



The Record

The Magazine of
The Sydney High School

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

July, 1951

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

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

Headmaster: J. H. KILLIP, B.A.

TEACHING STAFF

Dept. of English and History: F. J. Allsop, B.A. (Master); J. J. Coffey, B.A.; D. H. Edwards, B.A., *Dip.Ed.*; J. E. Harrison, B.A.; J. J. Hudson, B.A., *Dip.Ed.*; A. Mitchell, B.Ec.; A. F. O'Rourke, B.A.; W. Simpson, M.A.

Dept. of Classics: E. Bembrick, B.A.; *Dip.Ed.* (Master); F. A. Beck, M.A., *Dip.Ed.*; A. R. Jessep, B.A.; E. Patterson, B.A.

Dept. of Modern Languages: A. E. Byrne, B.A., *Dip.Ed.* (Master); H. Edmonds, B.A.; W. B. Rowlands, B.A., *Dip.Ed.*; T. P. Sellors, B.A.; S. Wick, B.A., *Dip.Ed.*; R. C. Wilson, B.A.

Dept. of Mathematics: H. J. Hamnett, B.Sc. (Master); M. E. Adamthwaite, B.Sc., *Dip.Ed.*; C. H. Black, B.Sc., *Dip.Ed.*; S. R. Frappell, B.A., *Dip.Ed.*; P. W. Hallett, B.A.; K. G. Harris, B.Sc., *Dip.Ed.*; K. C. Menzies, B.A.

Dept. of Science: H. S. Stewart, B.Sc., *Dip.Ed.* (Master); L. A. Basser, B.Sc., *Dip.Ed.*; B. T. Dunlop, B.Sc.; S. A. Pfitzner, B.Sc., *Dip.Ed.*; A. Reichel, B.Sc., *Dip.Ed.*

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

Physical Training: I. R. Cracknell, *Dip.P.E.*; K. W. Bromham, *Dip.P.E.*

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

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

Technical Drawing: N. J. Hall.

Woodwork: R. Egan.

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

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

PREFECTS

Captain of School: J. Thornett.

Prefects: D. Chia, B. Foote, M. Hudson, J. Hunt, R. Jakes, J. Kennelly, W. King, D. Latter, N. Payne, A. Pearce, M. Saunders.

Union Committee

President: The Headmaster.

Vice-Presidents: P. W. Hallett, L. A. Basser, Esqs.

Secretary: E. Bembrick, Esq.

Assistant Secretary: P. Noble.

Treasurer: O. A. Taylor, Esq.

Hon. Auditors: S. R. Frappell, K. C. Menzies, Esqs.

Sportsmaster: E. Patterson, Esq.

O.B.U. Representative: J. Thornett.

YEAR REPRESENTATIVES

Fifth Year: J. Thornett.

Fourth Year: J. Eckert.

Third Year: W. Hazell.

Second Year: C. Chamberlain.

First Year: S. Pawsey.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Master-in-Charge: R. C. Wilson, Esq.

Union Representative: P. Furey.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Patron: The Headmaster.

Master-in-Charge: R. C. Wilson, Esq.

Union Representative: H. Sperling.

CHESS CLUB

Union Representative: G. Kellerman.

I.S.C.F.

Leader: P. Duke.

Secretary: A. Clark.

CRICKET

Masters-in-Charge: M. E. Adamthwaite, Esq. (G.P.S.), O. A. Taylor, Esq. (C.H.S.), J. E. Harrison, Esq. (Non-Grade).

Union Representative: M. Hudson.

ROWING

Master-in-Charge: S. Wick, Esq.

Captain of Boats: J. Johnson.

ATHLETICS

Master-in-Charge: L. A. Basser, Esq.

Union Representative: M. Saunders.

SWIMMING

Master-in-Charge: K. C. Menzies, Esq.

Life-Saving: C. H. Black, Esq.

Union Representative: B. Foote.

TENNIS

Master-in-Charge: H. J. Hamnett, Esq.

Union Representative: R. Norris.

S.H.S. CADET DETACHMENT

O.C.: Capt. I. R. Cracknell.

2 I.C.: Lieut. K. Bromham.

Union Representative: Cadet-Lieut. R. Wotherspoon.

LIBRARY

Librarian: Miss K. J. Laurence.

Committee: J. Bailey, D. Chia, P. Duke, P. Furey, W. King (Union Representative), R. Shelley, K. Sinderberry, R. Smith, Z. Star.

"THE RECORD"

Editor: J. E. Harrison, Esq.

Committee: P. Freeman, R. Loudon (Student Editor), R. May, W. Payne, H. Sperling.

TELEPHONES

Headmaster: FA 4904.

Staff and Sportsmaster: FA 1808.

THE RECORD

VERITATE ET VIRTUTE.

Vol. XLIII.

JULY, 1951

No. 1

A JUBILEE THOUGHT

Fifty years ago, on the 1st January, 1901, the vision of Sir Henry Parkes materialised. On that day, Australia's first Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun, was sworn in, together with the first representative Parliament of this, our land. Heretofore, petty jealousies had kept the separate colonies asunder, but they had at last, under the cry of "One people! One destiny!" federated to form the political whole known as The Commonwealth of Australia.

From that day Australia has marched far along the road of progress. She has risen from a small, wool-growing, penal settlement to a sister-nation of the British Empire, and has strongly consolidated her claim to nationhood and independence. In these past fifty years great advances have been made in every field—education, medicine, agriculture, industry. The barriers which confronted the pioneers have been broken, the vast distances have been conquered, the battle nearly won. Australia's potentialities grow daily. Having such a vast area, representing almost every conceivable industry of man, Australia has the material to establish her as a world power. Will she use it wisely?

Those whose memory can survey our fifty years of soaring nationhood against the background of the world's history will find engraved there two indelible scars, the first world conflict, "the war to end war," and then a second, even more terrible. More fortunate than the battle-scarred nations of Europe, Australia emerged with a new glory; henceforth she was the home of the Anzac, and his brave son of Tobruk, Gona and the Sananda Trail.

Federation had meant that the separate States had decided to pull together as a national whole, but the two world wars demonstrated that Australia was ready and fitted to pull together with the free peoples of the world. Her allegiances had broadened still further. To-day she has become a vital member of the U.N.O.; she has also assumed parental responsibilities to dependent territories, and is fast becoming an important Pacific power.

But what of the future? Only fools think that the goal has been completely won. The way is long and hard yet. Within, Australia's progress is being hampered by social rivalries, conflicting ideals and selfish materialism; without, a third world catastrophe threatens. In this, our year of Jubilee celebration, let us remember, as we rejoice in our past achievement, the efforts of such men as Sir Henry Parkes and Sir Edmund Barton, who united our forefathers to a sense of sacrifice—the sacrifice of the smaller allegiance to the greater national benefit—and in remembering, let us the more clearly see that the lesson is one that has to be learned afresh by each succeeding generation.

R. M. LOUDON (4c), Student Editor.

PERSONAL

Mr. G. Barbour was transferred at the beginning of the year to Narrandera High School, Mr. A. W. Cusbert was transferred to Manly High School, and Mr. J. B. Webster to Sutherland Intermediate High School. Mr. A. Bunker accepted an appointment as Lecturer in Mathematics at Bathurst Teachers' College. We wish all these members of last year's staff happy and successful days in their new appointments.

* * *

We welcome to the School in place of those who have been transferred Mr. A. R. Jessep, who comes to us from Tamworth High School, Mr. T. P. Sellors and Mr. K. G. Harris, who have entered the Education Department after service with the A.I.F., and Mr. S. A. Pfitzner, who comes to us from Penrith High School.

* * *

Mr. C. H. Hoffmann and Mr. D. M. Henderson (ex-S.H.S. Staff) now occupy the positions of Lecturer in Speech and Lecturer in Physics, respectively, at Sydney Teachers' College.

* * *

Mr. P. Mullins, who resigned from the S.H.S. Staff and from the Education Department last year to continue his studies in America, is now enrolled at the Washington State University at Pullman, where he is preparing to take his degree of Bachelor of Physical Education, a degree not conferred by Australian universities. News reaches us that he has been elected captain of the University Basketball Team. Those who are aware of the following which the game has in America and the competition there is for a place in such teams will realise the honours thus bestowed on him.

THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN

In selecting a school captain the two main traits sought after in a boy's character are personality and leadership. The personality, leadership and integrity of John Thornett, our captain this year, ensure that the School's highest honour, and the tradition of former captains, will be worthily upheld.

In the field of sport John has many accomplishments. He has represented the School many times as a swimmer and holds the S.H.S. under 13, 14, 15 and 16 breaststroke records. He played with the Fourth XV in 1949, and in 1950 played with the First XV, C.H.S., Premiers in that year. This year he is captain of the First XV. After joining the rowing club last year John rowed 5 position in the Eight at this year's Head of the River. These facts, as well as his representation of the School in athletics, have earned for John a fine record as a sportsman.

The high esteem in which John has been held by his school-mates, together with his scholastic abilities, has been recognised by his election to the position of class captain each year since he entered the School. Indeed, there could be no more fitting climax to his school career than the honour of being selected as school captain.

W. P.

THE RECORD

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1950

Key: 1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I; 6, Mathematics II; 7, General Mathematics; 9, Modern History; 12, Combined Physics and Chemistry; 13, Physics; 14, Chemistry; 18, Geography; 19, Economics; 30, Greek; 33, Hebrew.

- Agnew, J. B., 1A 3A(o) 5H(1) 6A 13A 14H(2).
 Anderson, A. H., 1A 7A 9A 12B.
 Anderson, K., 1A 7B 9A 14B 18B.
 Anderson, R. B., 1A 3B 5B 6B 13H(2) 14A.
 Appelboom, P. M., 1B 3A 7B 9A 19B.
 Argue, J. R. K., 1B 5B 6A 13B 14B.
 Arnold, R. J., 1A 5B 6B 13H(2) 14B.
 Berkovits, A., 1A 2B 3A(o) 7B 9B 30A.
 Bogard, G. P., 1A 3A(o) 4H(1) (o) 7B 13B.
 Bosler, J. M., 1A 7B 9A 14B 18B.
 Bowen, K. E., 1A 3A 7A 9A 13A 14A.
 Braithwaite, B. J., 1B 5B 6B 13H(2) 14A.
 Campbell, F. D., 1B 7B 9A 19B.
 Carse, M., 1B 5B 13B 14B.
 Carter, A. J., 1A 2A 3A 7B 30H(1).
 Chivas, J. D., 1A 2B 3A(o) 4B 7B 14B.
 Cleary, K. M., 1A 7B 9A 19B.
 Colley, D. F., 1A 3A 5B 6B 13A 14H(2).
 Collins, R. W., 1A 3B 5B 6B 13A.
 Connelly, B. T., 1A 3B 5B 6B 13B 14A.
 Cornish, L. G., 1B 5B 6A 13A.
 Desmond, D. R., 1A 3B(o) 7B 9B.
 De Vries, J., 1A 3A(o) 7B 9A 13B 14B.
 Ellison, N. F., 1A 3B 7B 9A.
 Engel, R. M., 1A 3B 5B 6B 9A 12A.
 Firminger, E., 1B 5B 6B 13A 14B.
 Fitch, M., 1A 7A 9B 19B.
 Fitzgerald, J., 1A 2B 3B 7A 12B 30B.
 Fry, O. M., 1A 3B 5A 6B 13B 14B.
 Galea, C., 1A 7A 9H(1) 12B 19A.
 Gallen, P. M., 1B 3B 6B 13B 14B.
 Goldberg, C. A., 1B 2B 5B 6A 9B 14B.
 Gould, G. R., 1A 3A(o) 5H(2) 6A 13A 14A.
 Grieves, R. A., 1A 7B 9B 13B.
 Grouse, P. J., 1A 5H(1) 6A 13H(1) 14H(1).
 Hain, B. J., 1A 3A(o) 7A 9A 13A 14A.
 Hammon, A. W., 1A 2A 5B 6A 13H(2) 14H(2).
 Herman, H. G., 1A 3A(o) 5H(2) 6A 13H(2) 14A.
 Hibberd, G. E., 1A 2B 5B 6A 13A 14A.
 Hosking, R. F., 1A 2B 3A(o) 4A(o) 7B 14B.
 Hunter, H., 1A 3A 7A 9B 14A 18B.
 Hyne, L. G., 1B 5B 6B 13B.
 Ingham, T. J., 1A 7B 9B 19B.
 Isaacs, H. P., 1H(2) 3B 6B 13B 14B.
 Isenberg, B. L., 1A 2B 5B 6B 9A 14B.
 Jessop, H. H., 1A 7B 9A 14B.
 Jonas, I. R., 1A 2B 3A 7B 9H(1).
 King, G. B. V., 1A 3B 5H(2) 6H(2) 13A 19B.
 King, R. W., 1A 3A 7B 9B 19B.
 Kouvaras, P., 1B 3B 7B 9B.
 Lawson, D. K., 1A 3B(o) 5B 13H(2) 14B.
 Leamon, R., 1B 5B 6B 9B 14B.
 McCook, D. H., 1A 2B 3B 9A 14A.
 McFarlane, K. B., 1A 5B 6B 13B.
 MacGee, M., 1B 3B 7A 9A 14B 18A.
 Mack, E. C., 1A 5B 6B 9A 13B.
 Magner, J. M. L., 1A 3A 5B 6B 13B.
 Mahoney, G. G., 1A 5B 6B 13A 14B.
 Mark, W. W., 1A 2B 7B 9A 14B 19B.
 Mealey, J. B., 1A 3B 7B 9A 19B.
 Merel, L., 1A 2B 3B 7B 9B 12B.
 Moon, R. P., 1H(2) 7A 9B 13B 19A.
 Moreton, J. P., 1B 5H(2) 6B 13B 14B.
 Morrow, R. W., 1A 5B 6B 13A 14B.
 Napper, I. A., 1A 3B 5B 6B 13B 14B.
 Nicholson, J. H., 1A 2B 5B 6B 9B.
 Noller, C. G., 1A 5B 6A 13A 14B.
 O'Neil, J. P., 1A 5H(2) 6B 13H(1) 14A.
 Page, D. S., 1A 3A 5H(1) 6H(2) 13A 19B.
 Parsnage, P. C., 1A 2B 5B 6B 13A 14A.
 Phillips, J. W., 1A 5A 6B 9B 14B.
 Phillips, N. J., 1H(2) 3A 7B 9H(2) 12B 18B.
 Pilger, G. C., 1A 3B 5B 9A.
 Procter, J. N., 1A 5B 6A 13B 14B.
 Purdy, K. R., 1A 3B 5B 6B 13A 14B.
 Ranby, K. F., 1A 3B 7B 9B.
 Rankin, P. G., 1A 2A 7A 9A 14B 19B.
 Reddish, J., 1A 7A 9A 13B 14A.
 Richards, G. A., 1H(2) 3A(o) 5A 6B 14A 19B.
 Rosenblum, R., 1A 2H(2) 5H(2) 6B 9B 14B.

THE RECORD

Ryan, A. J., 1A 2A 7B 9H(2) 13B 14A.	Thurstan, E. G., 1A 5B 6B 13A 14A.
Schuster, B. F., 1A 2B 5H(1) 6A 13H(2) 14A.	Vincent, W., 1H(2) 5B 6B 9B.
Scrimgeour, G. J., 1H(1) 2H(1) 3A(o) 7A 30H(1).	Walkerden, K. W. R., 1H(2) 3B 5B 6B 9A 13B.
Sharpe, G. B., 1B 3B 5B 6B 13B 14B.	Webb, M. D., 1A 6B 13B 19B.
Shaw, L. C., 1H(1) 6B 9B 18B.	White, B. H., 1A 3B 5B 9B.
Shepherdson, B. E., 1A 5B 6B 13B 14B.	White, R. W., 1A 3B 5H(1) 6A 13H(2) 14A.
Smith, L., 1B 3B(o) 7B 9A 12B 19B.	Widerberg, W. R., 1H(2) 2B 7B 9H(2) 14B 19B.
Sperling, O. D., 1A 2B 5B 6B 9B.	Williams, F. B., 1B 6B 13B 14B.
Steele, H. E., 1B 3B 5B 6B 13B 14A.	Wolfe, P. L., 1B 5B 6B 13B 14B.
Steinhof, L., 1H(2) 2B 3B 7B 9A 12B.	Wright, R. J., 1A 7B 9B 14B 19B.
	Young, J. E., 1B 2B 5B 6B 9B 14B.

Exhibitions were awarded as follow:—

Faculty of Arts: G. J. Scrimgeour.

Faculty of Engineering: J. B. Agnew, H. G. Herman, B. F. Schuster.

Faculty of Science: P. J. Grouse (also awarded University Bursary).

Commonwealth Scholarships were awarded to 33 applicants.

L.C. Honours: 16 first-class honours, 32 second-class honours. Garry Scrimgeour was first in English, second in Latin, and third in Greek.

Others to enter either the University or the University of Technology are as follow:—

Engineering: R. B. Anderson, J. R. Argue (Technology), R. W. Collins (Technology), O. M. Fry, H. P. Isaacs (Technology), J. P. Moreton, J. N. Procter, K. R. Purdy, G. B. Sharpe, J. D. Smythe (Technology), H. B. Steele, E. G. Thurstan (Technology), P. L. Wolfe (Technology).

Economics: P. M. Appelboom, W. W. Mark, N. J. Phillips.

Medicine: C. A. Goldberg, G. R. Gould, G. G. Mahoney, L. Merel, J. Reddish (Melbourne), K. W. Walkerden.

Dentistry: R. J. Arnold, B. J. Braithwaite, J. de Vries, B. J. Hain, L. G. Hyne, I. R. Jonas, M. A. MacGee, L. Smith, L. Steinhof, R. W. White.

Arts: G. P. Bogard, A. Berkovits (U.S.A.), K. E. Bowen, J. A. Carter, J. E. Fitzgerald, C. P. Galea, R. F. Hosking, R. P. Moon, R. Rosenblum, O. D. Sperling, W. R. Widerberg.

Science: B. T. Connelly, E. Firminger, A. W. Hammon, D. K. Lawson, V. P. O'Neil.

Architecture: E. C. Mack (Technology).

Agriculture: I. A. Napper.

Veterinary Science: J. E. Young.

T. & G. MUTUAL LIFE SOCIETY

one of the strongest and most progressive Life Offices in the
British Empire
will, in December of this year, have vacancies on its Administrative
and Clerical Staff for Ambitious Youths of Intermediate or Leaving
Certificate Standard.

- **PERMANENT POSITIONS**

(Continuity of employment assured.)

- **EXCELLENT PROSPECTS OF ADVANCEMENT**

(Promotion made from the Society's own Staff.)

- **CONTINUATION OF STUDY**

(Every encouragement given to selected courses.)

- **BEST OF WORKING CONDITIONS**

(In fine Building, close to all transport.)

- **ATTRACTIVE SALARIES WITH ANNUAL INCREASES**

*Intending applicants should contact Mr. W. BARNES,
the Chief Clerk, for an interview - - 'Phone M 4741.*



PARK AND ELIZABETH STREETS, SYDNEY

THE RECORD

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE PASSES, 1950

Alati, R. P.	Geoghegan, A. G.	Pauline, G. J.
Alcock, B. G.	George, G. C.	Payne, W. L.
Balzer, N. L.	Goddard, J. A.	Polyblank, A. H.
Banwell, N. R.	Green, E. D.	Prince, E. K.
Barnwell, R.	Harman, R. L.	Quigley, W. B.
Beeby, L. D.	Harris, S. B.	Quinton, K. R.
Bell, N. G.	Hendry, F. M.	Rileigh, R. H.
Beresford, M. C.	Henke, I. S.	Robinson, G. B. B.
Beveridge, M. C.	Heywood, N. W.	Robinson, R. J.
Blanchard, J.	Hill, A. F.	Rosenberg, B.
Bradley, D. J.	Hobbs, B. J.	Rosewell, A. H.
Brady, B. C.	Holland, C. B.	Schulties, J.
Brown, R. G.	Hollebone, E. F.	Sharp, B. J.
Butchart, I. E. T.	Holmes, R. K.	Shepard, D. S.
Caddy, J. B.	Hunter, W. G.	Sherrard, J. M.
Caldicott, K. J.	Isenberg, P.	Singer, D.
Carrall, R. J.	Ison, I. J.	Smee, C. F.
Cashman, R. J.	Jeffreson, C. P.	Sparre, K. F.
Cherny, M.	Jones, N. F.	Sperling, A. M.
Clapshaw, G. G.	Jones, P.	Sperling, H. D.
Clatworthy, B. A.	Kelly, G. D.	Squires, B.
Cole, F. K.	Kinstler, J. R.	Stanhope, J. M.
Comminos, S. G.	Leonard, M. J.	Stead, D. J.
Crellin, N. B.	Lewis, P. C.	Stephens, B.
Crouch, A. B.	Little, I. J.	Stewart, G. R.
Curnow, G. R.	Littlewood, V. R.	Stoddart, J. S.
Curran, D. A.	Lorkin, J. F.	Strykowski, A.
Cusack, B. F.	Loudon, R. M.	Taylor, A. E.
Davies, G. F.	Lyons, G. J.	Taylor, P. B.
Davy, K. J.	McIntyre-Smith, B.	Thomas, C. J.
Denham, A. J.	McLoughlin, J.	Tilley, P. L.
Diamond, M.	Maddox, A. J.	Tollis, B. H.
Dorman, R. E.	May, R. M.	Treble, G. F.
Dudman, V. H.	Medcalf, S.	Watson, J. D.
Dunn, G. R.	Mills, D. R.	Webster, N. F.
Eckert, J. M.	Moutzouris, S. J.	Wells, R. J. H.
Fleming, D. C.	Noble, P. J.	Wilson, R. J.
Foster, L.	O'Neill, T. J.	Woodford, R. B.
Freeman, P. L.	Owers, R. C.	Wotherspoon, R. R.
Fry, C. J.	Paix, D.	
Fuggle, C. J.	Patterson, D. G.	

OLD BOYS AT THE UNIVERSITY

The School congratulates recent graduates in the faculty of Medicine.

G. M. Kellerman, M.Sc., graduated with first-class honours and the University Medal, and was awarded the Mills Prize and the Clayton Prize.

J. M. Blunt (Honours, Class II), R. R. S. Colman, L. H. Fienberg (Class II), J. T. Dunn, S. Gershon, F. C. Harrell (Class II), J. C. Jennings, R. G. Lewis (Class II), B. J. Lake (Class II and shared Norton Manning Prize), T. K. Telleson, W. G. Telleson, B.Sc. (Class II) and B. B. Turner.

THE RECORD

The following Old Boys graduated in Dentistry: B. N. Mitchell was awarded second-class honours and the Arnott Prize and the Kemp Prize for dental surgery. R. A. Berry, H. D. Davis, J. Finos, G. G. Lehmann, K. R. Lawson, W. H. Smith, J. Basser and D. Wells.

In Arts J. S. Hagan graduated with second-class honours in History. W. Glen-Doepel was awarded the Garton Scholarship No. 6 for German.

The following graduated in Engineering:—

Civil: L. A. Larcombe, D. A. Lasker, R. T. Loder, A. R. Smith.

Mining: A. F. Alle, G. S. Hannes, H. J. Morphew.

Mechanical and Electrical: R. B. White.

Chemical: K. Kuhn.

Aeronautical: D. G. Ford.

Graduated in Economics: R. W. Staveley (Honours, Class I, in Government; Honours, Class II, in Economics; Frank Albert Prize for Proficiency).

Congratulations also to the following who qualified for the Master's degree in Science:—

School of Chemistry: T. M. Dunn, B.Sc., H. C. Freeman, B.Sc.; A. T. Norman, B.Sc.

School of Bio-Chemistry: P. L. Goldacre, B.Sc.

SPEECH DAY

The Headmaster's report at the School's Sixty-seventh Annual Speech Day was heard by a packed hall, and those present showed their appreciation of the steady progress of the School over the preceding twelve months and the opportunities it afforded the pupils in a balanced programme of academic, cultural and sporting activities. The Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A., Minister for Education, who attended to present the prizes, congratulated the Headmaster on the School's achievements.

Special prizes were presented by the Chairman, Mr. B. R. White, retiring President of the Parents and Citizens' Association; Mr. A. R. Beveridge, retiring President of the Old Boys' Union and Worshipful Master of Lodge Sydney High School; Mr. Frank L. Davis (the Oswald Chapman Memorial Prize); Mr. G. C. Saxby, B.A. (the J. and E. Saxby Bequest Prize), and by Jill Knox, Captain of Sydney Girls' High School.

A pleasing musical programme was arranged by Mr. Day, the School Choir and Orchestra rendering, among other items, "Ring Out, Wild Bells" (Bainton), "A Song of Spring" (Pinsuti), and "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" (Rachmaninoff).

A vote of thanks to our visitors was proposed by the School Captain, John Agnew.

1950 PRIZE LIST

FIFTH YEAR

Dux (Frank Albert Cup), A. B. Piddington Prize for English, Dr. F. W. Doak Prize for Latin and Greek, Earle Page Prize for French (Pass), Best prose in "The Record": **G. J. Scrimgeour.**

Henry F. Halloran Diamond Jubilee Prize for Chemistry, G. C. Saxby Prize for Mathematics, Alan C. Corner Prize for Physics: **P. Grouse.**

Mathematics II: **D. S. Page.**

Modern History: **C. P. Galea.**

French: **P. Kouvaras.**

German: **G. P. Bogard.**

Earle Page Prize for German: **R. F. Hosking.**

Economics: **G. B. V. King.**

Geography (aeq.): **K. Anderson, M. A. MacGee.**

Headmaster's Special Prize for Oratory and Public Speaking: **G. J. Woodburne.**

Prize for Declamation: **M. Finch.**

General Proficiency: **R. W. White, G. R. Gould.**

FOURTH YEAR

Dux (Mrs. Ethel Killip Memorial Prize), K. Saxby Prize for Mathematics and Physics (aeq.): **D. Chia.**

K. Saxby Prize for Mathematics and Physics (aeq.): **G. E. Kellerman.**

Mathematics I (aeq.): **J. M. Bailey.**

Chemistry: **J. E. Thornett.**

Mathematics II (aeq.): **B. A. Warren.**

Latin, Greek, French: **R. W. Garson.**

German: **P. Schiff.**

English, Modern History: **J. Greenberg.**

Economics: **J. Mallyon.**

Geography: **W. J. Tobin.**

Oratory (aeq.): **S. Green, B. Nehl.**

Declamation: **I. L. Lacey.**

General Proficiency: **Z. H. Star, W. F. V. King.**

THIRD YEAR

Dux (Sir Frederick Jordan Memorial Prize), H. A. Coss Prize for English, Mathematics II (aeq.): **P. L. Freeman.**

Latin, German, French (aeq.): **S. J. Moutzouris.**

French (aeq.): **R. M. Loudon.**

Science: **R. M. May.**

Mathematics I: **A. J. Denham.**

Mathematics II: **B. Stephens.**

History (aeq.): **A. F. Hill, G. R. Stewart.**

Geography: **R. Barnwell.**

Business Principles: **W. G. Hunter.**

Oratory and Declamation: **H. D. Sperling.**

General Proficiency: **J. D. Watson, P. J. Noble.**

SECOND YEAR

Dux, English (aeq.), German: **T. Biegler.**

English (aeq.), French, Latin, Mathematics I: **L. Dudman.**

Science: **D. S. Alderdice.**

Mathematics II: **B. J. Lloyd.**

History, Declamation: **J. M. Claridge.**

Geography: **J. A. Bilton.**

Business Principles (aeq.): **B. M. Hardman, J. A. Thornton.**

Oratory: **I. J. Kennedy.**

General Proficiency: **R. S. Stock, R. Penny, J. Lions, V. J. Colman, P. J. Arnott, S. Berkovits.**

FIRST YEAR

Dux, Latin, French, Science (aeq.): **J. Mayson.**

Mathematics I: **A. G. Nicholls.**

Science (aeq.): **S. E. J. Safran.**

Mathematics II: **I. H. Findlay.**

English: **J. E. Milson.**

History: **R. C. Taylor.**

Geography: **R. Philcox.**

Music: **J. S. Post.**

Manual Training (aeq.): **B. F. V. King, E. G. Kool.**

Declamation: **I. McAndrew.**

Oratory: **W. Lillyman.**

General Proficiency: **R. Hampson, G. Gluck, J. C. Havilah, C. Chamberlain.**

SPECIAL PRIZES

Oswald Chapman Memorial Prize: **G. B. V. King.**

Ladies' Auxiliary Special Prize: **J. B. Agnew.**

P. & C. Association Prizes for General proficiency:

Year V: **B. J. Hain.**

Year IV: **J. D. Hunt.**

Year III: **D. Paix.**

Year II: **M. Stuart.**

Year I: **J. E. Hodes.**

Old Boys' Union Prizes:

The Old Boys' Prize: **J. M. Bosler.**

The John Waterhouse Prize: **J. B. Agnew.**

The John Skyring Cross Memorial Cup: **G. B. V. King.**

The John Francis Bush Memorial Prize: **J. E. Thornett.**

J. & E. Saxby Bequest Prize: **J. M. Eckert.**

Lodges Sydney High School Prize: **J. E. Thornett.**

SPORTS PRIZES

Sydney Girls' High School Cup for Games and Sportsmanship: **J. M. Bosler.**

Frank Albert Cup for Senior Athletics Championship: **L. C. Shaw.**

AWARD OF BLUES, 1950

Athletics: **J. Bosler, D. Colley, M. MacGee*, R. Morrow, J. O'Neil, L. Shaw.**

Cricket: **A. Anderson, J. Bosler*, G. King*, B. Shepherdson.**

Football: **J. Bosler, N. Ellison, C. Galea, W. Mark, J. Mealey, D. Stuart.**

Rowing: **E. Foster, G. Mahony, G. Pilger, R. White.**

Swimming: **J. Procter.**

* Re-award.



DYMOCK'S for BOOKS

Sydney's Leading Educational Booksellers



- A complete range of Educational Books stocked to meet every requirement. Text Books for Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations always available.
- Also full stocks of Exercise Books, Memo. Pads, Note Books, School Stationery, Fountain Pens, Instruments, etc., all of the best quality.
- At your leisure, call in and browse among our New and Second-hand School Supplies. Enormous stocks always on display.



*Remember All Your School Needs
May Be Purchased at Dymock's*



DYMOCK'S BOOK ARCADE LTD.

424 George Street, Sydney. Phone : BL3611

EMPIRE DAY

The usual Empire Day assembly was held in the Hall on the 24th May. After the School had rendered the "Song of Australia", the Headmaster read Lord Gowrie's Empire Day message, in which he said that "the youth of the Empire were learning the great truth that distance and a different way of life need not divide them." Then, Canada's national song having been sung, the Headmaster addressed the School.

He first painted a brief picture of the life of the late Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, first Baron of Anzac. Although an Englishman and born in India, he achieved fame as the first G.O.C. of the Anzacs, serving as their commander throughout the greater part of the first World War. Mr. Killip then described the recent incident on the West Coast of Africa, where weevils were destroying the coconuts, the primary product. The weevils were only exterminated by the intervention of Britain. He drew the moral that it is in her readiness to assist her colonies and guide them till they are sufficiently mature to govern themselves that the true greatness of the British Empire lies.

The celebration concluded with the School singing "Land of Hope and Glory" and the National Anthem.

R. MAY (4A).

PICTURE CATALOGUE

Towards the end of last year Mr. Day undertook the onerous task of preparing a catalogue of the numerous pictures which decorate our walls. The catalogue is now complete, and we take an opportunity to print it in an abbreviated form. Lack of space prevents our giving all the details of the original catalogue, but it is to be hoped that the information tabulated below, in such a form as to be readily consulted, will not only be a guide to those interested in our pictures, but will also stimulate a wider interest among our pupils in the veritable gallery of art which is to be found in our corridors and rooms. Photos of sporting teams, etc., included in the original catalogue have been omitted from the following list.

Artist.	Title.	Type of Picture.	Location.
Albert Cullins	Loading Scrap	Original Watercolour	Headmaster's Office
Sydney Long	Between the Showers	Etching	"
Sydney Long	On the Wandte	Etching	"
Daryl Lindsay	Mediterranean Scene	Original Watercolour	"
Harry Julius	Landscape	Original Watercolour	"
Van Eyck (15th Cent.)	Virgin of Autumn	Medici Print	"
Hans Heysen	Flowers and Fruit	Oil Print	"
A. E. Aiken	Darling Harbour	Original Pen and Wash	"
		Drawing	"
C. R. W. Nevinson	After the Storm	Oil Print	"
James A. Crisp	Two's Company	Watercolour Print	Deputy-Headmaster's Office
Leonard R. Squirell	Dockyards	Pen Sketch	"
Sydney Ure Smith	Packing Oranges	Etching	"
G. L. Trindall	Man in Golf Cap	Pencil Portrait	"

THE RECORD

Artist.	Title.	Type of Picture.	Location.
John Allcot	The Old Flag Unfurled on a New Shore	Print of Pen Drawing	Headmaster's Office
Elioth Gruner	Tweed Valley and Mt. Waring	Oil Print	"
Frank O. Salisbury	The Heart of the Empire	Oil Print	Main Corridor
Alfred Sisley (1840-99)	The Banks of the Loing, Moret	Medici Print	"
H. C. Hadley	Burrarorang Valley	Oil Print	"
F. Meade Nerton	Glencoe, Scotland	Oil Print	"
Rembrandt (1607-69)	The Man with the Golden Helmet	Medici Print	"
Degas (1834-1917)	Dancing Girls	Oil Print	"
Douglas Pratt	Sydney Boys' High School	Pencil Drawing	"
Marjorie I. Davies	Old Sydney Boys' High School	Pen Drawing	"
Marjorie I. Davies	Old Sydney Girls' High School	Pen Drawing	"
Pieter de Hooch	Woman Peeling Apples	Medici Print	"
John Constable (1776-1837)	The Cornfield	Medici Print	"
Frank O. Salisbury	Portrait: General Smuts	Oil Print	"
J. B. Corcoran (1796-1875)	The Wood Gatherers	Medici Print	"
Elioth Gruner	The Murrumbidgee Ranges, Canberra	Oil Print	"
Anthony Van Dyke	Prince of Orange	Medici Print	"
Claude Monet (1840-1926)	Field of Tulips	Medici Print	"
George Ayling	A Natural Cornish Harbour	Oil Print	"
Elioth Gruner	Winter Sunlight	Oil Print	"
A. Littlejohn	A Sussex Farm	Watercolour Print	"
S. J. Solomon	Charles I.	Oil Print	"
Jan Vermeer	Artist's Studio	Medici Print	"
MacDonald	Portrait: J. H. Smairl	Original Oil	"
Dattillo Rubbo	Portrait: Dr. Marie Ben-tinglio	Original Oil (on loan)	"
(Unknown)	Interior of Milan Cathedral (presumed)	Original Oil (on loan)	"
L. Campbell-Taylor (b. 1874)	The Spinning Wheel	Medici Print	Library
Jan Vermeer (1632-75)	Girl with the Yellow Turban	Medici Print	"
Elioth Gruner	Spring Frost	Oil Print	"
Elioth Gruner	Poplars, Molongo River Canberra	Oil Print	"
Elioth Gruner	The Bellinger River	Oil Print	"
Alfred Sisley (1840-99)	The Prairie at By	Medici Print	"
Jan Vermeer	The Pearl Necklace	Medici Print	"
Pieter de Hooch (1629-77)	Courtyard of a Dutch House	Medici Print	Staff Room
W. Lee Hankey	A Breton Harbour	Oil Print	"
W. Lister-Lister	Bent Trees, Landscape	Original Watercolour	"
Rowland Hilder (b. 1905)	A Farm Road	Watercolour Print	"
W. Russell Flint (1880-)	The Lake	Medici Print, Water-colour	"
L. Campbell-Taylor (b. 1874)	The Letter	Medici Print	"
Jan Vermeer (1632-75)	The Music Lesson	Medici Print	"
Gwynne Jones	A Holiday in France	Oil Print	"
William Dobell	"Park Lane"	Oil Print	Library
Eric Wilson	Genoa	Oil Print	"
Sir Arthur Streeton	Land of the Golden Fleece	Oil Print	"
Lloyd Rees	Gerringong, Landscape	Oil Print	"
C. L. Jones	Caretaker's Cottage	Oil Print	"
Douglas Annand	Port Kennedy, Thursday Island	Watercolour Print	"
Margaret Preston	Australian Wild Flowers	Oil Print	"
Paul Jones	New Guinea Flowers	Watercolour Print	"
Donald Friend	Study	Ink and Gouache	"
Margaret Preston	Bananas	Monotype	"
Holbein (1497-1543)	The Ambassadors	Medici Print	Room 1
R. Weslev-Amich	The Enchanted Pool	Oil Print	Room 2
Alfred Sisley (1840-99)	The Avenue	Medici Print	Room 3
J. H. Craig	Sunlit Valley, Donegal	Oil Print	"
Canaletto (1697-1768)	A View Looking Towards Murano	Medici Print	Room 4
Rembrandt (c. 1607-69)	Young Warrior (Alexander the Great)	Medici Print	"
Vlaminck	The Thatched Cottages	Oil Print	"

THE RECORD

Arti.t.	Title.	Type of Picture.	Location.
Sir Arthur Streeton John Phillip (b. 1881)	Willaura, 1926 The House of Commons, 1860	Oil Print Print from Engraving	Room 5
Van Dyke (1599-1641)	Maria Luisa de Tassis	Medici Print	"
Degas (1834-1917)	Repetition	Oil Print	Room 6
Hobbema (1633-1799)	The Avenue, Middelhar- nis	Medici Print	"
Raphael (1483-1520)	Madonna and Child	Medici Print	"
M. J. McNally	Basket Willows	Original Watercolour	"
Da Vinci (1452-1519)	Laocoon	Monotone Print	"
Richard Wyndham	Fishing on the Medway	Oil Print	"
W. L. Wyllie and H. Brewer	London	Print from Drawing	"
Vincent Van Gogh (1853-90)	Bridge at Arles	Medici Print	Room 7
Vincent Van Gogh	Landscape: La Haye	Medici Print	"
Vincent Van Gogh	Cornfield in Provence	Medici Print	"
Vincent Van Gogh	The Man with the Pipe	Medici Print	"
Vincent Van Gogh	Portrait of a Young Man	Medici Print	"
John Nash	The Duck Pond	Oil Print	"
—	The Square Outside St. Peters, Rome	Sepia Print	Room 8
B. E. Minns	Australians	Pen Sketch	"
Albert Namatjira	Ghost Gums	Oil Print	"
Sir D. Y. Cameron (1865)	The Shadows of Glencoe	Oil Print	"
Arthur Streeton	The Hawkesbury near Richmond	Oil Print	"
—	Arc de Triomphe, Paris	Sepia Print	"
R. P. Bonington (1801-28)	Coast of Picardy	Medici Print	Room 9
Robert Johnson (Unknown)	Afternoon Light, Araluen Diana or Christ?	Oil Print Black and White Print	"
John Allcot	First Fleet in Sydney Cove, 1788	Pen Drawing	"
Charles Dixon	Landing of the Anzacs	Black and White Print	"
—	The Acropolis, Athens	Photograph	"
Cecil A. Hunt	Ben Nevis from Loch Eil	Oil Print	Room 10
Stephen Bone	Near Chenies, Becking- hamshire	Medici Print	"
Hans Heysen (b. 1877)	Summer	Oil Print	"
Percy Lancaster	The White Mill	Medici Print	"
Seymour Lucas	The Armada is in Sight	Copy of Original Line Engraving	"
Gordon Esling	In the Hills, Cambewarra	Oil Print	Room 11
John Constable (1776- 1837)	The Bridge of the Stour	Medici Print	Room 12
F. Petigeas	Blindfold Girl	Watercolour Print	"
John Allcot	Founding of Tasmania	Pen Drawing	Room 13
Owen Reynolds (1723- 92)	Spring in Ross-shire	Medici Print	"
Peter Scott (1909)	Taking to Wing	Medici Print	Room 14
N. C. Wyeth	The City of Tyre	Watercolour Print	Room 14a
Van Dyke	Charles I.	Oil Print	"
Dorothy Wall	Mrs. Koala and Her Baby	Original Pen Drawing	"
W. Russell Flint (b. 1880)	Magna Carta	Line Drawing, Flat Colours	Room 15
Jan Vermeer (1632- 1675)	View of Delft	Medici Print	"
Robert Houston	Sannox Bridge, Isle of Arran	Oil Print	"
John Allcot	Founding of Queensland	Pen Drawing	Room 16
Sir J. E. Millais (1829- 96)	The Boyhood of Raleigh	Medici Print	"
W. B. McGuinness	Sir Donald Bradman	Oil Print	Room 17
C. Picasso (1881)	Street at Rouen	Oil Print	"
Degas (1834-1917)	The Dancing School	Oil Print	Room 18
Thomas Davidson	Nelson's Last Signal at Trafalgar	Black and White Print	"
Raymond G. Powell	Sydney High School, Castlereagh Street	Etching	Room 19a
Austin H. Platt	Old Sydney High School	Etching	"
W. Hams	A Dowland Roadway	Oil Print	Room 19
W. Lee Hankey	The Fish Quay, St. Ives	Oil Print	"
Samuel Bellin	Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith	Black and White Print	Room 20
Jan Van de Cappelle (1625-1679)	A Calm	Medici Print	"

THE RECORD

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President: Mr. R. C. Wilson.

Secretary: P. M. Furey.

Following the precedent of former years, members of the Dramatic Society are once again uniting with members of the Choir and Orchestra to aid in the production of an Australian operetta, "Collit's Inn". Apart from play readings to be held later in the year, the principal work of the Society will be directed to a number of performances of this operetta, which Mr. Wilson is producing. The musical direction is in the hands of Mr. Day.

It is to be hoped that an increased interest in dramatic art will be aroused throughout the School by this performance.

P. FUREY (5B).

DEBATING SOCIETY

Office-bearers, 1951

Patron: The Headmaster.

President: Mr. R. C. Wilson.

Vice-Presidents: J. Greenberg, R. Smith.

Secretary: H. Sperling.

During the last half-year debates have been held in Room 13, at 3.20 on Thursday afternoons.

Boys interested in debating, particularly in the junior school, are asked to contact any of the above in order to become active members of the Society. A cordial invitation is also extended to boys who wish to form the audience for any of our future debates. Their attendance at such meetings will be very much appreciated.

The members of the Society are indebted to their able adjudicator and coach, Mr. Wilson, for his selfless service in not only selecting competition teams, but also in giving freely of his time and energy for our normal activities.

On 30th April the annual debate against Sydney Girls' High School was held in the Girls' Hall, the topic being "That the Freedom of the Modern Adolescent is Beneficial to Society". Our team, consisting of H. Sperling, R. Smith and J. Greenberg, was allotted the opposition; the decision was given against them.

As yet, teams for the G.P.S. and C.H.S. competitions have not been selected, but practice debates are at present being conducted for this purpose. Last year, the senior team succeeded in winning both the Hume-Barbour Trophy (C.H.S.) and the Louat Shield (G.P.S.). The Society is looking forward to what we hope will be as successful a season as that of last year.

H. SPERLING (4A).

BOOKS for Teachers and Students

THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

*Edited by John Drinkwater. Revised and enlarged by
Horace Shipp.*

PRICE 37/6 (post 2/6).

A survey of world literature through the ages from "first books" to modern English literature. A convenient reference for both student and teacher. 800 pages, 64 illustrations, bibliographies and index.

ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE

By Ralph P. Boas and Edwin Smith.

553 pages. 36 photographic illustrations. PRICE 29/3 (post 1/5).

This work is a re-written and expanded version of "An Introduction to the Study of Literature". It is a guide that will stimulate the self-directed activity of the student in the reading and study of literature.

ENGLISH

A course for human beings. By Eric Partridge.

554 pages. PRICE 23/- (post 1/6).

An outstanding work by a world-wide authority. Designed to meet the needs of both teachers and pupils. Lively as well as scholarly. Not only comprehensive, but includes features not found in other textbooks.

THE OUTLINE OF ART

Edited by Sir William Orpen and revised by Horace Shipp.

846 pages. PRICE 37/6 (post 3/-).

One of the "finest broad general introductions to art" from prehistoric times to controversial modern schools. With sixteen magnificent plates in full colour and nearly four hundred monochrome illustrations.

ANGUS & ROBERTSON LTD.

Booksellers and Publishers

89 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THE RECORD

THE CHOIR

This year the Choir has been re-constituted and divided into two choruses. In this form it will appear in "Collit's Inn," the production of which marks a contribution by the School to the Australian Jubilee celebrations.

Some fine voices have been allocated the principal parts, and the exacting task of preparation is well on the way. Practices and rehearsals are at present being held, with Philip Furey as accompanist.

Designs for the stage backdrops were submitted by students, and from these the best have been selected as models for the painting of the actual "drops" to be used in the performance. It is hoped that the students themselves will be able to execute the full-scale drops.

The Choir, and all others concerned, are greatly indebted to Mr. Day and Mr. Wilson for their enthusiastic supervision and competent stage direction.

P. FUREY (5B).

THE ORCHESTRA

The School Orchestra now consists of over fifty players, who are rehearsing regularly every Thursday at lunch-time.

The four main groups of instruments, namely strings, woodwinds, brass and percussion, are all represented, but, in order to give all interested students an opportunity to participate the numbers in each section do not correspond with those for which printed orchestral scores are available. As a result, over a thousand pages of manuscript have to be written to provide suitable parts.

This year the Orchestra is co-operating with the Choir and Dramatic Society in the production "Collit's Inn".

Once again we are fortunate to enjoy the able leadership of our Music Master, Mr. Day, under whose guidance the Orchestra has proved a source of cultural enjoyment to both players and listeners alike.

B. ABBOTT (5C).

S.H.S. CHESS CLUB

The S.H.S. Chess Club meets every Friday afternoon in Room 9 at 3.30 p.m. All boys who play chess are invited to attend. Those who wish to learn will be taught.

This year three teams have been entered in the Inter-Schools' Competition. Players who are not in a team but who wish to play for the School may challenge those already in the teams.

We should like to see a greater interest displayed in Chess and more attending on Friday afternoons. A special appeal is made to younger lads to come along and join us, as it is from them that the teams for future years will be selected.

G. KELLERMAN (5B),
Secretary.

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Leader: P. Duke.

Assistant Leader: R. Jakes.

Secretary: A. Clark.

This year there is a large increase in the attendance and influence of the I.S.C.F., the average for each meeting being over fifty. Thus there exists to-day in Sydney High School a group of boys who are rejoicing in the Christian life and helping to spread its influence.

The I.S.C.F. is run by boys of the School for boys of the School. Meetings are held every Tuesday and Friday during the lunch-hour in Room 6. A branch of the Scripture Union also functions at the School through the I.S.C.F.

During first term interesting talks were given by visiting speakers, such as Dr. Paul White, "The Jungle Doctor," Dr. Howard Guinness, Rev. Basil Williams, and several others. The Fellowship is indebted to the Headmaster for his co-operation in enabling these visiting speakers to address the meetings. Talks are also given by some of the boys.

On Saturday, 17th March, a hike to Bobbin Head was held, which, with Mr. B. Thiering, an ex-captain of the School, as our leader, was a great success.

As we go to press we are arranging a week-end camp to be held from June 15th to 17th at "The Grange," Mt. Victoria, and we look forward to a very enjoyable time.

For the Second Term an attractive programme has been arranged. All boys of the School are heartily invited to attend.

P. DUKE,

Leader.

S.H.S. CADET DETACHMENT

The Cadet Corps enrolment has greatly increased this year, the numbers having passed the hundred mark. Every boy is issued with two uniforms, one for summer and one for winter, a vast improvement on previous years. In addition, each cadet is now issued with a beret, the latest addition to the uniform of the Regular Army.

The annual camp was held at Gan Gan, near Newcastle, during the May vacation. In addition to the course of field exercises, the detachment attended a Field Firing Demonstration and two demonstrations by aircraft from Williamstown, one of dropping supplies by parachute, and one of strafing. The unit was also transported to Adamstown Rifle Range, where all ranks fired the .303 rifle and Bren Light Machine Gun, while selected personnel fired the Vickers Medium Machine Gun.

We sincerely thank Captain Cracknell on his untiring efforts to assist the unit while in camp, as it was largely because of his interest that the camp was such a success.

We would also like to congratulate on their good reports and conduct those personnel who attended specialist schools while the unit was in camp.

Cdt.-Lieut. B. NUNN (5D).

LODGE SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL, No. 631

The Lodge continues its steady progress under the guiding hand of Wor. Bro. Alan R. Beveridge, Wor. Master, and a pleasing feature is the admission of a number of young members, who are displaying keenness and enthusiasm.

Time moves on and the Wor. Master is nearing the close of his year of office, and on Friday, 10th August, will install as his successor that very well-known and popular member, Bro. Tom Pauling.

Last October Lodge Sydney High School welcomed Wor. Bro. Os Hankinson, Wor. Master, Lodge Fortian, and his brethren, on the occasion of the 10th Annual Combined Meeting of the two lodges. As usual, a very happy evening was spent, and the brethren enjoyed the spirit of friendly rivalry which commenced at school and is so happily carried on as a result of the annual "get together" of the two lodges.

Recently the Lodge expressed its sincere sympathy with the Secretary of Lodge Fortian, Wor. Bro. J. B. Willcox, on the death of his son, Mr. Jack Willcox, an Old Boy of Sydney High School, who died in Northern Victoria early in April after a short illness. Jack, who was only 24 years of age, was a civil engineer with one of the Southern Riverina Shire Councils.

A highlight of the Lodge activities was the First Annual Combined Meeting of the Seven School Lodges Meeting in N.S.W, which was held on 12th January, 1951, in the Masonic Hall, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Wor. Bro. Alan Beveridge presided over the meeting, in which Lodges Sydney High School, Torch-bearer (Shore), The Old Sydneians (S.G.S.), Fortian, Cranbrook, The King's School, and Wyvern (Newington) took part. The guest speaker of the evening was Rt. Wor. Bro. Bishop W. G. Hilliard, M.A., P.D.G.M., Bishop Coadjutor of the Arch Diocese of Sydney who is a distinguished Old Boy of Sydney High School, and who gave a most instructive and entertaining address to the 250 brethren present. The function was an outstanding success, and was held as the result of a meeting of masters and secretaries of School Lodges, convened by Wor. Bro. Alan Beveridge in September last, when it was unanimously decided to hold such a meeting annually, under the sponsorship of each school lodge in rotation. Lodge Sydney High School, being the oldest school lodge, was responsible for the organisation and acted as host for the first meeting. Lodge Torch-bearer will act as host in 1952. Since the Combined Meeting a further member has been added to the family of school lodges, viz., The Scots Lodge, No. 822, which was consecrated on Saturday, 12th May, with Wor. Bro. Alec Bathgate as Wor. Master.

The Annual Lodge Picnic at National Park, in December last, was again voted a very happy occasion, and the "big children", aged

16 to 80, enjoyed themselves as much as the children, although the Christmas gifts were restricted to and were very much appreciated by the younger children.

A number of members with their wives and friends spent a most enjoyable week-end at the Oriental Hotel, Springwood, at the end of April. Tom Pauling, who resides at Springwood, gave the visitors a house party on the night of their arrival, and "a good time was had by all".

The Lodge was well represented at the "High Ball" on 14th May and members voted it an excellent night.

Lodge Sydney High School, No. 631, now has a membership of 130, and meets on the second Friday of each month at the Masonic Hall, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and the members are all Old Boys, Masters or ex-Masters of Sydney High School. The Secretary is V. Wor. Bro. H. B. Young, 4 Birrellea Avenue, Earlwood. Tel. LF 1532 (home), LM 1484 (day).

S.H.S. PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

Office-bearers, 1951

President: W. B. Nehl.

Vice-Presidents: A. G. Leroy, F. G. Arnold.

Hon. Secretary: A. T. Denny.

Hon. Treasurer: Carroll Taylor.

Executive Committee: Mesdames M. Tilley and J. T. Gray, Messrs. W. R. Clarkson, E. McEwan, A. W. Rawlings, H. K. Thornett, and W. H. Wilson.

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

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

The Annual Meeting was held on 15th March, 1951, when the abovenamed office-bearers were elected.

Our previous President, Mr. White, Secretary, Mr. Arnold, and Treasurer, Mr. Gould, did not accept nomination for further period of office. To them we extend our sincere thanks for the years of service they have given to the School.

The financial statement showed a decline in receipts for the year, the amount received being £1,529, as against £2,114 of last year. The Fairland Pavilion Fund figures now stand at £2,225. It was our desire that a start could be made on the project, but, unfortunately, rising costs have nearly doubled the original estimates. This will mean further delay.

Members of sub-committees for this year are as follow:—

McKay Sports Ground: Messrs. Upton, Banwell and Thornett.

Rowing: Messrs. B. R. White, A. W. Letts, and W. H. Wilson. Alternative members: Messrs. M. R. Thornett, A. G. Leroy, G. E. May and R. Betty.

THE RECORD

Grounds: Messrs. J. J. Banwell, S. A. Beckhouse, A. W. Letts, H. R. Thornett, E. S. Thompson, A. Tilley, B. G. Tucker, and W. H. Wilson.

Dance: Messrs. T. W. Rushall, A. Tilley, S. A. Beckhouse, R. May, A. W. Rawlings, W. H. Wilson, E. McEwan, C. Watt, W. Coad, B. G. Tucker, J. E. Bilton, and L. W. Mashman.

The estimated income for the year is £1,300, and after careful consideration the following amounts were allocated:—

	£
Library	100
Assistance to "The Record"	25
School Prizes	75
Rowing	400
Cricket	50
Football	30
Tennis	50
Gymnasium and Cadets	20
McKay Sports Ground	430
Printing, Stationery, etc.	120
Total	£1,300

Rising costs have reduced the actual value of our income, and to offset this, a committee consisting of Messrs. W. B. Nehl, A. W. White, and C. S. Upton has been appointed to approach the O.B.U. to request help in financing the McKay Sports Ground and rowing activities. The Headmaster's Appeal is now open, and we ask for your generous support.

The Annual Reunion was held on March 9, and again was a great success, the attendance being well over the 600 mark. The artists were Mr. Ron Dowd, the School Music Master, Mr. Day, and his wife. They presented a well-balanced programme, which was appreciated by all present. The guest speaker for the evening was Bob Morrow, the 1949 Captain of the School. He gave a very interesting outline of the history and traditions of the School, and also spoke of the many advantages which the combined efforts of the Old Boys' Union, the Ladies' Auxiliary, and the P. & C. Association were able to provide for the boys. The Ladies' Auxiliary provided an excellent supper, which all enjoyed.

It is regrettable that so few have so much depending on them. The active members of the Association would appreciate the interest and support of more parents in providing those amenities for the boys, not normally provided by the Education Department. We trust that we will see more at our future meetings to help us carry on the great work of assisting the boys to become good citizens of the future.

A. T. DENNY,
Hon. Secretary.

THE RECORD

SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' UNION

Founded 1892

Patrons: Rear-Admiral Sir Leighton Bracegirdle, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D.; G. Saxby, B.A.; J. H. Killip, B.A.

President: Keith C. Cameron, Esq.

Vice-Presidents: A. R. Beveridge, Lt.-Col. D. J. Duffy, M.C., E.D., C. A. Fairland, Brigadier J. Reddish, The Hon. Mr. Justice B. Sugerman, Dr. C. E. Winston, P. K. Howard.

Hon. Secretary: K. W. Gallie. *Asst. Hon. Secretary:* P. A. L. Wallis.

Hon. Treasurer: K. W. Shields.

Hon. Auditor: G. J. Leroy, A.I.C.A., A.C.I.S.

Union Office (by courtesy of Keith Paterson): Jamieson, Paterson & Co., 10th Floor, Challis House, 10 Martin Place, Sydney. BL 2721-2.

Councillors: H. F. Halloran, A. Harvey, C. Rubie, S. Willsher, A. R. Callaway, R. B. Grey, E. Phillips, G. Walker, L. Hardacre, R. Morrow, P. G. Saywell, K. Binns, R. White, J. Procter, J. B. Agnew, B. Daley, G. King, M. MacGee, W. Magill, R. Berry, B. Mackey.

Annual Meeting

The Annual General Meeting was held at the Vacuum Oil Company's Theatre at the end of February, and was attended by some eighty members of the Union. Alan Beveridge retired from the Presidency, and we take this opportunity of saying thanks to Alan for his leadership, enthusiasm, and initiative. It is felt by everybody that the Union made truly great progress during his two years as President. The new President is Keith Cameron, who has been Hon. Secretary of the Union for the past two years, and hence has worked in close association with Alan Beveridge, and will therefore carry on the good work of the past two years. He comes to us with a wealth of experience in organising and administrative work, which has already been reflected in the Union's activities and will no doubt be further evident during his term as President. We congratulate him!

Among the Vice-Presidents there is a new face, Phil Howard, who has been mainly responsible for the formation of the Old Boys' Cricket and Football teams. Congratulations, Phil.

The new Hon. Secretary, Keith Gallie, and his assistant, Perce Wallis, are both new members of Council, and we look forward to both of them doing a good job.

Ken Shields is now Hon. Treasurer. For many years now Ken has held various offices in the O.B.U., from Hon. Secretary and Asst. Hon. Secretary to Hon. Treasurer. He is one of those solid workers who never looks for nor figures in the limelight, but is always there doing the detail work for the Union, and without his

help we would have been uphill achieving what we have in the last few years. Thanks, Ken, we know it's a headache, but we do appreciate it.

The Council this year contains a good cross section of Old Boys of various "vintages", with a good number of representatives from those who left school last year. They have already proved their enthusiasm and we look forward to another year of achievement.

1951 Ball

The "Chocolate and Blue" Ball this year became the "High" Ball, because we held the function in conjunction with the Girls' School Old Girls' Union. The Ball was undoubtedly a big success, some 800 being present at the Trocadero on 14th May last. The President of the Old Boys' Union, with Miss Jessie Cameron, received the guests, who included the Hon. Mr. Justice Bernard Sugerman and Mrs. Sugerman, the Headmaster, Mr. Killip, and Mrs. Killip, and the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. P. W. Hallett, and Mrs. Hallett; also Miss L. McMahon, Headmistress of the Girls' School. As usual, the Presidents of the Old Boys' Unions of the various Great Public Schools were our guests, and the Girls' Schools were represented by North Sydney Girls' High and St. George Girls' High. The Presidents of the P. & C. Associations of both the Boys' and Girls' Schools were also guests in the official party.

The President of the O.G.U., Mrs. V. C. Harte, was Matron of Honour for the presentation of twenty debutantes, all Old Girls or daughters of Old Boys. These were presented to the Hon. Mr. Justice Sugerman and Mrs. Sugerman. The spectacle was a brilliant one, and we must congratulate Mrs. Harte on the presentation and Miss Madsen, who assisted her in the training of the girls. A happy atmosphere pervaded the Trocadero on that night and everyone had a really good time.

The Ball Committee ran an Art Union in conjunction with the Ball, and this was promoted by Keith Paterson. Thank you most sincerely, Keith, for your splendid effort. The proceeds from both the Ball and Art Union are in the vicinity of £800, and this is to be divided between the O.B.U. and O.G.U. on a pro rata basis of the number of tickets sold by each body. We thank everybody who assisted to make the Art Union and the Ball a success.

G.P.S. Regatta

The O.B.U. once again ran special buses for this event, and some 200 supporters travelled on the buses. Congratulations to all the crews who, while they did not win, certainly did not disgrace themselves.

At night a very successful Regatta Night Party was held at the "Coronet". John Agnew, last year's School Captain, was responsible for its organisation, and what a good show it was! The "Coronet" was packed out, and by the time 1 a.m. came it had been voted one of the best Regatta Night Dances for some years.

THE RECORD

Membership

This still lags far behind what it should be. We have not yet reached the 1,000 objective we set ourselves last year, and to make it worse quite a number of you Old Boys have not paid your annual sub. for 1951 yet. What about it? Well, it is up to you to send us that cheque now, and remember donations are also thankfully received and faithfully applied.

Sid Willsher is in charge of the membership committee this year, and he is working on a scheme to have representatives in all Government Departments, commercial and industrial concerns with the object of these representatives contacting all Old Boys and joining them up. If you have any ideas, ring Sid at B 0263 and tell him all about it.

Ladies' Auxiliary

Mrs. Napper, who was President of the P. & C. Auxiliary last year, has now taken over as President of our O.B.U. Ladies' Auxiliary, and we wish her and her officers every success. We also say thank you to the retiring President, Miss J. Cameron, who was responsible for forming the Auxiliary and carrying it on over the past two years. Don't forget, ladies, the first Wednesday of each month at 2 p.m. in the Board Room of the C.E.N.E.F. Building, 201 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS

To R.O. (4D), P.W. (2B), A.F. (2B) and R.S. (1E): We like the articles and stories submitted by you, but lack of space prevented their inclusion. They are being reserved for the November issue.

SPORT

CRICKET

FIRST XI

This year the First XI, under the captaincy of Mark Hudson, has had rather an off season, as only two of 1950's team remained, and the rest was picked from Fourth Year boys. However, the experience gained by younger members of the team will prove invaluable for the next year's competition, and the team should be a close contestant for both the G.P.S. and C.H.S. premierships.

In the G.P.S. Competition the team has suffered three outright defeats at the hands of Scots, Newington and St. Joseph's. However, none of these matches lacked entertainment and an exciting finish occurred in each one.

Against Scots, who scored 282 on the first day's play, the team did well to reply with 192 on a wet wicket, Ambrose scoring 50 and Hudson 72. In the second innings Scots declared at 110 and High was left $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to score 200, but, after a fine stand by Boatwright (41) and Ambrose (59), the team failed by 19 runs to catch Scots.

A similar situation occurred both against Newington and St. Joseph's, but on both occasions the team failed to get the required runs.

In the C.H.S. Competition the team was again unlucky, winning against Randwick, but losing both to Sydney Tech. and North Sydney High. In the second innings against North Sydney, when there seemed little hope of winning, R. Ambrose brightened up the match by taking 5 for 10 off eight overs, and put an exciting finish to what had seemed a one-sided game.

At the conclusion of the first half R. Ambrose and M. Hudson were picked in the C.H.S. team to play Newcastle at Newcastle on April 2nd and 3rd.

The team is grateful to Mr. Taylor and Mr. Adamthwaite for their invaluable coaching and assistance, and also to those ladies who kindly came along and prepared lunch at the home matches.

G.P.S. Scores.

S.H.S., 192 and 181 (Hudson 72, Ambrose 50 and 59), lost to Scots College, 282 and 110.

S.H.S., 108 and 89 (Hudson 31 n.o., Curran 30), lost to Newington College, 151 and 5 for 49 (Boatwright 5 for 26, Ambrose 4 for 23).

S.H.S., 108 (Hudson 51 n.o.), drew with Riverview College, 0 for 5 (second day's play washed out by rain).

S.H.S., 96 and 148, lost to St. Joseph's College, 193 and 5 for 53 (Ambrose 5 for 29, Curran 3 for 23).

THE RECORD

C.H.S. Scores.

- S.H.S., 0 for 8, drew with North Sydney Tech., 223.
S.H.S., 140, defeated Randwick, 62 and 5 for 78 (Saravanos 3 for 16, Eckert 3 for 17).
S.H.S., 73 and 69, lost to North Sydney High, 4 for 111 and 5 for 33.
S.H.S., 121 (Littlewood 34), lost to Sydney Tech. High, 151 (Ambrose 4 for 32).

SECOND XI

In the first half of the season the Second XI has performed well, scoring an outright win over Sydney Tech., and recording draws in the other three matches, due to the inclemency of the weather. The team started the season rather shakily but, due to the earnest coaching of Mr. Wilson and the hearty spirit in which the boys played the game, a formidable team has been moulded.

A feature of the bowling is the fact that 38 of the 40 wickets taken were captured by the fast deliveries of Stewart and Hunt (13 each) and the slow spinners of the captain, Hutchison, who accounted for 12. The bowling of these three has been steady and at times brilliant. Very little has been seen of the batsmen, only one innings being completed. Against Randwick the team was forced to bat on a badly rain-affected wicket and lost 9.49. The batting honours went to Jakes, Sinclair and Hutchison, all of whom gave glimpses of their real talent. The fielding of all members of the team was very impressive and many brilliant catches resulted.

The team wishes to extend its thanks to Mr. Wilson for his spirited coaching during the season.

Scores.

- S.H.S., 1 for 22, drew with North Sydney Tech., 148.
S.H.S., 9 for 49, drew with Randwick High, 130.
S.H.S., 3 for 28, drew with North Sydney High, 7 for 231.
S.H.S., 36 and 2 for 64, defeated Sydney Tech. High, 74 and 25.

THIRD XI

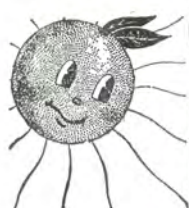
The Third Grade Team, led by W. McEwan, was an entirely new combination, practically every member being new to grade cricket. Shark (34) and Mah (31) were top scorers and McEwan and Balzer chief wicket-takers. Although the team had a lean season, the matches were quite exciting. The team wishes to thank Mr. Harris for the keenness which he showed and for his time spent at practices.

Scores.

- S.H.S., 3 for 28, drew with Manly High, 91.
S.H.S., 51 and 6 for 21, lost to Randwick High, 75 and 9 for 39.
S.H.S., 53 and 7 for 66, lost to North Sydney High, 126.
S.H.S., 100 and 30, lost to Sydney Tech. High, 117.

FOURTH XI

The Fourth Grade Team has had a very successful season in the first half of the competition, being level with North Sydney Tech. in first place. It is consequently very hopeful of winning the competition.



Get fresh with..

FRESHIES

FRESHIES are the delicious fruit-flavoured discs in the orange, green and yellow packets—orange, lime and lemon.

The refreshing fruit-flavours make FRESHIES a delightful sweet on any occasion. The handy packet goes easily into pocket or purse.

FRESHIES are made from purest ingredients, they are wholesome as well as delicious. so—

Get fresh with...

FRESHIES

MADE BY SCANLEN'S GOBLIN SWEETS PTY. LTD.

CHIPPENDALE, NEW SOUTH WALES

THE RECORD

The boys would like to thank Mr. Sellors for his valuable assistance as coach.

Scores.

S.H.S., 92, drew with North Sydney Tech., 7 for 66.
 S.H.S., 62 and 5 for 42, defeated Randwick High, 56 and 43.
 S.H.S., 77 and 3 for 22, lost to North Sydney High, 91 and 42.
 S.H.S., 66 and 8 for 53, defeated Sydney Tech. High, 39 and 61.

CRICKET COMPETITION POINT SCORES, 1950

Point scores for all grades in the 1950 C.H.S. Cricket Competition are tabulated below. Points for arriving at the Champion School are calculated by multiplying First Grade points by 6, Second Grade by 4, Third Grade by 2, and Fourth Grade by 3. (More points are allotted to Fourth Grade than to Third Grade, because Fourth Grade is a restricted team, players being drawn from first and second year boys only.) On this reckoning, Homebush gained the title of Champion School, and Sydney High became Zone Champions. It should be noted that points gained by schools in the Western Zone have to be increased by twenty-five per cent. to create a parity, as there were only five schools in this zone to six in the Eastern Zone.

Eastern Zone:

	Grade 1.	Grade 2.	Grade 3.	Grade 4.	Champion School.
Sydney High	25	27*	18	28	378*
North Sydney High ..	25**	23	29*	11	333
Sydney Technical High ..	20	22	14	13	275
North Sydney Tech. High	22	26	10	12	292
Manly High	5	3	24	19	147
Randwick High	15	9	19	29*	251

Western Zone:

Canterbury High	14	16	19	18*	240
Fort Street High	14	11	19	14	208
Homebush High	21*	26*	23*	13	315*
Hurlstone Agricultural High	9	11	8	13	153
Parramatta High	12	6	5	14	148

* Zone Premiers.

** Premiership decided on averages of runs for and runs against.

SWIMMING.

Results of the S.H.S. Carnival

Senior Championships.

880 Yards: 1, B. Tollis; 2, A. Strykowski (14 mins. 18.6 secs.).
 440 Yards: 1, B. Tollis; 2, M. Saunders (6 mins 37.2 secs.).
 220 Yards: 1, M. Fitch; 2, M. Saunders (2 mins. 56.5 secs.).
 100 Yards: 1, B. Foote; 2, M. Saunders (63.8 secs.).
 50 Yards: 1, B. Foote; 2, M. Fitch (27.2 secs.).
 100 Yards Breaststroke: 1, M. Saunders; 2, B. Duncan (78 secs.).
 50 Yards Backstroke: 1, B. Foote; 2, B. Tollis (37.5 secs.).
 Dive: 1, B. Duncan; 2, R. Upton, A. Strykowski (aeq.).
 Senior Cup: 1, M. Saunders; 2, B. Foote.

WHAT YOU CAN DO AT THE M.B.C. - after you leave school



YOU can matriculate for any profession.

YOU can study for a Final Degree in ACCOUNTANCY and COMPANY SECRETARIAL work.

YOU can take a personal-attendance course in SALESMANSHIP and PUBLIC SPEAKING, including APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY and PERSONAL EFFICIENCY.

YOU can take a FULL BUSINESS COURSE, including Shorthand (or the modern **SHORTERhand**), Typewriting, Bookkeeping, and Office Routine.

YOU can learn the modern, easy, fast and reliable **Summerhayes SHORTERhand**. This system has proved its superiority in public examinations under the Incorporated Phonographic Society of Australia, by girls studying SHORTERhand in Secretarial Courses including many subjects.

Study to be READY for Opportunity WHEN IT COMES!

*You can safely entrust your future to the keen, sympathetic INDIVIDUAL tuition of practical experts at the M.B.C.
Opportunity comes only to those ready for it.*

★ Send for details of M.B.C. students' successes in Accountancy examinations, April-May series, 1950.

Total "honours" in this series were 68, which included 9 First Places in Australia.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

SUMMERHAYES HOUSE

6 DALLEY STREET, SYDNEY - - - BU 5921

THE RECORD

Under 16 Championships.

- 440 Yards: 1, C. Smee; 2, I. Butchart (6 mins. 6.2 secs.).
220 Yards: 1, C. Smee; 2, I. Butchart (2 mins. 44.9 secs.).
100 Yards: 1, C. Smee; 2, J. Thornett (61 secs.).
50 Yards: 1, C. Smee; 2, J. Thornett (25.7 secs.—Record).
50 Yards Breaststroke: 1, J. Thornett; 2, C. Smee (32.3 secs.—Record).
50 Yards Backstroke: 1, C. Smee; 2, J. Thornett (32.9 secs.).
Dive: 1, A. Thompson; 2, C. Smee.
Under 16 Cup: 1, C. Smee; 2, J. Thornett.

Under 15 Championships.

- 440 Yards: 1, D. Mills; 2, D. Healey (6 mins. 22.8 secs.).
220 Yards: 1, D. Mills; 2, B. Robertson (2 mins. 57.8 secs.).
100 Yards: 1, D. Mills; 2, B. Robertson (66 secs.).
50 Yards: 1, B. Robertson; 2, D. Mills (27.4 secs.).
50 Yards Breaststroke: 1, B. Robertson; 2, P. Johnston (37.2 secs.).
50 Yards Backstroke: 1, B. Robertson; 2, D. Mills (38.4 secs.).
Under 15 Cup: 1, B. Robertson; 2, D. Mills.

Under 14 Championships.

- 220 Yards: 1, D. Healey; 2, B. Parsons (2 mins. 52.6 secs.).
100 Yards: 1, B. Parsons; 2, D. Healey (67.8 secs.).
50 Yards: 1, B. Parsons; 2, W. Egan (30.1 secs.).
50 Yards Breaststroke: 1, B. Parsons; 2, G. Corry (41.2 secs.).
50 Yards Backstroke: 1, B. Parsons; 2, R. Hardy (40.1 secs.).
Dive: 1, R. Donaldson; 2, J. Havilah.
Under 14 Cup: 1, B. Parsons; 2, D. Healey.

Under 13 Championships.

- 100 Yards: 1, R. Hancock; 2, J. Reid (86.5 secs.).
50 Yards: 1, J. Reid; 2, A. Cunningham (36.1 secs.).
50 Yards Breaststroke: 1, P. Crittle; 2, N. Widerberg (48.1 secs.).
50 Yards Backstroke: 1, W. Watson; 2, R. Richards (46.2 secs.).
Under 13 Cup: 1, R. Hancock; 2, J. Reid.

Results of the C.H.S. Carnival

Senior Championships.

- Medley Relay: S.H.S. (J. Thornett, B. Foote, C. Smee), 1.
55 Yards: J. Thornett, 2.
Dive: A. Cohen, 2.

Under 16 Championships.

- Relay: S.H.S. (J. Thornett, C. Smee, I. Butchart, B. Green), 2.
55 Yards: C. Smee, 2.
55 Yards Breaststroke: J. Thornett, 1.
55 Yards Backstroke: C. Smee, 1.

Under 14 Championships.

- Relay: S.H.S. (B. Parsons, W. Egan, A. Wall, D. Healey), 2.
110 Yards: B. Parsons, 3.
55 Yards: B. Parsons, 2.
55 Yards Breaststroke: B. Parsons, 2.
55 Yards Backstroke: B. Parsons, 2.



STAN M^CCABE

has for many years supplied
sporting equipment to your
school.



Obtain your private sporting gear from

STAN M^CCABE SPORTS STORE

254 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

PHONE : BU 1065



WE GUARANTEE
QUALITY, SERVICE, SATISFACTION

LIFE SAVING

During the past season training in methods of rescue from drowning and resuscitation of the apparently drowned was carried on enthusiastically and efficiently by the boys following these courses of instruction and practice at the Clovelly Pool.

Including the 110 awards won, there are 375 awards held by boys at present enrolled at the School. We are fortunate in having with us a group of senior boys who are eager to train squads of juniors and thus gain Instructor's Certificates. All who wish to join are welcome. Although much routine training is necessary, there is ample time allowed for general swimming. It is desirable that all boys who can should take advantage of this additional educational facility provided by the School. The courses are not only interesting and highly instructive, but result in trained members of the community, who are a definite national asset in their life-saving potential.

It is pleasing to note the strong spirit of camaraderie which exists and the exemplary conduct and general bearing of the School's life-saving squads. The work seems to have the capacity of welding strong friendships and bringing out a boy's best qualities.

Local residents have frequently commented on this, and the School can be justly proud of the esteem in which it is held because of its life-saving squads.

Probably the best performance of the season was that of B. Nunn, who gained the Scholar-Instructor's Certificate and Bronze Cross, as well as the coveted Award of Merit. The work of boys in charge of squads, viz., P. Duke (no squad available for ultimate examination), K. Marchant, B. Nunn, and G. Sharpe was high class. L. Ruth excelled in the Bronze Cross, putting up one of the best performances seen for many years.

Results

First Class Instructor: K. Marchant, G. Sharpe.

Scholar Instructor: K. Marchant, B. Nunn.

Award of Merit: B. Green, B. Nunn, G. Sharpe.

Bronze Cross Bar: T. O'Neill, B. Tollis.

Bronze Cross: L. Beeby, M. Cherny, T. Dillon, J. Goddard, B. Harris, B. Havilah, J. Ison, G. Kellerman, W. King, G. Lyons, R. Owers, G. Pegler, R. Polglase, K. Quinton, L. Ruth, B. Seeney, P. Tilley, B. Warren.

Other awards, 83. Total, 110.

CLASS FOR NON-SWIMMERS AT CLOVELLY

During the swimming season twenty boys were taught to swim at Clovelly. It is still a matter for surprise that such a number of boys, many of whom live within close reach of swimming pools, come to a High School unable to swim, or at the best to do more than a few strokes. It is also a matter for regret that some of these lads make no attempt to follow up their Wednesday's lesson by a safe practice in shallow water at the week-end. Some on their own

admission never go near the water except for their Wednesday instruction.

The instructor's sincere thanks are given to senior boys of the life-saving squads who gave unstinted and valuable aid in this necessary work, thus making individual attention more frequent and regular.

ROWING

The 1950 Rowing Season had been a good one for the School, but we faced 1951 with some trepidation, as our crews would have to be formed almost entirely of boys new to rowing.

Our coaches were Mr. Nichols (Eight), Lt.-Col. Duffy (First and Second Fours), Mr. Callaway (Third and Fourth Fours), Mr. Grey (Junior Eight), and Mr. Bolton (who helped with the Fours and Junior Eight). These gentlemen deserve our heartfelt appreciation for all the time and energy they devote to the crews in training.

The Captain of Boats was J. Johnson and the Vice-Captain N. Payne. These boys performed their duties most conscientiously throughout the season.

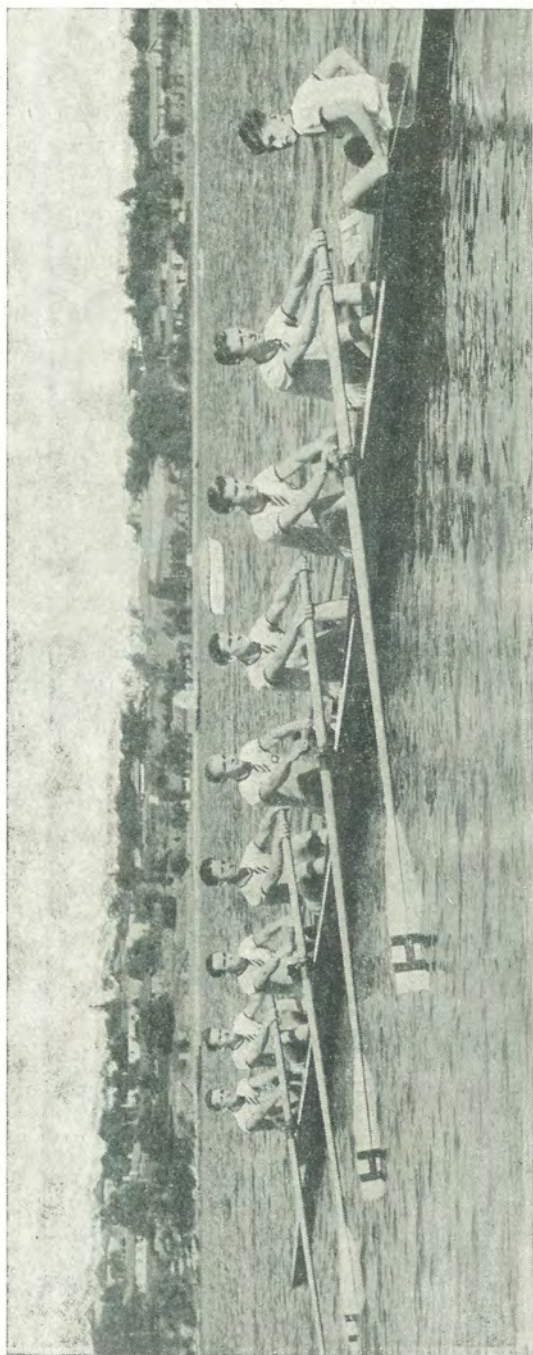
It is always difficult to find enough Old Boys who are willing to come into camp for a week as supervisors, and this year was no exception. The following Old Boys volunteered their services: Dick White, Geoff. Walker, Graham Pilger, John Adair, Edgar Foster, John Harris and John Agnew. We were glad of their help, and I am sure they enjoyed their week in camp.

The health of the boys was very good this season, and our Old Boy Medical Advisers were seldom called upon. Dr. Higham and Dr. Bulteau were kind enough to see any boys who required attention. An important factor in the boys' well-being was the quality of the meals served by Mrs. Teale at Drummoyne. It is not often we see a rower who can eat no more.

Prior to the big day at Penrith, all crews, except the Eight, appeared in club regattas in order to gain racing experience. At the J. B. Sharp Regatta our four Fours competed, and the First Four was able to win the Novice Fours. At the Riverview Regatta our First Four came third in the final and the Third Four came fourth in the final; the Junior Eight had to withdraw from its race after breaking a swivel. These results did not bode well for our success at the G.P.S. Regatta.

On that day the conditions at Penrith were perfect. A stiff westerly had blown for two days, but Saturday was fine and warm, with not even a gentle breeze. The river was slow and conditions heavy.

For the first time since 1946 all our crews were unplaced. Our best results were fourth in the Head of the River and fourth in the Third Fours. It was not a good day for us, but that should make us keener to do well next time. Our crews did their best, and that is all we ask.



THE EIGHT.



CREWS AND COACHES IN CAMP.

Many friends helped us during the season, and we wish to thank them all for their generosity: the Parents and Citizens' Association, which was our mainstay; the Ladies' Auxiliary, who provided lunches at Penrith and a fine supper on Regatta Night; the O.B.U., who provided a case of apples and a case of oranges every week during rowing camp; Mr. White, who brought Coca-Cola for all the boys after the race; Mr. Agnew, who brought the boys a huge can of ice-cream at Penrith; Mrs. Mahony, who sent a cheque for £2/2/- (it provided the rowers' train tickets to Penrith); Mr. Scorer, for his annual gift of Victor Polish; Mr. Crebbin, who as an old rower, donated a set of four blades (one blade would be a welcome gift from any old rower); and the Junior Eight, who cleaned up the Drummoyne shed after the crews had left, and the Nepean shed after the races were over. Lastly, we thank the all-important coaches, who do more than anyone else to keep up the rowing traditions of Sydney High.

In conclusion, let me say that 1951 was in many respects a good year. Though they did not win any titles, this year's rowers were as fine a lot as we have had in rowing camp. Their spirit and enthusiasm were excellent, and they really enjoyed rowing.

S. WICK,

Rowing Master.

The Crews

Eight—J. Johnson, 11.0 (bow); J. Caddy, 11.8 (2); G. Nehl, 11.5 (3); B. McLean, 12.0 (4); J. Thornett, 12.10 (5); D. Stuart, 12.10 (6); B. Foote, 12.2 (7); N. Payne, 9.12 (stroke); B. May, 8.0 (cox).

First Four—R. Barnwell, 10.10 (bow); R. Clark, 10.12 (2); R. Thompson, 11.1 (3); P. Aston, 10.8 (stroke); I. Little, 7.0 (cox).

Second Four—A. Geoghegan, 9.3 (bow); L. Foster, 11.12 (2); B. Salt, 12.0 (3); T. Denham, 9.10 (stroke); J. Donoghue, 6.13 (cox).

Third Four—B. Duncan, 9.7 (bow); D. Denny, 9.11 (2); W. Leroy, 9.4 (3); R. Jenkin, 9.6 (stroke); J. Donaldson, 5.13 (cox).

Fourth Four—S. Hall, 9.2 (bow); I. Howitt, 9.9 (2); W. Taylor, 10.4 (3); E. Coleman, 11.0 (stroke); A. Nichols, 6.13 (cox).

Junior Eight—P. Hardman, 9.1 (bow); J. Henderson, 8.12 (2); R. Clark, 9.1 (3); R. Bolton, 9.8 (4); D. Healey, 9.12 (5); R. Ryan, 9.2 (6); R. Curnow, 9.2 (7); M. Braithwaite, 9.3 (stroke); W. Allan, 5.12 (cox).

TENNIS

It was decided this year to enter teams in the Combined High Schools Competition in all four grades. This entailed strenuous practice and careful grading of the players, and consequently some limitation had to be placed on the number of boys taking part in the sport in view of the fact that we are restricted to four courts.

Thirty-two players were selected, and challenged by those seeking places in the teams. When all challenges had been played, and the defeated players replaced by their challengers, the remaining 32 were divided into four teams and settled down to regular match play among themselves with the object of developing some good combinations.

In April, nominations were called in pairs for the first School Tournament. A First and Second Year Tournament in singles was organised in order to reduce to four the applicants for the School Fourth Grade Team. A selection committee of four was then elected by the boys and given power to select the School teams on the results of the tournaments.

The teams selected are still open to challenge. Initial success of the representatives chosen in winning 45 sets for the loss of only three in the two inter-school matches so far played points to a successful season.

R. NORRIS,
Union Rep.
W. McEWAN,
First Grade Captain.

LITERARY

ALMA MATER

Sydney High School, as the oldest high school in the State, plays a colourful part in the saga of education in New South Wales. Yet many of those who attend the School know little of its history.

Although an Act providing for high schools in New South Wales, to prepare students for the University, was passed in 1880, it was three years before Sydney High School came into being. Here it may be judicious to add that, although ours was the first high school, many private schools, such as King's, Newington, and Grammar, were already in existence.

Sixty-three boys and, strange coincidence, the same number of girls, sat for the Entrance Examination, and of these fifty-four boys and forty-three girls were successful. From this humble beginning Sydney Boys' High School and its sister school, Sydney Girls' High School, have grown to number about one and a half thousand pupils.

Applications having been invited for the Headmasterships of the Sydney, Bathurst, Goulburn and Maitland High Schools (which were to be opened in the same year), Mr. Joseph Coates, B.A. (Oxon.) was appointed Headmaster of Sydney High. As he could not assume office until the next year, Mr. Waterhouse—appointed Head at Maitland—controlled the School from its opening, on 8th October, 1883, till the end of the year, and the opening of Maitland High was deferred.

The first building occupied by the Sydney High Schools was a two-storey red brick building surrounded by asphalt yards, and it stood where David Jones' store now stands. The boys occupied

the lower floor and the Castlereagh Street playground; the girls the upper floor and Elizabeth Street playground. The two schools were entirely separate. This very old building was remarkable for the thickness of its walls, and was reputedly built by convicts as a barracks. Be this as it may, a quantity of swords and muskets was discovered in the cellars when the School was being moved.

At the beginning of 1884 Mr. Coates assumed the Headmastership, and the School began to take permanent shape. He came straight from his position of Head at Newington, bringing several of his pupils from there, who were of great use in the development of the School. Mr. Coates did not believe in giving prizes, and during his regime achievement was its own reward. However, he had honour boards erected instead, and these are still kept going.

The first football team played in blue jerseys with S.H.S. on the chest in red; but, soon after the first year the present School colours of brown and blue were adopted.

The first athletic meeting, in 1886, was organised by a committee of the boys, and seven thousand attended. The boys asked jewellers and other firms in Sydney to donate the cups, and so generous was the response that three prizes were given for practically every event.

The first school magazine was the "Chronicle," which had a short life of three years—from 1887 to 1890. Its short duration was no doubt due to the over-ambitious project of publishing it every month. It was not until 1909 that the magazine re-appeared in the form of the "Record," which has persisted till the present day.

At the commencement of the year 1892 the Boys' School moved from Elizabeth Street to Ultimo, leaving the old school building to the girls. This year also saw the formation of the Old Boys' Union, which has proved a great benefit to the School.

The crisis of the School's history was reached in 1896. This year Mr. Coates retired. His successor, Mr. John Waterhouse, M.A., competently guided the School through its growing pains and laid the foundation for the greatness and prestige that it enjoys to-day.

A momentous day in the School's development occurred when it was admitted into the Great Public Schools' Association, in 1906—although Sydney High had for many years been connected with the schools forming this Association.

In 1910 Mr. Waterhouse introduced the prefect system. To this date the title "Captain of the School" devolved upon the senior scholar or dux. However, it was not until 1917 that the schoolboys elected their own prefects, as they do to-day.

In 1912 the fee of three guineas per term was abolished, and the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate examinations replaced the Junior and Senior exams. In the following year the Combined High Schools' Association was formed, and since then our School has competed in football, cricket, athletics, swimming, debating and many other activities with equal success.

With its inclusion in C.H.S., Sydney High became the State's only school to compete both in G.P.S. and C.H.S. activities.

Mr. Waterhouse was succeeded in 1915 by Mr. R. J. Hinder, who held office until his untimely decease in 1918. Too high an estimation of Mr. Waterhouse's work is impossible, and the School's debt to him can never be paid. Mr. C. R. Smith, M.A., was appointed to Mr. Hinder's position, and filled it capably for six years. The School had Mr. Saxby as its fifth Head—he held office from 1925 to 1933. His love for and interest in the School are self-evident still.

The School's history in rowing is a romantic one. The first crew was a Four entered in the Yaralla Cup in 1924. It ran away in fine style to win by ten lengths, more than a hundred yards. Such a success warranted the entering of an Eight, which won by three lengths. Two more wins completed the hat trick for the first three years' rowing. In 1928 the School came a close second, and then two more firsts in the following years. The School's next triumph was in the Jubilee year of rowing, when the School "scooped the pool," to win four out of five races in record times.

At the Old Boys' Annual Dinner in 1925 the then Minister for Education, the Hon. T. D. Mutch, promised to have a new school building erected at Moore Park, provided the Old Boys did something towards providing playing fields. In ten minutes £800 was promised. Mr. Mutch honoured his promise, and immediately had plans drawn up for the school building we now occupy. We are indebted to Mr. McKay for his indefatigable devotion to the construction of the Sports Ground for the School in Centennial Park.

The movement to the new school gave rise to the badge of to-day, as the previous badge had no heraldic significance. This badge bears the shield of the City of Sydney, an open book thereon, denoting scholarship, surmounted by a crown and based on a scroll bearing the School motto, "Veritate et Virtute".

The present Headmaster, Mr. J. H. Killip, has held office since 1936, when he succeeded Mr. F. McMullen.

The School numbers amongst its Old Boys many distinguished men in every walk of life, pre-eminent among whom is Sir Grafton Elliot Smith, one of the first to be enrolled. Also there are four Rhodes Scholars, including E. A. Southee, M.C., O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. (Agric.), Rear-Admiral Sir Leighton Seymour Bracegirdle, J. P. Metcalf, Olympic athlete, and Mervyn Wood, World's Sculls Champion, are names on the imposing list.

With these inspiring traditions, both in the academic and the sporting spheres, it rests with us to maintain the standards set by our predecessors and to make the name of Sydney High School greater yet.

R. M. MAY (4A).

AUSTRALIAN SUNSET

The sky is afire with whirling, twirling crimson, fading away to a grey with mottled red. Soon the red will pale in a dull, empty greyness that renders the day lifeless.

The low clouds are reddened with shafts of fire, but dead they seem beside the once spinning whirlpools that tremble as the sun sinks deeper in its bed.

Now the flame is gone, all light disappears, and the twirling bright red ecstasy is but dull, dark smoke, and the grey, fluffy clouds that bring night with all its fears move across the deadened sky.

But the morrow brings a new miracle, as we see again those lariats of fire dragging the sky-god to his temporary death.

I. LACEY (5A).

THE PASSING OF A GREAT AUSTRALIAN

Australia's most distinguished soldier, Field-Marshal Sir Thomas Blamey, a man whose greatest characteristic was his loyalty to the British Empire, passed away on the 27th May, 1951. Sir Thomas was not only a great soldier, but a devoted servant of his people, a man in whom patriotism, great ability, strength of mind and force of character were blended in the most massive proportions.

Born in Wagga, N.S.W., in 1884, he was one of ten children. His first contact with military life came when at the age of twelve he became a cadet, wearing proudly the bright blue uniform which was then in vogue. Joining the West Australian Education Department in 1899, he began as a student teacher, but he was unsuccessful in this occupation. He then studied for entry to the British Army Staff College at Quetta, in India, and was successful in gaining admission in 1911. He had the distinction of being the first Australian chosen for admission to this College.

At the beginning of the First World War he had attained the rank of Major. He served at Gallipoli and in France with great distinction, being noticed there by General Monash, who saw in him a potential leader of Australia's fighting men. General Monash said of him: "He possessed a mind cultured far above the average, widely informed and prehensile."

The honour of Australian Chief of Staff befell him at the age of 34. As Chief Commissioner for Police in Victoria from 1925 to 1936 he made the force into a smart, efficient body. For his services to his country he was knighted in 1935. When the Second World War broke out, Sir Thomas Blamey became G.O.C. of the Second A.I.F. He led the gallant men of Australia in Greece and in the Middle East. After the outbreak of hostilities in the Pacific he returned to Australia, and, under General Macarthur, became the Commander-in-Chief of Allied Land Forces in the South-west Pacific. He spent months on the troubled shores of New Guinea and made frequent visits to the battlefield.

In Tokio Bay, aboard the U.S.S. "Missouri," he represented Australia at the signing of the armistice in 1945. After the honour of Field-Marshal had been conferred upon him by the King, he received his baton in September, 1950, whilst lying in a wheel-chair. Even then it was evident that he was a dying man. Then on the 27th May of this year the whole world mourned the passing of Australia's greatest soldier.

Of him, General Macarthur said: "I always thought of him as one of the greatest soldiers and men." It is said that when asked by a friend what he would do if he had his life over, he replied: "I would be nothing but a soldier."

Truly, Field-Marshal Blamey was a great man who had found his right vocation.

J. DONOGHUE (3B).

DE VETUSTATE

*Age is but the restless tossing
Of the soul before it wakes,
When it soars, all heights excelling,
Soon to wake when dawning breaks.*

*Rendered feeble by time's power,
The giant hand you cannot stay,
Not the shortness of our hour
Can stand against eternal day.*

*Worry not at life's brief passing;
Look as from a mighty tower
Back upon the earth's vain primping,
Then life's storms seem but a shower.
Ne'er despair, for life is but a single hour.*

J. STANHOPE (4A).

DEATH OF A PARASITE

A Study in Abnormality

I recognised the voice on the telephone immediately. That frantic exuberance alternating with tones of languid boredom could belong to nobody but Paul Kelner. Could I come and see him at once on a matter of indescribable urgency and importance? I could? Excellent! He gave me the address and hung up, expecting me within the next hour. I reflected that it must certainly be an affair "of indescribable urgency and importance" if he wanted me to come and see him at nine o'clock on a wet night. But through long familiarity with Paul Kelner's habits, his strange request caused me little surprise.

I had known Paul Kelner ever since I could remember. He was the type of person one can see every day and listen to for hours

without finding any new major clue as to his real character. On the surface he appeared to be a most extraordinary mixture of radical contradictions—brilliant intellect and astounding naiveté, the most fierce egoism and the most unselfish consideration, happiness and misery, pleasure and pain. It was well known that he had few friends; indeed, I could never imagine Paul exerting himself to the extent of falsifying his real nature merely for the sake of popularity. "To be popular," he would say to me, with his peculiar mixture of arrogance and confidence, "is to be vulgar. It is only by differing from the multitude that one can be a man and not a monkey." Despite the vehemence with which he used to make such statements, it always seemed to me as if he were speaking against his true beliefs, that he was trying, for some reason or other, to convince himself and others of something which he knew instinctively to be false.

Even when very young he showed signs of what was to become more apparent in later life: he kept as much to himself as possible ("I loathe company," he said), yet nevertheless rapidly acquired the reputation of an eccentric, of one who stuck rigidly to his own ways regardless of the practices of those around him. "My actions," he used to say, "are *jenseits von Gut und Böse*. With me everything is lawful. I personify the *ne plus ultra* of individualism." But because of his undeniable brilliance and what seemed like encyclopædic knowledge, the slightly amused contempt in which he was generally held was tempered by a respect and admiration for his intellectual accomplishments which formed an admirable balance to what many considered his less savoury characteristics. It was inevitable, of course, that all sorts of rumours should be circulated about him, the bulk of which were, as may have been expected, completely false.

For with him fits of abject despondency alternated violently with periods of almost ecstatic joy. He was, in fact, what is generally described as "moody," being liable to indulge in all kinds of emotional excess: one moment he would be screaming with laughter over some witticism or other (he always shrieked where others laughed, often astonishing pedestrians and severely embarrassing his companions by doing it in the middle of a crowded city street), and in the next would be yelling with anger for no apparent reason or breaking into huge sobs that shook his whole body and turned his face a deep and fiery crimson. This would usually be succeeded by a prolonged fit of horrible coughing, during which he sounded as if he were choking. One of his acquaintances aptly described him as "one huge exaggeration," perhaps the best short description of him possible.

In his personal habits he was just as unconventional as in his behaviour. ("I am the complete master of my own actions," he used to say to me, although no one knew better than himself how untrue this was.) He had one suit of clothes, which he wore day in, day out, rain or shine, for close on two years. Draughts, breezes and

winds were anathema to him. Whenever he could he shut every window and bolted every door within reach. Once, in the almost empty upper deck of a 'bus, he caused no little amusement among the other passengers and myself by frantically rushing to all the open windows and shutting them with a bang. Everywhere he went he carried an umbrella under one arm and a gigantic bundle of books under the other; in no matter what weather he was always to be seen with his tattered old umbrella. He also never ceased complaining of being short of cash; he never seemed to be able to afford even the most trifling luxury. When asked why he went without his lunch one day, he replied: "Ha! I've hardly enough money nowadays for books, let alone food." He went for months without a haircut, and only when the remarks of his associates became too persistent did he consent to visit the barber's. And never, to my knowledge at any rate, did he evince the slightest noticeable interest in the members of the opposite sex—nor they, for that matter, in him.

During his first year at University I saw comparatively little of him, and the following year even less. Nothing but an occasional letter or two (he used to write the most unusual letters), or perhaps a short telephone call. It was said that his health had been deteriorating, although his academic success remained undiminished.

So I was naturally rather surprised when, one evening about six months ago, I received the telephone call from Paul I've mentioned already—from someone whom I hadn't seen for ages, and with whom, if the truth were told, I had never been on terms of much more than polite friendship. But, having learned from painful personal experience not to be astonished at anything Paul said or did, I told him that if the situation was indeed as urgent as he said it was, I should of course come over straight away. The possibility that I might have had other arrangements didn't seem to worry him particularly; that he'd asked me to come, and so definitely, was probably more than sufficient reason in his eyes why I should drop everything then and there and fly to his assistance. But because I hadn't seen him for such a long time, and because he had never, so far as I knew, asked any one of his acquaintances to visit him at his flat, I was not as annoyed as I might otherwise have been.

As the address he'd given me had been one near the city, I thought I would not be home as late as I had previously expected. At least, I hoped not.

My arrival in the city had been preceded by a rainstorm, and the multicoloured lights of the theatres, the advertisements, the cars, the trams and the shopwindows reflected in the water looked as if they had been indiscriminately mixed together and splashed on to the ground: violent reds, blues, yellows and greens from one end of the street to the other turned it into a dazzling garish mess. The hum of motorcars sliding over the wet road and the trams screeching along the rails mingled with the clatter of many feet along the footpath, the confusion of voices and laughter, both shrill and deep,

coming from the crowded theatre entrances, and the strident blare of the jukeboxes continuously producing manufactured music for the far from fastidious clientèle in the many milkbars. From out of the entrance of a nearby restaurant a half-conscious drunk who had obviously just been sick was being dragged by two waiters, who propped him up against the outside wall and left him. A small crowd had gathered just as I was passing. When I turned round somewhat later to see what had become of him the crowd had vanished, but I could still make out the drunk's unconscious form lying sprawled out alone all over the footpath.

Paul Kelner's flat took a good deal of seeking. I made my way through dark little alleys squeezed in between the black backs of the huge buildings, which, like great mountains, rose up from the ground, their lighted windows looking like eyes shining through the gloom. The walls were dusty, damp and dirty. Piles of rubbish, probably tipped out from some fifth or sixth storey window, and giving off the most hideous smell, lay scattered with filthy old newspapers over the wet ground, and by the light of the bluish arc-lamp I could see two cats clawing about among the refuse. From the windows came the screech of a radio, or more often than not the loud, conflicting cross-talk of a domestic disagreement. Paul Kelner lived in one of these monstrous buildings, high up on the seventh floor.

The lift being out of order, I had to climb the seven flights of rickety wooden stair in the semi-darkness, for there was no light on any of the landings. With curiosity unquenched by fatigue, I banged the somewhat loose knocker on the door of the flat bearing the name Kelner.

I heard the creak of the opening door, but as both the flat inside and the landing outside were in darkness, I could make out nothing distinctly. I was puzzled and slightly annoyed.

"So you're here at last!" It was Paul Kelner's voice.

"Well, turn the light on, why don't you? It's pitch dark here."

"Yes, of course," he said. "You must forgive me. I was just meditating—I can't meditate or listen to music unless it's dark, you know—*dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod*—and I'd—er—almost completely forgotten you were coming. Please come in."

I made my way as best I could through the open doorway of his flat. "Let there be light!" I heard him say, and suddenly the whole place was illuminated as he pressed the switch. I stood there blinking, trying to accustom my eyes to the new brightness.

The flat was not very large, nor, I'm afraid, very tidy. Books, tattered and torn, were scattered all over the table and floor. Also on the table was a glass half full of what I supposed to be medicine; at any rate, it was a pale, sickly green colour. In a corner I noticed the inevitable umbrella, now, alas! in a sorry state of disrepair. The many decorations (needless to say, by Paul himself) were pasted all over the otherwise bare walls, and were hardly calculated to make one feel at ease, for they were nearly all variations on

Paul's favourite decorative theme—*The Monster*, which usually took the form of a terrifying face, and which had all been done, he told me, in his periodical bouts of melancholia. He slept, so he said, though I never had the opportunity of personally verifying it, in a room bare save for the mattress on the floor, in which he'd painted one wall completely mauve, another black, another green, and on the wall opposite the mattress had painted an especially horrifying version of his *Monster*.

I could see immediately that Paul was highly agitated over something or other. Despite the studied composure which he tried to affect, he could not quite hide the nervous trembling of his right hand, nor the way in which he kept blinking unsteadily, or in which he ran the little finger of his left hand along his thick black eyebrows. He had apparently not shaved for two or three days, for his face was a confused tangle of bristle; nor, apparently, had he slept much, for great black rings ran under his eyes, and his red lids were puffed up and swollen. His long, dark, uncombed hair fell on to his forehead, and the dirty blue dressing-gown he was wearing had also seen far better days. His uneasiness prevented him from keeping still, and no sooner had he sat down than he would be on his feet again, striding restlessly with his large, heavy step from one end of the small room to the other, his hands deep in the frayed pockets of his dressing-gown and his tattered slippers irritatingly scraping across the wooden floor.

"This is the only night I've managed to kick the family out and be alone," he began; and it struck me for the first time, strangely enough, that Paul Kelner must have a family—a mother, maybe, or a father, perhaps even (though I doubted it) brothers or sisters.

"You've probably been wondering," he went on, blinking harder than ever, "exactly why I've asked you so urgently to come over at this unearthly hour. The reason is simply this: I feel I want someone to talk to; I'm in the mood for a grand confession. My own company, believe it or not, is beginning to pall on me. What I want is to be able to talk to someone, anyone, about something, anything, and know that I'm being listened to. For if there's anyone in the whole world I'm thoroughly sick and tired of, it's my own gloriously complex self."

Here he shot a furtive glance in the direction of the closed, curtainless window, as if suspecting that a pair of ears other than his or my own was listening there, outside, up on the seventh floor. After a pause he continued:

"So now I'm simply going to talk to you, and I expect you to play only the rôle of the silent, receptive listener. I chose you for no particular reason; in fact, yours was just the first name that happened to enter my head, so, quite haphazardly, I rang you in the hope that you'd be able to come. And here you are."

There was nothing I could very well say to this extraordinary opening. I thought that probably the wisest thing to do under the circumstances was to play the rôle he had designated to me of

the "silent, receptive listener," and leave it at that. So I made myself as comfortable as I possibly could in the decrepit, creaking chair he had so thoughtfully provided for me, and sat back, patiently waiting for him to pour out his soul.

"For most of my life," he began again, clearing his throat, "I have waged an incessant war against my greatest enemy—reality. And, I must admit to my shame, reality has won. To-day I realised this fully for the first time. It is a terrible feeling. Towards this reality I have been unwaveringly indifferent, and now, when I see it is too late, I see that I can never change. I am defeated for good. I once felt myself capable of doing many great things, of achieving much and living fully. That was all nonsense. It is impossible for me to do anything of the kind. I—lost all my illusions—when—I——"

A fit of coughing interrupted him, and the force of it sent him staggering around the room, clutching blindly on to various pieces of furniture, his face looking as if it were about to explode. When he recovered, he seemed to have completely forgotten what he was talking about, for he went off on to a totally different topic, in which he became quite oblivious of my presence in one of his characteristic flights of eloquence.

"Do you know," he said, "I've always been impressed and fascinated by the phenomenon that the world calls genius—artistic genius—and especially by the fact that it seems absolutely inseparable from a radical departure from the normal standards of behaviour and conventional practice. The artist has always been and always will be the object of a hatred springing from misunderstanding and mistrust on the part of 'the blithely accepting multitude', which cannot tolerate independence of thought or action from any one of its members. They take every opportunity to persecute and hold up to ridicule those who have had the unheard-of presumption *to be different* and to do a little thinking for themselves. But because the artist is abnormally gifted and endowed in creative talent, it is only consistent and logical that he should be abnormal in other respects, and this is where the practical public refuse to accept him (not to mention their inherent inability to accept him in his own sphere). They say, in effect: You can compose *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, but you must not cheat and betray your friends; you can create a new Tahitian world of the senses in paint, but you must not desert your wife and children, or purposely drive your rival to suicide.

"After all, I suppose the poor Philistine public have good reason to be upset: Look at Baudelaire with his green hair and Negro mistress, Van Gogh slicing off his right ear with a rusty razor, presenting it in an attractively wrapped box to a tavern prostitute, and later blowing his own brains out with a revolver; look at Villon thieving and cheating, Marlowe dying in a tavern brawl; Proust letting pen after pen drop from his fingers, not willing to disturb the peace of his cork-lined room by getting out of bed to pick them

up. Look at the lunatic ravings in madhouses of Strindberg, Smetana, Nietzsche, Hugo Wolf, Maupassant and Schumann. Listen to the epileptic screeches of Dostoevsky and Moussorgsky, and watch the drug-addicts Coleridge, De Quincey and Rossetti buying artificial bliss with the 'dull opiate'. This list, I think, could be continued for a long time.

"But just imagine what can happen if this artist-mentality is frustrated, has no creative outlet, and not only in an individual, but in a whole nation! The perfect example of this is twentieth-century Germany, Hitler, and Nazism. Were not the Nazis a collection of unsuccessful, embittered, thwarted egoists, eager to revenge themselves on a world which had left them in an unfavourable position, but a position for which they alone were wholly responsible, and adopting as their leader a man who had been a failure in early life, falsely imagined himself an artistic genius, was rejected by his fellow human beings, who became a down-and-out beerhall orator, soup kitchen frequenter, penny scribbler and petty cheat; who loathed work, hated everybody, loved himself, was too shy to have even the slightest success with women, who finally, due to extraordinary circumstances, was able to take a rejected egoist's revenge on humanity of such gigantic proportions that he did not stop before a nation of sixty million men, women and children had been hypnotised, bullied and forced into accepting *him*, *him*, and *him alone* as the final, ultimate, perfect authority, dispenser of life and death, and before millions and millions of lives and the loss of the world's peace had been sacrificed to the wounded vanity of a nation personified in the wounded vanity of *one man*? And that is Hitler's extraordinarily unique achievement, his distinguishing characteristic from other dictators of other epochs. It is something for which I cannot help feeling unbounded admiration and envy. So, *heil Hitler!* . . ."

This was too much, both for him and for me. During the foregoing tirade Paul gradually became more and more excited, until by the end of it he was in a state bordering on hysteria. I could feel his hot, heavy breath in my face. He was virtually screaming, and the strain, of course, brought on another of his terrible fits of coughing. Until then I had simply sat watching him as at a theatre performance. But his final exhibition was positively alarming. I sprang to my feet.

"You're ill—you're mad—you're insane!" I cried.

Suddenly, by a tremendous effort at self-control, he managed to calm himself. His face had gone quite white. He was panting heavily.

"You know why I really brought you here to-night? You know why? You know why? For this!"

And darting towards the table he snatched up the glass of pale green liquid that had been there since my arrival and drained it in two gulps. Then, as if overcome by what he had done, he just saved himself from falling to the ground by catching hold of the edge of

the table. When he turned his face towards me I could see it was dripping with perspiration. The left corner of his mouth was twitching convulsively.

"Within fifteen minutes," he articulated in a strangled voice, "I shall be dead . . . no one . . . can do . . . anything."

He had begun foaming at the mouth and had gone a sickly yellow. Then he started beating about in the air with his hands, as if warding off an unseen attacker, and finally fell with a heavy thud to the floor. In falling, he struck his forehead against the edge of the table, and within a few seconds his head was bathed in a pool of blood, and his eyes, goggling stupidly at the ceiling, had begun to take on the dull, fixed stare of death.

I quietly switched off the lights in the flat, went out, and shut the door behind me. The landing was as quiet as before and just as dark. I groped my way down the seven flights of unsteady stairs and only when once out into the fresh, cool night air did I breathe freely and try to recollect calmly what had happened.

Next day Paul Kelner's suicide received about ten lines on the back page of an early edition of a city newspaper. By the next edition it had disappeared to make way for an item of more immediate interest to the public—sport, scandal, or politics, I forget which. What does it matter, anyway?

J. GREENBERG (5A).

THE HOPE OF PEACE

*The day of no more wars had come at last.
Those cruel faiths whose faith it was to fight
Had since been banished from the peaceful earth.
No longer was there any need to kill,
Yet, in their minds, the nations disagreed.
Throughout the globe there still remained so vast
A number of sincere conflicting faiths
That yet men did not live in harmony,
And still each man did quarrel with his fellow.*

*Therefore, the great wise men who brought this peace,
The mortals who had fought to rid the world
For evermore of cause for any strife
Were needed even more than at the first,
For peace among men's weapons they had brought,
Yet peace among men's minds was not attained.
From all the corners of the earth they came,
All wise men they, to find the panacea
Which would at last bring men to understanding,
And peace of mind to all the men of earth.*

If you are a candidate at the 1951 Intermediate or Leaving Certificate examination this will interest you.

THE SYDNEY WATER BOARD

offers excellent opportunities to the young man seeking a **CAREER WITH A FUTURE.**

Appointments will be made to the following positions, which combine good remuneration with scope for advancement, security and excellent working conditions:—

- (a) **JUNIOR PROFESSIONAL OFFICERS** at Leaving Certificate standard for those desiring to become engineers (civil, mechanical or electrical), surveyors, chemists, or architects.
- (b) **JUNIOR CLERKS.** Intermediate or Leaving Certificate, for young men who prefer a clerical career with the prospect of reaching a high administrative post.
- (c) **DRAFTING ASSISTANTS.** Intermediate Certificate. Positions with an appeal to those who aim to qualify as Survey Draftsmen.



Applicants will be interviewed before the examination results are published. Ensure an early interview by lodging your application before 15th November. Those selected may be offered provisional appointments which will be confirmed if satisfactory examination results are achieved.

Call on the Staff Officer (at the address shown below), write or telephone M 6508, Extension 215 for any further information you may desire.

341 Pitt Street,
SYDNEY.

W. V. AIRD,
Secretary.

THE RECORD

*And thus they met, these wise men from afar;
All through the night and day for many months
They sought to find the answer to their plight.
Long did they sit and long did they discuss
The means by which the world could rid itself
For evermore of reason for dispute.
And then, when many months had so elapsed,
Each sage agreed that never could there be
Such peace, while nations did conflict in faith.*

*This was the outcome of that wise assembly:
That till the day when all the world would trust
In God alone and in no other gods,
Till such a time as they would bow the knee
To God in all His glory and His power,
And all the nations of the earth perceived
And knew that He was peace and He was love,
And all did worship Him in unison
There would not be such peace upon the earth
As that for which the souls of men cried out.*

*Then up and spoke the wisest of them all,
The most reputed for his reasoning:
"How foolish is the mind of mortal man
That he doth puzzle over things foretold!
For truly, as announced by God himself
When all shall worship Him as He commands,
Then peace shall be among the minds of men:
Not till that day shall any man have peace,
Not till that day shall there be harmony
'Tween man and Maker, man and fellow man."*

*Then rose and said another of the sages:
"But surely we poor mortals are not free
To banish all the faiths from Earth but one,
For each man in his own doth firmly trust,
And even for such peace 'twould be a crime
To kill so many men for their belief."*

*Then spoke the first to all that wise assembly:
"The Lord shall grant His peace as He has promised.
He will, in His good time, send such a cause,
As will compel the peoples of the Earth
To realise that He is God Almighty.
Then shall all faiths combine as one before Him,
And worship Him in all sincerity.
Then will the peace of God descend on Earth:
We men must wait and pray for this fulfilment."*

H. SPERLING (4A).

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

He was a small unpretentious-looking man. He could have been no more than fifty, yet he had a worn, commonplace expression. He had a small nose, hair just greying from a light brown, small ears, a rather pale complexion. As he sat in his wheel-chair on the promenade of the small Swiss spa with his daughter, Madi, he remained motionless, eyes downcast. Yet, when he raised his eyes to the vast panorama one could not but be fascinated by the depth of those dark, dark orbs. They were full of melancholy, of sadness—even of horror—yes, horror.

Ever since Papa had had the stroke, Madi had cared for him: that was just seven months now, seven blank months, in which he had been paralysed from the waist downwards, his first sickness. He had been the only doctor at Schulpera. It was the striking beauty of the scenery that had first attracted him there—he had found just the house for himself and Madi, on the outskirts of the village, made of picturesque stone with a small garden in which Papa grew his favourite white chrysanthemums. In the winter they were imprisoned by snow drifts. Papa had loved that; he loved snow. Madi hated snow—cold, dreary wastes, dazzling white with ghastly trees dappling long, hungry shadows.

Now he was the talk of the village. They had labelled him the "Mad Doctor". How Madi felt the shame of it! Papa had screamed and raved for weeks, and since then he had shrunk—gradually, horribly, Madi saw it. Papa had never been a big man, but now each day he became a little smaller and frailer. Oh, how she hated it all! She hated the country, the little house—it was cold and damp in the bitter winter. Papa's screaming had all but distracted her; she hated her very name. She could remember when she was a little mite in plaits; she had been sent to school in England, and the petty little cats immediately named her "Madi the Madman". Mama's name had been Madi. She was Swiss, but Madi did not remember her.

Once Madi had taken Papa to Aunt Jeanne's at Bernè. They had reached Aunt Jeanne's safely and a certain uneasiness on Papa's part seemed dispelled. Cousin Claire gave Madi a pretty cameo, and for the first time in weeks she began to enjoy herself. Suddenly a horrified rending scream echoed through the large house. It was Papa—he lay back quivering in his chair, his arm raised pointing to a pack of cards on the mantel.

"Cards! Cards! The ace of spades!"

Frantically he tried to move away. Quickly Madi wheeled him out of the room. She could not stay now. Aunt Jeanne was very kind, but the open stares of her cousins and the servants were unbearable.

"Half past four, I think, Madi. Shall we go in?"

Madi started.

"Why, yes, Papa. The sun is just sinking."

* * * *

Madi's room in the hotel gave off Papa's. The maid brought their meals to the apartment and Madi had thought it best that way. The rooms were tastefully furnished and all the furniture was grouped around two large windows curtained with blue French draperies. From these windows could be seen the Matterhorn soaring like some grotesque white dream-pyramid to meet the grey sky, solid and impenetrable.

Madi sat opposite the windows by a small carved table on which a shaded lamp cast a circle of soft light. The blinds were not yet drawn and Papa lay back with a quiet, almost contented expression. The last flush of pink was fading from the sky and night was slowly settling its quiet on the valley. Madi was embroidering. Papa said it soothed him, for it reminded him of her mother. In the stone house at Schulpera there was an old chest filled with exquisite needlework for Madi on her marriage. Yes, Madi thought she would have liked Mama, had she lived.

Papa seemed almost to have forgotten his illness, but Madi was not easy. As he sat now, thinking she was busy sewing, a far-away expression of fear stole over his face. His eyes stared down, down, as if they would devour the floor. Suddenly his whole frame shuddered and he glanced quickly at Madi. Still busy, ah! Why no! She was gone! But there was no need to fear. Madi—kind, good Madi, who cared for him had gone for his tonic. She always went at this time. Dear, good child!

Suddenly he saw, coming through the arch doorway, a man. Surely not a visitor at this time! He was tall and robust with thin, fair hair brushed very shiny; his face was clean-shaven, apart from a small moustache, and his dress was immaculate, even to gloves.

"Good-evening, Dr. Dene. A very pleasant evening, do you not think? Too pleasant to be indoors."

"Good . . . no, no, you have come! All these months I have striven to remember. Go! Go! Go! Go!"

Papa turned very pale. Suddenly he opened his trembling lips.

"Now it comes back to me. I was asked if I should have liked to join a club—"The Experimenters". You were among them . . . fiend . . . murderer! I remember the first night. We were all to assemble in the Hall at eight, in the Great Hall of Berne, near the clock with the hands, vast hands, mighty hands, hands to kill—to choke! They go round and round. Hark! I hear a sound. A clicking sound, infinitesimally small. I strain to hear. It grows louder. It fills my ears with great roaring. Faster and faster go the hands, round and round, roaring, screaming, shrieking! No, 'tis still. A hush, a deathly hush. I see a room filled with people—learned people stretching for miles into darkness. I see their eyes—hideous eyes, straining, staring, devouring, cold steel blue, vivid furnace red, livid green, deep murky brown, evil black—full of angry malice. Hark again! A voice! Inhuman, hollow, resound-

ing, echoing along the empty corridor, vast and illimitable. What does it say? 'The receiver of the *Ace of Spades* shall be the victim for the first experiment.' Cards! Cards! No, keep them back; they flock up; they will crush me; keep them back! Madi! Madi! I cannot move! 'Each shall receive one card face down. At the sign each shall turn it over.' Now we have them. Far, far away rows of small, white dots. A searing flash of light. Over. Ah! The ace of spades!"

"Sir, do not alarm yourself. I am here to report on your condition."

"Oh, you are callous and cool. You received the King of Hearts, I recall, and the first hideous experiment was to expose part of the brain and examine the effects. Now, you see the effects, fiend—go! Oh, Madi! Madi! Where are you?"

"Here, Papa."

"Madi, send this man away. Take him away. Quickly!"

"Yes, Papa."

"What! Are you not gone? Do you tarry, sir? No, I suppose you will not go till you make your report. Now I see a vast, inverted cone. I lie prostrate at its base and circle upon circle of . . . why, they are those same hideous, staring eyes! They all point at me, jeering, mocking. Stop! Stop! They stretch up and up. The moon and sun are engulfed in their entirety. Only far-distant Pluto shines. I must reach it! I must get away from these eyes! I must reach it, but I cannot move. Stay, I see white figures far away drifting down from the rim of the cone. They waft down in white mist; they draw nearer. It is you, the King of Hearts. Hark, yet again! Shouting, tumultuous cheering—millions upon millions echo the call. Wave upon wave of deafening sound rolls down the cone and recoils from me. Now they approach. Their white mists envelop me. Luminous, white moons, half waned—no, they are their masks. Ah, cool forests—I hear water falling, not loud, but gently, tinkling musically. Pain, pain through my head, my body. Stop! Stop! Mercy!

"I remember no more. Now you have all I know or remember. Go now! Are you not satisfied? Come no more!"

"No, the club is not satisfied. The experiment has failed and the club never leaves the marks of its failures. The club must sacrifice all to Success. You understand my meaning?"

The suave stranger drew on his gloves and smoothed each finger from its tip.

"Doubtless you understand my meaning?"

"No, no. I do not understand. Will you not leave? Madi! My child! Madi! No, keep back! Take your hand from my throat. Take your hand . . . Madi!"

Papa's strangled cry ceased and he lay still.

* * * *

"Oh, Doctor, hush! Do not wake him if he is at last asleep. He asked me if I was here. The specialist in Berne told me to humour him in every way so I merely said, 'Yes, Papa.' He was very restless and kept muttering 'Madi.' Poor, dear Papa!"

"Yes, he is asleep. We will not wake him now, nor will we ever!"

"No, not Papa? Dead?"

* * * *

From "Le Journal de Berne," 26th October, 1949:

"A most remarkable case has been brought to the notice of the police from a small spa overlooking Berne. It is that of Piet (Papa) Dene, late doctor of Schulpera, Suisse, who, accompanied by his daughter, Madi, was recuperating at the spa after a protracted illness. On the night of the 24th Dene had become worse and his daughter went out for the doctor. On her return, Dene was found strangled. Investigations are being made, but no motive can be discovered for the crime. A most remarkable circumstance, however, has arisen. The murderer wore gloves, but impressions of *eleven* fingers have been left. Only one of these is a finger point and that of a man. The others are impressions. Any information regarding. . . ."

* * * *

From "Le Journal de Berne," 27th October, 1949:

"Following yesterday's report of the remarkable case of Dr. Piet Dene, little has taken place. The murderer has not yet been found, but early this morning the body of Madi Dene was discovered in the snow of the cemetery of 'L'Abbaye de St. Geneviève'. In her hand was clutched a withered bunch of enormous white chrysanthemum blooms with a note, 'For Papa,' attached. No evidence of violence was found. A post-mortem reveals death by freezing. Sincerest sympathy is expressed. . . ."

* * * *

From "Le Journal de Berne," 28th October, 1949:

"The following letter has been anonymously forwarded, revealing the mystery of the Dene tragedy:—

'Dear Aunt Jeanne,

Oh, forgive me! I have murdered Papa! He seemed ill and had started to scream again. It was a chill night and I had put my gloves on to go for the doctor. I put my hands down to pull the blankets up and he threw up his hands and pressed mine down on to his throat. Oh, Aunt Jeanne, I did not know anyone could be so strong. He clamped my hands down and his little finger pressed into his neck. I tried to pull my hands away, but I could not. Oh, Aunt Jeanne pity me! I am going to Schulpera now to pick some of Papa's favourite white chrysanthemums for his grave. I feel I shall not return. I am going to the snow. It does not stare, nor whisper, nor point, neither do the dead. Farewell, Aunt Jeanne. The trees cast long shadows on the snow. They seem to me hungry—hungry to devour me.

Madi.' "

R. LOUDON (4c).

THE RECORD

MAN'S DESTINY

*Is Man's eternity an endless thing,
A never-passing, everlasting day;
Or does he have a final destiny—
To die, as thoughts and actions do, away?
Are lives of men but circles that return,
Begin again, again, for evermore;
Or do they reach towards a final aim,
Attaining which, the world needs men no more?*

*It seems that there shall never be an ending,
For men's rewards are in their daily lives;
The joy of everything is in its making,
And any goal for which the seeker strives
Will fade as do horizons in the sky.
For such an endless end men live and die.*

P. FREEMAN (4A).

SNOBBERY, ETC.

Ah! for a return to the days of Eton collars, dogbiscuits, tombstones and hash! For a return to my enjoyable years at boarding school, with the midnight inter-dormitory raids and feasts. These were indeed the happiest days of my school-life, days in which sport could run hand in hand with schoolwork, in which all the attributes of juvenile attachments and good comradeship could be developed and enjoyed.

I entered King's Preparatory School in the Third Form at the age of ten. I had sprung from the local rough-and-tumble public school where I was in Standard Two, but I was in Form Three at King's. King's boys were regarded universally as highbrows and "utter snobs," but at the time the accusation of snobbery was something that passed blithely over my head. It was only at a later date that I was to find out that I had actually fallen into this so-called element of snobbery. It is disturbing to realise that in many ways I am no different from what I was then. Am I still a snob?

Perhaps, but are not we all snobs, either intellectually or in sheer personal pride? My first year was undoubtedly my worst, and yet it was my only really unfavourable year: "Green has worked steadily during the term and he has made satisfactory progress." Place in class, 25th out of 28. Then came the Second Term report: "He has continued to work well and has achieved an improved result on last term's work." Place in class, 22nd. And the third: "A steady term's work but" Place in class, 28th. No, not out of 28. It was the term when Parkinson came. It seemed at this stage that Parky and I were to be eternally rivals for the last place.

I was wrong, however. Parky and I were to become not rivals, but the closest of friends, and I can always remember the tolerance,

goodwill and generosity which were his special attributes. One difference did arise between us—we were to be separated from each other in the last position. I was to climb the ladder; Parky was to remain at the bottom.

Parky was notorious. He had since his infancy been very fond of water, with the result that one-third of his school-life was to become actively concentrated on the disposal of what he had imbibed—in his bed. Not only was he to become notorious, but was soon the object of continual ridicule. No sensible gentleman would dare to approach his place of nocturnal confinement, yet Parky was perfectly at home there—one could even compare him to a duck.

But I remember this clearly: John Parkinson took everything lightly; he ignored the unfavourable remarks of the boys; he was the living example of tolerance, and it is perhaps this quality of his which led him to become one of the most popular of us later on. Gradually his habit disappeared and he turned out a very useful member of School House.

At this school I found myself as an equal among sons of doctors, factory owners, the manager of the local radio station, the owners of important department stores, and the son of the director of nearly all the New Zealand cinemas. It was at this stage of my life that I was to mix with the *crème de la crème* of Auckland society, and when I was to have my first fears of being branded with snobbery. The school turned us out as individuals with a sense of responsibility, particularly in our behaviour, in our general bearing, and in our attitude towards our school. At an early age it was somewhat difficult to distinguish clearly between these desirable qualities and the type of snobbishness which seemed to cultivate those same characteristics, yet in an undesirable form.

The boarding life which I experienced is by far more important than the scholastic triumphs which I was later to achieve.

Our headmaster is one of the most memorable people I have known. He was a cultured Englishman, a man who was regarded by all as a leader among men and a man with a lively fund of humour. I recall him saying at one of the prize-givings:

"To the boys, I wish 'good hunting' among the Christmas presents and a happy period during the next few weeks in preparation for the misery which will begin in February."

He treated each boy as a parent would treat that boy. He was a genius in the solution of personal worries. Many of my own difficulties were ironed out by him—the time when my stamp collection was stolen, the occasion when I was being bullied by the senior boys—and several more. Our problems were many in those days.

Imagine us in the Boarders' Common Room, stretched out on the floor, encircling this man as he read to us stories of Mowgli, or extracts from "The Wind in the Willows". The Kipling stories were always the most popular, and we loved them and the man who was telling them.

I can remember now his collie dog, Jock, who at the age of fifteen used to limp painfully after his master wherever he went.

Jock died in 1946, and a gloom seemed to be cast over the whole school.

The most enthralling time of my boarding school life was at night time, when the lights were out. Radios and talking were prohibited in the dormitories after lights-out, which was all the more reason for their continued use. The dormitory prefect could (usually) stop the talking but, as for radios, he could and would not interfere with a school tradition. Radios were our sole means of entertainment at the time when "all good little boys should be asleep". Our favourite sessions were the wrestling contests, for we were all ardent wrestlers even though boxing was the recognised fighting-sport of the school. I shall always remember the controversy which evolved when I was in Dormitory No. 6 (Dorm. 6, to use the Prep. School jargon) over the famous Claybourne-Macready fight of 1945, and the feeling of triumph when Claybourne conquered the idolised British Empire Champion. To show our feeling of pride and a sort of transferred sense of superiority we entered into a spirited pillow-fight with the other half of the dorm. The fight that particular evening was, however, to be centred on Parkinson's bed, but for reasons best not elaborated it broke up very quickly, accompanied by simultaneous cries of distress.

More interesting were the inter-dormitory fights. Here was keener rivalry. To win a dormitory fight was as important to us as was Australia's retaining The Ashes, and naturally we put everything we had into them, including the kapok from our pillows.

Just picture a dormitory during one of these fights. Cohen's bed in the middle of the floor, Cohen beneath Cohen's bed in the middle of the floor, Green pulling the hair of Mosman with his left hand, Mosman pulling Green's left ear and his pyjama top, and Green clouting Mosman over the belfry tower with a pillow! Parkinson stands faithfully on guard at one door while the Headmaster walks in passively through the other door and the lights go on, revealing the almost complete devastation of a boarding-school battlefield. The reader can best imagine the scene which followed and the many sore backsides which resulted. And this ancient tradition could not be prevented. As long as boys and dormitories and pillows were in existence the fighting spirit which resulted from inter-dormitory rivalry lived on. It was this after-dark fighting spirit which distinguished us, I felt, from the boys of the Government schools. Did it make us snobs? I hardly think so. Looking back, however, I think I can locate the reason for our being so branded. When I left King's I could speak well (we had been given training in speech), I had a realisation of the value of self-education, I knew something of the pride of scholarship and, above all, I had that love of my school which is one of the essential constituents of a boy's outlook. These were the things which caused my new schoolfellows, in my first year at secondary school, to call me "a snob" or "Kingsy". Where the stigma lies is somewhat more difficult to understand.

S. GREEN (5A).

TIME AND ITS CONQUEROR

The desert sands of the Sahara are a typical example of the ravages of time. Once a steaming jungle, now an arid waste, the desert is inhabited only by unruly nomads and their shaggy desert boats. Time, it has been said, waits for no man. How true and how terrifying! Beauty, wealth, opulence and power are swept away by this fleeting monster, leaving no trace of their existence. It takes toll of the great and humble alike, giving no preferences, but continuing on its wanton, heedless way, striking all down into obscurity. All things material are swept away by this relentless wave. Nothing that man can build or devise will resist it, except one thing—a noble deed.

The things on which men build their hopes are like rainbows, reaching their zenith and then vanishing into nothing. But a noble deed lives on in the hearts of men.

The Roman Empire has long since gone, but the noble deed of Horatius is still fresh on the lips of men. The Crimean War is now a distant memory when compared with the fame that came to Florence Nightingale for her noble self-sacrifices in that campaign. The smallest noble act is of more lasting worth than the greatest accumulation of wealth or the greatest array of power.

N. BALZER (4A).

SCHOOL FOR MURDER

The cigarette smoke rose lazily to the ceiling. The conversation had begun to lull; the subject changed to "queer experiences". The newest member of the club had just told about his "closest shave".

"Pretty gruesome," said a tall, well-built man, who had been listening intently. "But . . ." Here he stopped. Many eyes turned towards him, wondering why he did not continue.

"But what?" asked the newest member.

"Well, I've had an experience, one of the most unbelievable ever. So unbelievable is it, that at times I often can't bring myself to believe it! Nevertheless, it is true—as true as I am telling it now. I have never told the full story before, as it all seemed so fantastic. It has been in the press, but . . . well, here are the true facts."

The club members all sat back, cigarettes in hand, drinks too; their eyes fixed upon the speaker. He, too, had leaned back, gazing, as if thinking of an opening. Then he took a final draw from his cigarette, blew the smoke contentedly into the air, squashed his cigarette in an ashtray, and started to speak.

"A sudden gust of wind swept bitterly upon me as I turned the corner. I hastily drew my overcoat still closer about me. My hands sank deeper into the large pockets, and I tried to pull the collar up as far as possible. A few drops of icy rain were flung into my face with the next gust, and with each new gust the few leaves which autumn had left behind and forgotten raced madly here and there.

"There were few people in this street—and no wonder, I thought. Then my thoughts swiftly turned to the piping hot dinner which would be awaiting me when I reached home; my wife and the children, gathered around a roaring fire. I hugged myself. Then a fresh burst of wind and rain made me involuntarily shiver, so I quickened my pace. In doing so I noticed a man ahead suddenly draw into a doorway. Like me, he was engulfed in an overcoat. Curiously I glanced at him as I hurried past.

"Got a light, mate?" he mumbled. I nodded and hurriedly dived into my pockets, anxious to be getting home. The man was about my own height, thick-set, and from what I could see of him in the half-light of dusk I took him to be about ten years younger than I was. His face was unnaturally grim and dark; his lips were mean-looking and thin—and then, for the first time, I saw it. There was a glowing cigarette between those lips! Realising my thoughts when he saw the look of astonishment on my face, the man drew his left hand from his pocket and calmly flicked the cigarette on to the footpath. As one hypnotised I followed its flight to the rain-spotted ground and watched the smoke curl up slowly and then disappear until the cigarette burnt itself out. Then, mechanically, I turned my head to face the man again. In doing so I caught the glint of the cold steel of a gun in his right hand.

"It was now quite dark and there were no passers-by. Bewitched, I raised my eyes to his. Like the gun in his hand, they were cold. They told nothing of his intentions. Then his voice rasped out again: 'Let's get going!'

"With the gun he motioned me in the direction from which I had just come. Then, keeping his hand on it all the time, he put the gun into his pocket and drew closer to me. His eyes were fixed straight ahead; his face was hard set. He looked as if he treated the whole affair as strict business. Yet I thought I perceived a sudden flash of nervousness and tension come into those grim eyes, when suddenly a man turned the corner ahead and approached us. Now was my chance to save myself from this maniac, I thought. But once again, as if he had read my thoughts, he said: 'Keep your trap shut!'

"The hand in the pocket also threatened, to show that he meant what he said. So, thinking of my wife and children, and knowing I was dealing with a maniac, I deemed it wiser to obey. The unsuspecting man hurried by, thinking no doubt of his fire, home, and dinner.

"I had not as yet spoken to my captor, because I was still too startled by the sudden encounter. Now, however, I thought it might be best to humour this maniac. I stammered: 'If it's money you want or' I could not go on. He appeared as if he had not heard me. But when we had reached the bus-stop, and he had motioned me to stop, he spoke. And if I had been startled and worried before I was now thoroughly frightened—and he saw I was, too. For I shall never forget that simple little sentence he uttered, in such a simple manner!

"'It is not your money I want, it's your life!' As he spoke his eyes never flickered, his tense face never flinched. And he spoke as if it were something I should take to be quite reasonable!

"I don't remember boarding the bus, nor do I remember the bus even coming, so dazed was I. It was all like a bad dream; it was all a nightmare; I would soon wake up—or so I kept telling myself. These things didn't happen to real people; they were only read about; they just didn't happen. Yet there I was, on a bus, destined for where or what I knew not. And there, sitting beside me, was a man who had just informed me that he intended to take my life!"

Here the narrator stopped short. No one else moved, however. Eyes remained fixed on him as he took a drink from his glass. He wiped his mouth and continued:

"In my dazed state his voice seemed to come from far away when he said to the conductor: 'Two right out!' There were two or three people on the bus besides us. But they alighted before I could make up my mind to try to call for help. I then resolved to see this thing through.

"After about fifteen minutes we reached the terminus. I didn't know where we were; I didn't care. Again we walked along. We came to a little side-street. I knew that something must happen soon. Then a newspaper headline flashed across my vision: 'Man Found Brutally Murdered—Police Suspect Another Maniac at Work.'

"It would become another of the unsolved crimes which had been occurring recently.

"By now we had reached the end of the street. It was pitch black—no moon, heavy clouds, no stars; not even a single street-light. The hand without the gun produced a key. We went down some steps. The hand opened a door. We went through. What would happen now?

At the end of the hallway a door stood open. Being unaccustomed to the bright light, I was momentarily blinded. When I recovered my sight fully I found myself sitting in a wooden chair. Opposite me was a long table round which were sitting several men. The man who had brought me here now spoke to a man who was sitting at the head of the table.

"'Well, am I qualified now?'

"'Don't be impatient, my dear Alan.' He then swung his chair around to face mine and, noticing the amazed look on my countenance, murmured: 'It seems that a little explanation is necessary, my dear sir.' He sneered out these last words, then laughed. 'Tonight you were forced at gunpoint by this man and conducted here. That is correct?' I asserted it was. 'The explanation is quite simple, my dear sir,' he went on. 'Several months ago, fifteen to be exact, I carried out my first murder. I—er—had a sweetheart at that time. What she did doesn't matter, but one night I found out she had

played me false. I was so angry that evening that I determined to seek my revenge, and quite by accident I hit upon the plan for the perfect murder. So perfect was my method that it baffled the greatest detectives in the police force. That girl was my first successful victim; she became the first in a series of unsolved crimes which have been ravaging this city for the last year. Upon the success of my first killing I realised I had the perfect plan. But when I had killed all my enemies I had no one left to carry out my new hobby on, so I started on innocent victims. Then I had my second brainwave. One afternoon, while reading the newspapers, I saw the headlines that a certain person had been convicted of murder; the reason why, it said, was that his plan had misfired. I resolved then and there to help other would-be murderers whose plans had so gone wrong. In this way my school was founded. These men you see seated around the table, having passed in their exams on Method A, as I call it, have carried out, without failure, many murders. This man who induced you to visit us is quite a new member. As a final test he was instructed to apprehend and conduct here any innocent person in order to carry out, in practice, the art of murder; for it is an art, you see. Many would-be murderers are found guilty through using amateurish methods. My method is proven. Never has one of my pupils been caught.' He smiled, then went on. 'But now we shall confer. Alan will gain his diploma when you are safely murdered.'

"My wits were scattered; I had never heard of anything so fantastic. This was all impossible—yet it was true! How could a man, flesh and blood, be so cold, so callous? To openly admit having committed murder, cold-blooded killings! To be so calm about it! To take delight in it! I was shocked that such could be alive. I could hardly imagine it, let alone hear it from his own cold, cynical lips. Could such a man own a heart? Could such a man have a conscience? I could not look at him for fear of recoiling in horror. To top it all, this man had led others into his cruel, vile ways.

"Dazed as I was I knew that something must be done before I became just another victim; something to avoid murder by these rogues, these moronic savages. The leader, who accepted all this as part of the day's work, began to speak again: 'We have not come to a conclusion yet.' He laughed insanely. 'But I think it is about time we had another head-chopping. I enjoy that immensely.' Once again he laughed.

"They all began to mumble again. I now knew my chance had come. Since they were all talking, no one was guarding me, although a few glanced at me occasionally and laughed to themselves. I knew that they were hatching up some hideous plot.

"Stealthily I slid my hand into my overcoat pocket. But quickly I pulled it out again, jumped up, and barked out an order: 'Put up your hands, all of you!'"

Once again the speaker stopped abruptly, as if to leave his listeners in suspense. The latter did not bat an eyelid, however. The narrator finished off his glass of wine, poured himself another, then continued:

"When they realised I had a gun in my hand they did not question my authority. But never had I seen gangsters or murderers more taken aback, more shocked, more confused! Never in my whole life as a detective had I seen such amazement! But they knew better than to argue with my revolver. With my gun still trained on them I pulled out from my pocket a silver badge and threw it on to the table.. 'Special detective!' blurted out Alan. 'But you seemed so' He was lost for words. I was just about to explain when suddenly the leader, unheeding my gun, turned wrathfully upon his new pupil, crying out in fury, 'You fool! You ——!' His voice choked there. His face was livid. He dived at Alan and knocked him senseless to the floor. I could not intervene for fear of the others attacking me, but I fired one shot at the leader. It pierced his arm. His face was now distorted in mixed fury and pain. But he quietened down, looking stupidly at me all the time. I had feared the pain would make him charge me like a wounded bull. No sooner had he become quiet, however, than he threw himself on the floor, like one obsessed, ranting, raving, gibbering about his plans, his carefully laid plans, gone for nothing.

"The rest of the villains, stupefied by this insane conduct, did not seem to care to give any resistance, so I ordered one of their number to call the police. This having been done, I instructed them to sit down again and place their hands on the table.

"While we were awaiting the police I told them how they had come into such a position.

"Firstly, it was through the new pupil's making the mistake of selecting an officer of the law as his victim and, secondly, his forgetfulness to search me. This was the slip which always occurs in the end; the slip the leader so detested. It was my good fortune (and their bad) that the slip came when I happened to be the victim."

The detective sighed. There was silence in the club until one of the members said: "What happened to them in the end?"

"The mystery of the maniac murders which had for so long been baffling the police was solved—by accident. It was an accident because the police had no lead; only through my being chosen as a victim, and my pretending to be afraid, was the mystery solved.

"You ask what became of the conspirators? The leader died only last year—in an asylum. The judge said he was quite insane. The others—all hanged!

"Ah! the penalties of murder."

P. NOBLE (4A).

THE RECORD

A TRIP TO WARRAGAMBA DAM

Recently I was fortunate enough to be in a party that was inspecting the site of Warragamba Dam. Just before reaching Warragamba we had a brief visit to Prospect Reservoir, which supplies Sydney with most of its water.

On arrival at the Warragamba site we were given a short lecture on the dam, which, by the way, is going to hold about four times as much water as Sydney Harbour. That will probably make it the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere. For that enormous amount of water to be stored the whole of the Burratorang Valley will be flooded. After the lecture we were taken to the look-out, where a view of the whole site of the dam could be seen, including a suspension bridge stretched across the gorge for the convenience of the workers travelling to work. As for the construction of the dam, there has been no actual building done as yet, but men are continually blasting away rock. We saw in action a cableway, or flying-fox, having a carrying capacity of eighteen tons. Two other cableways are used, having a carrying capacity of ten and eighteen tons respectively. After lunch we were driven through the township, which is laid out on modern lines with stores, water supply, electric lighting and power, schools, churches, and a town hall in course of erection. The town, when finished, is expected to house 3,500 people. At present it has about six hundred families.

We then travelled to Megarrity's Bend, where the biggest pipeline in Warragamba is situated. This pipeline is 106 inches in diameter and is big enough to hold a motor car.

On our inspection of the pumping station, which is two hundred feet below ground level, we were told that in a period of about seven years eight 1,000 horsepower motors pumped no less than 46,336 million gallons of water.

The Gabion factory, our final inspection, was nothing but a big slide with a gate regulating the flow of stones into rail trucks. These stones come from small landslides. They are eventually placed on the river bed for the foundations of small weirs called cofferdams.

Work was first started on the dam in 1936, but, due to post-war difficulties, it is not anticipated that the work will be completed before 1955-6.

G. BEVERLEY (1B).

REMINISCENCES OF A CADET CAMP



CADETS. IN CAMP AT INGLEBURN.

Ingleburn! The very name has magic in it. But the actual place? Never could one see anything less inspiring. A parched panorama of spider-ridden scrub, stretching half-dead leaves up from a dusty, hard-baked ground, abounding in flies and snakes, and surrounded by wind-swept hills, it makes a picture that no mortal artist might paint. (Artists, being mercenary types, like to sell their pictures.) There is usually an uncanny stillness in the afternoons, broken only by the report of an occasional blank and the hideous scream of mock agony following it, or perhaps the silence is shattered by cries of "Help!" or "Fire!" as an ill-aimed smoke-bomb bursts near some hut.

After debussing in this little corner of Paradise Lost, the lethargic cadet moves towards the block in which his future quarters are to be. Then the scene is changed abruptly, almost magically, by a sergeant-major's bellow, followed by the more intelligible cries of the N.C.O.'s sending everyone running around to claim mattresses, pillows, blankets and other necessary equipment; for example, the "crawling dress," which consists of jungle green trousers (generally a few sizes too big) and "giggle jackets," thick material lumber jackets with tin buttons down the front.

After this great activity a meal, or "mess" as the army calls it (very appropriately), is next on the programme. The cadet has already been issued with plates, so after carefully sterilising them in a "dunker" (along with several inches of finger) he queues up to receive his victuals. When his plate is filled, a precarious journey is

Better than a hollow log—

The squirrel knows how sensible it is to save. The nuts he does not eat to-day he puts away carefully in a hollow tree. Then when winter comes and food is scarce elsewhere he has no cause for worry. His savings are there to draw upon when he needs them, and so he is happy and contented.

For the squirrel a hollow log serves the purpose. For you the Commonwealth Savings Bank offers a better place. The money you do not need to-day may be put into a savings account. Not only will it be safe there, but it will be earning interest for you.

There are so many things YOU can save for, things that will make you happier.

Don't waste your money. Save for something worthwhile.

COMMONWEALTH
Savings **BANK**



made to the tables. When seated he carefully pins down the meat to the table by means of a fork while he goes in search of some tea, or "dishwater" as it is more familiarly called. On returning, he attacks the meat, fiercely though it resists, and eventually turns his attention to the second plate, contents of which are one piece of pineapple (plus skin), partly camouflaged by a piece of "custard". This is dessert. The tea is comparatively easy to consume.

After mess, the plates, now shipped and pitted from the recent relentless struggle are re-sterilised and returned whence they came.

At 1330 hours (commonly called half past one) a training parade is called. The platoons are fallen in outside the huts and then marched off through gullies and hills and perennial water-courses along the length of the parade ground to what is known as the training ground.

Here, dust-stained, wet and weary, under the eagle eyes of Cadet-Lieutenants, and to the not very encouraging swish of "swagger sticks," arms drill is practised to such a high degree of perfection that a clockwork soldier might almost become jealous. At about 4.30 an exhausted parade crawls back to the huts to prepare for evening mess. Comes 5.30, sounds the mess bugle, and a refreshed parade moves valiantly forward to the struggle once more.

At approximately 7.30 another parade is perhaps held. Now, being used to the topography of the parade ground, the cadets manage to rally round the storm lantern as it stands alone like a beacon, guiding the lost and homeless to their haven.

A lecture on "Movements by Night" is given, graphically exemplified when a couple of the last files are suddenly (but not quietly) whisked off. The more philosophical walk on without looking behind, thinking apparently that what they don't know won't hurt them. The parade moves back, is dismissed, and bed seems to be the order of the night.

The old hands gratefully relax on the rock-hard mattresses and board-like blankets and look on with contempt at the rookies as they settle themselves in their beds with groans and wry faces. The distant strains of a bugle are heard. Lights out! Darkness falls, but not with its customary silence. The night is pierced with shrieks and cries.

"Now I've gotcha!"

"Hold 'im down."

"Fair go! He'll suffocate."

Suddenly a blaze of light and an officer steps in.

"QUIET!"

Silence reigns supreme. With a steady, regular clump, clump the officer moves down the hut. The lights go out and the unwelcome visitor disappears into the night.

The next series of noises begins with the sound of metal cutting through metal. Tin opener in use!

"Slurp, slurp."

"Ah!"

"Wotchagot?"

"Pears."

"Gimme some?"

"Wot's it worth?"

"Aw, forget it."

Soon the pears are exhausted and everyone sleeps. Everyone? No, not quite. Someone is moving up at the end of the hut. Soon two more shadowy figures join the first. What is their nefarious purpose?

Quietly the door is opened. A bare foot touches the step and draws back instantly, the big toe being frost-bitten. A quick discussion, and the party retires to reappear one minute later clad in boots and overcoats (over pyjamas naturally). With stealthy steps the three muffled shadows move towards the mess huts. Their purpose becomes apparent. The cookhouse!

As they approach their objective they fail to observe the grotesque shadow of Can-Opener on the wall. Too late, the leader sees. Paralysed, he watches fascinatedly as the shadow grows bigger and bigger, frightened, terrified, but unable to move. The whole three are immobilised. Suddenly they all feel a cold, prickly sensation inside. It's a horrible feeling, this conscious apprehension of the cold icicles floating in their blood.

They swing round automatically as a demoniacal laugh rends the air. Meeting their eyes is the spectacular and grotesque white fiend, its broken yellow teeth grinning at them, leering at them. The tenseness is increased to its highest pitch as, with a low moan, the three criminals gibber together, "The Cook!"

That night of furious potato peeling, which was the aftermath of the adventure, or rather of its failure, will remain with them, indelibly impressed on their memories until the day they shuffle off this mortal coil.

The next morning training manœuvres are resumed. The two sides are given a talk on what to do and what not to do, and they move off into the scrub.

A lightning reconnaissance patrol returns with the breath-taking news that it has discovered the enemy are somewhere in the woods. The patient instructor, refraining from a well-merited "Who'd've guessed?", explains that just a little more information is necessary, and packs them all off again.

This time they return with a hardly more useful report and the instructor tells the section leaders to "take 'em away". Which one section leader does most effectively, so effectively, in fact, that they don't turn up until after mess.

There comes the time when the remaining section, after half an hour's diligent and careful crawling, put in an attack.

Sound Effects: Bang! Bang!

Two Cadets: You're dead.

1st Cadet: Phooey! I shot you first!

2nd Cadet: Rats! I had a bead on you!

Umpire: You're both dead.

Two Cadets (together): Garn.

That night a group of happy, but oh! so dirty, cadets line up for showers.

Training goes on from day to day, broken only by the advent of the Open Range or the Mounting of the Guard.

For the latter a generous warning of two or three hours is given in which to pick out and drill the guard. It's as impossible as it sounds.

The Open Range—that place of broken shoulders—is a magic word which turns the huts into a nest of feverish activity. Dirty rifles end up as clean as new whistles, the thickly packed rust in the rifling being unable to withstand the combined attacks of steel wool, wire gauze, and the steady chipping of ramrods as they fight every inch of the way from muzzle to breech.

At last the great moment arrives as one carefully sights on the target and the finger tightens on the trigger. The first pressure goes, then the whole world explodes with a mighty bang. There follows a shock like the kick of a mule and one crawls back to the mound to take another aim, this time much less carefully and very much less eagerly. In all probability the rifle-butt is held three or four inches in front of the shoulder, but the second explosion only proves that the instructor was right in condemning this practice. Next come the more exciting and less hard-kicking machine guns. By an unhappy circumstance targets for the Brens are not forthcoming. The average reaction to this news is: "Heck! Whatta we going to fire at?" But this plaintive cry soon abates as one's annoyed feeling gives way to one of intense cunning. "What is there to fire at?" one asks oneself. The answer is self-evident, for barely four degrees or so from one's line of fire is—a flagpole. With its flag flapping in the breeze, it makes an excellent target. After carefully easing oneself and one's gun into line with the flagpole, a careful aim is taken and the trigger carefully pulled. The Bren turns into a roaring, bucking animal as it spits its deadly messengers whining towards the target.

Nonchalantly rising from behind one's gun and, without deigning to look at the flagpole (which is naturally chewed almost in half), one issues the invitation to look upon the fruits of one's labours. They look. You look. You look again. You crawl off.

After seven days of training the last night comes. A breathless cadet arrives: "Raid from Canterbury, 8.30!" Then "To arms! Man the defences!"

Instantly pillows are made ready for instantaneous action. They are liberally charged with rocks and laid by. Then beds and equipment are covered with ground sheets. Windows are shut, sentries are posted, fire buckets filled to the brim, fire extinguishers brought inside, and everything prepared for the onslaught.

It is furious when it comes. A scene of indescribable wetness and kapok is the result of the sudden attack, but the attackers are repulsed and school war-cries are screamed to the skies. But the fun comes to an end and everyone sleeps, exhausted and happy.

The morning brings a furious two hours of packing and stacking, until at last, with mingled sighs of relief and regret, the last busload of cadets moves off, every mind preoccupied with the delightful prospect of a meal at home and a sleep in domestic luxury and peace.

I. HARVEY (5c).

PETE

Pete is only a dog. Just a collie dog with the gentle, expressive eyes of his kind. Folk at Woodlawn say they can notice the grey more the last week or so, but they may be mistaken in that. Pete, being only a dog, is not expected to know the depths of emotions that persons feel. He is not supposed to understand about death and sorrow and utter loneliness.

He was a smart dog, folk said, and he had been a faithful companion to his master, Arthur Franks, who lived on a farm near Woodlawn. But when Mr. Franks died three weeks ago everyone forgot about Pete. Some of those in the funeral procession that wound up the road to the graveyard on the hill remember seeing him following along at the side of the road, but he was gone when the mourners dispersed at the cemetery.

On the day when all the mourners came there was no room in the house for Pete, although he had tried many times to get in. When finally they brought his master out in a big box and everyone went down the road with him, Pete went along, too. Hadn't he gone to town with his master every afternoon for years? But they didn't stop in town this time. They went on across the railway line and up the rock-studded track.

They went slower up the hill, and Pete was glad of it. His legs were not as strong as they had been before the hair around his muzzle took on its pronounced grey tinge.

It had been a strange day for Pete. People who came to the house kicked him out of his place in front of the door. They hadn't known he had lain there during the last two weeks of his master's illness.

There were many other things which, being a dog, Pete did not understand. Never before had he seen people with tear-filled eyes. The Franks' farm always had been noted as the centre of typical rural gaiety. He hadn't seen so many motor cars in his locality, and he couldn't understand why everyone carried flowers, or why nearly everyone wore sombre black.

The hard road made his feet sore. With the rest of the silent assemblage he stopped at the place where the white stones about in the grass added a fresh bewilderment. With the assembled people,

too, he shuffled over to a big hole on the ground. But his master wasn't among them. Perhaps he wasn't in the big box either, as Pete had first thought. He'd probably stopped in town as he always did and Pete, foolish dog, hadn't noticed it.

So Pete started back. The loungers on the bank steps called to him as he stopped there, but he paid no attention. They watched him trot on down the street and stop for a moment at each store his master used to visit. Then he disappeared on the road to the farm.

The family coming back to the town met Pete, limping a little now. They caught him and took him in with them. A few minutes after they got back home he was gone.

The sexton, working late that night, heard a whining among the graves. When he came to the newest one he found Pete. He still was there next morning.

Since then Pete has never missed a day at the graveyard. When he turns in from the road he goes straight to the Franks' lot, though there are some hundreds of them all alike. Just mounds of earth. The flowers, so fresh and beautifully scented three weeks ago, are withered now. The sexton alone has noticed Pete's restlessness. He has been a silent observer of Pete's daily routine, which takes in brief visits to the bank, the stores, and the post office, and the friendly old low-roofed hotel on the last corner on the road out to the farm.

At the furniture store he stops and scratches at the screen. When they come to let him in he looks for a moment then walks away. Sometimes he goes out to the farm. Sometimes he goes back to the cemetery. Always he has a restless, troubled air as he searches for someone who cannot be found.

One day young Cliff Franks put on a pair of striped overalls that had belonged to his father. Pete took up with him immediately and will follow him anywhere—when he wears the overalls.

He showed much the same concern a year ago when Mr. Franks went to Melbourne. No one found out on which of the two trains Pete's master might return. Never a day passed, however, without Pete meeting both of them. One day he was rewarded. The station-master still talks of Pete's bounding joy.

So to-day Pete waits at his master's grave.

I wonder if you have read George Vest's description of a dog like Pete?

" . . . and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid low in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, and true even to death. . . ."

F. C. KANE (2E).

