



The Record

The Magazine of
The Sydney High School

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November, 1951

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"THE RECORD"

Editor: J. E. Harrison, Esq.

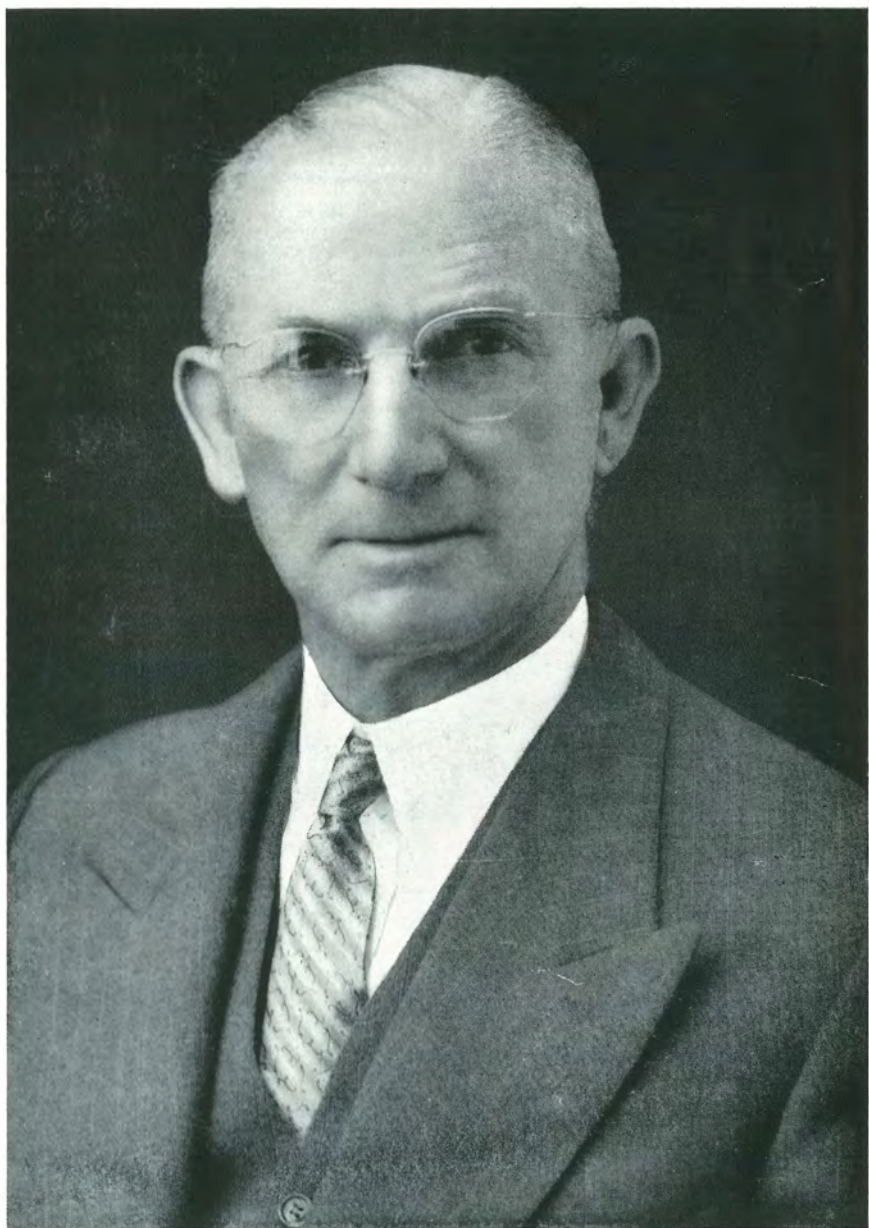
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Headmaster: FA 4904.

Staff and Sportsmaster: FA 1808.

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J. H. KILLIP, B.A.,
Headmaster, 1936-51.

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VERITATE ET VIRTUTE

Vol. XLIII.

NOVEMBER, 1951

No. 2.

THE HEADMASTER RETIRES

At the end of last term, in his sixteenth year as Headmaster of the School, James Hubert Killip retired from the Education Department. The portrait gallery of former headmasters in the Visitors' Room now reads as follows:—

J. Coates, B.A. (Oxon.), 1881-1896; J. Waterhouse, M.A., 1896-1915; R. J. Hinder, B.A., 1916-1918; C. R. Smith, M.A., 1919-1924; G. C. Saxby, B.A., 1925-1933; F. McMullen, M.A., 1934-1935; J. H. Killip, B.A., 1936-1951.

Mr. Killip had been a member of the staff on two occasions prior to his headmastership. On his discharge from the A.I.F. in 1919 he was a member of the English staff for five years, and in 1928, on the retirement of Mr. J. H. Smairl, M.A., succeeded him as English Master. In May Mr. Killip was appointed Deputy-Headmaster at Newcastle High School under Mr. R. F. Harvey, and three months later went to Hay War Memorial High School as Headmaster. At the beginning of 1931 he was transferred to Armidale High School as Headmaster, and his success there for the next five years prepared the way for his special appointment as Headmaster of this School in 1936.

Mr. Killip's first message to the boys of the School and their parents was published in "The Record" for July of that year. He wrote then: "Fifty-three years ago Dr. Charles Badham, Professor of Classics at the University of Sydney, addressed the boys of Sydney High School, a small band of forty-six, who, with their parents and friends, had assembled on 8th October, 1883, to celebrate the official opening of the School. In striking and eloquent phrase the Professor spoke to his youthful hearers of obligation, understanding and industry, with such a wealth of illustration as to weave a pattern of life. Of obligation and the splendid opportunities open to the boys, he reminded them: 'At every step which you gain in knowledge, in power of thought, and readiness of speech, you should remember that it is to your country you owe it.' Of understanding between home and school, he went on: 'I want you to set up a kind of commerce between home and school, to be the honest little traders,' bridging the gap and bringing about a sympathetic understanding of the peculiar circumstances of each. Down the years the vision of the School's guidance and the daily round have sought to lay emphasis upon character that honours obligations and recognises loyalties. That is my interpretation of the distinguished service of my predecessors." Mr. Killip concluded by commending the co-operative enterprise and achievement of The School Union, The Old Boys' Union, and The Parents and Citizens' Association,

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and stating, "The aim of the School will be to maintain this fine enthusiasm and active co-operation, hoping to win an even wider support among those who have not as yet actively associated themselves with the School."

This message illustrates the Headmaster's policy during his term of office, to emphasise qualities of character, duty, integrity, obligation and loyalty, to win active co-operation with parents in the interests of their sons and to work harmoniously with members of the staff and all interested in the welfare of the School. The recent co-ordination of activities as expressed in the School Council is a fitting culmination of this long-range policy and will surely prove of immense importance to the School.

The Headmaster's experiences in Britain and Europe on leave during the First World War strengthened his ardent love of the British spirit, which was further reinforced in 1939 while on long-service leave during a tour of Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and France.

Mr. Killip leaves the School with the goodwill of everyone associated with its activities. The Director-General of Education, in an official letter of thanks to Mr. Killip, aptly expresses what most of us feel:

Department of Education,
Sydney,

24th September, 1951.

Dear Mr. Killip,

On the occasion of your retirement from the Department of Education, in which you have served as a teacher for forty-six years (of which fifteen years were spent at Sydney Boys' High School), may I extend to you the sincere thanks of the Minister, my colleagues and myself for the long, loyal and efficient service you have rendered to the State.

As Headmaster of Sydney Boys' High School you have not only had charge of a school enjoying a long tradition of public service and esteem, but also you have been in a position of liaison between the systems of Departmental High Schools and Great Public Schools. The manner in which you have discharged your duties has justified the confidence which led to your appointment.

Nor has your influence in the service been confined to those schools in which you have served. Those who have taught with you have carried your ideals of service and scholarship into other schools of the State, to the general benefit of the whole organisation of secondary schools. Such an opportunity has been the privilege of your senior office, but the efficiency with which it has been discharged has been your personal contribution.

I trust your retirement will be blessed with good health and enriched with the joy of those rewards which faithful service merits.

Yours faithfully,

J. G. McKENZIE,

Director-General of Education.



STAFF.

Back Row: MESSRS. J. HUDSON, S. WICK, D. EDWARDS, S. FRAPPPELL, K. BROMHAM, T. SELLORS, G. DAY, L. BASSER, C. BLACK, H. EDMONDS, A. JESSEP.

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Front Row: MESSRS. F. BECK, L. SWAN, J. COFFEY, MISS K. LAURENCE, MESSRS. H. STEWART, P. HALLETT (Deputy Headmaster), J. H. KILLIP (Headmaster), A. BYRNE, E. BEMBRICK, K. MENZIES, A. O'ROURKE, W. ROWLANDS, K. HARRIS.

Inset: MESSRS. F. J. ALLSOPP and H. J. HAMNETT.

PERSONAL

Since our last issue of the "Record" Mr. Simpson has been transferred to Inverell High School. We wish Mr. Simpson a happy stay at his new school.

In place of Mr. Simpson we welcome to the School Mr. G. W. Reid. Mr. Reid is not new to the School, however, having been a member of the staff from 1935 to 1938.

Mr. H. Walker is also a new member of the staff, having come to the School to fill the gap in the Mathematics Department created by Mr. Halleit's assumption of the duties of Headmaster.

Congratulations to Darby Chia (5B) on winning the Bach Pianoforte Championship at the Sydney Jubilee Eisteddfod.

Congratulations to Ronald Garson (5A), who was placed first in the State in the examination (Concours Général) conducted by the Alliance Francaise. The prize is a free trip to New Caledonia!

Congratulations also to the following who gained places in the N.S.W. Junior Chess Championships: A. Osborne (2E), who won the Under-14 Division; J. Rosen (2F), who came third in the same division; and M. Stuart (3A), who won the Under-16 Division.

Congratulations to D. Boatwright, J. Thornett, C. Smee, and D. Stuart, who were all awarded G.P.S. football blues.

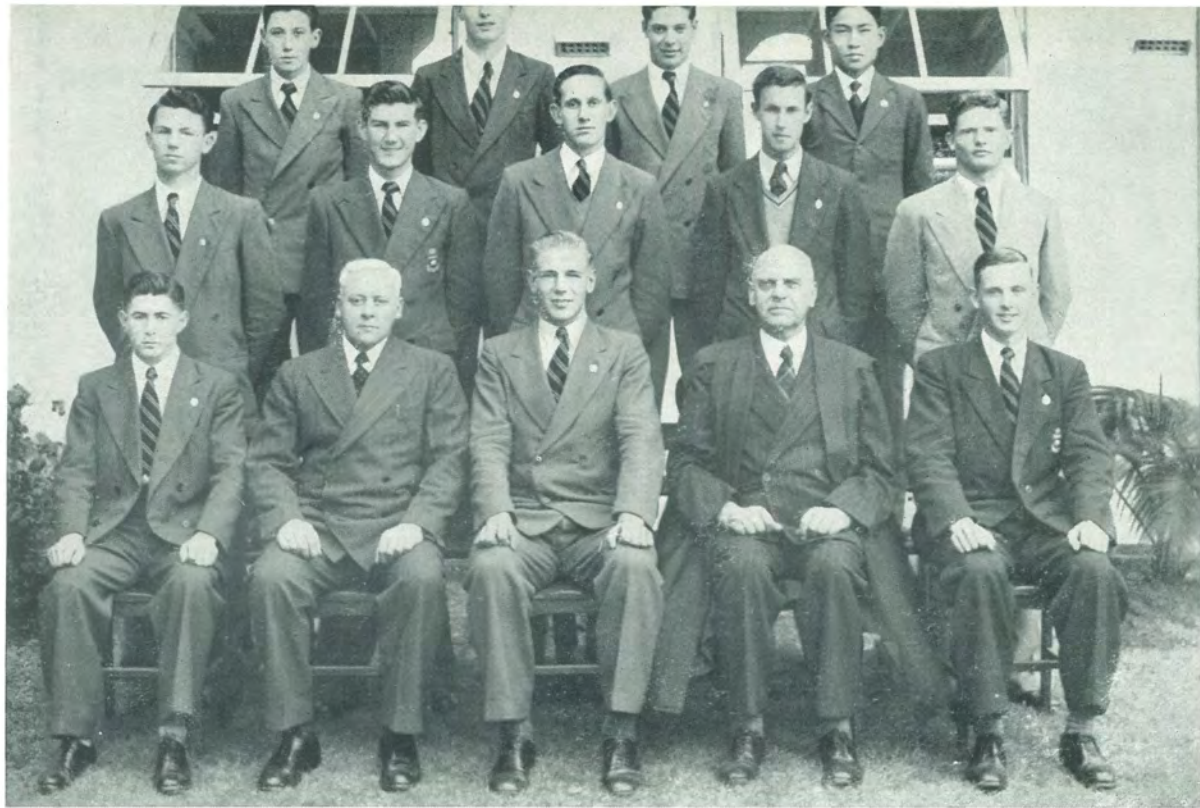
GIFT TO THE SCHOOL

The School is indebted to Dr. P. E. Walton-Smith for his gift of two large, steel-engraved pictures of historical as well as artistic interest. One is entitled Queen Victoria's Jubilee (1887), the other Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (1897). Despite their age, the pictures are in excellent condition. It is hoped that they will soon be hung in an appropriate place in the building.

PICTURE CATALOGUE — CORRECTION

In the Picture Catalogue which was printed in the last issue of the "Record" an original oil painting was described as "Interior of Milan Cathedral (presumed); artist unknown." Since publication of the catalogue we have received an interesting letter from Mr. J. Wilson, who writes:

"The artist is Luigi Bisi, who was an Italian architect in the early part of the 19th century, and the picture is presumed to have been painted somewhere about the 1830's. There is no established authority in Australia that Bisi was the artist, and it cannot be proved, but I do not think there is any doubt. The subject-matter of the picture is the interior of the Milan Cathedral. The history of the picture, so far as Australia is concerned, is that it was bought in Vienna by the late Mr. George Bayley Smith for one hundred guineas in about 1922. After his purchase he had it valued in London (by Christie's, I think) and the valuation then was three



PREFECTS.

Back Row: J. HUNT, N. PAYNE, M. SAUNDERS, D. CHIA.

Second Row: M. HUDSON, B. FOOTE, R. JAKES, D. LATTER, J. KENNELLY.

Front Row: A. PEARCE, MR. H. J. HAMNETT (Master-in-Charge), J. THORNETT (School Captain), MR. P. W. HALLETT (Acting Headmaster), W. KING.

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SENIOR DEBATING TEAM—WINNERS OF HUME-BARBOUR TROPHY.

Sitting: H. SPERLING, J. GREENBERG, R. MAY.
Standing: R. SMITH, R. GARSON (Reserves).



WINNERS OF ROYAL EMPIRE SOCIETY'S ORATORY COMPETITION.

Back Row: MR. F. J. ALLSOPP (Coach), A. SPERLING, G. NEHL, R. SMITH,
S. GREEN, I. LACEY, J. DONOGHUE.
Front Row: J. HISLOP, N. WEBSTER, H. SPERLING (Over-16 Winner), R. MAY
(Under-16 Winner), P. FREEMAN, L. KANE.
Absent: R. LOUDON, W. LILYMAN.

hundred guineas. Mr. G. B. Smith brought it to Australia, where he was carrying on business."

Mr. Wilson further describes how the picture came into his hands when Mr. Smith's estate was wound up, and how he presented it to the School. Mr. Saxby, who was then the Headmaster, consulted Mr. Dattillo Rubbo, "whose opinion was that it was a good painting and should be kept. He told Mr. Saxby that the painter could not be truly termed 'an artist,' but that it was more a painting by an architect, with the result that the painting was kept by the School and hung at the entrance."

ROAD SAFETY

In June the School was visited by Superintendent Lawrence of the Chief Traffic Department. Superintendent Lawrence, who was accompanied by several other members of the Department, gave an interesting talk, stressing the need for greater care on the part of both pedestrians and drivers.

There is unfortunately a tendency to regard the campaign directed against road accidents as overdone sensationalism. The repetition of such a slogan as "Death is so permanent" is by now sufficient to bring a smile to the face of the radio listener. Yet there are few who understand fully what the Road Safety Council is trying to do. It is a remarkable paradox that a motorist or pedestrian on our roads is undergoing a greater risk of death or injury than a soldier on the field of battle. Now that it has come to this, something must be done about it.

The Road Safety Council is doing everything in its power to reduce the devastating loss of life on the roads while the rest of the population look on and smile patronisingly. They are unable to realise that this body was founded at public expense for a purpose, a very definite purpose; they do not realise that it was founded by desperate men who have done what the public has failed to do, and comprehended fully this terrible threat to our modern way of living.

If the casualty lists continue to increase as they have done, no one can foretell just where it will end. It is sufficient to say that the time is not very far distant when the mere act of venturing on to a road will be to court disaster. It seems that in the turmoil of city life we humans have discarded what is generally regarded as our supreme motivating force, the instinct of self-preservation. A fraction more care and a little more patience on the part of every motorist and pedestrian would save the lives of hundreds of people every year in New South Wales alone.

The Road Safety Council is accomplishing a good deal, but not nearly so much as it should, for it lacks that one factor without which no large project can succeed, the support of the general public. If people can be prevailed upon to see the danger, and act as they should act, road danger will disappear.

"Death," wrote Shakespeare, "will come when it will come." It is true that no man may escape death, but then there is no reason to pursue it; and that is just what the road users of to-day are doing.

P. F.

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FIGURE FACTS

Constable C. B. Lord of the Police Traffic Department writes to the "Record" as follows:—

Einstein used many pencils and figures and presented his Theory of Relativity. I intend to use many figures and facts and present a Theory of Longevity. Einstein's theory was something for the great mathematicians, mine is for every road user. He dealt with pleasant figures, I have to deal with figures representing human lives and suffering. Before I do, let me mention another theory, the theory of many road users. Like the great scholars, it is difficult to understand, but for a different reason. It seems to vary from "Pedestrians are pests" to "Motorists are monsters".

The following figures are a direct result of such theories: For the year ended 30th June, 1951, collisions reported to the N.S.W. Police totalled 19,878. (Many collisions are not reported to the Police.) Those injured numbered 11,817, many of whom hovered between life and death for hours and days; 380 children under 5 years, 1,210 children between 7 and 16 years, and 4,554 between 17 and 29 years were included in the above total. In twelve months 699 lives were crushed out, including 21 under 5 years, 36 from 10 to 16 years, and 246 from 17 to 29 years.

With your co-operation the practical "Theory of Longevity" will banish most of the misery portrayed by the above figures, and it is simply: "Know your responsibilities, honour them and be courteous to others."

CONSTABLE C. B. LORD,
School Lecturing Section,
Police Traffic Branch.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Office-bearers, 1951

Patron: The Headmaster.

President: Mr. R. C. Wilson. *Vice-Presidents:* J. Greenberg, R. Smith.

Secretary: H. Sperling.

This year the Senior Debating Team, consisting of J. Greenberg (leader), H. Sperling, R. May, and R. Garson (reserve), has been successful in retaining the Hume-Barbour Trophy for C.H.S. debating, which the School won last year.

The Junior Team, R. May (leader), N. Balzer, P. Freeman, and R. Loudon (reserve), after winning their first debate, were defeated by Sydney Technical. The Junior Team having been eliminated, R. May took the place of R. Smith in the Senior Team.

On the 10th August the Senior Team went to Newcastle for the day to debate Newcastle High in the semi-finals of the C.H.S. Competition. Their win resulted in a keenly contested final against Homebush, which the School team won at History House on the 20th September. In the G.P.S. Competition High, Shore and Grammar each obtained two wins, and a knockout round was held for the privilege of entering the final. After beating Shore, the School was narrowly defeated by Grammar.

R. MAY (4A).

ROYAL EMPIRE SOCIETY ORATORY COMPETITION

This year, for the third time in succession, the School team won the Royal Empire Society's shield for public speaking. The number of points gained, 140, is a record.

Harold Sperling won the Over-16 section and Robert May the Under-16, for which achievement they received a gold medal and a ten pound bond each. It is pleasing to note that H. Sperling won the Under-16 section last year, while R. May won the Under-16 in 1949, while in second year, and was commended last year. On the 7th August the winners delivered their speeches to the School at the general assembly.

Other place-getters were S. Green, who drew for third place in the Senior Division, I. Lacey, who was placed fourth in the Junior Division, and N. Webster, who tied for fifth place in the same division. P. Freeman, R. Loudon and J. Hislop were all highly commended.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Allsopp, who arranged and assisted the team.

R. M.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The work of the Dramatic Society during Second Term was largely taken up with the preparation of "Collits' Inn". In this production members helped largely to supply the cast, both in the chorus and principals, while other members volunteered to help backstage, both as stage managers and in the stage crew.

"Collits' Inn" has given members greater experience, and it is hoped that this production has also given younger members valuable assistance.

Now that the work has been produced, regular play readings will continue for the remainder of the year.

P. FUREY (5B).

"COLLITS' INN"

On September 26th, 27th and 28th the School, for the fourth time in five years, presented an opera. This year the Australian opera "Collits' Inn" was appropriately chosen as part of the School's contribution to our National Jubilee celebrations. Once again the Dramatic Society, School Orchestra and Choir joined forces to make the performance an outstanding success. The opera played for three nights, but the most outstanding performance, by chorus and soloists alike, was given on the final night, Friday, 28th.

The Orchestra of forty-eight members gave strong support to the production and must be congratulated on its performance; fewer flutes and more bite in the string section made it considerably better than last year's orchestra. The first violins, piano, concert flutes and recorders were especially helpful; and the trumpet, when required, gave added impetus to the score. Mr. Day showed himself to be an alert conductor and achieved great control with a very directive and impressive baton.



"COLLITS' INN" — OPENING SCENE, ACT II.

The cast, although nearly all were novices, gave an impressive performance. Harold Sperling gave an earnest portrayal of the hero, "Lake"; Ian Kennedy, as "Pierce Collits," really lived his part; Michael Diamond created a sensation as the bushranger, "Keane"; Richard Loudon, as "that toff from the Old Country," gave a really enjoyable performance, although his voice lacked forward tone; William Melville, as "Banks," and Lawrence Foster, as "Evans," were both very good; John Ewing, in his short appearance as "Gov. Darling," gave a substantial performance; Steven Hall, as "Dandy Dick," really captivated the audience and gave to his performance a genuineness of character that showed definite artistic ability; Trevor Boyle's excellent portrayal of the villain, "Courtney," showed considerable dramatic talent, and he is to be highly commended for such a polished performance. It was quite impossible to believe that the ladies of the chorus and the principal females were really boys. Brian Fitzgerald ably portrayed "Mary Collits," the beautiful daughter of "Pierce Collits," although his voice could have been a little stronger; Peter Fry, as "Sally," was quite convincing, and Donald Sutherland, as "Kate," sang with sweetness and conviction. Treated as a whole, all acted well, but the vocal work in all players needed more power. If the choruses of Redcoats and Settlers had only had sufficient basses and tenors to give them body the chorus work would have been more impressive.

Not to be forgotten are those behind the scenes, those who performed the exacting tasks of stage management, shifting of scenery, make-up and lighting, which was very effectively handled in spite of several blackouts on the final night.

The opera played to packed houses on each of the three nights.

And now, last but not least, for without these two men the show could not have gone on, I mention our producer, Mr. Wilson, and director, Mr. Day, whose unflagging efforts made this opera such a tremendous success.

P. M. FUREY (5B).

CHess CLUB

The Inter-school Chess Competition, which commenced in the First Term, was completed towards the end of the Second Term. Three teams only were entered this year—one in "A" Grade, one in "B" Grade, one in "C" Grade—but we were not so successful as in previous years.

The "A" Grade Team—J. Bailey (Capt.), M. Stuart, G. Kellerman, C. Gorski, and J. Seemann—was fifth in its division. The "B" Grade Team—N. Balzer, R. Cann, L. Brandon, R. Simons, P. Schiff (Capt.)—won its competition and thus retained the "Osborne Shield," whilst the "C" Grade Team—I. Lacey (Capt.), A. Osborne, J. Gray, R. May, J. Rosen—was runner-up in its division.

We thank Mr. Dunlop, the Master-in-charge, for his assistance and co-operation during the tournament.

In the N.S.W. Schoolboys' Championships, held during the

August vacation, Malcolm Stuart (3A) won the Under-16 Division, Anthony Osborne (2F) won the Under-14 Division, whilst John Rosen (2F) was third. We congratulate these boys on their fine performance.

The Chess Club is meeting regularly every Friday afternoon at 3.30 p.m. in Room 9, and everyone interested is invited to attend. The School purchased five new sets during the year, thus enabling more players to be accommodated. Many of the players comprising the teams this year will be leaving, so it is vital for the success of the Club that the younger boys come along now and gain experience for future competitions.

G. KELLERMAN (5B),
Secretary.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

There are now 4,949 books and 313 pamphlets in the library. Of these, 137 books and 82 pamphlets were entered in the accessions register during the year. The majority of purchases were made from the annual donation of £100 from the Parents and Citizens' Association, and gifts of books were also made by the United States Information Library, Sydney, the Vacuum Oil Company, Baron Kemsley and the Hemingway and Robertson Institute.

Many valuable reference books were purchased, among them being the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" in two volumes, volumes III and IV of the "Oxford Junior Encyclopædia"—"The Universe" and "Communications"—"A Memorial Volume to Howard Hinton," the "Australian Junior Encyclopædia" edited by Charles Barrett, Bartholomew's "Advanced Atlas," "A Handbook of Literary Terms" by Yelland and others, and Wisden's "Cricketers' Almanac". Other purchases were the "How Did They Live?" and "Where Does It Come From?" series edited by Raymond Fawcett, "Animal Facts and Fancies" by O. P. Briland, "Greek Poetry For Every Man" by F. L. Lucas, "Elephant Bill" by J. A. Williams, "Australian Short Stories" edited by W. Murdoch and H. Drake-Brockman, and "The Nature of the Universe" by F. Hoyle.

A particularly interesting set of American publications, "The Basic Science Education Series," composed the bulk of pamphlets purchased. Well illustrated and simple, yet authoritative in text, the series comprised titles such as "Gravity," "Birds," "Machines," "Fire," "Trees," "Fishes," "What Things Are Made Of," "Animals of Yesterday," "Superstition or Science" and "Electricity".

Of the thirty-two periodicals received regularly during the year seventeen were donated. Among those to which the School subscribes are "The Canon," a music journal, "Hobbies Illustrated," "John O'London's Weekly," "The National Geographic Magazine," "Outdoors and Fishing," "Popular Mechanics," "Nature" and the Reader's and Science Digests. Donations include "Australia in Fact and Figures," "Endeavour," a science journal, "International Conciliation," "Journal of the Soil Conservation Service," "Port of Sydney" and "The Navy".

THE RECORD

The Fifth Year Library Committee, helped by assistant librarians from Second, Third and Fourth Years, again carried out very capably the quite considerable work of issuing and recalling books and pamphlets during the lunch-time recesses.

Despite inadequate accommodation, the Library has been used satisfactorily and enthusiastically by the boys during the year and material in it, in both quality and quantity, has been maintained at an adequate standard.

J. L.

SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS

Since our last report the numbers on parade have fallen very low. We would like all those who have joined the Corps to attend every parade, as it is only in this way that we can expand our training and acquire new weapons, such as a Vickers M.M.G.

I will take this opportunity to recommend to all those who have not joined the Corps to do so, not only to raise the strength of our unit, but to gain valuable knowledge that will assist everyone when he is called up under the National Service Scheme. The training given to a well-run cadet unit corresponds to the three months' National Service course.

This year we entered a rather inexperienced team in the G.P.S. Shoot, but did not gain a place, which is rather disappointing, as Sydney High was once the champion rifle-shooting school. However, we will be trying again next year, and we hope to do better, as we intend having several practices at the Long Bay Range throughout the year.

In concluding, we would like to thank Captain Cracknell for the time he spent arranging the shoot, and also for his efforts in keeping the Corps together.

R. WOTHERSPOON (Cdt.-Lieut.).

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Leader: P. Duke.

Assistant Leader: R. Jakes.

Secretary: A. Clark.

This year a keen interest has been shown in the I.S.C.F. by many boys of the School, the average attendance at each meeting throughout the year being over forty-five, while on a number of occasions the attendance has exceeded a hundred. The I.S.C.F. aims to provide boys of the School with the opportunity of hearing the message of the Gospel and of meeting in Christian fellowship.

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 the second half of the year a number of interesting talks were given by visiting speakers, such as Dr. Norman Powys, Mr. D. M. Henderson, M.Sc., Rev. Frank H. Starr, and several others. Talks were also given by some of the boys. We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation to Mr. Killip

for his co-operation and support of the I.S.C.F. during the years in which he was Headmaster.

The week-end camp held at "The Grange," Mt. Victoria, in June was a great success and was greatly enjoyed by the twenty-five boys who were there. We wish to thank Mr. Athol Gordon and the Old Boys of the School who acted as officers.

Our "Annual Squash" held at the Waverley Christian Community Centre on Saturday, the 29th September, was also a great success. The programme and supper were enjoyed by all.

A hearty invitation is extended to all boys of the School to come along to our meetings.

P. DUKE (5c),
Leader.

LODGE SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL, No. 631

The Worshipful Master holds office for one year, and so Bro. Tom Pauling has now taken over the reins held by Wor. Bro. Alan Beveridge for the past year.

Most Wor. Bro. Frank McDowell, who honoured the Lodge with his presence on Friday, August 10, at the Masonic Hall, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, expressed his appreciation of the dignified and impressive manner in which Wor. Bro. Beveridge installed his successor.

The newly installed Wor. Master, Wor. Bro. Tom Pauling, was at Sydney High School from 1926 to 1930. He was School Captain in 1930, having also been a Prefect in 1929. He was a member of the famous athletic team of 1930 which carried all before it in achieving the Championship of the G.P.S. and C.H.S. Competitions. Tom was a member of the First XV in 1929 and 1930, and rowed in the Championship Eight of 1930, which had the misfortune later to lose the title following a declaration of "No Race". The new Wor. Master is well known for his prowess as a Rugby Union player, having represented Australia, and later acted as a referee; he is now a Commonwealth Selector. During the war Tom was a Lieutenant in the A.I.F.

Bro. John F. Clark, Old Boy and ex-member of the Teaching Staff, who was awarded a Carnegie Fellowship in 1949, has now returned after two years' study in England, as a result of which he has attained the further degree of Ph.D., in addition to his former M.A. and B.Sc. John was in good form at the September meeting, when he gave a very interesting report on his experiences abroad and, with his characteristic wit, demonstrated his ability to hold the keen interest of his audience.

Bro. Peter Brunton-Gibb has now set his foot on the ladder of progress, having been invested as I.G. at the Installation Meeting. The Grand Master expressed pleasure that Peter is following in the Masonic footsteps of his father, Rt. Wor. Bro. J. Brunton-Gibb, P.S.G.W. New faces in the ranks of the Stewards are Bro. Ken Shields, who has been for several years one of the keenest workers for the O.B.U., and Bro. John Dexter, School Captain in 1942,

who, incidentally, won the Lodge Sydney High School prize in 1941.

These notes would be incomplete without an appreciation of the Immediate Past Master, Wor. Bro. Alan Beveridge, who has been such an indefatigable worker for S.H.S. ever since his attendance at the School. Wor. Bro. Beveridge fostered a close co-operation between the School Lodges, and the fraternal bonds existing between the eight school Lodges were never stronger than at present. The combined meeting held in January was a triumph to his initiative, and it is to be hoped that such meetings will long continue.

Another happy function is the combined meeting with Lodge Fortian, at which the friendly rivalry of school days is re-lived each year at the festive board which follows the meeting. Wor. Bros. Tom Pauling (S.H.S.) and E. R. Jeffery (Fortian) combined this year at the October meeting to make the eleventh annual combined meeting of the two Lodges the success it has always been since its inauguration in 1941.

The Annual Lodge Picnic will be held in December, when the youngsters and the "oldsters" will combine in an endeavour to prove that the latter are perhaps not so far from their primary school days as they would have the children imagine!

Lodge Sydney High School, No. 631, has a membership of 136 and meets at the Masonic Hall, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, at 7.30 p.m. on the second Friday each month (except January). The members are all Old Boys, Masters, or ex-Masters of Sydney High School, and the Wor. Master extends a hearty welcome to Brethren to visit the Lodge. The Secretary is V. Wor. Bro. H. B. Young, 4 Birrellea Avenue, Earlwood. Telephone LF 1532 (home), XB 7051 (day).

S.H.S. PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

Office-bearers, 1951

President: Major W. B. Nehl, E.D.

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

Hon. Secretary: A. T. Denny, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer: Carroll Taylor, Esq.

Executive Committee: Mesdames A. Tilley, J. T. Gray, Messrs. H. R. Thornett,

W. H. Wilson, E. McEwan, A. W. Rawlings, W. R. Clarkson.

Hon. Auditors: W. W. Vick, Esq., H. V. Quinton, Esq.

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

On 23rd August Mr. J. H. Killip, B.A., Headmaster, retired from this position after having served the School in this position for the past sixteen years and having completed forty-six years of loyal service with the Education Department. The members of this Association desire to express our grateful thanks and appreciation to Mr. Killip for his co-operation and the happy relationship which, at all times, has existed between the School staff and this Association. We feel that we could never adequately thank him for all that he has done, in so many ways, for the many hundreds of boys who have been privileged to pass through the School whilst he has been Headmaster. We trust that Mr. Killip will live many long years

in perfect health to enjoy the results of his labour and to reflect in the glory of the careers of his "Boys".

To Mrs. Killip we would also say "thank you" for her keen interest in the school activities and for the "tower of strength" that she has been to the "Head" during recent years when his health and strength was so sorely taxed. We trust that Mrs. Killip, too, will enjoy a long and happy partnership with Mr. Killip in his retirement.

We desire to congratulate Mr. P. W. Hallett, B.A., Deputy Headmaster, on his appointment as Acting Headmaster for the remainder of 1951. We pledge to him and to his successor the total resources and co-operation of our organisation.

Under Mr. Hallett's guidance a Farewell Function was arranged for Wednesday, 31st October, when all parents of the boys at the School, members of the Parents and Citizens' Association, Old Boys' Union, School Staff, and other supporters of the School in the past had the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Killip on his achievements whilst Headmaster of the School.

A conference of the Executive Officers of the Old Boys' Union and this Association took place on 6th June, with the view of co-ordinating the activities of the two bodies to produce the best possible results in assisting the School. One of the decisions arrived at led to the formation of what is now known as the "School Council"; it consists of the President and three members of each organisation, together with the Headmaster as Chairman. Our representatives are Major Nehl, Mr. Leroy, Mr. Thornett and Mrs. Tilley.

The two bodies have agreed to a pooling of the funds in hand in connection with the new Boatshed and "Fairland" Pavilion projects, such funds to be controlled by the School Council with a view to the completion of these projects at the earliest possible date.

It was with regret that we learnt of the resignation as Rowing Master of Mr. Stan Wick, who, for many years, has carried out this rather exacting task with a readiness and enthusiasm so rarely seen in a man whose major appointment at the School is to teach modern languagess. Mr. Wick has now been succeeded by Mr. Ivan Cracknell, who has previously proved so successful with our First Fifteen.

It is also reported that notice has been received to vacate the Rowing Shed at present occupied by the School. We earnestly hope that it will not be long before our rowers have their own accommodation.

The Dance Committee continues to do yeoman service in arranging the many dance functions for the students at the School on alternate Saturday nights.

The Grounds Committee reports the appointment as Honorary Groundsman of Mr. Robert Boatwright, who has accepted the responsibility of the preparation and upkeep of the McKay Sports

RESULTS TELL!

M.B.C. students won 68 "Honours" in the recent series of Accountancy exams, including 1st Place in FINAL ACCOUNTS in three of the four Institutes examining in that subject.

Also 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Places in Final Executors and Trustees Law, in the examinations conducted by the Public Accountants Registration Board (N.S.W. only).



Only a few years ago these brilliant students were schoolboys like yourselves. Ensure YOUR FUTURE by coming to the M.B.C. for your after-school training.

ACCOUNTANCY SCHOLARSHIPS 1952 SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, 24th NOVEMBER, 1951

YOU may win one. Ask us for full details.

At the M.B.C. YOU can

- MATRICULATE for any Profession.
- Study for a Final Degree in ACCOUNTANCY and COMPANY SECRETARIAL work.
- Take a personal-attendance course in SALESMANSHIP and SPEAKING.
- Take a full business course, including Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Office Routine, etc.
- Learn the modern, easy, fast and reliable Summerhayes SHORTERhand—OR Pitman Shorthand.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Summerhayes House, 6 Dalley St., Sydney. BU 5921

Ground. Mr. Boatwright is to be congratulated on the appearance of the cricket wickets and the grounds.

The Ladies' Auxiliary continues to carry out the many and varied functions that are necessary in our organisation, including the preparation of luncheons for visiting teams on our home ground, Dance Canteen and suppers in connection with school activities. The ladies have proved invaluable in the preparation and organisation of the School Fete, which was held on 20th October in the school grounds, and for the arrangement of other functions throughout the year which have raised considerable sums of money for the Association.

The fete proved to be a signal success socially as well as financially, for which a great amount of credit must go to the Hon. Organiser, Mr. Thomas Rushall and other helpers who were legion. The Association desires to express appreciation and grateful acknowledgment for the many donations in cash and goods to the Fete Committee, for without this grand support the fete could not have proved such a marked success.

Finally, we would point out that it is the duty of every parent who has a boy at the School to lend every possible support to this Association in its work for the School. Unfortunately, far too much work and responsibility falls on the shoulders of the all too few keen and enthusiastic members who, year after year, accept the burden of providing the amenities and services so necessary in a school such as ours.

Won't you please help? We need your assistance. Join the Parents and Citizens' Association and attend our meetings.

A. T. DENNY,
Honorary Secretary.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

Office-bearers, 1951

President: Mrs. A. L. Tilley.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. E. A. Sheedy. *Hon. Treasurer:* Mrs. J. T. Gray.

The most important activity of the Ladies' Auxiliary at the beginning of the year was to welcome, and serve morning tea once again, to the parents of the new boys. Many of these mothers are now active members of the Auxiliary.

Meetings are well attended, and it is also very helpful to have so many mothers of ex-students still working for the Auxiliary.

The two outstanding functions of the year were the Annual Auxiliary Ball and the Fete.

A very successful year financially is anticipated. Special mention should be made of the Musical Evening and Cooking Demonstration arranged by Mrs. H. Bennett, and the Illawarra District Ladies, in conjunction with the St. George County Council, and two house parties given by Mrs. McCann and Mrs. Smee, all of which were most successful, socially and financially.

The Buffet Organiser and Committee are doing excellent work.

These ladies sacrifice their Saturday evenings, and without their help the Buffet could not function.

The Auxiliary would welcome any mothers to our meetings or any help with our numerous activities.

The Auxiliary expresses its regret at Mr. Killip's retirement, and extends best wishes to him for a long and happy life.

The President (Mrs. Tilley) and her Executive wish to thank all members and helpers for their generous support throughout the year, especially Mr. and Mrs. Clark, for their donation of all printing.

ETHEL SHEEDY,
Hon. Secretary.

SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' UNION

Office-bearers, 1951

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

President: Keith C. Cameron, Esq.

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

Hon. Secretary: C. E. Rubie, M.A. *Hon. Treasurer:* K. W. Shields.

Assistant Secretaries: P. Wallis, E. Berge Phillips, K. Binns.

Councillors: M. MacGee, J. B. Agnew, J. L. Proctor, L. Hardacre, K. W. Gallie, D. J. Daly, G. M. Walker, Graham King, R. W. Morrow, R. White, A. T. Harvey, B. Berry, B. Mackey, E. A. Morcombe, P. G. Saywell, S. A. Willsher, A. R. Callaway, R. Grey, J. Adair, K. Binns, G. Scrimgeour, Dr. G. Hardwick, L. Walkley, B. Levy, B. Herron.

Diamond Jubilee

Next year the Old Boys' Union will celebrate the sixtieth year of its existence. Since its inauguration in 1892 the activities of the O.B.U. have been continuous—apart from a few years in the latter part of the last century—and it has played an important part in the history of the School.

The inaugural meeting was convened by Mr. T. R. Trevick—a master at the School—on 6th June, 1892, and Mr. Joseph Coates, M.A. (Oxon.), Headmaster of the School, was the first president. Mr. A. M. Eedy was elected Hon. Secretary and Mr. A. H. MacTaggart the Hon. Treasurer. This meeting was held at the Sydney Girls' High School, situated then in Castlereagh Street, on the site now occupied by David Jones Ltd.

It is proposed to hold some suitable functions next year to commemorate the beginnings of our Union.

Membership

During the coming year it is hoped that our membership will reach the thousand mark. At present there are nearly nine hundred members, and the Assistant Secretary, Mr. P. Wallis, is confident that one thousand members can be expected next year.

This cannot be achieved without some effort on the part of all present members. Please try and help us in this objective.

The Membership Committee, headed by Mr. S. Willsher, plans to have an O.B.U. representative in all Government Departments, large business houses and commercial and industrial organisations, so that direct contact can be made with Old Boys of the School and their subscriptions received promptly.

A special appeal is made to all Fifth Year pupils to contact the School Captain, John Thornett, and obtain their O.B.U. badge before they leave school.

It is important that association with the School be maintained by those about to leave. Not only will they derive much pleasure from the preservation of the friendships of their school days through the functions and activities of the Old Boys' Union, but they can help to contribute something to the School that it may fulfil its place in the community and preserve its traditions.

School Honour Roll

With the assistance of their Ladies' Auxiliary, the Old Boys' Union has presented the new Honour Roll to the School so that the names of the Old Boys who fell in World War II may be recorded alongside those who served in the First World War.

Over one hundred former pupils of the School gave their lives in the 1939-45 conflict so that our way of life might be preserved. To them, and to the hundreds of other Old Boys who served in the Forces, is owed a debt beyond repayment. It is hoped that the School Honour Roll will remain a symbol of our expression of eternal gratitude for the sacrifices made during this dark period in the world's history.

At an impressive ceremony before a representative gathering of parents, Old Boys, masters and pupils of the School the Honour Roll was unveiled by Lieut.-General H. Gordon Bennett on Sunday, 4th November last.

It was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. W. G. Hilliard, Bishop-Coadjutor of Sydney, who was assisted by the Reverend Bernard Judd, both of whom are Old Boys of the School.

J. H. Killip Testimonial

Our regrets at the sudden retirement of the Headmaster have been expressed in other places and on other occasions. James Killip has been one of the outstanding headmasters of Sydney High School. In scholarship and cultural activities, and on the fields of sport, the School lived up to its traditions under his headmastership, and he has earned the esteem and gratitude of the Old Boys of the School.

The Old Boys' Union, together with the Parents and Citizens' Association, organised a farewell function in his honour and presented him with a suitable gift in recognition of his services to the School. Over ninety pounds was subscribed by members of the O.B.U.

Rugby Reunion

Sixty Old Boys were present at the Second Rugby Reunion of

past footballers of the School, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in reminiscing on the "mighty" deeds of the past against St. Josephs, Grammar, Shore, etc.

"Tich" Howard was the organiser, and our appreciation is expressed at his efforts in making the function both financially and socially successful.

The Rugby Reunion is an annual event, and next year it is hoped that captains of past school teams will gather their teams together again and join us. This invitation is extended particularly to this year's successful First Fifteen—one of the best teams to ever represent the School.

Football Club

Due to the efforts of a group of Old Boys led by "Tich" Howard, our Football Club came into existence this year and played in the Metropolitan Junior Rugby Union Competition.

The season was most successful, as they were runners-up in the competition, being narrowly defeated in the final.

Coach "Alec" Fry is certain that the team can win the competition next year.

Training is held at Woollahra Oval on Wednesday evenings, and we would like to see some of the members of this year's school teams join us and don the chocolate and blue jersey again.

Cricket Club

Les Walkley has the Old Boys' Cricket Team playing in the Junior Cricket Competition again, and they are doing very well. Most matches are played at the McKay Oval, and members of former school teams are invited to join the club.

Rowing

The Old Boys' Union has decided to purchase a new "Four" for the School.

Dick White, Sid Willsher and Graham Pilger have been spending their Saturdays repairing and reconditioning the School's boats. We are greatly indebted to them for their efforts.

More volunteers are wanted for this work so that the School's fleet can be maintained and kept in good condition.

1952 High Ball

Preliminary organisation is under way for this function, which will be held at the Trocadero in May next.

Fairland Pavilion

The Old Boys' Union has given the School Council three hundred pounds to assist in the additions and alterations to the Fairland Pavilion at the McKay Oval. It is hoped that they will be completed by next football season.

Ladies' Auxiliary

The support received from this body of enthusiastic ladies has been most gratifying. At present they have made their objective

the raising of sufficient funds to provide the boards for the School Honour Roll.

Their meetings are held regularly at the C.E.N.E.F Centre at 2 p.m. on the first Wednesday of each month. Mothers, sisters and friends of Old Boys are asked to join the Auxiliary. Not only are these meetings very happy social affairs, but the assistance given to the School and the Old Boys' Union has been of great value.

P. and C. Association

The Old Boys' Union would like to record its appreciation of the fine work done by this Association.

The efforts of its executive officers and members during the past twenty-five years have been invaluable to the School.

Personal

Noel Bailey has been distinguishing himself in crime reporting. As Police Roundsman on "The Sun" he has written some excellent articles recently.

Returned recently from England, John Clarke obtained his Ph.D. at London University. Congratulations, John.

Tom Pauling has given up drawing the State Lottery, where he was the Assistant Director. He is now Secretary of the Motor Traders' Association.

John Chapman is Personnel Officer at Clyde Engineering.

Norman ("Snow") Webb is Hon. Secretary of the Bondi Icebergs. At other times he may be found at the National Bank of Australia, where he is a junior executive.

Ken Robinson presented his stroke oar to the School. This was used in the first crew ever to represent the School at the G.P.S. Regatta twenty-seven years ago. 2HR, West Maitland, finds him.

Maurice Pears (L.C. 1946 and Graduate of Duntroon), is reported to have been seriously wounded in Korea.

Congratulations to Hugh Maguire (L.C., 1923), henceforth to be referred to as Hugh Maguire, K.C.

Congratulations also to Edwin Ernest Salpeter (L.C., 1940), who has been made a professor at an American University.

Peter Dreelin (L.C., 1942) has taken his Doctorate in Dentistry at the Chicago University, and is at present practising in London.

William Levick (L.C., 1948) gained the John Harris Scholarship for General Proficiency in Medicine III with two High Distinctions and a Distinction. Congratulations.

Congratulations also to Rev. James Peter, B.A., B.D. (L.C., 1935), who has been appointed Professor of Theology at Emanuel College, Brisbane.

Congratulations to Keith McLellan (L.C., 1946), who has accepted an offer to play professional football for the Leeds Club (England). After completing his training at Sydney University and Sydney Teachers' College, Keith was appointed to Fort Street High School, where he was teaching when the offer was made to him.

Dr. Charlie Winston went overseas for four months to see the latest developments in medicine in Britain and the U.S. Much time

was spent in London and Edinburgh before crossing to the Great Democracy, whose "Picture Colony" is distinguished by having become decadent before becoming civilised! All travel was by air.

Alan Watt and Howard Beale were members of the School's Tennis First IV in 1917. They are now to be found in the national capital, Alan as permanent head of the Department dealing with Foreign Affairs and Howard as a member of the Federal Cabinet.

George C. Saxby will welcome letters and callers at Neptune Street, Newport Beach.

The Liquor Inquiry holds interest in the appearance as witnesses for Tooth's of R. C. (Dick) Middleton and Selby Burt, and also Jack Leaver and Leo Webb, K.C., in their professional capacities.

A photostatic copy of the No. 1 Entrance Certificate to the School at its inception in 1883 will be presented to the School by its No. 1 Scholar, Arthur M. Eedy.

John W. Austin was married recently. Congratulations.

Jack Robinson (no relation to Ken), who rowed in the tough 1929 crew, is now Assistant General Manager of the Australian Gas Light Co.

Jack Back has retired from the post of Director of Secondary Education. We trust that he manages to enjoy the days of leisure which he has so richly earned.

Philip and Jack Davenport duly arrived at Journey's End, England, in their cutter, "Waltzing Matilda," after a voyage across the Southern Pacific, through the perilous Magellan Straits, after being blown back in their attempt to round Cape Horn. They put in at Santa Arenas, later at Buenos Aires, and then at Pernambuco (Brazil), after which the last leg of 4,200 miles was tackled.

The following information has been sent by Gary Scrimgeour (Arts I) concerning the whereabouts and activities of some of last year's successful L.C. examinees:—John Agnew is enrolled in the Faculty of Engineering and rowed in the Engineering VIII. Warren Mark deserted the Faculty of Economics to tackle accountancy.

Murray MacGee, Dick White, Graham Mahony, Keith Walkerden and Graham Gould are all doing Medicine at Sydney, and John Reddish is doing Medicine at Melbourne. Graham Mahony rows for Wesley College. Johnny Bosler is still playing football and is reported to be in a broker's office.

Lockie Shaw is doing Arts and becomes a cub reporter for the "Herald" next year; Bob Morrow, another one "reclining" in Arts, is enrolled at Wesley College, which he represented in swimming, athletics and football; Gregory Woodburne aims to do Arts next year.

John Procter, Barrie Steele, and Dave Page are doing Engineering at Sydney, and Mick Fry at the Tech.

Phil Grouse and John O'Neil are doing Science.

John Phillips is doing Economics.

Clive Galea is doing Law.

Jack Harris has embarked on a career in advertising.

Old Boy in America

The following is the text (in part) of a letter addressed to the Headmaster from Abraham Berkovits (L.C., 1950):—

Dear Mr. Killip,

Having survived the shock of my first few months in the country, I feel that I can now view the U.S.A. with a greater degree of rationalism. The district we live in, New England, is truly a new England. The countryside, especially in the immense park near our home, is as beautiful as the prettiest in England. The people are of the friendliest, recognising to the fullest the next man's right to live; no one is even thought of as a "foreigner". The vocabulary is different from the English or Australian. Because of business competition, shopping is a glorious adventure; the city is almost as bright by night as it is by day.

Despite my not having any proof of matriculation besides a newspaper clipping, I was accepted last February to the Yeshiva University in New York, where I have just concluded my first term. "Y.U." is a Jewish university, where we study Jewish law until 3.0 p.m. and other subjects from then till the evening; it is the only university of its kind in the world, and has some eight hundred students. Besides the six other subjects which I must take per year, I am "majoring" (or specialising) in Political Science.

One really has to come and see the U.S.A. to believe it. Of course, not everyone is fortunate enough to own a modern kitchen, 1951 car, yacht, etc., etc., but even so the average family lives very comfortably. Anything can be procured anywhere, anyhow at almost any time—at a price. My eyes still widen with surprise when I walk down the street: the country is truly a wonderful one to live in, even if it is not a Utopia.

I find that the U.S.A. is an "education-wise" country. There is hardly a permanent job which can be procured without a "college" degree of some kind. In this country references are of little use: if you work hard you get on, and if you're no good they throw you out.

OBITUARY

We regret to record the death of Sgt. Ronald Daniel Mitchell (L.C., 1944). Sgt. Mitchell was the pilot of a 'plane in R.A.A.F. 77 Squadron in Korea, which in August of this year collided with another 'plane as both were returning to their base. Sgt. Mitchell served in World War II and re-enlisted in 1948.

We regret also to record the death of Cecil Rodgers (L.C., 1927), who died in September of this year. Mr. Rodgers had been a teacher at Randwick High School. No doubt the hardships he suffered as a prisoner of war in Malaya contributed to his early death.

Mr. F. J. Gallagher, a past member of the Staff, who left the School in 1914, has also passed away.

JOHN WILFRED GIBBES MEMORIAL

John Wilfred Gibbes passed away this year. He was a Classics Master and Sportsmaster at the School from 1919 to 1926.

His contribution to Sydney High School will never be correctly assessed, for his influence on the boys who attended the School during that period in Mary Ann Street, Ultimo, will never be quite forgotten. Nor will his courage and foresight, for John Wilfred Gibbes, more than anybody else, put the chocolate and blue singlets of Sydney High School "on the river".

He overcame all kinds of opposition and obstacles so that the School might take part in all the activities of the A.A.G.P.S. and maintain its prestige among the Great Public Schools of N.S.W. To him no personal sacrifice was too great for the School, and the School's response to the efforts of John Gibbes was not lacking. For four years it was unbeaten on the Parramatta River and created a tradition in rowing which has been carried on to the present day.

This is typical comment culled from the newspaper files of twenty-five years ago:

"Again displaying the grit and determination that have characterised their efforts in previous years, High emerged successful in the Championship Eights for the third successive year."

In those days he would personally take six and eight teams to St. Joseph's or King's or Shore to play football or cricket.

A classical scholar of outstanding ability, he did not spare himself to help those candidates preparing for University scholarships, and spent many hours of his leisure in assisting them with their studies. His reward lay in their success.

Of all the masters who have been on the staff at High in the sixty-eight years of the School's existence, none have been more loved and respected than "Gister," as he was affectionately known.

A fund has been opened for the purpose of providing an annual prize to perpetuate his memory. Three hundred pounds are required, and subscriptions may be forwarded to the Union or the School.

Ken Gollan, Arch. Harvey and "Doc" Wall are among the Old Boys who are organising this fund, which already has nearly £100 to its credit.

 NEW PRIZE

Some Old Boys, who held Mr. J. W. Gibbes in high regard, have endowed a prize to be known as the "J. W. Gibbes Memorial Prize." This year it will be awarded to the Fourth Year boy most proficient in Latin and English.

SPORT

FOOTBALL

FIRST XV

G.P.S. Competition

The 1951 G.P.S. Premiership was won by the undefeated King's School team, to whom we extend our congratulations.

The School team finished third to King's and St. Joseph's. Our season opened well with a good win against Grammar, the backs handling excellently under very wet conditions, followed by a narrow win over Scots. We suffered our only defeat in this competition at the hands of the King's School, who proved too fast and too heavy in the closing stages of the game. The St. Joseph's match was, without doubt, the most exciting game of the season, our team playing magnificently against the strong opposition and scoring a well-deserved draw. Again, playing fairly well, we were able to defeat Shore and draw with Riverview. To finish a very successful season the team rallied excellently in the second half against Newington, to win this important game 15-14 after being down 14-3 halfway through the second half.

The School had almost a record number of players selected in combined teams this year. C. Smee (Vice-Capt.), D. Stuart, J. Thornett and D. Boatwright played in the G.P.S. First XV against Duntroon Military College. J. Harrison, M. Hudson and N. Payne were selected in the Second XV to play Hawkesbury Agricultural College, and J. Kennelly, G. Rivers and M. Saunders in the Third XV to play Waverley College.

In the matches against C.H.S., Smee and Stuart played in the Firsts and Thornett (Capt.), Boatwright and Harrison in the Seconds.

C.H.S. Competition

The team congratulates Fort Street on winning the Combined High Schools' Premiership, which this year was very evenly contested by many very good teams.

Our team were co-runners-up with Parramatta, being only narrowly defeated by North Sydney and Fort Street and drawing with Homebush.

We fielded a team with both good backs and strong forwards. The backs were led by Smee at five-eighth, and he proved a safe and heady player in this position, shining particularly in cover-defence. Payne and Kennelly were always dangerous in attack in the centres, Kennelly being our most penetrating back. Many movements were well finished off by Saunders on the wing, where he showed great speed and ability. Our full-back, Boatwright, was always very sound in defence and handling and often attacked.



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brilliantly. Two half-backs, Pearce and Cureton, were both unfortunately badly injured during the season when reaching excellent form, and in the last few games, breakaway, Treble, ably filled in this position.

The forwards, led by breakaway Thornett (Capt.), held every pack they met, winning a fair share of the ball in rucks, scrums and line-outs, and excelling in open play. Jakes, at lock, played very tight football, and was always well placed in his cover defence, while always up with play were second-rowers Hudson and Stuart, both of whom did a tremendous amount of work in rucks. Apart from winning a fair percentage of the scrums, the front row of Harrison, Johnson and Upton were all continually on the ball, figured well in passing movements, and were dangerous in attack. Rivers, who played as breakaway or front row, and Treble, breakaway, were brilliant in open play and sound in defence.

Once again we were well represented in the C.H.S. teams to play the G.P.S. J. Kennelly, M. Saunders and G. Treble were selected in the C.H.S. First XV, while G. Rivers (Vice-Capt.) and M. Hudson were selected in the Second XV.

The team's success this year was mainly due to the untiring coaching of Mr. Cracknell, and we would like to thank him sincerely for all his work. The interest of Mr. Killip was greatly appreciated by all the players, and we wish to thank him, along with the Ladies' Auxiliary, who provided excellent afternoon teas after each home game and a fine luncheon for footballers and coaches at the end of the season. G. Nehl and R. Donaldson both deserve mention for their excellent work as linesman and ball boy respectively.

G.P.S. Competition

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

- Sydney Grammar School—Won, 12-3.
- The Scots College—Won, 6-3.
- The King's School—Lost, 9-21.
- St. Joseph's College—Drew, 12-12.
- Sydney Church of England Grammar School—Won, 6-3.
- St. Ignatius College—Drew, 6-6.
- Newington College—Won, 15-14.

C.H.S. Competition

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

- Hurlstone Agricultural College—Won, 25-3.
- North Sydney High—Lost, 3-6.
- Canterbury High—Won, 13-3.
- Fort Street High—Lost, 3-6.
- Sydney Technical High—Won, 40-3.
- Homebush High—Drew, 11-11.
- Randwick High—Won, 14-0.
- North Sydney Technical High—Won, 18-8.

SECOND XV

The Second XV shared the C.H.S. Premiership with North Sydney Technical High, but after successfully starting the G.P.S.

THE RECORD

competition with two good wins against Grammar and Scots, the team lost many of its original players either through promotions to the First XV or through injuries, and thus lost its advantage. Some indication of the changes in the team is that thirty-one players represented in the Seconds. However, the team was a youthful one, and all the players gained valuable experience. The forwards, though light, generally held their own. They were ably led by Littlewood, who had fine support from Stuart, Stephens and Hutchison. The backs lacked weight, but possessed speed under the leadership of the captain, Hunt, who proved to be the real strength of the team. Allsop, Cureton, Cohen, Clark, Macarounas and Seeney were all outstanding, while Ambrose's goal-kicking made him the top scorer.

Special congratulations are due to Rivers (originally Captain), who, after being promoted to the First XV, gained selection in the C.H.S. Second XV and in the G.P.S. Third XV, and to Hudson, who gained inclusion in the C.H.S. and G.P.S. Second XV's.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Allsopp for his coaching and encouragement, and to congratulate Shore and St. Joseph's on their joint G.P.S. premiership.

C.H.S. Competition

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Manly High—Won, 32-0.

Hurlstone Agricultural High—Drew, 3-3.

North Sydney High—Lost, 3-6.

Canterbury High—Won, 6-5.

Fort Street High—Won, 10-0.

Sydney Technical High—Won, 17-3.

Homebush High—Won, 8-3.

Randwick High—Won, 10-5.

North Sydney Technical High—Lost, 0-3.

G.P.S. Competition

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Sydney Grammar School—Won, 8-0.

The Scots College—Won, 16-8.

The King's School—Lost, 6-18.

St. Joseph's College—Lost, 0-24.

Sydney Church of England Grammar School—Lost, 3-12.

St. Ignatius' College—Lost, 0-31.

Newington College—Lost, 3-8.

THIRD XV

The Third Grade Team had a fairly successful season, coming fourth in their competition. Unfortunately, the team was frequently being changed; eleven third grade players were taken to higher grades to replace injured players. Because of this, the captaincy of the team changed five times. Despite such difficulties, the coaches, Mr. Coffey and Mr. Hudson, moulded a fine team from material in cases new to grade football. The captain, Diamond, received good support from both the fast, tight forwards and the speedy backs.



FIRST XV — C.H.S. RUNNERS-UP.

Back Row: G. TREBLE, J. JOHNSON, M. SAUNDERS, A. PEARCE.

Second Row: R. UPTON, J. HARRISON, R. JAKES, G. RIVERS, D. STUART, M. HUDSON.

Front Row: D. BOATWRIGHT, J. KENNELLY, MR. I. R. CRACKNELL (Coach), J. THORNETT (Captain), J. H. KILLIP (Headmaster), C. SMEE (Vice-Captain), N. PAYNE.



SECOND XV — C.H.S. CO-PREMIERS.

Back Row: A. COHEN, J. THOMAS, A. GEOGHEGAN, W. KING, B. FULLER, M. DIAMOND.
Second Row: D. CURRAN, R. AMBROSE, M. STUART, B. FOOTE, B. STEPHENS, A. ROSEWELL, A. CLARK.
Front Row: R. HUTCHISON, B. SEENEY, G. PAULINE, J. HUNT (Captain), V. LITTLEWOOD (Vice-Captain), K. DAVY, G. MACAROUNAS.
In Front: W. CURETON, B. ALLSOP. **Coach:** MR. F. J. ALLSOPP (Absent).



FIFTH XV — UNDEFEATED PREMIERS.

Back Row: R. HAMPSON, G. DAVIES, B. KING, K. RICHARDSON, L. VASS.
Second Row: J. ELFICK, A. NICHOLLS, G. COULSON, D. BAMBACH, C. CHAMBERLAIN, M. JOBBINS.
Front Row: H. MACLEAY, B. PARSONS, J. COPE (Captain), MR. W. ROWLANDS (Coach), J. HISLOP (Vice-Captain), J. HAVILAH, W. SUMMERS.

THE RECORD

The team wishes to thank the coaches for their time and trouble in putting on to the field a very creditable team, which lost only one game.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Manly High—Won, 26-0.
Hurlstone Agricultural High—Won, 9-0.
North Sydney High—Drew, 0-0.
Canterbury High—Drew, 3-3.
Fort Street High—Won, 3-0.
Sydney Technical High—Won, 9-0.
Homebush High—Not played.
Randwick High—Won, 13-5.
North Sydney Technical High—Drew, 3-3.
Parramatta High—Lost, 0-6.

FOURTH XV

The Fourth Grade Team had a fairly successful season, suffering only three defeats at the hands of Hurlstone, Manly and North Sydney. Prominent among the forwards were W. Taylor, E. Coleman and D. Healy, while B. Robertson played very well as five-eighth.

The team would like to express their thanks to Mr. O'Rourke for his valuable coaching throughout the season.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Manly High—Lost, 6-15.
Hurlstone Agricultural High—Lost, 0-5.
North Sydney High—Lost, 9-19.
Canterbury High—Won, 23-3.
Fort Street High—Won, 9-3.
Sydney Technical High—Won, 11-6.
Homebush High—Won, 6-0.
Randwick High—Won, 10-6.
North Sydney Technical High—Won, 5-0.

FIFTH XV

No further comment is needed on the quality of the Fifth Grade Team than to say they were undefeated premiers. The outstanding player in the team was Chamberlain, who scored 84 points from 28 tries. The team is very confident of winning the premiership next year as a Fourth Grade side.

The team would like to thank Mr. Rowlands for his assistance as coach.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Manly High—Won, 15-0.
Hurlstone Agricultural High—Won, 23-0.
North Sydney High—Won, 27-0.
Canterbury High—Won, 18-9.
Fort Street High—Won, 15-3.
Sydney Technical High—Won, 23-0.
Homebush High—Won, 9-6.
Randwick High—Won, 8-0.
North Sydney Technical High—Won, 23-0.
Parramatta High—No play.

THE RECORD

SIXTH XV

The Sixth XV feels sure that, although it was not successful in winning the competition, it made its presence felt amongst its opponents and performed creditably throughout the season. Moreover, it has trained some valuable young players, who will help feed the higher grades next season. The team would like to express its appreciation of the efforts made by its coach, Mr. Bromham.

SCORES

S.H.S. v.—

Manly High—Lost, 3-12.
Hurlstone Agricultural High—Won, 12-0.
North Sydney High—Lost, 0-11.
Canterbury High—Won, 3-0.
Fort Street High—Lost, 0-3.
Sydney Technical High—Won, 14-3.
Homebush High—Won, 5-0.
Randwick High—Lost, 3-9.
North Sydney Technical High—Won, 14-9.
Parramatta High—Not played.

C.H.S. FOOTBALL COMPETITION POINT SCORE

In the table below, the points won by each team in each school participating in the C.H.S. Competition are shown. Points in each grade are calculated on the basis of two for a win and one for a draw. Total points are calculated by multiplying First Grade points by 7, Second Grade by 5, and other grades by 3. On this basis High won the title of Champion School by a narrow margin of points from Fort Street.

SCHOOL	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	Total Points
Canterbury High	10	10	12	7	14	10	249
Fort Street High	19	11	17	18	12	13	368
Homebush High	16	11	13	7	17	8	302
Hurlstone Agricultural	7	13	3	12	8	3	192
Manly High	—	7	5	22	19	20	233
North Sydney High	14	16	21	18	6	12	349
North Sydney Technical	16	17	15	13	10	13	350
Parramatta High	15	—	17	3	7	13	225
Randwick High	13	16	4	12	15	21	327
Sydney High	16	17	16	13	21	9	374
Sydney Technical	4	12	9	7	5	8	175

The following table shows the successful teams in each grade of the competition:—

GRADE.	WINNERS.	RUNNERS-UP.
1	Fort Street	Homebush High, Nth. Syd. Tech., and S.H.S.
2	Nth. Syd. Tech. and S.H.S.	Nth. Syd. High and Randwick High
3	Nth. Syd. High	Fort Street and Parramatta High
4	Manly High	Fort Street and Nth. Syd. High
5	S.H.S.	Manly High
6	Randwick High	Manly High

NON-GRADE FOOTBALL

Football was regularly available for all non-grade boys desirous of playing, and class competitions were successfully carried through. The weather was favourable for the most part, and the boys were given plenty of opportunity for playing together and for improving their standard of play as a team. Competitions were arranged for each of First, Second and Third Years, and by the end of the season a very commendable standard was achieved. The teams in all divisions proved to be closely matched, and the interest of the players was thus maintained right to the last game.

The competition winners were as follows:—

Third Year	3D
Second Year	2C and 2E (aeq.)
First Year	1A and 1D (aeq.)

Towards the end of the season a round of matches was played against Sydney Technical High School. These games were vigorously contested and most results were close. S.H.S. teams won 7, lost 8, and drew 2 games, so that honours on the day were fairly even. A good healthy rivalry now exists between the non-grade players of these two schools, and the boys look forward keenly to the opportunity of playing against teams from another school.

A valuable contribution to the success of the competitions is made by the boys who act as referees. The following boys—A. Bunt, R. Bishop, J. Caddy, G. Clapshaw, R. Marriott—are to be commended for their willingness to act in this capacity, and the efficient way in which they performed their duties throughout the season.

TENNIS

Sydney High had four teams entered in the C.H.S. Competition, the personnel for the first matches being as follows:—

First Grade: W. McEwan (Capt.), J. Mallyon, A. Neate, D. Latter.

Second Grade: R. Brown (Capt.), A. Polyblank, T. Meakin, R. Norris.

Third Grade: N. Jones (Capt.), E. Prince, R. Shelley, B. Cusack.

Fourth Grade: W. Smith (Capt.), J. Matthews, W. Stamper, R. Taylor, G. Warren.

However, Meakin, a very promising fourteen-year-old, was promoted to First Grade, in Latter's place, for the last five matches. Also, as McEwan and Mallyon were unable to play against Randwick and Homebush respectively, Callaghan, another fourteen-year-old, ably took their place.

Against Canterbury High, McEwan and Mallyon fought fiercely to try and shelter the two youngsters, Meakin and Callaghan, who were playing their first game in First Grade. Although losing by one game, the School was not disgraced, and Meakin and Callaghan were complimented by Canterbury's Tennis Master for their plucky effort. Against Homebush, then the leading team, Mallyon was unable to play, as he had a wrenched arm. Thus, McEwan, who had

THE RECORD

a broken left wrist, and Neate, once again had to fight to shelter Meakin and Callaghan, who again fought with game determination.

The competition ended with First, Second and Third Grades occupying fifth position, and Fourth Grade in sixth position. The premier schools were: Fort Street (First Grade), Canterbury and Homebush (aeq., Second and Third Grades), and Homebush (Fourth Grade). The School congratulates these schools on their wins. The Champion School was Homebush, with 228 points; S.H.S. came fifth with 192 points.

During the competition McEwan was selected to represent the Metropolitan High Schools against the Northern High Schools, the former winning easily.

The four teams wish to thank Mr. Hamnett for the time he devoted to tennis during the year.

SCORES

	First Grade.	Second Grade.	Third Grade.	Fourth Grade.
S.H.S. v.—				
Manly High	Won 8-0	*	*	Won 6-2
Hurlstone Agricultural High	Won 8-0	Won 8-0	Won 7-1	Won 8-0
Sydney Technical High ..	Won 5-3	Lost 3-5	Won 6-2	Lost 3-5
North Sydney High ..	Won 6-2	Won 5-3	Won 8-0	Lost 4-38, 4-42
Canterbury High .. .	Lost 4-33, 4-34	1-5**	Lost 2-6	2-4**
Randwick High .. .	Lost 1-7	Lost 3-5	Won 7-1	Lost 3-5
Homebush High .. .	Lost 2-6	Lost 1-7	Lost 1-7	Lost 1-7
North Sydney Tech. High	Won 7-1	Won 5-3	Won 5-3	Won 8-0

All games against Fort Street and Parramatta High were washed out by rain.

* Manly has no Second or Third Grade teams.

** Rain washed out play.

ATHLETICS

Results of S.H.S. Athletics Carnival (Aug. 9-13)

Senior Championships:

100 Yards—E. Macarounas (10.4 secs.), 1; A. Pearce, 2; M. Saunders, 3.

220 Yards—M. Saunders (24.5 secs.), 1; A. Pearce and E. Macarounas, 2.

440 Yards—M. Saunders (57.7 secs.), 1; W. McEwan, 2; E. Macarounas, 3.

880 Yards—H. Ralston (2 mins. 17.4 secs.), 1; K. Wood, 2; D. Chia, 3.

Mile—D. Butchart (5 mins. 10.3 secs.), 1; B. Aubrey, 2; A. Geoghegan, 3.

120 Yards Hurdles—B. Foote (18.4 secs.), 1; L. Foster, 2; M. Saunders, 3.

High Jump—A. Clark (5 ft. 3 ins.), 1; K. Sinderberry, 2; D. Boatwright, 3.

Broad Jump—A. Clark (19 ft. 10 ins.), 1; J. Kennelly, 2; D. Boatwright, 3.

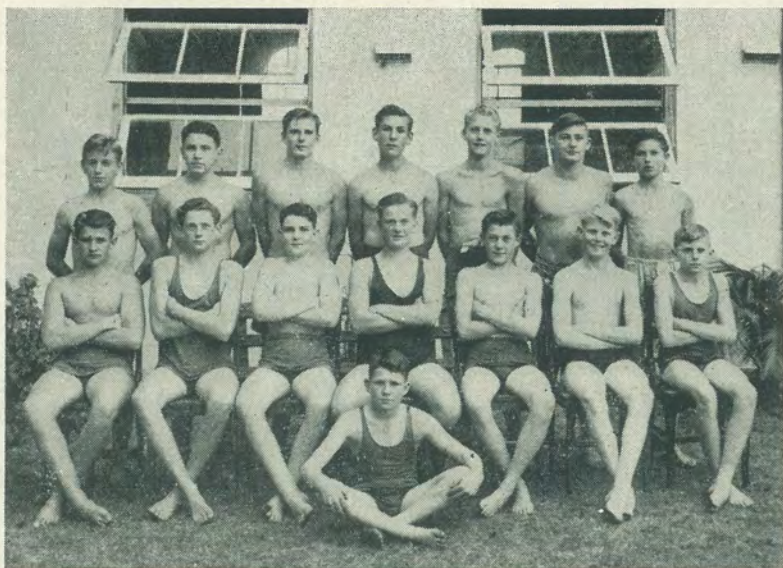
Shot Putt—M. Hudson (40 ft. 3 ins.), 1; B. Foote, 2; J. Harrison, 3.

SENIOR POINT SCORE CHAMPIONSHIP: M. Saunders.

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Standing: A. COHEN, I. BUTCHART, B. TOLLIS, B. DUNCAN, B. GREEN,
M. SAUNDERS.
Sitting: A. THOMPSON, G. LAKE, C. SMEE, MR. K. MENZIES (Master-in-Charge),
B. FOOTE, J. THORNETT, T. O'NEILL.



Standing: B. PARSONS, P. JOHNSTON, D. HEALEY, A. WALL, L. BEEBY,
B. ROBERTSON, P. CRITTLE.
Sitting: W. EGAN, R. HARDY, R. RICHARDS, D. MILLS, R. HANCOCK,
A. CUNNINGHAM, J. BENNETT.
In Front: J. DONALDSON.
C.H.S. SWIMMING TEAMS, RUNNERS-UP IN AGGREGATE POINT SCORE.
Above: Senior and Under 16. **Below:** Under 15, Under 14, and Under 13.

THE RECORD



FIRST GRADE TENNIS TEAM.

W. McEWAN (Captain), J. MALLYON, MR. H. J. HAMNETT (Master-in-Charge),
A. NEATE, T. MEAKIN.



SECOND XI.

Back Row: L. BRANDON, M. STUART, R. JAKES, D. LATTER, D. LINDSAY,
R. FRENCH.
Front Row: J. HARRISON, J. HUNT, R. HUTCHISON, K. SINCLAIR, M. CALLAGHAN.
In Front: N. BANWELL.

THE RECORD

Under 16 Championships:

- 100 Yards—P. Vig (10.8 secs.), 1; J. Thomas, 2; G. Macarounas, 3.
220 Yards—P. Vig (25.0 secs.), 1; C. Smee and G. Macarounas, 2.
440 Yards—G. Macarounas (59.8 secs.), 1; A. Hill, 2; C. Smee, 3.
880 Yards—D. Denny (2 mins. 21.5 secs.), 1; C. Fry, 2; A. Hill, 3.
90 Yards Hurdles—J. Thomas (13.3 secs.), 1; J. Eckert, 2; G. Macarounas, 3.
High Jump—J. Eckert (5 ft. 3 ins.), 1; J. Thomas, 2; C. Smee, 3.
Broad Jump—P. Vig (19 ft. 1½ ins.), 1; J. Eckert, 2; G. Macarounas, 3.
Shot Putt—P. Vig. (40 ft. 11 ins.), 1; G. Macarounas, 2; J. Thomas, 3.
POINT SCORE CHAMPIONSHIP: P. Vig.

Under 15 Championships:

- 100 Yards—C. Chamberlain (10.7 secs., equals record), 1; J. Browne, 2; S. Hall, 3.
220 Yards—C. Chamberlain (24.7 secs.), 1; J. Browne, 2; S. Hall, 3.
90 Yards Hurdles—D. Denny (14.5 secs.), 1; C. Chamberlain, 2; S. Hall, 3.
High Jump—G. Smith (4 ft. 10½ ins.), 1; A. Wall, 2; I. Smith, 3.
Broad Jump—C. Chamberlain (18 ft. 3 ins.), 1; D. Denny, 2; T. Craigie, 3.
Shot Putt—M. Stuart (38 ft. 0½ ins.), 1; T. Craigie, 2; D. Denny, 3.
POINT SCORE CHAMPIONSHIP: C. Chamberlain.

Under 14 Championships:

- 100 Yards—E. Sheedy (11.6 secs.), 1; J. Bambach, 2; J. Post, 3.
220 Yards—E. Sheedy (25.7 secs.), 1; J. Bambach and R. Casey, 2.
60 Yards Hurdles—E. Sheedy (11.0 secs.), 1; J. Bambach, 2; P. Crittle, 3.
High Jump—J. Bambach (4 ft. 7 ins.), 1; G. Coulson, 2; D. Gregor, E. Sheedy and R. Taylor, 3.
Broad Jump—J. Bambach (17 ft. 10½ ins.), 1; E. Sheedy, 2; J. Hodes, 3.
Shot Putt—G. Coulson (42 ft. 10 ins.), 1; E. Sheedy, 2; G. Cram, 3.
POINT SCORE CHAMPIONSHIP: E. Sheedy.

Under 13 Championships:

- 100 Yards—W. Wynberg (12.8 secs.), 1; H. Brown, 2; H. A. Cohen, 3.
220 Yards—W. Wynberg (30.3 secs.), 1; C. Bridge, 2; A. Cunningham, 3.
High Jump—B. Cornwall (4 ft. 4 ins.), 1; B. Day, 2; A. Cunningham, 3.
Broad Jump—W. Wynberg (15 ft. 1 in.), 1; I. Bailey and J. Reid, 2.
POINT SCORE CHAMPIONSHIP: W. Wynberg.

Results of C.H.S. Athletics Carnival (Sept. 19-20)

Senior Championships:

- 120 Yards Hurdles—B. Foote, 3. Time: 16.1 secs.
High Jump—A. Clark, 2. Height: 5 ft. 7 ins.
Shot Putt—M. Hudson, 4. Distance: 44 ft. 2½ ins.
Relay—S.H.S., 1. Time: 45.6 secs.

Under 16 Championships:

- 100 Yards—P. Vig, 2. Time: 10.6 secs.
High Jump—J. Eckert, 2. Height: 5 ft. 5 ins.
Relay—S.H.S., 1. Time: 48.1 secs.

Under 15 Championships:

- 100 Yards—C. Chamberlain, 2. Time: 10.9 secs.
High Jump—G. Smith, 2. Height: 5 ft. 3 ins.
Shot Putt—M. Stuart, 2. Distance: 43 ft. 8 ins.
Relay—S.H.S., 1. Time: 48.8 secs.

Under 14 Championships:

- 220 Yards—E. Sheedy, 3. Time: 25.1 secs.
High Jump—J. Bambach, 1. Height: 4 ft. 9 ins.
Broad Jump—J. Bambach, 1. Distance: 17 ft. 8¾ ins.
Relay—S.H.S., 1. Time: 50.7 secs.

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CHAMPIONSHIP POINT SCORES:

Senior—1, Canterbury (61); 2, S.H.S. (45); 3, Homebush (40).

Junior—1, S.H.S. (77); 2, Newcastle (49); 3, Canterbury (44).

Juvenile—1, Homebush (53); 2, S.H.S. (45); 3, Fort Street (40).

AGGREGATE: 1, S.H.S. (167); 2, Canterbury (127); 3, Newcastle (111).

G.P.S. Athletics Carnival (13th Oct., 1951)

Senior Championship:

Shot Putt—M. Hudson, 3. Distance: 47 ft. 11 ins.

Under 17 Championship:

Hurdles—B. Foote, 3. Time: 15.9 secs.

Under 16 Championships:

100 Yards—P. Vig, 3. Time: 10.5 secs.

90 Yards Hurdles—J. Thomas, 3. Time: 12.3 secs.

High Jump—J. Eckert, 1. Height: 5 ft. 6 ins.

Relay—S.H.S., 3. Time: 46.8 secs.

Under 15 Championships:

100 Yards (2nd Div.)—J. Browne, 1. Time: 10.8 secs.

High Jump—G. Smith, 1. Height: 5 ft. 5 ins. G.P.S. and S.H.S. record.

Relay—S.H.S., 3. Time: 48.5 secs.

Under 14 Championships:

100 Yards—J. Bambach, 1. Time: 11.5 secs.

100 Yards (2nd Div.)—R. Casey, 2. Time: 11.8 secs.

High Jump—J. Bambach, 1. Height: 4 ft. 9 ins.

Relay—S.H.S., 1. Time: 51.8 secs.

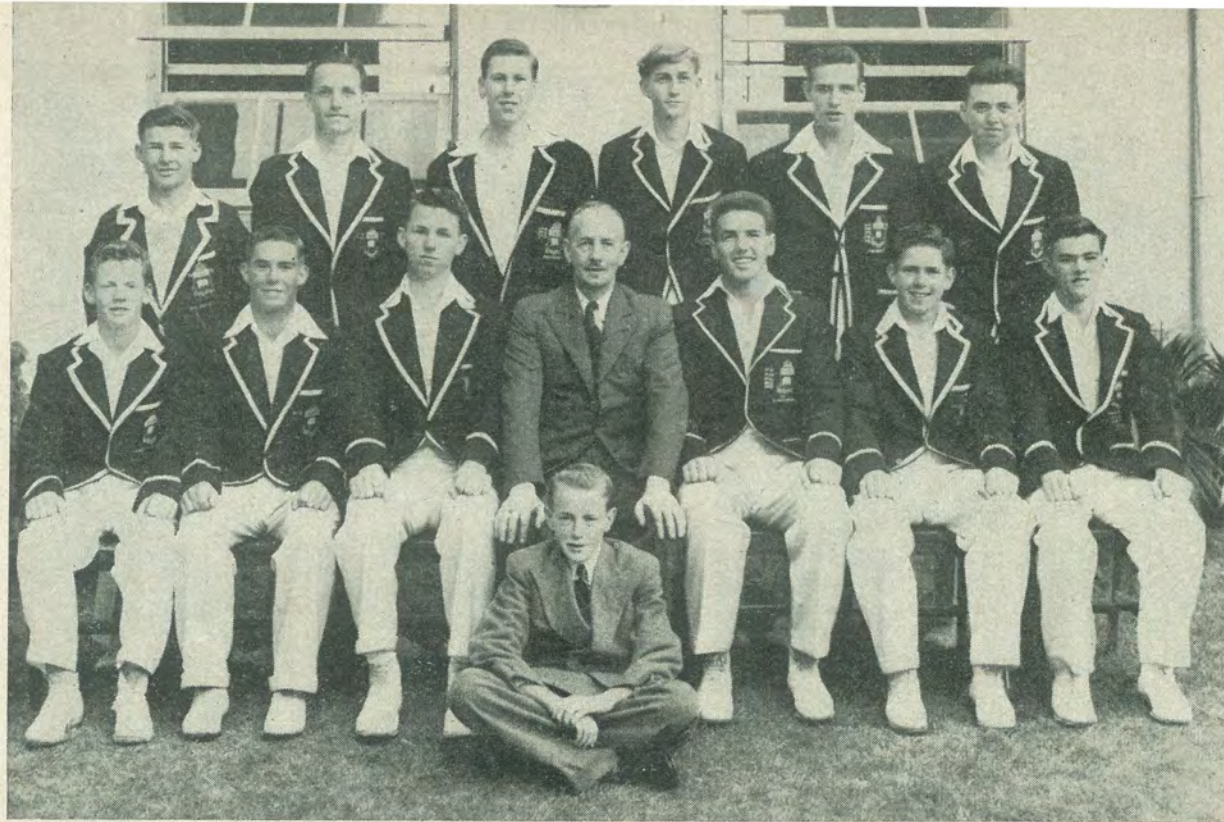
Under 13 Championship:

100 Yards—H. Brown, 3. Time: 11.8 secs.—equals record.

POINT SCORE:

Senior—1, Shore, 111; 2, Grammar, 99; 3, Scots, 84.

Junior—1, Shore, 173; 2, Scots, 148; 3, S.H.S., 133.



FIRST XI

Back Row: V. LITTLEWOOD, D. CURRAN, M. STUART, J. ECKERT, R. AMBROSE, C. SARAVANOS.
 Front Row: B. ALLSOP, G. TREBLE, M. HUDSON (Captain), MR. M. E. ADAMTHWAITE (Coach), D. BOATWRIGHT (Vice-Captain),
 J. McCABE, B. CUSACK, R. WHITE (Scorer).

THE RECORD



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM.

Back Row: K. WOOD, A. CLARK, J. AUBREY, H. RALSTON, J. BUTCHART.
 Front Row: E. MACAROUNAS, W. McEWAN, M. SAUNDERS, MR. L. A. BASSER
 (Master-in-Charge), B. FOOTE, M. HUDSON, A. PEARCE.



JUNIOR ATHLETICS TEAM—C.H.S. PREMIERS.

Back Row: G. MACAROUNAS, J. ECKERT, M. STUART, D. DENNY, J. THOMAS.
 Front Row: V. LITTLEWOOD, G. SMITH, P. VIG, MR. L. A. BASSER, L. ROSENTHAL,
 J. BROWNE, S. HALL.

LITERARY

A COMMITTEE MEMBER'S COMPLAINT

It is a most remarkable fact that a group of individuals sharing a common interest can, in the pursuit of that interest, entirely discard their individuality and their reasoning faculties to become what is known as a mob. It is also a well-established fact that a mob has fixed opinions which cannot be altered by any form of reason, but only by the use of emotional appeal, often unreasonable.

That, I say, is accepted fact. What I cannot understand is why the pupils of this school prefer the state of participation in a mob to that of individual thinking; in their attitude to this magazine, one of the few outlets for individual expression which exist in their school life, nearly all of them prefer to act as such a mob.

I do not maintain that the members of the School are uninterested in the "Record". That would be untrue. Their interest, however, does show itself in a unique and mob-controlled way.

Of recent months, as a member of the "Record" Committee, I have been going into certain classes in the junior school to encourage their members to write material for this publication. Their mob reaction to me has been, to say the very least, most extraordinary. But if I have, since commencing this activity, had practical lessons in mob-psychology, I have also learnt a great deal about myself (my appearance, my rhetorical style of speaking and also an unrealised faculty that I have of provoking laughter merely by my presence, and without the aid of either word or gesture).

Never yet, but on the day of my first experience, have I entered a classroom to make an appeal for contributions without hearing giggles and gurgles of joy before I have uttered a single word. Indeed, I underestimate this faculty of mine, for lately, when I have passed the window of a classroom before reaching the door, I have heard yelps of greeting some seconds before being myself aware that the class was one which I had to visit. Before, and until I begin to speak on these occasions, my audiences hail with delight the prospect of what is to come, but when it actually does come, strangely enough the joy ceases, and there is a deep and deathly silence. It is as if the simple question of whether any member of the class has written anything for the "Record" has the power to strike them dumb. I stand there, staring in turn at the class, at the ceiling, at the teacher, and out the window, and at length I realise that it is for me, and only me, to break the awful spell of this impressive lack of response.

"Well," I say, "I . . . that is . . . I mean . . . well, if no-one has written anything, is anybody thinking about writing something?" All at once the spell is shattered and the whole class recite in unison the following question: "What did you write?" I ignore the question and repeat my own, but I receive no response whatever.



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"Do you mean to tell me," I say in a shocked tone, "that not one boy in this class can write English?"

They indicate accordingly, in various ways, that that is just what they do mean to tell me. "If this attitude persists there just won't be any 'Record'. How would you like that?"

They inform me that they would like it very much indeed, which is not quite the answer I sought to prompt.

Now I am nearly defeated, and my oratory is useless, but I have one more card to play.

"Who is the best in the class at composition?" I ask.

"Ooh! Jones is very good at that. He can write beaut stories."

Whereupon the said Jones, with over-enthusiastic self-condemnation, protests that his composition is "simply terrifying" and that it would be an insult to the "Record" to inflict on it any of his work. Jones, however is generally prevailed upon to try his hand and, my mission accomplished, I proceed to the next class to repeat the process.

The most remarkable thing about it is that they also repeat the process. It is as if there is a prearranged plan among all the classes of the year, and all the members of every class, to act and keep acting in one fixed manner. I have indeed noticed that on the few occasions when I have been successful in my quest the mob has shown in several ways a strong disapproval of the unfortunate contributor. By this I have been led to the conclusion that were it not for the fact that their action would mark them as traitors to their fellows of the mob quite a few other boys would have contributed.

You will have gathered that I am somewhat disturbed about the characteristics of this mob; and it is a mob; it is not a group or crowd built up of individual personalities with characteristics of their own. In fact, it is not a group at all. It is one unique unity, with one, and only one, personality, which is entirely its own. The atoms of this organisation act, not like boys, but like little pieces of clockwork, or robots trained to react to any combination of circumstances in a certain invariable manner.

For instance, the circumstance of the presence of any member of the "Record" Committee causes them to ask of him the question: "Any contributions for the 'Record'?" This is their own peculiar form of satire, to ask a question for whose deplorable answer they themselves are responsible. They have also devised a method of making anything I say to them sound ridiculous, by repeating it over and over again until it loses all meaning.

I know that supposedly it is a characteristic of all small boys to do everything that they can to cause annoyance. Even allowing for this, it seems incredible that so many of them should club together in such a way as to bring discredit on a magazine that is essentially their own possession, and something in which they should take a pride. Yet they do, have done, and, as far as I can see, will continue to do so.

I must not conclude without thanking those few intelligent

beings who have contributed to the "Record" not old pieces of blotting paper, unused impositions, or famous passages from Shakespeare, but their own original work. Such boys do exist. In the face of all opposition and the vast array of forces matched against them, amid the countless roar of cannons (vocal only, but nearly as damaging as the real thing), they have remained individuals free of mob-control.

No real doom, however, will overtake them. For they have broken away from the mob and thought for themselves—they have taken a step out of the darkness.

P. FREEMAN (4A).

TRAGEDY

Heat! Burning, searing, blinding heat; rising in waves as far as their dulled eyes could see." Half blinded by wind-driven sand, and with a thirst inspired by two waterless days under a blazing sun, the two men slumped with drooping heads and hunched backs over their camels.

Slowly the camels plodded on, their peculiar groaning and the creaking of the saddlery lending an eeriness to the scene. All was silence save these sounds. Even they were blanketed by the heat of the still air as if imprisoned on all sides by an impenetrable barrier, which seemed so heavy as to come between heaven and earth. By contrast the endless expanse of the desert was bewildering and horrifying to the men lost in its infinity. Mirages flickered before the travellers' eyes, mirages of cool oases and shady trees, tantalising in their nearness but elusive in their unfathomable distance.

Barring the camels' slow advance was a ridge of sand, a tidal wave in a smooth sea. Having with much labour made the ascent, the leading camel was carefully making its way down the steep slope when, without warning, the treacherously soft drift crumbled. Both man and beast were obscured by the rising dust. The slowly lifting veil revealed—tragedy. The camel struggled belly deep in the sand, and flung to one side lay a topee. . . .

Slowly the camel plodded on. Its rider, stunned by the tragedy which had overtaken his companion, was oblivious to the passing of time and distance.

The camel had wandered many miles unguided, when some sixth sense quickened the man's perception. A mirage. It was almost real. His mind wandered; to his home and family; to his companion buried in the sand; then to reality: Oh! what I would give for one glass of water to ease my aching throat. . . .

Shade! But—it could *not* be! It simply *could* not be, here in the middle of the desert. Then it was that he saw the waterhole. He half fell, half threw himself from the saddle. An extreme effort brought him to its edge, and there he collapsed.

That evening a band of nomads found the body of a white man—drowned—lying in the waterhole.

W. PAYNE (4C).

THE RECORD

THE SEASONS

*The icy blasts of Winter are now dead,
And youthful Spring comes tripping in her stead;
With cheery laugh she wakes life from its sleep,
And young birds fill the air with chirp and cheep.
Dead trees and shrubs bud forth with freshened life,
The peach and pear with blossoms now are ripe.
Spring's chilly breath infuses life in all,
And beast and bird all hear her happy call.*

*Then Summer comes with golden hair and sleek,
With well-filled paunch and dimpled, rosy cheek;
And in her arm she carries Ceres' horn,
Laden with wheat, with maize and rye and corn.
Orchard and garden blush with ripened fruit;
Gay blossoms spring from every plant and shoot.
The mellowed landscape yawns and sleeps in heat,
While Summer slowly leaves, with lazy feet.*

*When Autumn hurries on with scattering breeze,
And blows away the garments from the trees,
She paints all things with buffs, reds, golds and browns,
And Nature, at first smiling, growls and frowns.
Impatient Winter comes once more, with hand
Outstretched to seize the now denuded land.*

*Winter, with cackling laugh, lets loose her gales;
Before her freezing blasts the whole world quails.
With bitter cold, frost, snow and rain, and hail,
She holds, in shiv'ring thrall, the hill and dale,
But she must go, and Summer once more reign,
And so the climes in cycle wax and wane.
And life is born, to grow, to bloom, to die,
And then is born, to grow and die again.
Thus to this rule of nature we are bound,
For life itself pursues this endless round.*

A. HILL (4c).

OUTSMARTED

Roger Charles Wendel, known to his underworld acquaintances as the Baron, brought his new Bentley to a halt outside his apartment. Humming thoughtfully to himself, he opened his flat door and stepped inside.

"So my friends haven't arrived yet?" he mused. He placed a bottle of his favourite thirst-quencher, Chambertin Wine, ready to hand. Then he settled himself into his chair to wait. He was known to the law as an expert confidence man, an occupation which, aided by his good education and handsome face, he found most profitable. Posing as a foreign nobleman, he had just "switched" Lady Harringford's pearls.

Suddenly the door burst open and three armed toughs pushed their way in, but the Baron remained unperturbed. The leader of the trio, a small, bald-headed man with large padded shoulders, waved a .45 revolver like a band conductor.

"You know why we're here, Baron; we want them pearls you hooked." He beckoned encouragingly to the other two, who expected some trick from the man who sat nonchalantly facing them.

"I always told you, Ace," said the suave Baron addressing the leader, "that to lead a successful career of crime you need to have a good general knowledge. Did you know that when Cleopatra was dining with Caesar——"

"What's that got to do with them pearls?" snapped Ace, while his companions looked at each other appealingly, as this turn in the conversation was beyond them.

"Cleopatra, so the legend says," continued the Baron, "dissolved her pearls in Caesar's wine."

He paused to let it sink in. A gradual change came over the countenance of the heretofore confident Ace.

"No! You didn't, you couldn't!" he howled, nearly crying. He grabbed the bottle that stood innocently before him and poured the contents on to the table. In the pale amber liquid lay a thin wire thread, about eighteen inches long, with a gold clasp at one end. All three intruders stood round gazing in silent misery at the table.

"You forced me to," said the Baron in mock sorrow, "by bursting in like that. I thought you were the police."

The two henchmen pocketed their guns and went out, followed by Ace. "If you're still in town to-morrow I'll frame you for murder," he threatened.

"That will suit me," smiled the Baron.

Later that evening, as he drove over the Southern Highway Bridge, heading out of town, Wendel thought Ace could have achieved more if he hadn't been so ignorant. Most people knew, as he did, that the story of pearls being dissolved in wine is strictly a fable, without a grain of scientific truth. Nevertheless, it was pleasant to be able to outwit friends and enemies alike. It was encouraging to feel the pearls in one's pocket, too.

R. OWERS (4D).

ACELDAMA

The sun beat down mercilessly on the solitary traveller of the Kerioth road, and for miles around nothing could be seen but desolation. Yet as he surmounted the rise, the wayfarer beheld the fertile valley, and the city of Jerusalem standing on the farther hill. He was a greedy man, this Judas, but hunger and poverty forced him to be. Feeling that he would find a living in Jerusalem, he had collected his belongings in a small bundle and had set off across the dry plains.

He reached the south gate at noon, and the centurion on duty recorded in his book "Tuda, is Cariotis" (Judas, a man of Kerioth). Making his way through the busy market to a well, he lay down to rest under a large, spreading cercis, its lovely red blossoms open in the fierce sunlight. After he had eaten a little he perceived an old friend stooping to drink at the well.

"Simon Barjona!" he called. The tall fisherman, for that was his trade, turned and recognised him. As old friends will, they talked for the rest of the day, and Simon told him of a great Teacher who was at present in the city, and with whom he was accustomed to travel as a disciple.

Judas decided to hear this Teacher, and for several days followed Him about, and He asked Judas to follow Him, and Judas followed.

* * *

Three years Judas followed, and his faith was above reproach, yet in his soul there still lingered a shadow of his old avarice, and by this had he been persuaded, with the added assistance of thirty pieces of silver, to betray his Master.

And now as he looked out on the field that he had purchased with the money he remembered the happenings of the previous night: how he had dipped into the bowl and had left the chamber.

Thirty pieces of silver! Was that the price of the One he had loved so dearly? Thirty! And he had purchased with that life this small plot of ground, Aceldama, the field of blood.

In the centre stood a large, spreading cercis, and the red, nay, scarlet, blossoms were blood. Oh, the bitter remorse that filled his heart as he approached the tree. And from the lower branches hung a rope. The blossoms for perished delight and scarlet crimes, the rope for death. Betrayal, blood, death; betrayal, blood, death! The chorus ran through and through his head, never ceasing, never silent. Betrayal, blood, death! How could he escape the torture? The rope, the rope! He twined it round his neck. It pulled tight. A gasp, a groan, death. A breeze stirred the leaves and the limp body swung beneath the red blossoms.

And to this day men call the tree the Judas tree, and the place still bears the name Aceldama, the field of blood.

J. M. STANHOPE (4A).

GENIUS

There were five of us in the compartment, just ordinary people who had unfortunately picked the only compartment in the entire length of the long and winding train which possessed a broken window. On that icy cold winter's night this was something that I, for one, would gladly have foregone. Try as we might to keep warm, the frost eventually forced its way through our garments to our wretched skins. From the miserable pensioner who was travelling to see her grandchildren in the slums of the big city to the wealthy valetudinarian who, owing to the sudden breakdown

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W. V. AIRD,
Secretary.

341 Pitt Street,
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of his car, had been forced to take the only possible means of conveyance in order to complete a momentous deal on the following day, every one of us felt the biting cold.

The only seat which remained vacant was the one directly adjacent to the window itself. At length the unfortunate claimant arrived. He seemed quite an ordinary man of about normal height with rather lean, dark features, twinkling eyes and a smiling mouth. Who would have thought that such a man possessed such a dumbfounding genius? Where the rest of us had been sitting for hours attempting to warm ourselves in the compartment, which was actually automatically heated, this highly remarkable person found a solution almost immediately. At first he gave us the impression that he was mad by taking off his thick, warm coat. Then he quietly proceeded to hang it over the window and sat down to read a book. Minutes later, as we were deliberating whether to send for the guard and have this maniac put away, a sudden sensation of warmth flowed through my system. The warm air from the heating unit was being retained in the compartment. Just an ordinary man, yet in him was an ingenuity that bordered on genius.

J. SEEMANN (3A).

NIGHT WALK

*The shadow from the tree
Stretching away in grotesque shape
Gives a dim sensation of beauty.
The shadows of us move across the wall;
Cast by the force of bright car lights,
Comes the image of an elongated dog.
Black pasted on dun, hard on dim,
Car lights and magic movement in a new dimension.*

*The sliding black-cut pattern,
The willow's overhanging, wispy green,
The cubist dimensional shadow,
Or the white clouds whirling in the sky
Strike a chord of my brain that won't be explained—
Click . . . like a slide in a magic lantern.*

I. LACEY (5A).

MRS. AMLEIGH

"Pardon me, madame, but I understand you are going to K——?"

"Why, to be sure, that is my destination. Is there something wrong?"

"Oh, most certainly not. On the contrary, it so happens to be mine, too."

It was on the small train travelling through the Swiss moun-

tains. The woman was dressed somewhat mournfully in neat black, broken only by a small, spotlessly white collar. She was oblivious of all going on about her inside the carriage, and, although staring unwaveringly out of the window, she was not seeing any of the glorious mountains: she seemed to be looking beyond those peaks at something unseen except in her mind. . . . Even the little boy on the opposite seat playing with a toy bear did not distract her pensive gaze. . . .

The sudden tap on her shoulder, accompanied by a series of quick "hems", suddenly brought her back to reality. She looked up into the face of a young man, standing enquiringly beside her. The little boy scurried over to the woman's seat and gripped her somewhat thin arm. Her dark eyes took in the man's features at one sudden, suspicious glance: he was certainly not what one would call handsome, although he had quite a pleasant face of a rather thin and pale aspect, with a large brown moustache curling gallantly upward in the best Colonel Blimp style. She saw that he wanted to ask something.

"Pardon me, madame, but I understand you are going to K——?"

"Why, to be sure, that *is* my destination. Is there something wrong?"

"Oh, most certainly not. On the contrary, it so happens to be mine, too." He noticed the element of surprise that had crept through the coldness of her voice on his question.

"Really?" Her voice had assumed a strangely contemptuous frigidity.

The young man, somewhat embarrassed, emitted an apologetic cough and proceeded to explain.

"Well, you know—I—that is, we—oh, seeing that it's such a long journey, those on the train going there are sticking together; forming what you might call—a sort of group, you know—just to relieve the tediousness of the journey and all that. We noticed that you were all alone, except for the little boy, of course. . . ." He paused while she smilingly caressed the little fellow's light curly hair with an uncommon tenderness. She stopped, her smile disappeared instantly, and she resumed listening to the young man's nervous speech. Her cold eyes pierced his, as if seeing into his very soul, which action merely served to render the young man even more nervous and embarrassed than ever. He hesitatingly resumed:

"Well, in view of your—hem!—solitude, we were wondering if you and the little chap would care to join us. We just chat and so on, you know, and I should think they'll take a liking to him, apart from making the journey less tedious for you, of course. Would you consider joining us?"

"Mommy, could we go with the man?" Her son's high-pitched voice reached her, at which she turned to him, smiled, nodded, and replied:

"I don't see why not. Not so much for my sake, for I am accustomed to travelling alone; but I think Donald is getting a little

tired of the journey. After all, he can't see much meaning in the mountains."

There was a moment of silence. Then, gathering courage, the young man exclaimed exuberantly:

"By Jove, that's capital! Come along, young fellow—off the seat. This way, madame." As he turned he glimpsed the look of inexpressible devotion towards the child on the woman's face—a face he would long remember: curiously pallid, although beautiful in a way, with black eyes and soberly arranged jet-black hair, showing several streaks of premature grey on the temples.

He temporarily shook off the vision and led the way to the other compartment, where the others were sitting about talking.

* * *

The train came to the stop a considerable time after the woman had joined the group. All were in a splendid humour, even the woman, who had become extremely genial and talkative.

"By Jove!" cried Ponsonby, a short, white-haired, plump Englishman with a monocle. "I *do* believe we've come to our station. Oh, well, all out, I suppose. Sharp's the word, you know." All proceeded to scramble about, wildly sorting out their luggage. The young man of our former acquaintance came over to the woman, who was smilingly watching the others.

"I say, Mrs. Amleigh, we'd better step it up, you know. Could I fetch your luggage and young—oh, I see we shan't have to worry about him. Old Ponsonby's got him on his shoulder—a fine old fellow, Ponsonby."

"Yes, he *is* a lovely old man. Oh—the luggage! It's really quite all right. I can manage."

"Oh, nonsense. You go out to the others. I'll be along soon."

Outside on the station the party was assembled, and was looking around at the rugged mountains, around the bases of which there grew thick, majestic forests. The party consisted of Ponsonby; Lady Everton, a cadaverously thin woman; M. François Lescure, a poetically-minded, middle-aged French author, who wore a small Vandyke beard; Mrs. Amleigh and her small son, Donald, and finally the young man, Joseph Mathieson.

They boarded the transport to the inn, and after settling down as comfortably as one could in a rustic cart being drawn over rough mountain roads, they stopped chattering among themselves and gazed in awe about them (all except M. Lescure and Mrs. Amleigh, who had been here before). Joseph occasionally broke his reverie and looked over at Mrs. Amleigh; he could not rid himself of the vision of her unimpeachably loving devotion to the little boy. . . . Those mountains! "I say, that snow gives a striking effect; a paradise for an artist, I should think." His line of thought broke as he saw her pointing out the dark rows of forests to Donald. That look on her face as she pointed out the woods—almost yearning. . . . Ah, those mountains! Fine scenery that!

On arriving at the inn, they all went to their various neat little

rooms, all on the same floor. Although Joseph had actually reserved the room overlooking the valley and mountain path, he conceded it to Mrs. Amleigh on her request—a request, he thought, that seemed almost urgent. . . .

Came the night, and as the old parlour clock chimed ten-thirty, Ponsonby declared his intention of retiring. "After a drop of jolly old brandy, you know! Nothing like a night-cap." They then began to follow his example quite swiftly; finally, there were only Joseph and Mrs. Amleigh in the parlour. He put down his magazine and looked over to her.

"You really love the little chap, don't you, Mrs. Amleigh?"

The voice broke her gaze.

"Oh, yes. He's all I have in the world now, you know. With Harry dead (Harry was my husband) I've had to take care of both of us. There hasn't been anything to spare. But I just had to come up here this year. Harry was killed in the mountains around here by a wolf—up in the woods."

"I see. I'm very sorry. I wish there was something I could do." The way she jumped up out of the chair startled him.

"No! No, there isn't anything at all. I'm sorry if I startled you, but I—I must go up and see if Donald is all right. I shall see you in the morning, I suppose, Mr. Mathieson. Good-night."

He nodded dazedly, surprised at the sudden icy turn in her manner. Strange sort of reaction to a statement, that. . . . Oh, well, off to bed. To-morrow's another day, after all.

Joseph had only been in bed for about ten minutes when he heard a noise—a door opening. He sat up. It's being closed—that sounds a strange way to open a door—sort of stealthy, I believe. He listened tensely. From further down the hall he heard a loose board complain under a furtive tread. The footsteps then hurried back. The door re-opened and closed quickly. He heard the inn-keeper's heavy tread on the stairs and his deep, grating voice:

"Did you want something? That is strange. Nobody there. Oh, well." The heavy tread descended and died away. The silence of the room was accentuated by the slow ticking of the ornamental clock on the chest-of-drawers. Still he listened. A grating noise—a window opening.

What's that? Not another door, surely! But it is. Joseph rose and crept to his door, which he edged open slowly and looked out.

Great heavens! It's Ponsonby! Where could he be going at this time of night?

Ponsonby had just begun to descend the stairs when Joseph came out into the corridor.

"I say, Ponsonby, is something wrong?" he cried softly. Ponsonby turned around in a surprised manner.

"Oh, no, old fellow, nothing. Just can't sleep, that's all. Going for a walk; might help me, I hope. See you in the morning."

"All right; but be careful. See you to-morrow." Little did he realise how this prediction would be fulfilled.

He went back to bed, "That window . . ." he murmured, and then the darkness of sleep engulfed him.

Meanwhile, Ponsonby was making his way along the road leading to the fringe of the forest, which loomed up forebodingly dark before the little old Englishman. He was half inclined to turn back and risk a sleepless night. Something white in the forest ahead suddenly presented itself to his eye and attracted him. Now what in the world could that be? He walked on, fixing his eyes on that white object among the trees, and his attention was so fixed that he failed to notice that the inn was becoming farther away—farther from any hope of reaching it. . . .

* * *

Joseph woke as the fresh, clear sunlight melted over his face. Shortly after, the innkeeper came around knocking on the doors.

"Breakfast soon, everybody."

At the sound of the voice Joseph recalled a voice he had heard last night. Now what was that voice again? Why, Ponsonby! That's it! Good heavens, I hope he returned home all right. It's not the usual thing, after all, to take midnight walks in the Swiss mountains; those woods are infested with wolves.

Suddenly the import of those thoughts flashed upon him.

"Mercy—wolves!" He rose and dressed in a panic. He rushed down to the parlour, where he found the innkeeper and M. Lescure, who both looked up in surprise at this strange behaviour. He rushed over to the innkeeper and clapped his hand feverishly on the old man's fat shoulder.

"Is Ponsonby in his room, Emil? It's urgent."

"I don't know. If you wish I shall go up and see."

"Please do, Emil; and hurry, for heaven's sake, hurry, man!"

As Emil turned excitedly towards the stairs a clear, cold voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Mr. Ponsonby is not in his room, gentlemen." Mrs. Amleigh was standing solemnly in the parlour doorway. She was dressed in the usual black, which accentuated her pallid, expressionless face.

For a moment the others stood stunned. Then M. Lescure broke the tension.

"How do you know this, madame? Did you see him go out?"

"As a matter of fact I did. But it was last night—about twelve-thirty. I saw him from my window going up the path to the forest. He did *not* return."

A brief silence followed. But suddenly they snapped back to reality. Joseph shouted wildly:

"Well, come on. We must go out and look for him. You never know what might have happened to him up in those woods."

In the forest later the problem was which way to go in that dark maze. They shouted themselves hoarse, but no answer repaid their wild efforts. Joseph, Emil, and M. Lescure, together with a few villagers, comprised the search party, which was gradually drawing towards the great white rock at the top of the forest. Still their efforts did not reward them.

At last they arrived at the white rock, at which the villagers gave vent to the most earnest display of superstition that Joseph or the Frenchman had ever witnessed. The villagers, including Emil, had withdrawn some yards back into the forest and had fallen on their knees, praying fervently.

Joseph looked at them impatiently.

"Great heavens, what a show! What's there to be afraid of in a miserable rock?"

The pair looked around at the rock. It loomed up like a white altar—a large, cylindrical rock with a flat top, which they could not see. The only other outstanding feature was an overjutting claw-like formation.

"François, you've been here before. Do you know what this is all about?"

"They are highly superstitious. You see, they call this rock the Claw of the Dark One. Last year a man was killed here by a wolf. His name was Amleigh. Yes, quite so; her husband."

"You don't think—it couldn't have happened to Ponsonby, could it? Could it, François?"

"Why, I certainly hope not. The top of the rock, that's it. Amleigh was found there. Quickly, my friend. Help me up."

* * *

Late that afternoon the party returned, carrying something wrapped in the blankets they had taken with them.

In the parlour Lady Everton and Mrs. Amleigh were waiting, the former in the inevitable state of collapse, the latter quite calm. Donald was playing on the floor with his toy bear. On the entrance of Joseph, François, and Emil the women rose. Lady Everton showed grave alarm at the grim visages of the men. She emitted a squeak of terror.

"Oh, mercy me! Mr. Mathieson, where is Mr. Ponsonby? Where is he, Mr. Mathieson?"

Joseph appeared to be pulling his nerves together; and then, summoning his voice as well as he could, he gave the slow reply.

"Mr. Ponsonby is dead, Lady Everton."

Lady Everton slumped into a chair as if in a daze. Her slight voice whispered mystically:

"Dead? Oh, poor Mr. Ponsonby!"

"Yes, I'm afraid that's how it is. The poor soul was killed by a wolf up on the white rock. It certainly lived up to its name." He shot a glance at Mrs. Amleigh, but to no avail. She was merely standing impassively with that far-away gaze that so often puzzled him.

François carried on the description of Ponsonby's death.

"The old fellow was lying on the top of the rock with his throat torn out. Apart from that, he had a look of the most stark horror in his eyes that I have ever seen——."

Joseph startled them with his savage ejaculation. "I'll kill it! Do you all hear that? I'll kill it!" He rushed from the room, his hands frantically clutching at his temples.

An unintelligible murmur escaped the lips of Mrs. Amleigh, accompanied by an extraordinarily malevolent glance at the raging Englishman.

The others slowly left the room, leaving Mrs. Amleigh and Donald alone there. She remained looking after the others reflectively, and then looked down at Donald, playing unconcernedly with his toy bear. . . .

* * *

The following evening Joseph and François were sitting alone in the parlour after the others had retired. Joseph still retained the savage enthusiasm for vengeance he had earlier shown, although the passion was raging internally. François kept looking over to him in alarm. Finally he spoke.

"Joseph, it's no good going on like this. There's nothing you can do now. Go to bed and get some rest. All this is doing nobody any good."

Joseph leapt up and screamed maniacally:

"I'm going to kill it, François, do you hear that? Now!"

He stormed from the room, quickly followed by the alarmed François Lescure, who was vainly shouting, "Joseph! No, Joseph! Not now!" Joseph charged violently into his room and emerged clutching in one hand his rifle, and in the other two bullets—silver bullets, Joseph noticed—the type the superstitious villagers keep to ward off supernatural creatures. The poor soul's mad. As Joseph rushed down the stairs past him, François had a terrifying apparition of staring, fanatically wild eyes starting from a distorted face, over which there stood out a network of swollen, purple veins. This prompted the Frenchman even more to help the unfortunate lunatic, and consequently he rushed out after his babbling quarry.

Lady Everton, peering cautiously out of her door, proceeded to lay herself victim to an attack of hysterics upon witnessing this extraordinary sight now presenting itself to her eyes.

Joseph rushed up the path to the forest, followed by the frantic François. A shadowy figure at the window overlooking the path exhibited a mocking sneer and then moved away. . . .

François shouted imploringly, persuasively; he even threatened; but all without the least effect on the infuriated madman rushing headlong into the woods, wildly brandishing the rifle. François saw where Joseph was bound: he was making directly for the rock. . . .

At last Joseph emerged from the forest, followed by the gasping François, now incapable of exclamation, and he stood trembling, his stare fixed on the top of the rock. François followed his stare.

"Mon Dieu—the wolf!"

It was there—waiting, its yellow fangs bared and challenging these unwary intruders on its solitude. François saw the rifle slowly rising in the vice-like grip of the maniac before him; he leapt forward. "No, Joseph! If you shoot it will attack us!" Joseph ignored the noise the troublesome person was making and raised

the gun shakily. François jumped and gripped the left arm of the crazed avenger with all the remaining strength now left in his exhausted limbs. All he saw was a vision of those same staring eyes—the same distorted face. He felt the hot, panting breath of the poor mad creature he was trying to help. Then—an explosion—fire—clouds of smoke passed before his eyes—a terrible pain. He reeled about—saw a white, snarling mass flashing through the air—another deafening explosion—a wavy, red mist passed over his eyes as something black and hard struck him on the ear—darkness.

* * *

M. Lescure woke hazily. He saw familiar objects about him as his vision slowly cleared. The washstand—the wardrobe—the clock—it was the inn! The door opened softly and Emil quietly entered, carrying a tray of light food. M. Lescure tried to speak, but could not find his voice—his throat and head hurt him; he felt them; they were bandaged. His left shoulder was also swathed in clean dressings. Emil's resonant voice reached him.

"Don't worry. You're all right now. Do you feel quite comfortable? I am glad to see you awake. For a while you had us quite worried. Here, have this."

It began to come back now. That excitement—all that confusion—that smoke—the noise. But Joseph! He grated out as best he could:

"Joseph? Is Joseph all right?"

"We brought back the others, poor creatures. Poor Mr. Joseph. I am sorry for little Donald, too."

"Joseph is dead, eh? But you said *others*. And you mentioned Donald. Why others, Emil; and why is Donald concerned?"

"Why, his mother was killed, of course. As she said once before, he will have nobody."

"But Mrs. Amleigh, Emil; Mrs. Amleigh?"

"We found the three of you up near the rock. You had a wound in your shoulder and in your neck. The others? Mr. Joseph was lying nearly next to the rock. He had his gun near his hand. He was horribly mauled, but I noticed a strange smile showing through the gashes on his face. It gave me quite a terrible feeling; to see him there, so badly marked and clawed, with that horrible smile leering out.

"Mrs. Amleigh was near him. She had been shot through the throat. Perhaps she followed poor Mr. Joseph, as you did, and he shot her by accident."

M. Lescure reflected silently for a moment. Emil turned to leave the room, and just heard M. Lescure murmur almost inaudibly:

"Yes—perhaps; perhaps. . . ."

Emil went down quietly, looked into his room, and slowly shook his old head. Donald was on the floor playing with his toy bear. . . .

W. QUIGLEY (4D).

THE RECORD

A PAIR OF WRENS

*A little wren,
With wings of blue,
Came hopping to the open glen;
Here and there he hopped and flew
And drank upon the glistening dew.
His dainty wife
Flew to her mate;
Both chirped and sang most merrily.
O happy fate!
O carefree life!
Devoid of greed, of want, of strife!
And so the pair
First fed their young,
Then took to air
To soar and glide, without a care.
O lucky race, so happy sprung!
Blessed with nature's gifts—no fear
Of lack of food, of wear and tear!
I'm almost jealous of that pair.*

A. HILL (4c).

THE BURRAGORANG VALLEY

As one enters Burragorang Valley one is enthralled by the rugged grandeur of the scene that unfolds before one's eyes, like a page out of a fairy-book. The rugged sandstone battlements tower over it like sentinels on guard. Like a brown snake the oak-lined Wollondilly winds sluggishly through neat little fields of maize, corn, lucerne and tomatoes. The fresh and fragrant odour of eucalyptus leaves makes one feel fresh, alive and full of sustaining energy.

The valley was discovered by Ensign Francis Barrallier of the N.S.W. Corps in 1802 in his attempt to find a way across the Great Dividing Range under orders from Governor King. It is on record that the Governor, being prevented by a military order from withdrawing soldiers from their regimental duties but anxious to entrust him with exploratory work, overcame his difficulty by sending him "on an embassy to the King of the Mountains." Some of the cattle, now wild, have bred from the escapees of the Cow-pastures during Governor Phillip's time, when they found their way to the valley. Cattle rustlers once also made the valley their home.

There are many guest-houses in the valley, but it is unfortunate that a more modern type of holiday home is gradually putting the older ones out of business for the homely bushland atmosphere can only be felt in the older farm-like places which nestle so snugly in the valley floor.

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Those who have not visited this happy valley would be well advised to do so before the demands of man's progress cause it to disappear, for in about five years, when the construction of the Warragamba Dam is completed, the whole valley will be flooded and turned into a gigantic reservoir.

R. STUART (1E).

SONNET

*It is the sole defence of man 'gainst time
That, though as dust the transient body lie,
(The world unchanged by gain or loss of flesh),
His brain may soar above the things that die.*

*Where puny actions pass away as soon
As mortal lives, men's thoughts can live and climb
(Their strength untouched by death's oblivion),
For thoughts alone can stay the hand of time.*

*Here lies the mighty heritage of men:
That all their fruits form one eternal mind
And all their thoughts half-born may live again;
The brilliance of the glory that these find
Is all the glory that is man; this lost—
Then all our echoed splendour shall be dust.*

P. FREEMAN (4A).

GOLDFISH

Keeping goldfish is an easy and fascinating hobby, well within reach of the ordinary person's pocket. All that is needed is a glass aquarium or accumulator jar (glass battery case). A cheap aquarium may be purchased at a second-hand dealer's if a new one costs too much. Also needed are some water plants and, of course, fish.

Having planted your aquarium with weeds, after putting about one and a half inches of well-washed sand on the bottom, let them take root before putting in the fish. There are many types of suitable weeds to plant in a small aquarium, such as vallisneria, sagittaria, elodea or anacharis, nitella and ludwigia, the best of which are the first three, as they are good oxygenators of the water. They take in the waste gases that the fish exhale and turn them into oxygen, which the fish inhale, or to be more accurate, extract from the water which passes through their gills.

As well as having an aquarium in the house, one can also have an outdoor pond for keeping larger fish. If made close to the house, a square or rectangular pond is best, but if built in a

spacious garden an informal irregular pond looks better. A pond is built from brick and cement, or just cement made in moulds.

Some fish suitable for aquariums and ponds are Orandas and Lionheads, which after they are about twelve months old develop a warty growth on their heads, Comets (one of the fastest and strongest goldfish), Calicos, Shebunkins, Nymphs and Black Moors, all of which are attractive and colourful fish.

All fish when first hatched are silvery grey, but after a short time assume their characteristic colours.

Feeding is quite an inexpensive item. Live foods such as garden slaters and worms, bloodworms and daphnia (water fleas), are reasonably easy to obtain, but if unobtainable, a fairly large packet of prepared fish food containing dried water fleas may be bought for as little as a shilling. It lasts a long time, as only a small portion is needed at one feeding.

It is interesting to note that doctors recommend goldfish in aquariums for invalids, as they are restful and soothing to the nerves, and help take their minds off their ills. One need not be an invalid, however, to enjoy this interesting hobby.

P. WICKES (2B).

SPEAR-FISHING FOR THE BEGINNER

Spear-fishing is still popular, and every year improvements are being made on the first standard spear-gun. The French types seem to be the most powerful and satisfactory.

Prices range from thirty pounds for a super streamlined, tubular, spring gun down to seventy-five shillings for a more modest weapon. There are both pistol types and long rifle-like spear-guns. In these prosperous days the sport is in the reach of most young men.

This sport has become immensely popular since it was introduced about three years ago. Spear-fishing clubs have been formed all over Australia, and membership of these clubs has steadily increased. The equipment generally used by a spear fisherman is as follows: Rubber swim-flippers for manœuvrability and speed, moderately heavy lead belt to make sinking below the surface easier. The new breathing device, the Snorkel breathing tube, was designed to enable the spearman to observe his quarry whilst floating on the surface. It also takes in a small supply of air while the spearman stalks his prey under the water. A rubber-backed glass visor to improve vision under the water is also available, and some spearmen prefer to wear rubber caps as head protection, and special gloves are also worn when warranted. Long woollen trousers and jumpers are sometimes used as body protection, and when walking

on rocks a good pair of sandshoes is necessary. Deep, dark places are not very safe spots, as they encourage sharks and sometimes very large stingrays. A rather dull day is best for good hunting, and it is best to work methodically along the selected location. One would be wise to adapt himself to the prevailing conditions and be ever on the lookout for sharks and suchlike menacing denizens of the deep.

A. FENWICK (2B).

PUT IT THERE!

"How are you, old man? Put it there!"

Don't be taken in. This is just a cover-up line for the handshaking fiend. Let me deal with a few different handshakes of various types of people.

Sooner or later you will come across the challenging kind. The setting for this duel is when a young lady of whom you are fond introduces you to a young man equally fond of this girl. With mumbled formalities you clasp hands, and then it's on. The test is to see who will give way first, for while a sickly smile appears on your face, every muscle is straining to crush the hand that is now mutilating yours. Then suddenly you can stand it no longer, and as you withdraw your hand a triumphant smile lights up the victor's face. This is quite a fascinating procedure, but, nevertheless, can result in temporary loss of the use of your right hand, say, for a year or so. This type of paw-puncher is definitely an unpopular one.

On to Type Two. It is one of those days when your wife, trying to break into society, drags you up to the Van Carrion mansion. You are introduced to a small, slight, bent-over little man and your hands meet. Thinking this is a good opportunity to get back at humanity, you decide to let this shrimp know that you've called. Too late, you find you've misjudged humanity, as you did when you lent twenty pounds to an unfortunate wool-grower whom you met in the bar and who said he had just been robbed of every penny he had. As the handshake ends you observe a mangled piece of anatomy dangling from your right wrist. Don't throw it away; it's your hand.

The Third Type I propose to deal with is a killer. Not content with crushing your hand to a pulp, he has to give a short, sharp pull as well. A meeting with this type would go something like this:

"George, I'd like you to meet Hubert."

"Glad to know you," says George as you clasp hands. "Likewise," you reply, and then you carefully peel yourself off the opposite wall.

You see, you just can't win. These are but three types that I actually know, and I'm sure I'll meet a lot more in future years. And so, as I sit writing this with my hand in plaster, I think what a fool I was ever to succumb to the advice of those very proper people who reproved me for greeting new acquaintances with both hands in my pockets.

A. COHEN (3c).

DECAY

For the last forty years the world has known nothing but war, despair and misery. We have now reached a state of moral degradation worse in some respects than that experienced by our ancestors in the Dark Ages, and it is natural that an element of mental and physical exhaustion should prevail in contemporary literature—that is, say, the literature written over the last ten or so years. The qualities of the modern symbolists, imagists and surrealists are slowly being set aside by a relatively new group in poetry calling itself the New Apocalypse. This new group is tending towards a more simple revelation of moods and sensations. Its prominent members were formerly members of the left-wing group of the 'thirties, notably C. D. Lewis, W. H. Auden, Louis Macniece, and Stephen Spender.

Lewis wrote a poem, "The Nebala," on the defeat and destruction of five trade vessels by a German gunboat during the last war. Spender wrote "The God that Failed". Both works, especially the latter, reek with despair.

The world situation is at present undergoing radical changes, and literature, as an expression of life and events, is passing through the same stages. For one golden moment after the last war we knew what we thought might be a new beginning. But that thought was neutralised by increasing misery and threats of renewed strife. In vain Einstein declared that the war following the next would be fought with sticks and stones. Contemporary literature cannot represent a new beginning, for the simple reason that we have not experienced a new beginning yet. All we know is decadence and contemporary literature is the reflection of it.

The novel seems to have expressed most fully the spirit of decay prevalent soon after the war, and perhaps the most illustrative examples come from the devastated regions of Europe, and also to a considerable extent in our own literature; for example, in Aldous Huxley's "Themes and Variations" and in "Ends and Means". The two prominent continental works which we have seen over the past three years are M. Ghiorgui's "Twenty-fifth Hour," and also "Epitome of Despair," the authors of both books being Rumanian citizens. The former work is superb as an expression of the contemporary state of decay. As Ghiorgui describes the trials of Trian, Nora and Father Kogura, of Johann and Susanna

Moritz, of Hilda and of the tempestuous patriotic Jurgu Jordan, we see how "western civilisation in the last stages of its progress is no longer conscious of the existence of the individual." Ghiorgui, himself the degraded product of systematised "civilisation" and a juggling from place to place, deprived of the knowledge of where he was actually going, feels that when this modern society kills a living thing it does not kill it entirely, but only an abstract conception of it. This book, like "Candide," is about a degraded form of life which everywhere is turning against real life; "in other words, against creation and love."

"Clear the air! clean the sky! wash the wind, take the stone from the stone, take the skin from the arm, take the muscle from the bone and wash them! Wash the stone, wash the bone, wash the brain, wash the soul, wash them, wash them!"—T. S. Eliot.

Huxley, the Englishman, talks of "the extermination of slaves, who had reached a degree of exhaustion" and men becoming victims of "home-made monsters". He plays on the idea that social reorganisation is at once vital and necessary; and he is correct. Cecil Day Lewis has the same idea, in a somewhat modified form, in his short poem, "You That Love England"; yet Lewis at least expresses some hope for this seemingly dying world, for he sees before him some possibility of a "new beginning".

"You shall be leaders when the zero hour is signalled, wielders of power and welders of a new world."

S. GREEN (5A).

SUMMER MORNING

*The dawn victorious o'er the night
Doth rise above the Eastern seas
And brings her hues of gold and red.
The clouds, outspread like mighty trees,
Do frame the lovely summer sun;
And o'er the land a gentle breeze
Doth call the birds to leave their nests
And soar above the dewy trees.*

*An hour passes quickly by,
The farmer tends the lowing kine,
For now the summer morn is come,
And diggers come to work the mine
Which lies beneath the mighty hill.
And lorries take the farmers' milk
To townships just begun to wake,
Where early morning faces shine.*

J. STANHOPE (4A).

EARLY HEBREW POETRY

"Poetry is among every people the earliest form of literary expression." There are perhaps three main reasons why this is the case. Firstly, in primitive peoples, emotion generally tends to find expression in song. Secondly, major events such as victories and marriages were celebrated by feasts, of which dancing and singing constituted a major part. Thirdly, when writing was not yet developed, poetry was used extensively as an aid to memory. Thus, it is not surprising to find that the oldest Hebrew literature was poetic. Two large collections of very early Hebrew poetry, the Book of Jashar and the Wars of Jahveh, are mentioned and even quoted in the books of the Bible. Most of these very early examples have, however, been lost. Yet an adequate representation of early Hebrew verse is to be found in the Old Testament. The popular belief is that the writings of the Bible, however pregnant in their meaning and significance, are entirely devoid of emotional expression. This is not so. There is, in the Old Testament, some of the finest poetry ever written.

But this we shall see later. First, let us look at an early Hebrew poem and determine its characteristics and its peculiarities when compared with poetry as we have come to know it.

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech:
For I have slain a man for wounding me,
And a young man for bruising me.
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,
Truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold.

Primitive and savage as it is, this little song illustrates the essential characteristics of Hebrew poetry quite as well as a more elaborate example. It will be noted that the statements occur in pairs, like a sound and its echo:

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech.

This poetic repetition is the most striking and constant feature of Hebrew verse. Its technical name is parallelism. It has been described as "sense-rhythm". Rhythm in Hebrew poetry is thus a thought-measure, not a form-measure.

There are four accepted varieties of thought-rhythm. The second verse may repeat the thought of the first in different words as when Joshua sang:

Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon,
And thou, moon, in the valley of Aijalon

(Joshua x: 12), where we have synonymous parallelism; or the thought of the first verse is emphasised by a similar statement in the second, as in the closing couplet of Deborah's song (Judges v: 31):

So let all Thine enemies perish, O Lord;
But let them that love Him be as the sun
When He goeth forth in His might.

This is called antithetical parallelism.

Then, the second verse of a couplet may be neither similar to nor contrasting with the first, but may supplement it by one of four methods:

- (1) By stating a comparison:
 As cold water to a thirsty soul,
 So is good news from a far country.
- (2) By giving a reason:
 Ye mountains of Gilboa! Let there be no dew nor rain
 upon you
 For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away.
- (3) By supplying a motive:
 Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon
 Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice.
- (4) By stating a consequence:
 Answer not a fool according to his folly:
 Lest thou be like him.

This is known as synthetic parallelism.

The fourth variety, really a variation of synonymous parallelism, is climactic parallelism. Here the first verse leaves the statement unfinished, while the second verse repeats certain words and completes the thought:

Give unto the Lord, O ye sons of the mighty,
 Give unto the Lord, glory and strength.

This form of rhythm is not unnatural when we consider that life itself is rhythmical, walking, breathing, the beat of a heart. All around us we see such everyday phenomena as the tide's ebb and flow, all helping to make parallelism "the most natural form in which emotional thought could find expression". In the words of Dean Stanley, "The rapid strokes as of alternate wings, the heaving and sinking as of the troubled heart, which have been beautifully described as the essence of the parallel structure of Hebrew verse, are exactly suited for the endless play of human feelings, and for the understanding of every age and nation."

Because Hebrew poetic form was suited "for the understanding of every age and nation," and because it did not depend to any large extent upon such mechanical devices as metre, rhyme, or alliteration, it loses comparatively little in translation. For it possesses "a rhythm largely independent of the features of prosodial forms of any individual language—rhythm free, varied and indeterminate, or rather determinate only by what has been called 'the energy of the spirit which sings within the bosom of him who speaks,' and therefore adaptable to every emotion, from the most delicate to the most energetic." (Prof. A. S. Cook, in the Cambridge History of English Literature.) "It was suited as no other poetry could be, to be rendered almost without loss of poetic effect in English."

Although Hebrew poets did not write one verse to rhyme with

another, a type of internal rhyme was occasionally used. A striking instance occurs in Isaiah (xv: 16):

He looked for justice (*mishpat*), but behold bloodshed (*mispah*);

For righteousness (*cedaquah*), but behold a cry (*c'aquah*).

Here is displayed a delicate use of both assonance and alliteration. This is frequently to be found in Latin works but, in the above internal rhyme form, it finds no place in English literature.

Onomatopœic effects are occasionally used to imitate the sounds of nature. One passage from Isaiah (xvii: 12, 13) compares the "rushing of the nations" and the "booming of the peoples" to the "rushing of many waters". In one verse he uses no less than thirteen heavy M-sounds and four sibilants at regular intervals. The whole passage, read aloud in the poet's native tongue, has in it the thunder of the surf and finishes with the long word "yish-sha-oon," so akin to the sound of a receding wave. Thus did the rage of the heathen world sound to Isaiah as it broke furiously, but impotently, upon the steadfast providence of God.

Hebrew poetry is also characterised by its concreteness and vividness. The Hebrew tongue is one lacking in abstract phrases. Even in normal conversational Hebrew, not only abstract nouns but even verbs with an abstract meaning are replaced by words of a more concrete nature, e.g., the verb "to be jealous" is part of the verb "to glow" and the word for "self" is translated by the word for "bone". The Hebrew poet is therefore of necessity bound to a concrete form of expression, where emotions are portrayed by naming the sensations which accompany the feeling. Thus does he express the helplessness of complete despair:

Save me, O God;

For the waters are come in unto my soul.

I sink in deep mire,

Where there is no standing:

I am come into deep waters,

Where the floods overflow me.

I am weary with my crying; my throat is dried;

Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God,

(Psalm lxix: 1-3.)

Although expressing an emotion in a concrete form is universal poetic procedure, you must surely agree that the down-to-earth phraseology of this poem is far more simple and concrete than is usually the case with the poems of other nations.

"The essential characteristics of Hebrew poetry may be summarised, therefore, as rhythm of thought expressed through four varieties of parallelism; a metre based on accent rather than quantity; a frequent use of assonance and alliteration in the production of onomatopœic effects, and an amazingly concrete and vivid diction."

Throughout the Bible are to be found numerous poems of deep emotion such as "The Lamentation of David over Jonathan and Saul," some primitive and savage, others mystic and eerie, some

stirring with patriotic fervour, but none, to my mind, so rich in all that is fine in poetry as "The Song of Deborah" (Judges v), written about 1200 B.C. "The Song of Deborah" is one of the greatest patriotic lyrics of all literature. The verses throb and vibrate with passion, and the strophes follow each other with the martial splendour of an army with banners." It is a stirring, dignified poem, one which, alas! is too long to include in these pages, but one which, I feel, no true lover of poetic expression can afford to overlook reading.

We now come to what is known as the "Later Lyric," which is, nevertheless, a form of early Hebrew poetry. The Davidic Psalms almost entirely comprise this category. These psalms have been collected in what is known as the "Psalter," a type of hymn book used in the Temple. The psalms were, of course, not all written by David. In fact, some scholars maintain that they were written over a period of eight hundred years. They portray almost every mood expressed in lyrical poetry, patriotism, joy, praise, reverence, grief, awe. But we are all doubtless familiar with the well-known psalms of David. I shall therefore conclude with a less-known, though stirring lyric, Psalm 137, which possesses the peculiar quality of an abrupt change in emotion, though the theme of the poem remains the same.

A SONG OF EXILE.

I

By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.
Upon the willows in the midst thereof
We hanged up our harps.

For there they that lead us captive required of us songs:
"Sing us one of the songs of Zion."
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a foreign land?

II

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her skill:
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I remember thee not,
If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

Remember, O Lord, against the children of Edom the day of
Jerusalem,
Who said, "Rase it, rase it, even to the foundations thereof".
O daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed,
Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against
the rock.

(Unacknowledged quotations are from "Types of Literature in the Old Testament," by Prof. Edwin Chauncey Baldwin, Ph.D.)

H. SPERLING (4c).

SLICES OF LIFE

*Whether it be a doorstep
Or else a sheet of paper,
Whether brown or white,
Yesterday's or to-day's,
There is no greater satisfaction
Than that
From having one's own.*

*There are moments
Oftentimes
When we desire to be
Away from everyone.
To be alone, refreshed,
Apart from all humanity,
To have a sense of liberty,
An inexpressible lightness—
When, to our annoyance
Someone peers over our shoulder.*

*The value
Of a book of verse
Increases with its shabbiness.*

*A person
Uninterested in poetry,
In music, in the music of poetry,
In painting, and the pictures
Painted by poetry;
In the poetry and the
Chiselled sculpture of music,
In this,
The unity of art,
Is not concerned with life,
Itself conveyed by art.*

*Horror, not for horror's sake;
Not poverty, injustice, wrong-doing,
Meanness, agony and retribution
For their sake alone;
But theme of decadence and degradation
Designed for better means,
For purification through suffering
And trial by what is contrary.*

S. GREEN (5A).