



The Record

The Magazine of
The Sydney High School

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November, 1947

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"THE RECORD"

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THE RECORD

VERITATE ET VIRTUTE

Vol. XXXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1947.

No. 2.

EDUCATION FOR LEISURE

Whether or not we agree with the introduction of the forty-hour working week, it is about to become an accomplished fact.

Its influence on our national way of life will undoubtedly be enormous: its industrial and economic implications, however, have already been much discussed, so that there exists neither the need nor desirability of recapitulating them here. An aspect of its introduction which has not been fully brought out, however, is the influence of the new hours on our relaxation.

It is an unfortunate fact that we in Australia tend to subjugate one aspect of recreation—culture, to the other—sport. An unhappy commentary on the respective values placed on these two is given by attendance figures: for big cricket or football fixtures crowds of from twenty to fifty thousand are not uncommon; but a recital by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra attracts audiences of one to three thousand only. For every one person who visits the Art Gallery on any one week-end one might hazard a guess that a thousand attend sporting fixtures.

It is not intended to disparage sport or the love of it, but it is suggested that a better balance might and should be obtained between recreation of the body and recreation (rather than mere relaxation) of the mind. Surely the increase in leisure time can be used to effect this, even if in some degree only.

The life of the School, too, should take some account of this increase in leisure. When the working day was so long as to prohibit leisure time altogether it was not unnatural that the School curriculum should be limited to training to earn a livelihood. To-day we have outlived that narrow concept, and education has taken a much more liberal trend. With the added leisure that the forty-hour week has provided, education for living rather than for livelihood should be the aim of our schools. This is the justification for the increasing attention in schools to art, music, dramatic work and hand-work, and the increase in the number and quality of school libraries. If the pupil of to-day is to live the full life to-morrow, which progressive reduction in working hours is providing for, a still more liberal and cultural trend in curricula should be implemented. Thus, too, we may hope to see Australia in another generation with a pride in her culture commensurate with the reputation she has already gained in sport.

B. R. BEVERIDGE.

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LIBRARY

The Library at present contains 4,280 books, the majority of which have now been classified according to the Dewey System and catalogued in a Dictionary Catalogue. Thus, after instruction, any boy can analyse the contents of the Library by finding books of factual material indexed under their authors and the subject or subjects about which they are written, and imaginative books listed under author and title. The work of classifying and cataloguing has been considerably helped in its progress by the invaluable assistance of Miss D. Ryan, of the Schools' Library Service, who has devoted many hours to the task, and thanks are also due to various members of the Library School who have assisted from time to time.

Of the 4,280 library books, 184 have been added during the year, at the cost of £117/10/9. This expansion has been largely made possible through the generosity of the Parents and Citizens' Association, which this year has given £100 to the Library. Among donations made were books from Mr. B. R. White, Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Hansman, and Mrs. J. Skinner. The books from the latter belonged to her son, Oswald V. Skinner, an Old Boy of the School, who died as a prisoner of war in 1942, and were given in his memory. Many of the new books were valuable reference volumes, such as Van Nostrand's "Scientific Encyclopædia," "All the World's Aircraft," "The Standard Stamp Catalogue," Hoyle's "Encyclopædia of Indoor Games," Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," and "The Statesman's Year Book."

Subscriptions to a considerable number of new periodicals have been made; among them the Australian geographical magazine "Walkabout," "John o' London's Weekly," "The Listener," "The Readers' Digest," "Science Digest," and "Popular Mechanics." Other periodicals received include "The National Geographic Magazine," "International Conciliation," "Current Notes on International Affairs," and "Australia in Facts and Figures."

During the weekly library period which is allotted to the majority of pupils, groups of boys from First and Second Years have co-operated to produce project books on subjects in which they are interested. Material for the text and illustration of these was gained from library books, and the finished projects are to be bound and placed in the Library.

Records of reading kept by each individual boy and filed in the Library indicate, on the whole, reading which is satisfactory in quantity and quality, since it is varied and of difficulty commensurate with the boys' ability.

The daily work of recording the considerable volume of borrowing has been efficiently carried out by the Fifth Year Library Committee, ably helped by Fourth Year assistants. The Library representatives from First, Second and Third Years and other voluntary helpers have also given much valuable assistance with

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the general work of the Library, particularly with that involved in the considerable task of organising the books in accordance with modern library procedure—a task which, long overdue, is now nearly completed. It is hoped next year to increase the number of permanent library assistants so as to cope more thoroughly with the many branches of library work, and more especially that incurred in making minor repairs.

On the whole the Library has had a successful year, since it has been constantly and effectively used by the boys, adequate additions to the books and periodicals have been made, and the work of re-classification has made satisfactory progress; thus permitting an increase of that active service to the School by which alone the Library's existence is justified.

K. J. L.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

OFFICERS, 1947

Patron: The Headmaster.

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

Vice-Presidents: S. Rosenblat, M. Harris.

Secretary: B. Beveridge.

Assistant Secretary: D. Annetts.

Committee: H. Bauer, J. Macdonald, H. Stark.

Union Representative: B. Beveridge.

The School this year has failed to enjoy such a successful season in inter-school debating as had been hoped. The Senior Team (S. Rosenblat, M. Harris, D. Haneman), although strong, was rather unlucky to lose their division in the C.H.S. Competition for the Hume Barbour Trophy. Although beating Sydney Technical and North Sydney Technical by a fair margin, the School team was defeated by one point by Fort Street, the eventual winners of this section.

In the Junior Competition, which the School won last year, the team (B. Beveridge, J. Tingle, D. Howard) won their section by their defeat of Sydney Technical—the only other team contesting it—and later won their semi-final against Newcastle High at Newcastle. They have yet to contest the final against Canterbury High.

It was pleasing this year to note that the final of the Senior Competition was debated by two country schools, Cessnock and Wollongong. Our congratulations go to Wollongong, the winners, who thus hold the Hume Barbour Trophy for this year.

In the G.P.S. Competition two very interesting debates took place. The Senior Team went down by a very narrow margin to Sydney Church of England Grammar School, and later, in an extremely good debate, lost to a very powerful Sydney Grammar team, which eventually won the final. Our congratulations go to Grammar, who for some time now have made their way into the final, only to be narrowly beaten. Grammar thus takes from us the Louat Shield, a loss which we are keen to avenge next season.

In the Lawrence Campbell Oratory Competition, W. Glen-Doepel was placed equal first, after delivering a very creditable speech.

Finally, all members of the teams and of the Society generally wish to thank Mr. Hornibrook for his coaching and advice, which made possible whatever measure of success they have enjoyed.

C.H.S. Competition

(a) SENIOR TEAM.

S.H.S. v. Sydney Technical High School (Government)—“That the establishment of a rocket range in Central Australia is desirable.” (Won.)

S.H.S. v. Fort Street High School (Government)—“That the freedom to form political parties is essential to democracy.” (Lost.)

S.H.S. v. North Sydney Technical High School (Government)—“That the granting of Dominion status to India is in the best interests of all concerned.” (Won.)

(b) JUNIOR TEAM.

S.H.S. v. Sydney Technical High School (Opposition)—“That the future belongs to the man with a technical training.” (Won.)

S.H.S. v. Newcastle High School (Opposition)—“That the concentration of population in Sydney is not in the best interests of New South Wales.” (Won.)

G.P.S. Competition

S.H.S. v. Sydney Church of England Grammar School (Opposition)—“That self-interest is the mainspring of life.” (Lost.)

S.H.S. v. Sydney Grammar School (Opposition)—“That the influence of modern films is more beneficial than harmful.” (Lost.)

B. BEVERIDGE (4D).

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The work of the Dramatic Society during Second Term consisted mainly of play readings, “The Admirable Crichton” (J. M. Barrie), “The Man in the Bowler Hat” (A. A. Milne), and “A Night at an Inn” (Lord Dunsany) being read. These plays were carefully studied and each member was able to portray a character that he favoured.

In the production of “H.M.S. Pinafore” not only did members help to supply the cast, but many of them volunteered to help backstage. Cliff. Warne as stage manager, Wal. Hucker and John Tingle as electricians, and other members who assisted with the make-up all gave valuable assistance.

Regular rehearsals and play-readings were resumed after the production of “H.M.S. Pinafore” and will continue for the remainder of the year.

M. DAY (4B).

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MUSIC SOCIETY

The activities of the Music Society were somewhat curtailed while production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was in progress, but were afterwards resumed with full membership. Perhaps the most interesting meeting was that in which were played several recordings featuring the work of Franz Holford, who appears to be little known to the Australian public. The Society is indebted to Mr. Day for making these records available from his private collection.

Those interested in the activities of the Society are invited to attend its meetings, which are held in Room 8 every Thursday at 12.35 p.m.

R. COPE (4D), *President.*

I. DAVIDSON (4D), *Secretary.*

ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra has had a very successful year and has attracted a number of enthusiastic new members. During the production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" regular Orchestra practices were discontinued to enable the Conductor to give his undivided attention to the instrumental quartet, which took the place of a full orchestra for that production. The quartet and pianist ultimately gained much praise for their work and surprised not a few people by the excellence of their performance.

Practices of the full Orchestra have now been resumed and are held in the Assembly Hall between 12.30 and 1.0 p.m. every Tuesday.

R. HOSKING (2A).

CHOIR

During the last four months the Choir has been practising regularly and has taken definite shape. It made a good impression in the concert given at the end of the first term, when it sang Pinsuti's "Spring Song" and "The Peasants' Chorus," by Gounod. It was assisted in this programme by Walter Jagger, flautist; Patrick Stanley, violinist; and W. Glen-Doepel and T. Holland, pianists. Since then the choir has grown in numbers and now possesses a number of good tenor and bass voices as well as the young sopranos.

For the production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" the Choir turned into an operatic group under the baton of Mr. Day, and has done very well in that line. The production of an opera means considerable hard work, but the Choir met its obligations with confidence and acquitted itself excellently.

T. HOLLAND (5A).

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S.H.S. CADET DETACHMENT

The annual camp in May was not attended by as many as usual, but it was a great success. Concluding the day's training at 3.30 each day enabled more time to be devoted to various sporting activities, and some interesting football matches were played between the various School groups.

Our numbers are still low and we should like to welcome more senior boys to the Detachment.

This year the Detachment conducted its own N.C.O. course, as a result of which we hope to form the nucleus of next year's Cadet Corps leaders, who will, we feel sure, uphold the high standard set in the past.

THE CHESS CLUB

Sydney High School Chess Club has just concluded a very successful season. An inter-school competition was held during the Second Term in three grades, and a team of five boys was entered in each grade. The First Grade team—Levick, Haneman, Rosenblat (Captain), Bauer, Stout—with 24½ points won from Canterbury High with 17½ points. The Second Grade team—Wunderlich, Bell, Wenger, Bodlander, H. Stark—and the Third Grade team—Walkerden, Dawson (Captain), Page, Bailey, R. Stark—were premiers also, the runners-up in each case being the Fort Street teams.

The First Grade team won its division of the "C" Grade adult competition by five points from the Drummoyne Club, and in the final defeated a G.P.O. team by 3½ points to 1½. In all, the teams played a total of 29 matches for 28 wins and one draw.

In the individual championships held during the vacations, W. Levick tied for first place in the N.S.W. Junior (Under 18) Championship, H. Bauer tied for first in the Under 16 Championship, and J. Bailey tied for second place in the Under 14 Championship.

The Chess Club is meeting regularly every Friday afternoon at 3.30 p.m. in Room 9. Since many of our players will be leaving School this year, there will be a great need for boys to make up the teams next year, and so all boys who are interested, especially junior boys, are invited to come along.

S. ROSENBLAT (5A),

Secretary.

INTER-SCHOOLS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The I.S.C.F. aims to provide for boys the opportunity to meet in Christian fellowship. As many as 60 boys meet in Room 6 every Tuesday at 12.40 and every Friday at 12.50, where talks are given by the leaders or visiting speakers on subjects which concern us all.

We are indebted to Mr. Carson, who spoke at one of our meetings, and to many of the boys who have given their support and assistance.

An invitation is extended to all the boys of the School to attend, and particularly to boys who have attended Varsities and All Schools Camps.

E. DEXTER (5F),

Leader.

LODGE SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL

Lodge Sydney High School, No. 631 on the register of the United Grand Lodge of New South Wales, is a Masonic Lodge with membership restricted to Old Boys and masters of the School.

It was founded in 1929, being the first of the school lodges to form under the banner of Freemasonry.

Meetings are held regularly on the second Friday of each month at the Masonic Temple, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and all brethren who have the good of the School at heart are cordially invited to attend. The present Master of the Lodge is Worshipful Brother L. W. Ryan, who won the Senior Athletic Cup in 1919 and 1920.

Naturally, the brethren are still keenly interested in their Alma Mater, and give expression to this interest by presenting annually the Lodge Sydney High School Prize to the Fourth-Year student deemed most proficient in:

- A. Sports and School activities.
- B. Scholastic attainments.
- C. Character.

This prize, first presented in 1931, is awarded at the Annual Speech Day, and we would like eligible students to submit their names to the Headmaster as candidates.

We are indebted to the Editor of "The Record" for this opportunity to tell you something of Lodge doings.

H. B. YOUNG,
Secretary.

4 Birrellea Avenue,
Earlwood.

EMPIRE DAY

The Headmaster's Empire Day address consisted of the reading of the Earl of Gowrie's Empire Day message (which we print below) and a commentary on it. The musical items were given by a choir of nine First Year boys, who sang "Land of Hope and Glory," and the boys of 1A and 1B, who sang "The Maple Leaf for Ever."

Empire Day Message

The following message was received from the Earl of Gowrie, V.C., P.C., G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., President of the Empire Day Movement:—

This 1947 Empire Day message is one of hope for happier days to come. I call you to a great adventure.

War and misunderstandings are caused through ignorance, greed and selfishness. In order to live together in peace we must all be more generous, kindly, unselfish and friendly with each other.

The leaders of many nations are trying to create this spirit of goodwill throughout the world. We of the British Empire have already tried to set an example for others to follow.

You are all free members of an empire whose greatness is based on liberty and friendship. No other empire has ever included nations and peoples of European, African and Asiatic blood, living and working together as friends, sincerely trying to be helpful to each other and to those outside the Empire.

When celebrating Empire Day, I call upon you to do all in your power, in the coming years, to learn more about other peoples, and to offer them your friendship, and so be good citizens of your own countries. This exciting adventure lies before all children of the British Commonwealth and Empire.

OLD BOYS' VISIT

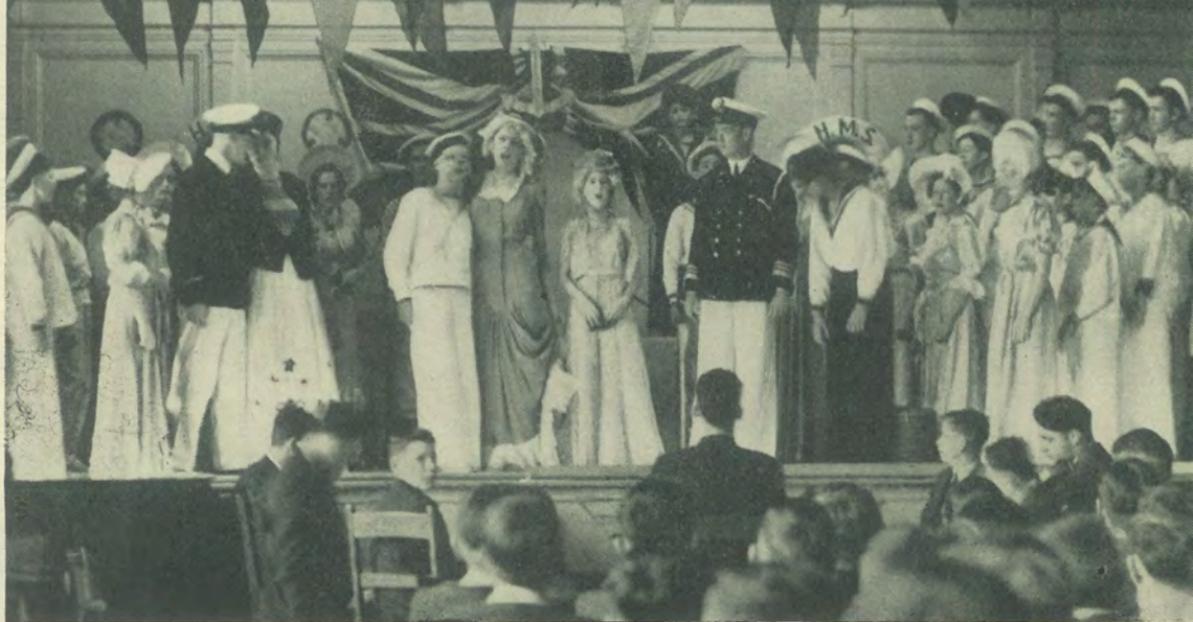
On Monday, 13th October, the School was honoured by a visit from Mr. Frank Albert, who distributed the cups won at the Athletics Carnival. Mr. Albert has donated the cup which bears his name and which is awarded each year to the champion athlete. A miniature of this cup is also available to each year's winner to be held in perpetuity. Mr. Albert, in a short talk to the boys, gave an interesting account of some of his experiences in Switzerland in the early years of the Great War.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

The Gilbert and Sullivan opera "H.M.S. Pinafore" was presented in the School Hall on the nights of October 1 and 2, being the first production of an opera ever attempted here. The first act was repeated on the morning of 3rd, when the Headmaster made a motion-picture record of it.

Everyone who participated—the producer and director, the leading characters, the chorus, the orchestra, make-up men and electricians—was very pleased at the reception received by the opera, since for them the actual staging came as a climax to many long weeks of rehearsal, and it was felt that the success achieved was a good reward for their work.

The story of "Pinafore" is a simple one. Josephine, daughter of Captain Corcoran, commander of "H.M.S. Pinafore," while secretly in love with Ralph Rackstraw, a sailor, is forced to reject his love because of her position. When, in despair, he is about to shoot himself, she admits her love, and they plan to steal ashore that night and be married. Sir Joseph Porter, *K.C.B.*, First Lord of the Admiralty, has come aboard, meanwhile, to seek Josephine's hand in marriage, and the Captain, who greatly desires this union, is infuriated when informed of the intended elopement. So enraged is he, in fact, that when he catches the couple he swears mildly, and



PRESENTATION OF "H.M.S. PINAFORE"—ASSEMBLY HALL, 3rd OCTOBER.

Sir Joseph, who insists on politeness in the Navy, orders him, disgraced, to his cabin. At this point comes the startling revelation of Little Buttercup, a Bumboat Woman, that Ralph and the Captain were switched while babies. Hereupon, the Captain now takes Ralph's place, while Ralph becomes Captain. Thus everything ends happily, with Ralph marrying Josephine, the ex-Captain marrying Buttercup, and Sir Joseph marrying his cousin Hebe.

The performance ran very smoothly on both nights, and the standard was worthy of more experienced players. The leading characters gained much well-deserved praise, while the work of the chorus and orchestra was surprising in its quality.

Those associated with the production wish to express their gratitude to the producer, Miss Smith, and the director, Mr. Day, both of whom gave up much of their time at rehearsals, and whose untiring efforts were largely responsible for the success of the production. Thanks are also due to Miss Cochrane, who supervised the make-up. That it was a success is shown by the fact that profits were just over £100!

The leading parts were played by the following:—

Sir Joseph Porter: Michael Harris.

Ralph Rackstraw: Bruce Mackey.

Captain Corcoran: John Moody.

Josephine: Leon Smith.

Little Buttercup: Henry Plunkett.

The instrumental quartet, culled for the occasion from the regular School Orchestra, consisted of Patrick Stanley (violin), Warwick Schey (flute), Keith Davies (oboe), Leslie Strait ('cello), with William Glen-Doepel as pianist.

Those who were present at either performance will agree that everyone concerned (including the much-forgotten make-up men, electricians, curtain-men, stage manager, etc.) has good reason to be proud of himself.

J. T.

[A somewhat more intimate account of "Pinafore" than the above was submitted to the Editorial Committee by the Stage Manager. We record some of his impressions in the form of excerpts.—Ed.]

* * * *

As I wandered into the dressing rooms about six o'clock on the Wednesday evening, Miss Smith, Miss Cochrane and Mrs. Day were busily making up cousins, sisters, and aunts. "Don't you know how to make up?" I asked John Moody. "Sure," he replied; "just kiss the girl and say you're sorry."

* * * *

The make-up team from the Dramatic Society has come to the conclusion that beauty is only skin dope.

* * * *

Remember the very gruesome piece of work that was Dick Deadeye? That was the very good work of Miss Cochrane. I understand that she achieved the result by reversing all the rules in "The Modern Woman's Guide to Beauty."

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Colin Foster played that part. He adopted an expression so sour that every time Miss Cochrane put cream on his face it curdled.

* * * *

The make-up men consider that some of the female characters do not stand close enough to the razor when they shave.

* * * *

Leon Smith had an income-tax figure. He didn't have his form filled in.

* * * *

"Are you the fellow they call Rex Clifford, the magician and ventriloquist?" a small boy asked.

"Yes, but I've signed your autograph book before."

"That's right, but when I get ten of yours I can swap them for one of Mr. Day's."

SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1947-48

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Vice-Presidents: F. D. Campbell, Esq.; H. S. McCann, Esq.

Hon. Secretary: F. G. Arnold, Esq. (*pro tem.*).

Hon. Treasurer: T. E. Gould, Esq.

Executive Committee: Mesdames Krahe, Banwell, and Cristofani; C. S. Upton, Esq.; L. C. Davis, Esq.; W. B. Nehle, Esq.; R. Dyson, Esq.

Meetings: Third Thursday each month at the School, 8 p.m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

President: Mrs. Krahe.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. McCann.

Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. Banwell.

Meetings: Second Wednesday in each month at the School, 1.30 p.m.

Progress at last is being made in finalising the purchase of a site for the School boat-shed. Land which is situated off Teviot Avenue, Abbotsford, has been selected, trustees appointed, deposit paid, and at an early date it is expected that the formalities of the transfer will be completed.

With the completion of the purchase of the land, our next consideration will be to make use of it. Building restrictions, unfortunately, will hamper the erection of any permanent structure. To meet the needs of the moment it may be necessary to consider an alternative scheme.

The Association has recently placed an order for a 16-millimetre sound film projector for use at the School. It is hoped that this equipment will be of assistance to both pupils and teaching staff.

We are awaiting with interest a recommendation by the McKay Sports Ground Committee for installation of satisfactory sanitation at the pavilion. The problem is made difficult by reason of the location of sewer mains in this area.

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Arrangements are in hand for renovations and replacements to curtains on the stage in the Great Hall.

The response to the Headmaster's Appeal this year has been most gratifying. The total of £290/10/6 has been exceeded only once, when an amount of £717 was received in 1943.

The Association is also indebted to the Ladies' Auxiliary for their untiring efforts to provide for the various needs of the School.

An innovation of the Dance Committee has been well received by the patrons of our P. & C. dances. A qualified teacher in ball-room dancing has offered his services as tutor for an hour before our regular functions and the increased attendances indicate the wholehearted approval of our young people.

This opportunity is taken to extend our best wishes to all candidates for the year's examinations.

F. G. ARNOLD,

Hon. Secretary.

Ladies' Auxiliary

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Parents and Citizens' Association records another year of activity for the School.

Up to September the sum of £386 was raised by direct contributions from parents and from two social functions; an afternoon party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Schey during April resulting in the gain of £34/10/9 for the Auxiliary funds, and an evening party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Upton added a further £103/10/-. The Ladies' Auxiliary is deeply appreciative of the generous assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Schey and Mr. and Mrs. Upton.

Two further social activities for the year have been arranged: A luncheon party and games afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Rosenblum in October, and a Christmas Dance for parents and friends in the Great Hall in December.

The President, Mrs. Krahe, wishes to record her thanks to those women who prepared afternoon tea for guests of the School and players at the McKay Oval during the football season.

Regular meetings of the Auxiliary are held on the second Wednesday of each month at 1.30 p.m. in the Great Hall. Guest artists and speakers serve to make these meetings most interesting. Afternoon tea is served.

A cordial invitation is extended to all mothers and friends to attend and take their part in the activities of the Auxiliary.

(Mrs.) LYALL McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

THE RECORD

SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' UNION Founded 1892

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1947

Patrons: His Honour the Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Frederick Jordan, *K.C.M.G., B.A., LL.B.*; G. C. Saxby, Esq., *B.A.*; J. H. Killip, Esq., *B.A.*

President: Major D. J. Duffy, *M.C., E.D.*

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

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

Council: Brigadier J. Reddish, Messrs. H. B. Young, A. Hodge, A. K. Paterson, Dr. G. Hardwicke, Messrs. D. Mitchell, F. McKay, H. Jessep, D. R. Cristofani, K. Cross, J. R. Geary, P. Dreehin, H. St. Leon, P. Turner, J. Metcalfe, K. McLellan, C. E. Oliver, A. R. Callaway, J. Chapman.

Honorary Secretary: L. Tingle, Esq., 432 New South Head Road, Double Bay (FM3001).

Honorary Treasurer: E. Morcombe, Esq., c/o Messrs. Jamieson, Patterson & Co., Floor 10, Challis House, 10 Martin Place, Sydney (BW 5300).

Honorary Assistant Secretaries: Messrs. K. O. Binns, G. McTiernan.

School Representative: B. Thiering.

Honorary Auditor: A. G. Leroy, Esq.

Social Committee: Dr. Hardwicke (Chairman), K. O. Binns, Esq. (Secretary), Messrs. F. McKay and A. Hodge.

Membership Committee: Messrs. H. Jessep (Chairman), J. Chapman, H. St. Leon.

Rowing Committee: Dr. Winston (Chairman), Messrs. F. Nichols, C. E. Oliver, A. R. Callaway.

Sports Ground Committee: Messrs. R. T. McKay, C. A. Fairland, E. Pye.

Younger Set Committee: Messrs. J. B. Geary, A. Hodge, G. McTiernan.

G.P.S. Council of the Old Boys' Unions Representative: H. C. Wilson, Esq.

Membership

An intensive drive to increase the membership of the O.B.U. will have been launched by the time this issue of "The Record" has gone to press. The object is to build up the strength of the Union to a figure more in keeping with the numbers of ex-pupils of our School. It is interesting to note that over 11,000 boys have passed through the School since its inception in 1883. The view of the present Council of the O.B.U. is that a strong Union is the only one worthy of a great School such as is Sydney High. This view must surely be shared by all ex-students, whether members of the Union or not. The present strength of the Union is therefore a reflection on us all and it behoves all ex-students of High who read this to get behind the Membership Committee in the present drive and assist by joining up right away if they are not already members or, if they are, by enrolling all Old Boys of their acquaintance who are not members. Membership subscription rates are:—

Life .. £5 5 0

Annual .. 0 7 6

All subscriptions should be paid to the Honorary Treasurer (see address under office-bearers).

THE RECORD

Membership Lists

During the war years many of the former membership lists and O.B.U. records were mislaid and the Council has thus been hampered in trying to keep in touch with Old Boys who are not at present financial members. An appeal made to the Headmaster, Mr. J. H. Killip, to help us in this direction by supplying the names and addresses of former pupils, as shown on the School registers, has resulted in the usual ready co-operation, and to this gentleman and his deputy, Mr. P. W. Hallett, who has already typed the complete lists for the years 1946-1937, and who has promised to continue this good work, we of the O.B.U. offer our sincere thanks.

Badges

O.B.U. badges are now available to all financial members of this Union, and may be purchased at a cost of 2/6 each from the Honorary Secretary or Honorary Treasurer.

Social

The Annual Chocolate and Blue Ball was held on 16th September, 1947, at the State Ballroom, and was a brilliant success both socially and financially, over 350 being present, which was the full capacity of the ballroom. At the official table the President, Major D. J. Duffy, and Mrs. Duffy entertained the Headmaster, Mr. J. H. Killip, who was accompanied by Miss Applett; the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. P. W. Hallett, and Mrs. Hallett; the President of S.H.S.P. & C., Mr. R. B. White, and Mrs. White; representatives from the O.B. Unions of the G.P.S., S.G.H.S. Ex-Students' Association and from the N.S.H.S. While many different years were represented, it was noticeable that Old Boys of the more recent years predominated. Ken. Binns acted as Social Secretary for this function and was assisted by Alan Hodge in preliminary organisation. Our thanks go to the following who sent donations towards the expenses of the ball, the proceeds of which are to be donated towards the O.B.U. Boat Shed Building Fund: Younger Set Committee, £2; R. B. White, £1/1/-; Major D. J. Duffy, £10; P. K. Howard, £1/1/-; Dr. G. Hardwicke, £9/12/-; Lieut. B. Gordon, 12/6; H. R. Christie, £1/1/-; H. G. Christie, £1/1/-; Lieut. A. Brown, 12/6; H. W. Pownall, £1; R. S. Hooke, £2/12/-; J. H. Killip, £3/3/-; Dr. H. J. Howell, £2/2/-; H. Hewitt, £1/1/-; Dr. L. Parr, £1/6/-; C. Waugh, 10/-; Dr. D. Henry, £1/1/-; F. W. Hughes, £5/5/-; J. H. Watson, £1/1/-; C. T. Clarke, 10/-; Mrs. A. Bachall, 10/-; R. W. May, £1/1/-; T. Wells, 10/6; Dr. C. E. Winston, £1/1/-; R. G. Bain, £1/6/-. Total, £51/0/6. As a result of these donations and the profits from the Chocolate and Blue Ball the O.B.U. Boat Shed Building Fund will be credited with £140, a worthy start on which to build. Our thanks are also due to Alan Hodge and his brother for the construction, painting and donation of a large shield which was a replica of the O.B.U. badge and was prominent in the decorations at the Ball.

Younger Set

An important innovation this year has been the formation of a "Younger Set" within the O.B.U. The object of this is to welcome all boys into O.B.U. ranks as they leave School by providing a means to bring the younger and more recent Old Boys together. This movement has started in a quiet small way, but now that addresses for the years 1946-1939 have been received from the School a circular inviting membership and attendance at a general meeting at the School will have been sent out to all members of the years mentioned above when this issue of the O.B.U. has gone to press. The present Younger Set Committee—Messrs. J. B. Geary, A. Hodge, and G. McTiernan—is a *pro-tem.* one, and will function until the general meeting of the Younger Set members elects a Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, Assistant Secretary and Committee. Already several small dances have been held in the eastern suburbs, which have been mainly attended by the immediate friends and acquaintances of the present Committee, and a very enjoyable time has been experienced by all attending. It is hoped that this Younger Set will quickly swing into action and become a vital force in the Union by organising functions with a special appeal and within the price range of all younger Old Boys. The Council offers its congratulations to the present small band of enthusiasts who, through their efforts, were able to make a donation towards the expenses of the Chocolate and Blue Ball. Younger Old Boys who are interested in these functions should contact Alan Hodge, 23 Gardyne Street, Waverley, or J. B. Geary, at 18 Imperial Avenue, Bondi.

G.P.S. Association of N.S.W. (Queensland Branch)

The Secretary of the above Association advises that members meet for lunch each Monday at the Brisbane Stock Exchange Club at 1 p.m., and that any Old Boy finding himself in Brisbane on a Monday would be welcome to join them.

Head of the River Regatta Dance

Your Council takes great pleasure in announcing that they have booked the State Ballroom in Market Street, Sydney, for the evening of Saturday, 17th April, 1948 (Regatta Day). It will be remembered that this O.B.U. always held a dance on Regatta evenings until the Council of Combined G.P.S. O.B.U.'s organised a function for all schools. To supply the need for all Old Boys who desire to celebrate the end of this day in accord with the old traditions and to acknowledge the occasion of the silver jubilee (25 years) of the S.H.S. Boat Club, this function is now re-introduced. Full details will be advised at a later date, but the Council request that you make a note of this date in your diary, tell your friends and plan a party. Profits from this function will be devoted to the O.B.U. Boat Shed Building Fund.

Boat Shed

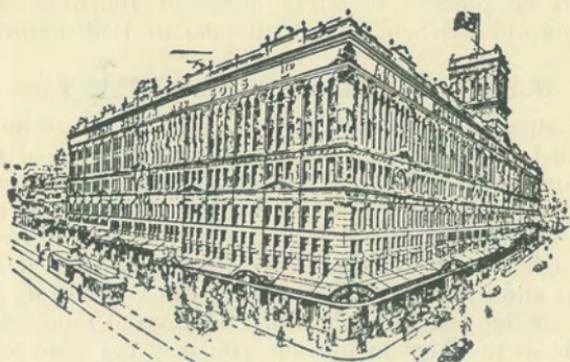
The main activity that this O.B.U. is now sponsoring is the raising of funds to house the S.H.S. Boat Club in a manner worthy of the fine traditions of its sportsmanship and record which have been built up since the School first boated crews in the 1924 G.P.S. Head of the River Regatta. While detailed plans of a suitable Boat Shed have not yet been drawn, a target of £6,000 has been set, bearing in mind the increased building costs and the fact that it will probably be some years before the present building restrictions will permit the erection of such a structure. Much sustained enthusiasm and support on the part of all Old Boys will be required if we are to reach our target. Functions will be organised from time to time, the proceeds of which will be devoted to this very worthy object. All Old Boys are reminded that donations are always welcome and will be credited to this fund or any other fund nominated by them, or if no definite fund is stated it will be used in the best interests of the School and its activities as is apparent to Council at the time of the donation. For the information of all Old Boys it is advised that the accommodation of the School Boat Club is at present offering serious worries, as the School Club is now of such a size that none of the rowing clubs of Sydney, including our present landlord club (Drummoyne), has the space and facilities for their own club and ours too. In view of this, it has been intimated to us as a matter of considerable urgency that we should try and make arrangements to house our School Club from our own resources. It is because of the facts above that your Council has selected this school activity as our primary object for assistance and also because the Union has done nothing as a body for rowing since 1936, having left the financing of this sport to the School Union, and more particularly to the Parents and Citizens, who have rendered yeoman service in this direction. It may be of interest to note that the P. & C. have paid in the vicinity of £600 for a site for a Boat Shed next to Green's Boatbuilding Shed at Abbotsford. What about it, Old Boys?

Help Wanted

Any Old Boy who can undertake to have a bulk quantity of envelopes addressed for the Union is invited to advise the Honorary Secretary, who will then call on him as required. It is anticipated that 1948 will be a record year for this Union as far as correspondence is concerned!

Visits to School and Sports Functions

All Old Boys of the School, whether members of the Union or not, are once again reminded that the Headmaster, Mr. J. H. Killip, and the School are always pleased to see them as visitors both to the School and to any of its sporting functions. The O.B.U. Council would like to see more Old Boys in evidence at the School ground during the cricket and football seasons and also at the grounds of



The well-dressed young man has a certain understandable pride of appearance, occasioned by the fact that he knows he is dressed neatly, correctly and comfortably in apparel from The Senior Store. All our boys' and youths' clothing is of a very high quality, and all impeccably cut under the expert scissors of Anthony Horderns' experienced cutters.

ANTHONY HORDERNS'

'Phone M 2401, Day and Night. Box 2712C, G.P.O., Sydney.

other schools when the School is playing away from home. Barrackers are always a great encouragement to all of our teams. This Union will be pleased to advise dates of functions on request, and will put out a School pocket calendar of 1948 fixtures.

Notice to Boys Leaving School This Year

Your attention is particularly directed to the section of these notes headed "Younger Set." It is the earnest wish of the O.B.U. to hold your interest in our old School through all the years ahead. Our School is something of which we can all justly be proud, and we all owe it a great debt of gratitude. Let us all remember it, then, through the years ahead, work for it and help it all we can in all ways and never lose touch. "How can you best do this?" you ask. May we suggest through your Old Boys' Union. Should you be in doubt as to where to join up, you may pay your subscription to the School Union Office, which will remit it to the Hon. Treasurer.

Women's Auxiliary

It is proposed to form a Women's Auxiliary to organise and work for social functions which it is proposed to run under the auspices of the O.B.U. in 1948. The assistance of the mothers, wives, sweethearts, and friends of Old Boys is urgently required, and it is requested that the names of any ladies willing to assist in this regard be forwarded by Old Boys to the Honorary Secretary of the O.B.U.

Personal Jottings

Bill Cerutti was saying the other day that he had coached M. Howell, J. Cremin, R. Cawsey, E. Tweedale, and W. Dawson when they were at Sydney High School.

* * * *

Dr. R. Higham is now at Manly District Hospital as Medical Superintendent. Bob is still intensely interested in rowing, having rowed in S.H.S. VIII's '36-'37-'38, and now assists in medically examining all would-be rowers at High.

* * * *

Dr. A. R. Robinson is now settled down in Perth, Western Australia, and is attached to Perth General Hospital, St. John of God Hospital, and Hollywood Military Hospital as a surgeon. He recently became the proud father of a baby girl. He is in partnership with Dr. Sir Thomas Meagher and Dr. Lin Martin.

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J. B. Robinson is now with the Australian Gas Light Company, where he is Secretary. He recently passed, second in Australia, at an examination for the Institute of Chartered Secretaries.

* * * *

Congratulations to Mr. Justice B. Sugarman, who was recently appointed to the Supreme Court Bench of New South Wales.

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Merv. Wood (Australian sculling champion) looks a likely starter for the Olympic Games in this event.

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Alan O'Neil is back in Sydney again after a period of many years in the Newcastle district. C/o. the Vacuum Oil Company will still find him!

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Congratulations to Major and Mrs. Keith Coleman on the arrival of a daughter, Robyn. Keith is stationed at Victoria Barracks, where he is posted as G II Intelligence.

* * * *

Other Old Boys stationed at Victoria Barracks are our President, Major D. J. Duffy, who is D.A.Q.M.G., Eastern Command; Capt. R. Angus, Staff Capt. "Q"; Capt. J. Norrie, Staff Capt. "A" and honorary A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor of New South Wales; Lieut. R. Fagg and Lieut. Greville, who are doing Engineering courses at Sydney University. H. T. Yates and P. K. Howard are members of the civilian staff attached to the District Accounts Office.

* * * *

Major J. A. Oliver, G (II), left for England by the "Orion" in November for an 18-months' attachment to the War Office. It will be remembered that John was the first C.S.M. of the School Senior Cadet Corps.

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Lieut. Bob Kelly is in the Interim Army and is in charge of Army Salvage in New South Wales.

* * * *

Cec. Rubie is teaching at Gardiner's Road Public School.

* * * *

Major A. E. Ross, who became a Life Member this year, is with B.C.O.F. in Japan, as is also Capt. Cliff. Ebsworth.

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Ken. Robinson, who stroked High's first crews, 1st IV ('24) and VIII's ('25 and '26) (all winning crews), is station manager of 2HR.

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Charlie Nicol is Public Relations Officer to the Minister for the Army.

* * * *

L. W. Griffin, another Life Member this year, is with the Commercial Bank of Australia and is stationed at Gulgong.

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Lieut. Bruce Gordon, who played for the Navy against the Army in a football match at Victoria Barracks during last season, can be contacted c/o. H.M.A.S. "Katoomba."

* * * *

Jim Hanney, who is with the Bank of New South Wales and is stationed in Melbourne, was recently over in Sydney and expressed great interest in the School rowing.

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Ken. Fidden, who played a great deal of football this year in Army teams, was recently discharged from the Army.

Ross McKinnon had a very successful season as coach of the Canterbury-Bankstown Rugby League, his team winning the minor premiership and being just beaten in the grand final.

Len Wieland, Russ. Law, and Bob McMurray are all rowing with Drummoyne Rowing Club this season.

Dick Crebbin, who has been a prominent member of Sydney Rowing Club for many years, reports that High is well represented at this Club as usual.

Lt.-Col. Don. R. Jackson is now in England on attachment doing special advanced instructional work, while Capt. K. Oram is completing a course in artillery and will soon be leaving for Australia.

Harold Oliver has just returned from England, where he was engaged in research work in English literature for the past 12 months.

H. H. Wiedersehn, who was Hon. Secretary of the Union for many years, is at present with U.N.R.R.A., where he is Chief Executive for the South-West Pacific Area.

Obituary

The Council of the O.B.U. is grieved to report the passing of the following Old Boys:—

CHARLES NORMAN HIRST—A former President of the Union who figured prominently in many Union activities over a lengthy period. It will be remembered that he designed a button badge which was struck to commemorate the Jubilee in 1933. He had also undertaken to draw up plans for the proposed Sydney High School Boat Club Shed, but was unable to carry out this work as he passed away after a very brief illness early in August.

R. S. HARVEY—A prominent Old Boy of very many years standing who, at the time of his death, was Headmaster of North Sydney Boys' High School. This School joins with North Sydney Boys' High School in having lost an old and valued friend. The late Bob Harvey will be remembered by many Old Boys of both Schools for many things of an outstanding nature, not the least being the splendid Library at North Sydney Boys' High School which has been named after him.

J. GIBSON—We regret to record the death some months ago of a former modern language master of the School (1935-37). He was appointed Secondary Inspector of Modern Languages in 1938, a position which he held with distinction till his retirement last year on account of ill-health. His many friends mourn the passing of a colleague who dedicated himself to the cause of education with keen enthusiasm and fine scholarship.

JUDGE HUGH MAGUIRE

Another Old Boy has been honoured by appointment to the Judiciary. Judge Hugh Maguire took his seat recently on the District Court Bench. He gained his Leaving Certificate in 1923, graduated in Law with first-class honours in 1930, and won the Pitt-Cobbett Prize for Constitutional Law and was called to the Bar in 1931.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. G. LEGGE

The School history records among the remarkably able men who formed the original Staff, when the School was opened in 1883, the name of Mr. J. G. Legge, *M.A.* This link with the past was severed in August with the announcement of the death in Melbourne at the great age of 84 of Lieutenant-General James Gordon Legge, *C.B., C.M.G., M.A.* After relinquishing his appointment at Sydney High School Mr. Legge became a barrister-at-law and later joined the Army, serving with great distinction in the Boer War and World War I. His great achievement before 1914, the organisation of universal military training in Australia, won Kitchener's warm approval. After 1918 he was Chief of the General Staff in Australia and later became Commandant of the Royal Military College at Duntroon.

Many Old Boys remember with pride and pleasure this great soldier's early association with the School.

OLD BOYS AT THE UNIVERSITY

Recently published lists of students who have completed the Third and Fourth Year examinations in the Faculty of Medicine show creditable performances by Old Boys of the School. In the Fourth Year examination Henry Harris topped the high distinction list in Bacteriology, being awarded the H. A. Waldron Memorial Prize, and also gained distinction in Pharmacology. Charles K. Lindsell had a very good pass with high distinction (second in year) in Pathology, distinction in Bacteriology, and credit in Pharmacology. Antony Baccarini gained two distinctions and a credit; Bernard Maybloom, a distinction and a credit; Charles Campbell, three credits; and Brian Cotton and David Wolfers, each two credits.

Passed Fourth Year examination: 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, O. B. Toffler, D. Wolfers.

Nineteen Old Boys also completed the Third Year examination in the Faculty of Medicine. David Failes gained distinction in

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Anatomy, Physiology, and Bio-chemistry; John Blunt, two distinctions; Bernard Lake, a distinction and two credits; Ronald Lewis and William Tellesson each gained a distinction and a credit; and Leonard Fienberg, three credits.

Those who completed the Third Year examination were: G. Birbara, J. L. Blunt, R. R. S. Colman, J. T. Dunn, D. G. Failes, L. H. Fienberg, C. J. Friendship, S. Gershon, F. C. Harrell, F. Huber, J. C. Jennings, B. J. Lake, B. W. Norington, R. G. Lewis, J. G. Smith, F. O. Stephens, T. K. Tellesson, W. G. Tellesson, B. B. Turner.

Final Degrees in Medicine

Congratulations to Old Boys who passed the final examination in the Faculty of Medicine and had their medical degrees conferred on them in May. The outstanding performance was that of John



Dr. JOHN BEVERIDGE.

Beveridge, who graduated with first-class honours and the University Medal and was awarded the Arthur Edward Mills Prize for distinction over the whole medical course. G. G. Harrison, A. Freedman, and P. B. Wolfers graduated with Class II honours.

The full list of graduates was as follows: D. D. Backner, J. Beveridge, R. V. Coombes, J. F. Correy, A. Freedman, L. Green, G. G. Harrison, K. C. Jackson, N. L. Lindsay, M. Matheson-Lines, G. Pantle, J. D. Sheils, L. L. Relf, R. K. Spence, N. R. Van Dugteren, P. B. Wolfers.

Fifth Year Medicine

The following Old Boys have completed the Fifth Year Medical Examination and have begun work for the final degree:—B. N. Beirman, S. V. Cohen, R. V. Dan, J. Kalokerinos, P. H. Lewin, J. R. McGlynn, J. H. Mason, D. G. Noble, K. G. Poyzer, P. A. Rachow.

In the honours list, K. G. Poyzer gained a distinction and two credits, B. N. Beirman credit in three subjects, J. H. Mason two credits, P. H. Lewin distinction in medical jurisprudence, S. V. Cohen, J. Kalokerinos, D. G. Noble and P. A. Rachow credit in one subject.

Science and Engineering

The School congratulates E. C. Foulkes, who gained his Master's degree in Science (Bio-chemistry) in May.

Other results published at the same time concerned the Second Year examination in Mechanical Engineering. F. Lewin gained high distinction, M. G. Bracewell distinction, and D. G. Padgett credit.

ADDITIONS TO THE PRIZE LIST

The School is much indebted to Mr. Frank L. Davis for another very generous gift to the School in the form of an annual prize to perpetuate the memory of his late business partner, Mr. Oswald Chapman. It will be a cash prize of £10 for the best all-rounder in Fifth Year, character, scholarship, sport, and school activities to be duly considered, and the prize will be known as the Oswald Chapman Memorial Prize, to be awarded for the first time in 1947. Future prizes will be paid from the interest of Commonwealth Bonds presented to the School by Mr. Davis for this purpose.

PATRIOTIC FUNDS

The practice begun during the War of selling Savings Certificates from the Union Office has continued. Total sales now exceed £4,400.

* * * *

Voluntary contributions for the Food for Britain Fund are collected from the various classes every week. In this way over £100 was collected and disbursed between the beginning of First Term and the beginning of October. Class 2A has the honour of having made the highest contributions during the year.

SPORT

FOOTBALL

FIRST XV — C.H.S.

The 1947 Combined High Schools Competition was one of enjoyable football in which the School's First XV concluded the season as runners-up to Fort Street, to whom our congratulations are warmly extended.

Under the sound advice and coaching of Mr. O'Rourke, the team was defeated only twice during the season (by the Premiers and Canterbury High). In all matches the team played bright open football, and when defeated it was only by the better team.

High's back-line was renowned for its pace, with the flank men, Tate and Knibbs, displaying determination in both defence and attack. Thiering and Middleton proved to be sound centres, the former shining in defence and the latter excelling mainly in attack with sharp bursts of speed.

Making his debut into Rugby Union this year was Lee, who at times gave brilliant displays of heady football combined with fast penetrating runs. As half-back, Ramsay was seen to be sound rather than outstanding, against difficult conditions provided by the opposing packs. All forwards played hard, conscientious football, led by the hardworking breakaway and Vice-Captain Neill, who unfortunately was injured midway through the season and was compelled to miss quite a number of important fixtures. The other breakaway, Robertson, showed pace in the open, and constantly harassed the opposing backs. Linnane, as lock, who was just reaching his top when injured, gave a fine display of hard-rucking and solid cover defence. In the second row, Thompson and Wilkinson did a fine job, and a ruck was never formed without these two predominating. Wilkinson's experience and fiery attitude proved very beneficial when he successfully took over the Vice-Captaincy of the team. The front row consisted of Taylor, Musgrove, and Spencer, who, although light and inexperienced, gave meritorious performances on all occasions. During the season, 22 different players represented the First XV, which gives an idea of the injuries suffered by the regular team members. Dickson more than successfully fulfilled his obligation when called upon to take his place in a re-shuffled pack, as a result of Linnane's injury. Cole also did a grand job when brought from Thirds to replace Neill.

Perhaps the unluckiest player was Gallop, who in his third game with the First XV, after his well-deserved promotion, suffered an injury which finished his football for the year.



FIRST XV—Back Row: J. ROBERTSON, P. COLE, H. PAGE, D. TAYLOR, J. RAMSAY, R. LEE. Second Row: H. SPENCER, M. KNIBBS, J. GALLOP, K. WILKINSON, A. LINNANE, R. THOMPSON, P. MUSGROVE. Front Row: R. TATE, P. DIXON, J. H. KILLIP, Esq. (Headmaster), R. SMEE (Captain), A. F. O'ROURKE, Esq. (Coach), H. MIDDLETON, B. THIERING. Absent: B. NEILL (Vice-Captain).

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In the closing stages of the season, because of his fine exhibitions with the lower grades, Page was promoted to the lock position and did a worthwhile job.

Midway through the season Tate, Wilkinson, and Smee (Captain) represented the C.H.S. First XV against Hawkesbury Agricultural College and, with the addition of Thiering, represented C.H.S. First XV against Combined Associated Schools. At the conclusion of the season Tate, Robertson, and Thompson represented C.H.S. First XV, whilst Middleton, Lee, and Smee played for C.H.S. Second XV against G.P.S. teams.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. *Sydney Technical High*—Won 9-7.
- „ v. *Homebush High*—Won 9-0.
- „ v. *North Sydney High*—Won 14-6.
- „ v. *North Sydney Tech.*—Won 24-3.
- „ v. *Parramatta High*—Won 22-0.
- „ v. *Fort Street High*—Lost 3-14.
- „ v. *Canterbury High*—Lost 6-13.
- „ v. *Hurlstone Agricultural College*—Won 34-0.

FIRST XV — G.P.S.

This year the School team, handicapped by injuries, found it difficult to play the rugged but polished football the G.P.S. Competition demands. Although having a far from successful season, the team enjoyed the G.P.S. matches, and I am sure each player individually benefited by the displays of such brilliant teamwork as were shown by the St. Joseph's College combination, whom we heartily congratulate on their premiership success.

Our opening match for the season was against King's, by whom we were narrowly defeated in a fine hard game. Next we met Newington, and, unfortunately, when in a handy position for a victory, lost a man through injury and were forced to be satisfied with a draw. Then came the meeting with St. Joseph's, and taking the back line man for man it seemed that High had the edge on the boys from Hunter's Hill, but bad luck again came our way in the form of a key player being injured half-way through the first half, leaving us no chance of holding this strong team. The next week we played Shore, but after evenly contested football up to "lemons" we failed to hold our opponents in the second half. Then came our only success—against Riverview. Three quick, converted tries gave us an early lead, which Riverview failed to pass.

The team, however, gave its best display against Grammar, in a stirring match which had the crowd on its toes throughout, and, although defeated, our players and supporters alike bore no regrets. The season's football for the School ended with the game against Scots, in which our opponents once more won through, this time by the combined rucking of their forwards and the variation of

play by their inside backs, which towards the closing stages we could not counter.

In combined games our representatives were: Wilkinson, G.P.S. First XV; Smee and Tate, G.P.S. Second XV; Lee, G.P.S. Third XV.

The team is grateful to Mr. O'Rourke for his coaching and untiring interest on all possible occasions.

To all members of the Ladies' Auxiliary who assisted in the providing of afternoon tea after our G.P.S. matches we extend our sincere thanks.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. *v. The King's School*—Lost 6-9.
 „ *v. Newington College*—Drew 9-9.
 „ *v. St. Joseph's College*—Lost 9-29.
 „ *v. Sydney Church of Eng. Grammar School*—Lost 5-17.
 „ *v. St. Ignatius College*—Won 15-11.
 „ *v. Sydney Grammar School*—Lost 3-6.
 „ *v. The Scots College*—Lost 5-13.

SECOND XV

The Second XV, by virtue of a small but vigorous pack, an exceptional back-line, good team spirit, and an enthusiastic coach, finished the season co-premiers in both competitions. Our congratulations go to those teams with whom we shared the premiership: North Sydney and Homebush in the High Schools, and Shore in the Great Public Schools. It is interesting to record that the 1947 Second Grade Team made history by being the first from S.H.S. to win the Second Grade G.P.S. Premiership.

After an uncertain start and a close defeat by North Sydney in the C.H.S. Competition, the team found its feet and, when the G.P.S. Competition began, had developed into a fine combination of forwards who won the ball, and backs who put it to good use. The team played fine open football, particularly in G.P.S., and after beating the St. Joseph's and Shore sides in two great games seemed likely to win the premiership undefeated. However, in the final game against Scots the strain of playing two games a week and the effects of the long season began to tell. Our side lacked the dash of previous games, and after an early try the Scots played inspired football to beat us fairly.

Our back line was a competition winner—soundness in the inside backs was matched by pace on the flanks. H. Booth and B. Taylor were dependable halves, always safe, at times brilliant, and in Taylor's absence R. Hews made an enterprising five-eighth. The centres, G. Robertson and N. Pearce, combined well and made the openings for the flying wingers, R. Burke and M. Knibbs. The full-back and Captain, G. Bird, was a fine player and a leader who brought out the best in the team. The forwards, except for some

loose rucking on occasions, held their own against the heavier packs. In the tight play and the line-outs R. Daniels and C. Maidment were outstanding, with B. Gell, R. Pratt, and M. Day working hard in support. Lock, W. Dadour, by his vigour in the rucks, his determination in the open, and his goal-kicking, proved himself invaluable. In the loose, breakaways R. Morrow and D. Hutton played cleverly. The Vice-Captain, D. Hutton, by precept and example, kept the forwards on the ball and packing tightly.

Others who appeared for the side at times were J. Gallop (who played excellently at full-back before he was promoted to the Firsts), H. Spencer, J. Dooker, P. James, J. Gonzalez, M. Rosenberg, D. Hughes, S. Johnson, and B. Lord.

The point scores of the team, 107 to 12 in C.H.S. and 112 to 20 in G.P.S., show its strength in both defence and attack.

Finally, we convey our thanks to Mr. Allsopp, not as a matter of form but as a sincere appreciation of his enthusiasm.

Results of Games — C.H.S. Competition

- S.H.S. v. *Sydney Technical High*—Won 11-3.
 „ v. *Homebush High*—Won 5-0.
 „ v. *North Sydney High*—Lost 6-9.
 „ v. *North Sydney Tech. High*—Won 30-0.
 „ v. *Fort Street*—Won 9-0.
 „ v. *Canterbury High*—Won 26-0.
 „ v. *Hurlstone Agricultural College*—Won 20-0.

G.P.S. Competition

- S.H.S. v. *The King's School*—Won 9-3.
 „ v. *Newington College*—Won 20-0.
 „ v. *St. Joseph's College*—Won 14-3.
 „ v. *Syd. Church of Eng. Grammar School*—Won 14-6.
 „ v. *St. Ignatius College*—Won 32-3.
 „ v. *Sydney Grammar School*—Won 23-0.
 „ v. *The Scots College*—Lost 0-5.

THIRD XV

This year's Third XV finished the season as undefeated Premiers. In all, 123 points were scored by the team, while only 19 points were scored against it.

During the season three of our forwards, Cole, Dixon, and Page, were lost to the First Grade team, and Hews, Dooker, and Gonzalez went to the Seconds.

Captain Ray Hews at five-eighth was the main force in the backs. His long penetrating runs were well supported by centres Shand and Griffith. The wingers, Dooker and Bradley, made hard runs down the side-line, Bradley being unfortunate not to score. The full-back, Rowsell, was quite sound and his goal-kicking was a decided asset to the team.

THE RECORD



SECOND XV. (CO-PREMIERS, C.H.S. AND G.P.S.).

Back Row: B. TAYLOR, R. HEWS, J. DOOKER, C. MAIDMENT, P. JAMES, R. PRATT.
 Second Row: R. BOURKE, M. KNIBBS, J. GALLOP, R. DANIELS, M. DAY, W. DADOUR,
 B. GELL.

Front Row: G. ROBERTSON, H. BOOTH, G. BIRD (Captain), F. J. ALLSOPP, Esq.
 (Coach), D. HUTTON, N. PEARCE, R. MORROW.



THIRD XV. (UNDEFEATED PREMIERS).

Back Row: E. DEXTER, P. COLE, W. SEDDON, P. DIXON, D. HUGHES, M. ROWSELL.
 Second Row: M. ROSENBERG, J. GONZALES, S. JOHNSTONE, K. LORD, K. PARKES,
 A. GRIFFITHS, P. MATHERS.

Front Row: P. BRADLEY, J. DOOKER, R. HEWS (Captain), I. R. CRACKNELL, Esq.
 (Coach), H. PAGE (Vice-Captain), G. BLOOMFIELD, J. SHAND.
 Sitting: J. STAVELY.

THE RECORD

Vice-Captain Herb. Page, the hard-defending second-rower; Lord, our line-out specialist; Cole, the dashing breakaway; and Gonzalez, a hard-rucking second-rower, were the pick of a very sound pack of forwards. The backs were well supplied with the ball by our hard-rucking front row, Hughes and Seddon, and hookers Rosenberg and Staveley. Dexter and Bloomfield, as halves, were always safe. Parkes and others who were called on at times as reserves performed creditably when they played.

To the coach, Mr. Cracknell, must go much credit for a very successful season, for without his keen interest and coaching the team is unlikely to have done as well as it did.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. *Sydney Technical High*—Won 9-5.
- „ v. *Homebush High*—Won 8-3.
- „ v. *North Sydney High*—Drew 3-3.
- „ v. *North Sydney Tech. High*—Won 17-5.
- „ v. *Parramatta High*—Won 16-0.
- „ v. *Fort Street High*—Won 13-3.
- „ v. *Canterbury High*—Won 23-0.
- „ v. *Hurlstone Agricultural College*—Won 34-0.

FOURTH XV

Fourth Grade shared fourth position in the competition this year, but had an unlucky season owing to numerous injuries. We were unfortunate to lose Bosler at half-back early in the season, but he returned half-way through the competition; later Seddon and Hall were injured, both on the left wing. We started the season well, winning five of the first six matches, but went down to Canterbury and Hurlstone in the last two. Most of the games played were very close, and there was little difference between the teams.

Hopper was the outstanding forward and was ably supported by Snellgrove. Hall was the best back, and notched seven tries in as many matches. Cray, Bosler, and Steele also played some good games, Cray's goal-kicking being a match-winning factor. The team was ably led by Steele and was well supported by the Vice-Captain, Hopper.

The team offers its congratulations to the Premiers, Canterbury, and would like to thank Mr. Frappell for his help and interest throughout the season.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. *Sydney Technical High*—Won 13-11.
- „ v. *Homebush High*—Won 5-3.
- „ v. *North Sydney High*—Lost 5-9.
- „ v. *North Sydney Technical High*—Won 12-3.
- „ v. *Parramatta High*—Won 25-0.
- „ v. *Fort Street*—Won 20-8.
- „ v. *Canterbury High*—Lost 6-11.
- „ v. *Hurlstone Agricultural College*—Lost 3-11.

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FIFTH XV

The Fifth Graders put up a splendid performance to finish the competition sharing the third place. They were beaten in all the trial games early in the season, and then, after a narrow defeat in the first competition game, were not beaten again until they met the winners of the competition, Canterbury. This success was due to an all-round improvement in the team. N. Ellison, at full-back, proved very safe and consistent, and should be an asset next year. The wingers, W. Wells and R. Gilmour, played soundly, the former improving with every game. K. Purdy (Captain) and D. McNamara (Vice-Captain) not only handled the team well, but scored several tries from openings made from their centre positions. R. Seeney, new to the five-eighth position, quickly settled down and showed improved form. D. Fergusson proved a versatile half-back, and his experience was valuable in many games.

The forwards, as a pack, were the equal of any in the competition. R. Black, P. Wolfe, and R. Smith were a solid front row, while L. Dunn and C. Carey were hard-rucking second-rowers. A. Anderson, the lock, not only held the pack together, but was often seen breaking through the rucks with the ball. The two breakaways, J. Agnew and C. Goldberg, were fast off the mark and displayed very promising form.

Our congratulations to Canterbury on winning the competition, and our thanks to Mr. Coffey for his assistance during the season.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. Sydney Technical High—Lost 5-6.
 „ v. Homebush High—Won 8-3.
 „ v. North Sydney High—Drew 3-3.
 „ v. North Sydney Tech. High—Won 14-0.
 „ v. Parramatta High—Won 27-0.
 „ v. Fort Street—Won 11-0.
 „ v. Canterbury High—Lost 0-6.
 „ v. Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won 7-6.

SIXTH XV

After making a bad start by losing to Sydney Technical High, Sixths defeated Homebush, only to be beaten by North Sydney. During the rest of the season they won three times and lost twice, making the score for the season four wins and four losses. On occasions of defeat the team was but narrowly beaten, and only after a hard fight.

The forwards, both in open and close play, worked well as a pack. Manusu (hooker) was well supported by the props, Dickson and Grieves, and also by Shelley, Emery, Dadd, Widerberg, Glynn, and Murray. Harris, who played an outstanding game as scrum-half, sent the ball freely from the scrum to the backs, Middlemiss, Pearce, Saunders, Neate, Mah, Frazer, and Maclaren, all of whom

THE RECORD

gave of their best. With the season's experience behind them, the team should make a fine Fifth Grade side next year.

The Captain, Holland, and the Vice-Captain, Middlemiss, tried their utmost to assist Mr. Rowlands, the coach, in his competent handling of the team. All players extend their thanks to Mr. Rowlands, without whose able coaching they could never have met with such success as they did.

Results of Games

- S.H.S. v. Sydney Technical High—Lost 0-3.*
,, *v. Homebush High—Won 9-3.*
,, *v. North Sydney High—Lost 0-3.*
,, *v. North Sydney Tech. High—Won 8-0.*
,, *v. Parramatta High—Won 9-5.*
,, *v. Fort Street—Lost 3-10.*
,, *v. Canterbury High—Lost 6-9.*
,, *v. Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won 3-0.*

CLASS FOOTBALL

Mr. Hornibrook's organisation of the class football competition provided some interesting and keenly enjoyed matches for those not engaged in the grade teams. The year's competitions were won by 1C, 2D, 3A, and 5DEF. The referees and other officials provided by the boys did a great deal to help the games run smoothly. As well as the regular inter-class games, a series of matches was arranged with Technical High School; the schools were so closely matched that no decisive result emerged.

ATHLETICS

S.H.S. CARNIVAL

SENIOR

- 100 Yards—1, W. Rowlands; 2, P. Eiszele; 3, R. Tate. Time, 10.7 secs.*
220 Yards—1, W. Rowlands; 2, R. Tate; 3, P. Eiszele. Time, 23.3 secs.
440 Yards—1, H. Middleton; 2, A. Dunlop; 3, R. Tate. Time, 53.6 secs.
880 Yards—1, A. Dunlop; 2, B. Lord; 3, J. Gonzalez. Time, 2 mins. 7 secs.
The Mile—1, B. Lord; 2, A. Dunlop; 3, D. Knight. Time, 4 mins. 54.4 secs.
120 Yards Hurdles—1, W. Rowlands; 2, H. Middleton; 3, P. Bradley. Time, 16.4 secs.
High Jump—1, B. Stephens; 2, H. Middleton; 3, A. Linnane. Height, 5 ft. 3 in.
Broad Jump—1, W. Rowlands; 2, P. Eiszele; 3, P. Dawson. Distance, 20 ft. 8 in.

THE RECORD

Shot Putt—1, P. Drummond; 2, R. Smee; 3, B. Thiering. Distance, 36 ft. 10 in.

SENIOR CUP POINTS—1, W. Rowlands, 32; 2, H. Middleton, 24; 3, R. Tate, P. Eiszele, 13.

UNDER 16

100 Yards—1, N. Pearce; 2, R. Burke; 3, J. Pearce. Time, 11.0 secs.

220 Yards—1, N. Pearce; 2, R. Burke; 3, R. Alger. Time, 24.0 secs.

440 Yards—1, N. Pearce; 2, S. Bodlander; 3, J. Shand. Time, 56.5 secs.

880 Yards—1, L. Shaw; 2, R. Evans; 3, K. Cleary. Time, 2 mins. 20.8 secs.

90 Yards Hurdles—1, R. Burke; 2, J. Adair; 3, D. Anderson. Time, 12.9 secs.

High Jump—1, J. Adair; 2, D. Anderson; 3, R. Burke. Height, 4 ft. 11 in.

Broad Jump—1, R. Burke; 2, J. Adair; 3, J. Sachs. Distance, 19 ft. 0½ in.

Shot Putt—1, D. Anderson; 2, R. Burke; 3, J. Harris. Distance, 39 ft. 11½ in.

POINT SCORE—1, R. Burke, 32; 2, N. Pearce and J. Adair, 24.

UNDER 15

100 Yards—1, J. O'Farrell; 2, D. Bernard; 3, N. Bayfield. Time, 11.9 secs.

220 Yards—1, J. Bosler; 2, J. O'Farrell; 3, N. Bayfield. Time, 24.6 secs.

90 Yards Hurdles—1, P. Epstein; 2, B. Daly; 3, D. Bernard. Time, 15 secs.

High Jump—1, B. Daly; 2, J. O'Farrell; 3, J. Reddish. Height, 5 ft. 0½ in.

Broad Jump—1, D. Bernard; 2, R. Evans; 3, J. Harris. Distance, 17 ft. 8½ in.

Shot Putt—1, J. Harris; 2, J. O'Farrell; 3, G. King. Distance, 38 ft. 3 in.

POINT SCORE—1, J. O'Farrell, 24; 2, D. Bernard, 20½; 3, J. Bosler, 12.

UNDER 14

100 Yards—1, O. Marks; 2, O. Fry; 3, D. Colley. Time, 12 secs.

220 Yards—1, O. Fry; 2, O. Marks; 3, M. Carse. Time, 27 secs.

60 Yards Hurdles—1, D. Colley; 2, M. Carse; 3, J. Nicholson. Time, 10.8 secs.

High Jump—1, D. Colley; 2, B. Steele; 3, G. Gould. Height, 4 ft. 6½ in.

Broad Jump—1, D. Colley; 2, J. Nicholson; 3, W. Mark. Distance, 16 ft. 3 in.

THE RECORD



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM—C.H.S. PREMIERS, 1947.

Back Row: D. HUTTON, D. KNIGHT, B. LORD, B. STEPHENS, P. DAWSON.
 Front Row: P. DRUMMOND, P. EISZELE, W. ROWLANDS, Mr. L. A. BASSER,
 H. MIDDLETON, R. TATE, J. DUNLOP.



JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM—C.H.S. AND G.P.S. PREMIERS, 1947.

Back Row: N. BAYFIELD, D. BERNARD, R. MORROW, D. EVANS, S. BODLANDER.
 Second Row: P. EPSTEIN, J. PEARCE, D. STUART, P. STANLEY, J. REDDISH,
 J. SHAND.
 Front Row: J. BOSLER, J. O'FARRELL, R. BURKE, Mr. L. A. BASSER, N. PEARCE,
 J. ADAIR, B. DALY.

THE RECORD



JUVENILE ATHLETICS TEAM—C.H.S. RUNNERS-UP, 1947.

Back Row: O. FRY, W. MARK, M. CARSE, J. NICHOLSON, O. MARKS, D. COLLEY.
Front Row: G. RIVERS, J. KENELLY, M. AUSTIN, Mr. H. EDMONDS, P. WHITAKER,
 M. SAUNDERS, A. PEARCE.
 A. CLARK.

Shot Putt—1, D. Stuart; 2, B. Fagan; 3, B. Steele. Distance, 41 ft. 1 in.

POINT SCORE—1, D. Colley, 31; 2, O. Marks, 18; 3, O. Fry, 13.

UNDER 13

100 Yards—1, M. Saunders; 2, P. Whitaker; 3, M. Austen. Time, 12.9 secs.

220 Yards—1, P. Whitaker; 2, M. Saunders; 3, A. Pearce. Time, 28.8 secs.

High Jump—1, A. Clark; 2, K. Sinderberg; 3, M. Austen. Height, 4 ft. 6½ in.

Broad Jump—1, P. Whitaker; 2, G. Rivers; 3, H. Goldberg. Distance, 15 ft. 3 in.

POINT SCORE—1, P. Whitaker, 21; 2, M. Saunders, 13.

Novice Events

SENIOR

440 Yards—1, A. Griffith; 2, J. Elliot; 3, K. Parkes. Time, 56.5 secs.

880 Yards—1, R. Daniels; 2, K. Murrant; 3, J. Edwards. Time, 2 mins. 17 secs.

Mile—1, W. Meikle; 2, N. Moores; 3, J. Edwards. Time, 5 mins. 15 secs.

THE RECORD

JUNIOR

440 Yards—1, R. Alger; 2, R. Morrow; 3, S. Phillips. Time, 60.5 secs.

880 Yards—1, R. Alger; 2, R. Morrow; 3, S. Bodlander. Time, 2 mins. 20.8 secs.

CLASS PENNANT POINTS—2A, 154; 5C, 96; 5A, 89; 5F, 88; 3B, 84.

C.H.S. ATHLETICS MEETING

SENIOR RESULTS

100 Yards—Div. 2: P. Eiszzele, 2nd. Time, 10.9 secs.

220 Yards—Div. 2: R. Tate, 1st. Time, 23.5 secs.

Hurdles—Div. 2: H. Middleton, 1st. Time, 16.6 secs.

Hurdles—Div. 1: W. Rowlands, 1st. Time, 16.7 secs.

440 Yards—Div. 2: D. Hutton, 2nd. Time, 54.3 secs.

440 Yards—Div. 1: H. Middleton, 1st. Time, 52.6 secs.

880 Yards—Div. 2: B. Lord, 2nd. Time, 2 mins. 8.7 secs.

880 Yards—Div. 1: A. Dunlop, 2nd. Time, 2 mins. 7.1 secs.

Mile—Div. 2: D. Knight, 1st. Time, 4 mins. 49.7 secs.

Mile—Div. 1: B. Lord, 3rd. Time, 4 mins. 47.2 secs.

Broad Jump—Div. 2: P. Eiszzele, 3rd. Distance, 20 ft. 4½ in.

High Jump—Div. 1: W. Stephens, 5th. Height, 5 ft. 7 in.

Shot Putt—Div. 1: P. Drummond, 1st. Distance, 37 ft. 7 in.

Relay—1st. Time, 45.4 secs.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP POINT SCORE—1st, Sydney, 93; 2nd, North Sydney, 71; 3rd, Homebush, 61.

JUNIOR RESULTS

100 Yards—Div. 2: R. Burke, 1st. Time, 11.2 secs.

100 Yards—Div. 1: N. Pearce, 4th. Time, 10.5 secs.

220 Yards—Div. 2: R. Burke, 1st. Time, 24.6 secs.

220 Yards—Div. 1: N. Pearce, 5th. Time, 23.5 secs.

Hurdles—Div. 2: J. Adair, 1st. Time, 13.6 secs.

Hurdles—Div. 1: R. Burke, 1st. Time, 12.2 secs. *Record.*

High Jump—Div. 2: R. Morrow, 2nd. Height, 5 ft. 2 in.

Broad Jump—Div. 2: J. Adair, 1st. Distance, 18 ft. 7¾ in.

Broad Jump—Div. 1: R. Burke, 1st. Distance, 20 ft. 3¾ in.

Shot Putt—Div. 2: R. Burke, 2nd. Distance, 39 ft. 10½ in.

Shot Putt—Div. 1: P. Stanley, 3rd. Distance, 52 ft. 4½ in.

Relay—1st. Time, 47 secs.

UNDER 15 RESULTS

100 Yards—Div. 2: J. Bosler, 1st. Time, 11.8 secs.

100 Yards—Div. 1: J. O'Farrell, 1st. Time, 11.8 secs.

220 Yards—Div. 2: J. Bosler, 1st. Time, 25.6 secs.

220 Yards—Div. 1: J. O'Farrell, 2nd. Time, 25.5 secs.

Hurdles—Div. 2: R. Evans, 1st. Time, 14.5 secs.

Hurdles—Div. 1: P. Epstein, 2nd. Time, 13.7 secs.

High Jump—Div. 2: J. Reddish, 2nd. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.

THE RECORD

High Jump—Div. 1: B. Daly, 1st. Height, 5 ft. 3 in.
Broad Jump—Div. 2: R. Evans, 1st. Distance, 17 ft. 11 in.
Broad Jump—Div. 1: D. Bernard, 2nd. Distance, 17 ft. 8 in.
Relay—1st. Time, 49 secs.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP POINT SCORE—1st, Sydney, 157; 2nd, Homebush, 102; 3rd, Canterbury, 72.

Juvenile Results

UNDER 14

100 Yards—Div. 1: O. Fry, 3rd. Time, 11.7 secs.
220 Yards—Div. 2: M. Carse, 3rd. Time, 25.6 secs.
Hurdles—Div. 2: M. Carse, 3rd. Time, 10.4 secs.
High Jump—Div. 2: M. Austen, 1st. Height, 4 ft. 6½ in.
Broad Jump—Div. 2: D. Colley, 3rd. Distance, 16 ft. 8¼ in.
Relay—3rd. Time, 50.4 secs.

UNDER 13

100 Yards—Div. 2: M. Saunders, 3rd. Time, 12.7 secs.
High Jump—Div. 1: A. Clark, 3rd. Height, 4 ft. 7 in.
Relay—1st. Time, 55 secs.

JUVENILE CHAMPIONSHIP POINT SCORE—1st, Newcastle, 80½; 2nd, Sydney, 77; 3rd, Canterbury, 70.

AGGREGATE CHAMPIONSHIP—1st, Sydney, 327; 2nd, Homebush, 196; 3rd, Canterbury, 175.

RESULTS OF G.P.S. ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

SENIOR

100 Yards—Div. 2: R. Tate, 3rd. Time, 10.9 secs.
100 Yards—Div. 1: W. Rowlands, 3rd. Time, 10.7 secs.
220 Yards—R. Tate, 5th. Time, 22.5 secs.
880 Yards—Div. 1: J. Dunlop, 4th. Time, 2 mins. 4.5 secs.
Mile—Div. 2: D. Knight, 1st. Time, 4 mins. 49.6 secs.
Mile—Div. 1: B. Lord, 4th. Time, 4 mins. 45.8 secs.
120 Yards Hurdles—H. Middleton, 3rd. Time, 16.9 secs.
Broad Jump—P. Eiszele, 5th. Distance, 20 ft. 10½ in.
Shot Putt—P. Drummond, 3rd. Distance, 41 ft. 9 in.
440 Yards Relay—3rd. Time, 44.6 secs.

UNDER 17

100 Yards—Div. 2: H. Middleton, 3rd. Time, 11.1 secs.
100 Yards—Div. 1: P. Eiszele, 2nd. Time, 11 secs.
220 Yards—P. Eiszele, 3rd. Time, 23.1 secs.

SENIOR POINT SCORE—1st, Scots, 86; 2nd, Shore, 83; 3rd, Grammar, 79.

THE RECORD

JUNIOR

UNDER 16

100 Yards—Div. 1: N. Pearce, 1st. Time, 11 secs.

100 Yards—Div. 2: R. Burke, 1st. Time, 11.1 secs.

220 Yards—N. Pearce, 3rd. Time, 24.1 secs.

880 Yards—Div. 2: K. Cleary, 4th. Time, 2 mins. 14.9 secs.

90 Yards Hurdles—R. Burke, 1st. Time, 12.5 secs.

High Jump—B. Daly, 1st. Height, 5 ft. 4 in.

Broad Jump—R. Burke, 1st. Distance, 20 ft.

440 Yards Relay—1st. Time, 46.7 secs. [46.7 secs. for the Under-16 Relay is a Sydney High record.]



THE FRANK ALBERT CUP

The senior athletics champion, W. T. Rowlands, is the winner of the Frank Albert Cup, 1947. The original cup, the gift of Mr. Frank Albert, is for perpetual competition, the winner's name each year being inscribed on the plinth. Two miniatures are awarded each year, one to the athletics champion and the other to the Dux of the School.

THE RECORD

UNDER 15

- 100 Yards—Div. 2: J. Bosler, 2nd. Time, 11.3 secs.
220 Yards—J. Bosler, 4th. Time, 24.4 secs.
440 Yards Relay—2nd. Time, 48.1 secs.

UNDER 14

- 100 Yards—Div. 2: O. Marks, 3rd. Time, 12 secs.
100 Yards—Div. 1: O. Fry, 1st. Time, 12.2 secs.
220 Yards—O. Fry, 2nd. Time, 25.8 secs.

UNDER 13

- 100 Yards—Div. 2: M. Saunders, 2nd. Time, 12.8 secs.
JUNIOR POINT SCORE—1st, Sydney High, 130; 2nd, Shore, 115½; 3rd, Scots, 92.

S WIMMING

Results of S.H.S. Carnival, 28th February, 1947

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS

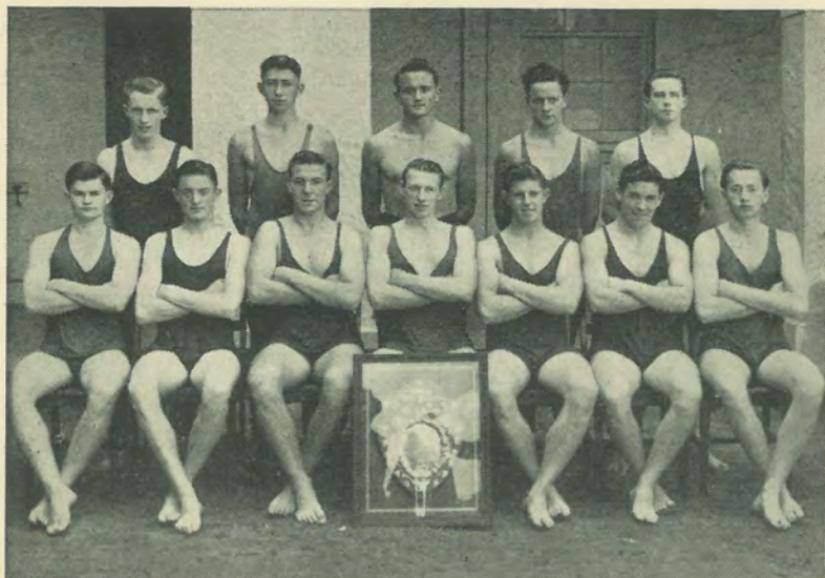
- 880 Yards—R. Smee 1, B. Thiering 2, K. Parkes 3, J. Heyes 4, D. Hughes 5. Time, 13 mins. 10.8 secs.
440 Yards—R. Smee 1, B. Thiering 2, D. Taylor 3, J. Heyes 4, R. Bell 5. Time, 6 mins. 10 secs.
220 Yards—R. Smee 1, B. Thiering 2, D. Taylor 3, K. Parkes 4, B. Neil 5. Time, 2 mins. 46.5 secs.
100 Yards—B. Thiering 1, R. Smee 2, D. Taylor 3, J. Heyes 4. Time, 62.1 secs.
50 Yards—B. Thiering 1, R. Smee 2, D. Taylor 3, R. Bell 4, R. Tate 5. Time, 26 secs.
100 Yards Breaststroke—J. Bos 1, J. Heyes 2, D. Hughes 3, A. Linnane 4, R. Smee 5. Time, 1 min. 25 secs.
50 Yards Backstroke—B. Thiering 1, J. Bos 2, R. Smee 3, K. Parkes 4, H. Spencer 5. Time, 36.1 secs.
Dive—J. Gallop 1, B. Thiering 2, G. Cohen 3.
POINTS—B. Thiering 44, R. Smee 38, J. Bos 13, D. Taylor 12, J. Heyes 11.

Claude Tressider Shield for S.H.S. Senior Breaststroke Champion: J. Bos.

UNDER 16 CHAMPIONSHIPS

- 440 Yards—P. Musgrove 1, R. Daniels 2, D. Trumper 3, B. Blanch 4, G. Bloomfield 5. Time, 6 mins. 24 secs.
220 Yards—P. Musgrove 1, B. Blanch 2, R. Daniels 3, D. Trumper 4, G. Bloomfield 5. Time, 2 mins. 42.4 secs.
100 Yards—P. Musgrove 1, D. Trumper 2, D. Knight 3, B. Herron 4, G. Bloomfield 5. Time, 66.6 secs.
50 Yards—P. Musgrove 1, D. Knight 2, B. Neeson 3, D. Trumper 4, R. Daniels 5. Time, 27.3 secs.
50 Yards Breaststroke—R. Daniels and B. Neeson 1, P. Cole 3, P. Mathers 4, J. Read 5. Time, 33.9 secs. *Record.*

THE RECORD



SENIOR AND UNDER 16 (JUNIOR CHALLENGE SHIELD HOLDERS) SWIMMING TEAMS.
 Back Row: B. BLANCH, D. KNIGHT, R. DANIELS, D. TRUMPER, P. MUSGROVE.
 Front Row: B. NEESON, J. GALLOP, R. SMEE, B. THIERING, H. SPENCER, D. TAYLOR,
 J. BOS.



UNDER 15 AND JUVENILE SWIMMING TEAMS.
 Back Row: N. PEARCE, J. PROCTER, N. MOCLAIR, C. GALEA, M. TAYLOR.
 Centre Row: J. HILLMAN, E. CHRISTIANSEN, D. ANDERSON, J. KERR, J. MURRAY,
 E. PROUDFOOT.
 Front Row: K. AVIS, J. THORNET, F. WILLIAMS, J. MOONEY, R. UPTON,
 M. SAUNDERS, J. MEALEY.

THE RECORD

50 Yards Backstroke—B. Blanch 1, P. Musgrove 2, R. Daniels 3, B. Neeson 4, R. Snellgrove 5. Time 33.1 secs.
 Dive—P. Musgrove 1, B. Neeson 2, S. Banwell 3, T. Schubert 4, B. Mackey 5.
 POINTS—P. Musgrove 45, R. Daniels 18½, B. Neeson 16½, B. Blanch 15, D. Trumper 12.

UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIPS

440 Yards—J. Kerr 1, B. Christiansen 2, J. Murray 3, G. Ferris 4, E. Proudfoot 5. Time, 6 mins. 37 secs.
 220 Yards—B. Christiansen 1, J. Kerr 2, E. Proudfoot 3, G. Ferris 4, R. Morrow 5. Time, 2 mins. 59.8 secs.
 100 Yards—J. Murray 1, B. Christiansen 2, J. Kerr 3, N. Pearce 4, R. Greenberg 5. Time, 69.6 secs.
 50 Yards—J. Murray 1, N. Pearce 2, J. Kerr 3, B. Christiansen 4, H. Stevenson 5. Time, 29.2 secs.
 50 Yards Breaststroke—R. Moclair 1, D. Anderson 2, N. Pearce and S. Banwell 3, B. Mackey 5. Time, 39.4 secs.
 50 Yards Backstroke—J. Hillman 1, E. Proudfoot 2, N. Pearce 3, S. Banwell 4, R. Seeney 5. Time, 40.1 secs.
 POINTS—B. Christiansen 20, J. Kerr and J. Murray 19, N. Pearce 12½, E. Proudfoot 9.

UNDER 14 CHAMPIONSHIPS

220 Yards—F. Williams 1, J. Mealey 2, C. Galea 3, J. Procter 4, P. Wolfe 5. Time, 3 mins. 18 secs. *Record.*
 100 Yards—F. Williams 1, J. Mealey 2, J. Procter 3, C. Galea 4, K. Walkerden 5. Time, 1 min. 15.8 secs.
 50 Yards—F. Williams 1, J. Procter 2, R. Houston 3, C. Galea 4, K. Walkerden 5. Time, 32.5 secs.
 50 Yards Breaststroke—C. Galea 1, J. Mealey 2, M. Taylor 3, M. Fitch 4, D. Bernard 5. Time, 44.9 secs.
 50 Yards Backstroke—J. Mealey 1, F. Williams 2, M. Taylor 3, J. Procter 4, R. Upton 5. Time, 42 secs.
 Dive—J. Mooney 1, R. Upton 2, J. Mealey and C. Galea 3, F. Williams 5.
 POINTS—F. Williams 30, J. Mealey 25½, C. Galea 17½, J. Procter 12, M. Taylor 6.

UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIPS

100 Yards—J. Mooney 1, J. Thornet 2, N. Saunders 3, A. Gunn 4, M. Phillips 5. Time, 1 min. 19.7 secs.
 50 Yards—J. Mooney 1, K. Avis 2, J. Thornet 3, G. Robertson 4, A. Sparrow 5. Time, 31.2 secs.
 50 Yards Breaststroke—J. Thornet 1, N. Saunders 2, G. Robertson 3, M. Carse 4, J. Mooney 5. Time, 41.3 secs. *Record.*
 50 Yards Backstroke—K. Avis 1, J. Mooney 2, G. Robertson 3, J. Thornet 4, M. Carse 5. Time, 38.4 secs. *Record.*
 POINTS—J. Mooney 30, J. Thornet 18, K. Avis 13, G. Robertson 8, N. Saunders 8.

THE RECORD

Results of C.H.S. Carnival, 12th and 13th March, 1947.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS (BRILLIANTSHINE) SHIELD

- 880 Yards—Div. 2: B. Thiering 5.
 440 Yards—Div. 1: R. Smee 5. Div. 2: D. Taylor 5.
 220 Yards—Div. 2: B. Thiering 4.
 110 Yards—Div. 1: B. Thiering 4. Div. 2: R. Smee 2.
 55 Yards—Div. 1. B. Thiering 4. Div. 2: R. Smee 1.
 110 Yards Breaststroke—Div. 2: J. Heyes 4.
 Dive—Div. 2: B. Thiering 1.
 Relay—Wagga 1, S.H.S. and N.S.H.S. æq. 2 (S.H.S. team: B. Thiering, R. Smee, D. Taylor, H. Spencer).
 POINTS—Wollongong 64, North Sydney 61, Wagga 58, Fort Street 45, S.H.S. 43.

UNDER 16 CHAMPIONSHIPS (JUNIOR CHALLENGE SHIELD)

- 440 Yards—Div. 1: P. Musgrove 2. Div. 2: R. Daniels 1.
 220 Yards—Div. 1: P. Musgrove 2. Div. 2: B. Blanch 4.
 110 Yards—Div. 1: P. Musgrove 2. Div. 2: D. Trumper 2.
 55 Yards—Div. 1: P. Musgrove 1 (30.5 secs.). Div. 2: D. Knight 1.
 55 Yards Breaststroke—Div. 1: B. Neeson 1 (36.9 secs.).
 Record. Div. 2: R. Daniels 1.
 55 Yards Backstroke—Div. 1: B. Blanch 1 (36.8 secs.).
 Div. 2: P. Musgrove 1.
 Dive—Div. 1: P. Musgrove 1. Div. 2: B. Neeson 1.
 Relay—S.H.S. 1 (P. Musgrove, D. Knight, B. Neeson, J. Murray).

UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIPS

- 440 Yards—Div. 2: B. Christiansen 1.
 220 Yards—Div. 1: B. Christiansen 5.
 110 Yards—Div. 1: J. Murray 2. Div. 2: B. Christiansen 1.
 55 Yards—Div. 1: J. Murray 3.
 55 Yards Backstroke—Div. 2: E. Proudfoot 2.
 POINTS FOR JUNIOR EVENTS—1, S.H.S. (137); 2, N.S. Tech. H.S. (76); 3, Homebush (61).

UNDER 14 CHAMPIONSHIP (JUVENILE CHALLENGE SHIELD)

- 220 Yards—Div. 2: J. Mealey 1.
 110 Yards—Div. 2: J. Mealey 3.
 55 Yards—Div. 2: J. Procter 5.
 55 Yards Backstroke—F. Williams 3.
 Relay—S.H.S. 3 (J. Mooney, K. Avis, F. Williams, J. Thornet).

UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIPS

- 110 Yards—Div. 1: J. Mooney 2. Div. 2: J. Thornet 1.
 55 Yards—Div. 1: J. Mooney 3. Div. 2: K. Avis 1.
 55 Yards Breaststroke—Div. 1: J. Thornet 1 (46.9 secs.).
 Div. 2: M. Saunders 1.

THE RECORD

55 Yards Backstroke—Div. 1: K. Avis 1 (42 secs.). *Record.*
Div. 2: J. Mooney 2.

AGGREGATE POINTS—1, S.H.S. (251); 2, N.S.H.S. (173½); 3, Homebush (171); 4, N.S.T.H.S. (138); 5, Fort Street (122).

G.P.S. Swimming Carnival

550 Yards Relay—S.H.S. 1 (B. Thiering, R. Smee, P. Musgrove, D. Taylor, B. Blanch).

220 Yards Relay—S.H.S. 2 (B. Thiering, R. Smee, P. Musgrove, D. Taylor).

TENNIS

Results of Competition Games

FIRST GRADE

Team: T. Vagg (Captain), L. Priestley, B. Ingle, G. Laver.

S.H.S. v. Sydney Technical High—Won 6-2.

„ v. Homebush High—Drew.

„ v. North Sydney High—Lost 0-8.

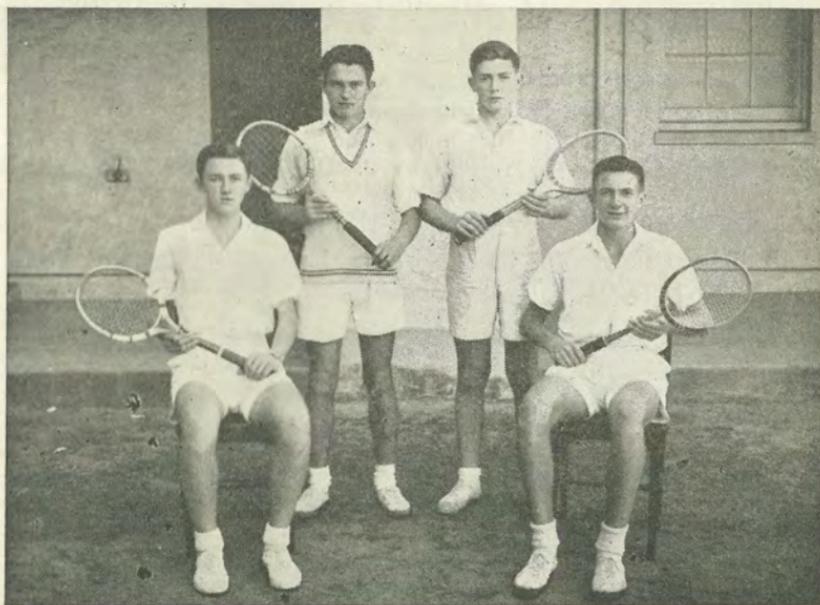
„ v. North Sydney Tech. High—Lost 2-6.

„ v. Parramatta High—Lost 1-7.

„ v. Fort Street—Lost 3-5.

„ v. Canterbury High—Lost 1-7.

„ v. Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won 5-3.



FIRST GRADE TENNIS TEAM.

Left to Right: G. LAVER, B. INGLE, L. PRIESTLEY, T. VAGG (Captain).

THE RECORD

SECOND GRADE

Team: B. Coombes (Captain), S. Simmons, A. Whitting, G. McIntosh.

- S.H.S. v. *Sydney Technical High*—Lost 3-5.
- „ v. *Homebush High*—Drew.
- „ v. *North Sydney High*—Lost 3-5.
- „ v. *North Sydney Tech. High*—Lost 1-7.
- „ v. *Parramatta High*—4-4. (Won on games.)
- „ v. *Fort Street*—Lost 0-8.
- „ v. *Canterbury High*—Lost 3-5.
- „ v. *Hurlstone Agricultural College*—Won 6-2.

THIRD GRADE

Team: D. Wolfe (Captain), J. Andrews, B. Daly, H. Bauer, J. Schubert.

- S.H.S. v. *Sydney Technical High*—Lost 1-7.
- „ v. *Homebush High*—Drew.
- „ v. *North Sydney High*—Won 7-1.
- „ v. *North Sydney Tech. High*—Lost 2-6.
- „ v. *Parramatta High*—Lost 2-6.
- „ v. *Fort Street*—Lost 3-5.
- „ v. *Canterbury High*—Lost 3-5.
- „ v. *Hurlstone Agricultural College*—Won 5-3.

FOURTH GRADE

Team: G. Warren (Captain), P. Appleboom, J. Argue, H. Herman, R. Hutchison, Z. Star, J. Young.

- S.H.S. v. *Sydney Technical High*—Won 6-2.
- „ v. *Homebush High*—No play.
- „ v. *North Sydney High*—4-4 (lost by 2 games).
- „ v. *North Sydney Tech. High*—4-4 (won by 2 games).
- „ v. *Parramatta High*—Lost 6-2.
- „ v. *Fort Street*—Won 7-1.
- „ v. *Canterbury High*—Lost 7-1.
- „ v. *Hurlstone Agricultural College*—Lost 7-1.

LITERARY

THE LONG TRAIL

"Qui-i-i-ck march."

From somewhere up ahead the sound drifted down and jolted him out of his quiet reverie; he felt confused, almost frightened. "Get goin', can't yer?" A heavy, lumbering figure bumped against his back and he stepped out quickly, hearing immediately the clink of the three heavy medals as they swung back and forth on their glistening rainbow strips. He glanced down, his mind in a swirl, and realised he was out of step. He skipped awkwardly. Ah! that was better.

There was a little bald cove in front of him and he stared over his head, shiny with sweat, and along the broad path of bobbing grey heads to where the old battalion colours flapped lazily in the wind. Green and blue they were; you could see them now and then quiver like some proud animal when the breeze caught them right.

They wheeled out of the Domain and for a moment the flag was caught in the wind and spread out like some magical carpet, then it folded again. Funny that, how the colours always sent a surge of pride through him; it seemed as if he were part of those gold letters down the side. He silently recited them in time to the crunching feet, "Gallipoli, The Somme, Passchendaele——"

For one trembling moment anxiety held him as the flag swayed perilously across the sky line. Pity poor old Bob wasn't carrying it now; he'd looked so well last Anzac Day, too. They say most big men go like that, out like a light. He speculated to himself whether little Snowy would be able to carry it very far past Martin Place. The yellowed powder of summer grass clung to his suit and he coughed, his whole body shaking with every spasm. For a while his eyes watered and he felt desperately sick. "Have a swig, dig."

A ponderous shadow loomed up alongside of him, bottle grasped in one gnarled fist; he took it and throwing his head back let the beer trickle down his throat. Its sparkling coolness revived him and he turned to see the face of his benefactor, but he had vanished back into the enveloping folds of the crowd. For the first time he was conscious of his surroundings, of the crowd, a long series of pink faces and swaying bodies, little boys with gaudy flags, youths on roof tops, the long green barriers that glistened like a mile-long ribbon, the occasional policeman, big, blue and silent, and above all the noise the incessant cheering never varying its clamorous note, the shouts of recognition and the answering cries all reminding him of something. A faint, distant memory like some forgotten odour stole by him.

"Some bloke's got his." The bald head in front nodded to the side and, sweeping by, he caught a momentary glimpse of a deathly

white old face and the brightness of a red cross as an ambulance man bent down. The battalion had halted now. Their feet stamped wearily up and down like old heart beats. The smell of meat pies, which were being sold on the kerb, drifted past his nostrils and he sniffed appreciatively. Somewhere in the distance a band blared "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." He hummed it in his mind, "Into the land of my dreams." His legs were growing stiff. Weren't they ever going to move off again? Hot salt sweat dripped into his eyes and he blinked; the sun became a quivering hazy blur of dazzling golden light; the men around him seemed shadowy unreal forms. Then he noticed that they were moving off again, slower now though. He stumbled on and the ground seemed to stick to his feet like thick glutinous mud . . . mud. The music faded away. . . .

The fine delicate gauze of silvery rain had slowly ceased and he glimpsed the little red brick house set back from the straggling line of stark, blackened trees that lined the swirling slush of roadway. He eased the pack off his shoulder. Hell! the grenades were heavy. He began to whistle, spitting the splatters of mud from around his lips, "Where the nightingales are singing." The mud-smearred forms ahead of him halted and he took the helmet from his aching head. He squinted up at the sky, the canvas of some mad painter. It swirled black and white and grey in a monotonous travesty of tone; great blobs of grotesque black thunder cloud rolled sluggishly over the sickly dirty white background and the two were mixed in every intermediate shade. Spilling out through gaping rents were smears of dark yellow like the blood of some foul beast. There was a throbbing in his ears; the guns opening up, he supposed. Quite suddenly a Very Light shot up and hung suspended by a magic thread, showing up the red house like a ghastly tomb. Spits of red and yellow came out of the windows. He began to move towards them, faster, faster. The mumble of the guns grew louder, almost distinct—like a gently lowered curtain the silver rain descended. . . .

Around him the men had begun to march more erectly; their hats came off and over their breasts, the Cenotaph's two giant figures and jumble of bright flowers loomed up. His hat stopped the clinking of his medals; he was glad, for the sound irritated him. Funny, he thought, how it is that individuals fade; he couldn't recall a single name, just one khaki mass.

"Yippee!" A tiny Boy Scout shook a pennant in his face and he smiled and waved back. The boy looked at him oddly. They were swinging into George Street now, the heavy battalion flag prancing in the paper-swirling wind at their head. He saw the front ranks as they turned, blue and grey suited now, a drab line of figures brightened only by the medals winking like so many jewelled stars in the warm April sunshine. From the lines a shabby figure hobbled out, despondently, a one-legged man on crutches. As long as there'd been a march that fellow had been in it, hopping frenziedly along by their side until, a little past the Cenotaph, he

would give in. When the column marched past the old fellow, sitting in the gutter with his face screwed up in pain, he thought of old Bob's words, "That cove's one of the gamest blokes I know."

A few hastily sketched clouds scribbled across the sky shielded them from the heat for a second before the sun burst brilliantly through again. He felt a dull throbbing in the back of his neck and shut his eyes to ease the pain. The mixed roarings of the shoving crowd became suddenly loud, then faded away to a few nondescript cries. . . .

A loud shout came from nearby; then almost a silence. Alarmed, he listened intently and faint hoarse cries came to him. Far away they seemed, like whispers from the past. His head felt hot and uncomfortable; he lifted it and sand poured off him. He ran his fingers through its hot dry grittiness and felt them go moist. He looked at them, a mass of dirt sticking to dark red blood, and tried not to shudder when he saw his tunic. Great walls of coarse brown sand towered above him. He forced his mind to think; he must be in a shell hole. Vaguely he wondered how the mob was getting on up on the heights and whether they would find him again. He tried to sit up, but a stab of livid fire cut into his chest and he sank back groaning. His left arm found a rifle butt and he grinned; he felt better with that around, though it—. A slight rustling reached him and his body froze. There was no sound. He turned his head and saw two figures lying quite close to him. The nearer was bent almost double, a young Englishman with ginger hair and freckles; his arm was tied in a neat white sling. He was dead. His golden collar badge shone brassily; it was the God of Youth. The other man, a dark-faced black-moustached Turk, still lived, propped up against the crumbling sand wall, his eyes shut tight in pain and never once opened. Every time the Turk groaned a shower of sand fell from his bare shoulders and sprinkled the still face of the other. The flies crawled over his bare chest.

He turned his head away from the two figures and tried to see over the hole's top. A sea-scented evening breeze wafted by and cleared the air a little, allowing him to see the heights. They stretched out before him, a purple distance of dull-coloured rocks shimmering like molten metal in the sunset, and short brown bushes dotting the swirling sands. On the shadow-darkened ridge he could see occasional slivers of fire and then the crackle of the guns would drift down. A lonely land, he thought, and a poor one. Surely a strange place to fight for? Weren't there other places far greater than Gallipoli on which men could fight and suffer as he was doing? There was a shuffling in the sands and he saw outlined like a cameo the face of a stretcher-bearer. As he put one leg over and jumped down, the humming of a tune reached him. The man bent over and the face so clear a moment ago became blurred and indistinct, the shouting on the beaches grew louder, . . . louder. He could still hear the man singing and tried to join in.

Almost down to a soft murmur he could hear the tramping of

marching men still. The sky looked very blue. The clouds were gone. A dark cloak of warmth stole over him.

The gaudy red and silver 14-year-old trumpeter of the Council Band did not even see the policeman or the small crowd gathered in a circle on the footpath as he blared out the last strident ringing notes of the tune. They died away among the be-flagged roof-tops, as if wafting the soul on its far journey from the still warm clay. For one, the long, long trail had ended.

A. WILLIAMS (4E).

KING'S CROSS INTERSECTION, 6 P.M., WET WEATHER

("A city is, properly speaking, more poetic than a countryside, for while nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones."—G. K. CHESTERTON.)

*A bobby stands,
Isolated emperor of the cross-roads,
With summoning, beckoning hands,
His oiled coat gleaming.
Passengers sway, steaming,
In the green-sheen trams.*

*Impatient nosing herds of high-powered cars
Jet odorous fumes at scurrying nine-to-fivers;
Mobs issue from time-gentlemen-pleased bars,
Leap into lumbering vehicles expertly, choosing their doors;
From every street the low-g geared traffic pours
In painful jerking stream, a motion of jolts and jars.*

*Vast gleaming signs wink meaningless, flooding the sight,
Futile, their words not entering the brain;
The complex net of wirework, washed and bright,
Gleams in the neon and sparks with electric fire;
Traffic in triple column troops, boot to bonnet and tyre to dripping
tyre;
Umbrellas bud and flower in the night.*

*The buses grumble as they ford the flowing road;
Drops chase each other down their windows, shuddering
As the bus shudders under its human load—
A load alive with conscious hopes, desires,
Throbbing with individual thoughts, consumed by private fires,
All masked by an empty gaze—at gay, coloured lights, wrapped in
a wet, black shroud.*

D. STOUT (5A).

THE WISH

The Forsythes, a newly married couple, had purchased their own home in a fashionable suburb, the cost of which drained their savings to such an extent that Mr. Forsythe resorted to a common Australian custom of "putting the packet on a dead cert." But Fate decided that he was not to succeed in this get-rich-quick business, and so we find him, not unexpectedly, one Friday night, "trying to pick the form."

"Yes. . . . That one seems to have a nice name." (Mr. Forsythe, we must understand, had never attempted this pre-occupation before.)

"What did you say, dear?" inquired his wife, an attractive woman in her middle twenties.

"Eh? . . . Oh! nothing," he replied.

"John," she continued, "I bought a new hat to-day."

"What!!!" This exclamation nearly brought Aunt Mary's wedding present of a horrid, painted vase (highly valued by his wife) down off the mantelpiece.

"Here am I slaving away——"

"I don't call that slaving away," she said, pointing to the racing paper he held in his hands.

At that moment a very loud knock on the door prevented any further discussion on the subject. Mr. Forsythe sat glued to his comfortable chair, as was his usual custom, letting his wife slowly drag herself from her sewing with a tired sigh and answer it. The door was opened to a strange character, in dress which rather reminded one of Goldsmith's "Beau Tibbs."

"I would like to see John Forsythe," he announced and proffered a card on which she read B. OND. So dignified and awe-inspiring was his manner that Mrs. Forsythe just let him pass through into the lounge-room. She felt powerless, awed.

"Are you John Forsythe?" she heard him say to that gentleman.

"Yes," replied John, very much stupefied.

"Well, to get straight down to business, I have an announcement to make to you. You have been allowed one wish by ——, but his name cannot be mentioned as he is a *supernatural personage*. It is for you to decide what it will be."

Of course, a commotion between the fortunate man and his wife ensued, after which John announced that he would have *his* wish, much to the discomfort of his wife, and said very solemnly, "I wish that I might see a copy of to-morrow's newspaper with the results of the race meeting contained in it."

As soon as he had announced his wish, the man vanished and a paper lay where he had sat. It was dated for the following day and the headlines read—

"ALL SPORTS MEETINGS CANCELLED BECAUSE OF RAIN."

L. MORRIS (4D).

THE MADDING CROWD

Here we see the streets of cities,
 Here we see the souls that move
 About them;
 The souls that sometimes give
 To the world the final yielding,
 Beauty, which is truth, or right, or goodness—
 It matters not.
 But often, far more often,
 These souls,
 These men, are but as matches to a log:
 They cannot ever catch the wood,
 They cannot set the log aflame;
 And so they die,
 Nothing accomplished;
 The flame which we extinguish with our breath
 Is lit with far more purpose
 Than they live for.
 Happy or sad they die—
 It matters little:
 One in a hundred million
 Will be remembered;
 One in a hundred million
 Is the final reckoning—
 One in many millions shall defy
 The engulfing mouth that men call Time.
 The other uncounted myriads are devoured.

B. BEVERIDGE (4D).

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

"As Hermes once took to his feathers light,
 When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
 So on a Delphic reed, my idle spright,
 So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft
 The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes,
 And seeing it asleep, so fled away . . ."

It is in such a mood as is here expressed by Keats in his sonnet "On a Dream" that we are most receptive to all the wealth of fancy that is ever present in our minds, but which is called forth into our consciousness only in moments of reverie and abstraction. Some sort of inspiration is usually needed to conjure up these fancies: music, poetry or Nature herself are the main mediums by which this is effected. But there is one form of fancy which needs no such medium; I refer, of course, to recollection, and in particular to the sensation which we term "a dream." Let us consider in turn, then, these four chief sources of beauty which can unlease our imagination and allow us flights of fancy: the dream, music, poetry and Nature.

As far as we are concerned, a dream is an extension of that moment of reverie above referred to, wherein our fancy, freed completely from any physical trammels which may hamper it in our waking hours, animates the objects of our thought, enables us to act with them as if on a stage, to speak with the persons of whom we are thinking, to experience the results and consequences, possible and impossible, of our hopes, achievements or perpetrations, as the case may be, and generally to live a fascinating second existence. Thus it has always been a matter of considerable speculation to me whether a beggar who dreams for twelve hours of the day that he is a king is any worse off than a king who dreams for the same length of time that he is a beggar.

The visions which we behold during the night are the animation of our innermost desires, ambitions, hatreds and fears; moreover, this phantasmagoria is invariably compounded of our past experiences and sensations, or of our future hopes and fears. *The point is that we cannot dream of something that we do not know.* Everything that we dream has at some time, however remote, been part of our lives, and comes once more out of dusty recesses of our memory, whether sent into oblivion by rigorous force of will, or by sheer lapse of time, to cheer us with its long-forgotten joys or to affright us with its horrific bugbears.

At the time it is rare that we do not believe that these insubstantial phantasmata are real. Our sense of the improbable and the impossible seems to have been suspended, and all that happens to us in such figments of uninspired imagination we accept with implicit belief or uncontrollable resignation, realising, I think, that all resistance would be impotent against these powers, so much greater than ourselves. It is interesting to reflect that man has always been at the mercy of his thoughts in this respect. Rarely, and then only by a supreme effort of will, entailing the curious but agonising sensation of seeming to pass out of one existence into another, can one wrest himself from slumbers which are distasteful to him. The passage of great pageants, sensations of sublime ecstasy, dashed hopes, which either raise their mocking head to torture us, or else are realised, affording us the perhaps incomparable feeling of having achieved one's aim and ambition—for all things are possible in a dream—then all the darker phantoms of our slumbers, the ghastly nightmares with which we are all only too familiar beset us in sleep. This apocalypse of that dread spirit world—a world of nameless terrors, excruciating anguish, both of the flesh and of the soul, and the unspeakable fear of being destroyed, usually in a state of utter isolation wherein even a God seems to have deserted us, or, which is worse, wherein whole armies of people laugh at our impending ruin, from which we are, however, mercifully saved by a timely awakening—fortunately does not visit us very often. De Quincey supplies us with an unsurpassed description of the horrors and very occasional joys which he experienced when under the fatal thrall of opium. The detailed analyses of his tumultuous dreams are terrifying to read, and the

story of how he broke his frightful bondage in manner little short of heroic is truly remarkable; we see in his "Confessions" the extreme case of a man's enslavement to dreams, though through no real crime of his own, as he himself explains, but induced by an attempt to allay the intense pains of neuralgia. To conclude our consideration of the "dream" let me quote a passage from this essayist which has bearing on our point: "Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light of day which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are but waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn." So we see that, as has been above stated, man, while the lord of so much, is, when asleep, at the mercy of his thoughts; even thoughts which may be kept locked away from oneself and others most of the time emerge at night to defy us and our precautions with their reality.

Above, I referred to the imagination promoting dreams as "uninspired." This is manifestly true, except perhaps in the case of De Quincey, where the opium may be regarded by some as the "inspiration"; but most other flights of fancy which we can experience are inspired by music, poetry and Nature, and it is now time to consider these as regards their capacity to induce fancy. Of the three I would say that music affords by far the most inspiration to us. To do this, after all, is its primary aim. It is a concatenation of harmonious sounds, not existing purely for themselves alone, but for the images, associations and the *realisation of beauty* which they offer, in short, the *sublimation* of our whole being. I do not refer to music which has, as its fundamental basis, rhythm, for this is but music to which to move and which by no means goes further than that; I use music in the sense of those immortal works which have stood the test of time and which will never die because they are universal, giving to us, through the quill of a few inspired men, such glimpses of the Eternal and such exaltation of soul to which poetry, with all its charms and delights, can never aspire.

The wonderful thing about music is that it is so elusive. Its contours and limits are vague and inexplicable when we come to examine them, for the actual fact of music is an unexplained phenomenon. Why is it that certain sounds when arranged in a certain way can give us such pleasure and make us so conscious of the beauty of man's creation? I do not propose to answer that question, for I cannot, but that does not cause me to appreciate any the less the wonderful magic of this most elusive and subtle of all the arts. Of course, music, as well as poetry, awakens emotion in the hearer, whether it be admiration of form on hearing the works of the Classic School, or the whole gamut of human emotions which

is more characteristic of the Romanticists; but this is a small matter when placed alongside the other vast resources which lie in music. The experiments in "colour music," to a limited extent exemplified in "Fantasia," show that there is in music something, at any rate, more than the awakening of emotion. The elevation of soul which is felt while listening to the major works of Beethoven and Brahms transcends, to my mind, any other human experience. What an opportunity is afforded here for release from the fever and fret of our everyday existence and for the escape of our fancy to worlds far removed from ours, to the untold realms of sublime grandeur and æsthetic pleasure which open up before us as we listen, sometimes so awe-inspiring that we feel near to tears in regarding such beauty! We travel with the composer in fancy through lands of sunny plains, rolling meadows with the dew still on the verdant grass, or else we journey past rugged mountains, roaring torrents and glacial winds; we experience and join in the utter abandon of reckless spirits and overbrimming goodwill and happiness, or the real tragedy and melancholy of a despairing soul. Perhaps there is no greater expression in music of spiritual contentment and joy than in the great final movement of the Choral Symphony, "one of the indestructible masterpieces in the entire realm of all art." It is when one listens to such music that one feels the inadequacy of words. That is why poetry can never hope to equal music in the portrayal of the sublime and in the stimulating of fancy, for music is ever universal, understandable to all peoples, and while perhaps idioms may vary, the great divine inspiration is still there, which is, in turn, conveyed to us. Poetry is impeded right from the start by the employment of language. This is no paradox, but an obvious truth, for the use of language and actual concrete expressions destroys half of the magic which music is able to preserve, and while ever cognisant of the manifold attractions of poetry, which, in many respects, indeed, surpasses music, I do not think it gives us the sublimation and the opportunity for uninhibited use of the imagination which music does. The passionate beauty and profound emotion which is found in the sensuous music of Tchaikovsky can at times be equalled in the poetry of Keats and Byron, but the poignant tragedy of his last symphony with its unparalleled expression of utter despair and heart-rending portrayal of a tortured soul, seeking an anodyne for its misery in "the rapture of pleasure and in the ecstasy of battle," finally sinking to hopeless pessimism and suicide, could never be reproduced in poetry, simply because words are but words and could never be expected to translate the infinite shades of colour, all so necessary, all so perfect. It is because Shakespeare approaches so much nearer to this ideal than any other poet that he is considered the greatest. He fashioned the English tongue so skilfully to conjure up in our minds images and associations, and often reaches the sublime; but sublimity is not present in all poetry, even of the first rank of excellence; not all poets are inspired from above, and those who are cannot retain the celestial essence in all their work; but I really feel that to com-

posers of music whose work will last forever has been imparted a supreme inspiration which is given to them alone above all other men; they have been selected as prophets to carry their precious gift to all mankind, as Browning sought to point out in "Abt Vogler." Handel himself confesses quite frankly to have seen visions of heavenly beings and to have been inspired by the Creator to compose his wonderful "Messiah," and as we listen to that work we realise that there can be no doubt as to his veracity.

But poetry has her glories, too. It is obvious that "Paradise Lost" was inspired by no earthly being or object; its *imaginative power*, descriptive power, dramatic power, the splendour and range of its imagery, the majesty, beauty and variety of its versification, and above all the great religious truth and signification of the whole work maintain it almost continually on a sublime level, a level to which we, too, are elevated on reading it. So criticism of such an inspired masterpiece would be almost out of place, but I think that even Milton would have felt at times the inadequacy of words to convey and evoke the subtle shapes of music and to arouse fully the soaring imagination of his reader, though he does at certain supreme moments achieve this. But in music it must be ever present and ever active, or the music lapses in to the second grade, for if our fancy is not at work, then the object of the music is lost. But to return to poetry; there are certain couplets and passages in English poetry—observe how we must immediately limit ourselves with the adjective; we do not know all tongues, we do not know all poetry, but we can know all music, for it is written in the same universal language—there are certain short passages which appeal to me particularly as jewels of their kind and which, for one brief moment, seem to me to capture the spirit of the sublime and to evoke a wonderful train of images, one succeeding to another. But alas! how few and far between are these! But even the few that I have discovered for myself seem sufficient, for they contain eternal truths which are themselves few in number, and are bodied forth in unique turns of phrase, so that one feels to have too many in our literature would cause their originality to cloy and their message to become obscured. They should be and, indeed, are like pearls, just few enough to be of tremendous worth, and not so many to cause depreciation in value. One of the finest is from Wordsworth:

*"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."*

How one's fancy can be aroused by those slender lines, exquisite both in phrase and in thought! To me that is one of the most poignant couplets in all our literature, mainly because as I read it my imagination is given boundless freedom and wanders on indefinitely, ever seeking new meaning and new application. There are four lines of Gray in my collection of jewels:

*"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

The lines are so perfectly phrased that they would command attention through that alone, but when they are examined, what a wealth of significance and what power of evocation! The last tercet of that great sonnet "Ozymandias" of Shelley I also consider a gem:

*"Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."*

Surely there could be no better example of the tremendous part that suggestion must play in any art; the words of these three lines are unimportant, but it is what they signify and what they can evoke in our minds that is the hall-mark of their quality. If space permitted I would have quoted the whole poem: it is all a gem.

Not wishing to weary you with endless quotations, I shall take but one more from my collection of pearls in poetry, this time from Shakespeare. It is well known to everyone:

*"Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more . . ."*

There are only a few more, but they are all exquisite, all rising nearly to the sublime. So we see the power of poetry to make our fancy soar far from this world of everyday existence, but its capacity for doing this, may I repeat, is considerably less than that of music. Poetry's aim is to capture a mood and pass it on unchanged to the reader; music does likewise, but must enable the listener, in this mood, to let his imagination be exalted to a definite level of æsthetic appreciation and his soul be elevated to a grandeur of being and a sublimation of nature.

But now, what of the promoter and the instigator of all art, Nature herself? Well, it must be confessed that there is seldom the opportunity for everyone to appreciate fully the beauties of the world around us. There are few among us who really bother to "waste their time" contemplating a sunset or a sunrise, perhaps the most common phenomenon of Nature; but those who trouble to do so will be really moved at the innumerable charms which this occurrence offers to those who care to mark it. I do not propose to enter into a description of any aspect of Nature, for all have been excellently treated countless times in literature, but it is a fact that a sunset, a towering mountain peak, a noble river, a wonderful rolling landscape, the night sky, nay, "the meanest flower that blows" can indeed give "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." This is experienced by everyone at some time of his life, and I assure you that the impression left by it is never forgotten.

As Shakespeare himself has said, "Thoughts are but dreams until their effects be tried," and until we have, through some medium or other, allowed our fancy to wander independent of this world and its physical impediments, to journey whither it will and at length to reach a point where our whole being is exalted to the state of the sublime wherein we become aware within ourselves of certain sentiments of awe and reverence and a sense of vastness and

power transcending all human comprehension (for who can understand the eternal except He who is eternal), until then our thoughts will be as dreams, and our understanding of this life but imperfect. The means which can bring about this state of, shall we say, spiritual contentment, are music, poetry and Nature, and I consider that a fair arrangement of them in order of efficacy would be music first, for, as I have tried to point out, it appeals straight to the heart and through the emotions can easily lift our soul to the sublime; Nature next, though she is, unfortunately, losing her influence in our unromantic, materialistic way of life to-day; and finally poetry, because of the intellectual effort demanded, a factor not nearly so important in the other two.

Of course, in this summing up do not let us forget the "dream" of which we spoke at first. If we do not all employ the other three means, at least we all dream, and, though certainly not inspired, the dream at least introduces us into another world far removed from ours, the only trouble being that we do not know in advance whether our sojourn in that uncertain land will afford us pleasant or unpleasant sensations, "Only the event will teach us in its hour."

*Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoilt by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind.

Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home!"*

W. GLEN-DOEPEL (5A).

MY HOME

*Down in the valley where the wee gnomes roam,
That's where I'd like to build my home,
Fashioned from grass all plaited well together,
Swept with a broom from a large bird's feather;
And after the toil, when the work's complete,
I'd sit in the doorway and bathe my feet;
But I fear I'd be placed in an awkward position,
For I can't get approval from the Housing Commission.*

B. NEESON (4c).

C IS FOR CHEESE

Cheese! Who has not been struck by its peculiar odour? What other substance, be it animal, vegetable or mineral, can rival it in its ability to make its presence known? For what do mice risk their lives in traps? Yes, you guessed it, cheese!

There are all kinds of cheeses—fat ones, round ones, short ones and “high” ones. Fundamentally, however, they all have the same characteristics, so obvious that I think it would be a waste of time writing about it.

One of the most interesting ways of studying the effect of cheese on the world is to examine its effect on the geographical distribution of the countries. Let us consider the hard cheeses, namely, Cheddar cheese, which gives its name to a Somersetshire village, population 2,000; then there is Gloucester cheese from Gloucester Town, population 53,000, standing on the bank of the River Severn, 38 miles N.E. of Bristol (the town, I mean). It is a handsomely laid out town with a cathedral begun in 1072. The river——. Sorry, I’ve drifted from the topic. Next we come to Wiltshire cheese, guaranteed to make one gasp for breath at fifty yards. I ask you, who would have heard of the town of Gorgonzola, population 5,000, in the province of Milan, but for its famous cheese? The most famous of soft cheeses is Limburger, a dangerous fellow, whose fumes are collected and used in the testing of gas-masks.

Now let me ask a question dealing with the effect of cheese on the geographical distribution of the countries.

Q.: Why is Sydney approximately 10,825 miles by sea from the town of Gorgonzola?

A.: There is but one theory advanced by science to answer this, which is that the cities were so separated to avoid corrosion of the steel in the Sydney Harbour Bridge by the cheese fumes.

Another question:

Q.: Why are scientists trying to reach the moon?

A.: It is an old-established fact that the moon is made of green cheese. The vast quantities of cheese contained in the moon, if made available, would bring about much lower prices on the cheese markets.

In Europe, cheese has obtained a prominent position in every culinary creation. On the Franco-Italian border there is a guest house called the Chateau Gorgonzola where they have a trained staff of cheese-cutters, complete with a special uniform containing an asbestos suit and gas-mask.

Did you ever hear tell how the men of Cornwall and Devon did for the Spanish galleons on the Spanish Main? They took cargoes of cheeses—they themselves were cheese-proof, having been bred in cheese counties—and catapulted great quantities of them into the Spanish ships. (The cheeses that fell into the sea gave us the term High Seas.) Cheese can also be credited with the origin of the expression, “Aw, cheese it,” which literally translated means: “Lay off that idea; it smells.”

I have even heard it said that a hearty meal of cheese inspired the inventor, Thomas Cheddarson, to invent the Atmospheric Deodoriser. Cheese may be called "humanity's friend"; think of all the employment it provides, what with mouse-trap makers, breath deoderant makers, etc. Cheese-makers, or, giving them their scientific term, odourologists, lead a very "krafty" existence, as they sometimes have to resort to considerable deception to persuade cheeses to stay in the districts where it is intended they will be consumed. In a trial of strength, of course, the cheese is likely to win, though in brain-power it is somewhat outclassed.

Even the most hardened heart cannot fail to "cheddar" tear if there is no cheese on the table at meal time. To support my statements let me append a four-line poem by the rising young poet Frank Murray:

*"Bread and cheese,
My favourite fruit,
Sniff the breeze,
Whacko, you beaut.!"*

P.S.: A small piece of old cheese placed in a drawer among your clothes will keep moths at bay for months and months. Could anything be made (ch)easier? The down which grows on it may also be scraped off and stuck on brown paper, thus providing a suitable substitute for fur fabric during the clothing shortage.

J. SAMIOS (4D).
F. MURRAY (4C).

FANCIES AT SUNSET

*O'er waters cool and peaceful, resting now,
A stealthy shadow, cast by stately trees,
Glides slowly as if pushed by unseen hands;
And more 'tis watched, the more it seems to grow.*

*Athwart the emerald bay a soft hush sinks;
An instant and the air is quiet and still.
The softening light imparts a tender glow;
Above, the reddening sky the warm light drinks.*

*The fleecy clouds, like sailing ships at noon,
Glide pompously before the gentle breeze;
Their canvas stained with pink, and edged with gold,
They sail, I know not where, but vanish soon.*

*Across the hills and down the valley sweeps
A darkening shade to shield the earth at night.
The sky above becomes more splendid yet
And all around a wondrous silence creeps.*

*And now the golden sun-god sinks to rest,
Behind the towering mountains, far and faint.
The last soft beams of sunshine disappear
And leave the world in sombre stillness pressed.*

R. J. LIMB (3C).

FROM FAR HORIZONS

One of the things known to the entire township of Archedale was the way old "Pop" Cushway loved his son Jimmy. The boy worked for an airline company, and the day he got his licence Pop spent the better part of the day handing out free pieces of fruit to the local children. To Pop the nectar of life was to sit humbly in one of the company's huge aircraft while Jimmy was pilot.

When Jimmy wanted to join the Air Force, Pop used every argument he knew to persuade him to remain with the civil airline company.

So there Jimmy remained, "where no harm could come to him," and just two months later was killed in an accident—burned to death with no possibility of escape from his enclosed, flame-surrounded cabin. Pop's life for some time was empty of purpose and ambition; later, however, when the first consuming anguish was burnt out, he found a way to come closer to the spirit of his dead son; every spare hour he could command he would spend sitting, a passenger, in the great aeroplanes which poised bird-like in the blue sky before they ran into the 'drome on the outskirts of Archedale. He would spend hours aloft; for he had discovered, in flight, the magic spring which released his more pleasant memories; and so, on the ground, he looked up to the sky and found Jimmy.

His savings went on airline tickets, so he worked and saved to buy more. He was soon noticed, this old yet upright man, invariably seated as near to the pilot's cabin as possible, usually staring unseeingly from the window. Passengers watched curiously, and air-hostesses held sweeps on the number of days he would fly each week. The favourite was always six. Pilots, looking on him as a lucky charm, would smile at him as they entered the cabin, upon which Pop would throw out his chest and be temporarily content.

One clear, crisp day Pop, as usual, was lost in misty memory when the great machine stumbled, it seemed, over a protruding cloud-bank and began to sway alarmingly. The old man, shaken from his reverie, saw the hostess stagger from the forward partition. As she reached him the girl fainted.

From that moment Pop was no longer a dreaming old man; it was a cool, steady hand which flung open the forbidden door of the crew's quarters; a keen, quick eye which took in at a glance the instrument panel, the shining nose, the clouds racing for cover as the machine headed for them, and finally the two pilots slumped on the floor unconscious. It was a man as confident as a trained pilot who straightened the steering column with one hand while he reached for the speaker of the radio to inform the control tower of his predicament. His voice, strangely clear and calm, called up the aerodrome.

At his first call no answer came, but soon a humming of the instrument was followed by a clear voice which infused even more

courage into the unskilled hand. When the position was explained, no surprise or apprehension found its way into the voice coming from the nothingness surrounding Pop. The voice merely said cryptically: "You'll have to bring the ship in all by yourself, old-timer. Now, don't panic; you'll make it."

Pop, too, began to think he would make it. The voice over the air was reassuring, calm, close. Pop didn't quite know why, but it filled him with confidence. The machine seemed to pilot itself as it skirted the masses of clouds, and motion was effortless. For almost an hour he controlled the aircraft as his far-off instructor ordered. At last he ventured timidly:

"I think I can manage a landing now."

"Good man. Go ahead."

Pop, by this time in a world of his own, was thinking of Jimmy, of how proud his son would be if only he were there. To his care were entrusted the lives of forty passengers, and those passengers would not be harmed; of that the old man was certain.

In unison, commanding voice and obeying hand led the airliner to the airport, now only two miles away.

"Getting close now—keep the nose up—now pull that lever by your right foot; that let's your wheels down—slower now, you're very close in—start closing the throttle—turn left a trifle, you're off the runway—don't drag that wingtip—that's better—now let the plane glide in by itself—you're coming close now . . ."

"You made it! I'm proud of you, Pop!" These words came to his ears; his instructor, though his voice had sounded vibrant with excitement during those last minutes, seemed, nevertheless, never to waver in his assurance of success. The owner of the unknown voice had had his faith justified.

Pop brought the big machine, unwieldy and cumbersome now, to a stop. A mechanic ran to the fuselage, wheeling the steps down which passengers would soon be pouring. As he passed the cabin he looked up grinningly, saw the old ununiformed man in control, and ran for the door. Pop reached it before him and jumped to the ground. Five minutes later he was telling his story to the airport officials.

"And as I came for the 'drome," he concluded, "the officer on duty in your control tower brought me in and corrected my mistakes in time. Without him I would have crashed as soon as I——"

"What?" demanded the manager of the aerodrome. He looked round at the circle of his associates, who stared back amazedly—"We've been trying to contact that machine for over three hours," he exclaimed, "but our control transmitter went dead almost as soon as you took off. We haven't been in touch with you, or anyone else, all afternoon!"

Pop's astonishment stood out vividly in his face for a moment and then was suddenly replaced by a far-away look as an unbelievable truth seized him. His shoulders squared, his chest expanded; he noticed none of the congratulations offered by the staff. He was recalling the words that had come so softly as barely to reach his ears; his unknown teacher had said: "I'm proud of you, Pop!"

Of course! Who else?

At last he had found Jimmy! had spoken to him, done his bidding, and now Jimmy was proud of him. His son, the great pilot, the intrepid airman, was proud of his father's achievement. Life held no more.

The main facts of the incident are now common knowledge. Everyone knows that the pilot, co-pilot and hostess of the airliner contracted food-poisoning from the last meal before their take-off. Everyone knows that "Pop" Cushway, an old man with no flying knowledge, took charge and, aided by a mysterious and apparently supernatural voice, saved passengers and cargo.

Speculations, scientific and unscientific, were advanced to explain the voice that had brought in Pop Cushway and the plane, but Pop never bothered himself with them. In his heart he knew what no one else could know. His son had warded off the disaster and had saved Pop from a death from which he had been powerless to save himself.

Mr. Cushway, as he was now respectfully termed, felt that all was well and that sooner or later he and his son would meet again in the resting-ground of great flyers.

B. S. KRAHE (4E).

MAN'S HERITAGE

*The green grass, mellowed by the dipping sun;
 Unscorched by ravages of noontday heat,
 But dew-dried by the fine warm rays;
 Purple plum-laden trees in shade;
 Rosy peaches, falling to the ground unblemished;
 Rich verdant trees, protecting, fostering
 All who come into their shade;
 Deep mossy, vine-clad dells,
 Where sparkling water polishes the stony beds
 Of creeks, and ferns droop lazily o'er the side—
 Disrupt the rippling surface, leave a wake—
 Here one may go, in safety and in peace,
 To purge his soul and mind, by bathing in the hill-born streams,
 And drowse away the hours, at leisure in the sun,
 Relax from all the artificial strictness of a greedy, proud society;
 Here man may while away his hours in this, his heritage.*

D. LUMSDAINE (5A).

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THE CHARM OF GOLF

If ever you have played the game of golf perhaps you may appreciate the truth that lies in the title of this article; perhaps you have experiences of your own to remember as you read now of the bewitching attraction that can emanate from a simple old length of wood with a knob of iron on one end. And, most surely, if you have *not* played the game and do take it up, the charm of the golf club and ball will act upon you before long.

Golf is not, as many players believe, a "comparatively modern" game; golf, as we know it to-day, with all its refinements and hair-splitting rules, has probably not long been in existence, and to hope to become conversant with each and every one of the diverse rules and manners of the game would be to set oneself a tremendous task. But there wasn't nearly so much to learn the way the Romans played it.

With the Romans, the game of "*paganica*" was extremely popular from the moment they first played it; whether they had it introduced to them or whether they conceived the idea themselves is beyond the limits of the history of golf. But it is quite possible that they imitated the game from the people of one of the provinces which came under their rule.

After the decline of the Roman Empire the game was, to all appearances, forgotten for some centuries until the French began to play the "*jeu de mail*"—the mallet game—and, some time after, the Dutch people adopted the game on ice, which they named "*het kolven*." (Incidentally, our word "golf" is derived from this Dutch word "kolven.") But the games played by these people differed from the game as we know it, in that the aim of the player was to hit at an upright stick from a considerable distance; and it was left to the ingenuity of the Scot to conceive our modern practice of sending the ball into a hole in the ground. The Scots were greatly taken with the game, and we are told that so enthusiastic was their hankering for it that the playing of golf was forbidden by Parliament, which continued its interference until 1491 from the first action in 1457. The reason for this move remained a little abstruse, either being because of a detrimental effect on the morals of the players or through the fear that golf would supersede archery, which would be indeed of more national importance than the former.

A great improvement in the efficiency of the golf ball came purely by accident. The old type of gutta-percha ball was smooth surfaced and didn't travel far before it landed, and the markings that we see on the present-day golf ball were put there only after caddies and amateurs knocking balls about the links discovered that they rode the air more easily after being hacked in "slicing" and "chopping."

Golf did not take long to "catch on" in the New World. The Pilgrim Fathers landed from the "Mayflower" in 1620, and thirty-nine years later a crude form of the game had made its appearance.

"The Royal and Ancient Game," as it is sometimes called, is a game for all ages; on any links one may see stooped old men enjoying the game at the side of their sprightly progeny, who eagerly accept handy tips on the game from the experience and wisdom of Old Age. Truly, as we have shown, the game is an ancient one, and, as for the regal side of the statement, we might observe that it is the most popular game among the highest ranks of society; important and influential friendships may be formed along the fairway. And in golf you meet your friend on an equal basis; the game is in your hands; if you drive a poor shot from the tee then you may blame yourself and nobody else.

Then there is the etiquette that is found in golf and is lacking in many other sports. You don't take a dive and tackle your opponent as he's about to hit his shot; you just stand by and quietly look on. If your opponent has for a moment lost his ball the other players join in the search. And all in all, what is lost in "team spirit" in golf is well compensated for by good manners and the etiquette of the game.

Golf is to most of its players the cause of great mental and vocal torture: you worry about the shot *before* you hit it, and you struggle for words—sometimes—after you've spoiled the shot. In the initial stages of the golfer's career his hopes rise and fall like the balls he hits; a disheartening drive may bring anguish and anger to the temperamental golfer, and just as he decides to bend his clubs across his knee, lo! he hits a beautiful shot! And decides that he *won't* retire from the game; not for a while, anyhow.

But lastly, a word of warning to any blissful innocents who may be aspiring golfers; to play this game the primary essential is *not* a good set of clubs and a brand new ball; *not* a thorough understanding of every rule of the game; *not* even a knowledge of the game. Only two qualities are necessary: with the former of the two you may play the game without initially knowing anything; with the latter virtue you will emerge from every day of golf with the comfortable feeling that you have not violated your proudly-held title of "no-bad-language-to-be-used." The virtues you need for golf are: sheer lasting patience and a good temper.

B. H. SMILLIE (4D).

THE PIG

*Reveal to me, thou wall-eyed pig,
Whatever makes you grow so big?
To see you there, a living bacon,
Doth set my bloomin' tummy achin'.
And does that slush in which you walk
Transmute you into lovely pork?
To think that thou, a sluggish beast,
Can make a man a wondrous feast
Sets my mind upon the run
Wondering how the heck it's done.*

F. MURRAY (4c).

THE VENGEANCE OF SYRO

The dripping of the water irritated him. It had been a most welcome sound the night before, when he had been tired and thirsty after a day's walking in the heat, but now the sound of the small spring at the back of the cave was aggravating with its persistence. Standing up, he went out of the cave into the chill dawn-light. He was a magnificent specimen, bronzed, well-developed, and some six feet four in height. Three days ago he had been Syro, the slave of the Roman Cornelius. To-day he was Syro the fugitive, returning to his native hills where, before the Romans came, he had been chieftain of seven hundred men.

He darted for shelter as a faint sound reached his ears. From behind a pile of rocks he scrutinised the approaching horseman and recognised him immediately as one of the Roman guards whom he particularly hated. What was he doing so far from the camp? Looking for the runaway slave, doubtless! While the glint in his eyes hardened, Syro picked up a heavy stone, balanced it experimentally in his hand, carefully judged his distance, and threw. The Roman died instantly, and Syro had a horse. . . .

Sitting astride his horse, Syro gazed bitterly at the spot on the hillside where once his home had stood and where now there was only a pile of ruins. His wife and child he would probably never see again. He had already learnt, from the remnants of his people, how the Romans had come and burnt the dwelling and taken away the occupants. They had been the soldiers of Cornelius. How he hated Romans, and Cornelius in particular. With a savage expression on his face he spurred his horse on toward the village. There he retrieved his sword from the villager who had been guarding it for him, and gathered together his men. There were only three hundred of them left. These had managed to hide from the Romans who had killed or taken as slaves the other four hundred odd. Looking them over, Syro told them quietly:

"I go to have my vengeance on the Romans. . . ."

* * * *

Syro stood on a slight rise overlooking the Roman camp. No sentry had given warning of his approach, for they had all been killed without a sound. Now, as he stood gazing on the camp which contained some twelve hundred men, Syro knew that his moment of triumph was near, and gathering a mighty breath into his lungs he roared into the still night air:

"Awake, O Cornelius, for Syro has come for his vengeance!"

The effect of this on the camp was instantaneous. Figures came pouring from the tents, shouting confusedly, only to stop in amazement as they saw the solitary big shape on the hillock. As Cornelius appeared in their midst Syro descended from his hillock and began to move slowly into the camp. There was something determined and ominous in the way he walked, the great broadsword between his shoulders clinking with every movement of his body. The

Roman silenced the soldiers with a gesture and stood awaiting the barbarian. As the latter came within speaking distance of him he said quietly:

"You were a fool to come back, Syro. I will have the skin flayed from your back. Seize him, guards!"

But the next moment the guards had more on their minds than capturing the ex-slave, for Syro whipped his sword from its sheath and, as the guards hesitated before this menace, lifted the heavy blade high into the air and thundered:

"Charge!"

The low hills surrounding the camp seemed to come to life, and a terrible, irresistible charge swept down on the Romans, the moonlight glittering dully on spearheads and whirling sword-blades. In a few seconds, before the stupefied Romans could lift their own weapons, the odds of four to one against the barbarians had been reduced to three, and then, as the Romans rallied, a fierce and bloody battle began.

Seeing the stunned look on Cornelius' face, Syro asked him grimly:

"Did you think I would come alone, Cornelius? Now your men are occupied. Draw your sword, for I have come for vengeance!"

No coward, Cornelius drew his sword and made a savage thrust at Syro. The barbarian turned it easily and buried his own sword in the other's hip. He could have killed his enemy with one blow of his terrible weapon, but he preferred to do it slowly, to make him suffer.

Suddenly he saw a shadow, and side-stepped quickly, leaving his leg outstretched behind him. The guard who had been about to attack Syro from behind was carried forward by the force of his lunge, tripped over the outstretched leg and hit the ground with Syro's sword in his throat. Before he could withdraw his weapon Syro felt Cornelius' weapon bite into his right arm, and, turning, saw the Roman raising his sword for the death-blow. His right arm useless, the hillman, realising that seconds counted, wrenched his sword free, and in the same movement flung it up over his head. Before Cornelius could strike, the great broadsword swept down on to him. The Roman's helmet offered no more resistance than paper, and the broadsword passed through it and clove its owner to the teeth.

With no more thought for Cornelius now that he was dead, Syro withdrew his sword and flung himself into the battle, swinging his weapon as freely in his left hand as a mower swings his scythe. After fifteen minutes he leaned on his sword and gazed around. The only Romans in sight were dead or dying, and those of his men who were left were collecting weapons. Calling his lieutenant, Syro told him:

"Call the men together and we will return homeward. My vengeance is complete. The Romans who have taken flight and have

escaped will carry the story of this to Rome; at first the Romans will be angered, and then, as they realise what this means, they will tremble. Rome has had her day of power; now we will pay back all we owe her for what she has done to us. There is the dawn of a great day of vengeance ahead, Tarim, and even the walls of Rome itself shall not stop us. Rome has had her day. . . ."

J. TINGLE (4A).

WE WASTE OUR HERITAGE

"I've been a farmer all me life, and me parents before me, but there's really no beauty in my job, not nowadays. Them there radio-writers in the city and their 'good earth,' 'nature itself,' an' all that, they make me tired. No, mister, farming is no good these days. Leave, you say? I've thought about it a lot; I guess I never will, though, 'cause I've got responsibilities, what with the family and other things, and with the food shortage all the wheat is needed that I can produce.

"Any erosion on my property, you ask. Well, mister, I'm glad you asked me that. It's not so bad on my property, but next door it's simply 'orrible; great gullies, sand, desolation, and not much can be done about it now. Still, they got a representative from the city up to see what he'd advise. Suppose they'll do the usual thing, plant trees, erect drift-fences. O' course, I warned Smithy about overcrowding his fields, cutting down his trees, planting on the hills and such, but he only laughed.

"Nothing will happen—not for a while, when I've passed on; then it can do what it likes."

"I told him what the boys on the next farm had told me, all about when they were overseas, in Egypt, and how the Sahara Desert was once a flourishing district until the Romans started overcrowding the fields and cultivating the land too intensively, and how a thousand years later it's just a shifting mass of sand. All this and much more land lost in almost every country of the world—the waste-lands of Syria with over six feet of soil blown off them and American wheat areas changed into parched deserts.

"Just so. I says to Smith that this isn't going to happen on my property so my kids won't have to say that I was careless. No, I'm going to plant more trees, see that my place is properly drained, sow only the seed that the ground can support. We'd be better off without vandals such as the ancient Romans and our friend Smith. And Smith, if any of your sand blows on to my property—there's going to be trouble; and plenty of it."

* * * *

In Australia to-day we are facing a grim and almost overwhelming battle with nature. Our opponent has at his control weapons with more disastrous and lasting effects than our atomic

bomb. He can permanently turn our agricultural districts into a desert, cover cities with shifting sands; in short, he can scatter our soil all around the earth, not right away, of course, but soon enough for the next generation to curse our lack of foresight. Much work is being done and much more is still to be done in this battle for our most precious possession—our soil.

Said the late President Roosevelt: "The history of every nation is eventually written in the way it cares for its soil."

W. HUCKER (4c).

PLAINT OF THE IMPATIENT MAN TO HIS GOD

May I not have a morsel of knowledge of what is to come?

Not a crumb!

Never open the gates of the garden of what is to be?

There's no key!

Not so much as a glimpse at the weeds and developing plants?

Not a glance!

Not a scent of the blooms of the Vale of the Shadow of Death?

Not a breath!

Then how can I tell, how discover, what death holds for me?

Wait and see!

D. STOUT (5A).

ON READING DICTIONARIES

Have you ever had the experience of looking up a word in a dictionary and, instead of putting the book down once your object is attained, of reading further, finding strange new words, peculiar derivations of familiar ones, and generally browsing through it, sometimes skipping hastily from F to J, at other times looking diligently through lists of familiar, half-known, or totally new words, learning, in the strangely clipped and precise prose of the dictionary, a little about each, which is generally forgotten by the time the book is closed?

Most of us, at one time or another, have, for some quite obscure reason, gone for pages and pages over such stuff as "Hacienda, as-i-en'-da, n., an estate or establishment (Sp.-L. hacienda, things to be done, facere, to do)." On the same page we learn that "Hack (hak)" is "a horse kept for hire, esp. a poor one," and that a "hackney," its longer form, is derived from the Old French for an "ambling nag" (rather a far call from calling an expression "hackneyed"!). But its evolution is clearly traced in this dictionary, one of the many advantages of the large dictionaries over the "pocket" dictionary of which we were so fond as "small boys" in primary school.

But this is rather getting off the point. No longer can an essayist ramble at will through the full field of his thoughts and fancies and still remain "popular." It was all very well for Hazlitt and Lamb, for they could afford to discuss at length every small fancy that came to them as they wrote; but the essayist of to-day, unless he can cultivate that pleasant, brief, but at the same time surprisingly full treatment of incidentals so interestingly achieved by Walter Murdoch, must compress his message into one or two brief pages, or run the risk of finding his readers fling down the book and depart for a "picture-palace," there to see Deadshot Dan bite the dust. No, an essayist cannot afford to digress for a moment, or he loses his readers; another digression like this and I shall doubtless be left to read this alone.

The point (in so far as this essay may be said to have one) is that so many hours are wasted by some of us in that quite unprofitable occupation, dictionary reading. Why? Arguing from a (very) amateur psychologist's viewpoint, we may claim that to know, even temporarily, what a hagnoscope is enlarges the ego, and this is the reason for poring over obscure, little-known words, with the end in view of acquiring a knowledge which, we feel confident, is known to remarkably few people in the world. Do you, for instance, know what a hagnoscope is? By the time you read this, the chances are that I, too, will have forgotten. But while I do know, there is, one may argue, a subconscious feeling that in this way, at least, I am superior to all the other ignoramuses who have never even seen the word before.

But probably a far better reason is given by the words "insatiable curiosity." Man is by nature curious, and he, far more than the feline tribe, is in the habit of running into danger for little or no profit, merely to satisfy his curiosity. Granted there is little or no danger attached to the reading of dictionaries, I still think that in most cases curiosity accounts for the habit. It may be given such high-sounding names as "a lust for knowledge" or "a seeking after the truth," but it is this all-dominant curiosity which should be one of the chief distinctions between us and the brutes. Indeed, science is only the systematic method of satisfying man's curiosity about himself and his environment.

It is to satisfy our curiosity, then, that we read dictionaries. But there must also be some other attraction, possibly of minor appeal. On looking closely, I am convinced that this is most probably the language of the dictionary.

Dictionary language! This deserves an essay to itself. So precise, so short and (it is hoped) so clear. With its numerous abbreviations, its many commas, its multitude of dashes! It knows no rule demanding a verb in each sentence, but an abandoned use of commas, dashes, colons, and semi-colons decorates each entry. Here is indeed the soul of brevity, this is the ideal manner of expression for the harassed businessman and the tired shopgirl.

The dictionary jargon, I have decided, so unlike that employed in everyday speech, is undoubtedly a contributing factor to the continued popularity of the dictionary as casual reading matter. It is a refreshing change from the language, for instance, in which this page is written. It is the algebra of English. Here is a book in which the key to abbreviations takes up nearly two pages of tiny type; it is prepared by a man who (apparently) knows the meaning of every word from "tropophyte" to the unpronounceable-looking "crwth." It is indeed a pleasant change from the long-winded meaninglessness of the speech which we commonly experience in our daily round.

A few pages of a dictionary have us living in a new world, a neater, clearer world than our usual one, and the joys and sorrows of the one we have just left can conveniently be forgotten.

This is why reading a dictionary for a short time is so refreshing; it is like reading a book which we have never seen before. Admittedly after about twenty pages or so it does begin to pall, and we begin to see why the language of the dictionary does not come into more general use, but personally I find twenty pages of Milton quite enough for one sitting, and here the dictionary has a distinct advantage, for at least a dictionary is easy to understand.

B. BEVERIDGE (4D).

DAS LEBEWOHL

*Mein Freund! mein Freund! das ist Adieu;
Ich in die weite Welt, werd' wandern.
Wenn ich dich doch nicht wieder seh',
Dann denk' mal doch an mich!*

*Es ist nicht leicht, das Lebewohl,
Mein Freund es ist sehr schwer,
Heimat und 'nen Freund verlassen,
Das ist 'ne schwere Plag'.*

*Noch einmal Lebewohl mein Freund,
Noch einmal Lebewohl.
Ich wandere nun in die Welt hinweg,
Auf Wiedersehn mein Freund.*

H. RAPPAPORT (4E).

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