hair.

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8 — The English Tongue and its Derivations

Have you ever dug a hole beside a stream and noticed the varying types of grit, rock and sand that comprise the different layers? If you have, you will appreciate the century-long formation of the English language and just how cosmopolitan our tongue is.

On glancing through the pages of an etymological English dictionary, that is, one which gives the derivation of words, you will notice that, either directly or otherwise, our vocabulary comes mainly from Latin or Greek, spiced with a varying selection of words direct from modern French and several from Old French.

Probably next in number are the simple one and two-syllable words from Anglo-Saxon, such as "*frame*," "*turn*," "*turtle*," "*tusk*," "*one*," "*two*," etc. All our numerals, although very similar to those of Latin, French and German, have come to us from Anglo-Saxon, and you will notice that, wherever in a dictionary there is a long group of monosyllabic words, the majority of them is from Anglo-

Saxon, with a few Scandinavian or Teutonic words thrown in. For example, I see a group here, thus: "*smear* (A.S.), *smelt* (A.S.), *smelt* (Scand.), *smile* (Eng. from Teutonic), *smirk* (A.S. smercian = to smile), *smite* (A.S.), *smith* (A.S.), *smock* (A.S.), *smoke* (A.S.), *smolt* (A.S.?), *smooth* (A.S.)."

That list is sufficient to illustrate the place and value of Anglo-Saxon words in modern English without further amplifying the idea.

Though most English words come to us, as has already been pointed out, from Latin, Greek, French and Anglo-Saxon, there is not a tongue in the world from which our modern English has not borrowed some of its words; no foreigner should find English completely strange to him. On the other hand, an Englishman attempting to learn Russian finds that the language possesses so very few words anything like their English equivalents. Likewise, there are probably no more than four words of Russian derivation in our language, and we have these only for the simple reason that we could find no appropriate word in English to describe, for example, what a "*samovar*" is, so we took the Russian word.

In every modern language there are words that are not derived from other languages, but are formed onomatopoeically, *i.e.*, their sound is considered to resemble in some way the thing which they are intended to describe. English possesses a few words like "*buzz*," "*splash*," "*click*," which imitate sounds. Such words are seldom borrowed from a foreign source, for the Frenchman, the German, the Englishman and the Russian each has his own inimitable manner of copying with his own voice the sounds he hears. In a different class again is a group of words like "*gas*" (a word originally invented by a Dutchman) and "*Kodak*" (a trade name of the Eastman Kodak Co.) manufactured in a casual way to describe new things.

An interesting survey can be made in an English dictionary at least seventy years old, by noticing words which have since died out of the language, perhaps to be captured and preserved in a more primitive tongue that still finds a use for such expressions. Yet again, the supplement of an up-to-date dictionary can provide a string of fierce-looking words, either recently manufactured in our own tongue, or taken from some other, to describe new things.

Indeed, were it not for the progress of science, we would have hundreds less words in our vocabularies. In a publication printed before 1942, you will find nothing about radar, atom-bombs, jet-propulsion, or such recent inventions; and who can imagine some of the words which will roll off the assembly-lines during the next twenty years?

Another aspect of our daily vocabulary is the changes to which certain words are periodically submitted. Forgetting the "*jive*" of moderns in America, and dealing more with the vocabulary of the average Australian youth, consider the sayings and expressions

which do the rounds of Australian schools. Most of them are used contemptuously (e.g., to "tick somebody off"), while words such as "drip," "log," "mug" and "drongo" (of which I believe the most recent is the last, and Heaven only knows how that originated), all terms of disparagement, live their short lives and then lose their popularity. Many such words seem to have been conceived by members of the armed forces during the recent war, and now, as the Diggers return, the latest in slang sweeps through the civilian community with the aid of schoolboys, who always are ready to pounce upon a new slang word and spread it.

Yet even within the space of a year or so we realise that these expressions are very short-lived; within the next generation each slang word will be supplanted by another, meaning exactly the same, but with just as mysterious an origin. An example of this continual change is given in the terms "pirate" and "wolf," of World Wars I and II respectively. They both mean the same, but if some venturesome person called somebody else a "pirate" nowadays, the victim either would not understand the term, or would scoff at the other for being out of date with his vocabulary.

There are dozens of channels, some deep, some shallow and easy for the amateur philologist to follow in his hobby, but to appreciate the intriguing entertainment of comparing languages, one must realise one essential point, namely, that the words comprising every language are continually changing, or being replaced by new ones; it is a century-long process, but it keeps on and always will, as long as there are people to speak the languages, and as long as science progresses.

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THE RECORD

Wholly set up and printed in
Australia by Deaton & Spencer
Pty. Ltd., 1 Douglass Street,
Sydney.