



The Record

The Magazine of
The Sydney High School

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November, 1949

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

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

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

Music: G. W. Day, L.R.S.M. (London).

Librarian: Miss K. J. Laurence, M.A., Dip.Ed.

Physical Training: I. R. Cracknell; P. M. Mullins, Dip.Phys.Ed.

Technical Drawing: N. J. Hall.

District and School Counsellor: G. C. Rohrlach, B.A.

Careers Adviser: L. A. Swan, B.Ec.

PREFECTS

Captain of School: R. Morrow.
Vice-Captain: B. Mackey.

Prefects: J. Bosler, M. Brennan, W. Church, A. Clelland, P. Cole, V. Cristofani, B. Daly, B. Gell, L. Hardacre, J. Harris, M. MacGee, K. Paul, L. Shaw, L. Smith, P. Stanley, I. Thiering.

UNION COMMITTEE

President: The Headmaster.
Vice-Presidents: P. W. Hallett, L. A. Basser, Esqs.
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Assistant Secretary: J. Agnew.
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Sportsmaster: E. Patterson, Esq.
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YEAR REPRESENTATIVES

Fifth Year: B. Mackey.
Fourth Year: G. King.
Third Year: J. Thornett.
Second Year: T. Hill.
First Year: I. Kennedy.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Mistress-in-Charge: Miss M. Smith.
Union Representative: L. Smith.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Patron: The Headmaster.
Master-in-Charge: R. C. Wilson, Esq.
Union Representative: R. Upton.

CHESS CLUB

Master-in-Charge: T. L. Pearce, Esq.
Union Representative: D. Page.

CRICKET

Masters-in-Charge: R. B. Baker, Esq. (G.P.S.), O. A. Taylor, Esq. (C.H.S.).
Union Representative: V. Cristofani.

NON-GRADE CRICKET

Master-in-Charge: J. E. Harrison, Esq.

FOOTBALL

Master-in-Charge: I. R. Cracknell, Esq.
Union Representative: R. Morrow.

NON-GRADE FOOTBALL

Master-in-Charge: T. E. Hornibrook, Esq.

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TENNIS

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Union Representative: M. Brennan.

S.H.S. CADET DETACHMENT

O.C.: Lieut. I. R. Cracknell.
Union Representative: Cadet-Lieut. J. McDermott.

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Librarian: Miss K. J. Laurence.
Committee: R. Evans, C. Leber (Union Representative), B. Mackey, I. Napper, L. Smith, P. Stanley, R. Stark, J. Wolfensohn.

"THE RECORD"

Master-in-Charge: J. E. Harrison, Esq.
Committee: R. Hosking, G. King, G. Scrimgeour (Student Editor), L. Steinhof, G. Woodburne.

TELEPHONES

Headmaster: FA 4904
Staff and Sportsmaster: FA 1808.

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SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL ROLL OF HONOUR

This is the official list recorded at the School of Old Boys who gave their lives for their country in World War II. It is desired to have the list as complete as possible before the names are inscribed on the Roll of Honour in The Great Hall. Additional names with full particulars should be forwarded to the Headmaster.

ADA, Alan Fletcher (R.A.A.F.) ..	1929	HUTCHISON, Lindsay Thomas	
ALFORD, Peter Anthony (R.A.N.) ..	1940	(R.A.A.F.) ..	1935
ALLAN, Ross Thompson (R.A.A.F.) ..	1941	JOHNSON, Carl Edwin (R.A.A.F.) ..	1941
ALLAN, William F., M.M. (A.I.F.) ..	1925	JUDD, Norman Keith (R.A.A.F.) ..	1935
BABER, Edward Colbourne (A.I.F.) ..	1929	KAY, William Elphinstone D.S.O.,	
BACON, Lindsay (R.A.A.F.) ..	1939	V.D. (A.A.M.C.) ..	1906
BECKHOUSE, Gordon Edwin		KAYE, Laurence Peter (R.A.A.F.) ..	1940
(R.A.A.F.) ..	1941	KELAHAR, James Andrew (A.I.F.) ..	1931
BEVERIDGE, Roy Stuart (R.A.A.F.) ..	1937	KING, Keith Leonard (A.I.F.) ..	1934
BIFFEN, Jack Stanley (R.A.A.F.) ..	1937	LOTON, Eric Rex (R.A.A.F.) ..	1940
BOSGARD, Athelston Kendall (A.I.F.) ..	1930	MACDOUGAL, Gordon Halkerston	
BRINKMAN, John Henry (A.I.F.) ..	1934	(A.I.F.) ..	1930
BROWN, Robert Paul Scott		McLACHLAN, Kevin John (A.I.F.) ..	1932
(R.A.A.F.) ..	1941	McLEAN, John Macarthur, D.F.C.	
BUSH, John (R.A.A.F.) ..	1936	(R.A.A.F.) ..	1935
CHAPPLE, Ivan (R.A.A.F.) ..	1936	McMILLAN, Robert (R.A.N.) ..	1940
CHARLTON, William Roy Kenneth		MERRICK, Keith Edward (A.I.F.) ..	1939
(R.A.A.F.) ..	1934	MUNDAY, William (War Correspondent)	
CLARK, Archibald McLaren, D.F.M.			1929
(R.A.A.F.) ..	1936	MUNRO, David Logan (R.A.A.F.) ..	1938
CLARK, James, D.F.C. (A.F.C.) ..	1930	MURPHY, Kenneth Lawrence ..	1935
CLUBB, Frederick John (R.A.A.F.) ..	1935	NERNEY, Kenneth Roy (R.A.A.F.) ..	1939
COLLINS, Brian (R.A.A.F.) ..	1941	OAKES, Leslie William ..	1940
COLLINS, Kenneth Martin (A.I.F.) ..	1940	PAGE, Robert Charles, D.S.O. ..	1933
COLYER, Michael Harvey (A.A.M.C.) ..	1933	PARNELL, Leslie Rupert (R.A.A.F.) ..	1936
COOPER, Charles Clifton (R.A.A.F.) ..	1933	PEEK, Harold Albert (A.I.F.) ..	1920
CREMIN, Edward Daniel, D.F.C. ..	1935	PLOWMAN, Kenneth William	
CUNNINGHAM, Archibald James		(R.A.A.F.) ..	1934
(A.A.M.C.) ..	1915	POYNTING, Kenneth Hastings ..	1937
CURWOOD, Geoffrey McDowall		PUUSEPP, Harold (R.A.A.F.) ..	1938
(R.A.A.F.) ..	1935	RODEN, Jack Henry ..	1937
DAWSON, Athol Harnett (A.I.F.) ..	1936	ROWE, Norton Harold ..	1929
DEARMAN, Victor Leo (R.A.A.F.) ..	1931	SAMUELS, John Harris (A.A.M.C.) ..	1932
DENT, Hal Ian Comer (R.A.A.F.) ..	1938	SIMPSON, Kenneth Macdonald ..	1931
DUNN, Phillip Wesley (R.A.A.F.) ..	1937	SKINNER, Oswald Victor (A.I.F.) ..	1938
EASTON, Frederick William Spencer		SPENCE, John (M.N.) ..	1939
(R.A.A.F.) ..	1931	STANTON, Philip (R.A.A.F.) ..	1937
ELDER, Bruce Alfred (R.A.N.) ..	1937	STARK, Reginald (A.I.F.) ..	1935
FLEMING, Raymond Charles		STUART, Ian Douglas (R.A.A.F.) ..	1940
(R.A.A.F.) ..	1933	STUBBS, Neville Thomas ..	1940
GADEN, Charles Burton (R.A.A.F.) ..	1934	TAYLOR, Peter Alfred ..	1942
GORDON, Ian Samuel (R.A.A.F.) ..	1933	TRESSIDER, Robert Litchfield ..	1931
GORDON, Reginald Lloyd (R.A.A.F.) ..	1933	TURNER, John William ..	1934
GROGAN, Kevin Francis (R.A.A.F.) ..	1936	WALTERS, David ..	1937
GROSVENOR, Frank Walker		WATTS, Raymond Oswald ..	1935
(R.A.A.F.) ..	1937	WEBB, Noel Edwin ..	1933
HOWARD, Reginald Montague		WHITE, R. ..	1931
(A.I.F.) ..	1933	WILLIAMS, Owen Upcott, M.B.E.	
HUDSON, Richard Julian (R.A.A.F.) ..	1937	(A.A.M.C.) ..	1933
HUNT, Edmund Freeman (R.A.A.F.) ..	1938	WILLIAMS, Richard Sutton, D.F.C.	
HUNTER, Frank Albert John, M.B.E.,		(R.A.A.F.) ..	1931
M.C. ..	1928	WILLIAMS, William John (Radio Officer)	
		WILSON, John Cliphant (R.A.A.F.) ..	1938

The date quoted on this list is the year of leaving School. In sending additions to the Headmaster, please give name in full, regimental number, rank, unit, any brief particulars of service, year of leaving School (e.g., 5th Year, 1940), and present address of parents or nearest relative.

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VERITATE ET VIRTUTE.

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No. 2.

ATOMIC TO-MORROW

What were you doing at 9.15 a.m. on August 6th, 1945? Whatever it was, you can never do the same again with the same frame of mind, for, at that time Yesterday was irrevocably and finally destroyed in a searing flash of blinding light.

The death of Hiroshima marked the passing of the old way of life, and for a while the only thing to replace it was the word "atom." Humanity had entered a new millennium, a millennium which can be perhaps the first, and certainly the greatest, period of real civilisation, the whole structure of which depends on an atom—an atom and you.

Militarists were slow to realise the possibilities of atomic warfare after the splitting of the atom by Rutherford in 1919; but they are slower still to interpret its meaning—which amounts almost to an ultimatum.

Billions and billions of money are being spent on mobilising and establishing millions and millions of men, ships, planes, tanks, guns—when these things have already been made obsolete by what took place on that day in August, 1945. If there is a "next war" there will be no front line, no trenches, no advances, retreats, because the whole world will become one vast holocaust of atomic explosions and you, your loved ones, your possessions, your landmarks will be swept away in a flash and a cloud of radio-active dust. There is no defence against the atomic bomb.

And yet, if we stop looking for someone to fight, we will see actually within our lifetime's grasp the attainment of the gateway to a veritable Utopia.

"The last semi-annual report of the Atomic Energy Commission," says "Time," "is specific and heartening. It is solid evidence that the world's first A-bombs did not explode for purposes of war and destruction alone."

This atom bomb, this horrible machine of death, can be turned into a panacea for human illness and dissatisfaction. Radio-active isotopes are already used all over the world for the killing of deadly growths, and even the seemingly incurable cancer cells have been attacked and destroyed by bombardments of these radio-active par-

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ticles, while disease after disease has fallen at the roadside, crushed by the atomic steam-roller.

Besides revolutionising the world of medicine, atomic energy can alter every other sphere of our daily life. Industry, travel, leisure and business can all be radically altered.

It should eventually be possible for men to need to work only a few hours a day or week, enabling them to devote their lives to living. A thimbleful of material will suffice to carry a liner, twice the size of a present-day ship, across the Atlantic in less than half the time it takes now. Atomic energy will make oil and coal, now absolute necessities, into obsolete expenses; it will do away with war because wars are—or used to be—caused by the desire of one country to gain what it lacks at the expense of another country, and atomic energy is capable of bringing all things into the hands of all people; the food problem will be a thing of the past, as scientists say that the present amount of land under cultivation—twelve per cent. of the world's total land area—can support a further two billion people with the aid of atomic energy—if, of course, it is properly applied.

Before us lies a choice: an open door to a golden and real Utopia, or the outcome of the misuse of this tremendous power in a final war—ultimate destruction.

The power is in our hands: let us use it well.

G. SCRIMGOUR (4A).

Student Editor.

S.H.S. CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps, though it had a very successful year, is somewhat disappointed at the apathy shown by a great number of the School's pupils. It is hoped that the steadily increasing facilities of the Corps will attract sufficient new numbers to enable it to reach a standard more worthy of its traditions.

The object of the Australian Cadet Corps (an organisation of 22,000 boys from 226 schools) is one worthy of support from pupils and parents alike: "To give mental, moral and physical training to boys, and so form the character of each to enable him to make a good start in life, to develop in him the principles of patriotism and good citizenship, bringing out the qualities of self-confidence, self-reliance and ability to face and accept responsibility, with power to control himself and others." Thus the cadet is fitted, in the event of national emergency, to take his place in the defence of his home and country. Still another advantage of cadet training is the fact that the cadet who attains the rank of sergeant, or above, is exempt from peace-time compulsory military service should it be re-introduced.



PREFECTS, 1949.

Back Row: P. COLE, J. HARRIS, L. SMITH, B. DALY, M. MacGEE, M. BRENNAN.

Second Row: P. STANLEY, J. CLELLAND, L. SHAW, K. PAUL, W. CHURCH, E. GELL, L. HARDACRE.

Front Row: I. THIERING, B. MACKAY, MR. J. H. KILLIP (Headmaster), R. MORROW (School Captain), MR. T. E. HORNIBROOK (Master-in-Charge), V. CRISTOFANI, I. BOSLER.

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The camp was, for the third time, held at Ingleburn. This camp, although attended by only sixty cadets from this School, was a great success. That may sound as an echo of previous reports of annual camps, but the fact is these camps are invariably enjoyed by all who attend. Besides bringing together cadets from all over N.S.W., they make possible training that could never be covered in the limited time available during the cadet parades at School. As well as taking part in field exercises, the Corps was transported to the Anzac Rifle Range where the cadets gained valuable experience in firing .303 rifles and Bren L.M.G.'s.

Owing to transport difficulties during the coal strike we were forced to cancel four parades, but we hope to be able to complete the courses of instruction commenced this year. We also had to cancel a proposed visit to the Second Division Signallers' Regimental Training Depot at Moore Park. It is hoped to visit this establishment later in the year, as such a visit would give the cadets a better idea of the more specialised nature of modern army work.

During the Second Term we lost one of our Cadet-Lieutenants, John Goodwin, who has moved to the North Coast. We hope he may continue with his cadet work at his new school, for he was one of the most enthusiastic members of the unit.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking our N.C.O.'s who, although comparatively inexperienced when appointed, have done an excellent job in helping us with the work of instructing and maintaining the discipline of the Unit. We must also thank the army instructors who have supervised the training throughout the year, for without their help the work of the officers and N.C.O.'s would have been much more extensive.

The past year has been a successful one, but with increased support we should be able to make the Unit of 1950 one really worthy of the School, and one of which we can be justly proud.

J. F. McD.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The 1949 season was a very successful one for the Senior Debating Team, which reached the final of both the C.H.S. and G.P.S. Competitions. The team, whose members were L. Smith, J. Tingle and D. Howard, met some very polished debaters, however, in the other finalists from North Sydney High School and Sydney Grammar School, and the School Team lost by a narrow margin to each in turn.

The annual social debate against Sydney Girls' High School on the subject, "That there is too much Shakespeare in our English syllabus," was marked by a sustained humour, of which the large audience seemed most appreciative. The School Team won narrowly.

The team would particularly like to thank the loyal band of supporters who followed them throughout the season, though it was

to be noted that members of the School were not conspicuous in the audiences.

The Junior Team, comprising K. Walkerden, D. Page and G. Woodburne, also reached the final, being undefeated in their section, but when they met Goulburn High School in the final they suffered defeat at the hands of a very strong team. The hospitality extended to them by Goulburn, however, fully compensated them for the disappointment.

Both teams would like to thank Mr. R. C. Wilson for his tireless enthusiasm and succinct advice, and to congratulate the winning schools in the various competitions.

R.E.S. SCHOOLS' PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

The Royal Empire Society again held a public speaking competition this year, the topic being: "The British Empire Enters a New Era."

In the Senior Division, Gregory Woodburne (4c) secured sixth place. In the Under 16 Division, Robert May (2A) secured first place; Leslie Tonagh (3D), third place; and James Wolfensohn (5E), and Robert Leamon (5D) shared fifth place. Because of the phenomenal success of the junior speakers, Sydney High School gained the greatest number of points in the aggregate point score, and therefore won the Royal Empire Society's Shield for 1949.

The schools filling the first five places in the point score were as follows:—

Sydney Boys' High School	87½ points
Fort Street Girls' High School	75 "
Dover Heights Home Science School	65 "
North Sydney Girls' High School	60 "
The Scots College	50 "

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—Ahern (Capt.), Bailey, Herman, Hillman and Beales—with 28½ points won from North Sydney High with 25 points. The School thus retains the "Armitage Cup" for the third successive year. Bailey, Herman and Beales have been nominated to represent the School in the Annual Combined High Schools' match against Sydney University.

After an exciting finish the Second Grade Team—Bee (Capt.), Firminger, Walkerden, Davis and Warren—with 37 points won from North Sydney High with 36 points, and thus regained the "Osbourne Shield" from Fort Street High.

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The Chess Club wishes to congratulate Fort Street High on winning the Third Grade title for the second year in succession. Our CIII Grade—Joseph (Capt.), Andrews, Chambers, Fry and Schiff—were runners-up. The outstanding players in the remaining Third Grade Teams were Gorski, Braithwaite, Crane, Lacey, Stewart and Kellerman.

Finally, we convey our thanks to Mr. Pearce, our first Master-in-Charge, as a sincere appreciation of his enthusiasm.

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.

M. G. AHERN (*Secretary*).

I.S.C.F.

The Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship had some particularly enjoyable meetings during the Second Term, including an interesting discussion, a debate and some games. The average attendance at the meetings has increased pleasingly. We hope soon to have a talk from Doctor Paul White, the famous "Jungle Doctor." All are invited to attend the meetings, which are held in Room 6 on Tuesdays and Thursdays during the lunch-hour.

Leader: I. Thiering.

R. HOSKING (4D).

THE LIBRARY

Of the 4,800 books now in the Library, 262 were accessioned during the year, the majority being purchased from a donation of £100 by the Parents and Citizens' Association. The Library also received 24 periodicals, *The School Science Review*, *Outdoors and Fishing* and *Endeavour* being added this year. Of the 130 pamphlets in the Library, 16 were obtained during the year. Donations of books were made by the Rural Bank of New South Wales, the Department of Education, Mr. J. Harrison and Mr. Ross Thomas.

Valuable reference books accessioned this year were: Serle's *Dictionary of Australian Biography*, *Twentieth Century Authors* by S. Kunitz and H. Haycraft, *The Story of Living Things and Their Evolution* by E. Mayo, *A History of the Royal Australian Naval College* by F. Eldridge, *Asia's Lands and Peoples* by G. B. Cressey, and *Sydney* by F. Hurley. Other books of interest received were the first and second volumes of Churchill's *The Second World War*, *Science Survey*, edited by I. Cox, *European Theories of the Drama*, edited by B. H. Clarke, and *Olympic Cavalcade*, by F. A. Webster.

The considerable daily work involved in the issue and return of books during the year has been very efficiently carried out by the

5th Year Library Committee, assisted by eight boys from each of the 4th, 3rd and 2nd Years.

On the whole, despite inadequate accommodation, the quality and quantity of material in the Library has been maintained at a satisfactory level, and the boys in their weekly Library periods, and when the Library is open for issue and reading at lunch-time, are intelligently employing the Library's resources.

LODGE SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL, No. 631

The Installation Meeting of Lodge Sydney High School, No. 631, was held in the Masonic Hall, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, on 12th August, 1949, when Dr. Clarence Henry Hughes was installed as Worshipful Master by the retiring Master, Wor. Bro. Ken Grantham. The attendance was 200, and all were enthusiastic regarding the excellence of the ceremony. The Grand Master was represented at the Installation by Rt. Wor. Bro. J. Brunton Gibb, P.S.G.W., who is a well-known Old Boy of the School, and a Past Master of the Lodge. The newly installed Master, Wor. Bro. Clarrie Hughes, attended the School from 1923 to 1928, during which period he was absent overseas with his parents for a year. He was a member of the Second Four in 1927, and in 1928 was a Prefect and rowed with the Eight, and was a member of the First XV. After graduating in Dentistry at Sydney University, he took a post-graduate course in America.

The members of the Lodge (all of whom are Old Boys, Masters or ex-Masters of Sydney High School) enjoyed a very happy year under the Mastership of Ken Grantham, and several notable social functions were held, including a week-end visit to Picton, where one of our members, J. B. Clarke (1919), will shortly attain the Chair of the local Lodge. A successful Christmas Picnic was held at National Park, when the members, their wives and children had a very happy day, and each child received a Christmas present. A week-end was also spent at Blackheath, where golf, bowls and sight-seeing were the varied attractions. A separate dance was not held this year, but the Lodge members incorporated this function within the O.B.U. Ball held at Grace Bros. in August last.

Bro. J. F. Clark, ex-pupil and ex-Master of the School, who was awarded a Carnegie Fellowship, left Sydney in July with his wife and family for England, where he will further his studies during the next two years. The members of the Lodge presented Jack with a travelling case prior to his departure, and wished him a happy journey, successful study and a safe return.

The Lodge meets on the second Friday of each month (excepting January) at 7.30 p.m., and the Secretary is Wor. Bro. H. B. Young, 4 Birrellea Avenue, Earlwood (Telephones: LF 1532—Home, LM 1484—Office).

THE RECORD

S.H.S. OLD BOYS UNION

(Founded 1892)

Office-Bearers, 1949

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

President: Alan R. Beveridge, Esq.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. C. E. Winston, Messrs. C. A. Fairland, H. F. Halloran, A. Hodge and Major D. J. Duffy, M.C., E.D.

Hon. Secretary: K. C. Cameron. *Hon. Assistant Secretary:* K. W. Shields.

Hon. Treasurer: E. A. Morcombe.

Council: R. C. Hession, R. C. Corish, A. J. O'Neil, A. C. Emanuel, D. Mitchell, A. K. Paterson, H. B. Young, A. J. Mitchell, R. Law, A. J. Gill, N. Pearce, B. Herron, E. Phillips, C. Parsonage, K. Binns, P. G. Saywell, G. Terrey, J. Adair, G. Walker, A. Callaway, G. Bishop, Brigadier J. Reddish, Colonel T. Henry.

University Representative: J. Walker.

School Representative: R. Morrow.

O.B.U. Office: C/o. Jamieson, Paterson & Co., 10th Floor, Challis House, 10 Martin Place, Sydney. (Telephones: BL 2721-2.)

Membership

To anyone unacquainted with Old Boys' Union matters, the foregoing list presents a picture of strength and stability. But such is not the case. Membership stands at 600 odd, an extremely low percentage of the Old Boys who are eligible to be ranked among our members. Your Committee is in need of the unqualified loyalty and support of all Old Boys in its drive to assist our *Alma Mater*.

We learnt at School that comparisons are odious. One comparison is sufficient. The King's School O.B.U. has over 1,000 life-members and over 800 annual members.

Will you, dear Reader, make it your duty to recruit members for the O.B.U. (and for its Ladies' Auxiliary) so that in 1950 we can point to 1,000 members?

Death of Mr. R. T. McKay

It is with great regret that we record the death of R. T. McKay. A brief mention of his business career and achievements is printed elsewhere in this issue, but it should be stated here that no other Old Boy—not even Arthur Eedy or Charlie Fairland or George Saxby—has done more for our *Alma Mater* than did Bob McKay. The School's Sports Ground, which bears his name, will keep forever green the memory of one whose efforts for "High" were untiring and selfless.

Functions

Functions held during the year in addition to cricket and football matches:—

Regatta Dance, White City, Regatta Night, 23rd April; Younger Set Dance, Monash Hut, Rose Bay, 6th June; "Chocolate and Blue" Ball, Grace Bros.' Auditorium, 2nd August; Annual

Dinner, "The Baltimore," 70 Pitt Street, 31st October; Younger Set Theatre Party to the "Kiwis," 1st July.

Monthly Luncheons

On the second Thursday of each month the O.B.U. has a luncheon at Nock & Kirby's (5th Floor), George Street. Starting time: 1 p.m. Speaker commences at 1.25 p.m., finishes 1.45 p.m. Cost: 2/9. To date our speakers have been:—

May—Frank Lions, *B.Sc. (Oxon.), Ph.D.*

June—Professor F. S. Cotton.

July—Rt. Rev. Bishop W. G. Hilliard.

August—Jack Metcalfe.

September—O. D. A. Oberg.

October—H. F. Halloran.

November—J. Brunton Gibb.

Ladies' Auxiliary

This busy band of helpers has already raised £70 or more towards our Union's funds. They say there is room—adequate room—for many more helpers. Get your "wives, mothers, sisters and others" in touch with either the President, Miss Jessie Cameron (FU 9648), or with Hon. Secretary, Mrs. C. L. Downie, 96 Frenchman's Road, Randwick (FX 1991).

The meeting-place is at Church of England Youth Centre, 201 Castlereagh Street, on first Wednesday of each month, 2 p.m.

A Xmas Season joint party with the O.B.U. is mooted for December.

Younger Set

An enthusiastic S.H.S.O.B.U. Younger Set is in existence under the Presidency of Alan Hodge. Hon. Sec. is Alan Mitchell (1946); Assistant Sec., Norm Pearce (1948); Treasurer, Bob Hall (1942).

It is proposed to hold a Xmas Dance at Woollahra Golf Club.

Personal Pars.

O. D. A. ("Olley") Oberg left by air for overseas on 21st May to attend the World Rotary International Conference in U.S.A. Apart from being Managing Director of Thatcher & Oberg Ltd., over the years he has managed to be President of the Employers' Federation; Sydney and Suburban Timber Merchants' Association; Citizens' Reform Association; Sydney Chamber of Commerce; Sydney Rotary Club; member of Unemployment Relief Council; Government Immigration Advisory Committee; Government Adviser to the U.N.O. Conference in San Francisco; Employers' delegate to the I.L.C. Conference in Paris (1945); and is the newly installed District Governor (N.S.W.) of Rotary International. "Olley" came straight

from his installation at the Conference at Jervis Bay to address us on "America To-day."

The writer is aware of other appointments this distinguished Old Boy has held, but thinks the foregoing selection is sufficient indication of his public service. "If you want a job well done you must get a busy man to do it. The other sort has 'no time'."

A. W. V. King is now the top man for Australian News with Reuters, London.

Allan Cragg is now with *Daily Express*, London. "C/o. Canadian Bank of Commerce, Lombard Street, E.C.3," will find him.

Jim Cragg is Circuit Superintendent of Clifford Theatres, Adelaide.

Nev. Friedlander, who has recently become engaged, is Director of Pacific broadcasts for the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation, U.S.A.

Sir John McLaren, formerly Official Secretary to the Commonwealth Government in London, was married at St. Luke's, Mosman, on 1st October. Congratulations.

Congratulations to:

Eric Longley, *Allan Brown* and *Ted Paine* on being selected to represent Australia in the coming Empire Games as members of the Rowing VIII.

Keith Cross, *Roy Cawsey* and *Keith Gordon* on representing Australia in Tests in New Zealand.

Jim McRae, top place of 3rd Year Medicine.

Bob Morton, 1st-class Honours and University Medal on graduation in Agricultural Science; also a Gowrie Travelling Scholarship.

F. Anet and *A. A. Hukins*, now Masters of Science.

Frank ("Lumpah") Collins (1943), on becoming a Benedict.

Kevin Hansen (1942), on being awarded the prize for best and fairest player of the year in Rugby League.

Des. Duffy is still "at school" in Victoria. Staff College, Queenscliff, will find him.

Edwin ("Bunny") Parker (Maths. and C.O. of Cadets, 1913/16), has retired from the teaching profession.

Jim Plimsoll (1933) was Australian delegate to U.N.O. in New York.

Max Hoffman has been appointed to North Sydney High School.

F. W. T. Lee (1934) became a father during 1949.

Lyle Buchanan, M.B., Ch.M., etc., is on a world tour via Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Switzerland, France, U.K., Norway, Sweden, Canada, U.S.A., Honolulu and New Zealand—and Sydney again in February. Six months that even Mr. Thomas Cook or Fitzpatrick would be proud to take.

Frank King (1913/16) and *Ron Dyson* (1919/22) have sons in First XI.

Bruce Wales (1939/43), son of *Clem Wales* (1915/19), and one of four brothers who have attended "High," has been given the "charge" of Castle Hill Presbyterian Church.

George C. Saxby (1884/86) will welcome Old Boy callers at his home, "Cleve," Neptuna Street, Newport Beach. Incidentally, he keeps himself well up to to date on Old Boys' doings, and reports them to "G.H.Q.," e.g., "General J. R. Broadbent" (retired), one of the first Prefects and a member of First XV with "Olley" Oberg, Eric Saxby, etc., under Captain Fred Lenthall who, I think, is still teaching at Grammar. Other Old Boys mentioned were Mr. Justice Bonney, Arthur Lang Campbell (since deceased), George White (1st violin and leader of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, at present on leave) and Billy Krasnick, another well-known musician who is abroad. Billy McNamara (First XI, 1910) paid him a visit in April.

"*Mick*" March has supplied the following:—

Old Boys playing Rugby Union Grade Football, 1st Grade: J. Cremin, R. Cawsey, K. Cross, K. Gordon, R. Booth, G. Smith (Randwick), W. Dawson (Manly), B. Tate, B. Webb, K. McLelland (Easts), K. Fidden (St. George).

Reserve and 3rd Grades: J. Emerson, K. Emerson, P. Turner, G. Dadour, K. Wilkinson, W. Howell, T. Davis, R. March, M. March (Randwick), D. Mitchell, R. Smee (Easts), S. Chenhall (Drummoyne).

McKay Sports Ground

The general reconstruction of the School Sports Ground has taken longer than anticipated, and as a consequence, football was not played on it in 1949. This was a blow to the First XV. The full advantage of playing on one's home ground is known only to those who have had that experience. A movement has been started to erect a pavilion worthy of the ground instead of the present structure. Old Boy admirers of that great stalwart, Charlie Fairland, are soon to be asked to subscribe to a "C. A. Fairland Pavilion Fund." This is to be a joint effort with the "P. & C." Association and the School.

Mr. A. F. O'Rourke

Mention of football in the preceding paragraph reminds one that Mr. A. F. O'Rourke has relinquished coaching the School's First XV, and has been coaching 5ths and 6ths. It is predicted that this instruction in the elements of the game will mean the ultimate success of our First XVs.

The writer of these names would like to pay a tribute to "Frank" O'Rourke for the selfless service he has put into building teams—first-rate teams—from material which has been often raw and unpolished. Furthermore, his keen perception, allied to his vast knowledge of the game, has more often than not made his half-time "pep talks" match-winning lectures.

Obituary

In addition to *R. T. McKay*, we regret to report the loss of the following members during the year:—

IF DENTISTRY IS TO BE

YOUR CAREER

You are cordially invited without obligating yourself in any way, to avail yourself of our advice and practical help. We have for a great many years been closely associated with Students in the Faculty of Dentistry at Sydney University, many of whom are now very eminent members of the Dental Profession.



THE COMMONWEALTH DENTAL SUPPLY COMPANY PTY. LTD.

206 Castlereagh Street — SYDNEY

Phone: M 4818
Brisbane

And at
Hobart

Box 1922, G.P.O.
Melbourne

George F. Diamond, a former President of the O.B.U. and actuary of a leading life assurance organisation. In addition to being an earnest worker, George was a generous giver. His cheerful enthusiasm and earnestness will be missed.

A. L. Campbell, Professor of Law at Adelaide University, and a former Engineering Professor at Sydney University. It has often been claimed that no finer scholar ever passed through our School. He won the "Lithgow" and "Horner" and "Barker" Scholarships in 1906 in addition to the "Aitken" Scholarship for General Proficiency.

Dr. J. A. Parkes (1913/16). Joe played in First XV in 1916, and had a large medical practice at Leichhardt. He was widely known and deservedly popular in sporting circles as the coach of the N.S.W. Rowing VIII which won the King's Cup in Hobart in 1948.

Charles Matthews Drew (1884), well known solicitor and a member of O.B.U. Council for many years. (His son, Charlie, also attended "High.")

Leslie Walter ("Joe") *Hudson*, Chartered Accountant (Aust.), who died on R.M.S. *Orcades* on the way to England. A star cricketer when at School.

H. D. Hale (1915-1918), of electrical trade, and late of Mosman.

Arthur M. Cook (1916-1919, bugler and kettle-drummer), accountant, who died in Melbourne.

Dr. Leslie F. C. Claremont (1911-1916), Old Boys' prize-winner and Captain of First XV and First XI. Also athletic representative.

Hanson S. Carter, former Australian XI 'keeper. He and A. C. K. Mackenzie were perhaps the best cricketers High has produced.

W. O. C. Day, former Secretary of the Water Board.

Our sympathy is extended to the families and relatives of our deceased members.

Honorary Life Membership

Honorary Life Membership has been conferred on three members of the School staff—Messrs. *P. W. Hallett*, *L. A. Bassar* and *A. F. O'Rourke*, for the great services they have rendered to the School.

Also on our own *Frank Nichols* in recognition of having coached School IV's, 1931-1937; School VIII, 1938-1949. Great work, Frank, and here's hoping for your 1950 crew.

"John Francis Bush" Memorial Prize

This is a prize which will be awarded for the first time this year to the best "all-rounder" passing from 4th to 5th Year.

Messrs. *R. B. Bush*, of Bega, and his brother, *Colin Bush*, have placed a certain sum in trust so that this annual prize may be given in perpetuity in memory of their nephew who lost his life in the R.A.A.F. during the war.

Please get in touch with the Hon. Secretary re these:

1. *School Crests for Cars.* An approach for their manufacture (price, 15/- to £1 each) has been received. Will you buy one if we place an order?
2. *Can you make your services available* on occasional Saturday mornings to help Jack Reddish and Co. keep our boats in first-class "nick"? Location: Drummoyne Rowing Shed.
3. *Suggest distinguished Old Boy Speakers* for our monthly luncheons.
4. If you think you know of an Old Boy who lost his life in the last conflict and whose name may not be on the Honour Roll, if possible give name, number, rank, period of service, decorations, citations, year leaving School. All branches of services (including Merchant Navy) are eligible.

Honorary Secretary

These notes cannot be concluded without tribute being paid to Keith Cameron, who took over the Hon. Secretaryship at the start of 1949. His efficient carrying out of the onerous duties which fall to his lot is typical of his thoroughness in all that he does. The Union can congratulate itself that its present Hon. Secretary is the best it has had for many long years. (In his "spare time" he runs the Cameron Electroplating Company!)

W. R. T. McKay, M.Inst.C.E.

Sydney High School owes a perpetual obligation to Robert Thomas McKay, who died last August. He entered the School in April, 1884, from Tumut, number 117 on the School roll, and from that time he lived and thought Sydney High School. The McKay Sportsground in Centennial Park is his permanent memorial, for he transformed an unattractive swamp into a splendid playing area, and for many years was an active member of the Committee controlling the area. It would have been a fitting culmination of his work for the School had he lived to turn the key of the new "Fairland Pavilion" when it becomes a reality in the first term of 1950.

In his own profession W. McKay became one of the foremost engineers in Australia, and had associations with many great engineering projects that have played an important part in the national economy.

After qualifying as a licensed surveyor he joined the engineering staff of the Public Works Department, and was trained in the design and construction of water supply and sewerage schemes and harbour works. He was appointed Engineer and Secretary to the Interstate Royal Commission on the River Murray to inquire into the water resources of the Murray basin, and to make a just allotment of the waters of the Murray and its tributaries among the States of New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia for the purposes of water conservation, irrigation and navigation. He was also Secretary of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into and report upon the practicability of the construction of locomotives in the State by the Government or by private enterprise. He lectured at the Sydney University on Water Conservation and Irri-

gation, and was invited to lecture at a Premiers' Conference to explain the Murray waters question. He was appointed Engineer and executive member of the Water Conservation, Irrigation and Drainage Board, and was associated with many irrigation projects throughout the State, including the Murray, Lachlan and Murrumbidgee irrigation schemes; also with the sinking of artesian bores and the distribution of artesian water.

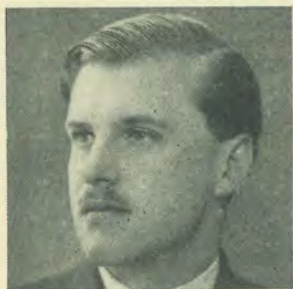
He was appointed Chief Assistant Hydraulic Engineer for the State of Queensland. His next appointment was Engineer-in-Chief of the Geelong Water Works and Sewerage Trust. He was then appointed Consulting Engineer to the Commonwealth Government in connection with the bulk handling of wheat, a scheme involving the expenditure of £3,000,000 among the wheat-growing States of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia.

He then accepted the position of Engineering member and Deputy President of the Commission of the Sydney Harbour Trust. After his retirement a few years ago he was in private practice as a Consulting Engineer.

He was always a persistent advocate for using the waters of the Snowy River to supplement the flow of the Murrumbidgee, and to provide a supply to Sydney.

Mr. McKay was a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers and a member of the Institution of Engineers of Australia. He was on the Council of the Advisory Committee of the Institution of Civil Engineers for many years, and occupied the position of Chairman of the Council for six years.

DR. BARRY D. WYKE



We congratulate Dr. Barry D. Wyke on the outstanding success of his efforts since he left School. He was awarded an Exhibition on his 1939 Leaving Certificate result and entered the faculty of Medicine. After graduating with honours in 1945 he was awarded a Nuffield Fellowship in Neurology but relinquished this to take up a Liston Wilson Fellowship awarded him in Neuro-surgery to be carried out at Sydney University. At the expiration of

the "Liston Wilson" he was elected to a Rockefeller Travelling Scholarship, and left Sydney at the end of January, 1948, for the United States, where he spent about three months on a lecture tour. Soon after his arrival at Oxford he gained the distinction of being awarded a Beit Memorial Research Fellowship in Neuro-surgery. The award is for three years' medical research. It was last awarded to an Australian in 1933. His work will be done in the Nuffield Department of Surgery at the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford.

ROBERT KERFORD MORTON, B.Sc.Agr.



Another Old Boy with a brilliant record is Robert K. Morton, who graduated in Agriculture with first-class Honours and the University Medal. After leaving the School he was Dux of Hawkesbury Agricultural College in 1938, and on the outbreak of war enlisted in the Navy. He became a Lieutenant in the R.A.N.V.R. attached to the Royal Navy in the Destroyer service, and served throughout the war in the North Sea and the Atlantic.

Since his graduation he has been engaged on research at Sydney University for the N.S.W. Milk Board, and this year was awarded a Gowrie Scholarship for a two years' course in bio-chemistry at the Sir William Dunn Institute at Cambridge University. His main interest will be in the field of dairying research.

In furtherance of his special interest he has visited the research institutions for dairying science in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, attended the 12th International Congress of Dairying in Stockholm, and the 1st International Congress of Bio-chemistry at Cambridge.

JAMES McRAE



Congratulations to James McRae on being awarded the General Proficiency Scholarship in Third Year Medicine, with high distinction in Anatomy and Bio-chemistry and distinction in Physiology. W. J. Cook also gained high distinction in two subjects, Anatomy and Physiology. Congratulations also to the following on completing Third Year Medicine: J. M. Collibee, G. T. Dadour, L. W. G. Dawson, L. Lazarus, K. H. Mackey, G. C. Shortland, A. P. Skyring.



Block by courtesy "Telegraph."

RICHARD BONYNGE

Congratulations to Richard Bonyng who in September won the Open Piano Championship at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and at the same time gained the £150 Scholarship donated by the *Australian Women's Weekly*.

The adjudicator, Dr. E. L. Bainton, considered Richard Bonyng's playing to be outstanding, and felt that he was assured of a wonderful career overseas.

Richard gained his Leaving Certificate in 1946, and this year completes his course at the Conservatorium. He hopes to continue his musical education next year in London in one of the Royal Schools of Music.

The following item has been sent to us from the Department of Air, Victoria Barracks, Melbourne (Ed.):—

Trainee Pilot R. W. Wittman, of Haberfield, is to receive his Wings on completion of his flying course at Point Cook on Friday, 26th August, 1949.

Trainee Pilot Wittman becomes a Pilot IV on graduation, and is to be posted to No. 78 Wing, Williamstown, for flying duty on Vampire Jet aircraft.

Trainee Pilot Wittman gained first prize for the best all-round sportsman on the course, and has represented the R.A.A.F. in Inter-Service sports.

Trainee Pilot Wittman was an Air Gunner in the R.A.A.F. during the war years, and is an old scholar of Sydney High School.

S.H.S. PARENTS & CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

President: B. R. White, Esq.

Vice-Presidents: A. G. Leroy, Esq., W. B. Nehl, Esq.

Hon. Secretary: F. G. Arnold, Esq.

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

Executive Committee: Mesdames G. R. Banwell, R. Cristofani and D. Napper; Messrs. W. Fry, C. Shaw, H. K. Thornett, N. W. H. Wilson.

Auditors: W. W. Vick, Esq., and H. B. Quinton, Esq.

MEETINGS are held at the School on Third Thursday in each month at 8 p.m. Anybody interested in the welfare of the School is cordially invited to attend.

Since our annual election of officers, two of our energetic workers, in the person of Messrs. H. J. McCann and R. Dyson, have found it necessary to resign from positions held by them. Both of these gentlemen have given freely of their time and service, and their advice and experience will be missed at our meetings.

To fill these vacancies, Mr. A. G. Leroy has been elected as a Vice-President, Mr. W. B. Nehl is the new member of the Dance Committee, and Mr. H. R. Thornett is now one of our representatives on the McKay Sports Ground Committee.

We are grateful for the response to this year's appeal for funds by the Headmaster at the middle of September, the total exceeded £386. This is a favourable contrast to income from other sources which have been most adversely affected by the coal strike.

The arrangements for erection of the "Fairland Pavilion" at the McKay Sports Ground are fast coming to finality. A building permit (with certain restrictions as to material to be used) has been granted by the authorities. A Building Committee, comprising the Headmaster, Mr. C. S. Upton (Secretary, McKay Sports Ground Committee), Mr. K. Cameron (Secretary, Old Boys' Union) and our President, has been appointed to attend to any matters relative to the erection of the building.

It is hoped that this building will be completed early next year. A Sub-Committee is carefully considering plans to raise sufficient

funds to assure that a pavilion worthy of the School will be handed over for the use of the boys free of debt.

A Committee comprising the Headmaster and Deputy Headmaster (representing the School Union), the President and Secretary of the O.B.U. and this Association will meet at the commencement of each term to exchange views and co-ordinate any projects. This should enable each organisation to function efficiently in its own field, and at the same time to work in harmony with the other.

Our best wishes for their future careers are extended to boys who this year complete their time with the School.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

President: Mrs. A. B. Napper.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. C. Shaw. *Hon. Treasurer:* Mrs. G. R. Banwell

The Ladies' Auxiliary undertook to raise a minimum of £450 this year. Despite serious difficulties such as the winter coal strike, the sum was attained and will be exceeded.

A band of devoted workers made this possible but more are needed, especially from among the mothers of First and Second Year boys.

The first of a series of house parties was arranged at her home by Mrs. E. J. Bottomley, followed by one at the home of Mrs. F. H. Tollis. These functions were successful, both socially and financially.

The splendid work of the Buffet Committee has been of extreme value throughout the year.

The President (Mrs. Napper) and her executive express their sincere thanks to all who have helped make a successful year.

PHOEBE SHAW,
Hon. Secretary.

FOOTBALL LUNCHEON

On the last Wednesday of Second Term the grade footballers and their coaches were entertained in the Great Hall to an excellent luncheon which was arranged by the Ladies' Auxiliary.

The visitors present included the President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. Napper; President of the O.B.U., Mr. Beveridge; the Secretary of the O.B.U., Mr. Cameron, the President of the Parents and Citizens' Association, Mr. White; Mr. Upton, Mr. Tancred and Mr. Smith.

The luncheon was rendered more enjoyable by the attractive way in which the hall was decorated, and by the musical items rendered by a selected trio and quintette from the cast for *The Gondoliers*. After the Headmaster had spoken briefly on "the virile manly game of football," the Captain of the First XV thanked the coaches for their splendid assistance during the season, and the

AUSTRALIAN REGULAR ARMY

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, DUNTROON

The Principal Aims of R.M.C. are:—

1. The thorough and methodical training in all branches of modern warfare to produce competent military men and potential officers and leaders.
2. The careful moulding of the character of the Staff Cadets by means of the right training of their minds and bodies so that they will be worthy citizens.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY: Applicant must:—

- (i) Be over 16 years and under 20 years of age on the Saturday nearest to the 15th February of year of entry.
- (ii) Be unmarried.
- (iii) Be a natural born British subject permanently resident in Australia.
- (iv) Be medically fit.
- (v) Possess a "Pass" or higher certificate in the matriculation, Leaving, School Leaving or Senior Public Examinations in—ENGLISH, One MATHEMATICAL Subject, and any other THREE subjects.
- (vi) Be interviewed and recommended as suitable to become an Army Officer by a Selection Board.
- (vii) Be approved by the Minister of State for the Army.

INSTRUCTION: The course occupies four years, and is devoted to academic and practical training in military and civil subjects on the lines of a University.

In the first year a Cadet reaches the standard of a "trained Soldier," and thereafter his progress is directed to efficiency as a potential instructor.

Civil education begins at first year University standard, and under the guidance of civil Professors and lecturers, the Cadet carries out a course with either an "Arts" or a "Science" bias, depending on his individual aptitude.

Physical education is continuous throughout the four years, and is designed to assist study by providing the healthy body which, in turn, will help provide a healthy mind.

SPORTS AND AMENITIES: Each Staff Cadet is encouraged and expected to take part in at least two forms of sport throughout the year. Facilities exist for the playing of football, hockey, cricket, tennis and basketball. Athletics and swimming are also contested. Boxing is taught and championships held.

Recreation rooms are well equipped with papers and journals, and a College library covers a wide range with some 20,000 books.

PAY AND ALLOWANCES: Whilst at the College a Cadet is educated and maintained by the Government, and there is no expense to his parents.

A Cadet's pay commences at the rate of 7/- per day in his first year, increasing to 8/- in the second, 10/- in the third, and 11/- in the fourth. An amount of 1/6 per day is deferred, and is credited to him for payment on graduation.

1/- per day, in addition to his pay, is credited to maintain and replace uniform and clothing.

MEDICAL AND DENTAL SERVICES are supplied free.

RATIONS AND QUARTERS are supplied free.

LEAVE: Free travel to and from his home is granted during the Christmas vacation. An amount of 4/6 per day is granted as a living-out allowance during this period.

For further particulars apply:—

"A" BRANCH, VICTORIA BARRACKS, PADDINGTON

Captain of the School proposed a richly deserved toast to "The Ladies' Auxiliary" on behalf of the teams.

J.B.A.

BENEVOLENT FUNDS

Voluntary contributions made during the First and Second Terms enabled the School to forward the sum of £25 to the Stewart House Preventorium.

A special appeal made by the Headmaster early in Third Term raised the sum of £44/6/10, which was forwarded to the *Herald Flood Relief Fund*.

"THE GONDOLIERS"

The preparation and presentation of this year's opera, Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Gondoliers*, was undertaken with even more enthusiasm than usual, the cast realising that the proceeds from the opera would provide a substantial start for the all-important "Fairland Pavilion Building Fund." Although actual figures are not available at the time of going to press, they are expected to exceed last year's total of £170.

The cast of principals this year was entirely novice with one exception. This exception, Jimmy Wolfensohn, who will be remembered as Ruth in *The Pirates of Penzance* last year, is to be highly commended for a brilliant and polished performance as the haughty Duchess of Plaza-Toro. It would be impossible to distinguish between the outstanding performances of the male leads. Greg Woodburne's Charles Boyer touch to his love-making as Luiz was perfect; John Nicholson was a sensation as the blustering Duke of Plaza-Toro, and Jimmy Soulos and Rodney Rosenblum really caught the audience with their portrayals of Marco and Giuseppe Palmieri. It was almost impossible to believe that female leads were really boys, so well did they play their parts. Alan Polyblank was a wonderful Casilda, and Guy Smith and John Ewing were highly commended as Gianetta and Tessa. Guy Smith, it seems, will emulate his brother Leon's career as the never-to-be-forgotten heroine of *Pinafore* in 1947.

The standard, both musically and dramatically, can be in no doubt to those who heard the tumultuous applause on any of the three nights—a worthy result of the blending of the S.H.S. Orchestra with the Dramatic Society.

The orchestra was considerably larger than last year, consisting in all of 30 players. Our thanks are due to Les Strait, who, although no longer at School, turned up again this year to play in the orchestra.

The work of providing lighting was greatly facilitated, at the eleventh hour, as it were, by the loan of a dimmer and two flood-

THE RECORD

lights from Mr. Kay, and a spotlight from Mr. Campbell. Also, a spotlight was later bought and installed as permanent equipment. The three electricians—John McDermott, John O'Neil and John Tingle—had a somewhat exacting task of building two smaller dimmers which functioned capably, and greatly improved lighting plots. Footlights also had to be improvised to allow extra stage space, and these also worked extremely well, to the amazement of all concerned. One spectacular fire, lasting only 30 seconds, occurred at a night rehearsal, due to some unsuspected freak wiring in the house lights, but no damage was done.

Much praise was showered on the First Act backdrop, the clever design of Brian White and Robert Fry, and painted by them with the assistance of Callaghan, Engel, Benson and Wise.

There are two people who, although mentioned last here, are the most important in the whole show, and upon whom the cast and the School, as a whole, could never heap sufficient thanks—our producer, Miss Smith, and director, Mr. Day, two people whose unflagging efforts during the past three years have made these operas possible, and have made them such tremendous successes and benefits to the School. Mrs. Day must not be forgotten, either, for her splendid and highly appreciated work in the costume and make-up sections.

Each year these operas have improved, and *The Gondoliers*, no exception to the rule, has proved the greatest success of them all.

JOHN TINGLE.

SPORT

FOOTBALL

FIRST XV

C.H.S. Competition

The 1949 C.H.S. season concluded with the School team runners-up to the strong North Sydney High team, to whom our congratulations are offered as undefeated premiers.

With only a few of last year's team back, Mr. Cracknell, assisted by Mr. Mullins, soon produced a team which, although not outstanding, was sound both in attack and defence.

Full-back N. Ellison, after beginning as five-eighth, was safe and gave some polished displays. The wingers, J. Sachs and P. Epstein, were fast, and a continual danger when in possession. The centres, I. Thiering and G. Serafim, combined well. However, injuries in the centre resulted in no less than seven boys playing in those positions, of whom mention must be made of R. Morrow, W. Mark and R. Evans. The latter, although the lightest back in the competition, tackled with determination. The halves, L. Moate and J. Bosler, formed an excellent understanding, the runs of Bosler from the scrum base always being a worry to the opposition.

The forwards were more fortunate in not having quite as many injuries, and soon moulded into a solid pack, of whom J. Curtois, R. Swinbourne, H. Stevenson, J. Clelland, J. Procter and C. Galea were always on the ball. Led by B. Gell, they were rarely beaten for possession in either scrums or rucks. Breakaways P. Cole and L. Hardacre never let up chasing the opposing backs.

Against Hurlstone the team was honoured by playing the curtain-raiser to the Maoris. At the end of the season, Stevenson, Gell and Epstein in C.H.S. First XV, Swinbourne in C.H.S. Second XV, and Curtois as reserve, were chosen to play against the combined G.P.S. team.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Homebush High School—Won, 12-3.
 North Sydney Technical High School—Won, 11-3.
 Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won, 6-3.
 Sydney Technical High School—Won, 9-6.
 Canterbury High School—Won, 9-6.
 Fort Street High School—Drew, 3-3.
 North Sydney High School—Lost, 22-0.
 Randwick High School, Won, 17-0.

THE RECORD

G.P.S. Competition

The G.P.S. premiership was again shared this year, the honours going to Grammar and Scots. We extend our congratulations to both these teams.

The School team, although it did not win a G.P.S. game, was in no way disgraced, each time being beaten by a stronger team.

Against Newington and Riverview the team was outclassed. Against Grammar the team played bright football, but could not hold the heavy Grammar forwards. After a close first half against St. Joseph's, when the forwards showed they were the equal of any G.P.S. combination, injuries to Serafim and Cole left the team weakened, and High once more suffered defeat. After still another defeat at the hands of King's, there came the match against the strong Scots side. The feeling was that, not having yet won, the team had lost heart. However, it went on the field with the will to win, and very nearly succeeded. After an even first half, the Scots backs broke through and scored two fine tries and won a hard-fought game. Though the run of defeats continued in the final match against Shore, recognition of merit was conceded in that Gell and Clelland were selected in the G.P.S. First XV to play Duntroon Military College, Bosler and Cole in the G.P.S. Second XV to play Hawkesbury Agricultural College, and Sachs and Galea as reserves.

The team sincerely thanks Mr. Cracknell, whose tireless coaching and talks at half-time were an inspiration to all. The team also wishes to thank Mr. Killip, whose interest and support were greatly appreciated by all the members, and the Ladies' Auxiliary, who provided such an excellent luncheon for the footballers at the end of the season.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Newington College—Lost, 24-3.

St. Ignatius College—Lost, 11-6.

Sydney Grammar School, Lost, 18-3.

St. Joseph's College, Lost, 16-3.

The King's School—Lost, 32-0.

Scots College—Lost, 12-3.

Sydney Church of England Grammar School—Lost, 27-11.

SECOND XV

The Second XV had quite a successful season this year. It won the C.H.S. Competition without the loss of a match, but owing to numerous injuries in the latter part of the season, was unplaced in the Great Public Schools' Competition.

The original team was particularly strong in individual talent, and soon developed into a strong combination. However, it was unfortunate to lose some of its best players who were injured, and some others who were needed to take the place of those injured in the First XV. During the season, thirty-five players represented the team—a striking indication of the losses by injuries to the regular members.



FIRST XV — C.H.S. RUNNERS-UP.

Back Row: R. EVANS, P. COLE, J. MEALEY, P. EPSTEIN, I. NAPPER, I. THIERING.

Second Row: J. PROCTER, J. CLELLAND, H. STEVENSON, R. SWINBOURNE, J. CURTOIS, L. HARDACRE, N. ELLISON.

Front Row: R. MORROW, J. BOSLER (Vice-Capt.), MR. J. H. KILLIP (Headmaster), B. GELL (Capt.),
MR. I. CRACKNELL (Master-in-Charge), J. SACHS, C. GALEA.

THE RECORD

The backs performed creditably throughout the season, L. Moate, at inside-centre or five-eighth, proving an inspiring leader. O. Fry, K. Cleary and B. Steel excelled in the flanks, while the centres, I. Thiering, L. Moate. W. Mark and J. Prior, were brilliant in attack and very safe in defence. W. Fletcher was an enterprising and elusive five-eighth, and in his absence G. King always played safely. K. Purdy gave good service from the base of the scrum and made tricky runs down the field. Our full-back, S. Banwell, was safe at all times, and proved a match-winner on several occasions, kicking twelve penalty goals and five goals.

Although rather light in comparison with most G.P.S. packs, the forwards, led by Vice-Captain A. Walsh, excelled in tight work, and were always on the ball. L. Hardacre, K. Walkerden and J. Todhunter were solid locks, while the breakaways, A. Walsh, R. Moclair and J. Agnew, tackled well and continually harassed their opposing backs. The three-quarters received an excellent service of the ball from our hard-rucking front row, R. Upton, A. Anderson and I. Napper. Our giant forwards, S. Sherrett, D. Stuart and J. Mealey, were vigorous hard workers.

The team wishes to offer its congratulations to Shore on winning the G.P.S. premiership, and to convey its thanks to the coach, Mr. Allsopp, for his untiring interest and his valuable and enthusiastic coaching. Grateful mention must also be made of Mr. Mullin's help in conditioning the team in the earlier part of the season.

C.H.S. Competition

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

- Homebush High School—Won, 3-0.
- North Sydney Technical High School—Won, 19-3.
- Manly High School—Won, 15-9.
- Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won, 12-0.
- Sydney Technical High School—Won, 9-0.
- North Sydney High School—Won, 18-6.
- Canterbury High School—Won, 16-3.
- Fort Street High School—Won, 5-3.

G.P.S. Competition

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

- Newington College—Won, 9-6.
- St. Ignatius College—Won, 11-6.
- Sydney Grammar School—Lost, 3-6.
- St. Joseph's College—Lost, 3-19.
- The King's School—Lost, 3-22.
- The Scots College—Won, 6-3.
- Sydney Church of England Grammar School—Lost, 11-13.

THIRD XV

The Third Grade Team deserves hearty congratulations on being undefeated premiers. They put up a fine record, scoring

THE RECORD



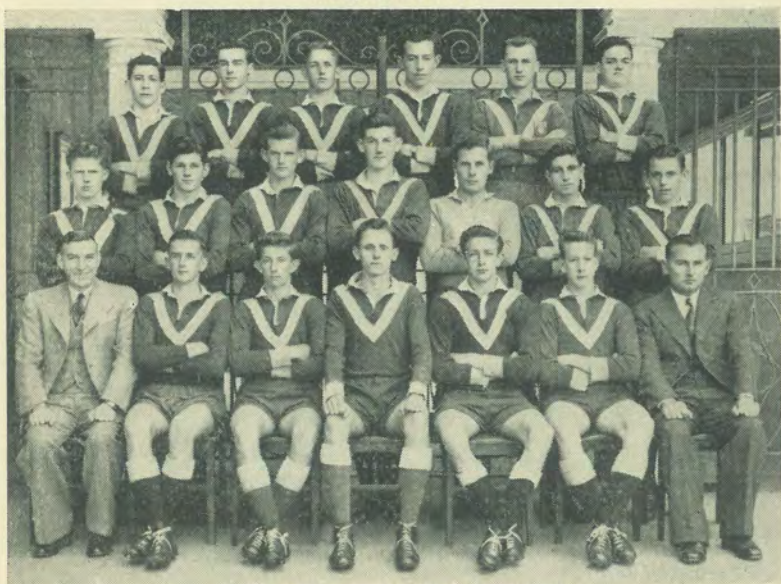
SECOND XV — UNDEFEATED C.H.S. PREMIERS.

Back Row: J. TODHUNTER, S. BANWELL, G. KING, L. DUNN, M. FRY, J. MEALEY.

Second Row: R. EVANS, J. PRIOR, R. MOCLAIR, S. SHERRETT, D. STUART,
L. HARDACRE, I. NAPPER.

Front Row: K. CLEARY, W. FLETCHER, A. WALSH (Capt.), MR. F. ALLSOPP
(Master-in-Charge), A. ANDERSON (Vice-Capt.), J. AGNEW, R. UPTON.

Sitting: K. PURDY.



THIRD XV — UNDEFEATED PREMIERS.

Back Row: C. GOLDBERG, B. STEELE, P. MURRAY, R. CALLAGHAN, J. LOUGHMAN,
P. BROUE.

Second Row: R. LEAMON, J. LUMLEY, K. REYNOLDS, B. FOOTE, R. KENNEDY,
K. SINGER, K. HASTINGS.

Front Row: MR. J. COFFEY (Master-in-Charge), K. HOLLAND, W. WIDERBERG,
G. KING (Capt.), L. DUNN (Vice-Capt.), R. SEENEY, MR. J. HUDSON (Master-in-Charge).

Absent: K. WALKERDEN.

THE RECORD

146 points to 6 without having their line crossed. There were a number of factors contributing to their success. They managed to play their best football against the strong North Sydney and Fort Street teams. The Captain, G. King, proved a very capable and experienced leader. Finally, keen and talented reserves kept all players revealing top form.

The team would like to express their appreciation of the keen competition provided by the others schools, and of the valuable assistance given by Mr. Hudson and Mr. Coffey.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

- Homebush High School—Won, 19-0.
- North Sydney Technical High School—Won, 37-0.
- Manly High School—Won, 6-0.
- Sydney Technical High School—Won, 12-0.
- North Sydney High School—Won, 17-3.
- Canterbury High School—Won, 9-0.
- Fort Street High School—Won, 8-0.
- Parramatta High School—Won, 12-3.
- Randwick High School—Won, 26-0.

FOURTH XV

Fourth Grade were runners-up in this year's competition, being unlucky to lose the captain, J. Kennelly, early in the season for four matches.

C. Smee was the outstanding back, his goal-kicking winning many a match. The centres, J. Kennelly and N. Payne, combined well, and were given fine support by the full-back, D. Boatwright, and the wingers, B. Foote and J. McGrath. Hard tackling by the breakaways, J. Thornett and R. Hutchison, stopped many a try, while the forwards were vigorously led by S. Sparrow, the Vice-Captain. A. Sparrow, and J. Johnson did splendid work in the rucks and open, with K. Avis and B. Bowen supporting the scrum well, R. Jakes winning a fair share of the line-outs.

The team offers its congratulations to the premiers, Parramatta, and also its thanks to Mr. Rowlands for his assistance throughout the season.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

- Homebush High School—Won, 13-3.
- North Sydney Technical High School—Won, 27-0.
- Manly High School—Won, 20-0.
- Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won, 23-0.
- Sydney Technical High School—Won, 6-3.
- North Sydney High School—Won, 11-5.
- Canterbury High School—Won, 20-3.
- Fort Street High School—Won, 8-0.
- Parramatta High School—Lost, 3-11.
- Randwick High School—Drew, 11-11.

THE RECORD



FOURTH XV — RUNNERS-UP.

Back Row: J. HARRISON, D. BOATWRIGHT, J. THORNETT, C. LEDWIDGE, N. PAYNE, J. JOHNSON.

Second Row: K. AVIS, N. LAMERTON, B. FOOTE, R. JAKES, G. RIVERS, M. HUDSON, A. SPARROW.

Front Row: J. HUNT, R. HUTCHISON, J. KENNELLY (Capt.), MR. W. ROWLANDS (Master-in-Charge), S. SPARROW (Vice-Capt.), B. BOWEN, C. SMEE.

Sitting: J. McGRATH.



FIFTH XV — RUNNERS-UP.

Back Row: D. TREBLE, K. SPARRE, A. THOMPSON, E. COLEMAN, A. COHEN.

Second Row: P. JONES, R. ALDRIDGE, G. PAULINE, MR. A. F. O'ROURKE (Master-in-Charge), A. GEOGHAN (Vice-Capt.), B. SHARP, B. HOLLAND.

Front Row: B. DORMAN, B. WOODFORD, M. DIAMOND, B. ALLSOP (Capt.), V. LITTLEWOOD, A. ROSEWELL, A. MADDOX.

FIFTH XV

The Fifth Grade Team had a very successful season, being runners-up to North Sydney High School. Not the least valuable aspect of the season's games was the unearthing of some outstanding players in R. Aldrich, R. Hughes, G. Treble and A. Geoghegan, who should prove valuable in higher grades next year.

The team wishes to congratulate the premiers, and to thank Messrs. O'Rourke and Mullins for the time they spent in coaching.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Homebush High School—Won, 6-5.
 North Sydney Technical High School—Won, 18-0.
 Manly High School—Drew, 3-3.
 Sydney Technical High School—Won, 9-0.
 Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won, 9-0.
 North Sydney High School—Lost, 5-6.
 Canterbury High School—Won, 8-0.
 Fort Street High School—Won, 15-0.
 Parramatta High School—Won, 22-0.
 Randwick High School—Won, 11-3.

SIXTH XV

Although the Sixth Grade were successful on only three occasions during the past season, they were an enthusiastic side and gave sound displays of football. The most outstanding players of the season were R. Williams, the lock-forward; R. Jenkin and N. Heywood, the wingers; and E. Willis, the half-back.

The team would like to express their appreciation of the valuable advice and assistance given by their coach, Mr. O'Rourke.

SCORES

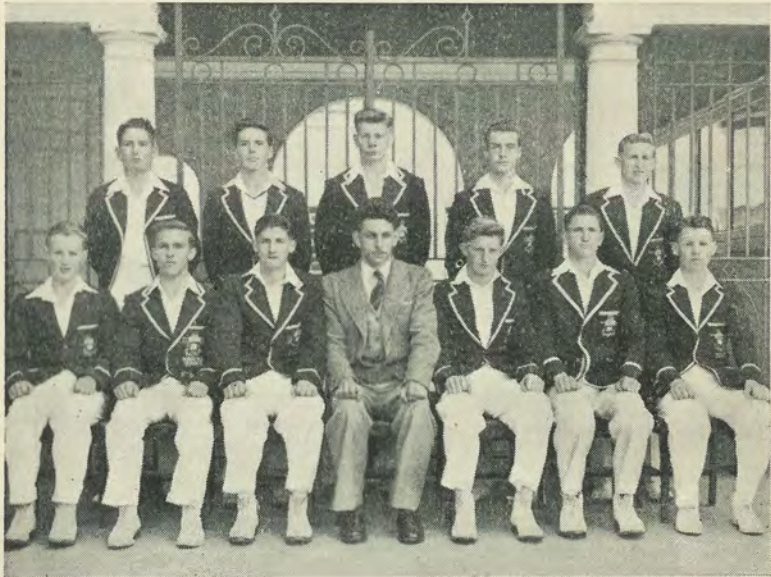
S.H.S. v.—

Homebush High School—Lost, 12-0.
 North Sydney Technical High School—Lost, 12-0.
 Manly High School—Lost, 9-3.
 Hurlstone High School—Lost, 9-3.
 Sydney Technical High School—Won, 6-3.
 North Sydney High School—Lost, 12-3.
 Canterbury High School—Won, 17-6.
 Fort Street High School—Lost, 8-0.
 Parramatta High School—Won on forfeit.
 Randwick High School—Drew, 3-3.



FIRST XI.

Back Row: MR. R. BAKER (Master-in-Charge, G.P.S.), W. MARK, B. SHEPHERDSON, W. CHURCH, A. WALSH, J. SACHS,
MR. O. TAYLOR (Master-in-Charge, C.H.S.).
Front Row: S. BANWELL, P. EISZELE, V. CRISTOFANI (Capt.), MR. J. H. KILLIP (Headmaster), J. BOSLER (Vice-Capt.), G. KING,
W. FLETCHER.
Seated: A. Anderson (Scorer). Absent: E. Dyson.



SECOND XI.

Back Row: P. SHULTZ, D. BOATWRIGHT, N. PHILLIPS, B. STEELE, I. THIERING.

Front Row: R. HUTCHISON, P. EISZELE, R. MORROW (Capt.), MR. J. WEBSTER
(Master-in-Charge), W. MARK, N. ELLISON, M. HUDSON.

Absent: L. MOATE.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION POINTS

By the narrow margin of one point High earned the title of Champion School in the football point score with 456 points. North Sydney High gained second place with 455 points, and Fort Street secured third place with 405 points.

A table of points and a list of the premierships teams and runners-up is appended:—

SCHOOL	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	Total Points
Canterbury High	10	11	9	14	8	8	242
Fort Street High	15	18	20	16	18	16	405
Homebush High	8	8	8	7	15	10	216
Hurlstone Agricultural	14	6	—	5	11	16	224
Manly High	—	18	13	3	7	21	252
North Sydney High	22	20	17	17	21	12	455
North Sydney Technical	12	11	11	5	6	9	262
Parramatta High	10	—	16	21	2	2	209
Randwick High	4	—	6	14	17	9	136
Sydney High	19	22	22	19	19	11	456
Sydney Technical	16	14	9	11	8	10	296

NOTE.—Points in each grade are calculated on the basis of two points for a win and one for a draw. Total points are arrived

THE RECORD

at by multiplying First Grade points by 7, Second Grade points by 5, and other grades by 3.

GRADE.	PREMIERS.	RUNNERS-UP.
1st	North Sydney High	Sydney High
2nd	Sydney High	North Sydney High
3rd	Sydney High	Fort Street High
4th	Parramatta High	Sydney High
5th	North Sydney High	Sydney High
6th	Manly High	North Sydney Tech.

CLASS FOOTBALL

This year's competition was cramped by the shortage of playing fields, but the enthusiasm of the players overcame this handicap. The standard of play was high, and all the teams were closely matched. The games against Technical High were again the most enjoyable of the season.

The thanks of the School are due to the referees and First Aid boys, whose voluntary efforts make the class football competition possible.

THE OLD BOYS' GAME

The annual match between the School and the Old Boys was played at University Oval on the 10th August. This year arrangements were made for an extra match to be played between Second Grade sides. Two closely contested games resulted in the O.B.U. winning the Second Grade match 6-3, and the School winning the First Grade match 16-14. The School team was led by assistant coach, Mr. Mullins, while the O.B.U. team was led by Don Mitchell.

TENNIS

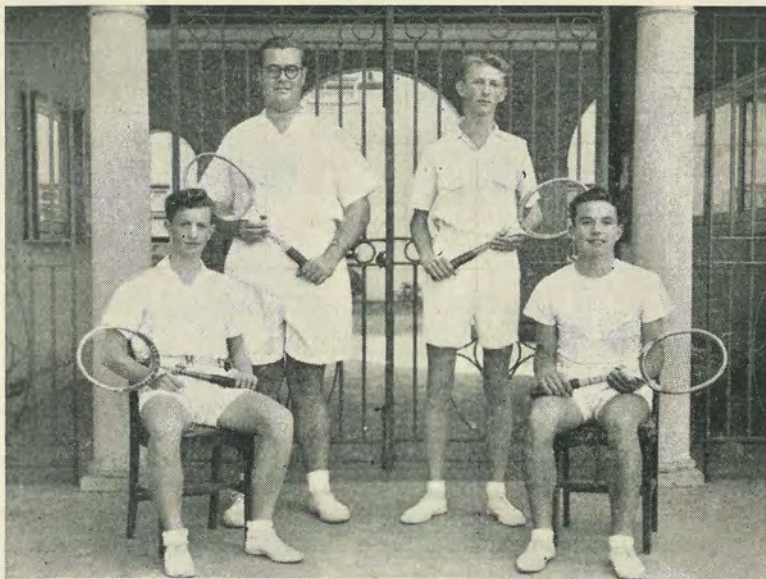
Although the teams were not very successful this year, many enjoyable matches were played, and in several matches the results were closer than the sets indicated. Unfortunately the matches with Parramatta, Randwick, North Sydney and Sydney Technical High Schools and Hurlstone Agricultural College had to be abandoned because of rain.

At the conclusion of the competition the First and Second Grade teams played a match with the Old Boys. The scores in both grades were close, the Old Boys winning the First Grade 4 sets all—42 games to 36—and the Second Grade, 5 sets to 3.

We congratulate the winning teams of the competition, and convey our thanks to Misses Cochrane and Smith for their interest throughout the season.

M. BRENNAN.

THE RECORD



FIRST GRADE TENNIS TEAM.

M. BRENNAN (Capt.), L. HYNE, B. DALY, D. BIRMINGHAM.



FIRST GRADE WATER POLO TEAM.

Back Row: B. ROBERTSON, C. SMEE, R. UPTON, J. MOCLAIR, J. THORNETT, G. ROBERTSON.

Front Row: J. PRIOR, H. STEVENSON, B. NEESON (Capt.), B. FOOTE, J. CURTOIS.

THE RECORD



SENIOR AND UNDER 16 (C.H.S. RUNNERS-UP) SWIMMING REPRESENTATIVES.

Standing: C. GALEA, R. UPTON, F. WILLIAMS, M. FITCH, B. CHRISTIANSEN,
H. STEVENSON, M. MacGEE.

Sitting: J. PROCTER, J. PRIOR, J. MEALEY, B. NEESON, R. SEENEY, K. HASTINGS,
K. SINGER, G. FERRIS.



UNDER 15 AND JUVENILE (C.H.S. WINNERS) SWIMMING REPRESENTATIVES.

Standing: J. WOODCOCK, K. AVIS, G. ROBERTSON, G. RIVERS, A. THOMPSON,
D. MILLS, B. PARSONS.

Sitting: B. ROBERTSON, C. SMEE, B. FOOTE, J. THORNETT, R. ALDRICH.

THE RECORD

Results of Matches

FIRST GRADE

(Team: M. Brennan (Capt.), D. Bermingham, B. Daly, L. Hyne.)

S.H.S. v.—

Homebush High School—Lost, 0-8.
North Sydney Technical High School—Lost, 2-6.
Manly High School—Won, 8-0.
Canterbury High School—Lost, 1-7.
Fort Street High School—Lost, 2-6.

SECOND GRADE

(Team: J. Andrews (Capt.), P. Barnett, G. Butt, Z. Star.)

S.H.S. v.—

Homebush High School—Lost, 0-8.
North Sydney Technical High School—Won, 5-3.
Manly High School—Won, 8-0.
Canterbury High School—Lost, 2-6.
Fort Street High School—Lost, 2-6.
Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won, 5-3.

THIRD GRADE

(Team: K. Stewart (Capt.), D. Anderson, L. Black, J. Wolfensohn.)

S.H.S. v.—

Homebush High School—Lost, 0-8.
North Sydney Technical High School—Won, 6-2.
Manly High School—Won, 8-0.
Canterbury High School—Lost, 1-7.
Fort Street High School—Lost, 1-7.

FOURTH GRADE

(Team: C. Masters (Capt.), N. Jones, F. Hendry, D. Patterson.)

S.H.S. v.—

Homebush High School—Lost, 0-8.
North Sydney Technical High School—Lost, 4-4 (games 36-42).
Manly High School—Won, 6-2.
Canterbury High School—Lost, 2-6.
Fort Street High School—Lost, 3-5.
Hurlstone Agricultural College—Lost, 1-7.

ATHLETICS

S.H.S. Carnival

The S.H.S. Carnival, run under ideal conditions, revealed a fair all-round standard with a few flashes of brilliance.

Excellent new records were 10.1 secs. for the Senior 100 Yards by P. Eiszele, 5 ft. 4½ ins. for the Under 15 High Jump by A. Clark, while the brothers Stuart set 48 ft. 8½ ins. and 44 ft. 9½ ins. for the Junior and Juvenile Shot Putts respectively.

Much refining was necessary before the crude material approached "flash point."

A progressive study of times and distances throughout the season, however, shows that the refining was effective, and it needed

THE RECORD

to be if we were to cling to our proud tradition in athletics, for the standard this year in track events was to be the toughest ever.

From D. Johnson's 9.8 in the 100 to Kennet's 4.32 Mile, there were few places available for loiterers.

Senior Championships:

100 Yards—1, P. Eiszele; 2, M. MacGee; 3, K. Buckley. Time: 10.1 secs.—Record.

220 Yards—1, P. Eiszele; 2, M. MacGee; 3, J. Bosler. Time: 23.0 secs.

440 Yards—1, M. MacGee; 2, P. Eiszele; 3, L. Shaw. Time: 53.2 secs.

880 Yards—1, L. Shaw; 2, R. Sanderson. Time: 2 mins. 9.7 secs.

1 Mile—1, V. Cristofani; 2, S. Sherrett. Time: 4 mins. 54.2 secs.

Broad Jump—1, M. MacGee; 2, P. Eiszele; 3, D. Page. Distance: 20 ft. 6½ ins.

High Jump—1, B. Daly; 2, M. MacGee; 3, R. Morrow. Height: 5 ft. 5½ ins.

120 Yards Hurdles—1, K. Buckley; 2, M. MacGee; 3, B. Daly. Time: 16.8 secs.

Shot Putt—1, J. Harris; 2, P. Stanley; 3, L. Hyne. Distance: 41 ft. 10 ins.

SENIOR POINT SCORE: 1, M. MacGee, 36; 2, P. Eiszele, 27; 3, K. Buckley, 15.

Junior Championships:

100 Yards—1, O. Fry; 2, J. Argue; 3, R. Rosenblum. Time: 11.0 secs.

220 Yards—1, J. Argue; 2, R. Rosenblum; 3, D. Colley. Time: 24.5 secs.

440 Yards—1, D. Colley; 2, O. Fry; 3, R. Rosenblum. Time: 57.5 secs.

880 Yards—1, D. Colley; 2, O. Fry; 3, R. Rosenblum. Time: 2 mins. 21 secs.

90 Yards Hurdles—1, D. Colley; 2, M. Carse; 3, W. Mark. Time: 13.7 secs.

Broad Jump—1, D. Colley; 2, W. Mark; 3, K. Vincent. Distance: 19 ft. 0½ ins.

High Jump—1, J. O'Neil; 2, B. Steele; 3, O. Fry. Height: 5 ft. 2 ins.

Shot Putt—1, D. Stuart; 2, J. Callaghan; 3, J. O'Neil. Distance: 48 ft. 8½ ins.—Record.

POINT SCORE—1, D. Colley, 41; 2, O. Fry, 23; 3, J. Argue, 17.

Under 15 Championships:

100 Yards—1, A. Pearce; 2, M. Saunders; 3, M. Fry. Time: 11.0 secs.

220 Yards—1, A. Pearce; 2, M. Fry; 3, M. Saunders. Time: 24.9 secs.

Broad Jump—1, A. Clark; 2, G. Rivers; 3, J. Kennelly. Distance: 18 ft. 4 ins.

High Jump—1, A. Clark; 2, K. Sinderberry; 3, M. Hudson. Height: 5 ft. 4½ ins.—Record.

90 Yards Hurdles—1, B. Foote; 2, M. Saunders; 3, P. Whitaker. Time: 14.0 secs.

8-lb. Shot Putt—1, J. Thornett; 2, M. Hudson; 3, B. Foote. Distance: 40 ft. 10 ins.

POINT SCORE—1, A. Clark and M. Saunders, 18; 3, A. Pearce, 17.

Under 14 Championships:

100 Yards—1, C. Smee; 2, J. Thomas; 3, B. Sharpe. Time: 11.5 secs.

220 Yards—1, C. Smee; 2, B. Sharpe; 3, J. Thomas. Time: 26.2 secs. /

60 Yards Hurdles—1, J. Thomas; 2, C. Smee; 3, T. O'Neill. Time: 10.3 secs.

High Jump—1, J. Eckert; 2, C. Smee; 3, A. Cohen. Height: 4 ft. 11 ins.

Metropolitan Water, Sewerage and Drainage Board, Sydney

CAREERS FOR BOYS

The Board will require boys who have successfully completed the 1949 Intermediate or Leaving Certificate examinations for positions as:

- A. Professional Officers, General Scale,
for the Civil, Electrical and Mechanical
Branches of Engineering.**
- B. Junior Clerks.**
- C. Drafting Assistants.**

Further details of salaries and conditions of employment are contained in the brochure, "Careers for Boys," which may be had from the Headmaster or Careers Adviser at your school.

Applications setting out date and place of birth, details of school record, including copies of reports and copies of references, may be made in writing, or by personal application, to the Staff and Industrial Officer.

Announcements as to vacancies and closing date for applications will appear in the daily press.

G. C. HICKS,
Secretary.

**341 Pitt Street,
SYDNEY.**

THE RECORD

Broad Jump—1, J. Thomas; 2, C. Smee; 3, R. Hughes. Distance: 16 ft. 6½ ins.

6-lb. Shot Putt—1, M. Stuart; 2, C. Smee; 3, R. Holmes. Distance: 44 ft. 4½ ins.—Record.

POINT SCORE—1, C. Smee, 36; 2, J. Thomas, 24.

Under 13 Championships:

100 Yards—1, D. Denny; 2, M. Whitaker; 3, L. Rosenthal. Time: 12.7 secs.

220 Yards—1, D. Denny; 2, M. Callaghan; 3, M. Whitaker. Time: 28.2 secs.

High Jump—1, G. Smith; 2, M. Whitaker; 3, J. Wise and J. Allan (dead-heat). Height: 4 ft. 5 ins.

Broad Jump—1, G. Smith; 2, M. Whitaker; 3, B. Parsons. Distance: 14 ft. 2½ ins.

POINT SCORE—1, G. Smith and M. Whitaker, 18 (dead-heat); 3, D. Denny, 16.

C.H.S. Carnival

Although almost swamped by a sea of record-breakers, Captain MacGee and his now talented crew steered through to victory by a comfortable margin.

The standard was brilliant, and our hats are off to Johnson, of Wollongong (9.8 secs.), and Gosper, of Newcastle (10.1 for Junior 100 yds.), for dazzling performances. S. Sherrett set new S.H.S. figures for the Mile at 4.45½, and V. Cristofani, although beaten into second place, did even better. Buckley, Daly and a fine relay team comprising MacGee, Eiszele, Bosler and Tuck won championships, and the team work as a whole was magnificent. High being rarely out of a place.

Aided by a powerful Under 15 section, the Junior Team surpassed expectations and ran out easy winners. Clark, Saunders, Thornett, Colley, Stuart and Rosenblum were perhaps the best of a well-balanced team.

The Juveniles were not as strong as in previous years with the exception of Colin Smee, who was a prolific point-scorer.

Following are the results:—

Senior Championships:

100 Yards—Div. 1: P. Eiszele, 3. Time: 9.8 secs.—Record. Div. 2: M. MacGee, 1. Time: 10.4 secs.

220 Yards—Div. 1: P. Eiszele, 4. Time: 22.3 secs. Div. 2: M. MacGee, 1. Time: 22.3 secs.

440 Yards—Div. 1: K. Buckley, 4. Time: 50.5 secs.—Record.

880 Yards—Div. 1, L. Shaw, 3. Time: 2 mins. 5.4 secs. Div. 2: V. Cristofani, 1. Time: 2 mins. 7.7 secs.

1 Mile—Div. 1: V. Cristofani, 2. Time: 4 mins. 42.5 secs. Div. 2: S. Sherret, 1. Time: 4 mins. 45.2 secs.

Broad Jump—Div. 2: P. Eiszele, 1. Distance: 20 ft. 4½ ins.

High Jump—Div. 1: B. Daly, 1. Height: 5 ft. 6 ins. Div. 2: R. Morrow, 3. Height: 5 ft. 3 ins.

Shot Putt—Div. 1: J. Harris, 2. Distance: 41 ft. 10 ins.

THE RECORD

120 Yards Hurdles—Div. 1: K. Buckley, 1. Time: 16.2 secs. Div. 2: R. Morrow, 5. Time: 16.8 secs.

Relay—S.H.S., 1 (J. Tuck, M. MacGee, J. Bosler, P. Eiszele). Time: 44.5 secs.

SENIOR POINT SCORE—1, S.H.S., 97; 2, Homebush, 70; 3, Wollongong, 58.

Under 16 Championships:

220 Yards—Div. 1: R. Rosenblum, 4. Time: 22.4 secs.—Record.

440 Yards—Div. 2: D. Colley, 2. Time: 55.8 secs.

90 Yards Hurdles—Div. 1: D. Colley, 3. Time: 12.5 secs.

Broad Jump—Div. 1: D. Colley, 5. Distance: 21 ft. 1 in.—Record.

High Jump—Div. 1: J. O'Neil, 5. Height: 5 ft. 5 ins. Div. 2: K. Sinderberry, 1. Height: 5 ft. 1 in.

Shot Putt—Div. 1: D. Stuart, 2. Distance: 50 ft. 3 ins. Div. 2: R. Callaghan, 1. Distance: 42 ft. 8 ins.

Relay—S.H.S., 2 (D. Colley, O. Fry, M. Carse, R. Rosenblum). Time: 47.5 secs.

Under 15 Championships:

100 Yards—Div. 1: M. Saunders, 1. Time: 11.0 secs. Div. 2: A. Pearce, 1. Time: 11.0 secs.

220 Yards—Div. 1: A. Pearce, 4. Time: 23.7 secs. Div. 2: M. Fry, 4. Time: 24.3 secs.

90 Yards Hurdles—Div. 1: B. Foote, 5. Time: 12.9 secs. Div. 2: M. Saunders, 1. Time: 13.5 secs.

High Jump—Div. 1: A. Clarke, 1. Height: 5 ft. 4 ins. Div. 2: W. McEwan, 3. Height: 4 ft. 11 ins.

Broad Jump—Div. 1: A. Clarke, 2. Distance: 20 ft. 5½ ins. Div. 2: G. Rivers, 3. Distance: 19 ft. 3½ ins.

Shot Putt—Div. 1: J. Thornett, 1. Distance: 40 ft. 6½ ins. Div. 2: M. Hudson, 3. Distance: 39 ft. 6 ins.

Relay—S.H.S., 2 (M. Fry, J. Kennelly, M. Saunders, A. Pearce). Time: 48.0 secs.

UNDER 16 POINT SCORE—1, S.H.S., 123; 2, Newcastle, 90; 3, Sydney Technical, 74½.

Under 14 Championships:

100 Yards—Div. 1, C. Smee, 3. Time: 11.0 secs.

220 Yards—Div. 1: C. Smee, 4. Time: 25.4 secs.

60 Yards Hurdles—Div. 2: C. Smee, 2. Time: 10.0 secs.

Broad Jump—Div. 2: C. Smee, 2. Distance: 16 ft. 9½ ins.

High Jump—Div. 1: J. Eckert, 4. Height: 4 ft. 10 ins. Div. 2: C. Smee, 3. Height: 4 ft. 9 ins.

Under 13 Championships:

High Jump—Div. 1: G. Smith, 3. Height: 4 ft. 5 ins. Div. 2: M. Whitaker, 3. Height: 4 ft. 3 ins.

JUVENILE POINT SCORE—1, Newcastle, 103; 5, S.H.S., 31½.

AGGREGATE CHAMPIONSHIP—1, S.H.S., 250½; 2, Newcastle, 193; 3, Homebush, 170.

G.P.S. Carnival

Never was there a meeting so full of thrills and so packed with "ifs" and "buts." As the lead see-sawed in both Senior and Junior, it was inevitable that everyone who did not notch a victory felt that his loss was the turning point, and every mishap became a tragedy.

THE RECORD

As it turned out, we lost both Senior and Junior Championships on the last event of the day by the narrowest of margins, and although victory would have been sweet, we have every reason to be proud of our gallant team. Congratulations to Grammar and Shore, who were just that little bit better.

Peter Eiszele collected High's first win in the Open 100 since 1931, and although the team had 10 firsts, equally important was the fact that, despite the very high standard, the School was rarely out of the first three places.

Let the results tell their own story:—

Senior Championships:

- 110 Yards—Div. 1: P. Eiszele, 1. Time: 10.2 secs. Div. 2: M. MacGee, 2. Time: 10.2 secs.
220 Yards—Div. 1: P. Eiszele, 2. Time: 22.7 secs.
440 Yards—Div. 1: M. MacGee, 3. Time: 51.0 secs. Div. 2: L. Shaw, 3. Time: 53.0 secs.
880 Yards—Div. 1: L. Shaw, 5. Time: 1 min. 59.5 secs.—Record.
Mile—Div. 1: S. Sherrett, 3. Time: 4 mins. 32.7 secs.—Record. Div. 2: V. Cristofani, 3. Time: 4 mins. 42.2 secs.
Broad Jump—P. Eiszele, 3. Distance: 20 ft. 4½ ins.
High Jump—B. Daly, 1. Height: 5 ft. 7 ins.
440 Yards Relay—S.H.S., 1 (J. Tuck, M. MacGee, J. Bosler, P. Eiszele). Time: 44.1 secs.

Under 17 Championships:

- 100 Yards—Div. 1: K. Buckley, 4. Time: 10.1 secs.—Record. Div. 2: J. Bosler, 3. Time: 10.5 secs.
220 Yards—J. Bosler, 2. Time: 22.3 secs.—Record.
120 Yards Hurdles—K. Buckley, 1. Time: 16.3 secs.
SENIOR POINT SCORE—1, Grammar, 111; 2, S.H.S., 105; 3, King's, 100.

Under 16 Championships:

- 100 Yards—Div. 1: R. Rosenblum, 3. Time: 10.5 secs. Div. 2: A. Pearce, 1. Time: 10.8 secs.
220 Yards—R. Rosenblum, 4. Time: 23.2 secs.
880 Yards—Div. 2: J. Procter, 3. Time: 2 mins. 11.6 secs.
High Jump—J. O'Neil, 1. Height: 5 ft. 5 ins.
90 Yards Hurdles—D. Colley, 1. Time: 12.5 secs.
440 Yards Relay—S.H.S., 2 (D. Colley, A. Pearce, W. Mark, R. Rosenblum). Time: 46.6 secs.

Under 15 Championships:

- 100 Yards—Div. 1: M. Saunders, 4. Time: 10.8 secs.
220 Yards—J. Kennelly, 5. Time: 24 secs.
90 Yards Hurdles—B. Foote, 2. Time: 12.9 secs.—Record.
High Jump—A. Clarke, 1. Height: 5 ft. 4½ ins.—Record.
440 Yards Relay—S.H.S., 1 (A. Clarke, G. Rivers, J. Kennelly, M. Saunders). Time: 48.5 secs.

Under 14 Championships:

- 110 Yards—Div. 1: C. Smee, 1. Time: 11.6 secs. Div. 2: J. Thomas, 2. Time: 12.0 secs.
220 Yards—C. Smee, 3. Time: 26.1 secs.
High Jump—J. Eckert, 2. Height: 5 ft. 1 in.

THE RECORD

440 Yards Relay—S.H.S., 2 (J. Thomas, C. Smee, D. Madew, P. Vig).
Time: 52.1 secs.

Under 13 Championships:

100 Yards—Div. 1: L. Rosenthal, 5. Time: 11.8 (equals Records). Div.
2: D. Denny, 3. Time: 12.1 secs.

440 Yards Relay—S.H.S., 3 (D. Denny, L. Rosenthal, M. Whitaker, R.
Ryan). Time: 53.5 secs.

JUNIOR POINT SCORE—1, Shore, 159½; 2, S.H.S., 159; 3, Newington,
121.

The team's thanks are due to Messrs. L. A. Bassier, H. Edmonds
and P. Mullins, who brought out the best of which they were
capable.

LITERARY

On English

"I WOULD make boys all learn English; and then I would let the clever ones learn Latin as an honour and Greek as a treat. But the only thing I would whip them for is not knowing English. I would whip them hard for that." (From "My Early Life," by Winston Churchill.)

THE ONE-POUND NOTE

So the pound-note has been devalued, has undergone another crisis, so to speak, in its chequered history? That does not mean, however, that we shall value the less what notes fortune or industry has put in our pockets. The most useful, most convenient and most desirable form of "portable property" is still a bundle of banknotes. Light, easily compressed, they are inconspicuous when folded in one's wallet. And of all banknotes the handiest and most popular is the one-pound note. Yet no other banknote has met so many vicissitudes in the course of its career.

It was first introduced to the public in 1704 by the Bank of Scotland, which was established in 1696. Until the date of its introduction, any merchant wishing to leave for the country had to fill his chest with English and Scots crowns, French sol pieces, rex dollars, leg dollars, ducatoons and "old fourteens." This he put in a bank, which accepted it only as a great favour and gave no interest.

The one-pound note made everything considerably easier and at once became popular. It had many trials in years to come. In 1715 a "run" was made on the bank by the citizens of Edinburgh, who feared that the Jacobites would seize the city and the bank. They fended off the holders of one-pound notes with a promise of payment later on with interest (the first time interest was given by a bank, a Scottish one at that!).

Better fortune attended the bank in 1745, when Prince Charles Edward and his army occupied the city and searched for money. Fortunately, the notes and cash were secure in the castle.

It is extremely unfortunate that not one of the original one-pound notes survives. Unlike libraries, banks did not for many years appreciate the values of first issues. The one-pound note of 1704 must have been an exquisite piece of work. It was engraved by James Clerk in the old Scottish Mint in the Cowgate. According to Horace Walpole, Clerk was the finest engraver in Great Britain.

The threatened invasion of Britain by Napoleon in 1797 had an amazing effect on the one-pound note in England as well as Scotland. The Government was compelled by the constant demands at the Bank of England for cash payments to authorise the suspen-

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sion of such payments and to issue one-pound and two-pound notes, which were to be legal tender until the end of the war. Actually, along with "bank tokens" and "tradesmen's tokens," they continued until 1822.

When news of this reached Edinburgh, the managers and directors of the Bank of Scotland, The Royal Bank, The British Linen Company and Sir William Forbes & Co. decided to follow the action of the Bank of England in refusing to pay depositors in coins or gold. The Lord Provost called a public meeting at which it was resolved to support the banks. The situation was accepted by large firms, but private citizens still clamoured for cash.

The many bankruptcies in 1825-26 were the subject of an inquiry by a Royal Commission, whose members imagined they found the cause of the trouble in the one-pound note. The note was never nearer extinction. It was only saved by the excellent arguments of a victim of bankruptcy, Sir Walter Scott, who, under the pseudonym of Malachi Malegrowther, wrote four letters which definitely saved this note for Scotland.

Sir Robert Peel, in the Bank Bill of 1845, stated that a certain proportion of gold must be kept in each bank's reserve for every one-pound note in circulation.

The one-pound note was gaining popularity, and in 1888 several members of the Royal Commission on gold and silver proposed an issue of small notes against silver. The Governor of the Bank of England turned the proposal down; while agreeing that one-pound notes would be convenient, he feared that they "would increase the risks of forgery and would reduce that reserve of gold in men's pockets." A memorandum on the one-pound note was sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Randolph Churchill).

Not until the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 was the one-pound note permanently accepted in England. Thus, in spite of rivals and of repeated attempts to abolish it, the one-pound note remains more firmly established since 1914 as the most serviceable of all banknotes.

G. NEHL (3D).

THE HEBRIDES

*Cold is the salt-spray that drifts on the white rocks;
Cold is the grey sea that lifts and falls slow;
Cold is the bare wind that shivers the grass blades;
And cold is the dark sky that broods over all . . .*

*Warm is the happiness surging around you,
Warm is the laughter of friends in your ears . . .*

*Cold is the small rain that blows all about me;
Cold is the white moon that drifts in the sky;
Cold is the thin wail of sea mews lamenting;
And cold the black clouds that lie low to the land . . .*

THE RECORD

*Warm is the thought of yourself and our wee ones,
Warm is the firelight that shines on our walls . . .*

*Cold is the wild night, and cold rolls the deep sea;
Cold is the grey wave that swells round my boat;
Cold is the rent sail that flaps, wet and useless;
And cold is the still death that hovers so close . . .*

*Warm is the thought of my home and my loved ones,
But cold is the final embrace of the sea . . .*

J. TINGLE (5A).

RED SNOW

On the ground outside the snow was a blanket of softness, of whiteness, of coldness . . .

Across the dim, drifting space of empty drill-ground the form of a square-helmeted soldier slouched against the glistening barbed-wire. Hooked on the wire, through the dusk and sifting snow, glimmered the death's-maw sign: DACHAU!

Inside the grim huts the only warmth came from the shivering bodies of the men who lay stretched out on the straw-covered floor. The straw itself, sharp and gleaming, stank with the smell of bugs and men.

Along the aisle between the two rows of spreading straw clumped a pair of hob-nail army boots, and the lamp in their wearer's hand shone on shorn and bowed heads, the forms of men burying into the verminous straw, pretending to be asleep. At the end of the windowless hut a lone head was raised in an unwinking stare at the lantern. With a grunt of disgust the soldier moved towards the daring possessor of the gaunt head. Behind him other heads peered through screens of straw at the half-bald head, the face, aged beyond years, of a fourteen-year-old boy. Without a word the soldier stalked over to him and, grunting out an unintelligible oath, he swung viciously from the floor with his studded boot; one of the studs caught the skinny brat on his high cheek-bone, splitting the skin and knocking him into a cowering, amazed sprawl. A trickle of blood traced a glistening path down his pale cheek and dripped off the end of his chin. The guard stood for a moment over the wretched body and turned round, walking out again. A dozen heads ducked down into the straw.

The echoes of the slamming door had died a reluctant death in the rueful corners of the hut and the steps of the guard had retreated into silence, before from across the room a soft whisper, insistent in its very noiselessness, crept to the wild-eyed boy: "Milan! Milan! Are you all right?"

Following it through the darkness squirmed a young man's body, firmly-muscled, but with ribs straining to break through the skin.

"Milan, what was the matter with you?"

"Oh, Eric, I don't know, I don't know."

The voice, broken and whispered as it was, brought cautioning sounds from the other inmates of the hut.

Eric crouched beside his brother and smoothed the tousled hair with a mother's tenderness, and his eyes gazed into the black nothingness.

In the morning it was snowing more heavily still, and the Huns, guarding against escapes, called off the day's labours and the prisoners were confined to the compound. Milan, wandering about the fence with that puzzled look still on his face, gradually stumbled further and further away from the huts towards the women's quarters. He came to a stop at last in amongst a few trees piled half-way up their stunted trunks with crusted drifts of snow. The snow was soft beneath his weight, and by a furious wriggling of his body he pressed a smooth home for himself in the snow and curled up in its cosy roundnesses. He lay for a while half-asleep with the cold until he found his eyes teased by a piece of red cloth sticking out of the snow a few yards away.

He got up, immediately feeling the cramped coldness of his body, but walking over the crunching whiteness he tugged at the scamp of material. It didn't come away. On his knees now, a vacuous curiosity stirring in him, he pulled the cloth and scratched the snow away with scrawny fingers.

He made a game of his excavations and built up a little amphitheatre round him with a snowy, perilously-tall tower piled up in front of him. But as more and more of his find lay revealed, the game stopped unnoticed. Finally, the faltering fingers ceased their movement as Milan stared at the snow in front of him. A cymballic clash of mental pain shot through his head, and a sound like the hollow thud of a thousand fog-filled, ghostly drums thrummed frantically, panic-stricken, in his ears. Flashes of black lightning streaked across his eyes as he stared at the red-blue blotched face of the body in the snow; stared at the flimsy shawl clasped in the frail hands; the white round of shoulder and neck and the pinched, the lifeless face of his mother.

The ever-greedy snow had clasped another shivering victim to its frozen bosom.

The carefully built snow-tower exploded under a smash from his little fist, and the heavy snow flummoxed down on to the face. More and more of the snow flopped down on to the body—down and over and hiding it, until only a scrap of the red dress showed glaring like a stain of blood against the white. Slowly he bent over the snatch of cloth, and with cold, tender lips pressed a kiss on it; then with hesitating fingers buried it too under the concealing shroud of snow.

The office of the commandant was austere and bare, with more than a touch of military exactness about its plain interior. The commandant himself was austere and military, not unhandsome,

but hard and completely passionless. He was signing and stamping a pile of papers which lay on his desk.

At a knock on the door he raised his head and, acknowledging the salute of the officer who entered, he said:

"About those four louts you reported the other day—what was it for? Oh yes, stealing food from the kitchens."

"Yes, sir."

"What nationality are they?"

"Czechoslovakian Jews, sir."

"Jews, yes." He deliberated for a moment, sucking in his lips. "There's an order here for fifteen hundred men from the camp for rail repairs up north. There are fifteen hundred and three men in the camp. Hang the three older men."

"And the other one, sir—the fifteen-year-old?" There was no surprise on the officer's face.

His brother is one of the men, isn't he? Let the young brat hang his brother."

The heavy rubber stamp came down, thud, on another of the papers.

In the compound the three gallows stuck up gauntly with cold arms greedy for their victims. The little Jew, first of the three men, appeared, unnecessarily shackled and manacled, in between two guards. The three of them shuffled across the snow leaving a furrow as irregular and forlorn as the face of Death; they mounted the steps together and the apathetic prisoner was handed over to the hangman. For a second as the rough noose hung loose around his throat the little fellow seemed almost happy, until the trap door fell below him and the first of the gallows hung ripe with its fruit of naked brutality.

The huge Jew, ringleader of the theft, a bearded, shambling bear of a man, was kicked and shoved out of the crowd between his two guards. With his ham-size fists chained like a convict's he stumbled forward with his head hung low towards the ground, his eyes red with anger, contrasting with the pain-white of his face and the gleaming rime frosted on his beard, and kicked his way up the wooden steps.

The second gibbet seemed complacent in its reward as the hangman stepped down from the platform.

For a moment the circled mob agitated itself until a loose section of it belched forth the scrawny, crouching figure of Milan. Eric was waiting for him at the steps, calling to him. Milan could see him. Milan could hear him. He stumbled like a chained animal across the pock-marked snow towards the upright figure by the steps. For an all-too-brief second he clung to his brother and felt his arms about him, warm and steadying; for a second his shrieking heart was still. And then he was yanked away up the steps and stood waiting while his brother was brought up after him. He saw his brother watching him, his face expressionless except for the look in his eyes.

O God! The look in his eyes.

It was like some hellish dream, and then somebody put something in his hand—a rope or lever or something—and told him to pull it. Mechanically he did so.

Then suddenly everything was a mad, swirling spiral of red light and blazing gold, and finally an envelope of dead blackness, with melting scarlet sounds and a long black hall with closing doors and his brother's image retreating behind all of them. His knees collapsed and he crashed hard to the boards of his brother's gallows.

* * * * *

Eric was dead—Milan had killed him.

And Milan? Milan knew he had killed him.

* * * * *

On the ground outside the snow was a blanket of softness, of whiteness, of coldness . . .

G. SCRIMGEOUR (4A).

THE CHOICE

The little man sat with shoulders hunched and a weary expression on his countenance.

He had been trying for what seemed an age to make up his mind, and so much depended on his choice that he simply could not persuade himself to make it.

His plans had been successful up to this point, but now he was confronted with the alternative of poison or—prison.

In black and white the cursed paper lay before him, laughing at him, leering, and all the while sending out its challenge.

"Poison or prison," it seemed to say.

"Poison or prison! There's no other way out. It must be one or the other—Poison or Prison. Come now, make your choice! Poison or Prison!! Poison or Prison!!!"

The little man pushed the paper from him in despair, and with a weary sigh he turned to his wife.

"Really, my dear," he said, "these cross-word alternatives are the blessed limit!"

S. MOUTZOURIS (2A).

PRELUDE TO FAME

"I'm sorry, Professor, but I just can't go through with it. I know I'll make a terrible mistake. I know I'll forget the notes. I can't go on to-night, Professor, I can't!"

Professor Blackstone looked steadily with his calm, blue eyes at the speaker, Peter Leonard. His old wrinkled face did not betray any thought or feeling that was passing through his mind as he stood there, completely motionless. Peter Leonard stood silently before the Professor. He was quite a handsome young man of fine

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physique and about twenty years of age, but his usual happy, smiling face was now dark and cheerless, and his nervous manner clearly showed that he was worried. As he remained there, dejectedly staring at the floor of the Professor's room, his mouth opened several times as if to say something, but each time no sound came forth and the monotonous quietness hung over them both.

At last the Professor spoke, his deep, gentle voice hardly penetrating the silence.

"Do you remember, Peter, that night, many years ago, when you played the piano at that church concert? You remember how impressed I was and how I sought you out during the evening and asked you if you liked music and if you enjoyed playing it? I can still hear your sincere reply, 'Yes, sir. I love music and I hope to become a good pianist one day'."

Here he paused, and Peter looked at the Professor and thought he could see tears in those blue eyes. Professor Blackstone continued:

"You remember how I met your parents and at length persuaded them to let me teach you all I knew about the piano and about music? And when I had taught you everything I knew, how I had sent you to other musicians who taught you yet more? You remember how I watched your progress each day, becoming prouder and prouder of you, and then your first big public performance? How happy I was that night and on many other nights that followed! You remember also how I told you that one day you would become world famous? Well, Peter, that day has come. The result of my life's work and your future as well will depend on your performance to-night. You have always pleased me with your past concerts, and I know you can do it again. Won't you change your mind, Peter? Even if it is only for the sake of an old man."

For a long time Peter Leonard was silent. What could he do? He was very grateful for all the old Professor had done for him, and he would do anything in return to please him. But how could he face so many people? He had always been frightened of large audiences, but he had never mentioned it to the Professor, for he had hoped that in time he would gain confidence in himself and so conquer his fears. But he now realised that he was becoming more and more nervous at each performance. How he had survived those last concerts without mishap he could not fully understand, but he knew that it could not go on, that his luck could not continue. No matter how hard he tried to reassure himself he felt that his memory would fail him to-night. He was certain that he would miss a note, and everybody would be listening to him, waiting for him to make that slip.

"I can't go on, Professor. I'm sorry."

His voice sounded strangely different, as if someone else were speaking.

"Very well, Peter. I shan't force you to do anything. You realise, of course, that it is too late now to stop the people

coming, and that you must go to-night and tell them you are unable to play."

"But what can I say? How can I explain to them?"

"You will have to tell them you are not feeling well. Tell them you've hurt your finger; tell them anything. The excuse is entirely up to you, unless, of course, you decide to go through with it. I advise you to think things over carefully before you do anything. I'll meet you there to-night and I hope you will alter your decision."

Every available seat in the great concert hall was occupied. Everybody had heard of this brilliant new pianist, and they were eager to hear him and see if the reports about him were really true. A great hush fell upon the audience as the long velvet curtains were slowly drawn aside, revealing the magnificently-lit stage. In the centre stood the beautiful grand piano, a Bechstein. It was truly a work of art in every respect, the work of the most skilled craftsman, and now the people waited to hear its music. A burst of applause broke the expectant silence as the figure of a neatly dressed young man appeared on the stage and bowed to the audience. Peter Leonard had thought matters over as Professor Blackstone had advised him, but he still felt that he could not go through with the concert. He had prepared a good excuse; he had rehearsed it carefully many times, and now he was waiting for the clapping to subside. He gazed upon the rows and rows of faces. For the first time he fully realised how many people were there. Everywhere there were faces, no matter where he looked. They were staring at him, staring, staring, staring. Stage fright gripped him. How could he possibly stand up there all alone and speak to those thousands of faces? He looked nervously around, uncertain what to do. He felt that he wanted to run away and hide. How he wished that the ground would open up beneath him and swallow him!

Suddenly he saw the piano. He had never seen such a beautiful instrument. The finely polished wood with its delicate carvings and the snow-white ivory keys were dazzling in the brilliant spotlight. Without a moment's hesitation Peter Leonard strode to the piano and sat down before it. The audience no longer existed to him, he was no longer in the magnificent concert hall. The bright lights, the people—everything had faded into the background. He was alone with that beautiful Bechstein and his only desire was to play it. He placed his hands upon the keys and immediately there came forth music, lovely music. Music that only a master can create. Each note was gently coaxed out by loving hands, each chord rang true and clear, each bar was played with infinite feeling and expression. The audience remained completely silent, drinking in the heavenly music.

Backstage the old Professor was also listening. His pale face was covered with smiles, his heart was bubbling over with happiness as he watched his Peter playing. And when he heard the thunderous applause and cries of "Encore! Encore!" tears filled his

eyes, tears of joy. His dreams, his hopes, his wishes had all come true. Peter Leonard had won through.

D. CHIA (3A).

THE DREAMER

He was a short, stunted little man. Every morning he caught his train to the office, coat buttoned up, brolly in hand, and punctually remarked to his secretary: "It's sure to rain." His secretary had buck teeth and was dowdy.

When the clock struck eleven he got up and went to Jones' for his cup of tea. He always nodded his head to Mr. Jones, who would shuffle over and chat.

"Noice morning."

"I think it'll rain."

"No! Would ya loik ta bet?"

"You know I never bet."

And so the conversation would proceed.

As the cuckoo in the carved Dutch clock chirped the quarter-hour he would rise, nod his head to Mr. Jones, and go on his way. In the afternoon he would return home by the same train, murmuring, "I really thought it'd rain."

Like that of most people his life was quite dull and sunk in a deep, interminable rut. He had one vice, if vice it might be called. At night, after he had undressed his pink, fat, rotund form, he would lie and dream. He dreamt of swimming through warm, tropical waters, knife in hand. He would come upon a shark, a huge, fearsome beast, which he would despatch with one slash of his weapon. After this he would drop into quiet, undisturbed slumber.

In the mornings, having washed and dressed, he would catch the train, still gulping down the remains of his breakfast. On Sundays he went either to the Museum or the Aquarium. This Sunday he went to the Aquarium.

When he arrived he made his way with excited step to the shark's pool, his whole frame trembling with anticipation. He arrived at feeding time. The pale, reed-like keeper, carrying a basketful of meat and fish, noticed the enthusiastic glimmer in his eyes.

"Like to help?"

"I'm yer man."

The keeper gave him his knife and told him to cut. The wet knife gleamed and glittered, and the red blood fell in thick drops. He looked at the knife, looked at the shark, and with surprising agility suddenly jumped into the pool.

"Hoi, come back, you fool!"

Steadfast to his purpose he swam with splashy stroke towards the streamlined fish. With one whirl of his chubby hand he struck, copying the actions of his dream, but there was no resistance except the gentle caress of the water. He felt disappointed, amazed

THE RECORD

almost. Once again he raised his hand to strike, but before it could fall his mouth opened in act to utter the cry of triumph, filled with water as his body jerked convulsively downwards. A stream of bubbles struggled upwards through the spreading bloodstain in the pool.

L. MEREL (4A).

NOCTURNE

*Across the wind-swept fields of dark
I sweep my wond'ring gaze;
Behold the splendour of the stars,
The heaven's mighty blaze.*

*The planets crash their brazen shields
Where winds shout shrill and high;
And all the gulfs of farthest night
Fling back their battle cry.*

*The thunder rolls its bassy drums;
The lightning crackles bright;
The spinning tails of comets cross
The universe of night.*

*Through all the wastes of frozen space
Great unseen tumults roar,
And clash their mighty armaments
In everlasting war.*

J. TINGLE (5A).

SOME ARE NOT SEEN

He didn't glance back at the hospital at all. A cold wind was blowing right in his face and he lowered his head, pulling the collar of his overcoat around his throat. It was thick and warm. He walked faster, and there was only the very slightest bumping in his chest. His watch was dead on two; he'd reached the gate in just under eight minutes, not bad for a crock of fifty-seven.

It was going to rain all right; the sky was a shifting, bloated greyness. Even as he looked up the first spits came down. There wasn't any seat at the bus stop, so he leant on the yellow post. That bus had better hurry. He breathed in. There was one thing about storms: just before them the air was fresh and sweet—scrubbed like a child's face. He grinned at the idea. Maybe he should have been a poet. The wind pushed hard against him, and he tried to snuggle even deeper into the overcoat. Trust him to walk out of hospital slap-bang into a storm. Thunder rumbled, and a quick lightning flash lit up in white light the brown boxes of

houses on the encircling horizon. He shivered a little bit. If he got a chill . . .

He thought of only half an hour ago sitting in the warmth of the doctor's office; Dr. Roberts, small and sympathetic, on the other side of that great shining desk with a red ink-stand, a fort in the desert, the only thing on its glistening magnificence. It was so bright the fire played shadowy black patterns on it. He'd looked at it sometimes during the long interview, the doctor's words flowing around him. He could still hear that chirping tone and the gentle tapping of his silver pencil, "Colonel, you've got to take it pretty easy for quite a long time. No more swimming at six in the morning."

He remembered shrugging at that; he'd miss his early dip. The doctor had got up at one stage and walked about the room. "You're not as young as you used to be, you know. You can't expect a man of your age to go through what you have in New Guinea and come out of it fighting fit." Then right beside him: "Another bad chill and I'm afraid . . ." He'd hesitated, almost in embarrassment, a little lost for words. He was not used to dealing with senior officers; it was easier with the young boys. He'd nodded to the doctor in understanding.

The bus stop post was slimy with the rain, and he put his right hand tingling with cold into a deep pocket. The rain was a fine gauze over the houses opposite, not like in the islands where you couldn't see your hand in front of you. Whenever he felt rain it was New Guinea rain running across his face; they always went together. He recalled the first night the ship crept into Moresby, the dark deck crowded with humped-over figures, the never-ending rifles, kit-bags all over the place, orders being whispered as if the Japs were right on their necks, the feeling that the ship's engines were screaming to the heavens, their eye aching as they stared out into the sea-murmuring blackness and their first taste of tropical rain lashing the whole crowded battalion in swishing streams. Almost seven years ago. Seven years! He must be getting old. Time was starting to fly. It seemed yesterday. But so did everything now. The months in hospital did that; you ran out of thoughts, got sick and tired of the talk, the wireless and the card games. And the magazines—he never wanted to see another magazine again. You'd just lie there thinking, time marked by four o'clock coffee and the evening meal. Funny how people come back. Especially the lot from the First Show, the old, old days in Flanders. In bed with his eyes half closed he could hear the voices, the singing, the marching, the guns, and even the clip-clopping of those Wop donkeys, all echoing around and around.

The rain had suddenly unleashed and slapped him hard in the face like a heavy wet towel, almost solid. He started to cough, the wheezing twisting and scraping his throat. He spat. In a second there was no strength in his body. He could feel the Japanese gren-

ade shrapnel burning like fire about his heart. A balloon was blowing up in his neck, bigger and bigger . . .

He gripped the post at the bus stop till his fingers glowed like chalk. As weak as a kitten all right. The doctor hadn't been trying to frighten him; if he got another dose of pneumonia it certainly wouldn't be worth the trouble to call an ambulance. Careful does it from now on, me boy. There was no sign of the weather clearing and the water blinded him as he raised his head upwards. What he wanted now was a nice warm home and someone to look after him. Should have married.

Footsteps squelched along up the street to the left. A young woman dressed in a bedraggled, sopping-wet summer frock came out of the meaningless background, her large straw hat askew, thoroughly drenched, hair like rats' tails. Ridiculous outfit for this kind of weather; no brains, probably. Lot of them like that. Not all though—those young nurses, angels. She caught sight of the bus stop at last and scurried over, managing to step in a puddle and spatter him in water. Not that it mattered; his overcoat was wet enough.

Suddenly she spoke in a quiet, unmusical voice: "Excuse me, but could you tell me the time?"

"Er—two-twenty."

"Oh, twenty minutes to the Fairton bus yet."

Apparently she knew something about the time-tables. He spoke to the bobbing red brim of her hat, all he could see:

"Do you know when the city bus is due?"

"Not till three."

Three! Forty more minutes to stand! He'd be lucky if he got out of this. Too late to go back to the hospital. Just have to see it out. The woman turned slightly as the wind charged through again and a pair of damp white bootees came into sight on the crook of her arm. The silly little fool—a baby out in this weather—it was enough to kill it—sheer stupidity! That sort of thing always swamped him in agonising exasperation, the skin on his face seemed to prickle up as if it were crawling away. He had had the same feeling of anger when the American artillery had blown half "C" Company to pieces at Leawei. Arrant, unspeakable, unwarranted stupidity!

Why should he be getting worked up about it? He'd got enough worries on his mind. Poor kid, though; looked pretty red in the face. Probably shivering. He was irritated now, not angry. He turned away and watched the rain plop and shimmer in the saucers of mud on the road. Lousy roads in these outer suburbs. It was hell to be cold, but why should he worry. Didn't even know the people. The kid was still human though. A cough burst in his throat and he gasped for breath. His hands were shaking and he found the top button heavy and stiff with wet. As he reached the third he had to bend forward slightly; for one mud-swaying second he thought he was going to vomit, but he gabbed the next button.

hard. The coat came off easily enough, and he offered it to the woman. She seemed rather surprised at first, but accepted and quickly covered the child. There was another seventeen minutes before her bus was due. He decided not to look at his watch again. He said: "Bad weather we're having."

She pulled the coat a little closer about the child. "Yes."

They stood there in the rain and he made light conversation.

A. WILLIAMS (5A).

THE LEGEND OF FAUST

Marlowe, Goethe, Mann, Berlioz, Gounod, Boito. These names belong to the artists, to the men of literature and music who, in the course of nearly five centuries, have all been fascinated by the Faust legend, the terrible mediæval tale of the man who sold his soul to the Devil in return for material happiness.

Thus long has Faust been able to capture the imagination; thus long has he been a source of inspiration to writers and composers. He has been the subject of perhaps the greatest tragedy of the English stage next to those of Shakespeare, of one of the greatest poems in the world, and certainly the greatest in the German language, of one of the world's most popular operas, of two other important operas, one by a Frenchman and one by an Italian, each as interesting in its own way as the other; and, in a slightly different fashion, he has been the inspiration of the latest novel by a great and distinguished German novelist.

Das Volksbuch von Doktor Faust was the title of a book by an anonymous author which was published in Leipzig in 1587, and it recounted the many legends and stories which had been growing round a magician, by name Johannes Faustus, since the beginning of the sixteenth century. There is little data about the historical Faust. There is enough, however, to give us some sort of picture as to what type of person he actually was. The actual Faust seems to have been a clever man taking advantage of the ignorance and superstition of the age in which he lived to make a comfortable living as a charlatan and magician. He spread a fog of secrecy around himself. He encouraged weird stories to the effect that he had made a compact with the Devil signed with his own blood, selling his own soul in return for four and twenty years of youth and pleasure, during which time he was to possess supernatural powers. The inhabitants of sixteenth-century Germany were gullible enough to believe this, and stories were circulated stating that the Devil always accompanied Faust in the form of a dog, and that once, to entertain an assembly of scholars, he had conjured up a vision of Helen of Troy. The legend about his death is stranger still: It was said that on the night when the four and twenty years were up, Dr. Faust had bade his scholars leave the room, as he was going to die at midnight; the next morning he was found in his

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bed with his face twisted around to his back. The book of 1587, with admirable precision, gives us the exact date on which Faustus' demise is supposed to have occurred—the night between the 23rd and 24th October, 1538!

The German volume of *Faust* appeared in 1587. The English translation appeared in 1589. And on September 30th, 1594, the first performance was given of *The Tragical Historie of Doctor Faustus*, by Christopher Marlowe. This remarkable play, undoubtedly one of the finest of the Elizabethan period, employed some of the legends given in *Das Volksbuch*, and represented Faustus as one eternally seeking for the unattainable, and lastly resorting to the evil arts which caused his downfall. In fourteen scenes, adorned with wonderful poetry, Marlowe shows us how Faustus, having conjured up the spirit of Helen of Troy ("Was this the face that launched a thousand ships And burned the topless towers of Illium?"), made havoc at the Vatican and amused Carolus the Fifth of Spain, was later willing to repent, yet was too deeply involved in his compact to escape. The final scene, Faustus' death, is magnificent in its sustained terror and in its presentation of Faustus' agony:

*"Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books—Ah Mephistophilis!" . . .*

Two centuries pass. "How greatly is it all planned!" says the author of *Werther* about Marlowe's *Faustus*. It is Goethe, at Strasbourg in 1770, contemplating a translation of *Faustus* into German. He does not do this, however. Instead he gives us a version of his own, but one so great and mighty as to dwarf all others—his epic drama, *Faust*. This, the summary of all his knowledge, experience, opinions, his comment on life, his masterpiece, is the greatest poem in the German language. Part I appeared in 1808, Part II in 1833, the year after his death. Thus, from 1770 until 1832, a period of sixty-two years, he was engaged at intermittent intervals on its composition.

So much has been said and written about the magnificence and scope of this drama, in which everything is touched on, from geology to metaphysics, that it is difficult to say anything without repeating what has been said before. The First Part, in thirty-five scenes, with a prelude and a prologue, is almost a complete tragedy in itself, though many problems and thoughts left unsolved and incomplete are solved and completed in the Second Part. In the Prologue, Mephistopheles is commissioned by God to tempt Faust. The latter, wearied and unsatiated by worldly learning, agrees with Mephistopheles to sell his soul in return for happiness. He is, among other things, taken to a Walpurgis-Night. He seduces a peasant girl named Marguerite, and the First Part ends with Marguerite, penitent, raised aloft to Heaven and Faust borne off by Mephistopheles. The Second Part is so complex and involved, nay,

the whole work is of such great proportions and magnitude, that I dare not attempt to describe it any further. Goethe himself said of the Second Part that it is incomprehensible to one who "has not lived in the world and acquired some experience" . . . So much for the greatest development of the Faust Legend.

The impact of Goethe's *Faust* upon the intellectual world of the nineteenth century was far-reaching. The Romantic Movement in Art was in full swing. From out of the bounds of literature, Faust burst free and found himself in the domain of Music. It was only natural that the greatest of the Romantic composers, Hector Berlioz, should be the first to treat *Faust* significantly in music. His work, in four parts, first performed in 1846, was originally intended for the concert stage, but was later performed as an opera with less success. Berlioz sets the First Part in Hungary to allow for the use of his famous Rakoczy March, the theme of which was later used by Liszt in one of his Hungarian Rhapsodies. The latter afterwards composed an unimportant *Faust* Symphony, employing tenor, soprano and chorus, but it is greater in length than in quality.

Then, in 1859, the first performance was given in Paris of the most popular work ever based on the *Faustus* tale—the opera *Faust*, in five acts by Charles Gounod. Its popularity was assured. Everywhere people were singing, whistling or humming the *Soldiers' Chorus* or *The Song of the Golden Calf* or the Final Trio. *Faust* became one of the most important works in the repertoire of every opera company, and has remained so ever since.

Popularity is no safe guide to quality. That is probably why the greatest version of Goethe's *Faust* in music, written by a man already famous as Verdi's librettist, is comparatively little known and performed. *Mefistofele*, an Italian opera by Arrigo Boito in four acts, a prologue and an epilogue, appeared in 1868. Whereas Berlioz and Gounod had used merely the First Part of Goethe's drama as subject-matter, Boito added portions of the Second Part to his score. This, the composer's life-work, is generally agreed to be the greatest interpretation of *Faust* in music. We have still to see the time, however, when it will have attained the popularity of the sentimental Gounod attempt.

For a long while the spirit of Faust seemed to lie dormant, for no new version of importance appeared, either in literature or in music, for over seventy years. Then, very recently, the literary world was eagerly awaiting the new novel by a distinguished German Nobel Prize-winner for literature. Would it approach the magnificence of *Zauberberg*? Would it have any of the magic of *Der Tod in Venedig* or the beauty of the *Joseph* tetralogy? *Doctor Faustus*, by Thomas Mann, puzzled the critics. Here the author has set the story in the twentieth century, and his *Faustus* is a fictitious composer whose life-story is set forth in nearly six hundred pages of prose. Whether it is worthy of the great traditions of the Faust legend remains for time to tell; so far it has not been

well received. Its importance, as far as this essay is concerned, is in its modern interpretation of the mediæval tale, and in its showing us that even to-day its possibilities are not yet exhausted . . .

Marlowe, Goethe, Mann, Berlioz, Gounod, Boito. Two dramas, one novel, three operas! Upon how many more artists will Johannes Faustus, the wild sinner of Wittenberg, be able to exercise his spell?

J. GREENBERG (3A).

A PHANTASY

It was the night after the opera. Unaccustomed to late nights, I felt pleasantly drowsy sitting beside the radio. A talk was announced on "Reincarnation." "Mmm, bit heavy," I thought, but was too languid to get up and turn the dial. A pleasant voice discoursed, occasionally becoming inaudible beneath the level of my drowsy consciousness like a thread of tapestry weaving through material. Music softly replaced the voice, and I began a favourite game of clothing ideas in phantasy. I enjoyed it, and perhaps if I tell of them you may too.

I seemed to be standing in a chill, swirling mist, like the grey hair of a bewildered old woman blown across her eyes. Strange and unfamiliar were the surroundings, eerie the atmosphere. I approached an inn, drawn by a feeling that here was something that I had always wanted. Calm, aloof and impersonal was the white light that shone through the open portal. I thought it was music which enchanted my spirit; but no, it emanated from that light which knew variableness, but blessed and enfolded one with its steadfastness.

As I watched, a coach stopped before the inn. Almost before it halted the door was flung open and a bulky sailor bounded out. His raucous laugh and evil eye betokened a life spent in ruthless gratification of his fitful desires. He pushed through the door ahead of a woman who, though young, had a face lined with the story of sleepless nights and toil-filled days, yet sweet with gentleness.

A fragrance spread through the air as a fur-clad figure emerged, shod in satin, clothed in silk, her flower-like beauty adorned with jewels. As she passed beneath the light, however, the mark of self-indulgence showed in her petulant mouth and greedy eyes. Next a frail old man descended. Keeping close to him, as if by habit for guidance and protection, were two little brown children. His lean face and skin, burnt almost black by tropic suns, spoke of years of struggle with the elements under primitive conditions to bring succour to a less fortunate race.

The inn doors opened again and a cripple hobbled out. He limped painfully towards me and I realised with a start that he had the eyes of the rollicking sailor who had just entered. Beyond him I saw a woman's figure clothed in radiant beauty, and recog-

nised in it that of the care-worn mother. I heard a slow, halting step and an ugly, coarse-featured woman appeared, and I knew it was the spoilt beauty. Was he of kindly mien and the bounding energy of the athlete who next appeared, the missionary. It was.

The pageant faded, and for the first time I saw the sign above the inn door. It was just one word—"Death."

A fresh coach arrived from the stables. The passengers entered it on another stage of a journey that seemed to stretch to eternity.

P. WEYNTON (2d).