



SYDNEY
TECHNICAL
HIGH SCHOOL
JOURNAL

November 1921

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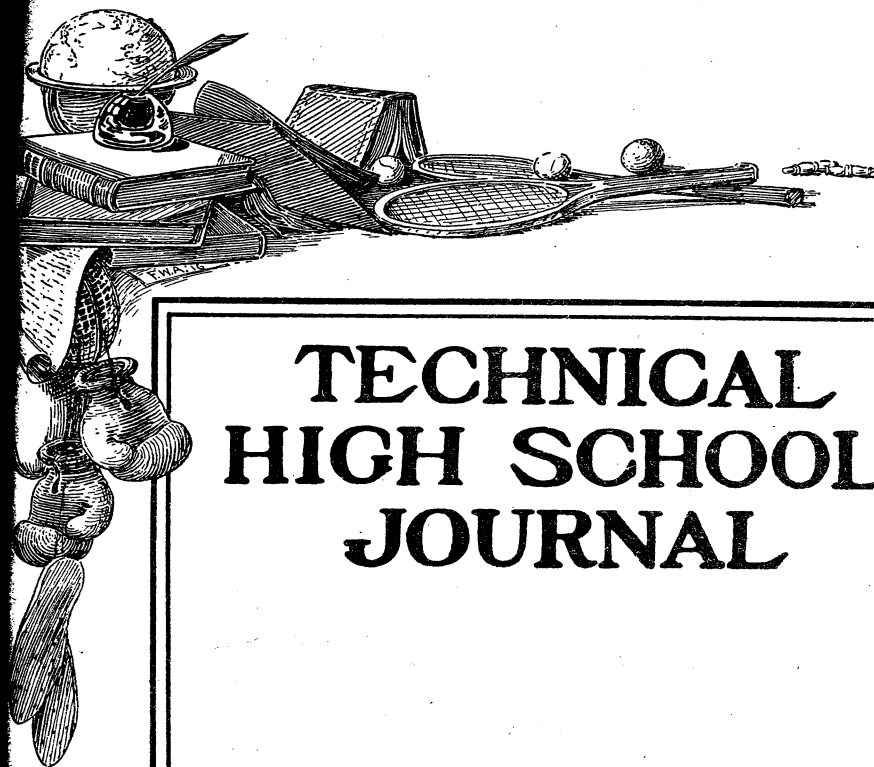
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TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

Vol. VI.

No. I.

MAY, 1921.

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The Technical High School Journal

VOL. VI.

MAY 1921.

No. 1.

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1E—W. Reid, K. Foster.



EDITORIAL INK

"ANOTHER ATHENS SHALL ARISE."

The uproarious little Billy Elton, sliding woefully down the theatrical stairs, and colliding violently with Mother Earth at the bottom, was wont to remark, "How very different things might have been if they wasn't as they is." Such profundity of thought might well be taken to heart. If H.C.L. had not bitten off the tail of departmental funds, we might have had a new school; if valleys were not present in our backyard, there would likewise be no Burrenjuck Dam there in the rainy season; if the wisdom of Solomon resided in juvenility, masters would have no further recourse to puns of a

weighty Shakesperian character; if our school song were not so sentimental, we could sing it without blushing; and so on, and so on. Great is the multiplicity of the "ifs," and "buts," and "mights."

In the meanwhile, however, since the greatest step one can make in the direction of happiness is to be idiotically optimistic, we will discuss the concrete.

Australia, despite its lusty voice, is as yet an infant—recently taken from the cradle of Nature by an over-inquisitive Old World, and erected on clumsy, wobbling legs. Its political nurses are inclined to be humorous. Its industrial servants indulge too freely in family bickering. Its mother is wholly absorbed in keeping the wolf from the national door. Patriotism alone, stark, vigorous, whole-hearted patriotism, can weld the conflicting elements of such a new-born civilisation into the Southern Empire of the future. The future? A little-considered question. A moment's thought should visualise the situation. Leave, for an instant, the bald realism of modern thought, and reflect unsophisticatedly on national precedent. England, till within a few centuries ago, lay comparatively dormant and insular. She now holds and wields to the full that strength which colonization, invention, and social advancement have offered. France, building from the dregs of revolution, stands in the van of civilised progress. America, relatively a babe, confronts us with the might of a new Rome, albeit tempered with the justice of modern ideals. No further weight of example need be cited. Science and freedom have caught the world in a head-long current leading no man knows whither. Is it, then, visional to expect a startling advance on the part of Australia?—and, that granted, is it foolish to consider that, beginning with half the course behind her, Australia will outlast the strongest of competitors? We, then, in a broad sense, have in our careless hands the moulding of a future national giant. To bring this to a consummation, it is imperative that we should imbue our aspirations, our actions, our very thoughts, with a spirit of intense activity—such a spirit as that with which the early Greeks and Romans fought for the nucleus of their empire—with which the Vikings laughed at waves, and planted firm fact on a country of astounding potentialities—with which the "Mayflower" discharged its indomitable crew on a shore waiting to be conquered!

A channel of duty is thus open to everyone—one might rather say to everyone unblinded by a myopic egoism. We of the Technical High School are a unit in a great system of education. We total barely half a thousand boys; but numbers should be no deterrent. We may give a moment's thought, and stir our Lilliputian commur into such an activity as will startle no one more than ourselves. There is an unaccountable, electric strength of atmosphere which may seize a school, no less than a nation, in a breathless grasp—that indefinable power which lays hold on every little project, every aspiration, and

turn of thought within reach. Such was the Greek, the Roman, the ancient Egyptian spirit, the spirit of Shakespeare's world, of the French Revolution. Its very essence is patriotism—virile patriotism, trampling triumphantly on all inane lassitude, and insipid carelessness—buffeting, likewise, justice, intellect, science, and, pre-eminently, Art, into glorious action. We, then, who have a great school—I apologise—we who *are* a great school, have inherited the duty to make it LIVE! We have our sports, and our playing fields; let us, then, make them worthy of the name. We have a Wireless Club, an Outings Club, a Glee Club, in fact, clubs innumerable, that are, or will be, or won't be, or ought to be—just so many opportunities for whole-hearted enthusiasm. We have an orchestra in the evolution, a Journal, and a school song *that ought to be as popular as "Abe"*—let us breathe life into them. Whatever we have as an object, let us go at it enthusiastically. Napoleon did not stop at half measures; he knew the strength of his regiments to a man. Those who would listen to the syren of insipid torpor singing: "Never mind your mother, Bob, come along o' me," would do well to take a hint from Ulysses.

C.L.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

In past years this subject has repeatedly cropped up in the "Journal," sometimes in a humorous light, sometimes more seriously; but as far as we can at present see, the prospects of the Technical High School ever being housed in a more congenial building seem to be as remote as ever. But there is one aspect of the "new school" idea which has not been properly emphasised. Everything that has been said and done in the past has had respect only to a new building, and the necessity of having one. But the subject is a large one, and the idea of the building does not sum up what a school is to the exclusion of all other factors.

The reputation of a school does not depend wholly on the number of windows to a room, or the number of boys that can be comfortably instructed there. A school consists, not of the brick and mortar, but of the flesh and blood, and character, of those who attend it. This phase of the idea of a school needs to be more emphasised now than ever, especially at the Technical High School, where environments, bad enough, no doubt, in previous years, are now worse than ever. Boys need to be impressed with the fact that the estimation held by outsiders of their school depends on their conduct and success alone. To make this impression on the outsider a favourable one, the school's motto should be continually borne in mind, and at all times practised, and all work should be done willingly, conscientiously, and thoroughly. It should not be necessary to enlarge on the responsibility of a boy to himself, and his school, in this matter.

Some think they must support their school by mental development, rather than by physical development. The opportunity afforded for the latter on Wednesday afternoons is in many instances the only one a boy has throughout the week. The realisation of this should cause an increased interest in sport, especially when a boy is conscious of the grossly unfavourable circumstances in which he is placed here. His responsibility in this respect, also, is two-

fold; it is towards himself and his school. It is impossible to have a healthy and vigorous mentality without a healthy physique, so that help in the sporting activities of the school means help in its scholastic efficiency. The impression caused by witnessing a hundred or more boys engaged in recreation, is much greater than that caused by seeing about twenty or thirty; and if boys take a greater and continued interest in the sport of the school, its prestige will be almost incredibly increased. We hope that this will appeal to frequenters of the city pleasure-houses, the Quad, and the study, and a general improvement seen in every phase of our school life. Then we will have a "new school" in reality.

OUR 'ARBOUR.

This is the playground; here, my lord,
The first year boys their yachts do sail;
Here, underneath the notice board,
Lie the results of rain and hail.
Here, as you see, the lake doth lie
In shade of pomegranate trees,
While sailing craft go skimming by,
Wafted along by gentlest breeze.

Here, where you see the ripples spread,
Circling from raindrops in the stream,
Or, when the sun is overhead,
Shining and sparkling, does it seem
That, e'er a week has fully flown,
Before the sun two days shall shine,
This scene shall be another one—
Where scores of schoolboys daily dine.

—L.R.S. (4A.)



OUR 'ARBOUR.

—H. Davies, Photo.

OLD BOYS AT THE 'VARSITY.

The following gained their B.E. at the Final Exams. this year:—

G. A. Stuckey, B.Sc. (Graduated with 2nd Class Honours.)

R. Heard, B.Sc.

S. J. Young, B.Sc. (Peter Nicol Russell Scholar.)

J. F. Spence.

N. G. Thom.

R. T. W. Jane gained his B.Sc.

Many gained honours at their respective year Examinations, as follows:—

G. Perkins, B.A.—High Distinction in Philosophy, III. Post Graduate Course.

W. Pillans, B.A.—Distinction in Chemistry, II.

R. E. Walker.—High Distinction in, and Mr. F. A. A. Russell's Prize for, Commercial and Industrial Law. Distinction in Economics III.

F. D. Venables.—Credit in Eng. Chemistry, Credit in Eng. Geology, and Credit in Eng. Design and Drawing, II.

H. W. Knight.—Distinction in Eng. Construction and Hydraulics, and Credit in Eng. Design and Drawing, II.

T. L. Grant.—Credit in Geology, II.

H. G. Raggatt.—Credit in Geology, II.

W. C. Curry.—Credit in Eng. Design and Drawing, II.

C. H. Clarke.—High Distinction in Physics, II. Deas Thomson Scholarship for Physics, II. High Distinction in Maths., II. Barker Scholarship No. 1, and Norbert Quirk Prize for Maths., II. High Distinction in Eng. Geology. Distinction in Mechanical Eng., I. Distinction in Eng. Construction and Hydraulics. Credit in Eng. Chemistry. Credit in Eng. Design and Drawing, II.

R. V. Markham.—High Distinction in Geology, I. Credit in Maths., I.

P. G. Carter.—Levey Scholarship for Chemistry and Physics, I. High Distinction in Chemistry, I. Distinction in Physics, I. Credit in Geology, I. Credit in Maths., I.

W. K. Bate.—Distinction in Descriptive Geometry. Distinction in Eng. Design and Drawing, I. Credit in Physics, I.

J. A. L. Shaw.—Distinction in Geology, I. Distinction in Eng. Design and Drawing, I. Credit in Physics, I. Credit in Maths., I.

J. D. A. R. Martin.—High Distinction in Eng. Design and Drawing, I. (Peter Nicol Russell Scholar).

E. H. Candless.—Credit in Eng. Design and Drawing, I.

E. M. Dunn.—High Distinction in Physics, I. Credit in Geology, I.

R. J. Gillings.—Distinction in Geology, I.

S. L. Martin.—High Distinction in Physics, I.

W. E. Audley (Medicine).—Credit in Physics, I.

H. D. Broose.—Credit in Eng. Design and Drawing, I. Credit in Descriptive Geometry.

For the few years the School has been in operation quite a considerable number of old students are enrolled in the various faculties at the University. The careers of these are closely followed by the Masters and boys of the old School, and the large measure of success achieved by them is a source of great satisfaction.

GEDANKEN BEIM SONNENUNTERGANG.

Die Sonne geht unter, sinkt hinter dem Hügel,
Die drückende Hitze lässt nach;
Das merken die Vögel, sie strecken die Flügel,
Und fliegen zum murmelnden Bach.

Dort sind ihre Nester in schützenden Bäumen,
Dort sieht alles wunderschön aus;
Ich habe den Strom oft gesehen in Träumen,
Im erquickenden Schläfe zu Haus.

O, könnt' ich die Zeit bei den Vögeln verbringen,
An den Ufern des lächelnden Stroms;
Mit Jubeln und Jauchzen und fröhlichem Singen
In der Höhe des stattlichen Doms.

Leb' wohl, liebe Sonne—jetzt untergegangen—
Schon dunkelt es, bald muss ich geh'n;
Leb' wohl, liebes Bächlein, mein einzig Verlangen,
Ist, dich bald wiederzuseh'n!

[With all due thanks to Mr. Belschner, who has kindly corrected the above in places.]

English rendering (not literal) of above:—

L.R.S.(4A.).

Thoughts at Sunset.

*I stood at the sunset, its glories beholding,
In the cool of an evening in Spring;
With Nature above me her beauties unfolding,
I followed the birds on the wing.*

*I thought of their haunts, where the wild flowers are blowing,
Where the trees form their vernal abode;
Where the clear, rippling brooklet through forests is flowing,
Where peace and content are bestowed.*

*How oft have I seen the fair sunshine here beaming,
Where mirth and delight aye abound.
How oft seen the stream in the pale moonlight gleaming,
How oft heard the birds' call resound.*

*In my thoughts have I seen them, and heard their loud
calling;
And longed to be with them in vain;
And yet, in my spirit, when night shades are falling,
Will I visit those fair haunts again.*

—L.R.S.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The whole School was delighted to have back again, after his serious illness, Mr. R. McCurley, our popular physical culture expert. Great regret was generally expressed at the news of the illness, somewhat tinged, perhaps, with the feeling of loss of the most interesting period of the day's routine.

* * * *

The Examination results this year are again indicative of the really solid work being done throughout the School. University Bursaries and Exhibitions, Training College Scholarships, Public Service passes, and Intermediate Bursaries are not gained easily, and T.H.S. has secured more than its share for 1920.

* * * *

At the University, our old boys continue to occupy the foremost places, especially in Science and Engineering. "Charlie" Clark, Gordon Stuckey, Jack Stephens, and Peter Carter are a few among many who distinguished themselves last year.

The genial "Joe" O'Brien has taken up the onerous duties and responsibilities of Secretary of the O.B.U. Best wishes, Joe! I wonder if you still remember the ink-slinging episode in Room 12?

* * * *

Anzac Day was again celebrated in a fitting manner at the T.H.S. A feature of the day was the Principal's address, in which the ideals of truth, justice, and chivalry were cogently brought before us.

* * * *

The thanks of the School is due to the thoughtful kindness of the Rockdale Anzac workers, who, under the direction of Mesdames W. H. Baxter and W. Perry, honorary organisers, forwarded a beautiful wreath of flowers—in memory of the fallen heroes.

* * * *

Speech Day was celebrated this year on March 23, in the Turner Hall, and was a great success. Mr. P. Board, M.A., C.M.G., presided over a large gathering of students and friends. Mr. C. H. Murphy, M.L.A., was present, and spoke on behalf of the Government and the Minister for Education. The reports of the Principal, the Sports Master, and the Union Secretary showed a highly satisfactory position in all the School's activities.

* * * *

Mr. T. J. Clyne, B.A., A.T.C., who for many years was a Science Master at the T.H.S., received a well-merited promotion to the position of Master of Science at East Maitland Boys' High School. He has the united good wishes of the Staff and students of the T.H.S. in his new sphere. We take this opportunity of welcoming to the School Mr. A. V. Luke, who, after a wide experience as Science Master at Orange H.S., and elsewhere, succeeds Mr. Clyne on the Science Staff here—a worthy successor to a worthy man.

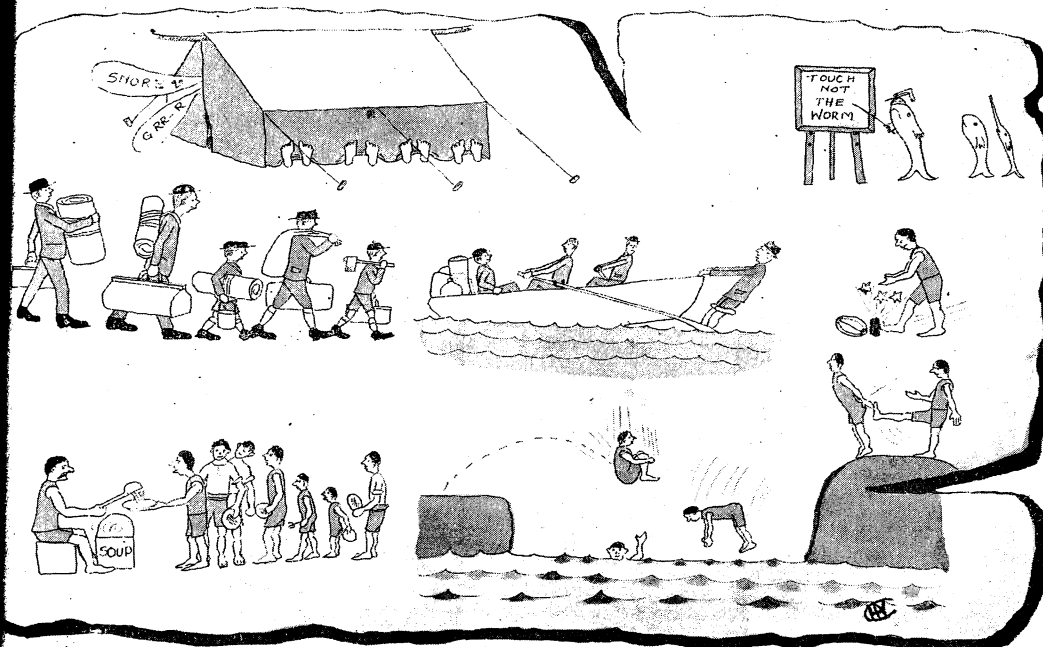
* * * *

Mr. W. Edwards has recently been appointed to the T.H.S., as a Drawing Master. His special work will be the supervision of Mechanical Drawing in the Upper School, which, under the capable direction given, should more than maintain the high reputation already gained by "Tech." students.

* * * *

The Life Saving Squads deserve much praise for their very excellent work in the recent competitions. We especially mention A. Cozens, F. Gosden, A. Duthie, T. Winter, and must not forget Messrs. C. P. Schrader and R. McCurley, to whom great credit is due for the time and care given to this useful work, and for the measure of success achieved.

A First Aid Class has been commenced recently, with a large attendance of Senior boys. We wish the members much profit from their work in this direction. While on this, congratulations to Arthur Cozens, who so efficiently and promptly applied his knowledge of First Aid in a recent accident!



FROM THE SCHOOL ARCHIVES.

—G. Hay, del.

The School's heartiest congratulations to the four winners of University Bursaries—W. H. Love, V. M. Trikojus, E. Garthside, and W. G. K. Duncan, and to the latter, as well, for his brilliant success in the History and English papers at the L.C. exam.

* * * *

A University Bursary entitles the holder to £50 per annum during the full course, and a free grant of the necessary text books as well. If, in addition, an Exhibition is won, the lucky one—or, shall we say, the deserving one?—pays no University fees.

* * * *

A word of praise is due to a hard-working and often-persecuted section in our School community—the class recorders. These lads do useful and important work, and usually do it well, to the School's benefit; it is fitting, therefore, that the fact should be recognised by

the School. The names of these lads, and the classes under their care, are here given:—G. Rowe, (4A.); A. Lyttle, (3A.); C. Templeton, (3B.); G. Maidment, (2A.); C. Sale, (2B.); L. Steenbhom, (2C.); J. Wasson, (2D.); E. Lee, (2E.); G. Tucker, (R.A.); A. Taylor, (1A.); D. Stead, (1B.); A. Lucas, (1C.); C. Alexander, (1D.); W. Reid, (1E.).

* * * *

On Empire Day, the assembled School, together with some friends, who foregathered with us on this important occasion, was suitably addressed by members of the Staff. Mr. Cowie, who opened the proceedings, put forward some very appropriate reasons why we should celebrate the day, and why we should be proud of the Empire. "The Flag," was the subject treated by Mr. Mann, who stressed the significant fact that the flag—the Union Jack—was made up of a number of crosses, emblems of devotion and sacrifice. Mr. Williams concisely summarised the various points touched on by the previous speakers, and before calling upon the gathering to salute the flag, explained what this action really meant. The singing of "God Save the King," and the giving of three lusty cheers for the King, with three more for the Empire, terminated the morning's programme, the rest of the day being enjoyably spent in the varied and delightful ways possible at such a splendid resort as National Park.

* * * *

The election of Prefects for the year 1921, resulted in the following senior lads being chosen:—C. H. Munro (Senior Prefect); L. R. Saxby, A. Cozens, A. Gardner, G. Rowe, C. Lorenz, G. A. Jones, D. McCallum, K. Branch.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which each candidate passed in accordance with the following statement:—

(1) English, (2) Latin, (3) French, (4) German, (5) Mathematics I., (6) Mathematics II., (7) Mechanics, (8) Modern History, (10) Physics, (11) Chemistry, (23) Technical Drawing, (25) English and Geography for Engineering Matriculation.

The letter "H" signifies Honours, "A" First Class Pass, "B" Second Class Pass, and "L" a pass of the lower standard. The sign (x) denotes candidates who gained Honours in Mathematics.

Allman, Stuart Leo, 1H, 3H, 5A, 6A, 7A, 10B, 11A, 25 pass.

Baker, Joseph Roy, 1H, 2B, 4H, 5B, 6A, 10B, 11B.

Binet, Henry Richard, 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 10B, 23B.

Clayton, Clifford Shankland, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 10B, 11B.

Cliffe, John Joseph Baillie, 1B, 5B, 10B, 23B.

Curry, Tom Halbert James, 1B, 5B, 7B, 10L, 11B.

Duncan, Walter George Keith, 1H, 2L, 4B, 5A, 6A, 8H, 10 H, 25 pass.

Finnie, Hector McDonald, 1B, 3B, 5B, 10B, 11B.

Garthside, Eric, 1B, 4B, 5A, 6A (x), 7B, 10A, 11A.

Hough, Hebert Henry, 1B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 10B, 23B.

King, John Philip, 1B, 3B, 5B, 10B.

Kline, Martin, 1B, 4B, 5A, 6A (x), 7B, 8A, 10B, 25 pass.

Love, William Henry, 1A, 3A, 5A, 6A (x), 7A, 10A, 11H.

McLachlan, Dugald McKenzie, 5B, 6B, 7B, 10B, 23B.

Shakespeare, Christopher John, 1B, 5A, 6A, 7B, 8B, 10B.

Stanhope, Roy Wilson, 1H, 3B, 5A, 6A, 7A, 10A, 23B, 25 pass.

Stanley, George Arthur V., 1A, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 10H, 11B.

Thorpe, William John, 1B, 5B, 7B, 10A, 11B.

Trikojus, Victor Martin, 1A, 4B, 5A, 6A (x), 7A, 10A, 11H.

Ward, Kenneth Coulson, 1B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 10B.

White, Stanley H., 1B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 10B, 23A.

Woodley, Harry Richard Chas., 1B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 8B, 10A, 25 pass.

On the results as shown in the Leaving Certificate Examination, the following Technical High boys were successful, as specified:—

University Bursaries.—W. G. Keith Duncan, Eric Garthside, William H. Love, Victor M. Trikojus.

University Exhibitions.—W. G. Keith Duncan (Arts and Law), Eric Garthside (Science), William H. Love (Science), Victor M. Trikojus (Science), Leo S. Allman (Agriculture), Joseph R. Baker (Medicine), Martin Kline (Science), Roy W. Stanhope (Science), George A. Stanley (Science).

Training College Scholarships.—William H. Love, Victor M. Trikojus, Roy W. Stanhope, William H. Thorp, Clifford S. Clayton, John P. King, Tom H. Curry.

Public Service Passes.—Junior Clerks.—W. H. Love, V. M. Trikojus, S. Allman, W. G. K. Duncan, C. K. Ward, H. R. Woodley, J. J. Cliffe.

Cadet Survey Draughtsmen.—R. W. Stanhope (1st place in State), H. R. Binet, H. H. Hough, D. M. McLachlan. Y

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which each candidate passed in accordance with the following statement:—

(1) English, (2) History, (4) Mathematics I., (5) Mathematics II., (7) French, (8) German, (9) Physics, (11) Elementary Science, (16) Woodwork, (17) Metalwork, (18) Art, (23) Technical Drawing, (24) Mechanical Drawing.

Alley, Clive Allen, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17B.
 Allingham, Charles Edward, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23A.
 Astle, Frederick Reuben, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 8B, 11B, 16B, 23B.
 Atkinson, Eric Sumner, 1B, 2A, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Austin, Frederick Edmund, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B.
 Baber, Douglas Kemm, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Bennett, Gordon, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B.
 Bennett, Rupert Henry, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Bill, Ernst Waldo, 1B, 2A, 4A, 5A, 7B, 11B, 16B, 17B.
 Black, John Walter, 1A, 2A, 4A, 5A, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17A, 23A.
 Boughton, Campbell Bridge, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 8B, 11A, 16A, 17B, 23A.
 Bourne, Harold Wm., 1B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11B, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Bowles, Charles Ernest, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23A.
 Brettell, Henry George, 1B, 2B, 5B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Brown, James Thompson, 1B, 2A, 4B, 5B, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Bultitude, Albert Edward, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 23B.
 Burkitt, John Heymer, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Burrows, Stirling H., 1B, 2B, 11B, 16A, 17B.
 Cavanough, Harold, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 8B, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Claridge, William Markus, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 8A, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23A.
 Collis, Clement George, 1B, 2A, 4B, 5B, 7A, 11A, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Crowne, Alfred George, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23A.
 Cullip, Mervyn Herbert, 1B, 2A, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Davies, Harold Nauton, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23A.
 Davison, Claude Alfred, 1A, 2A, 4B, 5B, 11B, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Dawes, James Wm., 1A, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17A.
 Downer, Raymond Thomas, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Dunnicliff, Norman John, 1B, 2A, 5A, 7B, 11B.
 Duthie, Andrew Bradley, 2B, 4B, 5A, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Ennever, George William, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11B, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Evans, Archibald Henry, 1B, 2B, 5B, 16B, 17A.

Feening, Arthur Knight, 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 8B, 11A, 16B, 17A, 23B.
 Ferranti, Marc Aurele, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 7B, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23A.
 Findlay, John, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Fischer, Clement Louis, 1B, 2A, 4A, 5A, 8B, 11A, 16B, 17A, 23B.
 Galpin, Norman Albert, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 9A, 11A, 16A, 17B, 18B, 23A, 24A.
 Gazzard, Harold Richard John, 2B, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Giraud, Frederick Keith, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 8B, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Gosden, Frank, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23A.
 Hanson, Keneth Wm. Bennett, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11A, 16B, 23B.
 Hastings, Allen George, 1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B, 16B, 23B.
 Hind, Norman Lindsay, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Hippisley, Frederick Charles, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11A, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Howard, Arthur Albert, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 16A, 23A.
 Hayter, Albert, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 23B.
 Imrie, Cyril, 1A, 2A, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Irwin, Arthur Francis Allan, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 16A, 23B.
 James, Hector Keith, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 16A, 23B.
 Johnson, Keith Breden, 1A, 2A, 4B, 5A, 7A, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Lipscombe, Colin Sanday, 1B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23B, 24B.
 Love, Edward Jack, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 11A, 16B, 17A, 23B.
 Lyttle, Alvin James, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Mackie, James Flight, 1A, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11B, 23A.
 Mainwaring, Allan Morgan, 1B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Martin Edmund Garfield, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Masey, Edward Cory-de-La-Roche, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 8B, 11A, 16B, 23B.
 McDonald, Hector James Bruce, 1B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17A.
 M'Lintock, Robert Stanton, 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 16B.
 M'Skimming, Sydney Gordon, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Moore, Robert George, 1A, 2B, 4B, 5A, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Mort, Richard Selwyn, 1B, 4B, 5A, 11B, 23B.
 Murphy, John Valentine, 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23A.
 Pankhurst, Hylon John, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B.
 Paranthoene, George Francis, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 23B.
 Paine, Karl Frederick, 1B, 5B, 11B, 16B.

Peach, Frank Morris, 2B, 5B, 11B, 16B, 17B.
 Phillips, Edward Wm., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Ramsay, Simpson Wallace, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11B.
 Reid, Harry Athol, 1B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 16A, 17A.
 Rice, Harry James, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7A, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23A.
 Robertson, John Malcolm, 1B, 4B, 11B, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Rudder, Rupert Rushby, 2B, 4B, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Smith, Carlton Henry Smallwood, 1B, 4B, 11B, 16B, 17B.
 Smith, Duncan McPhee, 1B, 2A, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Steele, Edwin Richard, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 11B.
 Stevenson, Murray Herman, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Stewart, Frederic, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Tasker, Thomas, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 11B, 23A.
 Tempest, Horace Keith, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 16A, 17B, 23B.
 Templeton, Charles Wm., 1B, 2B, 7B, 11B, 16B, 17B.
 Thompson, Athol, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Turner, Leslie Noel, 2B, 4B, 11B, 23B.
 Vercoe, Harold Wm., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Vial, Noel Beresford, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B.
 Vincent, Arthur Edward, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Vize, Robert Henry, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 16B, 23B.
 Wah, Arthur Chun, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 16A, 17A, 23A.
 Wakeley, George, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Ward, Dudley Rowland, 1B, 2B, 5A, 7B, 11A, 16B, 17A.
 Watson, Walter George, 1B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Wilkinson, Walter Maynard, 1B, 4B, 5B, 16A, 17B.
 Willis, Herbert Daniel, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Wilson, Robert Wm., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 16B, 17B.

Keith Johnson's pass secured for him an Intermediate Bursary.

HONOUR TO WHOM ?

The following letter of congratulation, signed by the Consul-General for France (M. Campana) and the President of the Alliance Française (Mlle. Soubeiran), has been received by Stuart L. Allman, who, at the last Leaving Certificate Examination, succeeded in gaining first-class honours in French.

We print the letter with the hope that the present boys of the School may emulate Allman's achievement, and on account of the sentiments so beautifully expressed:—

Alliance Française,
 Moore-st., Sydney,
 4 Fév., '21

Cher jeune ami,—

Je viens vous féliciter chaudement de la part du Consul-Général de France et du mien du succès que vous venez de remporter dans vos examens de français.

Nous espérons que vous allez continuer l'étude de cette belle langue, qui forme l'esprit et le jugement par sa clarté, comme elle enrichit, l'âme par les pensées généreuses de ses auteurs Apprenez par eux a connaître l'âme chevaleresque de la France, si ignorée a l'étranger.

Plus vous la connaîtrez, mieux vous nous aimerez.

Vous pensez sûrement, à aller un jour visiter ce pays aimé de vos soldats qui ont aidé à le défendre, et à y chercher les tombes de ces fils d'Australie qui dorment si glorieusement a coté des soldats de France.

Acceptez encore une fois nos meilleures félicitations,

CAMPANA, Consul-General.
 A. SOUBEIRAN, Présidente.

Alliance Française

THE VOICES.

*The world is my playground, the wild wind's cry
 A Voice with the voices whisp'ring;
 Soft breathes the ocean where harbour rocks lie
 Lisper of scenes wrapped in grey, gold and red—
 Of infinite knowledge that long years have bred
 She tells now with laughter and whisp'ring.*

*Content soon abandoned for wanton play,
 The ocean forsakes her whisp'ring,
 And roars past the headland, escapes from the bay,
 To frolic and shout with the winds of the deep
 And wake all the islands from golden-lapped sleep
 And set the far echoes a-whisp'ring.*

*I drink in these voices that ripple and ring,
 Eternally, impishly whisp'ring,
 The trees are my brothers, they hail me their king,
 And nod in their fellowship—laugh and rejoice,
 Whilst the poorest of flowers will uplift its voice
 As a voice with the voices whisp'ring.*

*When soft black-hair'd Night folds the earth to her breast
 In sleep-laden music come whisp-rings;
 All harshness and folly is smothered in rest,
 And the winds and the sea and the world's green shrouds
 Tinge the silence that broods in the star-silver'd clouds
 With hush'd and eternal-voiced whisp'rings.*

JOHN NEMO.



By John Nemo

Diary of a Nightmare.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| a.m. | a.m. |
| 12.30 Homework's a curse! | 1.23. Rescued by Boneyard horse. |
| 12.45. Nearly crazy. Going to bed. | 1.24. Kicked by horse. Wow! |
| 1.00. Asleep. Restless. Toss. Moan. | 1.25. Wander into Room 19. |
| 1.01. Mosquito bite. Scratch. | 1.26. Cigarette smoke. Hot air. |
| 1.02. Another. S-scr-r-ratch. | 1.27. Terrific noise. |
| 1.03. Roll over. Talk in sleep. | 1.28. Strange. Greatly perturbed. |
| 1.04. Start for school. Perspire. | 1.29. Debating Society!! |
| 1.05. Tram going wrong way. | 1.30. Button-holed by wild-eyed chair- |
| 1.06. Inconceivable terror! | man. |
| 1.07. Half an hour late. | 1.31. Heavens! Going to argue. |
| 1.08. Must go to office. Lost! | 1.32. Arguing like the very fiend. |
| 1.09. Unutterable anguish. | 1.33. Punch him in the eye. Hard. |
| 1.10. An hour late. Still bushed. | 1.34. Outside Tuck-shop. Bliss. |
| 1.11. Something going to happen. Sure | 1.35. Buy an ice-cream. |
| of it. | 1.36. Can't eat it. |
| 1.12. Wow! Captured by Glee Club. | 1.37. Lock-jaw. |
| 1.13. Shut in T.H. with them. Horror. | 1.38. Never felt so bad in all my life. |
| 1.14. Unspeakable horror. | 1.39. Disgusted. |
| 1.15. Escape through window. | 1.40. Meat pie run amok! Help! |
| 1.16. Fearful bump. | 1.41. Terrified. Chasing me. |
| 1.17. Back in playground. Raining. | 1.42. College motor let loose. |
| 1.18. Cats and dogs. | 1.43. Boneyard horse ditto. |
| 1.19. And snakes. | 1.44. Ultimo House collapsing. |
| 1.20. Bugged in waterhole. | 1.45. Chemistry building exploding. |
| 1.21. Tide rising. Help! | 1.46. C-R-R-ASH!! |
| 1.22. Soaked with perspiration. | 1.47. Awake. Thank goodness! |

Dirge.

Maid of Glory! e'er we part
Grieve, O grieve with my sad heart.
The world is cold and full of care,
My soul is plunged in deep despair,
For I must long for thee in vain;
Thou'rt fled! My heart is wracked with pain.

Fair Maid! With thee 'twere Paradise,
A heav'n of cakes and creamed ice,
Of fruit, and softest ginger ale,
And luscious pies, luke warm and pale.
Gone! All are gone!! "Aye, there's the rub!"
Fair Maid! Thou wert my Union sub.!

Why I was Late.

A boy in an evil hour lighted a cracker. He put it under a jam-tin. There was a ——— exactly. A passing cab-horse, suffering from insomnia and nerves, forgot for a moment that it was unseemly at his age to take violent exercise. He ——— exactly. The ensuing uproar proving too much for the urchin round the corner, he came round to see what all the nonsense was about. An elderly gentleman with a silk hat, being deficient in self-preservation foresight in broaching said corner, saw with stupefaction his silk hat roll into the gutter, and there run over by a young barbarian on a bicycle. The gentleman's ejaculations were ——— exactly. A shocked policeman was about to carry out his duty when ——— a rude little boy, to divert his attention, made an insulting remark about his feet, and ——— enticed him on to the skithering uncertainty of a banana skin. Said Bobby executed three Jack-jumpers and a Catherine Wheel, and landed on the tail of Mrs. O'Rafferty's Scotch terrier from over the way. Said bow-wow, probably thinking himself thrust unpreparedly into the Armageddon of dog fights, yelped in pained surprise, and cleared for nowhere in particular. The incidentals included the catastrophe of the grocer's boy and the eggs ——— and other things. The culmination was my encounter with this cyclonic lump of canininity. That dog charged me like a professional footballer, and, in the excitement, ironical Fate jammed my hat over his eyes. And that dog and I performed the most wonderful convolutions known to man. And that's why I was late for school.

AMERIKANISCH.

"Jawohl mein lieber Jonothan, ich habe eine Zeit gekannt, wo ich in Texas eine Quadratmeile gutes Weid-und Waldland für ein Paar Stiefel hätte kaufen können."

"Warum haben Sie es denn nicht gekauft?"

"Weil ich die Stiefel nicht hatte."

ENTRE AMERICAINS.

—Oui, mon cher Jonathan, j'ai connu uné épogue ou j'aurais pu acheter, au Texas, une lieue carrée de bonne terre couverte de pâturages et de forêts, pour une paire de bottes.—

—Et pourquoi ne l'avez-vous pas achetée?—

Je n'avais pas les bottes.

* * * * *

Der junge Ludwig hatte als Geschenk von seinem Oheim ein elfenbeinernes Ei erhalten, das mit neuen Einfrankenstücken gefüllt war, worunter sich auch ein goldenes Zwanzigfrankenstück befand.

Als die Mutter ihn nun fragte, ob ihm sein Osterei gefalle, antwortete er: "O ja, nur ist zu viel Weiss und nicht genug Gelb darin."

* * * * *

Le jeune Louis a reçu un cadeau de son oncle, un oeuf en ivoire rempli de pièces d'un franc toutes neuves, et parmi lesquelles se trouvait encore une pièce d'or de vingt francs.—Eh bien, dit sa mère, es-tu content de ton neuf de Pâques? —Oh, oui, répondit-il, mais il y a trop de blanc et pas assez de jaune.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(Specially adapted to Fourth-Year Students, but not intended to intimidate others.)

"Oft in the stilly night, when all have gone to bed,
By the dim candle-light, I, tired out, scratch my head,
And murmur as I try to learn:
"The good of this I can't discern."

"Oft in the stilly night," I wrack my torrid brain;
My inclinations fight again, and yet again,
Till, heavy as its size in lead,
Upon my hands doth sink my head.

"Oft in the stilly night," winter a few weeks old,
The fire extinguished quite, I shiver with the cold!
And, as I o'er my text-books pore,
Say, "Only four or five hours more."

"Oft in the stilly night," my brain by work made weak,
I see a streak of white, but cannot, dare not, speak;
But when I have a second look,
I see a blank page of my book!

"Oft in the stilly night," just on the stroke of one,
My wits all ta'en their flight, I find my work is done;
And with a sigh of great relief,
I go to bed, but sleep is brief.

Oft in the chilly morn, before I'm quite asleep,
From bed I'm rudely torn, and to my books I creep;
For oh! the life of Fourth Year boys,
Is hardly free from home-work's joys.

Oft in the chilly morn, I try to wake, but can't:
I ought to rise ere dawn, but Nature says, "You shan't;
Rising betimes through all the year,
Will do your health no good, I fear."

Oft in the chilly morn, before the first sun-beams,
A schoolboy sad, forlorn, is wrested from his dreams;
For teachers will be satisfied,
And all this torment we must bide.

Oft in the chilly morn, the stars still shining bright,
I ope my eyes and yawn; rise, and switch on the light;
Oh, all ye sympathetic, weep,
For one who loves his bed, and sleep!

Oft in the chilly morn, after I've done my best,
To school again I'm borne—I've had to leave the rest;
And then, no matter how I try,
I can't explain—I wonder why!

—L.R.S. (4.A.).



The KOOKABURRA SAYS

That the Education Department intends commencing the erection of the new T.H.S. early in the 23rd Century; and that, allowing for strikes, politicians and milk shortages, it should be ready for occupation some time after June, 2921.

* * * *

That the Tuck Shop is like Jupiter—it has a number of satellites.

* * * *

That on present showing the "Two-Yearers" are going to vanquish the Old Removeites at the First Term Exam.

* * * *

That the grounds of the Tech. College (are there really any?—Ed.) should be used for the airing of scrapped motor cars, and that anyone seen touching these antique curiosities should be severely dealt with.

* * * *

That the last Whole Day Senior Cadet Parade was the "best ever."

* * * *

That it is evident from events on Speech Day that the price of rabbits and white cats has considerably fallen.

* * * *

That several small boys in First Year differ from the Chinaman who says "Bery good."

* * * *

That several boys devote their Wednesday afternoons in practising the use of tin whistles, and such formidable weapons, and that a member of the Staff practises the art thrice daily.

* * * *

That folding arms is bad for the chest; but not as a hint to anyone in particular.

* * * *

That the strength of a chair depends on the angle at which it is taken, and not on the weight of the sitter thereon.

That L.C. stands for Leaving Certificate, a girl's name, and "last chance."

That the Honor Boards are still in Room 18, but that they will cease to be such if not attended to soon.

That the Debating Society is extinct. Is it?

That the College telescope will one day in the far future be focussed upon a little spot known to us moderns as Darlinghurst Gaol. Perhaps so; one never knows. But what if it is?

That the camping enthusiasts have had a few pleasurable outings, and hope for more—and more.

W. G. KEITH DUNCAN.

Much honour has been brought to the School this year by the marked success of Keith Duncan at the Leaving Certificate Examination. His pass secured for him a University Exhibition and Bursary. He gained Honours in Physics, and won the Brendan Lane-Mullens Memorial Medal, and Mr. J. C. Loewenthal's Prize (£15), for the best Australian History Paper, being awarded a First Class Honours pass in this subject; he was given a like distinction for his work in English, occupying the second position among all candidates in the State.



W. G. KEITH DUNCAN.

In other spheres of school life, he showed keen interest. The success of the Debating Club last year was greatly due to his interest and enthusiasm in the position of Secretary, while in many a hard-fought struggle on the "Soccer" field, he proved that he was no mean opponent physically.

In his new sphere—the Arts and Law Schools of the University—the School will follow his career with keen interest.

CHECKMATE.

"Look here, Warren! You've simply got to do it! Just have your schooner ready at the appointed time and place; then the rest is easy. Run the "Sea-foam" on a rock! Scuttle her! Anything you like! But leave those young brats locked in the cabin!"

"I'll do 't—for a consideration. Depend on 't, sir," said the second speaker, with a gleam of devilish cunning in his close-set eyes, "Them young nephews o' yourn ain't goin' ter come back ter Australia again."

"Here's five hundred now. You'll get the rest later; and, remember, if you fail—well, I suppose you don't exactly relish the prospect of doing a term for forgery, eh?"

The other scowled, looked down at the beer-stained top of the table, and fidgeted his fingers in a manner which clearly portrayed his agitated frame of mind. His companion smiled sardonically. "Remember, five o'clock tomorrow morning—without fail," he said.

This strange dialogue took place in a private room of a disreputable inn, between Mr. Richard Harris, the rascally uncle of Jack and Walter Manning, and Captain John Warren, alias "The Slogger," a villainous seaman, and a "stop-at-nothing" criminal.

Harris was also the boys' guardian, and, in the event of their death before becoming of age, was to receive their joint fortunes, which amounted to nearly a hundred thousand pounds sterling. Se he had fixed on a way of getting rid of them.

Jack and Walter were overjoyed at the prospect of a sea voyage, and arrived at the place of embarkation long before the time specified.

Many days had passed wearily away, and the "Seafoam" was cruising among the islands of the Pacific. The boys had been called to the captain's cabin. Warren, after conversing with them for a few moments, left them, saying that he would return, and to wait for him. But as soon as he was on the other side of the door, he closed and locked it.

"You ain't goin' ter see yer uncle in a 'urry! Ha, ha! Hope yer enjoy a trip to Davy Jones' locker!" he yelled defiantly.

For a moment, the boys were dumbfounded; but at last they realised the full purport of Warren's action. "Oh, the despicable cads! So that's why Uncle Dick was so anxious about our coming on this voyage!" said Jack.

"Never mind," said Walter, calmly, "I've an idea. This will help to set us at liberty."

He pointed to a heavy box, which lay in the cabin. It was so heavy that their first blow on the door was very weak and produced no perceptible effect. Half an hour had elapsed before the door was burst open.

"The schooner has been scuttled!" said Jack, "and those villains have collared the only boat and have escaped!"

"No, they haven't!" exclaimed his brother, excitedly. "Look!" a tremendous wave caught the boat in which the crew of the "Seafoam" anxiously rowed for land, and dashed it to pieces on a large rock. Those who were not thrown against the rock and killed were drowned. Thus Warren and his nefarious crew were made to pay the price of their sins.

"We'll have to swim for that island over there," said Jack, indicating a small island about half a mile distant. "There's a break in the coral reef, so we'll be able to swim through to land." Walter went to the cabin for a letter "The Slogger" had received a few days ago, which he found and deposited in his waterproof wallet. Suddenly a tremendous crash was heard! The "Seafoam" had drifted on a rock. The lads realised that under these conditions the ship would very soon sink. So, after having removed their coats and footwear, commenced their long and hazardous swim.

The two survivors from the wrecked schooner "Seafoam" were thrown upon a narrow strip of pebbly beach, running for a quarter of a mile in a north-easterly direction. Exhausted by constant battling with the rough seas, they lay, partly unconscious, their bodies, bruised by the heavy blows of the breakers, and their condition pitiable in the extreme. Having partially recovered consciousness, they began to realise that fresh perils awaited them. Their scanty clothing was saturated, and the rugged, bare, inhospitable cliffs that frowned from above, offered little in the way of sustenance or shelter. Their mental anxiety was, therefore, increased. This added to their general physical weakness.

Suddenly Walter jumped to his feet and commenced to dance with excitement, and accompanied these gyrations by waving a letter.

"What's up, Wally?" asked Jack.

"A ship's been sent to rescue the survivors from the 'Seafoam,' and they know nothing about us, because Uncle didn't want too many to know he'd attempted to murder us; we're only survivors—not Jack and Walter Manning. See? We can't convict him, though, there's not enough evidence. Besides, it would be a disgrace to the family."

Next day, the ship came and took them off their isle of captivity. After their explanation, with well-feigned looks of sorrow, that their "mates" were dead, no suspicion was cast upon them. In a few days, they arrived at their destination—home.

And they arrived at the critical moment! Their property was being transferred to their Uncle, when they literally burst into the lawyer's office. They had just saved their fortunes by a very small margin of time. Although he was not punished, their Uncle left them in peace.

(A.J.)

THE CREEK.

*Harsh clouds wildly blot the stars,
When the summer flowers are gone;
But the black rocks lie in slumber,
And the streamlet gambols on.*

*The mountain path winds tortuously,
But falls at last to rest
Where the black rocks lie in slumber
And the creek foams on their breast.*

*The earth weeps with winter torrents,
With tears that are turned to pearls
Where the black rocks lie in slumber,
And the dancing streamlet curls.*

*The joys of life are withered leaves
That flutter soon to rest,
But the rocks of faith sleep calmly
And Hope foams on their breast.*

JOHN NEMO.



*Class
Notes*



4A.—A room in the Technical College. Enter Hamlet and Ophelia, with a number of boys from 4A.

Hamlet.—How now, Ophelia! Who has been chopping your ladyship since last I saw you to make you grow so long? I hope your voice is still as sweet as ever, for it were shame that a cracked voice should come from a pair of such soft lips.

Ophelia.—What does your lordship know about lips, at any rate? And what do you mean by telling me that I have grown tall enough to reach down the stars to you? I have serious objections to such personal and slanderous remarks. (Laughter from audience, especially front seats, the next lesson being—)

We were agreeably surprised at a recent English Test to find from indisputable authority—about a dozen well-known critics at least—that the equivalents of such exciting passages as the above exist in Shakespeare. Sad to say, we find such spasms of humour rather scarce—like the Tech. playground. Know, all ye who shall one day sit upon the self-same chairs in Room 14 as we now occupy, that the brain power of the genii in whose footsteps ye must follow is preposterous, as is so exceedingly apparent by such witty interpretations of Shakespeare as the above.

One of our number asks not unpertinent questions. Why should we grind English and Physics till our brains wobble as we walk? Why should we wet Mathematics with our salt tears. I ask you again, brethren, Why should we work, and work, and work, to learn tricks of the capitalistic trade, only to earn as the wages of wealth the recapitulation of Ruskin? Why should we watch a mysterious exposition on the erratic wanderings of Tan. Alpha, whilst merry clouds fly tantalisingly over Room 14 to that region of countrified bliss which Stevenson eulogises?

We have it from a reliable source that some of our number are going in the distant future to become EPICURES in the strictest sense of the term, and climb up the old oak-tree and grow beans. We must also record another incident of note. Great excitement has been manifested in the social circles of Fourth Year lately over the long run and unprecedented success of a local comic opera. Every presentation of the brilliant play has met with "veriferous" applause. The actors are provided entirely out of 4A.—likewise the scenery. The representation and witty dialogue are unique, and a vindication of the genius of the playwright. The play is named

"CHEW CHIN CHAL."

We have been making profound discoveries this year. Mr. John Ruskin has kindly imparted to us an enormous stock of information on the subject of

"Work," and Mr. Somebody Else has given us ample practical experience in that important phase of the subject, "Work At Home." We would advise the giver thereof that the greatest English art critic classifies this type of work as "Work To Play," and, being play, he naturally deprecates it. We would also inform one of our athletes, whose agility was recently put to a severe test, that the aforesaid critic has nothing to say as regards the advisability of taking a chair minus two legs at any special angle. This is where English fails to help Mechanics and Trig. Of course the Geometry of the thing is to find the locus of all points nearer the floor than a piece of timber two feet above it.

At this juncture we must heartily congratulate and thank our venerable c—— p—— for his quick perception and generosity. The other day, we could see only a board-full of test; but thanks to the unknown, the test was quickly put out of sight, and only L.C. remained in view. There was an air of "wittiness" flying round the room, to be sure, but when the man in front told us that L.C. was there to convince us that we had a last chance to do some work, well—we could only be astounded and laugh. His Majesty Prince Euphues could not use more precise and well-chosen language and humorous quotations to better purpose than the one and only. Ask him.

There is just one other little matter before we close the annals of our doings. It has practically no significance at all, is never quibbled over (?), and it would not be missed if done away with. You ask what it is? Why, just a little instance of civil war which occasionally finds its way into our dread precincts. We are not in the least superstitious, but that awful No. 13 seems to have laid its talons with crushing force on the feeble mentalities of some of our number. We can't imagine how it is, but they would just about do anything rather than move from one room to the other. And talking of such things, it *does* seem strange that a Fourth Year class should have to move from the Physics to the Chemistry lecture rooms between Friday at a quarter to three and 2.45 on Friday, and that via the masonry! But being of a philosophical turn of mind, we are content to say that we have no time for wondering, or home-work, or anything like that; but there are not many who have no time for sport. A terrible pity, doubtless, but that is just one of the things that, to use a popular phrase, "can't be 'elped."

By the advent of the next "Journal" we expect to have proved ourselves the premier class of Fourth Year; till then——. And then I woke up, and saw that school, and work, and sport, yea, even life, are just shadows of dreams, and these notes, like a drop of water in the bucket of the infinite, might well be done without.

3A.—Many a 3A. has written class notes in the "Journal" already, and doubtlessly many will write in the future, but there has never before been a 3A. to rival us in brains, sporting ability and personal beauty, and there is very little chance of there ever being such a class again.

Above all other things, we are a class of mathematicians; and we defy anyone (not in Fourth Year) to question our knowledge of mathematics.

Last year members of our class took all the best positions in the year. Johnson was dux of the second year, and Black gained the highest pass in the Intermediate. 2A. and 2D., from whom the majority of our boys were drawn, divided the Maths. honours between them.

It is quite remarkable what trust and confidence the school has placed in us, and in what contempt 3B. is held. Johnson was made sub-editor of the "Journal," and Black was appointed assistant business manager, while the 3B. candidates were ridiculed as soon as they were nominated. If this is the attitude of the school at large towards the two Third Year classes, you can easily see how we regard the 3B.-ites.

At the Speech Day last quarter we were all surprised by Professor Hanson's voice. Before that, we were not certain as to which was his speciality, but all those who heard him are now positive that music is his strongest point. The earnest way in which he rendered the pieces, his clear, melodious voice, full of feeling and enthusiasm, at once proclaimed him an ardent follower of Orpheus.

In sport we are not lacking in enthusiasm or skill. Swimming is our strong point, and I think that we can lay claim to the title of "The Aquatic Class of the School." In the Combined High School Carnival last December, Gosden won the Junior Breast-stroke and Back-stroke, with Masey third in the latter event. In our Swimming Carnival, Black won the Fifteen Year Championship, the Senior 880, the Senior 440, and was second in the 220 and 100. Davies was third in the Senior Breast-stroke and Senior Back-stroke, and Masey was third in the Junior Breast-stroke. Moore was the winner of the "Chasing the Bell-man" event, and Duthie got a place in one of the Senior Championships.

A very successful race was the 3A. Class Handicap. A remarkable feature about this race was that all the places were gained by 3A. boys. A very fine performance, indeed!

In the recent Life-saving competitions one of the outstanding points was that 3A. had more boys in the teams than any other class. In the Roth Shield we had Gosden and Duthie, in the Hendry Cup we had Gosden, Black and Masey, and in the Cosgrove Shield, Gosden and Duthie (in the winning team), Black and Masey.

Last year the Junior Medal went to F. Gosden, and he fully deserved it. A good footballer, a good athlete, an excellent breast and back-stroke swimmer, and a good free-style swimmer, he put up a great fight for the Medal, and succeeded in carrying it off.

So far we do not know what the football and tennis teams will be, but Brown and Black are sure of a place in 1st Grade Soccer, and Gosden, Lyttle, Vincent, Ramsay and Steele will probably play Grade Rugby, while Martin seems certain of a place in the tennis team.

Lack of space prevents us writing more, so I fear we shall have to close. With expectations towards a successful winter season, in which 3A. expects to be well to the fore, we now make our exit till next issue, thus allowing the villain of the piece (3B.) to occupy the stage for a few minutes.

3B.—

Somewhere in Ultimo, in the land of smoke and smell,

That is where the famous 3B. Class of Techites dwell.

And as you must already know,

It is forever on the go;

And onwards, ever onwards, it bravely presses,

Always seeking and attaining fresh successes.

The first four months of Third Year having passed somewhat rapidly, we find ourselves faced with the necessity of preparing the "Journal" notes, which, if we are to uphold the general standard of the class, is not an easy task.

When, at length, the Intermediate results arrived, the old Second Year classes were broken up, and, by some happy coincidence, the best parcelled into 3B. Of course, 3A. will raise its head in opposition to this statement, but, as George says, "Why worry?"

As regards the scholastic side of school life, we venture to offer a few quotations. Mr. Mc—— says "that the Maths. come quite natural to us, and that we are the best class he ever taught." And, although this statement is given with the familiar mysterious smile, loud is the applause. Mr. S—— thinks "that our French is improving rapidly, and predicts some excellent exam. results." Mr. R—— is, of course, delighted with our beautiful essays, whilst the

diligence with which we fight through the "Tempest," with spray (from the tap) flying around us, speaks for itself. So far as the Chemistry section is concerned, we have pleasure in reporting that, so far, nothing fatal has occurred. And since the Term Exam., like our new school, is coming, we give notice to 3A. that we intend to vanquish them; but, as 3B. is never hasty, our Knights are in no hurry to don their armour or to sharpen their swords, although the lists (of exam. questions) are being prepared.

We are ably represented on all fields of sport, and the Radio, Glee, Hobbies and Athletic Clubs are well supported by our members. At the Annual Swimming Carnival the champions of 3B. went forth, and came first. The Class Handicap was a great success, as 3B. gained the first three places. Vial gained his place in the First Cricket XI. But now King Football reigns, and on Mondays and Wednesdays his vassals flock to his domains, others finding enjoyment at tennis or baseball.

The "3B. Rag" mournfully comments upon the varied uses of the dusters, and states that a duster is properly "an implement for removing dust—or chalk." Nevertheless, we maintain that they need washing now and then, and 3B. is ever willing to oblige. As regards the definition, the other day a 3A. youth had the audacity to make himself an implement for the removal of our chalk marks from the blackboard. He was not, however, a duster, but we presume that if brought into contact with a dusty one, the result would be beneficial—to the said youth.

Finally, we proclaim that 3B. will forever retain its position at the head in schoolwork and sport.

2A.—How about 2A.'s performance at the swimming carnival? Whitely, from our class, beat all the Fourth Year cracks in the Senior Fifty Yards, covering the distance in 28 1-5 secs. He also won the Senior Diving, and was placed second in the Hundred and Eight-eighty respectively. Winter won the Junior Fifty Yards Breast-stroke, and came second in the Junior Fifty Yards Back-stroke. Nathan swam second in the Junior Four-forty and Two-twenty Yards, while Judge won the Hundred Yards Handicap.

The Class Handicap was won by Judge, with Winter second, and Gardner third.

2A. entered two relay teams, and secured first and second places.

There are many versatile sports in 2A. Smith plays 1st grade cricket, Lawler and Maidment play for the 3rd grade. Smith and Miller play 1st grade soccer, with Cooke in the seconds and Gardner the thirds. Whitely plays 1st grade Rugby, Judge plays 2nd grade, Winter, Maidment and Blair play 3rd grade. Ennever plays fourths, and McNicol, Lawler, Pierce and Bulgin represent 2A. in the fifths.

The examination is drawing near; everybody is fagging (?), and all expect to pass.

It is said that there is a great tendency among 2A. students to throw chalk and dusters at their neighbours. (Of course, we expect an apology for this).

In a recent cricket match with 1920 2C. the victorious A.'s wiped the floor with them (though 1920 2C. still say that they were by no means last—only second). With seven men, 2A. successfully combated the "flannelled fools" of 2C. Smith top-scored in the second innings with 61, while Lawler (29) and Maidment (28 and 36) played attractive innings. Lawler was our destroying agent, capturing nine wickets for forty-three runs. We also played a match with 1921 2C., but owing to modesty we will not talk about this. Probably 2C. will tell more on this matter.

We will now let the other Second Year classes have a chance to speak about themselves.

2B.—2B. is not a boasting class, but its collective and individual chest could not but swell with pride as Louis Klein stepped out to receive the dux prize of Remove Year, and was quickly followed by Clarence Sale and Jack Hastings. We fancied, too, that a certain class patron rose an inch or two. Now, didn't you, Mr.—? Of course! You are pleased to admit it.

Well, a reputation is a good thing, but it has its drawbacks. It has to be lived up to. We shall try to do so, but the field is widened, and several strong, shining stars have come into the firmament. These are C—, B— and B. of 2C. Rather much B about it to please 2B. and M— and F— of 2D. We know they are secretly going hard for the next term top. We shall see what we see, as some poet says.

By the way, some other Second Year boys owe us something on a visit to the "Merchant of Venice." It was our suggestion, and you will agree the prices were within the reach of all. Well, we had a good night, and learned a lot about Portia and Jessica. The play is weaker than the pictures. In the most up-to-date, Shylock would certainly have had a few strips off Antonio at least. Shakespeare is certainly much behind the times. Mr. T— reckons Shakespeare is perfection. It is easily seen he does not visit the Olympic much. Credit where credit is due; we like Mr. S. and Mr. T. as chaperons—they don't interfere much. Also, they made 42 go into 40 evenly, which is a good Mathematical feat.

We won't say much else about our studies. They are pretty awful. That in an Essay would have to be re-written, and would be marked Rn. French is perhaps the worst. We often make rude remarks about those first strikers among the bricklayers and hod-carriers which caused anger and the confusion of tongues round the Tower of Babel. No greater punishment could have been inflicted on a nation than to make them learn French irregular verbs before they got their "tucker." What have we done to deserve such a visitation? Have we struck? Not yet. It is only a question of time.

Science is a bit unwholesome at times, nor will Science soap wash out all the Science stains. 2B. would not make pocket money as soap makers—nor would Mr. —. It is rumoured that R— mistook some "savon" for "chocolat," and has been absent ever since.

Maths. and History we dismiss with the unknown and the unknowable.

As sports, we are doing well. Only a very few are "prawns" and do nothing. The rest mostly play in the competition teams. There were four in 1st cricket, seven in grade Rugby, nine in grade Soccer, and two in grade Baseball.

Our swimmers are good, and every boy does his bit. C. Madden scored best at the P.S.A.A.A., and got away with £1 in prizes—easy money, Chas.! He also holds C.H.S. records, which will take a lot of beating. Several of 2B. are good campers. What about a camp for 2B.? Sleep on it, dream of it—good night!

C.J. & L.C.

2C.—The days of 1A.'s pomp, example and splendour have flown. With them, First Year's reputation, because 1A. was the very backbone of the year.

Enter 2C.—the wonder class of 2nd Year.

The old 1A. has proved its superiority over all former First Year classes by being promoted "en bloc" to 2C., the class of the school.

In sport we have G. Saunders, as captain of the 1st Soccer XI., which, so far, has not been defeated. We also have G. Ballam as a probable captain of the V.th Rugby team. Other football representatives are:—J. Munro, G. Holt, E. Smiles, T. Thompson, R. Havens and W. Blackmore. The class Soccer XI. is a promising one, having won both matches it has played.

2C. challenged 2A. to a cricket match at Alexandria Oval prior to the Easter holidays, with the result that 2A lost miserably by an innings and fourteen runs—(Poor 2A.!)—Saunders securing a well-earned 35, while Probin came out with a splendid bowling average which would not be advisable to print or 2A. would lose all the reputation it ever had.

"Fall out, the boys whose Union subs. are unpaid," said Mr. C——e. Not a boy in 2C. moved, but in all the other classes boys were filing out by the dozens.

Our school reporter, E. Smiles, went down into the notorious First Year to investigate, and, sad to say, after a week, he had had more than enough. His report was a very poor one, but what else could be expected from a crowd of rowdy First Yearites?

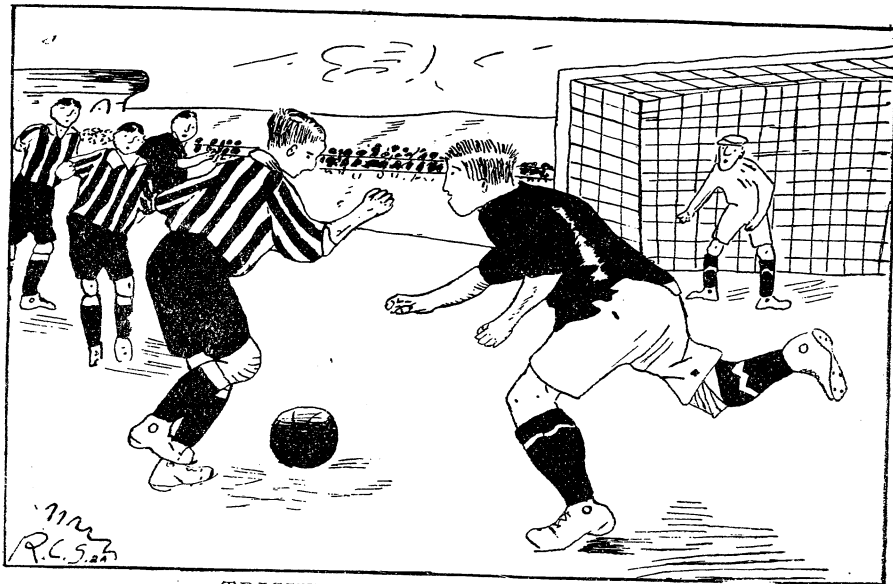
Great Discovery! The Swing Photograph! Absolutely unique! This wonder is exhibited daily at lunch hour. It is quite harmless. The person who *never* stops talking! Come, hear and listen for the minimum charge of $\frac{1}{2}$ d (cash or in weekly instalments) per head.

Roll up! Roll up!

2D.—Without the flourish of trumpets or the flower strewn paths which other classes seem to fancy, a new 2D. steps before the footlights to give and to take, to hear and be heard

The best boys of last year's 1B., 1C., 1D. have been united into one solid class—2D.—the first and foremost of the Second Year classes.

We are now thoroughly settled down, and, under the able tuition of some of the school's best teachers, are fast treading the path towards the "Inter." But occasionally, humorous dialogues take place between the teacher and one of the boys. The other day, for example, when one of our fellows was asked by a teacher why he was making such a fool of himself, he answered quite seriously he "couldn't help it," thus inferring that it was not his fault, but his misfortune.



TRICKING THE FULLBACK. —R. Smith, 2A, del.

Our reporter having interviewed the renowned C. M. Munro, who is very, very modest, even though great, says that the above-mentioned young gentleman is going to try and break all his previous records during the next swimming season. Well, let's hope he does, for he will probably make a name for himself and the school in the doing of it.

A little while previous to this, a misunderstanding may have arisen, owing to our not entering a team in the class soccer competition; but let it be sufficient to say that too many were engaged in grade games. Among the latter, some of those engaged in Rugby are: Munro, Wasson, Caldwell, Scard, Thornthwaite, while some of our representatives in Soccer are Plummer, Reynolds, Walters, Funda and Poole. In 1st Baseball we have one representative, namely, Collis. Numerous others participate in tennis.

But hark! is that the period bell? Yes, and as time is up we bid you adieu "Till we meet again" in the next "Journal."

G.P.

2E.—*Here's 2E.!* If every class in the Tech. was as good as 2E., the old school would be greatly improved. Most certainly every boy will sit for the Inter.—and pass, too! This in face of all the difficulties. But the teachers are all sports, and so we may not grumble.

In the sporting side, 2E. is very strong. Many members performed meritoriously in our last Swimming Carnival and one "repped" in the C.H.S. Swimming Carnival and gained seven points.

Again, in Life-saving classes, many of the class gained awards. We have great pity for other classes when it comes to football.

2F. (R.A.).—The class that is known throughout the school for its renowned brilliancy in work and sport. People say that 2F. is the class of duffers from last year's First Year, but if that is so, it took a class of duffers like us to beat 2B. and 2C. in a recent Maths. test, from which we came out on top. Bravo, 2F.!

Sometimes during English and History periods our teacher absolutely refuses to teach us, because we are not steady and quiet, but quiet boys cannot work. When we are good, he calls us 2F., but when we are noisy, that objectionable word, "R.A.," comes to his lips, and after hours of deadly silence, he resumes work. Six boys from the tired 2D. class came into 2F. to do *some* work, but they soon found that they had been promoted (not put down), and that they could not keep up with our work, so they had to go back to where they came from. 2F. would be a lot better class, and get through a lot more work, if it was not for a few lazy individuals, such as —. A certain lad of our class thinks it best to retreat out of the room when the next period does not suit him.

In sport we are best, for we are well represented in Rugby, Soccer, Baseball and Tennis. In Swimming we are also well represented by Pym, Hughes, etc. Our class carried off all the honours in the Relay Team Race at the Swimming Carnival, thanks to Pym and the other fast swimmers, of whom we have plenty.

We will not be able to put up a very good class Soccer team this year, as most of our boys are playing grade in the different teams. Pym, the champion swimmer of our class, won the Junior Cadet Medal for swimming and athletics. Congratulations, Pym, old boy! Seeing that we have no more news we may as well close up till the next issue of the "Journal," when we will be the most prominent class of Second Year.

1A.—The new A.'s are doing their level best to be as great a credit to the school as last year's 1A. boys were—or perhaps a greater—and certain it is that we will succeed in our aim. We have no fears or doubts of achieving ultimate success!

School work and sports run together as smoothly as a billiard ball is drawn along a table.

Into the career of every sportsman comes defeat, and we admit that it is not unknown to us. But, when it does happen to come our way (which is not very often), we take it like true sportsmen should, and resolve to try and do better next time.

We have also the satisfaction of knowing that 1A. is well represented in the school football teams. Not professing to be as expert as the "Yanks" at the art of boasting, we won't bother mentioning other little elevating items (we don't want to burst our hat-bands, as they are expensive). But our heads are not prone to swelling at the news of triumph.

We would like to remind other First Year classes which wish to dispute these statements, that we have a chap in our class who hails from Scotland, guaranteed to squash anything upon which he falls. So beware, disbelievers!

1B.—We are pleased to say that Hyslop has been elected Captain of our class Soccer team, and Sparks Vice-captain. The committee consists of Grubb, de Plata and Winstanly. Of course, the team hopes to go through the "Comp." without a defeat. So far they have done well.

We have two tennis champions—Young and Stephens—who so far have not been beaten on Wednesday afternoons by any of the Second or Third Year boys.

The "Grubb" of our class has not yet started to bore his books.

Our algebra teacher makes the lesson so interesting that he often sends some of our boys to sleep. [Evidently he has discovered a novel lullaby.—Ed.]

There always seems to accumulate in the back seat several well known non-work pupils who always cause a certain amount of amusement. I don't think "Moonshine" should sit amongst them, as the moon affects people. Probably this is the cause of the commotion.

Our great recorder has not been doing his duty up to the mark. Many rioters have been speaking about electing a new one.

A chap in our community has a very nice brush-back, which is his most outstanding feature. Often in school he takes a comb from his pocket and tries to make it a little nicer.

Room 19 is very popular with some boys on Wednesday afternoons when they get "Quad." It is also very handy in which to do impots.

Did any one hear the "1E.-ites" say how they would beat us? But we showed them their mistake by thoroughly beating them, six to nil. What about that for a win! Now, beware, ye jolly First and Second Year knaves, for 1B. has a romping team. Don't forget we drew with 1A. in a close and interesting game.

1C.—

1C: boys are we,
We've learned our lessons to a T.
All but H—— are very good,
In the wonderful class of 1C.

Since 1C. has been left out of the Glee Club the aforementioned Club has become a "Howling" Success.

Our chemistry expert astonished us on Monday by telling us that *Potassiumuminate*, plus *Manganisation of the Head*, gives off the gas which causes Brain Fever.

We will shortly have our Half-yearly Exam., but 1C. is prepared for it, so why do we worry?

The sporting activities of 1C. are excellent. We showed great form in cricket, and are playing up to the First Year standard in football. We have

several enthusiasts in the grade games of football and baseball. Great interest is shown, too, in the Outings Club, and Athletics. Our Sports Captain, G. Hay, has shown us that he is capable of looking after the sporting side of the class.

1D.—

"1D., 1D., 1D. once more
We hope these notes are not a bore."

We also hope that last year's 1D. will not mind us using their opening couplet. But we are hard hit for words.

1D. is, you must remember, only three months old, yet we are fairly well represented in the Glee Club and the Life Saving Club. A few Wednesdays ago our Soccer team succeeded in winning the match against 1C. We have one or two promising players in the aforesaid team, too.

Unfortunately, the Rowing Club has been disbanded or we might have been represented. In the T.H.S. Swimming Carnival we did not do much damage, although we nearly obtained a place in the Relay Race. McGuinness won the Class Handicap, C. Davis coming second and E. Nickal third. However, better success we hope will come in the future.

We have several tennis players of promise, and there are great chances of the game becoming popular in our class.

The Half-yearly Exam. in a few weeks' time! How we look forward to it (?). Mr. — waxes eloquent on theorems and other mathematical weapons. He will be surprised when the results come out. Will he not?

But remember, work and play, properly balanced, are essential (but not too much work). The limit of our news is now reached, we think, and we will assault you with our

FINALE.

"1D., 1D., 1D. once more,
We hope these notes were not a bore."
We scholars of the T.H.S. (especially 1D.)
Intend to work for more success.

1E.—Hearken! ye saints and sinners. Hearken! unto the strange words that fall from the mouth of the prophet. For verily he speaketh (shrinketh), saying: "It shall come to pass, in the year 1921, that many bands of robbers and mountain men shall rise up against the 1E.-ites, saying, 'Journey with us to the 'Moore' and bring thine leather and asses in plenty, and we will slaughter thee!'"

"Then shall the heart of their leader (Reid) rejoice within him, and he shall gather his men and journey forth to the 'Moore.'"

"Then shall the battle begin, and there shall be great slaughter, and lo! and behold! the men of the hills shall flee crying, 'We are beaten! We are beaten! Even as was Goliath and the 1D.-ites.'"

For the benefit of those who don't understand the biblical talk above, 1E. wish to state that all classes competing against us this season, are going to be "licked," even worse than 1D.

We defeated 1D. by 3 goals to nil (in Soccer). Our scorers were E. Kavanagh, L. Eagleson, and Westman. Only twice did our opponents get near our goals. Simpson, Fisher, Freudenstein and Reid played well.

We also defeated them at Rugby League. The scores were 15 to nil. H. Freudenstein 1 try, E. Kavanagh 1, and W. Reid 3 tries.

We had three or five shots at putting it over the posts, but failed each time. We think we could have scored more, but whenever Gifford got the ball he wouldn't pass. Reid, our captain, was very good. He tried to play 5th Grade, but was too light.

We must bid you "Adieu!" until the next issue.

THE CREATOR.

BY JOHN NEMO.

He was a curious little man, aged, and in the extremity of thinness. His small, high forehead, shining even in those darkened surroundings, sticks ineradicably in my memory. It is an evil thought. For the rest, he was dirty, and his hut was dirty—a worm-like monarch, reigning over an unenviable kingdom.

I approached with some trepidation, announcing myself with a modest cough. At barely a yard from him he looked up suddenly, and stared straight through me. He was smiling—a remarkable smile. A smile that followed his gaze to afar off. It is not pleasant to be stared through in quite that way. Presently his vision, and his smile, came slowly back till they rested on me. He appeared to be wondering how such an insignificant creature as myself could possibly have darkened his horizon.

I explained that I was camping across the valley, that my flour had run out, that if he could oblige me—

He waved me impatiently toward a large box in the corner, where I found what I required.

"Hey!!" he called, looking up from his work in a minute or two. He was bending over a canvas, painting; what, in the half-light, I could not discern. "You're a tourist, eh? You've travelled, eh?"

I assented.

"But you've never seen Tragedy. Tell me that! You've never seen Tragedy, eh? No. No."

And turning round he ignored my further presence.

The curious little man burst in upon me one night later. Feverish excitement crinkled and moved his dry face into unnatural contortions. He literally dragged me to his ruinous habitation. I followed unwillingly enough, though at the time he did not seem altogether insane.

A yellow candle light wavered wickedly in his hut. He led me in on tip-toe. A large canvas occupied the middle of the room. Near it a bundle, which at first sight appeared a mere grotesque heap of rags, slowly formed itself into the shape of a man—a wretched man—a man, young, in the last grief of despair.

"Tragedy!" whispered the old man. He pointed to the canvas.

Tragedy? Ay—well said, old wretch. The painting was that of a boy, a youth, a man, one hardly knew which. But the face! Cunning, greed, depravity, cruelty, abandon—all the contending passions of vice—creased its lines, stamped its features, oozed from its very skin. And yet. Those eyes spoke. Something—shame?—anger?—understanding?—I was at a loss. The old man quavered again, barely audibly—"Tragedy."—Was it instinct that led my gaze to the bundle on the floor? It was reality in its most unreal form that rooted me to the spot in a sickening nausea. The yellow light played sad tricks with my eyes.

The old man behind me began to chatter, rocking and wavering like the light.

"See him! Beautiful! My God, how beautiful! He is my work. He is what I have made him. Have not I done well? See him! The child of noble parents. How noble is he now! I trained him. I *trampled* on him, body and soul. For ten years I played at Creator; I evolved—that! See him! And then I would cut him in diamond—chisel him in ebony—paint him!—paint him!—paint him!"

"I did! Fool! I did not. I painted half of him. I painted his very vileness! But Tragedy. Ah! No Tragedy. He went away. A woman—an angel—a very angel came—and took him away. Before he went he nearly choked me. She pleaded with him. I thank her for that. No, curse her—But he came back! Did not I say he should? He came back. He brought Tragedy back. See him!"

He half shrieked with hysteria. My knees trembled under me in a paroxysm of powerlessness. During many slow minutes we remained thus, with those dreadful eyes staring down from the canvas.

I dared to look at the bundle of rags once, and then, with horror, saw that it moved. Slowly the wretched being uncoiled himself, and presently stood unsteadily erect. The shrivelled old man behind me lapsed into silence.

I watched, fascinated, the awakened wretch. He gazed round him sullenly. His glance eventually falling on the old man, he bared his teeth in a convulsive, animal snarl. With an unsteady hand he took the candle, as if with some intention. He saw the canvas, started, and went slowly up to it. For an awful minute he gazed.

I never saw rage depicted in man's face with such deep passion as in his. A pitiful whimper escaped the old man. But the other, in a moment, suffered a dreadful change. He laughed!

He took up a knife. With it he slashed and ripped at the canvas—slashed and hacked—

He lurched out of the door with the same dreadful laugh.

I left the old man, on his knees before his sacrificial altar, plucking at the poor fragments with his trembling fingers, and weeping like a child.

AEROPLANES.

Aeroplanes were used a great deal during the last war, and I think it is just as well our readers should have some idea of what these things are. We will start with the name of the apparatus, and see what this tells us. Usually, it is not much good trying to find out what a thing is from its name. *Aero*, we find this funny bit in *aerated* waters, and in *aerated* bread. Without prejudice, one can safely say that there is not much resemblance between an aeroplane and, say, bread, except that they both rise, and have gone up. As to the *plane* part, that is quite simple.

The history of aeroplanes is rather interesting. A person named Lilienthal did something or other with bits of canvas, but, as he was an enemy, he doesn't count. As to who actually invented them, I don't quite know the rights of the case. Still, nobody bothers much about history.

Having cleared up these preliminaries a little, we can deal with the machines themselves. The essentials of an aeroplane are: (1) that it should go up; (2) that it should come down. A frivolous person would say that an orange thrown into the air fulfils these conditions, but such a person has missed the essential point, namely, that when once the machine is up, the rate of going up must equal the rate of going down. Obviously, an orange is out of the question, and so is an apple. Some stupid person will say that a man walking up (down) an escalator going down (up) is an aeroplane. All I can say to such a person is that he should try it next time he goes on a tube railway, and see what the ticket collector, or puncher, says or does, on being told that he (the stupid person) is an aeroplane. If by now you don't know what an aeroplane is, you are a bad case.

The other essentials of an aeroplane are: (1) planes; (2) a motor; (3) a pilot. To illustrate the use of planes, do this experiment. Get a nice pair of vases. Drop one out of the window. It will break into a number of pieces (if it doesn't, it is a cheap vase, and you had better get another pair). Wrap the second up in a newspaper, and drop it out of the window. This vase will not break into so many pieces as in the first case (if it breaks into more pieces, it is best to forget which one had the newspaper round it). It is quite obvious that by wrapping enough newspaper, e.g., a Saturday's "Sydney Herald," round the vase, it will break into one piece; and this is, after all, the most important thing in flying.

The use of (2) is vague. It seems only right to suppose that putting a heavy thing like a motor into the planes would prevent them going up. At any rate, the motor does one useful thing, for it drives the fan, and this keeps (3) cool. This is most essential, as everyone will recognise. Of course, the draught prevents one lighting a cigarette, and this has caused many accidents. One aviator stopped the motor to light a cigarette. The consequence was that he got too hot to fly properly, and came down, and that's how it was he was smoking when he was found.

—C.P. (2D.).

CHRONICLE OF SPORT.

A general review of the sporting activities for 1920 shows that the School kept up its good average. We took a leading part in all the High School activities, and whereas, on a few occasions, in premier place, we were always in medium or better place. This School all round does its sports as well and with as much benefit to its scholars as any other school in the State.

In the C.H.S. Swimming Council, we gained third place in the Senior; second in the Junior, and first in the Junior Cadet. Our Senior Reps. were C. Munro, G. Whiteley, J. Cliffe, J. King, D. McCallum, A. Cozens, S. Burrows. Our Juniors were C. M. Munro, F. Gosden, C. Jardine, R. Meldrum, J. Brown, and the Junior Cadets L. Pym, P. Funda, A. Cox, L. Coutts, and C. Madden.

Our Junior Cadets easily broke the record for the Relay, and put up the fine time of 2 min. 29 sec..

Also our three reps broke the Back Stroke records, A. Cozens doing 47 2-5 for the 50 Senior, F. Gosden doing 49 3-5 for the 50 Junior, and C. Madden doing 28 1-5 for the 33 J.C. C. Madden also did 26 1-5 for the 33 Breast Stroke.

In life-saving work this School is far ahead of all others.

We won the Senior Land Drills and got 1st and 2nd in the Junior Section.

We had a team in for the Senior Roth Shield, and, though defeated, did well.

We were placed 2nd, 3rd and 4th in the Hendry Cup, and were placed 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th in the Cosgrove Shield Competition.

The winning team comprised A. Cozens, F. Gosden, A. Duthie, and T. Winter.

Our Cricket Teams were weak, due mostly to having no facilities for practice.

S. Katzka and C. Burke played most consistently.

Our Swimming Carnival, which was run on much better lines than in previous years, was such a success that we will not repeat it. The results were:—

Senior Championships—

880 Yards—W. Black, C. Munro, H. Davies.

440 Yards—W. Black, C. Munro, H. Davies.

220 Yards—C. Munro, W. Black, H. Davies.

100 Yards—C. Munro, G. Whiteley, A. Cozens.

50 Yards—G. Whiteley, C. Munro, A. Cozens.

100 Yards Breast Stroke—A. Cozens, F. Gosden, A. Duthie.

50 Yards Back Stroke—A. Cozens, F. Gosden.

Diving—G. Whiteley, C. Munro, A. Cozens.

Junior Championships—

440 Yards—C. M. Munro, D. Nathan, P. Funda.

220 Yards—C. M. Munro, D. Nathan, P. Funda.

100 Yards—C. M. Munro, W. Black, D. Nathan.

50 Yards—C. M. Munro, P. Funda, L. Coutts.

50 Breast—T. Winter, P. Funda, E. Masey.

50 Back—P. Funda, T. Winter, H. Hughes.

Diving—L. Pym, G. Ballam, J. A. Brown.

Junior Cadet Championships—

220 Yards—K. Foster, L. Pym, E. Watson.

100 Yards—L. Pym, K. Foster, A. Cox.

50 Yards—L. Pym, A. Cox, E. Watson.

33 Breast—C. Madden, A. Cox, K. Foster.

33 Back—C. Madden, A. Cox, G. McGuinness.

Age Championships—

50 Yards, 12 Years—Crosky, G. Hay, — Snook.

15 Years—W. Black, R. Meldrum.

Other events—

Class Handicaps, 50 Yards—

4A—E. Bowrett, L. Saxzy, E. Thompson.

3A—W. Bell, H. Davies, W. Black.

3B—R. Findley and R. Wilson, dead-heat, A. C. Wah.

2A—A. Judge, O. Winter, A. Gardner.

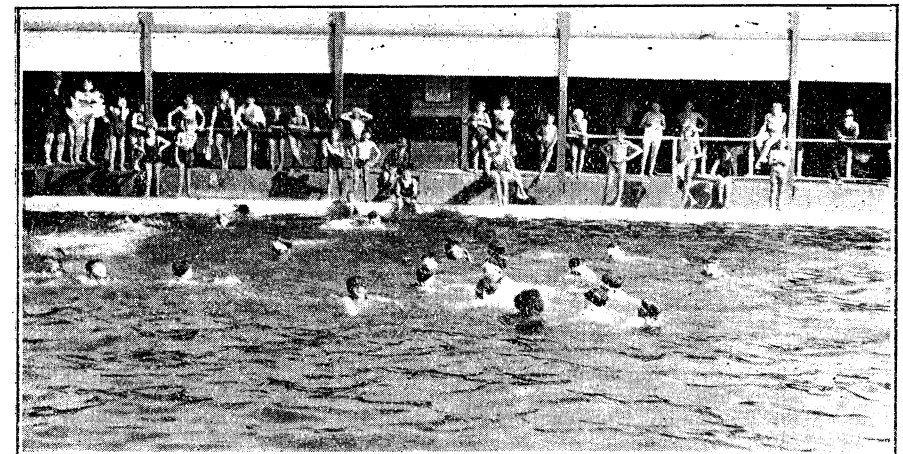
2B—C. Madden, J. Campbell, A. Munro.

2C—G. Ballam, E. Havens, E. Smiles.

2D—P. Funda, E. Caldwell, W. Plummer.

2E—H. Smith, L. Coutts, E. Ferguson.

RA—B. Garland, W. Snook, H. Walker.



CHASING THE BELLMAN.

R. Havens, 2c., Photo.

- 1A—C. Crosky, A. Taylor, E. Snook.
 1B—Boyle, R. Stuart, E. W. Watson.
 1C—Nelson, —. Davidson, —. Nangle.
 1E—McCallum, —. Foster.
 1D—McGuinness, —. Davis.

Four-Oar Race—J. Brown and C. Madden, Havens and Pettitt, King and Katzka.

100 Yards Handicap—A. Judge, R. Stuart, J. Campbell.

Class Relays, 10 Men, 200 Yards—II Year's, RA, 2E, 2C, I. Year's, 1C, 1A, 1B.

Chasing the Bellman—R. Moore.

220 Yards Handicap—W. Taylor, J. Campbell, E. Watson,

Class Relays, Senior, 4 Men, 200 Yards—2A₁, 2A₂, 2B₂.

Polo Race—K. Foster and A. Duthie dead heat, D. Nathan.

Old Boys, 100 Yards Handicap—R. Stanhope, M. Kline, G. Garthside.

Mr. A. Wickham gave a fine display of scientific and fancy diving, and also made an excellent ballman. The School offers its best thanks.

During the swimming season a Polo Competition was carried out with benefit to the swimmers, as well as affording great pleasure. Six teams of six each entered. The final was played at our carnival, and was a very fine even game. It ended in a victory for No. 3 Team—Con. Munro, L. Coutts, P. Funda, H. Towns, G. Whiteley, and C. Wah—by 2 goals to 0.

We expected a challenge from No. 1 Team, which had previously beaten No. 3, but it was not forthcoming.

Our Life-saving Awards were 22 Medallions, 8 Hon. Instructors, and 29 Proficiency Certificates. Another squad is ready for examination at any time.

Our Swimming Club was a decided success during the year. We shall carry on again early in October.

The Athletic Club is also a good institution, and has had many good runs. It continues its doings all the year, but of necessity eases off during the winter season. Several members are doing well. E. Caldwell and L. Coutts lead in the point score to date. New boys are invited to come along. As the Boxing Club and the Outings Club are restricted to members of the Swimming and Athletic Clubs, it will be seen that there are great advantages in joining up. It is a privilege of great merit. Winter competitions are soon to commence. We have entered strong teams in Rugby, Soccer, and Baseball, and second teams in Tennis. We have already played several practice games, and all teams are showing well. We have six Rugby teams, five Soccer teams, two Baseball teams, and one Tennis team. Our tennis is weak, because some good players take up Rugby or Baseball during the winter.

A Class Soccer Competition will commence on May 4, and it looks as if there will be fourteen teams competing. We attach the T.H.S. Athletic Records for any ambitious youth to beat:—

Senior—

- 1 Mile*—W. Dutton, 5 min. 33 sec., 1916.
880 Yards—S. Young, 2 min. 25 sec., 1914.
440 Yards—W. Sheppard, 59 3-5 sec., 1919.
220 Yards—W. Sheppard, 25 3-5 sec., 1919.
100 Yards—G. McKenzie, 10 3-5 sec., 1913.
120 Yards Hurdles—C. M. Munro, 17 3-5 sec., 1920.
High Jump—R. Parkins, 5 ft. 5½ in., 1917.
Broad Jump—H. Williams, 19ft. 2in., 1917.
Pole Vault—C. Doherty, 8ft. 4in., 1918.

Junior—

- 880 Yards*—H. Scott, 2 min. 48 sec., 1916.
440 Yards—A. J. Kerr, 63 sec., 1914.
220 Yards—A. Feening, 25 3-5 sec., 1919.
90 Yards Hurdles—E. Dait, 15 sec., 1920.
100 Yards—A. Feening, 11ft., 1919.
High Jump—R. Perkins, 5 ft. ½ in., 1916.
Broad Jump—A. J. Kerr, 17 ft. 10 sec., 1914.
Pole Vault—G. Moor, 8 ft. 8 in., 1920.

Junior Cadet—

- 220 Yards*—A. Feening, 25 3-5 sec., 1918.
100 Yards—A. Feening, 11 sec., 1918.
50 Yards—A. Feening, 5 4-5 sec., 1918.
90 Yards Hurdles—L. Pym, 16 sec., 1920.
High Jump—J. Evans, 4ft. 7 in., 1920.
Broad Jump—C. Madden, 15 ft. 3in., 1920.
Pole Vault—A. Bonner, 6 ft. 6 in., 1916.
440 Yards—L. Coutts, 73 sec., 1920.

In the recent Royal Life Saving Society's Carnival, the School ten competed in the Inter-High School Relay Race. We won an exciting race from N.S.H.S. by a yard. The prizes of 5/- each we donated to the Society.

In the P.S.A.A.A. Carnival we did well, and carried off the Brilliantshine Shield, with thirty-one points, to the next highest, N.S.H.S., with sixteen. Our chief prize-winners were F. Gosden, C. Madden, A. Cozens, P. Funda, L. Pym, and C. M. Munro.

Our Relays got second place each time, being beaten by N.S. and Rozelle.

We again won all the Back and Breast Stroke races. C. M. Munro put up a fine swim in the 14-Year 75 Yards Championship.

The Sports Report on Speech Day gave a short resume of these doings, and pointed out the disadvantages under which we laboured. It also urged upon parents and pupils the need to get interested, and keep interested, to get the best out of the School. We intended to advise boys to follow in the footsteps of our great helpers of 1920, in the persons of Victor Trikojus, Roy Stanhope, Roy Baker, and our present boys, C. Munro, A. Cozens, L. Saxby, good scholars all, and ready always to make sacrifice for the School's good. Our work is made much easier by their ever-ready help. We record our appreciation. We would very much like to keep the First Aid Lectures going, and will endeavour to do so on Tuesday afternoons in Room 9. All are welcome to the capacity of the room, particularly boys of IV., III., and II. Years. A. Cozens, one of the prefects, is to be highly commended on his prompt and skilful management of a nasty accident in the ground the other day. His First Aid knowledge saved a lot of trouble, and may have been the cause of saving life. In such instances, Prefects are of some real use.

Colours awarded in 1920 were as follows:—Cricket—None. Tennis—None. Baseball—C. Clayton. Soccer—C. Burke. Rugby—C. Munro, A. Cozens, J. Cliffe, S. White. Rowing—T. Curry, A. Challinor, M. Kline, V. Trikojus. Athletics—None. Swimming—A. Cozens, C. M. Munro (Half), F. Gosden (Half).

CAMPING.

Boys are advised that a big camp will be held in the Michaelmas Holidays, and that a distant camp will be held in the Christmas Holidays. They should, therefore, save up; if it is worth while. Of course, the members will have several days out between this and Michaelmas. The only question is where and when?

THE CAMPERS.

To describe the doing of our campers would take up too much space. We will, therefore, confine our remarks to the aims and objects of the camp, and to the conditions to be observed in the conduct of a camp.

You will all recognise that every movement, however, democratic or communistic, must have a guiding spirit. Well, for the time being, c'est moi. Camps and outings under our direction are open to every T.H.S. boy who has his parents' consent. Preference is given to members of the Athletic and Swimming Clubs, because it is recognised that they are doing a lot for the School.



A CAMP SNAP.

—H. Davies, Photo.

Campers must be good swimmers.

No member is allowed either to smoke or to swear. Members are limited only by tenting accommodation available. Every party must be a party of three or more. Conduct is regulated by the dictates of commonsense.

We would not tolerate any doing that destroyed property, caused personal loss or personal injury. Now you know what to expect if you are fortunate enough to join up with us some of these times. If you think the terms too Puritanical, or if you feel you could not regulate your doings in accordance with these regulations, then do not join up.

Now we will describe the ideal campers.

Campers are all "pals."

A pal—look, you!—is a mate, a friend, a second self, who thinks with you, for you, and about you; who shares with you to the last crust or the last dime; who sticks to you, and, if need be, dies with you.

Ideal campers are always ready to do anything for the comfort and enjoyment of their mates.

They all think alike, and all wish to do the same thing at the same time. Do you get me? They do all work cheerfully and readily.

They eat whatever comes their way, and make no derogatory remarks.

They never "rouse," nor give occasion for rousing.

They show that kindly consideration for others, which is the essence of good manners.

A Few Don'ts.

Campers don't snore or talk in their sleep—likely to attract undue attention.

They don't talk "shop" or study text-books.

They don't "sneak" off to bed while the others are "in circle" round the camp fire.

They don't put their feet in the frying pan or in the "billy" tea.

They don't put sugar in the soup or salt in the tea.

They don't pack up at 9 a.m. when they are leaving at 5 p.m. same day.

We have had three camps recently. A party of twelve spent a full week at Tuggerah Lakes before Christmas. It was a splendid camp, much enjoyed by everyone. All agreed that the time was much too short. We fished, swam, surfed, visited the various bays and sights, called on an Old Boys' camp, and between times ate and slept. A photo or two illustrate some of our doings. Much of the success of this camp was due to the forward arrangements of an old pupil and friend, Jack Mould. Many of these campers left us at Christmas, and we were indeed sorry to lose them.

Our more recent camps at Narrabeen, Deep Creek, were larger affairs. At the first, in the Easter holidays, there were thirty-six present, and at the last there were thirty. Here, again, all were agreed that the time was too short. A week-end is quickly over when you are camping.

It is hard to say which was the better. The unanimity of the second, and the camp fire assembly also was decidedly better. The provision arrangements were also better, although the expense was less. As that is a very important item for boys to consider when approaching their parents, we will set out the last camp menus, and give the expense to each boy. You cannot always expect such good treatment, as much depends on the camp cooks.

CAMP AT NARRABEEN, 15th, 16th and 17th APRIL.

BILL OF FARE.

Friday.—Tea: Fried Sausages, Bread and Butter, Cakes; Cocoa or Coffee.

Saturday.—Breakfast: Rolled Oats, Irish Stew, Bread and Butter, and Jam; Cocoa or Tea.

Saturday.—Dinner: Clear Soup, Steak with Tomatoes and Onions, Potatoes; Plum Pudding; Cocoa or Coffee.

Saturday.—Tea: Bread and Butter, and Grape, Black Currant and Cape Gooseberry Jam; Cocoa or Coffee.

Saturday.—Breakfast: Bread and Milk, Boiled Rice and Fried Salmon, Bread and Butter; Cocoa or Tea.

Sunday.—Dinner: Thick Soup, Fried Chops, Potatoes and Boiled Onions, Bread and Butter; Pineapple and Arrowroot (jellied); Cocoa or Tea.

Sunday.—Tea: Bread and Butter and Marmalade, Biscuits; Cocoa or Coffee.

The cost to each boy was 2/6 for provisions and 1/- each for the use of boats. On the previous occasion it cost 3/- each, with 1/6 for boats. Now parents and boys know where they are as far as costs go.

At the camp there was ample to do. The swimming was excellent, there even being good places for diving. A lovely cool, exhilarating shower could be had a hundred yards from camp. Water polo could be played, and was freely indulged in. There was space level and suitable for cricket and football. It was not as good as the Sports Ground, you know, but it was good, considering. There were nice walks and nice rows, but there were no good fish. Certainly two mullet jumped into Black and Wah's boat on the first occasion, and they, reporting a capture, set all the camp out on wild mullet chases. They say they tasted well.

Well, we indulged in all these pleasures, and while thoroughly enjoying every minute of the time, learned a lot, too. We learned about camps, cooking, the bush, its wonders and its life. Some saw with awe the first diamond snake (harmless), the large tarantula, the long-legged spider, the stock-whip bird, the fish eagle planing so gracefully, and the beautiful luminous fungus. Can you wonder that, with wild cats (domestic gone wild) fighting, and the mysterious glow from old roots, that a boat party got the "wind up" and made for camp? They saw faces in the trees and heard voices in the gloomy wilds.

Round the camp fire reminiscences and stories, interspersed with choruses—some weak and some strong—will not readily be forgotten by those present. Then there were raids that came off and those that did not. They generally



CAMP GROUP.

did not on the second night. Everybody took everything in nearly the right spirit. There were many threats of dire consequences, but few materialised, and all is well.

There are many fine campers among the parties that were with us. Some are ideal campers; others will be much improved by their experience. No one broke our rules but under excusable provocation—kicking stumps, etc. There were no accidents of consequence. No one got ill. What more could we do? I have missed hundreds of little things that will live in our memories, when we look upon the photo of our campers. We will always associate Watson with stumps, Chung with grabbing mullet, Powell with funerals, Lowes with P. Cox with watchful camp fires, Bouveret with sermons, and Challinor with his swag. We express our appreciation of the campers' good qualities, and we were indeed happy to be associated in such pleasurable undertakings with such a fine lot of boys, both large and small.

C.P.S.

HAMLET.

(By JOHN NEMO.)

The lights snap out. You sit for a few moments in darkened expectation, a wave of fairy music—you disclaim the idea of such a common medium as an orchestra—wails softly, and then a giant hand indulgently sweeps aside the guarding shroud, and, with a shiver zig-zagging up and down your spine, you glimpse through the portal of the stage, and behold the scenes and creatures of another world.

The play has begun. You live and think, laugh and sorrow, speculate, and let your fancy run riot in its new playground, your momentary Paradise, till—fickle world!—the first act closes with a crash, the lights awakening from their slumber open their eyes in surprise, and stare horribly, whilst, stripped of all their shadowy romance, and with doleful incongruity heaped upon their wretched shoulders, the ice-cream lickers, the chocolate chewers, and the programme rustlers, stand revealed in their battalions.

That is the first shock.

The second thunders about your ears when the giant hand waves you a kind but firm adieu, and at eleven o'clock you find yourself in Castlereagh Street watching the juggernaut of the roadway sailing merrily citywards. The third shock is that of the following morn, when you endeavour to cheerfully swallow the textual study of "Hamlet" in the bare, drear frigidity of Room 14.

But to return.

Your first steps into Fairyland are lighted in sombre colours; you sense a ghostly presence almost immediately. Then he—it—the real thing—or, rather, the unreal thing—appears. It is a very modest spirit. You long to hear it speak. But, no! Ghosts are one of the few creatures in this world that can be eloquently silent. He knows his business, this ghost.

Then the attendant sprites of Orpheus escape from restraining hands, leap into the air, shower their harmony down, and crash you into the second scene, the royal chamber of the palace. There you make the acquaintance of the King, and, on the whole, you are not too well pleased with him. Not that you find fault with his kingship. Not by any means. But he isn't the wicked and heartless villain you expect. You think him more of a prohibitionist than a pleasure-loving sot. Hamlet's rage appears unjustified. But, later, when you find him pouring venom into the ears of Laertes, in a masterly style, you discover him to be indeed the bad king after all, and are satisfied.

And here, before you are too far enmeshed in romance, you enter an emphatic protest against the appalling practice of some actors of pronouncing the plain English "MY" in an unmusical effort which fluctuates between "ma" and "mai" and "mah," and other unwriteable things. It reminds you of that horror of horrors, that nightmare of vocal perversion: "O ma honey! O ma honey!"

Soon you make your abashed bow to Hamlet. That drooping figure in sombre black, which, you have decided, is to lead you through a Valley of Tragedy, reverberating with tempestuous passion, now stands before you! You feel an insignificant worm.

His first words, the well-known soliloquy, the hopeless "Frailty, thy name is woman!" sweep you off your materialistic feet, and break the last chain of convention binding you to the Lower Plane, the Realm of Forgetfulness, of Stupidity, of the preying and the preyed upon, and of commercialised souls.

And here you are in a position to criticise. Not—not Shakespeare, that would be heinous; but—Allan Wilkie.

However . . . , and there is a long and reasonable "however"—you swallow your fiery misapprobation—if so it be; politicians expect ancient eggs, and actors criticism—and humbly apologise to the spectral policeman who points sternly to Fairyland's notice: "Critics will be prosecuted." Fairyland allows of no dissatisfaction. It is also easier, one might remark, to pluck fine feathers than to reverse the process. And if Allan Wilkie is not the greatest of great actors, he has at least travelled a considerable distance along a very difficult path. He is the foundation upon which the imagination may build a real, vital, yet inscrutable, Something; over which fancy may weave her airy garment of romance till the true Hamlet, the Hamlet wracked with indecision, beset with tragedy, and cursed by a malicious civilisation, fights, and lives, and dies as Shakespeare conceived that he should.

You watch, with almost a dull ache of your own, the unravelling of his character, and the splitting asunder of his most cherished ideals; you watch the lean, impressionable face whilst disillusionment breaks over it, shadows and haunts the eyes and furrows into deep lines its broad philosophical forehead; you watch those curling lips which denote the grim and clever satirist who can rail his bitterness at humanity in wild fits of abandon, who can change in a moment from coarse buffoonery to desperate passion, and then, perchance, to whimsical indifference, as the restless spirit may move him; whilst you divine, beyond all—divine, rather than consciously understand it—that his soul—if the worldly wise will pardon the word—ever cries to his God to be delivered from the blind, useless maelstrom of trouble enveloping him.

Ophelia, the goddess of your new world, is a very timid, graceful, girlish figure. The world holds many terrors for her. You instinctively feel that her place is not among the frost-bitten, soured folk of the court of Claudius. Her real atmosphere is some virgin forest where she might happily wander along sheltered, leaf-strewn pathways, plucking the wild flowers.

And Polonius? Dear, interfering, well-meaning, lovable old Polonius! Ever busily engaged in advertising his own foolishness, the unwitting asininity which so endears him to your heart. What is it that Charles Lamb says?—" . . . Take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter"

And so you think.

The Polonius of Mr. J. P. Wilson is the Polonius of Shakespeare. Why say more? He is the Polonius that will dodder about the stage till there are no more stages, no more players, no one left to listen to them, till Shakespeare is forgotten, till—the crack of doom! Mr. Wilson has earned the greatest praise an audience can give—the rows of faces lighted and sparkling with the warmth of their hearts, and the spontaneous laughter, suppressed to a murmur as of the sea, so that no word of the actor's may escape them.

And so the memory of those strange yet familiar folk is stamped upon you. During a short three hours, which seem but as many minutes, you have wandered far into the realm of fancy, and have seen much by the way.

And thus you store up another tiny flower, a rose as red as blood—a moment's remembrance, brief in life, as life is in Eternity, as potent, as frail; and if the garden of your soul be well tended, nourished with kind thoughts, refreshed with an occasional sprinkling of Beauty, you will take your new treasure there and, with reverent hands, plant it in a quiet corner, mellowed with shadows. Here, perchance, you will return some day at twilight, with the breath of Night, the Inexplicable, waving through the trees, and you will find in your rose garden a cluster of blood-red blossoms rearing high their lustrous heads and wafting joyous perfume to your nostrils, and to the very Gates of Heaven.

WONDERS OF YELLOWSTONE.

"The bears in the park have grown so tame that they come habitually about the hotels, and receive a great amount of attention from tourists."

That rather surprising fact is mentioned as just one of the teeming attractions of the Yellowstone National Park, America's wonderland of natural phenomena. Yellowstone Park is a high plateau surrounded by several ranges of the Rocky Mountains, 7500 feet above sea level, divided by peaks and elevations rising from one to three thousand feet higher, traversed by many rivers and dotted with countless lakelets. The floor is broken by hundreds of spouting geysers, and thousands of hot springs; there are scores of spluttering mud craters, and an endless line of fissures in hill and plain, emitting columns of steam, and indicative of the nearness of internal fires. Said to be the thinnest on the globe, the crust of the earth in these regions is so hot as to make it rather venturesome and exciting to walk about on the "formations" around these outlets. The park has an area of some 3312 square miles, with a recently added forest of some 17,700 miles more.

Most visitors are principally interested in the hundreds of geysers, the finest types of eruptive hot springs in the world. These are scattered everywhere on the plateau, the most noted being grouped in so-called geyser-basins, but none, so far as is known, have any underground connection. They all steam and rumble and hiss continuously, and just previous to a water upheaval the warnings become louder and more emphatic; then follows the remarkable sight of torrents of water shooting from the ground, and being projected in huge columns five to sixty feet in diameter, five to two hundred and fifty feet high, and falling in a cloud of hot spray in a veil-like formation. The eruptive force sustains the water at its height for periods ranging from half a minute to half-an-hour. Each geyser maintains an individuality of its own, throwing the super-heated contents of its tube always in the same form, time, and quantity. Most of them are fairly regular, but none perform with the clockwork exactness of "Old Faithful," which is the most perfect example of geyser phenomena in the universe. Its uniform periods of action are sixty-five minutes apart, when its never-failing column of hot water and steam, with a few preliminary growls, shoots skywards one hundred and fifty feet, and plays four and a half minutes.

Yellowstone Lake is the highest navigable body of water on the continent, 7741 feet above sea level. It is twenty miles long by fifteen wide, with banks covered by heavy forest. The water is fairly alive with fish, making it a paradise for anglers. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway brings visitors by tens of thousands to the park, many of them spending their holidays there in permanent camps, that are really comfortable hotels, under canvas.

The Yellowstone is one of the most important game preserves in the United States. Its bears have already been mentioned. In sequestered nooks and meadows are herds of buffalo, elk, and moose—the latter almost extinct elsewhere; on the mountains are big horned sheep, goats, and antelopes. Birds of every description are protected, and so are the native flowers. "See the chief sights in ten days, and remember them a thousand years," is one of the claims made for the wondrous Yellowstone.

"X.Y.Z."

RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND.

My earliest recollection is of the house in which I lived. It was a small house in the village of Radlett, in Hertfordshire, on the ancient British road which was old when the Romans came. This road is Watling Street. Radlett is about fifteen miles from London (about as far as Sutherland is from Sydney), and is near the ancient Cathedral City of St. Albans. The house, as I said, was a small one, of two stories, but was quite big enough to hold us. There was a studio in the front, where, I remember, was a picture of a man lighting his pipe, which my father painted. Also there was a big, mysterious affair, as it seemed to me, with a roller thing in it. This was really a printing machine, used for printing pictures my father drew on stone. Then there was the dining-room, with the fireplace and fire, which made the room cosy on winter evenings. It was cosy because the curtains were drawn, shutting out the cold nights; and there were books to look at, and chestnuts to roast on the bars in front of the fire. Sometimes they would go pop all of a sudden, and disappear among the red ashes. The dining-room was the room of the family gathering.

We had a nice garden then, with strawberries in one of the beds. I remember that, because of the strawberries, which were very nice. The garden was not a very large one, but in it was a fair number of flowers and vegetables. Sometimes my sister and I took advantage of this when nobody was looking. It seemed to me to be a big garden then, but I suppose that was because of my own smallness.

Round about Radlett there were several pretty parts. One part I remember well, was what we called "the park." In the Spring the trees were covered with little green buds, from which leaves later made their appearance. The cuckoo also came with the Spring, and he could be heard in the blue sky, calling "Cuckoo, cuckoo." The trees and flowers and bushes in England are not green all the year round. When Autumn comes round, the leaves turn red, yellow, brown and gold, making them look quite different from what they looked before. The Autumn in England is a time of many colours; that is, the colours of the leaves of the trees and bushes. Another place I remember well was a wood, where, in the Spring, the blue-bells grew so thickly that they looked like one mass of blue. They are a very pretty blue, and make the woods look like Fairyland. We used to go for picnics specially to gather bluebells. There were several other places round Radlett I remember, but they were all much alike.

In the winter, we had fine fun in the snow, making snowballs, and rolling them about. Once my father made a big one in the garden, and we rolled it about, up and down the paths, and it grew larger and larger, through picking up snow from the paths. In the morning, when we went out to see it, it was gone. Only a few little puddles were remaining. Sometimes we used to go to our uncle's house to celebrate Christmas. We always had a good time, because he used to give us some boxes of crackers, with paper caps and little trinkets in them. Of course, there was always a cheerful fire to sit round after the fun was over. When there was a good frost, the ponds and any still pieces of water were frozen over, and people went skating and sliding. The air was keen and bracing when there was a frost, but some Winters were very mild; with drizzling rain and very little frost, the Winter is spoiled.

—E.N. (1D.).

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

Is it not possible for a Stamp and Coin Club to be formed at this School, to enable the many stamp and coin collectors in the School to exchange their possessions? Meetings could be held at stated periods, and it might also be decided to let members exchange photographs or specimens of their respective hobbies. However, these points could be decided at the first meeting of the club. It is a well known fact that there are very many stamp collectors in the School, who have no facilities for exchanging their possessions, and as there are so many different Clubs in the School, one more or less would make no material difference.

—D. Cameron (2D.).

40 Edgeware Rd., Enmore,
28/4/'21.

The Principal,
Technical High School.

Dear Sir,—

As an appreciation of my debt of gratitude to "The Old School," I beg to offer a medal, to be competed for annually by the Fourth-Year Boys, at the Final Term Examination. The winner of the medal shall be the candidate whose aggregate marks in Physics and Chemistry are the greatest. In the event of a number of the candidates gaining an equal number of marks, then the marks gained in Mechanics by each of the candidates shall be considered. The medal shall be known as the "Stanhope Science Medal," and its award shall commence with the year 1921 A.D.—I am, yours faithfully,

ROY W. STANHOPE.

RADIO CLUB.

The Radio Club has now become a thing of the present, not some indefinite hazy idea of the future. Although nothing, or very little has been heard or seen of this Institution, it has, nevertheless, been slowly but surely approaching the time, when it could be started on a working basis under capable supervision.

Last year a complete working set of apparatus was made by several members of the Club; to them we wish to convey our thanks, also to Messrs. Coulson and Waterer for their willing aid and advice during the most difficult stage, the beginning.

The Radio Club aims at stimulating the interest of boys who have a taste for the study of Wireless Telegraphy in such of its phases as are within our reach. Although rather crowded at present, we will welcome a new member at any time.

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ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

G.M. (2B.).—"By Night and by Day" by no means literary. Such stuff might find a place in "Smith's," or so forth, but certainly not in a High School paper. However, it shows promise.

L.P. (R.A.).—"The Easter Camp" is all "someone." Before again submitting an article, polish up your English a little.

"Pinkie" (R.A.).—We fail to see the originality of your jokes.

C.M. (2B.).—You see, we have an article on the campers, which is out and away superior to yours. Try something else.

"Ziph."—I said, "Will we let it in?" He said, "No."

H.G. (1E.).—We would like to publish your article, as the subject is a good one. But your English needs improvement. Touch it up somewhat, and we will be glad to hear from you before the August issue appears.

"A.T."—"Pertinent Ads." Absolutely no.

A.F.A.I. (3B.).—Your article is original in idea, and rather too original in treatment. Poetry should be something like poetry, even in a school periodical. We cannot use the "Journal" to encourage cigarette smoking.

K.G. (1E.).—You should start with something like "How Drawing Could be Improved."

F.K. (1A.).—Your drawing is really good, and shows that you have gone to some trouble; but the subject is unsuitable.

J.L. (R.A.).—"A Beautiful Night." May have been, but we do not think so. *We repeat that all drawings should be done in India ink, on stiff paper. To "Ziph" and others we would say that there is not yet a "Thumbs Up" column in the "Journal."*

S.C. (2B.).—"Advertisement Column." Why not advertise for a bit of common sense?

R.L.—"2B.'s Camping Expedition" should be appended to Class Notes. Do something like that for next issue.

C.J. (2B.).—"A Grim Fight." Yes, and told in grim language; in fact, rather too grim.

H.B.—"The Australian Eleven" fully discussed in the daily papers.

To many other contributors we would say that, as only a very limited space is available in the "Journal," we had to pass over their articles—which in many cases were not at all bad—in favour of those of more interest and originality. We repeat, that only original matter should be submitted.

A general remark here would not be amiss. We have noticed the absolutely appalling trashiness of the writing in many cases, especially in Class Notes. The Editor has no time to be puzzling out what a word is, or re-writing it so that the printer can understand—he has enough to do in correcting errors in spelling. All should remember to write *in ink, and on one side of paper only*. Do not on any account take liberties in abbreviation which you would not take in an English essay. It is bad for the Editor's health. We hope this will be borne in mind, and that in the future, the bother caused by this neglect, or laziness, will be eliminated.

—L. SAXBY, Editor.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the following magazines as exchanges since our last issue in December, 1920:—

"The Magpie," (East Maitland High School), "Adelaide High School Magazine," "Record," (University High School, Melbourne), Fort Street Girls' High School Magazine, Parramatta High School Magazine, "Novocastrian," (Newcastle High School), "Graftonian" (Grafton High School), and "Quondong," (Broken Hill High School).

All these exchanges have been placed in the Reference Library, and may be inspected during any luncheon recess.

Twenty-three copies of our December issue of the "Journal" were sent to other schools, and we shall be pleased to receive copies of the publications of other High Schools.

CLIFFORD S. CLAYTON, Business Manager.

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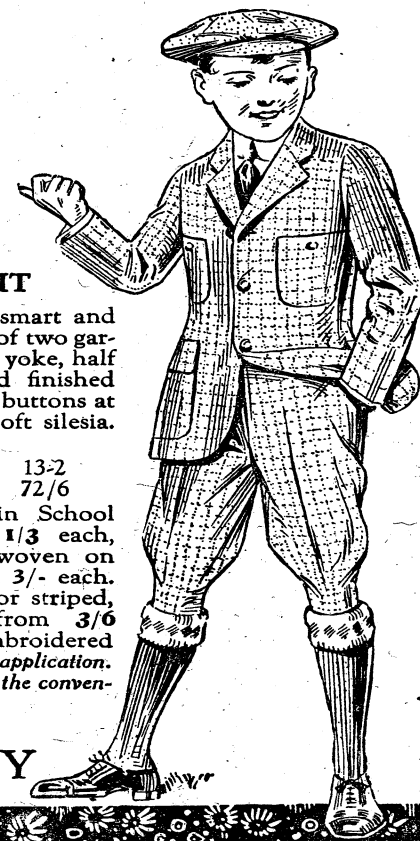
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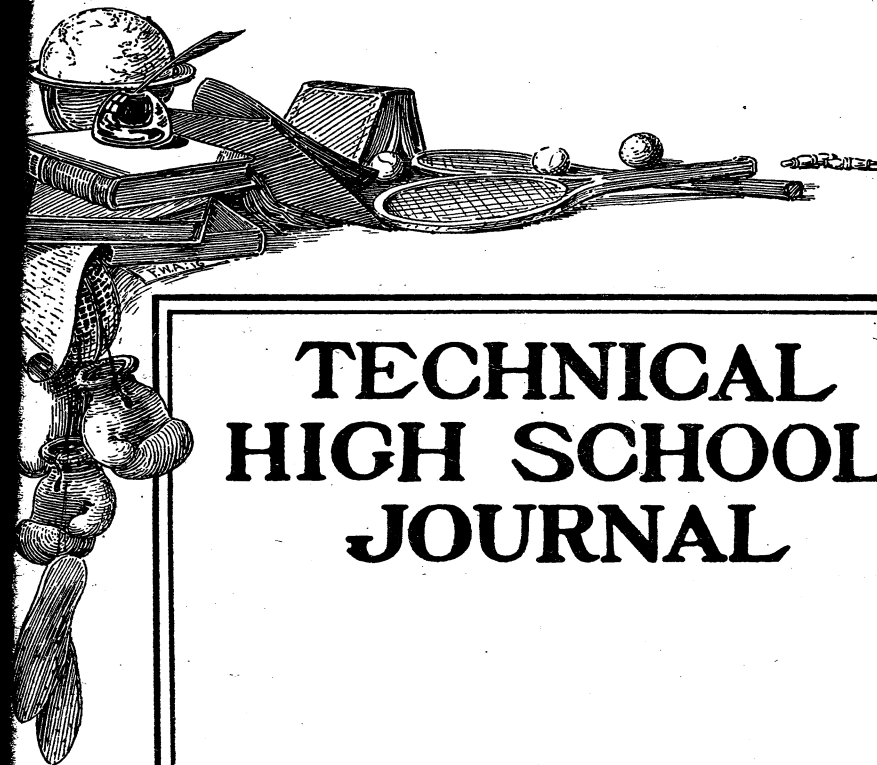
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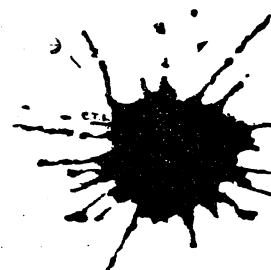
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1E—W. Reid, K. Foster.



EDITORIAL INK

We are glad to be able to produce another issue of the "Journal" so soon after the last, and feel it an obligation to heartily thank every boy and teacher who has helped to bring this about by sending in contributions. But we are afraid that the number to whom we can honestly extend our thanks is very small; in fact, far too small. Boys are always anxious enough to get their "Journal," ready enough to grumble if it is a day or two late, lavish enough in their abuse of those who are supposed to "run the business," and unwilling enough to do anything but sit still and grunt. Now, for the benefit of such, we take this opportunity of repeating that, if the paper is run by a

select few, it is entirely the fault of those who wish it otherwise, but work their hardest—which means that they do not work at all—to keep it the same. Our meaning is not obscure. If the School wants to see the “Journal” published to time, the School as a whole has the right and duty to respond to the inevitable call for matter for publication. Everyone who wishes the “Journal” well, wishes to see it run, as far as subject matter is concerned, by at least a large majority of the boys; and, in accomplishing this end, every article submitted, whether accepted or rejected, helps. It is a gross slight on the mentality of a High School boy when he himself admits that he has not the brains to put a sentence together for the “They Say” column; and little better when he confesses his inability to go to even greater length. We are not all poets; we are not all artists; but we all have either a desire to see the School’s “Journal” a high standard for school magazines, or a right to quit the School. And any boy who has passed the Q.C. in English ought to be able to write a good enough prose article for insertion in the “Journal,” whether he thinks he can or not. It is certainly a great disgrace when an appeal for help in this matter is made to each class, and about a paltry dozen articles are in our hands a week after the closing date. We expect better things from our boys. Most of them are enthusiastic enough in their sport, and rightly so; only a few are not doing their best as far as school work is concerned, and we wish there were none; but, if you are keen on your sport, there is no need to let this matter hamper you. Do it some night at home, and if you are engrossed in studies, consider it an English exercise, and put your best into it. Work for everything in the School that tends to your benefit, and the School’s, and do not be afraid to put the School first, occasionally. You will find that it will pay you in the end. The School is not so ungrateful as to let your services, however slight, go unnoticed. Besides, you have, or should have, a certain pleasure in working for your School, and a certain amount of satisfaction when you see your work well done. Any boy who has not this feeling is not worthy of the name. We trust that this appeal will not be resultless, and that boys will realise their responsibility to their School in this way, and that for the next issue of the “Journal,” every boy in the School will send in an article, brief or lengthy, as his contribution to this important School activity.

TO THE WEST WIND.

Blow from the West, oh, wind of Winter,
 With all thy force, wind, blow!
 From the tree-clad mountains, whose cloud-capped summits
 Are decked with a mantle of snow,
 From the pure, clear air of the lofty ranges,
 To the waiting plains below.

From the slopes where the tree-tops reach to the heavens,
 Oh, come with a burst uncontroll’d!
 And rid the rank air of its foul, stifling vapours,
 Breathe fresh on the young and the old!
 Then come from the snow-covered peaks of the mountains.
 Make even the sunshine cold!

From the heights where the streams are frozen over,
 Where the icicles sparkle clear
 In the radiant sunshine, and soft, pale moonlight,
 At this glorious time of the year;
 From the haunts of Splendour, the home of Beauty,
 Come down, and refresh us here!

Drive from us the wearying heat of Summer,
 The parching, thirsty day;
 Blow cold upon us; dead leaves of Autumn
 Hurl from the trees which sway
 In thy mighty hand, as over the city
 Thou speedest, and wilt not stay.

Then blow from the lofty mountain ranges
 Down to the waiting plain;
 And, swiftly flying, bear on thy pinions
 The clouds that bring the rain
 To the longing earth, till Spring hath triumphed,
 And the land grows green again.

—L.R.S. (4A).

SCHOOL NOTES.

The School Staff and Union Committee desire to express their keen sense of appreciation of the fine response made by the parents and friends to the appeal for funds to hold a sports meeting. Upwards of £50 was subscribed, and this liberal amount should provide very suitable prizes to the deserving.

* * *

We publish in this issue a very interesting letter from an old Techite at the University. The good records gained by our boys at the School are being maintained in their new sphere of activity.

* * *

The Leaving and Intermediate Certificate examinations will commence on November 14th and 28th respectively. Boys entering for these are getting a final wriggle on. This year the number of Fourth Year students is small, owing to the arrangement for a “Re-

move" Year, made about three years ago, but the probable entry of about 150 for the Intermediate will be a record for the School. We wish all candidates the best of success.

* * *

Congratulations to J. G. Stephens, B.Sc., an old T.H.S. student, on winning the John Hain's Scholarship for Anatomy and Physiology in the Fourth Degree Medical Examination.

* * *

With wondering looks and eager queries, the School—especially the junior section—has been seeking the why and wherefore of the great heap of pipes just in rear of the main building. When the new cleaning apparatus is installed and in full work it should prove a boon to the T.H.S.

* * *

An attempt is being made by those in charge of the Cadet Training to make the work more interesting and attractive. Physical Training and Organised Games practically take up the full time of the junior quotas, while the senior lads are engaged chiefly in training in Musketry. Mr. Schroder has kindly undertaken to assist, and has a special squad on each parade. Now that summer is here, swimming, with life-saving drill, will play a prominent part. A First Aid Class will also be maintained.

* * *

Congratulations to J. Baird, L. Sakby, and A. Irwin, on their success in the examinations for commissioned rank in the Senior Cadets.

* * *

That the Old Boys' Union is very much alive is shown by its Secretary's report, which appears elsewhere in this journal. All should be interested in this organisation, and support it in every possible way.

* * *

Acting on a suggestion made by a number of Third Year boys, Mr. Ryan arranged a cast for the rendition of selected scenes from Sheridan's "The Rivals." At the recent break-up concert, the lads chosen gave a highly creditable exposition of the comedy. All showed dramatic ability of a high order. Hanson, as Sir Anthony Absolute; Irwin, Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Findlay, Mr. Acres; and Johnson, Captain Absolute, had most to say—and said it well.

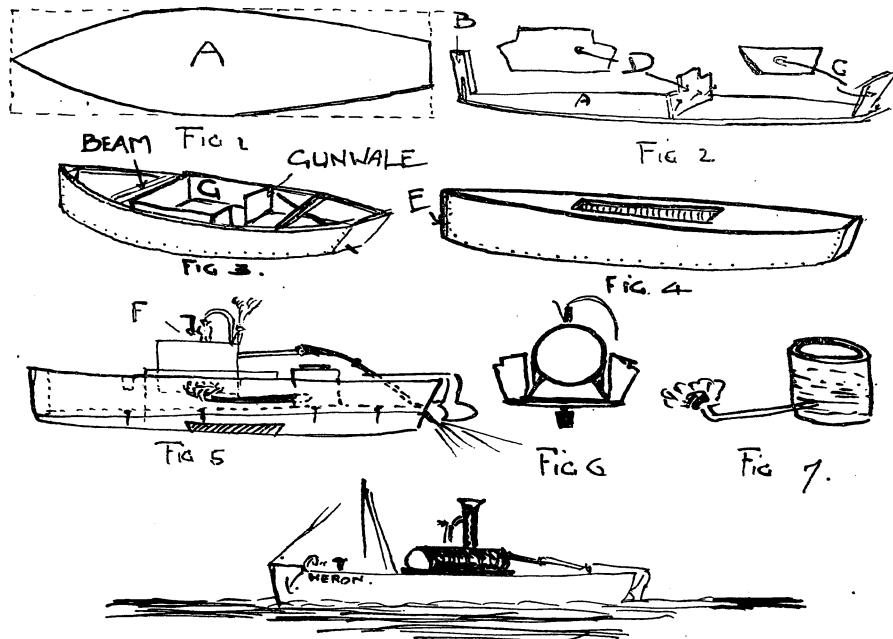
HOW TO MAKE A MODEL STEAM LAUNCH.

This will prove a very easily-constructed and good working model, and within the scope of every boy. It costs next to nothing, and when finished is a credit to its maker, and well repays the trouble of making it.

First of all, we will discuss the making of the hull. Get a piece of wood 18in. x 5in. x $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Shape this like A (Fig. 1). Then fit on a stem (B) and a transom (C), fixing with brass nails or screws (Fig. 2). Have all your measurements correct. You can find them out by measuring on the sketches given with the little scale below. Now make a section as D, and fit it on A, as shown in Fig. 2. This section is to keep the sides out when they are bent round the curved edge of A. The sides, 30in. x 3in. each, can be made of thin wood, such as is used on the backs of pictures. This will bend easily. Nail one end on to the stem with brass sprigs. Then bend thin wood round the curved edge of the bottom (A). The section will keep the top edge of the sides at the proper curve. Nail at the bottom as you go along until you come to the transom (C), to the side of which you can finish nailing the planking. The other side can be done in the same way, and after shaving off lower edges flush with the bottom and the forward and after ends flush with the stem and transom respectively, you will have a hull like Fig. 3, but with the section in, and no gunwales and beams. A framework should then be put in as shown by the parts marked "gunwale" and "beam," and the section should be knocked out, since you have no further use for it. Finish off the stem by nailing on a stem piece as E (Fig. 4), and cut out the deck, leaving a well, as shown in Fig. 4. Do not nail on the deck yet, as the hull has to be made watertight first, and the boiler and steam pipe have to be fitted. A shallow fin should be screwed on to the bottom of the boat to keep the latter from skimming and yawing in a breeze. Three-quarters of a pound of lead must be let into this fin in the position marked with shading in Fig. 5. You must now run marine glue into all the seams, and paint or varnish the boat inside; float it, and stop any leaks with marine glue.

Now to fit the engine. At the bottom of the transom bore a small hole to take a piece of pipe 5in. long, with about 1-16in. bore. This pipe must fit tightly in the hole so that the water will not leak in. It should be fitted as in Fig. 3, passing through a hole in the after beam, too. Now you can lay the deck and prepare the boiler, pipe connection, furnace lamp and protecting tin walls for the furnace. A condensed milk tin, with the milk drawn off through a hole in the side, in which the safety valve is eventually fixed, will make a fine boiler. The safety valve can be bought from any model engine shop. The boiler pipe is fixed at F, in Fig. 5; a steam cock is necessary. The wooden sides of the boat must be protected from the flame of the furnace lamp by tin. A square tin box just to fit in the well, as shown

at C (Fig. 3) should be fixed to the bottom with four brass sprigs, first cutting out a piece in the after side of the tin for the furnace feeding pipe, as illustrated. Now the boiler can be fixed. Fig. 6 shows how it is kept in position. Four brass screws, the after two as shown in sketch, will do the trick. Copper wire will keep the boiler tight down on the screws. The fuel tank can be made from any covered tin which will hold about four ounces of methylated spirits. The feed pipe should be of half-inch piping, leading into a hole through the side of the tin, and soldered. The furnace ends should be bent up, as illustrated, and a wad of cotton wool should be rammed in there. A separate figure (Fig. 7) is given for the furnace lamp, which is shown in position in Fig. 5. Now connect the boiler steam pipe with the propelling steam pipe by a piece of rubber tubing (which will need renewing now and then). The funnel over safety valve,



mast, rudder and any other fittings are details which will present no difficulty in building. Paint the different parts colours to taste. To get up steam, unscrew safety valve and fill the boiler with boiling water. Fill the fuel tank with methylated spirit, and put in position. Light furnace, turn steam cock "off," and wait for a few minutes. By testing the strength of the reactionary jet of steam (see Fig. 5) from the "propeller" now and again, you will soon find that your launch is fit to travel. Put her in the water, turn the steam cock on

as much as you want. The speed can be regulated by the steam cock. She will travel at a good pace for some considerable time. Be sure and never have any flame under the boiler unless the water is in the latter or the whole thing will be ruined.

—J.W.N.

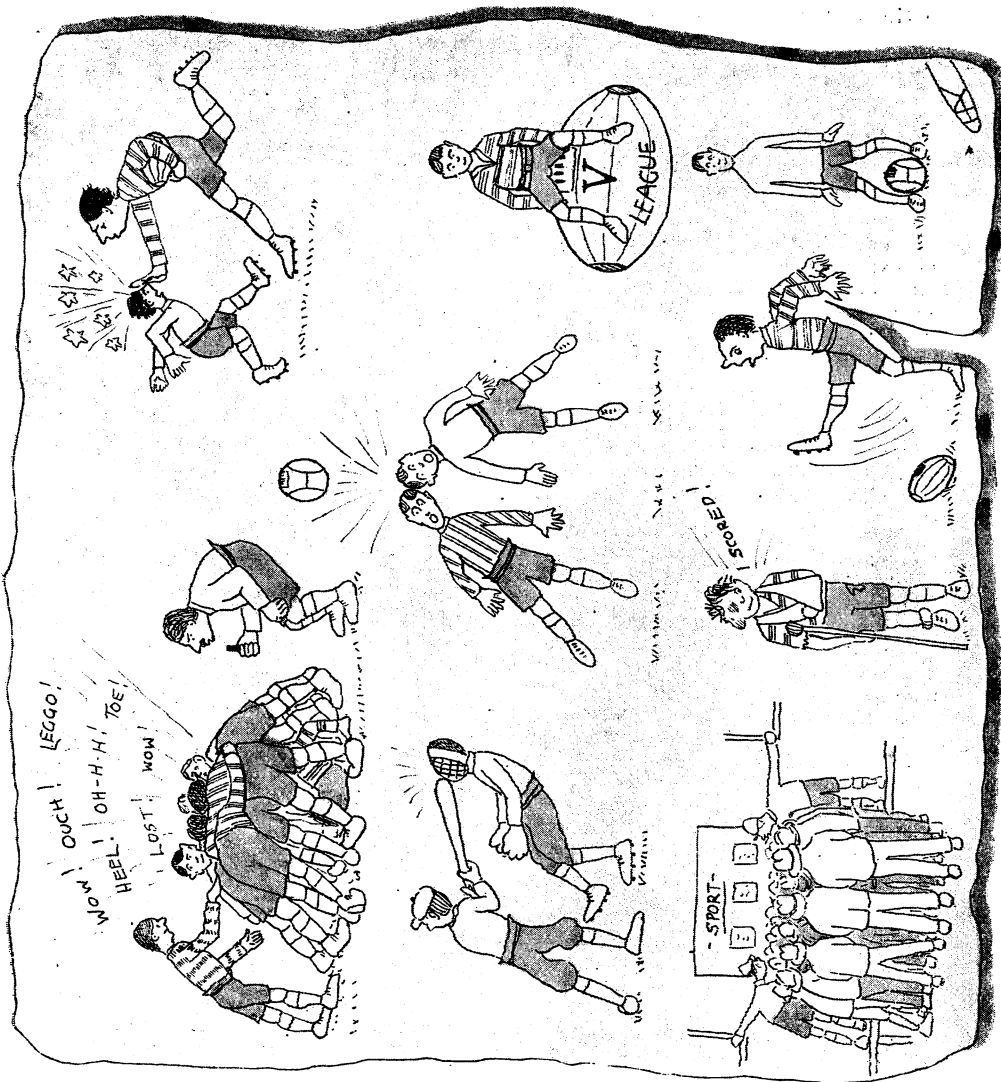
TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL UNION.

The Union continues to cater for the needs of its members, in spite of the extremely high cost of all material. The receipts of the Union seem large, but after providing material for about five hundred boys, there is little to spare. In fact the funds are barely adequate. So far this year, the sum of £189 has been received by way of subscriptions. Most of this has already been expended on sporting material, the Journal and the library. During the fourth quarter of the year £45 should be received from subscriptions. The whole of this sum is urgently needed. A good deal of cricketing material has still to be procured, and two journals have to be paid for. It is felt by the Union Committee that if they know their responsibilities, the members can be relied on to discharge them. An early payment of your next subscription will justify this opinion.

The Chronicle of Sport in this issue of the Journal is ample evidence of the vigour of various sporting clubs. The Journal is open to your own judgment. The Hobbies Club has been active during the quarter. Reluctantly the members of the Wireless Club have suspended operations, owing to the lack of a guarantor. The school orchestra, assisted by members of Third Year, proposes to give a concert before the school closes for the Michaelmas vacation. The library is well used. During the quarter a number of reference books have been purchased, and Third and Fourth Year pupils should find them of great advantage. Unfortunately some of the books in the lending section of the library are showing signs of wear. It is not likely that funds will be available from the Union to re-stock our shelves. Perhaps some of our pupils, or parents and friends of the School, would be willing to make donations of books, suitable either for the reference section, or fiction section of the library, for which they no longer have any use. A few such gifts have already been made. The Librarian will gratefully accept any donations of suitable books.

ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING.

The Union Committee recently decided to follow the custom of holding an Annual Sports Meeting. The date set down for the meeting is 14th September, a few days prior to the Combined High Schools' fixture. During and since the Great War no prizes have been awarded for events. Instead, the amounts that would have been expended on trophies have been handed over to various patriotic and Red Cross funds. On this occasion, however, it was considered desirable to revert to pre-war conditions. The Union was not possessed of sufficient money to allocate a suitable sum to a prize fund. It was, therefore, decided to make an appeal to the parents of the pupils, who in the past subscribed liberally for similar purposes. The appeal has been made with most gratifying results. Final figures are not available, but a substantial sum is in sight, and competitors can feel assured that handsome trophies will be awarded to winners of events.



ANOTHER ARCHIVE.



The KOOKABURRA SAYS

That some boys who play class Soccer do not deserve the privilege of having a referee.

That, for the sake of peace and happiness, Fourth Year would gladly change places with a certain College Class once a week.

That Class Notes should not be used exclusively for the abuse of other classes.

That some boys are so keen on showing their false sense of humour that they waste time drawing silly pictures and putting them in the Editor's Box.

That boys who leave their teams on Wednesday afternoons without giving notice should be given notice to leave.

That at the final exam, we would like to be provided with pens, ink, paper—and answers to questions.

That in future no boy is to be allowed on (the) Quad. Hear! hear!

That good sleepers may be seen on a railway line; also in the Domain, Parliament House, and the School-room.

That if as many magazines were received from other schools as are sent out by us, the Reference Library would be almost full.

That if a collection of about £500,000 were taken up at the T.H.S. and presented to the Government, we might have a new school within twenty years of the date of presentation.

That the catapult craze is becoming predominant among certain small boys, and that newspaper headings will soon read thus: "Another accidental shooting of the pea-rifle series."

That several boys whose trains arrive at Sydney between 8.15 and 8.30 burst into School late, after having walked all over the city for nothing, or waited for some time on the station in vain; and

* * * *

That the new scheme for the suppression of late-comers is expected to stop such rash behaviour.

* * * *

That, on account of the falling prices and the energetic efforts on the part of one of our masters, in collecting Union subs., the Union will soon be able to purchase gold leaf with which to attach the names of our best scholars to the Honor Board in Room 18.

THE FIRE GOD.

BY JOHN NEMO.

"But you would like to earn three thousand pounds in one night —no?"

The long-legged Australian doctor, sprawling over a fallen tree, cursed him volubly.

"You think," continued Zander, wagging his head sagely, "that because you've got your last shirt on your back, and only enough money for a month's tobacco, it must follow that you're down and out. You Westerners always leave off just when you ought to go on. Three thousand pounds, now —"

The doctor grunted with infinite disgust.

"Three thousand pounds! That's what I offer you for one night's work. I'll tell you. Two months ago—you won't be shocked?—how violent you are, my dear sir!—two months ago a diamond merchant came to Java, and stayed at yonder Sanitorium of Tosari. I murdered him on the volcano of Bromo!"

Kershaw threw an indifferent stone at a squealing bird of the casuarina forest.

"You are not funny, a bit!" he complained.

"Funny! No, man, I'm dead serious. He had six thousand pounds worth of diamonds, and I murdered him. See the drift? I want you to help me get the stones."

"Didn't take them with him, did he?" Kershaw suggested sarcastically.

"Let me finish. I was disturbed, and hid the body in a cave. When I went back there had been a slight eruption, and a boulder blocked the opening. Help me move it, and we'll divide. I'll get some tackle strong enough."

Kershaw saw from the little man's earnestness, and the twitching of his lips, that this was no piece of humour.

"Let's get back, or I'll—I'll strangle you; you little, pale incarnation of iniquity!"

He strode off abruptly toward the Sanitorium, followed disconsolately, and at a more moderate pace, by the little man with the blinking, grey eyes.

The night following settled down in misty gloom and inky shadows. The air, as befitted the height of the Zenegger Plateau, blew chill and biting, moaning through the trees of the world-famed Tosari gardens.

"A curse on this wind!" grunted Kershaw, as he followed the little man and a loaded island pony through the forest. "It makes a coward of a man."

In exasperation he viciously tripped up the little man in the darkness, chuckling at the success of the childish venture.

They trudged on for a long time under the guidance of Zander, leaving the forest at last, and descending by the pass into the old Zenegger crater, thence across this floor of volcanic ash, the "Sand Sea," to Baromo, the "Fire God." They ascended the cement steps of the fire-worshipping natives, and

toiled all through the night, with crowbars and pulleys, to move a slab of solid rock which covered a dead man in an unpleasant condition—and six thousand pounds worth of diamonds.

An hour before dawn they crept up again through the pass, and plunged into the dank gloom of the forest.

The little man stopped abruptly.

"What fools were are!" he said impatiently, "we've got no water!"

"The water bottle——"

"Strapped to the pony; and the pony, with the tackle, roasted to a cinder in yonder fire-box."

"Heavens, man! And I'm as thirsty as a desert."

The little man smiled faintly in the darkness, and his lip trembled.

"I've a flask of over-proof here. Sorry you couldn't join me. Are you still strictly on the square after the Sydney episode of indulgence in depravity?"

"Yes. No! We've got three thousand pounds to play the devil with. Let's drink and be merry. Pass it over."

Next morning Kershaw woke up with an awful headache, felt for a missing packet of diamonds, and cursed.

He drifted back to Sourabaya—Sourabaya, polluted with smells, and odds and ends of humanity—and within a week had half choked an inoffensive Chinaman, to ward off pangs of hunger—which, of course, was very wrong, but, then, he was in a dangerous mood, and no respecter of laws. The prospect of another half-choked Chinaman seemed imminent, when Providence thrust him on the heels of Zander. A few wisely distributed gold coins will work wonders at times.

The little man felt himself swept off his feet in a blissful and unexpected moment, and whisked into an island taxi, in which, for an hour or so, he had no other emotion than that he was being hurt abominably.

And he continued to be hurt till he found himself, trussed up and limp, like a bag of sawdust, within a few feet of the edge of the Fire God's crater. Then nothing but fear possessed him.

Kershaw stood back and gloated.

"You can't kill me!" the little man shrieked. "You can't! You mustn't!"

"Why not?" asked Kershaw calmly.

The other moaned.

"It's plainly a thing of justice," continued Kershaw, argumentatively. "You kill a man for his money; we both rob him; you rob me, and then I catch you. The cycle is complete. Perhaps, if you weren't such a worm," here he kicked the pathetic bag of sawdust with an appraising foot, "we might have been in reversed positions now; probably to the advantage of my immortal soul. However There is still the Nemesis act to take place. Let me see. I'll take you up in my arms—so!—and hold you above my head—so! Are you listening? I'll swing you backwards and forwards three times. Then you'll fly out of my hands down into the brimstone and the fire, and the arms of his Satanic Majesty!"

The Fire God rumbled expectantly far below.

"One!"

The little man's bulging eyes were fixed in the stare of a maniac.

"Two!"

He screamed, the cry trailing into silence.

"Three!"

Kershaw stood stretched to his full height, and at the word—dropped the inert little figure to the ground again, and laughed boisterously.

"Oh, you little worm! You extraordinary, comical little worm! Do you think I would kill you? I love you as I would a dog, but kill you!"

Something in the little man's attitude struck him.

He bent down suddenly, putting his hand over Zander's heart.

"No! Never!" he whispered. But the little man was dead.

AT LAST.

"No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years."

Not far away the ruin stands,
The work of Time's strong, spoiling hands;
Those hands that, when all others fail,
Against the strongest work prevail.

For years the fortress had withstood
The rage of men, the battle's flood;
The storm had unsuccessful beat
For years upon the strong retreat.

Here were there many wrongs exposed,
Here heroes' doings were disclosed;
Here, often, was the future plann'd—
This was the pride of all the land!

Here met the nobles, and conversed;
Here were fair deeds and foul rehearsed;
The knowledge-seeker here could find
The thing to satisfy his mind.

But, weakened by continued strain,
By human force, by wind and rain,
By rage of men, and weather, too,
The tottering walls still weaker grew.

Then sprang the ruthless savage in,
The air resounded with the din;
Before the onslaughts of that horde
Collapsed and fell—the Notice Board!

—L.R.S. (4A.)

OUR OLD BOYS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

A well-known George Street emporium has a trade-mark, with a slogan attached—"While I live, I grow," and the annual balance sheets of this firm do not belie the slogan. The Technical High School, though not a business house, is also growing day by day, both in the number of pupils who are on the school register, and in the number of its Old Boys at our University. It is certainly very gratifying to be able to chronicle such progress, and still more gratifying to be able to say that our Old Boys are more than holding their own in every department in which they are to be found at Sydney University.

It is now about five and a half years since the first batch of about half a dozen Technical High School boys decided that a little tertiary education "would not do them any harm." All of these Old Boys have now graduated with honours, and it is with great pride that we announce that there are now over sixty Technical High School boys on the University undergraduate roll. Thus, in about five years, our numbers have increased from six to sixty, and in another five years our Old Boys' population at the 'Varsity should be upwards of a hundred.

Of all the various schools in the University, there is only one where an old T.H.S. boy has not established himself so far, and that school is the Department of Veterinary Science. However, there are two or three at

school now who are seriously considering qualifying for the "horse-doctoring" profession.

Whilst most of our Old Boys have been mainly interested in Engineering and Science, a select group of three have joined the ranks of the "Butchers"—the men who shout:—

"Hurrah, hurrah, they've dubbed us all M.B.!

Hurrah, we're loose, enlarge the cemetery—

Yet we'll miss the good old times, that never more will be,

While we were passing through Medicine."

Jack Stevens is in Med. 3, Bill Audley in Med. 2, and Roy Baker in Med. 1. All are, to use a phrase peculiarly common to medicine men, "doing as well as can be expected." Stevens is now an athlete of no mean ability, and at this year's University sports won the mile championship.

Among the budding Scientists we have Bill Love in Science I., as well as Stanley (of Tuck Shop fame), Stanhope, and Trikojus. In a recent term examination all of these young men literally "shone." Peter Carter, "Moggy" Martin, Elliot Dunn, Bob Wilson, Wesley Barnett, Dick Gillings, and Phil Price are amongst the really important people in Science 2. Carter and Price are doing particularly well; Barnett is as quiet as ever, and Martin Dunn and Wilson are more energetic than they seem to be. Wilson now plays with the University Second XV. Dick Gillings still reads the *Sun's Moving Picture Column*, to which he is very much attached.

Eric Garthside is breaking new ground by entering the Faculty of Architecture. He should make good friends with our old acquaintance "Captain" H. M. Cook, in Architecture 2. Patient observation has failed to show whether H.M.C. (not His Majesty's Customs) still carries the hamper that made him famous at school. One of the major attractions in the School of Architecture is the lady students.

Though we understand Keith Duncan is the only S.T.H.S. Old Boy in Arts 1, we are not so certain that he is a lonely chap. There are plenty of fair maidens in the Arts School, and Keith is a young man who shows signs of great promise.

When last heard of, Sid Turnbull was studying Dentistry at a break-neck speed, and Gus Dobbie is attending the Pharmacy course. Amongst those attending the evening lectures who are making a name for themselves are young John Martin, Paddy Gray—our one-time literary expert—and Ron Walker. Walker is just finishing his course. Ronald Murray, who had a brilliant scholastic career when at school, is now studying Zoology with great vigour, and is an aspirant for the B.Sc.

We've already had a word to say about our Old Boys who entered the Medical School. Now for a few words about their traditional enemies—the greasers, the men who sing:—

"For second to none is the Engineer,

To Szar or King or Sirdar;

He makes a trestle, a dam, or a pier,

A toasting fork, or a cask of beer,

A roof or a plate-web girder."

Max Kline enjoys the honor of being the only S.T.H.S. Old Boy in Eng. I. In Engineering II. we have Harry Broose, Jack Mould, Eric McCandless, John A. L. Shaw, Jim Dryden, and Rupert Markham. Broose is doing pretty well, and John Shaw is keeping up the fine reputation that he left school with. Eric McCandless keeps well to the front, and Jim Dryden is still as reticent as ever, being best described as "a kind of dark horse." Jack Mould is still bubbling over with life, and knows as many jokes as the fox knows tricks. Jack still shines as a baseballer, and "repped"

with the N.S.W. IX., at Melbourne last month. When he's not studying, he writes the Engineering Journal. Rupert Markham is a miniature hive of industry—holds office on the Dramatic Society's Committee, is treasurer of Science Society, edits the "Science Journal," and is a hockey enthusiast. He seems to be on all jobs where there's money to collect. Mould stroked one of this year's Engineering Eights, and Markham rowed 3 in the same boat as J.H.M. We understand that Shaw and McCandless have not neglected their tennis since leaving school, and make a pretty solid doubles pair.

Frederick ("Fatty") Venables is one of the leading lights in Eng. 3. Freddy can appreciate smoking a good cigarette, and is one of the stalwarts in the Christian Union. O. V. Mildwater is still a very quiet chap, with one or two jokes always tucked up his sleeve, and a hard grafter. Bill Curry and Harry George are also in Eng. 3, and have been passing very creditably in their exams. Charles Clarke—otherwise "Chas."—says nobody ever learns anything at lectures, and that lecturers "get on his spine." As proof of his contentions he arranges for a monopoly of the High Distinctions at the various exams. he's interested in. C.H.C. plays hockey in great style, and will do Eng. 3. next year. Charles P. Throsby is now completing his Eng. course, and sang in good voice at the recent Eng. School Dinner. We wonder if C.P.T. still plays his tin whistle. Owen Powys is also in Eng. 4, and Ray Carroll, too. Carroll and Powys are budding Civil Engineers, and seem to know how to pass exams—judging by results.

Another old Tech. boy who is doing well at the University is Harold Raggatt in Science III. Raggatt is one of the "moving spirits" in Geology III., and one of those whose name is to be found on the T.H.S. Honour Board. H.G.R. is a very unselfish young man, and when at school gave up many a Saturday morning for months, in order to assist in the building of Mr. Phillips' home, "Technical," at French's Forest. Theo. L. Grant is also doing Science 3, and hopes to have his B.Sc. next year.

—A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

SNAKES.

It has been said that every creature in the world has some use and some purpose. I fail to see the use of snakes. Certainly the Australian blacks thought them dainty morsels, and proud was the warrior who slaughtered a 24ft. python, and delighted and well-filled his tribe thereby. That is hardly a justification for them. My earliest recollections are of snakes—great brown snakes—of a splendid little woman shooting them with our old double-barrelled muzzle loader, or pouring boiling water down post holes to bring them out. It mostly kept them in well done.

When the dogs did not return, a fowl turned black in the comb, or a horse or cow was found dead, we knew the cause, and learned early to know our enemies. The banks of the little babbling brooks were infested with black ones, with red bellies, who took readily to the water if you missed them with the first attempt or took your eye off them while your big brother looked for a stick or a stone.

The stony hillsides sometimes gave forth the vicious tiger snake, who would chase even a man on horseback. We never tackled them if there was a chance of a run. One of my uncles—a spoor-footed youth of sixteen, had been chased and was fast losing ground when he tripped and fell—head first, feet to the enemy. The snake completely lost sight of him and passed on. Lucky, was it not?

The little ones the cats brought in and commenced eating from the tail up, while the head did a wriggle which never frightened anyone. However, when we found twenty or thirty long eggs in a clump and promptly smashed them up, we usually left quickly for fear of the old snake's wrath when it returned. That idea was erroneous, as you all know. The carpet snake (or python) is the only one that sits on its eggs. Strange, is it not? Further, all snakes don't lay eggs. The young of many are born alive. To put you right—the harmless snakes, together with brown snake, whip snakes, and a few lesser well-known lay eggs. The other venomous snakes—black snake, copper head, lead colour, tiger snake, death adder, and all water and sea snakes produce their young alive,

Snakes, of course, are reptiles, and unfortunately are found in most tropical and temperate countries. Ireland and New Zealand, with a few of the Pacific Islands, are fortunate exceptions. All the Australian States are well snaked. Snakes are more numerous in the tablelands than on either the coast or the plains.

The order is conveniently divided into venomous and harmless. That, of course, is not a scientific division.

Venomous snakes include ground snakes, tree snakes, water snakes, and sea snakes. The harmless are blind snakes, ground snakes, and some tree and whip snakes.

Our really venomous and highly dangerous snakes are the brown snake, the black snake, the tiger snake, the copper head, the lead colour, and the death adder. Even with some of these, there are no records of fatal cases.

Our snakes have comparatively short fangs, and these, too, are only grooved for threequarter the length down; so that the poison does not enter for the first quarter of the tooth length. Thus any thick cloth or woollen sock is sufficient to stop practically all the dangerous part of the tooth from entering the flesh. The greatest danger is from bites on the bare skin. Furthermore, our snakes do not inject much poison, not nearly so much as the dreaded cobra and rattlesnake. After all, they are not so much to be scared about. You know the signs of a venomous snake bite—two distinct punctures, perhaps four. A harmless bite consists of a double row of scratches.

The treatment is to treat any doubtful bite as venomous. At once tie a tight ligature near the wound, between the wound and the heart, another further away is not amiss. Cut through the two punctures about quarter-inch deep, in a half-moon shape, and make the wound bleed freely by sucking, or other means. Put in Condy's crystals, or inject ammonia or antivirine. The patient should be given stimulants and exercise. Medical aid should be sought. Ligatures should never be left on too long, not more than an hour. Every camping party and every country house should have some Condy's crystals for snake bite.

On the coast you will meet the death adder, plentifully about Randwick, Marouba, La Perouse, Kurnell, and Cronulla. It likes sandy or even desert spots. It does not sting with the spike on its tail. That may be used to help it get a grip on the ground for forward propulsion. That is all. The black, brown, and lead snakes are plentiful enough in all the coast districts.

Black, brown, copper head and tiger snakes are much too plentiful on the tablelands. The same varieties are more sparsely distributed over the plains. All these snakes are most dangerous and most venomous during the months of January and February. In winter, they all hibernate.

Many extraordinary stories are told and believed about snakes. None are past belief. Here are some. Two snakes gripped the same rabbit. Neither would let go. The stronger swallowed the rabbit and the other snake. A snake was cut open. It contained a procession of lizard, from the one still alive to the one wholly digested. The recent floods on the Clarence drove many snakes to the higher ground. A workman felt a tug on his pants. He stood up, and there was a large black snake hanging on his pants by the fangs.

"A snake never dies till sunset!" We soon proved that wrong. We killed a big black snake by bashing its head in with a stick, and then placed it on a granella's nest, and started them on the snake by running over the nest well. Long before sunset we returned, and only the snake's skeleton was left. That was proof enough to our boyish minds that it was very well dead before sunset. What do you think?

We close with two questions. How does a twenty-foot python manage to swallow a calf, and how does a snake get out of its old skin? Five shillings for best answer for next "Journal."

S.T.H.S. OLD BOYS' UNION.

Although the Union has done much in its seven short years of existence, it has yet much more to do.

What should be the ultimate goal of such a body?

First and foremost, it must foster that indefinable sentiment known as school spirit, and help it to expand into the noblest trait a citizen can boast—a community spirit. The schoolboy feels that the success of his school is his success, and its failure his failure. The school is his country, and he feels that it behoves him to be a true citizen. He sinks all thought of self, and strives for success, not for self-aggrandisement, but for the honour of his school.

It is the duty of an Old Boys' Union to preserve this spirit of altruism, and it is the individual duty of each of its members to consider the debt that he owes to his State, and to his fellow citizens.

Secondly, the Union must do its utmost to further the interests of the institution to which it owes such a debt of gratitude—its Old School—for when one looks back on the days spent within its walls, one cannot but appreciate all that it has meant to him, and must acknowledge the influence it has had in the moulding of his character.

Then, again, we have the more selfish side of the Union—the social events. These, being of a more concrete nature than the two former functions, appear to the casual observer to be the main aim of the Union, but this should not be so.

There have been many social functions held during the past year, the most successful of which was the Sixth Annual Dinner, held in July, 1920. There was a record attendance of over 100 Old Boys and teachers, and the Union was honoured by the presence of Mr. C. Murphy, M.L.A. A pleasing musical programme was rendered, and the usual toasts honoured.

Just prior to the Dinner, two interesting debates were held: (1) Prohibition; (2) Bachelor Tax. Despite somewhat scant attendance, two highly enjoyable and interesting evenings resulted. A challenge to meet the School in debate was issued, per medium of this Journal, but has not yet been accepted.

Close upon the Debates, a Football Match was contested with the School, and, in a clean and generally satisfactory game, the Union representatives were defeated by 20 points to 16, a state of affairs which speaks well for the footballing "material" produced by the School.

A little subsequent to the Football Match, Launch Picnic enthusiasts were catered for by a function of that nature. For some wholly inconceivable reason it was poorly attended, and, as a result, was not very successful financially, although there was little fault to find with it from the social aspect.

Later, a Smoke Concert was held, which function, like the Launch Picnic, was also ignored by altogether too many members, although it was generally conceded by those present that it provided an excellent evening's enjoyment.

The Seventh Annual General Meeting was held early this year. The attendance was very satisfactory, and a large amount of business was dealt with.

Amongst other things, it was decided that the Union should donate a prize annually to the Dux of the School.

The Seventh Annual Dinner was held in May, and, socially, was a huge success. However, it was exceptionally disappointing to find that the number present was about 30 less than at the previous one.

It would appear that the only explanation for this falling off in numbers is that some thirty of the members have failed in their duty to the Union.

At this function, we were again honoured by the presence of Mr. Murphy, M.L.A., and if one can judge by the interest shown by those present, his excellent speech was very much enjoyed.

In June, the Union held its first Annual Dance, and this function was thoroughly enjoyed by every one of the fifty couples present.

Although a great deal of the Union's time has been spent in arranging these functions, its more serious side has by no means been neglected. For the past couple of years it has been agitating for a new Technical High School. In this it has been assisted to a great extent by Mr. Murphy, M.L.A. A list of the disadvantages under which the teachers and students work has been drawn up, and submitted to the Minister for Education, and we have been promised that as soon as funds are available a new school will be erected.

The Union is by no means satisfied with this vague promise, and does not intend to let the matter rest till it is finally brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

A survey of the activities of the Union during the year shows it to be one of the most active and successful years since its formation, yet a great deal more could be done if more of the members did not let their interest in Union matters wane immediately after they become financial members. Finance will do much towards furthering the interests of the Union, but a few "live-wire" members will do infinitely more.

OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Two very fascinating little experiments can be made with an ordinary pin and a piece of stout paper, about one inch square. A piece of visiting card is the very thing.

Take the piece of card, and make a pin-hole in it, and then hold it up to the light, about two inches away from your eye. Now take the pin, and with its head up, and as close to the eye as possible, focus it in the pin-hole, which appears to be a fair size. You will then note a curious thing. The pin will be seen head downwards in the pin-hole. Now, again, with the same pin-hole and paper, another very interesting experiment may be done.

Place the pin-hole close to your eye, and focus some small object (such as mosquito net, piece of paper, etc.) under it. The object will be seen to magnify in size to a great extent.

These are two very simple little experiments, so try them for yourselves, and see if what I say is not true.



THE SCHOOL THAT JERRY BUILT!

This is the school that Jerry built!

These are the books that lay in the school that Jerry built.

These are the boys who read the books, that lay in the school that Jerry built.

These are the tests, that killed the boys who read the book, that lay in the school that Jerry built.

These are the boards, that held the tests, that killed the boys, who read the books, that lay in the school that Jerry built.

These are the men who wrote on the boards, that held the tests, that killed the boys, etc.

This is the dust, that choked the men, who wrote on the boards,—repeato.

This is the wind (hear it whistle!), that raised the dust, that choked the men, who wrote on the boards, which held the tests, that killed the boys, who read the books, that lay in the school that JERRY BUILT.

GONE!!

The youthful auctioneer stood artistically on the swaying seat. "Going!" he yelled. "This beautiful article of furniture; this work of art is going, going—saved by the gentleman over there—again I say this invaluable treasure is going at—going, going—I'll guarantee she goes in a twinkling—go-o-ing—GONE!"

With a rending crash the notice board fell.

FLICKING OFF THE FLIES.

He stood before the tuckshop door,

And thirsted much, and hungered more;

He pushed and heaved and fought and swore,

Before he saw the prefects.

A heavy hand upon him fell,

He tried to argue, storm and yell;

There was a fracas then, and—well!—

Strong men they are, these prefects.

THE OUTINGS CLUB.

During mid-winter vacation successful outings were held. On the first Wednesday, about fifty boys met in Hyde Park at 10.30 a.m., and spent a couple of hours in the Museum. Naturally, only a small section could be inspected in that time, and the "Nature" section was most popular. Undoubtedly, man's interest is in man. Doubtless many boys have since reflected on the peculiarities of primitive man, his crude workmanship, inartistic art work, and very simple life. Has anyone asked himself whether he could trace the progress of civilisation from the most primitive—the Australian black—to the most complicated—the Australian white? Surely a fascinating research!

Birds, animals, and fishes came in for some attention, while snakes received quite their due. Why is that? Is it that the element of danger from these reptiles makes us instinctively interested, or is it a reflection from the old Bible stories of our very early years? We learned so much about snakes from the visit that we are prompted to write an article for the "Journal." Lunch at the Sports Ground followed, and then all and sundry took part in the 220 yards Handicap. The handicaps were good, though the scratch men could have been better treated, as they were palpably out of condition. A great race took place in the final. Harry Smith emerged as winner from Chun Wah, who dived at the tape and was beaten by six inches. Harry carried off the soccer ball, and, I dare say, made good use of it. Heat winners got tennis balls, like King Henry V. There followed several games of Soccer, games of Hand Soccer, Pass Soccer, and Dodge Ball. We were surprised that these games were new to many. The stragglers were all on their roads home by 5.30 p.m., some had had a very good day.

On the following Friday there was to be a rally in the Domain, with a visit to the Art Gallery, and Rugby at the Sports Ground afterwards. You know what a day that was. Reports to hand show members of the Club fagging light literature, or struggling against the wintry blasts to the nearest pictures. The gallant four who braved the elements report a good inspection of the Gallery, and a wet return home.

On the Monday a party of seventy-six travelled to Como, and took boats—twelve in all. Suffer a correction, please,—eleven, plus Vincent's "What-you-may-call-it." The course was up the Woronora to the Needles, about six miles. The tide was dead against us, and as there were several good oarsmen, and many other ones, and as few knew the channel, you can picture the party, in all jollity, pulling here, there, and everywhere. The boats kept well together, and landed for a spell two miles up, where a snack and a kick round gave added zest to the next stage. On the way, the Cathedral Rock was viewed. It is the finest piece of sandstone weathering to be seen in N.S.W., and that is saying a lot. The Needles reached, lunch was very welcome, after which about half-an-hour was spent in climbing to Gardner's Look-out—certainly a very fine view of the surrounding approaches. A couple of boys preferred trying shooting the rapids, and one brave lad indulged in a swim. He declared it fine—the others took his word for it. Some boys collected nice bunches of wattle (*acacia longifolia*), which was fully out. Several other heath flowers were out too, but not the fine boronias, etc., that are beginning to come now. Some few boys tried fishing, but the Friday's hurricane had spoilt all chances of there even being a silly flathead about. Several pounds of good prawns went untaken.

The return trip, after a short spell at the flats, became a procession, except when Plowright ran on a rock and fell overboard, or Campbell's party stuck on the sand, or when Vincent's party got lost or left, we don't know which yet. Some still aver that they saw Indian smoke signals from one of the points of land far down the river, and others that they heard weird noises, as of some Satyrs playing on reedy instruments. Could it have been Vincent's party indulging in a little after-dinner haka, and Chung there with his banjoette? We saw no more of them, whether sick or well. Several boats caught the appointed train; several did not. We have it on good authority that a storekeeper at Como was glad some boats missed the train; also that several boys so feared the paternal wrath that they tried to hold up the Sutherland express to get home in time. All arrived home at one time or another, and we believe all had a good day.

On the last Wednesday, about thirty-five boys met to see the C.H.S. Rugby team draw with Naval College, and the Springboks defeat Metropolitan in games from which our I. and IV. Union teams, and our III. League teams have nothing to learn, and something to forget.

We expect to have some more outings before the Michaelmas Camp. If anyone has suggestions to make, we will be pleased to hear them, and to consider them.



Class Notes



4A.—Hear that burst of applause!—or is it shouting cachinnation?—or a stream of insulting interjection? Hurrah! Hamlet was mad! Stay a moment, though: he wasn't. Say the word debate, and we'll post mortem Hamlet for hours at a stretch. We can prove any two opposites you like conclusively. In this particular logomachy, the Admirable "C.H.M." proved beyond all doubt that he (that is Hamlet, of course) was a raving lunatic of the n th degree; and, having convinced his audience, was just about to convince himself, when someone interjected. Rude, wasn't it? And, behold! Hamlet was accepted by everyone to be perfectly sane. But then we are adepts at proving things; take our word for it. We even verify the great masters by providing living examples. "Schneeweiss," our delightful nine-year-old, is the personification of old Bob's statement that "the first duty of man is to excel in TALK." Come and hear him.

Mr. Mares has been unable to diagnose the nature of a certain atmospheric phenomenon in Sydney for the past few weeks; but the brains of our wits (or vice versa) have solved the "irking problem," and we find that there are tests in the air. In fact, it is nothing unusual now to see whole boards full of the noxious stuff. Teachers delight in giving tests, taking off marks, and playing up in unaccountable ways. But there is a reverse and an obverse of the question. If you don't believe us, just cast eyes on the answers we send in. O, yes! We get them bamboozled at times. But it is hard to tangle our chemists. They can produce any imaginable vile odour—also clouds of gas; but get them down to solid articles of common domestic use, such as candles, matches, or soap, and their poor minds fail. They leave such feats of genius to the genii above them, who sit and smile, and say naught.

A new and epoch-making school of modern art has recently sprung into existence. It bids fair to outrival even the inspiration of the great cubist and post-impressionist masters. Though little known at present, and less appreciated—except perhaps by the favoured few—this artistic revelation shows astounding promise. The only exponent worthy of note is a gentleman at present associated in the conspiracy to educate Fourth Year. Every day brings forth some new masterpiece of inspired genius. The result is almost too brilliant for our negligible powers of conception.

It has been alleged that Mathematics is arid—arid with the aridity of a desert. Now, be careful! We did not say that it was our opinion. Physics is under the same stigma. But, come, you must admit that there are high lights. Does not this roll round your tongue delightfully?—"The differential coefficient measures graphically the trigonometrical tangent of the angle, which the geometrical tangent to the curve makes with the X axis." And consider the fine literary style and rhetorical possibilities of the following:—"A general

expression is one which is typical (*serves as a type* FOR) all such expressions and includes (*wrapped up in it*), all particular examples!" One cannot pass unmoved such splendid alliteration as this: "Let C equal the capacity of a compound condenser." Rhyme, we feel assured, would also occupy an honoured place in the embellishments, if it were not so lamentably difficult to find an analogous sound for such words as "axis," "theorem," "asymptote," "homogeneous," "periodic function," "difference of potential," "terrestrial magnetism," and other fellows that we can't spell properly.

Our special prophet has forwarded the following official prophecy, per telepathy: "On 14th November, 1921, four and twenty youths resident in the danger zone will attempt to take by storm a stronghold defended by a mere handful of aged custodians, having only yellow paper, printed upon, for weapons of defence. The attackers will be unsuccessful, and will retire with heavy losses."—Ugh!

Congratulations to C. Munro and A. Cozens, who were chosen to play Rugby for the combined High Schools recently; also to C. Clayton, chosen to go to Melbourne with the C.H.S. baseball team as Vice-Captain.

Exams are tumbling atop of us, and we will now close.

* * * * *

3A.—Hail, brethren, hail! Once more we come to the fore (from which in fact we have never been absent), and are greeted as the upholders of the honour of the School. (Applause.) The inevitable has happened, 3A completely defeated 3B in the term examination, and are recognised by the latter class (reluctantly, of course, but facts are facts) to be the leaders of the year, if not the School. Never mind, 3B, I suppose you tried hard, and did your best; but you did not know what you were up against, did you?

3B set themselves a task at the beginning of the year, to wit, to live up to the reputation of last year's 3B, but there, too, they failed. We all know that 3B was non-existent last year, and so, consequently, was their reputation. Is it necessary to say more?

The "certain institution in the playground" is a living monument of what 3A can do. The system of management is admirable, likewise —'s treatment of naughty little First Year kiddies? Still, despite the care and trouble he bestows on the Tuck Shop, he still thrives, and is as fat as ever. Is — like the man who said he never drank, but carried brandy in his pocket in case of accidents, and who finally died of delirium tremens? (I hope — will not be offended at this, as we all know that there is an underside to every picture—or Tuck Shop—with which our genial natures cannot but sympathise—and envy.)

Our home work sometimes takes a strange course; this home work did anyway. What was it? Oh, just a graph of Third Year progress. It turned out to be a parabola, and when 3A's progress was infinity, that of 3B was nothing.

Work, speaking scientifically, is mass times distance. Therefore, speaking scientifically, we do more work when the teacher is absent than when he is present. That is why we can always be left in safety, for the teachers know we can be trusted to work. That work, of course, is not a moment, which is the same thing, though different, but is many moments, in which to speak scientifically again, though this time unscientifically, there is much Torque between Couples.

Sport, did you say? Oh, yes, we go in for sport all right! That's why we have about seven boys playing grade Rugby, about ten Soccerites, a baseballer, and a tennis player (grade, of course). In fact, we are all sports, from the footballers who play sporting games with the firsts to the lad who sports a broad grin at all times? It looks as if 3A will not be last in the Combined High School Carnival next month. Feening and Gosden need no introduction, and it is rumoured that "Charlie" is training for the mile.

We are a modest set of reforming thinkers, and like the people of the time of the Renaissance we do not defend on authority; that is why we do not quote from teachers. We look about us, and observe what is going on, and we have noticed the foregoing things about ourselves. The study of man is man, the study of boys is boys, and the study of 3A is 3A. That is why we rely on ourselves, and quote not from the teachers whose study is not us, but what we ought to be.

Having had our say, and spoken all we wished, like Mrs. Malaprop, "We will not anticipate the past, but all our retrospection will be for the future."

3B.—Rumour saith that we, the notable 3B of T.H.S., are forced to uphold our dignity against the ridiculous malevolence of 3A. There is little, however, to be said, for we can afford to ignore such insults, since the great will always be criticised and belittled by the ignorant.

3B has upheld its reputation in sport during the winter season. Findlay, Murphy, Clark, and Irwin played 1st Rugby, Vial 1st Soccer, Wilson 1st Baseball; Murphy and Findlay also played for C.H.S.

But, "So to your pleasures: We are for other than for dancing measures." Our blissful response in Third Year soon ends, and the honours and miseries of Fourth Year will be showered upon us. English is, of course, our favourite subject. Shakespeare and Sheridan are a pleasure; Poetica entertaining, and even Campbell and Dickens show a certain amount of promise. The most educative period, however, is the last on Thursday. Physics is considered interesting; likewise Drawing and Chemistry. Mathematics isn't bad, and "En France" is classed as an exciting, but somewhat blood-curdling novel.

But, think not that these are our only pastimes. We have our hypnotist, the "witch-doctor." And if you can't get there; well, "You've got to imagine inspired throngs flock to the "council-chamber," there to be dominated by the only one at present existing in the T.H.S. Every lunch-hour the aw-gine you're there, when you're not."

The Class Library is still going strong, but some difficulty is found in obtaining such volumes as "The Prince and the Pauper," and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." No less interesting are the Physical Jerks' periods, where we indulge in a weird and unknown game, which is certainly not vigoro, nor yet football. Then, again, there is the excitement and originality of filling in the "P.T. Cards."

Our class humourist has appeared in a new light. The other day he told us that, in a dream, he found himself in the 3B classroom of the Tech. High School. But all the fittings were new; there were no nails projecting from the seats, none of the windows were broken or begrimed, and, in fact, it was a paradise of fresh air and sunlight. Wonderingly he crossed, to the window, and looked out—no, not on Mary Ann Street, but upon the wide green spaces of Moore Park; broken only by the Sports Ground, Cricket Ground, and the Girls' High School. And then, not content with the consternation he had caused us, he concluded by saying that "Dreams very often come true." Well, time shall prove.

It came as a surprise to 3B to hear that the Class Knock-out Comp. in Rugby and Soccer did not extend to the Upper School. (Cheers from 3A.) Also that the Comp. which is to be held should be in League, when five-sixths of the School Rugbyites play Union.

2A.—Enter 2A, the best French class in the school. Ask Mr. B.—
It is said that Whiteley is not going to play class Rugby, but is going to train for our next sports, with a view to carrying off the Senior Cup.

Winter, of our class, was a member of the team which won the Cosgrove Shield, and were runners-up in the Hendry Cup Competition. Lawler and Pierce are picked to play against Queensland's League team.

Everyone realises (?) that the Inter. is quickly approaching; everyone is "fagging," and all expect to get at least half a dozen A's.

2A intends winning the Class Rugby Competition. We have the makings of a strong team in the following:—Winter, Lawler, Judge, Bulgin, Maidment, Smith, Ennever, McNichol, Pierce, Shoebridge, Shipway, Cooke, Gardner, Blair and Sare. Most of the above-named play grade football.

2A is well represented in the school choir by Shoebridge and Sare, violin; Pierce, kettledrum, and Stabback, bass drum.

We will now retire in favour of the other Second Year classes.

2B.—Displaced from 1st place in the Second Year lists by a 2C-ite, whom we all heartily congratulate, 2B had to take 2nd place and numerous other places before the 20th that placed them easily first in the point score. The loss of a distinction, held for some time, has acted as an incentive to the leaders to work more steadily and regularly, with the result that the coming term examination will have no terrors for some. Since last writing, there has been nothing much of note happened. We have not had the frills of work, such as are allowed in the earlier stages—we mean going to plays, pictures, history resorts, etc. Verily we were asked to see a representation of "Emma" and the Early Victorians, and a few got in a la nod at the last minute, and wished they had not, for the teachers frowned ominously if a poor benighted soul tried to escape the Victorian affectation, and the dreary show had to be sat out willy nilly. We also had our Empire Day celebrations, and revised our flag history in a rather pleasant manner. Some members of other classes thought the Empire was won on the seas only, and manned the boats too soon, with the result that the whole fleet was nearly bottled up, awaiting orders from the seat of Government, and it took all the persuasive power of an admiral to have revoked the terrible ukase. Of course, on the inward and outward journeys, 2B boys were well to the fore in singing and celebrating, but never let off any bungers that nearly caused some heads to explode.

Another incident that will show the quality of some of our Second Year rivals is worth recording. A couple of 2B boys, a 2C boy, and some others, went to hire a boat after lunch. We got the boat all right, and then the 2C boy went to get it. The boatman fixed him with a stony stare, and said, "Get out of this boat, you are too rough." Just as well; it was a leaky old tub, and would have sunk anyway.

Talking about outings, reminds us of the doings of two 2B boys at Como. They ate all in the boats by 11 o'clock. Got out to look for wild fruits—geebungs, etc., but after two miles found a shop—nearly bought it out; and after ten minutes' walking found another shop—ditto there; and after another twenty minutes were heard to enquire how far was the next shop. They reached it, but as it was sold out, they had to be taken on board in a fainting condition—lack of food. This shows the capacity of some 2B boys.

Our studies are drier than ever, owing to the proximity of examinations. Teachers do not put on the flourish of earlier months. It is all very earnest graft. Especially is it so by the teachers—good souls some. There is no time for frivolity. In den 5 there is no room for much. We believe that C.M.I. has nearly as much capacity with a stretch. Anyway, it won't hold 2B and a duster—something has to go. Say it softly. With someone about it is frequently not the duster that goes either. We have done our best with Den 5, and consider it improved with our frescoes and representations of the virtues. No one could say me are not highly artistic.

2B boys are keeping their sport going well. Chas. Burke again represented in Soccer. It is expected that even A. M. and J. H. will take part in the sports meeting. It is also confidently expected that 2B will keep up to the best traditions of that excellent class in every field of School activity.

* * * *

2C.—We obtained first and third positions in Second Year, which honours we have maintained since our glorious entry into this School.

We notice, by the way, that the present 1A are already following in our footsteps of last year, and we extend our hearty congratulations. We sincerely hope that we will set aside all nervousness on the memorable 28th November, and, in keeping with our traditions of the past, take first place.

We did not capture many blue ribbons in the last Class Soccer Competition (apparently the results of having so many "graders"). You will notice that the First Grade Soccer, of which G. Saunders, 2C, is skipper, won the High Schools' Competition for the second time successively.

By the time this record is published, we shall have taken the lion's share of the points in the Class Rugby Competitions.

In the recent Combined High Schools' Tennis Tourney, our champion—and also the School's—G. Holt, was among the first eight. (Congrats, George!)

When a physical culture expert visited Tech. Mr. Mc— favoured us by choosing 2C to be one of the two classes inspected. The visitor was pleased with our attempt to follow out his completely new instructions—he had not quite the same opinion of the other class.

Why was 2C one of the two classes picked to demonstrate Pass Ball to Tech.? We ask this question, and receive the obvious answer. Because 2C is the best drilling and physical culture class in the School. By the bye, this Pass Ball incident involves one of the many comparisons between another class and us.

Mr. Atkins, who guides us in that most enjoyable and worthy art of drawing, recommended us as a most desirable class to teach in his subject, and expressed the wish that other classes would attain our high standard.

* * * *

2D.—We take this opportunity of complimenting Cornish, of 2C (one who missed Remove Year) for coming top of the Second Year in the last Term Examination. It was a very creditable performance, indeed; but he had better look to his honours in the next examination, because most of our fellows are putting their "noses to the grind-stone," and are shaping quite well.

One of the most apparent things to the onlooker's eye this year is the noticeable fall in the standard of knowledge in the "smaller fry," known as First Year! Now, who could tell me of any former First Year Class, so far forgetting its modesty as to write:—"Toujours sur la toupie" on the blackboard, to proclaim its ignorance abroad. Why, it's almost past believing; but, nevertheless, it is true.

But even our class is not without its "lads." The other day one suggested putting a few bottles full of H₂S under the master's desk in Room 6; but, needless to say, this suggestion was treated with the uttermost scorn, being said to be only worthy of a First Year-ite!

We have seriously thought, at one time and another, of presenting the Technological Museum with two interesting specimens, which perhaps you have heard of before, namely (a) a wild man, believed to be the only one of his kind within the precincts of the Tech., whose main ambition is to learn, and, in this pursuit, he will question one without mercy, both sensibly and more often otherwise; (b) a Bolshevik, one of this new species, who is not in gaol. He is quite peaceful until someone undoes his bow tie, then he starts, and he does "make the band play." His most exquisite means of torture is on an ancient instrument, for that purpose called a violin.

Now, if only scholars could have a vote in the Parliamentary elections, we are sure that Mr.— would be nominated and elected; for his theatrical gestures, and the manner in which he says "Sugar," proclaim him an adept understudy of William Pitt the Elder,

We forgot to mention that our class is not without a poet, so we end our notes with his "verse" (?) :—

There's a sapient class called 2D,
Its patron is named Mr. P—
Sometimes he "goes crook,"
Puts our names in a book,
And meets us at 30 past three.

2E.—

* * * *

What a wonderful class is 2E,
As all the School can see,
It soars above the rest,
And is far away the best,
What a wonderful class is 2E.

With a re-echoing fanfare of trumpets, the mighty vanguard separates, and, advancing proudly down the line, comes the victorious Class of 2E!

Of course, we are victorious in every branch of school life, for in the sporting section we have two Soccer footballers, who were representatives for the school against Queensland and Newcastle. The names of these marvellous footballers, are H. Smith, the brilliant centre forward, and W. Hoy, the impenetrable goal-keeper. We have other shining lights on the football field, such as Cox, Davies, Furse, Hill, and Bullman. In fact, they are quite dazzling. In the class Rugby we have great faith in our team carrying off the competition.

On the scholastic side we have C. Smith, a brilliant mathematician, and A. Cox, the French expert, and J. Falson, the fluent orator.

As the winter is passing, and swimming commences after the Michaelmas Vacation, we expect to find our champions of the aquatic art, such as Cox, and Coutts, in form.

It is suggested by Mr. Schrader, that the Outings Club should go to Deep Creek, Narrabeen, during the Michaelmas vacation. We shall certainly find 2E represented. We hope this excellent suggestion is acted upon.

Recently, five boys, the cream of R.A., were promoted to our class. These aspiring boys should think themselves honoured! In Mr. E—'s lesson verbs are considered and treated as something prehistoric. *Our method* of proving theorems would be a lesson to Mr. Euclid. Some time ago, Mr. Keys presided as chairman at our debate, the subject of which was, "Is country life preferable to city life?" The discussion waxed warm (some alliteration), until the chairman decided that the controversy was decidedly in favour of the city.

The dazzling brown orbs of Mr. McCurley, our "jerks" master, sparkle with an overpowering effect at the thought of drilling us.

There is no standing room in Thomas Street when we are being instructed in the manly art of physical culture, as our perfect Grecian profile is a fit subject for any Phidias or Michael Angelo.

But we are not as Tennyson's brook—we cannot write forever, but hearken, ye other classes! The immortal class of 2E of 1921, as the acme of learning, the Athens of Ultimo, and the model class of the School, will say adieu to you until the next issue of the "Journal."

* * * *

R.A.—Once more R.A. comes into the limelight *without* the flourish of trumpets, etc. The other classes in First and Second Year found something very hard to compete against when they met the redoubtable R.A. At present

we are leading, and also expect to win the competition comfortably, despite the fact that we have played three or four men short in many games.

The class is well represented in Rugby by Tucker the flyweight, and Waldie, Pym, Plowright, Pye, White, Hughes; and in Soccer by Donaldson, Elliot, Penny, Brooke, Weir, Howarth, Walker, and our tennis player is a KING of all players.

In the Hobbies, Boxing, Wireless, and Camping Clubs we have members, and enthusiastic members at that.

When informed by Mr. Mc—that R.A. had plenty of Brains, several R.A-ites died with shock, and some others are at home recovering. At a recent drill, we were told that we can drill well if we cannot do anything else. (Hear, hear). As the "Inter." is not far off we will only give the story called "An Incident in R.A.," and then close till next issue.

An incident in R.A.—One dry Withering day, two foreign boys, one White and the other a Brown lad, each had a Penny to buy a Lemon with. To get to town, they had to pass a small Brook, and while passing the Weir at the mouth of the Brook they saw A. Walker eating a Rex Pye for his Tucker. After speaking to this Walker, they put on their swimming costumes so as to Wade or Plowright through the Brook.

When they got to the other side, they were surprised to see the King and Dean Simpson coming along in a boat called the "Young 'Evans." Arriving at the town the boys bought their Lemons and some Brandy Snaps. They set out towards home, and, passing a farm yard, they saw two old Cocks fighting. One was a Weiry old bird and the other was a Young 'un, which won the great International Combat.

* * * *

1A.—Doubtless you will remember that, in the previous "Journal," we made a statement that, so far as 1A was concerned, sport and study ran together very smoothly. The examination results have proved our boast, first and second in the year having come our way, and, as it happens, both the lucky ones or, rather, we should say, deserving ones, are very ardent sportsmen. This shows that when 1A makes a boast, it can live up to it.

We do not "swat" too much, and we do not play too much, but do a certain amount of each, so as to make a very healthy mixture of brains and brawn. Of course, there are some individuals who take their places at the extremes.

The examination results show our quality in study, so there is no need to say any more about this branch of our school life.

In the sporting side, we are doing well, although we are not near the top of the Class Soccer Competition. But it must be remembered that we have five grade Rugby players, one of whom played with the Combined High v. Primary (League), and one grade Soccer man.

We have great hopes in the coming Class Rugby Competition, although we are very unfortunate in losing the services of Paterson, our full-back, who, owing to his recent severe illness, will be unable to play for the rest of the season. During the cricket season, Paterson knocked up 101 not out, and by so doing practically beat 1B on his own.

Talking of football reminds us of a certain statement made by Mr. Austin:—"That no energy or change of temperature is required for making a mixture." By experience we have found at least one exception. Any footballer knows that a great amount of energy and a change of temperature—external only—is required to form a mixture of mud, a boy and a football—strange, but true.

We wonder when the bill is coming in from the Technical College for the damaged floor of Room 3. The damage was caused by our heavyweight champion "Tubby" C—, who tried to teach his chair how to stand on its

hind legs, but failed, and came down with it. To culminate this great buckjumping show, there was a great crash of wood upon wood, as "rider's" head smote the floor and caused "grievous harm"—not to his head. We hope he will not repeat the performance, or the bill will be simply terrific.

By the way, if anyone notices Mr. B— looking at all nervy, attribute it to the fact that he has recently undergone a great nervous strain. "Abe" Mee surprised the class by asking whether anyone had seen his elephant, which he had been carrying about in his pocket, although he had not known it till a short time previously. After the straying animal had been found and captured, it was put into captivity in "Abe's" pocket! Perhaps "Abe" is carrying some more wild animals about with him! We hope not!

* * *

1B.—

1B, 1B, 1B, for aye,
1B forever and a day,
Foremost in sport, foremost in play,
1B fore'er—we win the day!

It is easily seen that 1B is a wonderful class, as all the newcomers prefer it to the other classes.

We are pleased to say that Watson has been elected Captain of our Rugby Team. With such a class to pick from, including four grade players, we have a good chance of winning the competition.

1B and Second Year carry on a feud, and we have in Hyslops a coming champion wrestler. He has overthrown three Second Year fellows in the last two weeks.

When the gender of nouns was being discussed the other day, 1B was asked what was the feminine of hero. The bright boy of the class said, "Shéro," and was much annoyed when everybody laughed. We won't mention names, as A— is very sensitive.

Who said 1B is not going to win the Rugby Competition? Beware! We have grade and international players of all sorts and sizes.

Our class has started an Amateur Shooting Club (only crack shots admitted). As gun licenses cost money, and guns are very awkward to carry, they have decided to use catapults.

Our class lived up to the School motto when the lady inspector was here. We always do.

We have a great chemist in our class—"Andy." While the class was preparing hydrogen, he thought he would examine it thoroughly, so he put a light to the delivery tube, and * x (! ! ! * ? *) Maybe this is the cause of his weak stomach.

For sale cheap; prices on application.—A Wrench (needs mending), Moon and Sparkes (good room warmers), a Bull (not wild), Pain (great toothache cure), Stead (nearly a bedstead), Daw (hinges included), Colenutt (very unique), Brown (good dye), Haile (good substitute for ice), Abel (to do anything). All to be had in 1B's salerooms.

We have the pleasure of announcing that Colenutt came out top in examination, and tenth in the year! Not bad, Colenutt! Hyslop came out with 99 in Algebra, Good work, 1B.

There is plenty of more to say, but, as the space is limited, we will close.

And now, good friends, we bid good-day,

For this is all we have to say.

* * *

1C.—IC, as was told you in the last issue of the "Journal," and as was proved in the Half-Yearly Examination, is the most intellectual class in First Year.

Chorus of the other classes in First Year:—

"1C, I see, you are too wise for us."

The most unrenowned class in First Year, 1E, promised us a terrible hiding when we met them on the footer-field, but, although we have met them, I haven't seen any licking. Rather the other way about!

1C is the German Class, but even if we do learn the language spoken by our recent enemy, we don't learn how to croak, like those who are learning "Froggie language."

* * *

1D.—Well, here we are again! 1D. is coming on well, our First Soccer team has fourteen points to its credit, but the Second has only scored six points. Rugby League will soon be here, and we can account for plenty of weight. Also we have two very fair runners in, M. Utick and C. Alexander.

In the fourth grade Union we are represented by G. Wilson, and Third grade Soccer by A. Boole.

Tennis is very popular in 1D., and we have several good players, E. Nickal, C. Alexander and E. Tubb.

1D could have done better in the last exam., but W. Andrews came third in the year. Mr. M—— was undoubtedly surprised by the results of his particular paper, as we predicted.

There are several budding engineers in our class who talk volts, amps. and "maggies" (we think a derivation from magneto), all day long, and worry our metal-work teacher for pieces of metal.

* * *

1E.—A number of us having survived the ravages of a devastating examination, we gathered the remnants of our scattered forces and began to count heads. We noted with pain that many brave warriors were missing from the ranks of our great intellectual army (1E); but still we are by no means vanquished.

Our intellectual "strong man," Eagleson, led a list of the future geniuses of the Sydney Tech.

In Maths. our army suffered a great defeat. In most other subjects we were victorious.

Lately, Reid was dismissed from his position as Captain of the 1E Firsts. Some say he used the imperative mood too much. But some people are easily discontented, and very hard to please.

Eagleson has taken Reid's job, and is doing well.

Lately our Firsts have played 1D and 1C many times. And many times we marched off the football fields with heads erect, a smile from ear to ear, and gazing at a forlorn group of players (?) shambling homewards.

We could have added a few more wins to our already large list of victories, had it not been for some referees, who seemed to talk or look away when incidents occurred that, later, caused arguments.

There are a few decent tennis players in this wonderful class of 1E. Harper is one of them. Of course, there are others; but their fame has not yet reached our ears.

Foster and Pullen, the two inseparable, snowy-haired babes, are going to work wonders when the swimming season arrives. Just wait till you see the aforesaid babes sally forth, conquer all, and cover themselves and their class with undeniable glory.

Just a word about 1D. They had a nice little poem to begin with in last "Journal." Didn't they? But could not it have been greatly improved by the substitution of "some" for "more" in the last line? (Yes! Hear, hear! !)

Last quarter, all our class notes were not published, owing to a mistake of one of our "Journal" reps. But we've said our say now, so, "mes enfants," we will say "Adieu!"

THE DUEL.

By JOHN NEMO.

Be quiet, thou foolish bird,
I tire of thy too-joyous hymn!
Three long, long hours I've lain and heard
Thy prattling tongue. Three hours!—the rim
Of dying sun faints bloodily,
And stains the leaden sky
With vain regrets. Farewell!
I need thee not; he carved too excellently.
A brief three hours ago; that swell
Of passion leapt too far;
That silver tongue of steel!—
Too sharp, too sharp—dear God!—too bitter sharp,
The blade that quenched this star.
Again? Thou Thrush?
As careless as the stream whose waters curl,
And through my trailing fingers rush
In cold, sweet, mockery,
As heedless, yea! as wild,
As he who fled—
The panting moment passed—unreconciled,
Madly stricken, and believed me dead!
There lived a spark.
To drag the broken clay upon the brooklet's brim,
To lap the cooling eddy wash,
To curse,—pray,—fear,—whilst eyes burn and senses swim,
To think! Hark!
Still babbling, cruel stream?
Ever thirsty? Ay!
Swallow one by one
The drops of blood. Whilst I fight and dream,
Devour, thou leech, the liquid life, and run,
Hasten, fly to your village shore
And show them there what has been done.
I grapple the Unconquerable—my Book
Closes fast, to speak no more.
You, Roger, will read it to the galled end,
Poor, storm-toss'd wretch could you but bend
Above me for a moment, I but look
Into your eyes, ah! I'd give you love for hate,
Pity for revenge, smiles for blows.
Stronger than remorse is Fate!
God knows,
Alone, the part in our droll tragedy,
You yet shall play.
Mid the seething globules of animated mud,
With desperate smiles and dulled misery.
The farce proceeds
Then the darkness closes like the fall of night,
In this still wood,
The whining in the reeds
Becomes a living cry; the hectic light,
Flutters into soothing harmony,
And as the dimness spreads its silken veil,
The pulsing brooklet's soul,
Breaks into song of passionate glee,
And whispers of Eternity.

CHRONICLE OF SPORT.

With the winter games over, our sporting activities are now restricted. As in previous years, we attempted to give as many boys as possible games, and the games they like. We had teams playing Rugby Union, Rugby League, Soccer, Baseball, and Tennis.

Rugby Union teams were in five grades, but despite that large subdivision, did not cater for the six-stone boys, who are now very numerous in our first year. We recommend that all small boys play Soccer for a couple of seasons before playing Rugby. They will be better Rugby players thereby. Preparatory to the High School Competitions starting, our grade teams played practice matches against Marist Bros., Christian Bros., and Holy Cross College. The games were close and exciting, and showed that we would have capable teams throughout.

The High School Competition started with only four extrants in 1st. and 2nd. Grades—too few for a good competition. Our boys started badly—



perhaps unfortunately—for, after attacking for a large part of the game, they were beaten by Parramatta, on time, 9 to 6—a penalty goal making the difference between a draw and a loss. Second grade also lost by 6—3. Both very close games. North Sydney defeated our teams in the second matches in both grades, in well-contested games. Fort Street did likewise in the next week's matches, but here, again, the games were even and exciting. Our forward packs invariably held their opponents, but the backs, as a whole, lacked the initiative and dash of their opponents.

The second round was practically a repetition of the first, with a couple of wins thrown in, but all the games were more even than in the first round. Our third grade proved very weak, or was it the others were strong? They battled along well until the ravages of the "flu" necessitated their calling up into second grade.

The fourth team suffered one crushing defeat by N.S. A, although it had a very strong team in, but weathered all other storms till it met Fort Street in the final round. It would have been a great team if all boys could have got out to practice. Our difficulties, you know, are great. The fifth team was patchy, and seemed to suit its game to the opponents. It would just as soon play a draw with Fort Street B as with North Sydney C team, between which there was twenty points difference. Some of the little fellows are great enthusiasts, so improvement is likely.

The third League was a fine little team. All were quick, intelligent, and liked playing. With regular practice it would be excellent. It suffered reverse, 9—8, at the hands of Randwick, another very fine little team, but had Patterson, the very fine fullback, and Steele, a dashing forward, away with "flu," and the filling of those places disorganised the side a little. Despite that, Randwick would take a lot of beating with our side at its best. Randwick ultimately won the competition.

Rugby teams have suffered from loss of players, due to accident. No other year was so prolific in them. In Union games referees take no notice



of kicking in the ruck, nor of illegal tackling and charging. That is to be deplored, as it, more than anything else, is ruining the game.

In representative games, Munro, Findlay, and Cozens played for C.H.S. against Teachers' College and Naval College, while Findlay, Cozens and Murphy went to Jervis Bay with the C.H.S. team. The selectors showed very poor judgment in not selecting Munro for this trip also. He is undoubtedly the best player in the High Schools this year.

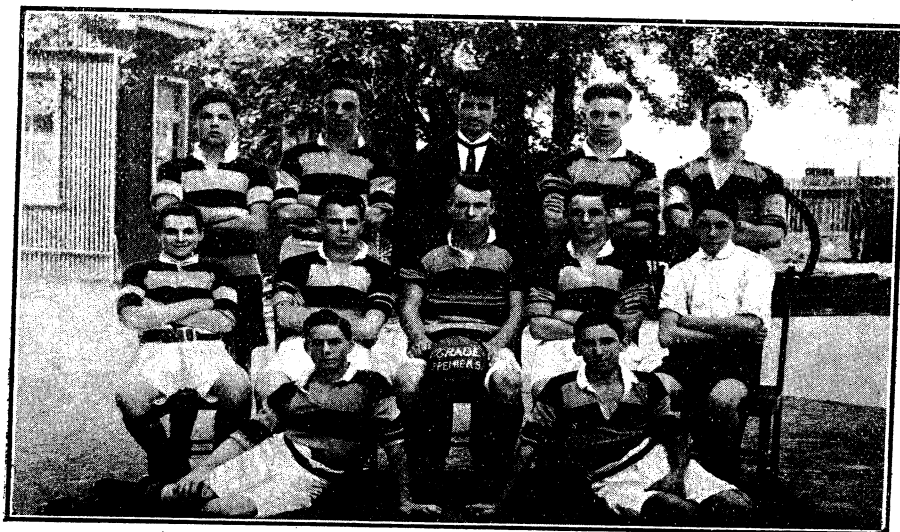
Four very enjoyable games were played against Trinity Grammar School, and several other practice games against Marist Brothers.

The High School Soccer competitions were again good, though schools still sooner win a third grade competition than play well in a first grade competition, consequently the standard of play does not improve, for the better boys are often playing against weak opponents.

We placed five competition teams in the field. All did well. The first grade went through undefeated, and had few goals scored against it. That was only to be expected, with such seasoned players as Burke, Saunders,

Saxby, R. Smith, and H. Smith in the ranks. We had hoped to take this team to Maitland and Newcastle, where Soccer is really strong, but travelling has become so expensive that it is out of the question. Our team, in Mr. McCurley's charge, with Roy Stanhope as referee, visited Wollongong, where they had their usual good time, and where, for the first time in several years, the succession of drawn games was broken. At full time the score was 2 all. Ten minutes extra saw the game 3 all, and then Black put our team out of its misery by notching a goal for the other side—we lost 4 to 3. We had a return visit on August 5, and defeated Wollongong by 2 goals to 1. Second grade also did well, and was well up on the list. A couple of defeats cut them out of the final. The forward line was excellent, and the diminutive goalie an expert.

Third A lost only to Cleveland Street, but a number of draws cut them out of the final. It was a big loss when Stone and Towns dropped out, but on one is so good that he cannot be replaced, and in Maidment and Reynolds worthy substitutes were found.



Third B, consisting of third year boys, had good games, if they did not win many matches. The spirit of camaraderie, we are sure, made them a happy team.

Third C, from here, there, and everywhere, was a much better side than it was given credit for. They all liked the game, and hence did well at it. Several boys selected with this team failed to keep their appointments, and so can never expect the School's consideration in future games. A boy who fails his School is not worth much.

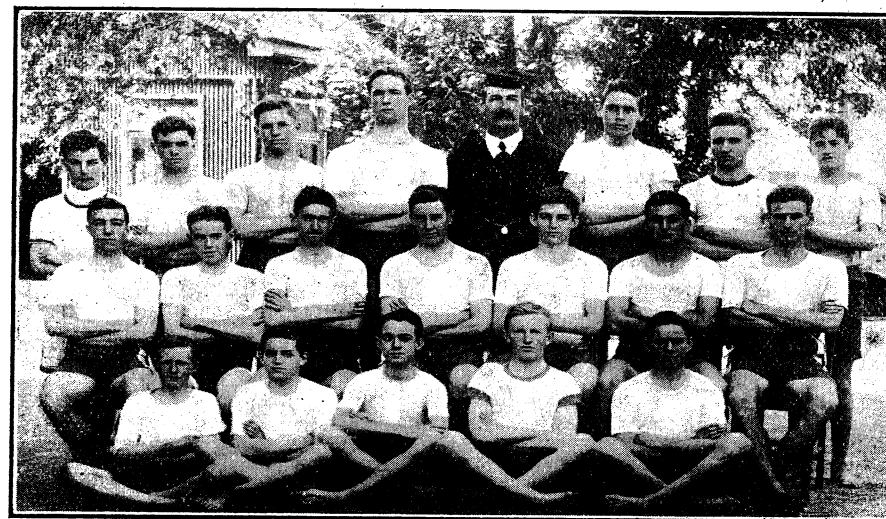
In Representative Matches, H. Smith and R. Smith did well. With J. Brown and W. Miller they both played for the C.H.S. against Queensland. H. Smith was a prolific scorer. In the Metropolitan teams against Newcastle and South Coast, Burke, Saunders, H. Smith, R. Smith, and E. Plummer were selected in the All-Age Team, and H. Lee, R. Reynolds, W. Howarth, and A. Hoy in the limited teams.

The teams did well. A C.H.S. team visited Newcastle and Maitland and won both matches. Saunders captained it. Plummer, R. Smith, C. Burke, J. Campbell, H. Smith, and Saunders represented us.

Soccer games are not fraught with the multiplicity of accidents met with in Rugby. It is a much better game for growing boys.

Baseball in the High Schools received a filip by the entry of the new Intermediates, as Kogarah brought in a good team, and North Sydney a medium one. The idea of combining both grades in one competition, though expedient, has not proved good for the games. Several teams were too weak.

Our team started off with a rattle, and in practice games did very well. In the competition games we also did well till we met S.H.S., who defeated us narrowly by 5—3. This was due, in large measure, to our pitcher getting rattled. He did so in critical games last year. Self-control is absolutely necessary in a pitcher. Against the greatly-improved Petersham team we also lost 7—2, and so were practically out of the hunt. Weak batting, and a tendency to slowness in the field were the main faults.



C. Clayton, W. Bell, K. Wilson, and P. Wellings played in the trial games for the High Schools. C. Clayton and W. Bell played in the C.H.S. team against the Primary Schools, whom they defeated easily. C. Clayton and W. Bell were also selected to visit Victoria with the Schools' team. Clayton went as Vice-Captain. They had a very fine trip, and won all three games.

Tennis, though still well supported by players, is yet weak. We had a team in second grade which did pretty well. One match only was lost. Martyn, a new boy from the Mountains, is shaping best. The others are solid, rather than brilliant. Our competition matches are played at Double Bay, and though it is rather expensive, it is a great improvement, as there is no court like a good turf one. Furthermore, it relieves the already congested Drummoyne courts a little. We would willingly hire a couple more courts for Wednesdays, but funds will not permit. Tennis material is very expensive, and, all in all, our boys lose a fair number of balls during the year. Our tennis boys have followed the accepted social side of the game, and, under Mr. Elgar's guidance, provide afternoon tea on the courts. Visitors are charged. That is a very wise procedure.

The N.S.W.L.A. Tourney commenced on August 5. We entered several, and know that the experience gained will improve them considerably.

Our own Tourney for the Captaincy and Max Genge Medal, will start after all competition games are complete.

A Class Soccer Competition, with fourteen teams, had a very successful season. The games were very keen. Only on a few occasions did teams play short. The class spirit of such teams must be very poor.

Rugby and Soccer grade boys did the refereeing for these games. That shows a fine spirit of wishing to help the School and their fellow scholars. 1C. finished with 20 points, R.A., 1B., and 1D., had 19 each. These played a semi-final, in which 1C. and 1B. were successful. 1C. won the final 1 to 0, after playing overtime. 1C. thoroughly deserved their success in carrying off the Soccer Ball and Soccer Badges presented for the competition.

A Rugby League Competition was carried out for several weeks. In Second Year, 2A. were undefeated, and defeated 2B. by 16 to 3, 2D. by 19 to 8, and 2C. by 8 to 3. 2C. and 2D. were next on the list. The games gave great fun, and were worth while. In First Year, 1C. were best. All the games were good. Mr. Austin and Mr. McCurley speak very highly of the games.

The last few weeks have been devoted to training and tennis playing. Several Championships have been run off, and the times and performances have been pretty good.

Our teams for the C.H.S. are good, and we expect to do well.

In connection with the Athletic Records published in last issue, we ask you to correct as follows?—W. Sheppard's records were made in 1918, not 1919. 220 yards Junior is held by C. Munro, 25 3-5, 1919.

We attach the Swimming Records, and hope they will all be broken during the coming season:—

Senior—

- 880 Yards—E. Noffz, 14 min. 34 sec., 1920.
- 440 Yards—E. Noffz, 6 min. 54 sec., 1920.
- 220 Yards—J. Cliffe, 3 min 8 3-5 sec., 1920.
- 100 Yards—E. Cornish, 1 min. 8 1-5 sec., 1914.
- 50 Yards—K. Whiteley, 28 1-5 sec., 1921.
- 100 Yards Breast—A. Cozens, 85 4-5 sec., 1919.
- 50 Yards Back—A. Cozens, 46 3-5 sec., 1920.
- 300 Yards Relay—3 min. 6 sec., 1920.

Junior—

- 440 Yards—C. M. Munro, 7 min., 1921.
- 220 Yards—C. M. Munro, 2 min. 54 sec., 1921.
- 100 Yards—H. Degotardi, 1 min. 10 sec., 1919.
- 50 Yards—C. M. Munro, 29 2-5 sec., 1921.
- 50 Yards Breast—F. Gosden, 40 3-5 sec., 1920.
- 50 Yards Back—F. Gosden, 49 3-5 sec., 1920.
- 200 Yards Relay—2 min. 16 sec., 1920.

Junior Cadet—

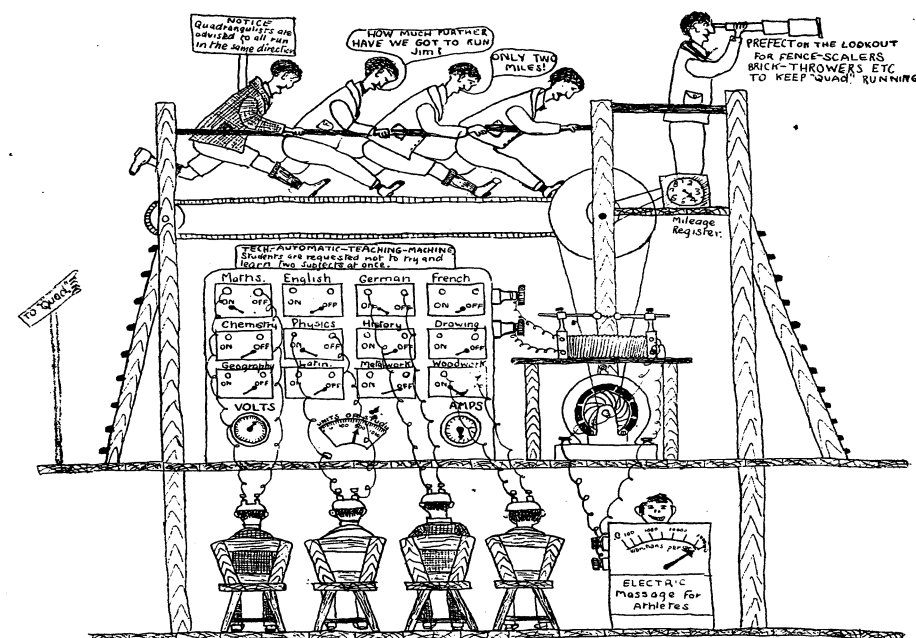
- 220 Yards—K. Foster, 3 min. 12 sec., 1921.
- 100 Yards—H. Degotardi, 1 min. 16 4-5 sec., 1918.
- 50 Yards—I. Pym, 32 4-5 sec., 1920.
- 50 Yards Breast—C. Madden, 43 sec., 1920.
- 33 Yards Back—C. Madden, 28 sec., 1920.
- 200 Yards Relay—2 min. 29 sec., 1920.

These are not bad records, but can be beaten.

Swimming season will start on October 5. Our Swimming Club will start operations straight away. Polo will also be played regularly.

The Combined High School Carnival, that every boy looks forward to, will take place on Thursday, December 15.

The Boxing Club holds its training on Thursday afternoons, and some of the members are sufficiently advanced to invite novices to come along and have a spar. Parents and pupils are assured that we do not intend to turn out any professionals, but confine the work to useful exercise, and the sharpening of the latent faculties. The exercise is worth while. We were particularly glad to hear that the military authorities expect Company Commanders to make the Senior Cadet training more attractive by introducing recreational training and sports. To that end a Sports Meeting is to be



held in February, 1922. You are all expected, in your own interests, to further the scheme. It may lead to something better than the eternal "form fours," and "left-right" that we have in the grounds at present. We hope, in the summer months, to again institute the Swimming and Life Saving drills. A lot can be done if you only wholeheartedly co-operate. We expect to enter 1st and 3rd teams in the Competitions, and will have a trial game on October 5. We are pleased to notice that boys seem very keen on the game. The expense of material and wickets prevents us carrying out Class Competitions.

Our Annual Sports were commenced on September 14, but had to be postponed till October 5, on account of rain. We will give a full account of them in next issue.

AN UPHILL FIGHT.

By A.J. (1A).

"Oh, help! Carry me home to die, somebody!"

Harry Mayne, captain of the Westmoore Junior Cricket Eleven, uttered this doleful exclamation as the fifth Westmoore wicket fell with the score at fifty-five. It was only a single innings match, and the total of Serrington College Juniors was two hundred and fifty-four. Two hundred runs to win! It was a hard task, with only five wickets to fall!

"For goodness sake try and stop the rot, Jimmy!" said Mayne to Randall, who was about to walk on to the pitch. "Harrington's properly set, and has scored thirty-four already. Try and stick with him."

"Right, I'll do my very best," replied Jimmy.

He faced the bowler with a smile on his sun-tanned face, for, while waiting in the pavilion he had been carefully studying the various bowling, and was now confident of dealing with it effectively. His smile somewhat unnerved the bowler, whose custom it was to see rather nervous faces turned towards him as he commenced his run. In consequence, he sent down a very loose ball, which was promptly driven to the boundary. Jimmy continued to punish the bowling unmercifully, so unmercifully indeed, that at the end of the over twenty runs stood to his credit. It seemed incredible!

"That's the stuff to give 'em!"

"Good old Jimmy!"

"Well played, Randall!"

These, and sundry other joyful exclamations were roared out by the delighted Westmoore supporters. The Serrington supporters, who had previously been grinning almost from ear to ear, were now looking anxious. If the scoring was going to continue at this alarming rate, there was just a chance Westmoore would win.

The score was carried to a hundred before Harrington was caught out by a brilliant left-handed catch. He had scored fifty-three. The next partnership brought the score to one hundred and forty, Jimmy scoring thirty by vigorous, forceful, but careful cricket.

Before Reg. Allen, a rather nervous-looking boy, was clean bowled, two hundred and four was reached, Allen scoring twenty-four.

Jimmy opened the next partnership with a splendid four, and then a great roar greeted his ears from hundreds of schoolboys' lungs. He had reached his century! The partnership yielded forty-seven runs, of which he scored twenty-four. Only four runs to win, and one wicket to fall! The Westmoorites yelled till they were hoarse, and the Serrington supporters urged their Eleven in none too affectionate terms to "buck up." But they were not given half a chance, for the next ball was knocked to the boundary by Randall. The match was won for Westmoore!

"Good old Jimmy!" ejaculated Harry Mayne, "a hundred and twenty-eight not out! By jove! you're a wonder."

"Shoulder him!" yelled the excited crowd. But Jimmy was not "having any," and ran from the field. But his innings had partially exhausted him, and he was eventually overtaken and hoisted on the shoulders of four members of an exceedingly jubilant crowd, which cheered him to the echo. Despite his frantic expostulations, he was not set down again until the school was reached. Then, fearing lest his comrades might again become enthusiastic, he raced upstairs to the dormitory where, finding he was not pursued, he changed out of his flannels.

"Sport at Westmoore College, once so prevalent that nearly every school around that district feared to encounter both the Senior and Junior teams of this college in any branch of sport, is now seemingly far removed from the thoughts of both boys and sports masters (if they may be called such)."

"The cricket match, in which Westmoore defeated Serrington, was the only sporting achievement of these boys this year."

Harry Mayne, who with his study-mates, Jim Randall and Leslie Reginald, to his intimates "Snowy" Harrington, the three leading lights of the Junior School, was bringing a paper from a village shop to the sports master, Mr. Collis, when he noticed the passage.

"My word!" he ejaculated, "if only I could get hold of the idiot who wrote this, I—I'd bash his silly head in!"

"You might. Depends on his size, Harry," said Jimmy. "But, any rate, what are you talking about?"

"Read this, and you'll see," he replied.

When the chums read it, the remarks they made about the unknown journalist would have made that person's ears tingle if he could have heard them. They had a very good reason for making such remarks. During the Great War a fleet of Zeppelins were misled, had mistaken the Westmoore playing fields for a small village, and had dropped bombs on them. The playing fields, boat shed, with many fine boats, and gymnasium had been completely wrecked. Therefore, the Westmoore boys had not been able to train in any branch of sport. The damage had only lately been repaired, and training had only just begun. Everyone knew it! The statement was rightly considered unjust.

When they arrived at school, Harry rushed upstairs to Mr. Collis' study and showed him the passage. When the sports master read it, he glanced up at Harry, noticed the expression on his face, and immediately, without a word to Harry, took up a pen and paper and began to write hurriedly. He wrote two separate sheets of paper.

"Take this to the newsagent's shop in Westmoore village, quickly, as I wish it to get into print at the earliest possible moment," he said, tapping one paper, "and put the other on the notice-board." Harry was so dazed with the suddenness of it all, that he left his study without a word.

The notice ran:—

"A serious accusation has been made against the standard of sport of both Seniors and Juniors. I have, therefore, issued a challenge to all the southern schools, to compete in most branches of sport. All boys wishing to enter for such sports should hand in their names to me by six o'clock to-morrow evening, as training will commence on Friday."

"JAS. M. COLLIS."

It soon attracted a crowd, and numerous questions were asked of Harry, but he rushed away to the bike shed without stopping to answer, and was soon pedalling towards the little village as if endeavouring to break all records for the distance. Having reached his destination, he handed the challenge to the newsagent, who said that it would be in print by Thursday evening.

The result of the challenge was that ten Great Schools, including Westmoore, were to battle for foremost place in boxing, cricket, running, sculling, and swimming, the Governors of the various schools having consented to this programme. The first events were to take place in a fortnight, and the school scoring the greatest number of points was to be presented with a silver cup. This was to be contested for every year. The school which won it three times in succession retained it permanently.

(To be concluded next issue.)

RUGBY UNION OR LEAGUE.

The average High School boy makes his first acquaintance with Rugby by forming one of a crowd of 20,000 or so, who, on a Saturday afternoon, watch and applaud two League teams in their game. "That's the game for me," he says to himself: "If I start playing it now, in a few years' time I'll have 20,000 watching me and cheering my play." And from then on he regards the question of the Union or League code in that light—he becomes imbued with the spirit of the League, and his judgment on the question is biased in favour of the League on account of the strength and popularity of that game.

in Sydney. In spite of all that may be said about boys considering League the better game, and hence inclining to it, the fact is they are caught by the glamour surrounding a crowded League match, and become ambitious to play the popular code, and in some degree to become a popular idol. The resolution to play League once made, all that the budding champion may say about his thinking it "the better game," "the faster game," "the more scientific game," is generally utter nonsense. The High School footballer is usually too young and inexperienced, and knows too little of either game to form a true estimate of the merits and demerits of the two codes. He goes by what he hears his elders say, and repeats their opinions as his own.

I have endeavoured to point out in the foregoing remarks how the League game gains a strong hold on the imagination of the school boy. So strong a hold has it that the case for the Union game is seldom heard in the world of the young footballer, and I am now going to set forward a few of the reasons why the schools should stick to the Union—and, in doing so, I am aware that I am dealing with a question which is very topical.

First and foremost, is the question of amateurism and professionalism. School sport is, or should be, essentially amateur; it should aim at teaching schoolboys to play the game for the sake of the game, and the health and pleasure derived from it, teaching them to scorn "pot-hunting" (a modified form of professionalism), and to "place the game before the prize." League Rugby, it may be said, will be just as amateur when played by school-boys as Union Rugby. Undoubtedly so, but school sport is amateur, and should support amateur sport heart and soul, whereas if school-boys play League they support that game, and that game supports professionalism—and hence their school sport will be supporting professionalism. When a schoolmaster persuades his boys to play League, he persuades them to support the game and the professionalism it stands for—he teaches them to tolerate professionalism, and it is but a short step for them to become themselves professionals. Once started in innocent amateur League games, the school-boy is gradually converted by the professional atmosphere of the League game into one of those who degrade sport by using it as a means of earning money. Even if he does not himself earn money, he is supporting the principle of payment for sport. The League is professional—almost every senior League player (except those of University) accepts money, and the League clubs are controlled by professionals.

Just consider for a moment how the sport of a nation reflects its social progress. South Africa and New Zealand are vigorous, young, and rising nations, and, as a result, their sport is amateur to the core. England is old, a strange mixture of strength and weakness, and her sport is accordingly half amateur, half professional. It seems indeed a pity that Australia, though scarcely older as a nation than South Africa and New Zealand, should already reflect in her sport just as much vice as an old nation like England.

"O yes! That's all very well," I can imagine the coming Internationals of Second Year saying, "But the League rules are ever so much better than the Union rules." Perhaps so, though personally I do not agree. Both codes have their particular advantages, but they also have their own disadvantages. Fundamentally, however, the games are the same—they are both Rugby, and both possess the splendid qualities and charm of Rugby. However, even supposing the League game to be the better—which I, for one, do not admit—surely it is worth while to put up with any minor discomforts of the Union game for the sake of the principle of amateur sport, for which Union Rugby stands. And, believe me, the officials of the Union game are doing their utmost to improve the rules of the game, and as soon as they can persuade the other Union-playing nations to agree, will eliminate the blemishes of the game. To whom is the most credit due—to the one who deserts the Union and tolerates professionalism—even though himself an amateur—or to the

one who puts up with the faults of the older game and sticks to the principle of "sport for sport's sake"? I say emphatically the latter. "An idealistic view," someone may reply. Yes, and what if it is? Ideals never did any one any harm. Nowadays, there are altogether too few of them. Hardly any aspect of modern life remains uncontaminated by greed for money, "the root of all evil," and surely we ought to try to keep it out of our sport, and not budge an inch to the plea of "it's a better game." And do not forget that the rules of Union Rugby can and will be improved. The recent introduction of the use of three balls—two spare ones on each line—has made it much faster than of old, and tip-top condition is imperative to the Union player of to-day.

The school-boy, like many "grown-ups," is very local in his ideas; his horizon is very limited, and one is not often found who looks beyond Sydney in forming his ideas about football. Hence I think it would be just as well if I were to remark here that League is only played in the North of England, in New South Wales, in Queensland, and in Auckland. Union is played almost everywhere the Britisher goes—in Europe, in South Africa, in New Zealand, in New South Wales, in Canada, in the West of U.S.A., in the Gold Coast Colonies—even in Fiji. Every year, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and France compete for the Championship of Europe—now held by England. The whole of New Zealand plays the Union game, and the game is very much alike in Sydney, in spite of what the one-eyed League enthusiast may say. The splendid success of the recent New South Wales team touring New Zealand shows that, for they had a much better record than the New South Wales teams of the days before Sydney Rugby was divided. Notice also that in parts of New Zealand this team played under amended Union rules, as the New Zealanders are already improving them. These facts show the tremendous extent of the Union game.

The League will perhaps offer shields and medals and various "pots" in order to induce the High School footballers to play that game. Such things are dear to the heart of the school-boy, but I would be grieved to think that the future footballers of the T.H.S. could be enticed over in such a way. I do not think so—I have enough faith in school-boy nature to believe that they would not knowingly support, however indirectly, men who play the game for the sake of the money they obtain from it.

C.H.M.

GAMES.

Apparently a large number of our boys—especially the new boys—do not know what games are, nor what they are for. We attribute this lamentable neglect to the influence of the pictures. All doings can grow into habits, and the picture habit is one of the most regrettable and injurious, as far as boys and girls are concerned. To see a good picture, an instructive picture, or a comic picture now and then, will only do a sensible child good, and be the cause of laudable merriment, but the constant and regular attendance at the pictures on several nights and Saturday afternoons of each week, can only lead to the physical, moral, and nervous failure of the child. Games are the rational sets-off to work. That is what makes games so varied amongst civilised peoples. The nature of their work is so varied.

Of course, there are other factors that have to be taken into account now. Games are played to amuse or recreate onlookers, games are played for gain, and thus become business concerns. We are not concerned with these, nor with indoor games, nor games for adults, or aged people.

We are concerned with school games. Now, all school games are chosen first of all according to suitability of the season. Tradition is strong there. No school would think of playing cricket, or football, out of season.

Such games, in the first place, were chosen, wisely, on account of their suitability to the weather. So, in a large manner, with the other outdoor games.

In the next place, games are chosen to suit the local conditions—conditions of playing areas, etc. That is a most important consideration in school games—see how wisely the Department has provided nice playing areas for us and S.H.S.!

The next consideration is that of the boys who are to take part. Some boys need, and can benefit by, quite violent games. Others would be injured by attempting to participate in them, and must have games of a much gentler character.

Lastly, there is the consideration of the boys' temperament. That is not usually considered sufficiently, and is much more important than is usually thought.

Now that discussion puts us in a position to state what games are for, and to discuss our several games, so that boys who will take good advice may choose more wisely than in the past. Games are sets-off to work; therefore, a city boy who is a good student needs more outdoor games than a country boy who, though a good student, naturally gets more outdoor work. The corollary is that the better and keener the student, the more the games he needs. A couple of our good students at the present time are looking knocked out, altogether "weedy," for the want of sensible exercise.

Games are meant to develop the body, both internally and externally. Weak lungs, weak stomachs can be cured by proper exercises. Thin arms and legs, flat chests and curved backs can be righted by suitable exercise and massage. The normal boy is improved, the sub-normal is made normal. Is that a good plea for rational games? Most games need skill—the trained body, the quick brain, the sharp eye; indeed, the co-ordination of brain and body. What more do you want? Several games need control of passions—they excite some passions—control is needed for success—control is taught. No training is better! Many games teach team work—the sinking of self for the good of the whole. Such is citizenship in its earliest form. Some games need pluck—however, we doubt if pluck can be taught—it comes naturally. Well, there is an array of argument for the participation of each boy in some games, and an argument for the school taking up and regulating games.

Now let us criticise, in brief, a few of our games and recreations.

Cricket—the national British game—trains in body and brain—trains in nerve—trains in sacrifice—trains in team work; vide Armstrong and the present Australian team. We are not suited to it, on account of having no facilities for playing it.

Rugby Football—a game for the already strong—is too strenuous to build a boy up. It trains in quick thinking and quick acting. It needs endurance, and control of temper. It trains excellently in team work. It is not recommended to boys under nine stone, nor to boys under fifteen years. Tradition keeps it going in many schools.

Soccer Football—an excellent game for both small and large. It develops quick bodies and brains, particularly quick feet, gives control of temper, and is excellent in team work. It is strongly recommended to all boys before taking up Rugby.

Baseball—the national American game—has never taken a great hold here. It teaches quickness of brain and body, needs self-control, team work and sacrifice is a special feature.

Tennis—the world's universal game—develops every muscle in the body, needs stamina and nerve, a quick eye and active brain, does not give the training in temper control nor team work that football and cricket give. The expense of the game hinders our activities. It is very suitable for girls.

Swimming, diving, etc., are very suitable for hot weather—being also the best trainer of the muscles, for they exercise every one, and cleanse the body at the same time. These exercises do not develop the brain, or sacrifice, or team work as do the team games. It is not a game, but a recreation. You can find out the difference.

AN INTERESTING TRIP.

Rugby League III. paid a short visit to Katoomba, to engage the local High School. We left Sydney on Friday morning by the 8.27. Everyone caught the train. We always do. Two carriages accommodated the party comfortably, and gave good room for necessary movement to keep us in good form. We enjoyed the run to Penrith, though the country, after historic old Parramatta is passed, is not very enticing. From Penrith the real interest began. It was all worth while—was it not? How easy to sit in a carriage and ascend the now easy mountain grade; but what of the first explorers to pick out the right ridges? We took two hours from Penrith. Wentworth, Lawson, and Blaxland took eighteen days, and then hurried, and were helped by good luck. Good luck to them indeed! We soon made ourselves at home at Katoomba, and, after lunch at the Niagara, walked to the ground—the Recreation Ground, is you please—down, down in the hollow somewhere. It did not look inviting to fall on. Davies and Hughes were quite relieved to take the line. We lined up, so that the others could put a team in not too big, and our manager accepted one just about a stone heavier all round. Katoomba started with a rush, and a few scrums, and shoved poor Smiles, Bulgin, Lane and Co. all over the dust-heap, and then one long fellow broke away, and no one could get near him. It was whispered that our fastest man did not like diving among the bricks, and quite right, too. However, we settled down a little, and from a nice rush Cox centred, and as Katoomba knew little of such tactics, we had a line of four to one, and Pailam scored a good try, which McLaren converted. From that we never looked back. They were not so very big after all, and were very short of wind. Our manager says we played a very fine game in parts, and threw the ball about well. All did well, though Patterson was caught with the ball too much, and a couple of forwards were clumsy. Smiles, McCallum, and Lane were the pick of the forwards, while Foster, as half, was excellent. You should see him side-step. Everyone can see him doing it long before he does it. Ballam was out on his own as a tactician, and with McNicol, Lawler, and Cox, did many excellent things. We won by 23 to 6, much to the disgust of the fair local barrackers. The housing problem was quickly settled, and the notorious nine separated from the celebrated six, while the orphan went sorrowfully on his way—caught by a friend. Justice to baths and dinner, and then the pictures. Home just before lights out, and all ready for a good rest.

Saturday morning all did the round trip—Leura, Federal Pass, Katoomba Falls. It was a great revelation to those who had not been before—very grand, and very big. After lunch we motored to Echo Point, the Marked Tree, and Gordon Falls. We are mostly agreed that the last is the finest look-out of the lot. Back in time for dinner, and then the train for home. But let us tell you that the notorious nine were asked to stay till Sunday. We don't know how anyone could have refused our kind friend Mrs. Fullerton when she put it so nicely—it was so, however. The celebrated six were also cordially invited to remain and see more of the mountains, and were congratulated on their fine bearing. It was said, however, that our parents had been told when to expect us, and there we should be. The train made good pace, but did not reach the city too soon for a rather tired, but happy, lot of boys.

HUNTING IN THE HILLS.

Jack, who lived in the country, and I, who lived in the city, were sitting on a log in sight of the homestead, which stood in front of the mountain called Terrible Billy. We were wondering whether we could get the best sport on Terrible Billy, which lay on the left, or on Bald Mountain, on the right, and so called because of its bare top.

Suddenly we were aroused by a rustling sound behind, and, looking up, we saw a large brown snake, pursued by Moe, the sheep dog, making for the log where we were sitting. Up we sprang, and I grabbed a stick. "Watch me poke this fellow out," said I, and before he could speak I had rammed the stick into the log. Out came the snake along the stick like greased lightning, and with a yell I bounded away, catching my foot in a stump at the same time. Over I went, but kept a speed upon all fours; when I was arrested by a roar of laughter. Looking around, I saw Jack helpless with laughter, the snake having disappeared.

"Never poke a stick in the same end as the snake goes in," said Jack, as soon as he could look serious, "because it always turns round on entering."

Getting over our little excitement, we decided to go up Bald Mountain, taking Moe with us, and Lass, the cattle dog. We had not gone far when off bounded the dogs in pursuit of a fat goanna, that was nearly too full to climb a tree near by. "You keep under here with the dogs, while I poke him down," said Jack, as he commenced to climb the tree. "Be ready now," he exclaimed, prodding the goanna at the same time. But it was now my turn to laugh, for Mr. Goanna had been breakfasting at our hens' nests, and he emptied his breakfast over poor Jack, who came to earth, instead of the goanna.

We continued up the hill, and, when about half-way up, the dogs began to yelp, and soon they came tearing round the hill after a rock wallaby. They disappeared from sight, and soon we heard them barking. "Hullo!" said Jack, "they have got him up a tree." We hurried in that direction, and found the wallaby sitting well out on a leaning tree, with the dogs barking at the foot.

"I'll go up the tree, and you be ready underneath with the dogs, for when I get near him, he'll jump off," said Jack.

The wallaby jumped off, but no sooner had he hit the ground than the dogs were on him.

We skinned him, and made our way farther up the mountain. Again we heard the dogs yelping. This time a big black wallaroo came bounding along. Soon we heard the dogs barking savagely. "Good," says Jack. "They've bailed him up, but hurry up, or he'll kill the dogs." We were soon in sight of the place, and there was the wallaroo bailed up on a ledge of rocks. As we approached, we saw him with Moe in his arms, endeavouring to throw him over the rocks. Lass grabbed the 'roo by the tail. He immediately dropped Moe, and turned on her; and so the fight went on, until Jack landed the wallaroo one good blow on the side of the head with a stick. The dogs soon finished him.

After we had skinned the wallaroo, as we were feeling rather "peckish," we set off homeward. I still have the wallaroo and wallaby skins, and use them as mats, but the skins of the snake and goanna are still probably running about the bush.

PATTERN MAKING.

In this article I hope to explain the making of patterns for simple castings, such as would be required by the average amateur.

Briefly, the casting to be reproduced is generally made first as a wood, composition (fibre, etc.), or metal pattern. This pattern is embedded in sand, which forms the mould. The pattern is then taken out of the sand,

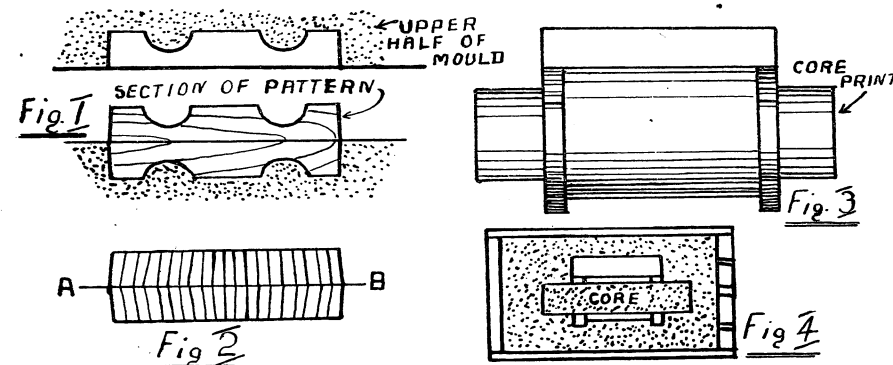
leaving an exact impression of its shape. The mould is then closed, and the molten metal is poured into it through a hole left for the purpose. When the metal has cooled, the mould is opened, and the casting removed.

Suppose a pattern for a pulley wheel is required. The pattern must be made so that it can be withdrawn from the mould without damaging the impression formed.

It is evident, then, that the pattern will be placed in the mould, or flask, as in Fig. 1, the pattern tapering from the centre line AB, Fig. 2, so as to leave a perfect impression in the sand.

The pattern can be made of any close-grained wood—beech or redwood being preferable—and varnished with shellac varnish.

Frequently a hole is required cast through a piece of metal. The best way to do this is to have pieces of wood left projecting from the pattern where the hole is desired, and of the same shape as the required hole. These



"core prints" leave their impressions in the sand, and the "core" made of sand is dropped in these impressions. The core prints are painted black, so that they may be distinguished from the rest of the pattern.

The best example of coring is in a steam engine cylinder. The pattern is shown in Fig. 3, and the lower half of the mould (looking downwards) ready for pouring, in Fig. 4.

Any boy can make a pattern by bearing in mind the way the pattern is to lie in the sand, and then give it the necessary taper, or draft, in order that it might be easily withdrawn.

Metal shrinks upon cooling, therefore allowance must be made for this, and also for subsequent machining when making the pattern.

—K.J.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

H.B.—Your archive had no new ideas in it; we publish a fresh one this issue.

"KUNSTLER" (3A).—Well drawn; but we want to get away from the football sketches for a while. Give other sports a chance.

R.W.—"A Trip to Brisbane." We do not like turning your article down again; but the English is trashy.

J.L.—"The Yarn." That's all. It is rather too hot!

S.G.D. (R.A.).—Subject good, but borrowed. Give your inventive and imaginative talents a trial.

P.C.A. (1E).—Cleverly put together, but hardly suitable.

P.K. (2D).—"A Friend Indeed." Good idea, but the narration is not nearly as lively as the theme.

W.P. (R.A.).—Too romantic. Your brain must have been in a queer state of strain. But your subject is novel.

We congratulate 2B as a class on the number of articles submitted by them; most were of a fair standard, but there was rather a sameness in subject. This applies generally. We can, in such cases, publish only the best; so that it is a good fault. Keep it up, 2B! And, other classes, see if you can't beat them next time!

L. SAXBY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Wontano."—Your fears are well-founded. The Editor has had personal experience in this matter, and has often sat in the circumstances you mention. The photo. entitled "Our 'Arbour'" was actually taken in what we are blushing to call the PLAYGROUND. The boys are T.H.S. boys, and, although they may have thought the incident comical, at the time, we venture to say that not one of them wishes to see such a condition of things again. The scene depicted is by no means uncommon; in fact, it may be seen after any short period of wet weather. The boys are often compelled to sit in school with wet boots, as not many of them like to take their boots off. It is surprising that their physique remains so good. In dry and windy weather they suffer the reverse, their lungs becoming full of dust.

S. Glease (1D).—Pleased to see you are so interested. In fact, yours was the only response given on the occasion. But, after consideration, we think that the present system of distribution of articles in the "Journal" very satisfactory. A good way to "boost" the "Journal" would be to raise the standard of contributions.

L. R. S.

THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—I think all schoolboys should remember this poem in time of need. It is not original, but written by a soldier:—

DON'T.

If you are tempted to reveal,
A tale someone had told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, Three Gates of Gold.
Three narrow gates: First, is it true?
Then, is it needful? In your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next,
Is last and narrowest—Is it kind?
And if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

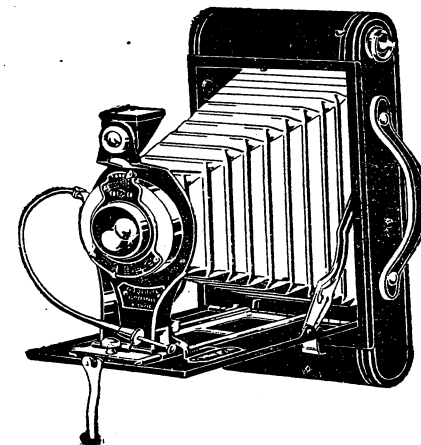
H.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the following magazines as exchanges:—Fort St., East Maitland, North Sydney, Sydney High, Adelaide High, Grafton High, University High, Broken Hill High, St. George High.

All omissions are apologised for. These magazines may be seen in the reference library any dinner hour.

C. S. CLAYTON, Business Manager.



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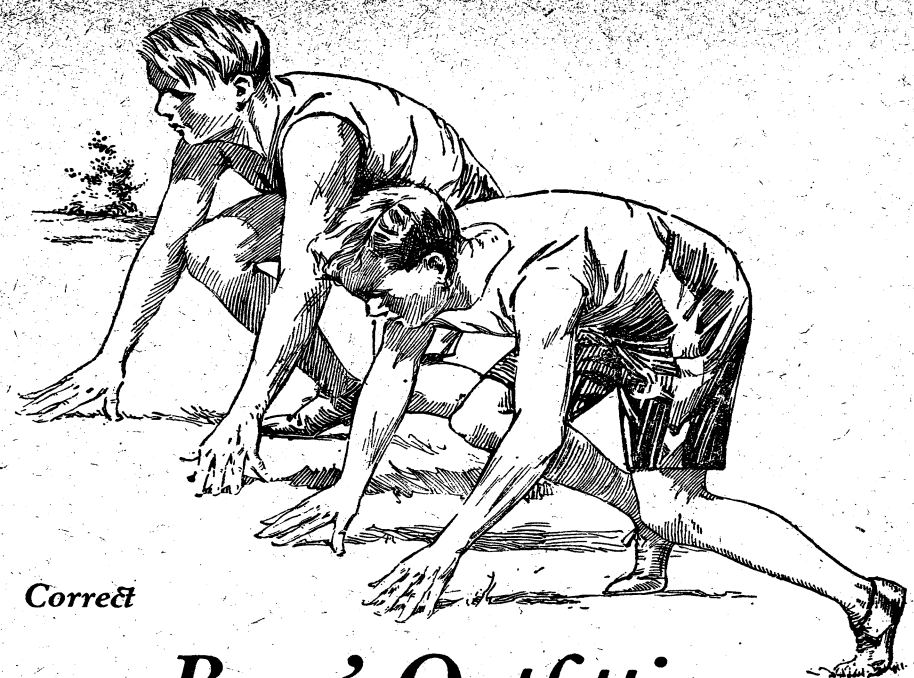
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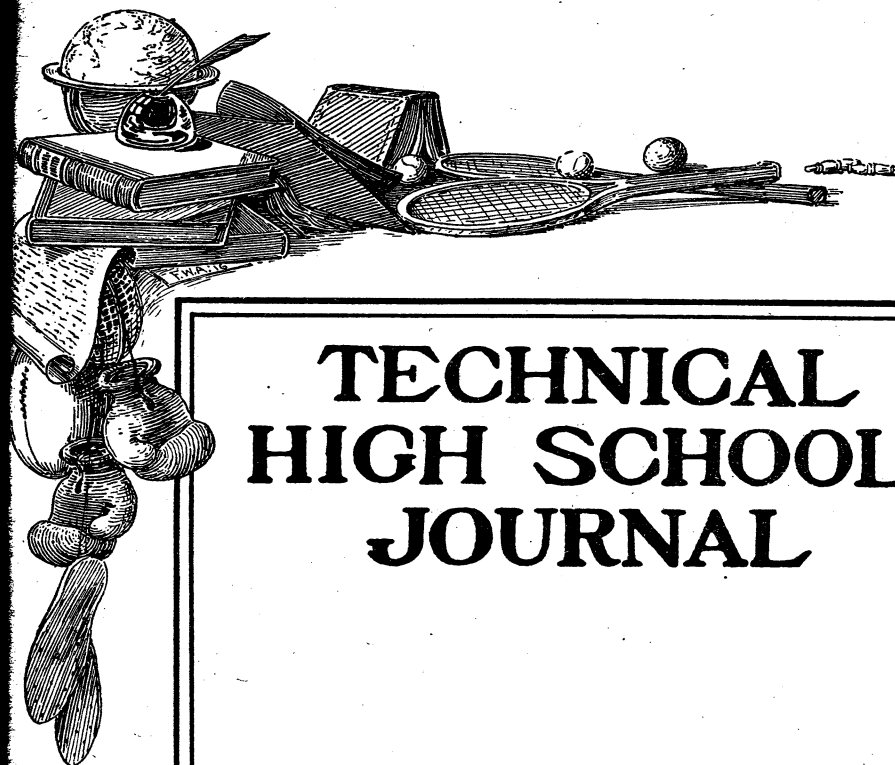
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TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

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No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1921.

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The Technical High School Journal

VOL VI

DECEMBER 1921.

No. 3.



EDITORIAL INK

With the advent of the last issue of the "Journal," we take the opportunity of wishing all those who have been sitting for examinations the best of success, and the whole school a good time in the coming vacation. We record our thanks to those who have yielded their best endeavours in the interest of the school—whether in sport, scholarship, or support of the school clubs and functions. The school is always thankful to such supporters of its various phases of life, and we assure those who work for it that their endeavours and efforts are never resultless or unrecognised.

Those in the school who have gone through all the stages of High School life, and are now about to seek "fresh fields," we feel sure, join in extending their good wishes for the future of the old school. They have much to be grateful for; for has not the school had a marked influence on their future, and been of great help to them in preparing them for the warfare of life? They and others who have already made their mark in life as the result of their labours in the school, have set an example which boys would do well to heed, and follow. There are many at the University now who realise in what a large measure the school is responsible for their brilliant achievements, and if others had the same conviction now, they would regard anything that they may do for the school's good in an entirely different light, taking a pleasure and pride in it, rather than giving of that which is not their best, and giving that grudgingly. Pride of school, and a knowledge of what the school is to the individual, will doubtless lead to work *for* the school, and the production and maintenance of that necessity in every boy's life—school spirit—which will in turn produce that keen pride and love of country and Empire, which for long has bound and held together a Commonwealth of Nations of which we all may well be proud.

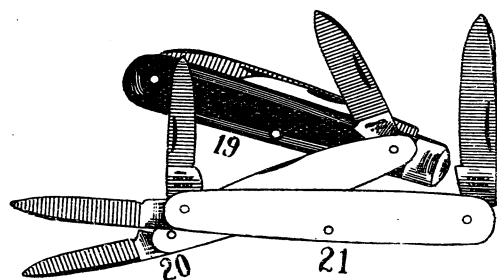
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3B—A. T. A. Irwin, D. M. Smith.

2A—R. C. Smith, J. H. Lawler,

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2C—L. C. Kirk, J. M. Munro.

2D—K. Reynolds, M. Plummer.

2E—F. Davies, F. Rigney.

RA—H. Towns, G. Brooke.

1A—A. Tayler, R. Hughes.

1B—R. Stuart, A. Watson.

1C—G. Thompson, J. R. Davidson.

1D—D. Wiley, R. Bromley.

1E—W. Reid, K. Foster.

SO NEAR—.

Evening: the setting sun
 Sinks 'neath the tree-tops, lends a lurid light
 To field and forest, verdant hill and plain,
 And lowering storm-clouds, threat'ning that the night
 Will scarce be fallen, ere the drenching rain,
 The lightning's glare, the thunder's awful crash,
 And all the vestments of the gath'ring storm,
 While Night assumes her darkest, dreadest form,
 Shall clothe the scene with dazzling flare and flash;
 And while he gazes at th' approaching rack,
 The sunset fades, its splendor turns to gloom;
 The blood-red changes to the inkiest black,
 And Night reigns o'er the place in daylight's room;
 —Another night begun!

Midnight: the storm is past;
 With weary, sunken eyes he looks above,
 And ponders on the many days gone by;
 How on his lonely way he sternly strove,
 Scorning the thought of being left to die—
 Left in the wilds, in barren, stony ground,
 Left 'mid the trees that, rising, tower o'er all,
 Here in the undergrowth asleep to fall,
 Apart from human hearing, sight or sound.
 O'erhead the clouds divide; the moon appears
 Flooding the earth below with softest light;
 But in his mind the moments seem like years,
 And all his hopes are merged in deepest night—
 Oh, may this be the last!

Dawn: and a gentle breeze
 Breathes on the meadow, whispers to the leaves,
 Wakens the birds, and bids them raise their song;
 The raindrops hanging from the forest eaves
 Sparkle and gleam the hillside all along;
 What cares he for the glories of the dawn?
 Distract and broken-hearted, in his mind
 He pictures home, and loved ones left behind,
 From whom he must—thus early—soon be torn.
 He starts. The breeze which has the vapours curled
 Up to the heavens from the vale below
 Will waft his spirit to another world—
 Or, in his fevered state, he fancies so—
 And give it, soon, its ease.

Noon: and the sun beats down.
 Relentless on a pasture-robed earth,
 Shedding a radiant, brilliance all round,
 Shining alike on sorrow and on mirth,
 Smiling where sullen Night hath darkly frowned,
 Just as the farmer strolls into his field,
 Gazing at his green wealth, and thinking—Hark!
 Why doth his dog so suddenly 'gin bark?
 What is there in his waving crop conceal'd?
 He looks—and, lo! a traveller, way-worn!
 He listens anxiously for sound of breath.
 No sound! No move! Drown'd in that sea of corn!
 Wasted, and spent—this sleep is one of death—
 The spirit, at last, is flown.

—L.R.S. (4A.)

SCHOOL NOTES.

The School Honour Boards in Room 18 will probably be brought up to date by the time this journal is issued. Many fresh names will have been added. The School extends heartiest congratulations to the honoured ones.

* * * * *

Examinations for the year are over; Masters are very busy going through the papers, and entering up results. We wish the deserving ones of First Year the coveted double promotion into the Intermediate Classes of 1922. Most Third Year students bear already the responsible and serious air of the "Augusti" of Fourth Year.

Senior Cadets who are leaving the School should immediately notify the Area Officer, Drill Hall, Millers Point, either personally, or in writing, informing him of their correct addresses, and returning all cadet equipment.

* * * * *

That the School Orchestra is still very much alive was shown by their public appearance recently at a Waverley entertainment. The efforts of the performers were greatly appreciated, encores being frequent. Stabback and Co. are to be complimented.

* * * * *

Fourth Year students fittingly closed their school careers at a launch picnic on the 3rd inst. The Masters concerned were invited, and a very happy gathering resulted. The T.H.S. wishes its outgoing members the best of success in their new sphere of work.

* * * * *

The school appreciates the services of the lads who throughout the year manage the Tuck Shop. Much patience and persistent effort are required from those who, under the supervision of Mr.

Atkins, run this important institution. A. Lyttle, F. Gosden, F. K. Giraud, G. Clark, W. Black, and A. Duthie have done this work well this year.

* * * * *

The Library is another school feature calling for constant attention. Mr. Keys has been ably assisted during 1921 by A. Harrison, R. Mort, and J. Cameron. We take this chance of reminding any boys with books out of the necessity of returning same at once.

* * *

Third Year boys, who have satisfactorily completed their course of study, and who desire to enter the Diploma Classes at the Sydney Technical College, may secure a certificate on application to the Headmaster. The certificate is of attractive appearance, having been designed by the College printing staff, to whom the school is greatly indebted for this, as for past favours.

A SNAKE—HIS DINNER AND HIS OLD COAT.

In Queensland, a 12ft. python, which had been shot, was found to contain a wallaby as large as a sheep. The process of swallowing such a large mammal is very interesting.

Pythons kill their prey by strangulation or constriction. The python reduces its victim to a comparatively soft mass by throwing the coils of its body around its prey, and constricting its muscles.

The teeth of a python are curved downwards and backwards towards its throat. So as to still avoid any possible obstruction from hair or projections, the creature is swallowed head first. The wind-pipe is so constructed that it slips out of place, and so allows breathing to continue when the throat happens to be blocked with food.

The actual process of swallowing is very slow, but it is aided by the large quantity of saliva, with which the object is slimed. Even then, at first sight, it seems impossible for such a mass to pass through the jaws of a snake; but Nature has provided for this. Not only the upper and lower jaws, but all the bones in a snake's head are absolutely free from one another, being connected by very strong but elastic ligaments; hence they may be stretched to an almost incredible extent. The skin, too, is very elastic, and stretches till it is quite transparent—the scales looking like little spangles on the stretched skin.

The snake remains in a state of semi-torpor for many days, sometimes weeks, until the process of digestion is complete. The undigested bones are brought back and cast.

The casting of a skin is also interesting. When the old coat has become uncomfortable, the growing snake prepares to shed it. He takes a little rest to think it over. Then he splits the skin above the lip, and proceeds to wriggle slowly through the grass, which catches on the skin and peels it off him as he wriggles along. The skin is generally found inside out, and often quite unbroken.

There is a specimen at the Museum of a skin which was found freakishly rolled up like a sock.

N. GALPIN, 3A. (Winner 5/- Prize.)



Class
Notes



4A.—At the close of our school life, we feel that the task of penning a few notes, however brief, is a difficult one. Of course, we know that the Tech. "goes on for ever," even if we do not; and that's some consolation. At least, we mean that as long as the Tech. lasts it is doomed to stick in the dust, and so it has great prospects of going on for a long while. Our remembrances of the "old 'ole" are quite naturally the most pleasant, and the savour of the quaint and gentle touch of humour of our great "witticist"—excuse the term—will go with us to season the most unsavoury of dishes which the dim distant future may provide.

We received a somewhat sudden and astounding surprise a few weeks ago, when the worthy prenominate gentleman, who has been regularly reminding us of our mental degeneracy all the year, suddenly blew into the home of learning, and informed us that "we were not so bad a lot as we were made out to be, after all," and he wished us success in the Leaving. He was, to use his own pet phrase, "on a winner"; ask the Honours Maths and Physics candidates.

We are of the opinion that the examiners must have accepted our challenge of the last issue; however, we expect to come out super-victorious; our exponents of the "jazzing" art, also our German faggists, Bill, the Doctor, and others, are hoping to work miracles.

Hamlet, Ophelia, Shakespeare, Ruskin, and Stevenson are all dead. So is the study of their works—at least, for a time. Inquisitive questioners might wonder what the works of the first two are, but we are afraid to enlighten them. If you want to know, visit some of our number who have required optical aid during the year.

Perhaps we will appear in the Journal next year as "Old Boys." Till then we bid the young boys adieu.

* * * * *

3A.—Experience has taught us that, although it may seem easy, the writing of class notes is very difficult. One must steer straight, for, like Ulysses, he has to keep an alert eye on Charybdis, and with the other beware of Scylla. One must not be personal, must not write other classes' notes, etc.; but, on the other hand, if one does not do these things, the notes fall flat, and are too lame to be worth anything. Recognising these difficulties, and realising the lack of interest in the class, one member of the staff made the boys spend a period in writing something for the Journal, so that we might have "decent notes this time." The joy of the reps., however, was quickly changed to con-

sternation and dismay when an examination of the contributions showed that fifteen were about hand-ball and the remainder about the approaching exam.

There are three items which are at present occupying 3A's mind. It is said that coming events cast their shadows before, and consequently 3A can only think of: 1. Fagging, 2. Fagging, 3. Fagging. One lad, our champion "Door-opener," is so occupied with fagging that he has altogether forgotten to come to school. The persuasive power of some boys in our class is astounding, and some teachers are dropping hints (dreadful threatening hints) left and right. One teacher, however, is immune from our attacks, as we know that he will only acquaint us with the fact that if we "know our book" we will be safe. And yet this is the best hint we could get, for the scope of the examination is limited to the book, and if we know that, we know all. We are also told that the twenty-first will be our Waterloo, and advised to be Wellingtons, not Napoleons; it is pretty evident that he has never heard of Bill Adams. 3A expects to keep up to the high standard it set for itself last examination, and live up to its reputation. We certainly have a pull over 3B, who as yet have made no incursions into that "monstrous mathematical maze of mystery, meant for muddling masterful minds," as one boy put it. I refer to the Calculus.

One teacher was heard to remark that "the moon is not made of green cheese." Three questions have been brought forward bearing on this subject: 1. Has he been there? 2. If so, when did he go? 3. How did he get there?

One fine day our humorist drew the teacher's attention to the leg of a chair. On being asked what was the matter with it, he said, "It's got no chair to it!" This same witty youth has now determined to save the drama from oblivion. With this end in view he wrote a short comedy the other day, and (to imitate Hudson) although the construction is crude, the style faulty, and the puns and conceits strained, there is much promise in the work, and great dramatic power is suggested. His emulation of Shakespeare is very exact, for that bard also began his career with insulting verse.

Behold the fallen angels! Someone called us angels, but five minutes later somebody else told us we had fallen, and although our Guardian Angel has since prevented him from saying that again, somehow I fancy he still holds that opinion. For once he has failed to ask: "Did you fall, or were you pushed?"

Our latest movement, the "Rise before Eight Club," which was inaugurated about a week ago, is the outcome of a severe homily on punctuality one Monday morning. The leading lights of the Club, —, —, and —, were formerly the most sleepy of sleepers-in. The rules of the Club are: 1. Rise before eight o'clock. 2. Get to school in time. The enthusiastic president has informed us that the badge is a happy shining face and a healthy sprightly look.

As regards sport, I think 3A can easily lay claim to the title of the most sporting class in the school. At the Sports last October 3A had more than its quota of prize-winners. Feening secured second place in the 100 yards School Championship, and was third in the senior 220 yards, and second in the class handicap. That "dark horse," Bultitude, was third in the open 440 yards, and won the class handicap, while Bourne was second in the half-mile bicycle race.

Cricket is one of the most popular games with 3A. We opened the season by defeating 3B by eight wickets, due to the good all-round play of Bill, who, with Ennever, represents the class in the Firsts, and we have also many enthusiastic third-graders.

Swimming, too, plays an important part in our sporting life. All our good performers are preparing for the coming carnivals, and 3A expects to be

in its usual position—in front. Gosden, Black and Masey are going to New-castle, and will perhaps represent the school in the C.H.S.

In every sphere of school activity 3A is well represented. The dominating character at the Michaelmas camp was undoubtedly "Hiram." On looking over this year's work and taking everything into account, 3A can honestly say that it has worked steadily in all branches of school life, and is well prepared in every way for next year's solid fag.

* * * *

3B.—The time of struggle approaches, and we are now preparing to give battle to and defeat the furious attacks of the forces of General Examination. The necessity for writing Journal Notes arises, and although time is precious, we must cast books aside for a brief period to give an account of the doings of the class. First, however, we would like to state our opinion that it would be a better plan to have the last edition of the Journal published earlier in the year.

Schoolwork is still done with great zeal, though many, doubtless, think it a necessary evil. The study of Mathematics is still interesting, as also will be the study of the Exam. Results. English is right enough until the mind reverts to such books as "Hudson's Literature" and "Campbell's Higher English." It is found that after reading the elements of prosody for a couple of hours, the ardent knows as much, or even less, than before, and experiences a serious desire to emulate the Count De Main and Weary Willie.

Sport still holds the interest of most. The cricket match with 3A proved a great success, for, although our opponents won, it indicated that there was no lack of "Esprit de Corps" in the two classes, which 3A never fails to illustrate in its Journal Notes.

In class, everything, with one exception, has been running smoothly of late, and Lami's Theorem, or is it Ptolemy's, shows that the exception proves the rule. On hearing a scarcely audible murmur (curious how the imagination magnifies sound, isn't it?) during the change of lessons, one of the masters demands an apology from the originators of the said murmur. They, as gentlemen, immediately tendered a written apology, which was remarkable for two things—its spelling and the fact that it contained only about twenty-two signatures.

At the Michaelmas "Break-up" 3A and 3B gave a performance of portion of "The Rivals." Mr. Ryan generously undertook the production of the play, and took some pains in obtaining costumes, etc. The most remarkable thing about it was that 3A and 3B buried their hatchets, and for the first time this year worked in conjunction.

It is noteworthy that whenever any attempt is made to enter "fresh fields and pastures new," 3B is always in the van—witness the brilliant exposition of our artist of the subtle hypnotic science at the aforementioned concert.

* * * *

Flourish! Enter 2A.

2A should get some particularly good passes in the Inter.

There is one question that stands out during the every-day school routine in 2A: "Recorder! In how many months' time will the record book be ruled out for last Thursday week?"

One of the most prominent members of our class is a boy, well known under the name of "Will o' the Wisp," who, on very rare occasions, takes it into his head to come to school, and fairly often does so.

2A went through the class Rugby Competition undefeated. We played three matches, the results being:—2A v 2B, won 14-5; 2A v. 2D, won 18-3;

2A v. 2C, won 8-5. The last match was the hardest and best game; both sides played well, but, as usual, 2A proved itself superior.

Cricket and swimming are now in full swing. We are well represented in both sports, since we have many prominent cricketers and some good swimmers, among whom Whiteley, Nathan, Winter, and Morton are most prominent. Our best cricketers are Maidment, Smith, Lawler, and Winter. While talking of sports, we must mention our sports collection. As always happens, 2A came out on top with a collection of over £6, the nearest class to us being more than £1 behind. Our most generous contributor was T. Martyn, who gave one guinea. We must also congratulate Martyn on his gaining second place in the tennis championship. He was narrowly beaten in the final by S. Holt, of 2C, whom we also heartily congratulate.

At the sports meeting Maidment won the 2nd year championship, Smith came second in the junior pole vault, while the unconquerable Moor won the senior pole vault, clearing 9ft. 6in. Cooke ran second in the obstacle race (Cooke can wriggle through the bags and the pig net with great ease), Lawler and Winter also gained places. We won the relay by about thirty yards from 2B, who, wonderful to relate, were placed second. Both the "hundred" and "two-twenty" yards' class handicaps were won by Sare, who was almost home before the rest had started. Smith and Lawler respectively ran second and third in both these events. We fully expect to repeat our usual good performances in the coming swimming carnival.

Before finishing we think that we should say something about our excellent class patron, who has done his utmost towards putting us through the Intermediate in both Maths. We also consider that the School Union should heartily thank him for his patient work of extracting from us our yearly subs. We similarly thank all our other teachers for their excellent tuition during the year, and seeing that this will be the last chance we have (as many of us leave school this year), we extend our good wishes to all other second year classes, and say: "Adieu."

* * * * *

2B.—It is much easier to read and criticise "Class Notes" than to write them, especially when the class is so absorbed in its studies. Even the mural decorations have been cut out. We noticed that another Second Year class attempted to amuse by a taste of its wit. We were amused—much amused—to see their very feeble attempts. We advise them to confine their infantile endeavours to room 18, where the best we have seen was something like this:

"2 — for ever, 2 — never."

That may have meant that they would always remain stationary, and never progress, or vice versa. We incline to both beliefs.

During the term two worthy mates have left us. Howard Bill has found congenial work in the electrical branch of the railway. Bill carried with him the class' best wishes and the teachers' good opinions. Jimmy Campbell left for New Zealand, whence he came, and whither his father's employment took him. Jimmy was very popular. We can't do better than give one teacher's valedictory remarks: "We are all very sorry to lose boys of Campbell's type. It is a pleasure to be associated with them in school, and even a greater pleasure to be with them out of school. Upright, sound and clean in both body and mind, such boys would scorn to do a mean or wrong act. Such boys make the real men of the future—they are the boys worth while."

In lighter vein our Moving Picture column sent J.C. off this way:—

Oh, Jimmy, dear, you left us here
To do our Mathematic(s);
We scratch our ear and think it queer
That the teacher gets erratic (s).

The class is sorry that you left 'em
Behind in "Number five,"
And the sorrow that o'erswept 'em
Left them deader than alive.

Some comrades went to see you off
(Or should I say your sister?)
For some of them they said to me
How greatly have they missed 'er.

You will read these notes after our immediate troubles are over—that is the Intermediate. Our teachers have given us varying chances of success. We trust all names will appear in print later on. Our class patron finished us off to the following effect: "We wish you in the coming examination the greatest success. Such success will depend firstly on your merits, and secondly on your care and examination luck. Success in life is based much the same—firstly there is merit, and secondly there is opportunity. We wish life's success to the boys leaving us this year. The sympathy between teacher and taught in this class has been most marked. It has been a source of pleasure to be associated with you, and it gives me great satisfaction to think that through my poor efforts you may have been benefited in your studies or influenced if ever so slightly to acknowledge the dignity of work, and the rightness of uprightness."

We wish all our year mates success in their examination, and the Staff and T.H.S. boys the very merriest of Xmas times.

* * * * *

2C.—"In sooth I know not why I am so sad" each 2C lad is murmuring just now, and then realising that the exams. are turning his brain, he bucks up and makes the amazing discovery, saying, "I am to learn," showing at the same time his capacity for Shakespeare. 2C fellows anxiously eye the time with such gloomy forebodings that, though they may hear a fine joke, "they'll not show their teeth in way of smile, Though Nestor swear the joke be laughable." But out upon the welling fears of exam. reflections! We are quite resigned to our fates. There are others that no longer find amusement in a good game of windball, but sit with hands behind backs, stand-at-ease fashion, and gape, and their faces are so interesting that even the most austere flock rather quickly to the queer spectacles and, with a curiosity so remarkable and an interest so intense, examine them, even pulling them from their seats. What rare phenomenon of manner has made our Third year brethren act so unusually, for they act so roughly that "we have much ado to know ourselves."

"Top-dog" in French, we secured a high place in English in the examination. Well, enough for study—now for sport!

Again our famous exponent in tennis, Samuel Holt, is school champion (Congratulations, Sam!), while Teddy and Elliot B. have become fine tennis supporters and players. Nicholson, Saunders and Lowes are our delegates at the court of King Cricket.

We anticipate a great artist in Leslie L., who now wears a brush-back and a choking bow-tie. (Talking of brush-backs, they are, indeed, contagious!)

2C wishes to correct the "sapient" class in their proclaiming wrongly the dux of second year after the first second year exam. It was Joe Baker, whom we most heartily congratulate and applaud for upholding his position in the recent test. We also congratulate as a good second Kline of 2B.

2D.—The bell clangs for the last lap, and 2D, raising its weary head, puts all into a final sprint. Not to say that we have not been working steadily all the year, but one of our teachers has impressed on us the importance of a good finish, so we are determined not to show the "yellow streak" at the end.

C. Munro again topped the class last exam., as, indeed, he has done in every yearly and half-yearly exam. for which he has sat since he entered the school. However, as those who read these "Notes" doubtless hear too much of exams., we will leave the subject and talk (or rather write) of something more sensible. (Applause.)

We are very pleased to know that D. Cameron's advice has been acted upon, and we now have a Stamp Club in full swing.

The natives of T.H.S. were recently greatly surprised by the arrival of an aeroplane, or, more correctly, the pieces thereof. One of the many reasons given by the aforesaid T.H.S. natives for this above-mentioned arrival was that the aeroplane, on completion, was to be used on such occasions as Speech Day, to enable certain delinquents to scale the heights of the back fence without incurring the risk of becoming appended thereto by the tenacity of the barbed wire appertaining thereto.

We embrace this occasion to relate how we have discovered two things: (a) That those mighty beings, teachers, are not altogether infallible. (b) The truth of Portia's words, "I can easier teach twenty what were good to do than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." It happened thus: One of our scholars quite accidentally (of course) let the awful word "bluff" escape his lips, and was instantly "roared up" by the teacher, who in the very next breath, so to say, told another scholar he'd like to "STOUCHE" him. What's the world coming to?

Well, time's short, "Inter's" very close, and those noisy 2E-ites are clamouring behind the scenes for their turn before the footlights, so, wishing all our 2nd year comrades the best of luck in the forthcoming "Inter.," we will now make our bow.

* * * * *

2E.—The day arrives, with valiant mien
2E sets forth, cheered with a strain
Of martial music, to overcome
The—Intermediate.

No, we are not down-hearted; on the contrary, we are eagerly anticipating the forthcoming exam., so that we may show the other classes who are taking three years for the Intermediate course what 2E can do.

All teachers entertain the highest opinions of us—ahem!—and they are doubtlessly correct; in fact, we are so brilliant in French that Mr. B——— has undertaken to instruct us in that sparkling and vivacious language.

But our remarkable abilities are not confined to one subject, for we are already Architects or Draughtsmen, if our exceedingly technical drawings be taken to account.

Yet for all our dazzling scholastic achievements, we do not neglect the other side of school life, for in the recent school sports many of the prizes outside of the class events were won by us.

E. Lee won the remarkable honour of coming first in the half-mile bicycle race, and Hoy won the junior cadet high jump. In the class events we made a particularly fine show, all of us (except one) wearing proper sports rig, and, according to Mr. S———, we appeared to be a gorgeous flower patch, with our gay maroon and blue running shorts, and in some cases singlets to match.

We have also some important entries in the coming P.S.A.A.A. Swimming Carnival, and we are relying on H. Coutts to bring home some honours

both for The School, and incidentally 2E. When the School Swimming Carnival arrives, 2E. of 1921, will be no more, but all of us who stay on, and continue into Third Year, will be together, for we shall be the highest class of Third Year.

But, farewell—we valiantly set forth to vanquish that fiery dragon, the Intermediate, and by the time the next Journal is issued, we hope that we will be able to announce our success.

* * * * *

R.A.—

A great class of scholars,
With athletes galore,
And with all who oppose them
They just wipe the floor.

"Sola! Sola! Wo, ha, ha! Sola! Sola!"—Enter R.A. The result of the Yearly Examination was received with great joy(!!!) by our patron, who, we are glad to say, has now recovered from his severe illness, which necessitated his absence during the past few weeks. All being sure of passing the Intermediate, we stood down for the lesser lights to have a look in.

To turn to Sport. We have two Third-graders in Cricket, and both are doing well, Ryan our Swimming Champion, is going to Newcastle, and we wish him success.

During one Metal-work period, we discovered how to temper lathe tools, and believe the colours are yellow, brown, purple and blue.

We recently lost two of our most prominent Citizens in the persons of Messrs. Garland and Simpson.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Sullivan for the way he has brought us on in French. We have all improved considerably under his sympathetic teaching.

As we are studying for the "Intermediate," we will now close until the next issue of the Journal.

* * * * *

1A is at present gathering up all its energy for the last hurdle, and the finishing post of 1921. The hurdle is the coming Yearly Examination, and those unfortunates who fail to clear it, drop into the Remove Year, or, perhaps, as the Christmas season is drawing nigh, we could be courteous and call it 2F. I don't think we will have many representatives there, however. We are certainly doing our best to repeat our success of last term, and by doing so, show 1B that it was no "fluke," as they think it was.

That will do for the scholastic side of 1A, because I will not give away trade secrets.

In the School Sports, 1A. just about beat the rest, I think. Our champion runner, Bayfield, wiped the floor or, rather, the Sports Ground, with the rest of the Junior Cadet Section, and broke C. Madden's record for the Broad Jump. He collected a very considerable share of the prize money. R. Hughes tied for second in the Junior High Jump, and A. Taylor won the Mile "Bike" Handicap, and came third in the Half-Mile Bike Race. R. Roebuck won the 100 yards Class Handicap. T. Lloyd won the 220 yards Class Handicap, with Paterson a close second.

Paterson, the bowler who smashed eight of Sydney High's wickets for six runs in the 3A. grade team, and McEwan in the 3rd Bs.

In the cricketing circle, we have S. McLaren, the star batsman, and Keilty and Inch were runners-up in the First Year Doubles in tennis.

We have lost our famous giant, "Abe" Mee, since the holidays, and now the Waverley contingent is without its leader, and is very subdued.

Mr. B— had a great surprise the other day: Wedderburn actually brought his English book twice running. The class had begun to regard "Wedders" English book as a myth, but seeing was believing.

During the Michaelmas holidays 1A. had a trip up the Lane Cove, and some of the party explored the mud-banks till we reached Fairyland, but certain other members were quite disappointed at not finding any.

Quite recently we had another trip, this time to Prospect Reservoir. Both trips were organised by Mr. Berry, to whom we give our thanks in appreciation of his interest in us, both in school and out of it.

* * * *

1B.—Far be it from us to sound our own praises, but we feel it our plain duty to mention that, for superiority in sport, attainments in scholarship, excellence in conduct—in short, for all the great qualities that give promise of good citizenship—one really must be recommended to 1B.

The feeling of fellowship is intensely strong in 1B. Never would a 1B.-ite turn down a mate in trouble. Even K—, at his shrillest, is not quarrelling with a neighbour. He is merely flattering him, though, to the uninitiated, come visions of violent and horrible endings.

Humour and wit abound in our class. Bright and cheerful are our smiles, deep and hearty our laughter. Certain teachers complain of our lack of seriousness, and make all manner of caustic remarks about it. But why should we add to the gloom of the world? We will not if we know it, anyway.

Swimming has come in again with the warm weather. It is sad to see the looks of envy on the faces of the other, first years when they see the graceful dives of Stuart and the long, powerful overarm strokes of Watson.

In class football the class has a creditable record indeed. After winning a series of brilliant matches, we gained second place for the year. 1C. beat us, and they deserve credit for it. It was a mighty feat to perform. Aird, Moulton, Stuart and Watson represented the class in the Fifth Grade Union Competition.

In athletics we have nought to be ashamed of. Though we did not secure the Junior Cadet medal at our sports, Mitchell and Haile came very close to winning it.

The season still finds us unbeaten in cricket. 2E., 1C., 1E., and 1D. have all brought their legions against us, and have had to admit defeat. Before the terrific bowling of Aird—our captain—Mitchell and Wrench, our opponents' stumps "were mowed down like grass before the scythe." At least, that is how the leading daily papers described it.

Hyslop wields the willow in no uncertain fashion, and against the doughtiest bowlers 1E. could muster, he scored 86, not out.

This ends 1B.'s chronicle for the issue, and we close with a hearty wish for pleasant holidays for everyone.

1C.—

Hoop Rah, Hoop Rah, Hoop Rah Yah,
Icha Rocka Re Go, Icha Rocka Rak,
Or Kor Ki, Or Kor Ki,
1C., 1C., Yih, Yih, Yih!

1C. is the best class in First Year sports and other important subjects. When a row is heard in the lines, Mr. M— generally casts his optics in our direction—but we are not guilty, it is the class in front.

Most of the boys in our class have new suits (military suits), and although most of them don't fit the lads, the latter look very promising soldiers.

Mr. M—, our patron, asked a promising scholar in our class to spell "origin," but the scholar spelt it "O-R-A-N-G-E-S-K-I-N" in mistake.

It is commonly reported that one of 1C.'s Chemical Experimenters has met with an accident. It happened like this: He was trying to devise a new method of teaching dancing. He followed this process (using himself as an example)—(a) Cut the patient's finger with a knife (not blunt); (b) and poured some sulphuric acid into the cut. The patient will commence to dance at once in the most artistic manner.

1C. is again preparing to excel all other First Year classes in the coming "Term" Exam. There is not much "prep." needed, for by the following proof 1C. excels all others still.

Proof.—1D., our rivals, are only good in one place (bed). 1C., good everywhere (especially in Moore Park). 1B. (nothing to write about, as 1B. "sold out" when the last Journal went to press). Therefore, 1C. is better than 1B., being a "plus" and 1B. a "minus" quantity. 1A. will be too interested in "Buffalo Bills," cunningly hidden, to take any notice of the exam. papers, and 1E.—well, their name shows their ability—that's pretty low.

* * * *

1D.—Well, here we are again, still the leading band of scholars! We have just come through a mangle—I mean a yearly exam., which is almost as bad. But I suppose exams. must receive a sort of consideration, so 1D. has its wise, as well as otherwise, members. But it behoves "1C. and co." to wait till spoken to when sport is the subject, especially 1C. As everyone expected, 1D. did well in the annual sports. Our class handicaps *were* handicaps. But they proved more successful than was anticipated. The better win of the two went to G. Wilson, winning the hundred yards from two yards. He won the medal kindly presented by Mr. Brodie. The "Two hundred and twenty" went to C. Davis, who started from thirty-two yards. 1D. takes the opportunity of congratulating both Wilson and Davis for their respective victories.

1D. also sent forth to battle—I mean the Sports Ground—a tug-o'-war and relay team. Although not being placed in either event, both teams did their best, which is the most anyone, even 1D., can do.

But 1D. sure "got home" in the First Year Championship. This closely-finished event was won by W. Brennan (of course of 1D.) Bayfield ran second to Brennan, and must be complimented on running such a close second to "Wilf." Brenna, besides being a runner, is a Third Grade Union player, First Grade cricketer, and also a tennis player of note, playing in the championship of First Year with C. Alexander as a partner. The pair finished third, being beaten by Campie and Young in the semi-final. Congrats. to winners.

Although being represented in the Junior Championship at the sports, 1D. was not very successful, third in a heat being the best we could do against the fast opposition.

Our First Grade cricket team is progressing favourably. We have won quite a number of matches to date, one of the chief being against a Canterbury First Year class. We had an easy win by over seventy runs on the first innings. Our chief performers were Utick (captain) 37, Alexander 33, and, with the ball, Plover 2 for 11, and Alexander 6 for 22.

We have several water-rats—I should have said swimmers—in our class, who seem to enjoy this fine pastime of swimming better than cricket or tennis.

1C. said they would not like to be taught how to speak French, or, as they call it "croak." But by going within 143 yards of 1C. in a certain

period, it would become evident, even to a 1C.-ite, that 1C. do not require much coaching in croaking. Ask Mr. M——!

I notice the photographer has not dared to come back to T.H.S. since he took 1C.'s football team photo! I don't blame him! He will be lucky if he renovates his camera by the time the "sands of the desert grow cold."

Well, I believe we have given our opponents something to digest, and think over, and endeavour to follow as little boys should, so it's about time we shut up shop. So bidding "good-bye for ever" to the Journal as 1D. of 1921, and hoping *the* class of 1922 will endeavour to tread the ways blazed by the present 1D. as closely as possible, and wishing all readers a Merry Christmas, we (1D.) make our exit.

* * * *

1E.—We are all fagging away industriously for the next exam., and expect to pass into Second Year. Although we might suffer defeat in maths., we hope to pull ourselves together in English. Last exam. we did well in History, but expect to do better this time.

In connection with sport, we have only played two games of cricket this season. The first match was against 1A., and we were victorious. The match was a one-innings game. We defeated them by 40 runs. The scorers for us were: S. ("Fatty") Gifford 20 and W. Reid 17, and the bowlers W. Jesson and "Spud" Hayter.

The match against 1B. was a thrilling one, and we allowed them to beat us just for encouragement. They beat us by about 80 runs. (A "Fluke.") Our scorers this time were G. Campey 11, R. Nichols 9, W. Reid 8. The bowlers were G. Campey and W. Jesson. By the way, we only had 8 men. We were to play Canterbury 1C., but they were a little bit nervous, and did not turn up.

Who said we did not possess any sportsmen? Why, Eric McCallum, K. Foster and W. Reid are going to Newcastle to swim against N.H.S.! Professor Pullen would have gone too, only he said business held him back. McCallum and Foster are going to break the record for 100 yards (or break their necks in the attempt), while Reid is going to give a diving exhibition.

At the last sports Jesson was going to perform wonders, but he hurt his knee and could not do so. "Fatty" Gifford was in the Obstacle Race, but had the hard luck to get stuck between the pole and the ground while trying to get under, and Reid got tangled up in the net like a sardine, got lost in the bags, bumped his head on the barrels, and got lost under the tarpaulin. Foster won the class 220 yards, and W. Reich won the 50 yards.

It tells you how absent-minded 1D. is. One Thursday a certain boy in 1D. was hammering away at his calipers, and didn't know his head from the calipers, so he decided to hit his head, and soon found out his mistake.

Mr. N—— had a considerable amount of work to do the other day trying to stop the boys from pelting orange-peel at the College tinsmiths. In the long run one boy, who was innocent, walked straight through "No Man's Land" and had a small shower. (It was a Second Year boy, so don't bite!)

The other day the two Manly outlaws of our class gave recitals on a *musical instrument* which they called a "Jazz Buzsine." When the hat was passed round, and at last came back to the owner's hand, he was horrified to find some pieces of orangepeel, tin, peanut shells and other miscellaneous articles too numerous to mention.

Well, by the time the next Journal is issued we will all be in Second Year.

Just a little message to our next "1E."—"Follow in the footsteps of your forefathers." We must bid you all "adieu!" as the space in this Journal is limited.

HONOUR BOARDS.

The wide-awake boys of the school will have doubtless noticed that, since the last issue of the "Journal," the Honour Boards, bearing the names of Turner Prizemen, and of boys securing the best passes at the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Certificate Examinations respectively, each year, have been brought up to date, and the names of the deserving ones enscrolled for present and future generations of T.H.S. students to gaze upon, and be inspired thereby.

We think this an opportune time to set forth definitely the conditions regulating the selection of these names for the school's three Honour Boards:—

(a) Firstly, the Turner Prizeman is the chosen of the whole school—staff and students—and, briefly, is the student who has shown the best all-round qualities—ability in school work, interest in its sporting life, and a keen desire to further in every possible way the school life in all its various activities. The selection is by ballot, and the prizeman must secure an absolute majority of votes. The nominees must be Fourth Year students, any of whom a teacher or student of the school may nominate.

(b) The Leaving Certificate Examination marks the conclusion of the Secondary Course, and the first place on the Board is decided on the highest number of *points* gained at the Public Examination for this certificate in subjects taken at the school, points being awarded on the following basis:—

Lower Standard pass	2 points
"B." pass	4 points
"A." pass	5 points
Honours—2nd Class	6 points
Honours—1st Class	7 points

In the event of two students gaining an equal number of points, both names will appear on the Board. It occasionally happens that a candidate secures a higher aggregate of *marks* in the L.C. examination than the student placed first by the "*points*" count, in which case both names will appear on the Honour Board.

(c) For the Intermediate Certificate Examination a "B" pass will count *four* points, and an "A" pass *six* points, the student gaining the highest number of *points* being deemed to have secured the best pass. Here again, the student with the highest aggregate of *marks* will have his name placed on the Board.

(d) In the near future, a new Board will be erected, on which the names of the "Dux" scholars since 1912 will be inscribed. For the determination of the Duxship of the school, the highest aggregate of marks gained in school subjects at the Final School Examination will be the basis. Each subject will have the same "possible" as that given at the L.C. examination by the University authorities—at

present a "pass" paper 100 marks, and an Honours paper 120 marks.

New names for the existing Honour Board are here given:—

TURNER PRIZEMEN.

- 1918. John A. Mould.
- 1919. Rupert V. Markham.
- 1920. Roy J. Baker.
- 1921. Lancelot R. Saxby.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

- 1918. Charles H. Clarke.
- 1919. William K. Bate,
Arthur W. Bonner.
- 1920. William H. Love.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

- 1918. Ronald Herford.
- 1919. Carl F. Lorenz,
William J. D. Palmer.
- 1920. John W. Black.
Harry J. Rice.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! It lingers sadly on the lips,
Like the long echo of a trembling note;
The past lies spread before me, like a scroll
That's long been writing, little understood,
But now made clear and vivid, as I stand
And listen to the jubilation loud
Of those made happy by their holiday,
Tho' still in prospect.

Time was, when, as they,

I hailed the like occasion with delight;
But now there lies a world, a wilderness,
A void before me—not a long vacation.
They leave the school, but shortly to return;
I, too, go out, but not again to come.
The Future lies before me, but my mind
Still ponders on the happy days gone past,
Since I, five years ago, first entered here.
Only five years, and yet how far away?
Five years!—It seems as many months ago;
Still in my mem'ry fresh, and yet what changes
Crowd in so little time!—The playground lost,
Snatched from our feeble fingers, piece by piece;
The Sports Shed shifted, and replaced by what?
The clang and clash and din of steel on steel;
These furrows stand already in the brow
Of this, a young but ill-envi'oned school;
These changes come before me not alone,

I see old faces, think of old events,
Reflect on new acquaintances, desires,
Friendships, ambitions, since I entered first,
Trembling and timid, shaking every limb.
Into the office; whence I soon emerged
A member of the school!

Now I emerge

From out the shrine of learning, and reflect
Changes in time and circumstance have passed,
But here the school remains, forever fixed,
Like some vast mountain, tow'ring to the sky,
Deep-rooted in the dungeons of the earth,
Here to remain as long as time shall last,—
Or so 't appears.

I leave, but others come

Into the same old school, the same old place:—
I dream! I see a new, a brighter home
For those who follow. O, that it were real!
But no; let change rule over all but this,
This never shall be changed.

I turn away

And see the glimmer of the setting sun
Shedding his last faint, feeble rays below;
The crimson glow has paled to softest pink,
The strength departed, no more heat is left:—
My last fond hopes are falling, fading fast,
No glamour of the early, sanguine days,
But still the traces of a cherished hope
Are there, and will remain until fulfill'd.
But, ah! How weak and futile is the hope.
Long-thwarted, long-sustained, and all how vain!
The vision that was once importunate
Has faded quite into the dim, dim Past

I turn; the house, indeed, is worthless, old—
And yet the School is vigorous and new—
Yes, how unsuited to its occupants!
The School help'd me; if hopes can count as help,
Then may the school more happily be housed,
And speedily. This is my parting wish.

L.R.S

QUITE THE FACT.

Old Gent: "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

Boy: "Never! We have moral suasion at our school."

O.G.: "What's that?"

Boy: "Oh, we get kept in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all * * * !"

* * *

Yankee (boasting of American heat): "It's so hot, it burns the wings off the flies."

Pat: "That's nothing to Ireland. We have to feed hens on ice cream to keep them from laying boiled eggs."

CHRONICLE OF SPORT.

Our postponed sports meeting was carried out successfully on October 5. The sport was good, finishes close, and rivalry keen. A few of the senior events attracted but few entrants, but as boys were studying hard, lack of condition was a good excuse. Whether the sports were worth while or not, we leave to the School to decide. We give the results:—

Senior Cup Events—

- 100 Yards—K. Branch, A. Feening, C. Munro. Time, 11 sec.
 220 Yards—C. Munro, C. Clayton, A. Feening. Time, 24 4-5 sec.
 440 Yards—K. Branch, C. Clayton, C. Munro. Time, 58 sec.
 880 Yards—J. Murphy, L. Lowes and C. Clayton. tie 2. Time, 2 min. 13 sec.
 120 Yards Hurdles—C. Munro, K. Branch, C. Clayton. Time, 17½ sec.
 High Jump—K. Branch, J. Stone, J. Murphy. Height, 4ft. 11in.
 Broad Jump—K. Branch, C. Clayton, J. Murphy. Distance, 19ft. 5in.
 Pole Vault—G. Moor, J. Murphy, B. Johnson. Height, 9ft. 6in.

Junior Medal—

- 100 Yards—C. M. Munro, J. Stone, H. Smith. Time, 11 4-5 sec.
 220 Yards—C. M. Munro, J. Stone, E. Caldwell. Time, 26 3-5 sec.
 440 Yards—C. M. Munro, J. Stone, T. Winter. Time, 63 sec.
 90 Yards Hurdles—C. M. Munro, J. Stone, A. Maguire. Time, 14 1-5 sec.
 High Jump—J. Stone, C. Madden—R. Hughes, C. Crisps. Tie. Height, 5ft.
 Broad Jump—J. Stone, J. Lawler, C. Madden. Distance, 17ft. 6in.
 Pole Vault—C. Madden, R. Smith, J. Brown, Height, 7ft. 8 in.

Junior Cadet Medal—

- 50 Yards—N. Bayfield, F. English, C. Mitchell. Time, 9 3-5 sec.
 75 Yards—N. Bayfield, F. English, C. Mitchell. Time, 9 3-5 sec.
 100 Yards—N. Bayfield, F. English, C. Mitchell. Time, 12 3-5 sec.
 220 Yards—N. Bayfield, C. Mitchell, F. English. Time, 29 sec.
 440 Yards—C. Mitchell, N. Bayfield, E. Haile. Time, 68 sec.
 90 Yards Hurdles—N. Bayfield, J. McDonald, 1; C. Mitchell, 2; W. Hoy, 3. Time, 15 3-10 sec.
 High Jump—W. Hoy (1), E. Powys, W. Howarth. Height, 4.3 in.
 Broad Jump—N. Bayfield, W. Hoy, E. Mitchell. Distance, 15ft. 5in.

Other events:—

Class Handicap, 100 Yards—

- 1E.—A. Reich, H. Hills, K. Foster.
 1D.—G. Wilson, R. Westcombe, C. Tucker.
 1C.—F. English, J. Kirkwood, N. Costello.
 1B.—C. Mitchell, W. Patton, R. Bartholemew.
 1A.—R. Roebuck, J. Hunter, F. Keelty.
 R.A.—G. Crispo, F. Boorman, W. White.
 2E.—E. Maloney, C. Priest, H. Smith.
 2D.—H. Norris, L. Collis, C. Poole.
 2C.—W. Blackmore, F. Longstaff, G. Saunders.
 2B.—K. Lane, C. Madden, H. Sale.
 2A.—W. Fare, R. Smith, J. Lawler.
 3B.—R. Wilson, H. McDonald, D. Smith.
 3A.—A. Feening, A. Bultitude, H. Davies.
 4A.—S. Katzka, R. Bartholemew, A. Challinor.

Class Handicaps, 220 Yards—

- 1E.—K. Foster, L. Simpson, A. Reid.
 1D.—C. Davis, C. Tucker, Brennan.
 1C.—F. English, N. Costello, Clapham.
 1B.—J. Watson, A. Haile, Kilgannon.
 1A.—W. Lloyd, S. Patterson, Henderson.
 R.A.—F. Boorman, E. Chapman, E. Wade.
 2E.—H. Smith, C. Smith, F. Davies.
 2D.—E. Thornthwaite, D. Walters, P. Funda.
 2C.—A. Blackmore, L. Lowes, E. Andrews.
 2B.—C. Madden, A. Munro, A. Scott.
 2A.—W. Sare, R. Smith, J. Lawler.
 3B.—H. McDonald, A. Smith, C. Imrie.
 3A.—A. Bultitude, G. Ennever, A. Duthie.
 4A.—A. Challinor, S. Katzka, A. Cozens.

Obstacle Races—

- 1st Year—E. Torpey, Uebel Maguire and A. Davies (tie)
 Other Years—K. Johnson, L. Cooke, R. Lane.

Bicycle Handicaps—

- Half Mile—E. Lee, H. Bourne, A. Taylor.
 1 Mile—A. Taylor, C. Wah, E. Lee.

Year Championship, 100 Yards—

- 1st Year—A. Brennan, N. Bayfield, E. Alexander.
 2nd Year—G. Maidment, J. Stone, R. Whiteley.

90 Yards Hurdles, Open—

- C. Munro, J. Stone, A. Maguire.

440 Yards Championship, Open—

- C. M. Munro, H. Coutts, A. Bultitude.

100 Yards Old Boy's Handicap—

- T. Curry, E. Dossetor, E. Evans.

220 Yards Old Boys' Championship—

- E. Dossetor, E. Evans (tie), L. Grant.

Class Relays—

- 2A. 1, 2B. 2, 2C. 3.

Class Tug-o'-War—

- 2C. beat 4A. in the final.

Points were gained by the leaders as follows:—

- Senior Cup.—C. H. Munro 8, K. Branch 14, C. Clayton 8½, A. Feening 3, J. Murphy 7.

Taking in the swimming and other points, C. H. Munro must win the Cup. Well done, Munro; thoroughly deserved!

Junior Medal.—C. M. Munro 12, J. Stone 14, C. Madden 6.

Swimming points make Munro an easy winner.

Junior Cadet Medal.—N. Bayfield 20½, F. English 7, C. Mitchell 10, W. Hoy 6.

None of these got any points for swimming, but none of the swimmers can displace Bayfield.

The Victory Cup and its attendant commemorative medal was well contested. The points gained were: J. Stone 17 points, winner; F. English 16, second; C. M. Munro, 15, third; N. Bayfield, 13; C. Madden 11; K. Branch, 10.

The Victory Cup is won on the events of the Sports Day. We congratulate the winners in all sections. They all showed good sportsmanship in their contests.

The Combined High Schools' meeting was a very successful affair. Our boys did not turn up very well. No other schools did much better, so there is nothing to complain about. The boys who were there were keen, good bar-rackers, but, like all the other city schools, did not give the country boys the praise and clapping they deserved for their excellent performances.

Our seniors, in Cozers, Clayton, Branch, Munro, Feening, Murphy and Moor, did well. Branch and Cozers jumped well in the Broad Jump; Moore put up a fine performance in the Pole Vault, while our Relay team had a great contest with Fort Street, and were beaten by inches. Our juniors were not up to the standard of the country boys. Stone and Madden performed well.

Our Junior Cadets were a good lot, but lacked a good jumper. Bayfield was the best boy, and but for sickness would have done even better. Our relay of Bayfield, English, Mitchell, Tuckwell, won by 20 yards.

We would like more boys interested in athletics, and many more boys trying to help the school along.

In the Athletic Club point score, E. Caldwell leads with 17 points, followed closely by C. Madden (15 points), J. Munro (14 points), L. Lowes (11 points), F. Gosden (9 points), J. Brown (5 points). Trophies will be given out before Xmas.

In the Swimming Club point score, W. Pym has 5 points, R. Stuart 7, P. Funda 7, F. Gosden 8, C. Madden 6, K. Foster 5, and C. M. Munro 14 points. Handicaps are held every Wednesday at Drummoyne.

Polo games have been started, but only a few enthusiastic swimmers are game to take it on. It means strenuous work and good fun, but our boys are shirking it.

With so many carnivals coming on, our boys should be getting into great form. The Newcastle trip is on December 8, and is worth going to; the Cadet Carnival on December 10, at Drummoyne; and the C.H.S. on December 14. There is a fine lot!

Our Life Saving work is behind hand. How is it that in years gone by we could get big squads ready both before and after Xmas? Now we certainly cannot get one up to exam. before Xmas. It may be lack of ground; it may be shortened recesses; it may be want of enthusiasm and energy. We want a good squad for the Cadet Competition on December 10.

We are very pleased to see boys so keen on cricket, but sorry that funds will not permit of much more and better cricket material. We notice, too, that the Council concerned has raised the fees on Moore Park to 7/6. We can't afford to play there. An act of grace from the aldermen would be the placing of the wickets at our disposal free of any charge.

So far the 1st Grade have not had a chance to show their batting. Their bowling does not seem too deadly.

3rd Grade is shaping well, and in S. McLaren, N. Evans, J. Lawler, A. Cox, W. Wallace, and others, have some very promising players. They, too, are excellent fields. That means a lot.

We hope to get a practice wicket for the new year, and will then be able to do better work.

Our tennis is well patronised. Some players are doing well.

The staff played the boys recently, and experience was too good for enthusiasm and energy. The scores were:—

Schrader and Back v. Johnson and Campey, 6—0, 6—2.

Schrader and Back v. Holt and Martyn, 6—2, 6—4.

McCurley and Berry v. Johnson and Campey, 3—6, 6—4.

McCurley and Berry v. Johnson and Campey, 3—6, 6—4.

Teachers, 6 sets 41 games; Boys, 2 sets 29 games.

The afternoon was most enjoyable.

Our Championship Tourney attracted a fair entry. The Doubles went to Holt and Martyn, who defeated Hay and Johnson in the final, 4—6, 6—2, 6—1.

The Singles for the Genge Medal and Tennis Captaincy was productive of some excellent play. Holt and Martyn fought out the final. Holt won 7—5, 7—5. The tennis was of fine quality. Martyn was the more brilliant, but Holt had the advantage in surety and coolness. Both lacked judgment, and took many balls that were very wide. Both showed excellent sportsmanship.



The KOOKABURRA SAYS

That all the boys who found gold in the College stones near the back gate should return the same to the Sports Union.

* * * *

That the Honour Boards are at last to be brought up to date. Ou-a! Ou-a! ha! ha! ha!

* * * *

That there should be an auction sale held in the grounds of the Technical College to get rid of the old iron, rusty tin, and stray timber which run around on wheels, and are dangerous to the general public.

* * * *

That the boys of the school are not to be congratulated on their strenuous efforts for the well-being of the "Journal."

* * * *

That the skeletons, ghosts, and other nocturnal rovers have so multiplied in the boneyard that the doors are now closed to the uninitiated babies of First Year.

* * * *

That the wobbly walls of Ultimo house will crash fearfully when the results of the First and Third Year Exams. are made known.

* * * *

That the school expects a record list of passes in the Inter., on account of the quantity and quality of the candidates.

That the Fourth Year German enthusiasts are not expecting a picnic to National Park next year, as the necessary conditions have not been complied with, but they intend to accompany their French brethren on a launch picnic shortly.

* * * *

That the Tuck Shop has been run successfully this year owing to the efforts and business-like qualities of the enterprising Third Year Staff.

* * * *

That the aspirants for Honours Maths. received a severe shock on perusal of the first paper.

* * * *

That, in accordance with Third Year etiquette, one of the number is continually repeating the words, "As you were," after any slip in speech.

* * *

An interesting article on "Snakes" appeared in last issue, and the writer thereof offered a prize of five shillings for the best snake story sent in for this Journal. Of the efforts sent in that on page 4 has been judged the best, and the writer awarded the prize.

AN UPHILL FIGHT.

(Continued from last issue.)

Training was in full swing at Westmoore. Boxing was first on the programme. Harry Mayne was chosen as the Junior representative, as he had both weight and science.

Westmoore was in an uproar on Friday evening, the night fixed for the heats, as it had been drawn that the Junior Competitions were to take place in their own gym., the Seniors having to travel to St. Magnus College; and Westmoore showed the extent of its lung-power when it was announced that the first heat was Harry Mayne versus Paddy O'Leagh, of Kirkdeane. The opening of the bout was very dramatic, for, before Harry could get his stand, the Irishman's right thudded against his chest, and sent him reeling against the ropes. However, he soon rallied, and by the end of the round Paddy found himself stretched on his back admiring the ceiling of the gym. The next five rounds were fairly even, both lads evidently keeping their strength for the remaining four rounds. But the full ten rounds were not fought out. Harry countered a right to the head with a lightning-like uppercut, which caught the son of Erin on the "point," and stretched him out for a minute over the "count." Then, to crown the joy of the Westmoore boys, a telegram was received, stating that George Raymond, the Captain of the School, had won his heat.

Then came the great mishap, that was to lose Westmoore ten points. Mayne was cycling along at a tremendous speed, with his feet in the straps, when, without any warning, a small young child, impulsive, as they always are, ran out into the road. He knew that if he swerved outwards he could not avoid the child, since it was still running onward. So he did the only thing possible to avoid it. Swerving quickly inwards, his front wheel

hit the curb, the frame was raised in the air for a second, and with a crash it descended to the pavement. Harry's foot could not be drawn out of the strap in time, and his ankle was very badly sprained.

When Randall heard the news of the accident, he informed Mr. Collis, who said that it was very unfortunate, since there was no chance of putting in a substitute for any of the remaining contests except field games. This was a great blow to both Randall and Mayne. Jimmy left the study thoroughly dispirited. When he told his chums, they felt much as he did, but, not being in the presence of a master, they expressed their feelings to their own satisfaction. But, a day later, they were again cheered up by the knowledge that Raymond had won the Senior Boxing Tournament. Serrington won the Junior bouts.

Great enthusiasm was created when both Senior and Junior Cricket Teams were drawn to play on the same ground. The Seniors came through to the final, in which they were beaten by St. Magnus College. The Juniors were in for the final against St. Bernard's.

Then came the day of the final. Excitement was everywhere. Even the Masters, who were as much interested in the School's welfare as the boys, were mildly excited. St. Bernard's went to the wicket first. Harry Mayne was cheered as he limped on to the field. His ankle had been healing rapidly, so he decided to play whatever the cost. He put himself in some obscure part of the field, where there was little chance of his having much work to do. The match was very keenly contested, and many brilliant efforts were made. Westmoore eventually won by the small margins of twenty runs.

That night a feast was held in Fourth Dormitory, to which all members of the team were invited. A sentry was put on guard outside, to give notice of masters "on the prowl." Some enterprising youth, seeing a good opening to make use of his oratorical powers, if he had any, took the "chair," or, rather, the washstand, and began a speech.

"Boys," he said, in what he thought was a jovial way.

"Shut up!"

"Boys," he persisted.

"Try another tack; sounds too much like old 'Nosey,'" which was the affectionate term by which Mr. Morgan, the Master of the Fourth, was known to his irreverent pupils.

"Gentlemen!"

"For goodness sake, shove 'im off, somebody!"

Somebody responded to the appeal very energetically, so energetically that the washstand and water jug were sent flying. The delicacies of the feast were soaked with water. A general rush was made for the fellow who had committed the fell deed. In the rush the candles were extinguished, and consequently a free fight took place, each combatant thinking he had hold of the right one. Amidst the many feet, the food was trampled out of all recognition.

"Cave!"

This startled exclamation came from the passage, and immediately a rush was made for the beds. A sudden hush descended upon the Juniors.

"Ah! Most astonishing! I'm almost sure I heard a noise in this direction—er—I will investigate." It was the voice of Mr. Morgan. He stepped

into the dormitory, and incidentally on to a well-set, but badly damaged jelly. Not desiring to make a closer acquaintance with this slippery substance, he stepped off it—on to a banana skin, well mixed with ice cream. His equilibrium was not maintained, and he sat down hurriedly in the wash-hand basin, which contained part of the contents of the water jug, and of a few lemonade bottles.

"Oh! Ah! Ugh!—er—Disgraceful!" He uttered these and sundry other exclamations as he grabbed wildly for the door, by which means he intended to pull himself out. At last he caught it. He put his other hand on the floor, but not until his fingers had impaled an inoffensive cream puff, which had intervened. After much exertion, he regained an "even keel," so to speak. He dared not reprimand his pupils, who had now become hilarious, while in his present state, so he adjourned to his own room.

When morning came, the miscreants were more than reprimanded. But they declared it was "worth it."

The remainder of the sports proved very successful. Harry Mayne had participated in a few swimming events, and had been to watch all the others. He followed up the Marathon on Mr. Collis' motor-bike.

Jimmy Randall made the highest aggregate point score for the Junior School, and by so doing won the Head's special prize—a gold medal, nearly inscribed. He was justly proud of it, too.

But Westmoore's greatest joy was yet to come. The following morning the announcement was made that Westmoore had won the silver cup by an easy margin of 35 points from St. Magnus', who were placed second.

There was great jubilation among the boys of the winning school, and Big Hall rang with deafening cheers, shouts, shrieks, whistles, and stamping of feet, as the cup was presented to the Captain of the School, George Raymond. A public apology was also rendered by the press, which had attacked their sporting qualities.

In the Junior Common Room that evening a grand festival was held, but no Prefect or Master interrupted, for the Head had given permission for the whole School to celebrate the victory, as it wished, after its "Uphill Fight."

A.T. (1A).

THE FIRST RIVER.

The camp fire gleams and glows and dies,
And curious now beyond their fear
The furry things with shining eyes
Come with the moving shadows near
The embers, and by oat and crust
Emboldened, dart, delay, and creep
Where, in their dark tarpaulins' trust,
The wanderers lie asleep.

The quick bush creatures play and peer
About the glimmering tilted wain,
A dingo howls, and, far or near,
A mopoke calls—again—again!
And of the life and sounds of night
The sleepers are aware in dream,
Till midnight hears through frosty light
The sole song of the stream.

The dreams of homeland, or of gold,
Of goblin, fairy, flower, or toy,
Cease; but the river murmurs hold
Enthralled the spirit of a boy;
And swift and far, through time and space,
Aerial heights, gulfs deep and dim
To what has passed or shall have place,
The magic carries him.

"The ancient mountains tower and fade,
The ancient sea shrinks from the land,
Those I unmade, and this I made,
Shaping to some divine command
What now must yield to flock and field,
And thronging cities, and delights,
For those who know depths unrevealed
To me, and starry heights."

The river mist is in the trees;
The primrose hangs forlorn and wet;
Chilled by the morning's earliest breeze
A stiff horse with a sudden fret
Jangles a bell; a magpie sings;
A man is speaking; and a boy,
As down a dewy bank he springs,
Replies with shouts of joy.

But where the hurrying waters brawl,
By stubborn ledges pent and strewn,
Ling'ring beside the torrent fall,
Like one, to a familiar tune
Striving for unremembered words,
He stands awhile beneath a spell,
Deaf to his father's voice, the bird's
Fresh note, the clanking bell.

His dreams will still recall this flood
When memories over memories roll,
And with its rhythm in his blood,
And its proud challenge in his soul,
He'll prove depths lower than the fire
That lies beneath the ocean deeps,
And to more glorious stars aspire
Than burn while our world sleeps.

—G.R.

THE STAMP AND POST CARD CLUB.

Following the suggestion of a correspondent some issues back, a meeting was called early in August to form this Club. Success was immediate. Fifty-three members are enrolled. F. Davies was elected Hon. Secretary, and S. Cooper, vice J. Campbell, who has gone to New Zealand, is Hon. Treasurer. A fee of 3d. per month is charged, and the proceeds spent in distributing stamps from time to time. The Club subscribes to the Journal, Stamp Collecting. It has a press at its disposal in Room 7, and has so far amassed a catalogue, an indicator, labels and swapping envelopes. A great amount of exchanging has been done by members, and some really good collections have been brought along.

So far not much has been done on the post-card side. There is a fine series of Australian and New Zealand views, as well as the School collection of photos. for members to see, and to add to. The latter should be of considerable interest to old boys when they visit us. We are hoping to get boys so interested in these collections that they will be constantly sending us—the Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer or President—cards of interest of the places they visit both now and when they leave school. The Club meets every alternate Thursday at dinner recess in Room 7, but exchanges every Thursday and in between times.

D.

THE OUTINGS CLUB.

The Outings Club held a camp at Deep Creek, Narrabeen, from September 26 to September 30. A party of 43 made the trip. A couple of applicants for admission had to be turned down on account of lack of tenting space, but as the Club grows more and more tents are becoming available. So we hope, next time, to be able to take every one who wishes to come.

Several hardened campers pronounced the outing the best yet. In many respects they were correct. There were three respects in which the camp could have been bettered. Firstly, there were several minor accidents to boys that could have been avoided by a little more care. They were due to the boys themselves. Secondly the spirit of palship in one of the tents was lacking, and culminated in a wild and woolly scene on the last day. "So and So" and others were seen at their worst. People are not very attractive creatures when angry, are they? Rumour had it that the culinary arrangements were to blame. Thirdly, the break of camp was bad. Several boys got away early, with permission, of course. There was no real need for them to go early. Other boys were ready to leave much earlier than need have been. The boats went away irregularly, the earlier making no attempt to wait for the later ones. The party arrived and dispersed in detached groups, instead of one good merry lot, as well pleased with a good time. A good finish to an outing is more essential than a good beginning.

These things are mentioned to show all campers that we aim at perfection in our doings, and that we value very greatly the forms of comradeship. The city can never make real pals. Hardship, danger, and distress alone are the tests of comradeship.

Our programme was well varied, and as we always had breakfast early, a lot was done each day.

[The Editor regrets that he cannot afford space to print the whole of the interesting account which follows of the doings of the campers each day, but he advises those who desire more information on the subject to join up and experience the delights by participating in a camp-outing. Despite the above remarks, re bad cooking, breaking camp, etc., all appear to have enjoyed themselves.]

SHOULD OUR CAPTAINS BE ELECTED.

No doubt most boys who are playing with our grade teams at one time or another have asked themselves this question. Ever since I have been at Tech., for five years now, our captains have been selected by Mr. Schrader, and in the majority of cases the selection has been a happy one.

I believe, however, that our grade representatives would show infinitely more enthusiasm and put much more vim into their games if they elected their own leader. It is my opinion that boys give of their best if they have an absolute confidence in their team captain and they will do this much more willingly if they select him themselves. Of course, Mr. Schrader must have a great deal to say with regard to the boy whom the team selects to lead them; that is to say, their choice should be endorsed by him. Mr. Schrader has in the past selected the boy whom he considered the most suitable to hold the position, but it does not necessarily follow that he is the most suitable from the boys' point of view, which is admittedly vastly different from the man's point of view. The most popular boy will, of course, secure the votes of his fellows, and hence it does not follow that the best player will secure the honour, and this is just as it should be. It has been proved time and again that the best player does not always make the best captain. In football particularly is this noticeable, for in this game unselfishness is the very necessary quality of the captain, and whether he will or no, there are times when the best player, if he be captain, cannot maintain absolute unselfishness on his own part, and the result of it all is that each player follows the bad example set by his captain, and plays not for the team as a whole, but for himself. In cricket also the captain may have plenty of occasions in which to be selfish, as, for instance, he may bowl himself too long without success, and here the result is the same as in football—the team loses confidence in their skipper, and do not play up to their true standard.

I have asked the opinions on this matter of several old boys, all of whom have taken an active interest in the sport of the school, and their unanimous opinion is that the team should elect its own captain, subject to the approval of the sportsmaster. As far as I have been able to ascertain, ours is the only school in which the time-honoured custom of electing the captain is not carried out. At other schools the teams are even selected by the boys themselves, with the help of the sportsmaster. A former captain of two of our grade teams expressed the view that, not only should the members of the team select their captain, but also the team itself should be picked by a selection committee consisting of the sportsmaster, the elected captain, and another member of the team elected at the same time as the captain.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY.

THE STAFF.

Headmaster: J. A. Williams, B.A.

Deputy Headmaster: H. Cowie, B.A.

Department of English: J. W. Mann, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Master), D. H. Berry, B.A., S. G. Keys, B.A., J. H. Tierney, B.A., G. Ryan, B.A.

Department of Mathematics: H. Cowie, B.A. (Master), C. P. Schrader, M.A., T. A. Owen, B.A., P. McReady, L. F. Meagher, B.A.

Department of Science: J. Back, B.A., B.Sc. (Syd.), B.Sc. (Oxon.) (Master), W. Pillans, B.A., J. P. Austin, M.C., B.Sc., A. V. Luke.

Department of Modern Languages: J. G. Belschner (Master), D. J. Sullivan, B.A., F. A. Elgar, M.A., G. Perkins, B.A.

Department of Drawing: F. W. Atkins, F.T.C., J. Nickal, R.B.A.

Department of Manual Work: S. Coulson, Mech. Eng. (Lond.), A. S. Waterer, Dip. N.U.T., E.H.A., (City Guilds of Lond.), A. G. Humphreys, W. Edwards.

Physical Training Instructor: R. McCurley, Dip. A.P.C.S.

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Assistant Sports Master: R. T. McCurley, Dip. A.P.C.S.

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Conductor of Orchestra: Carl Lorenz.

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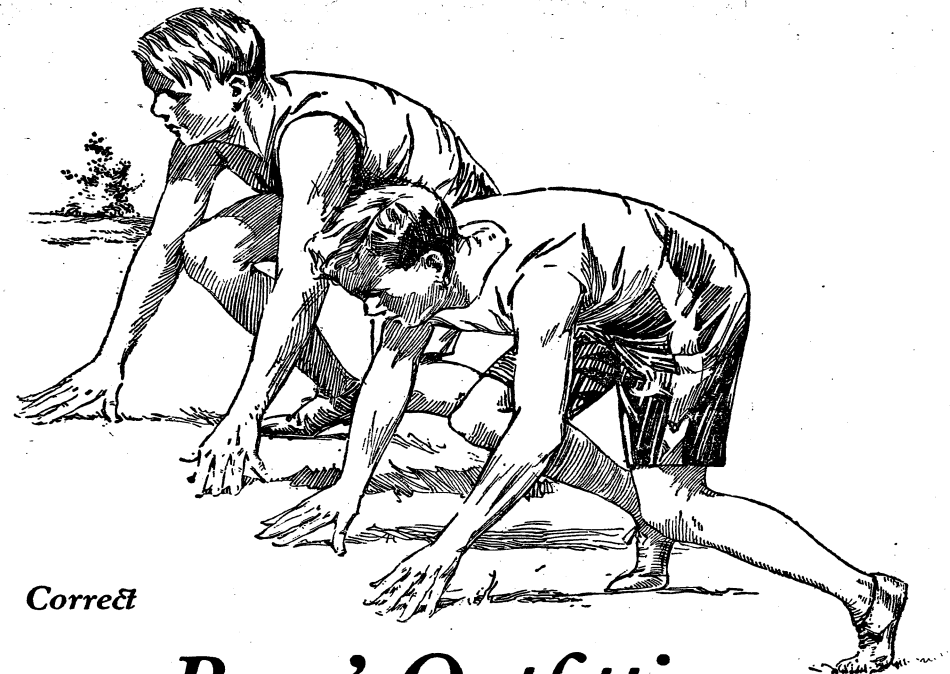
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Secretary: A. Gardner.

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