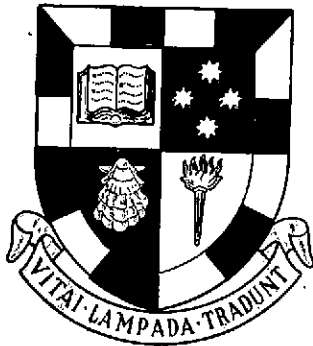


# THE TORCH-BEARER.



SEPTEMBER 1, 1934

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical

*D. W. Wainman*

*T H E T O R C H - B E A R E R .*  
September 1, 1934.

**EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.**

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R. D. MACBETH.

D. M. MacDERMOTT (O.B.U.).

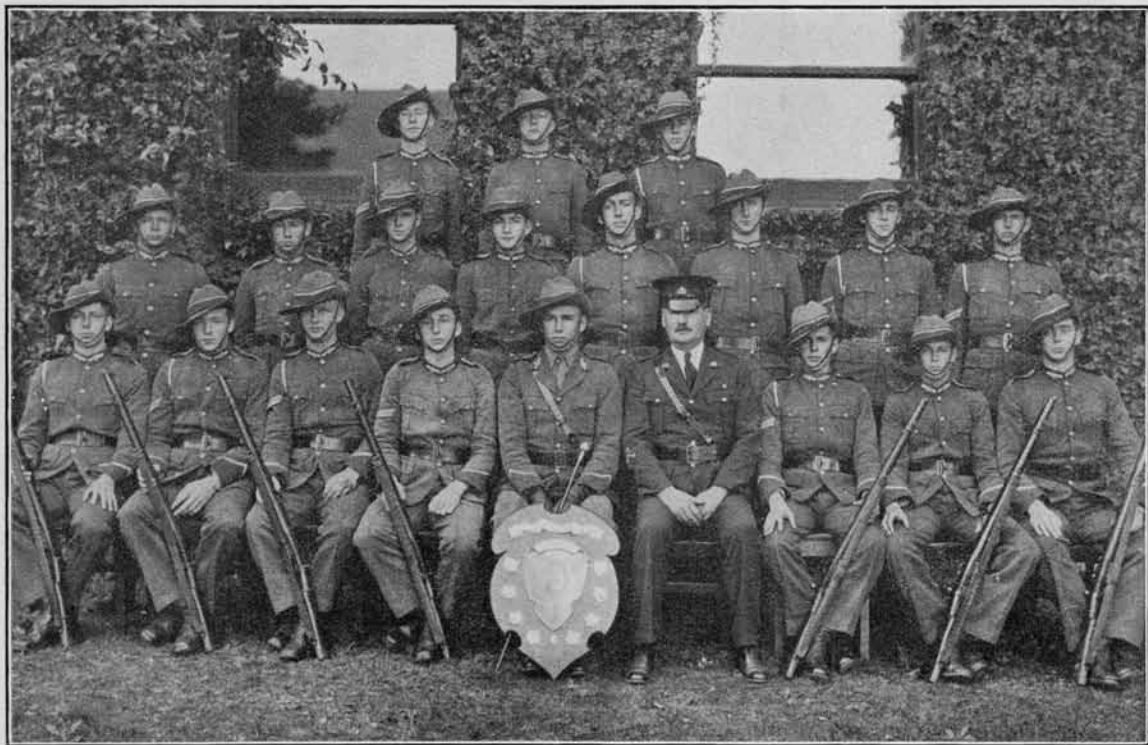
D. J. RICHARDS.

H. G. SHAW.

C. M. SWIRLES.

N. A. VICKERY.

Supplement to "The Torch-Bearer"—Sept. 1, 1934.



The Drill Squad. Winners of the Kirby Shield, 1934. —(Photo by Sidney Riley.)

THE  
**TORCH-BEARER.**

THE MAGAZINE OF  
THE SYDNEY CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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No. 2.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1934.

Vol. XXXVIII.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Chairman of *The Torch-Bearer* Committee wishes to state that the editorial work, proof-reading, and greater part of the writing of this issue has been done by the boys on the Committee and other boys in the School. It is intended that this shall be the custom henceforth. With the resolve and achievement in view, the Committee appeals most strongly for support from its readers. There must surely be among our estimated number of three or four thousand readers many who have done, seen or suffered something interesting; otherwise, what on earth do they talk to their girls about? Perhaps they have not heretofore attempted things in prose or rhyme. Let now *The Torch-Bearer* speak out loud and clear: send us those lispings in numbers, those poems you dare not show to any but her. Send us your stories, essays, epics, dramas, and jokes. We are six in number, we have a big W.P.B., and we want to encourage self-expression. So let not the Australian Milton be mute and inglorious. You may be a genius, and not know it! And, anyway, we cannot have a really good magazine without strong support.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. L. C. Furnell left at the end of last term, and is now practising at the Bar. Mr. F. M. McCracken, B.A., Melbourne, has joined the staff as a resident master.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the last few weeks before publication of this issue a species of chaos has descended upon us. School House was emptied, and at once began to look miserable. Then workmen appeared, and the place assumed the guise of a house smitten by an air raid. Now it looks like a piece of devastated area. The Lower Dormitory is Prep. Room and class-room. Displaced occupants are boarded out. The Headmaster and Mrs. Robson live in Miller Street.

\* \* \* \* \*

Members of Lower School are assured that Mr. Holtermann did not leave any nuggets buried in the foundations.

We miss this term the familiar figure of Mr. Hall, the School carpenter. Mr. Hall was at the School many years; he put up many boxing-rings, and taught many boys the art and mystery of carpentry. In fact, so universal were his activities, in a community where people are always breaking something, that they attained an importance almost cosmic.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 9th of February, the following appointments were made:—  
J. R. Burrell, Senior Prefect; W. H. Travers, Second Prefect. To be Prefects: D. I. Baggett, G. G. Hyles, R. A. Swift, W. G. Thomas, T. A. Tonkin. To be Sub-Prefects: D. L. Dey, C. B. Hudson, B. M. Irving, A. G. Lang, R. D. Macbeth, G. E. Seagoe, D. F. Shetliffe, N. C. Stokes.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 6th of June, W. H. Travers was appointed Senior Prefect and J. N. Sevier Second Prefect. The following appointments were also made:—  
Prefects: C. B. Hudson, A. G. Lang, R. D. Macbeth, G. E. Seagoe. Sub-Prefects: S. D. Angus, J. W. Walton, D. R. Wood.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 4th of July, the following were made Sub-Prefects:—K. Croft, F. E. Hutchinson, N. C. Sutherland.

\* \* \* \* \*

On July 25th, a large detachment of boys from the School attended with great enjoyment and interest a special matinee given by the A.B.C. (Sydney) Symphony Orchestra in the Town Hall, under the baton of Professor Bernard Heinze. It was emphasised that this was not "children's music," but an experiment in giving boys and girls in this city some of the very best of music to listen to, in the hope that they would respond at least without hostility, and perhaps without apathy. The result was rather remarkable. Certain sections of the large audience were obviously under carefully engendered restraint; but even amongst the less tutored members a spontaneous respect for the music was indicated by their silent attention. We were only sorry that the conductor's sympathetic and interesting talks, and the fine work of the Orchestra under his control, had to be hurried through to a rather hasty conclusion. Please give us some more, sir!

## CHAPEL NOTES.

A service was held on Thursday, 7th June, in memory of Rev. David Davies, M.A., late Chaplain of the School. Colonel A. H. Moseley gave the address. The Chaplain was assisted by two Old Boys, Rev. I. D. Armitage and Rev. O. G. Dent.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Friday, 6th July, the Most Reverend Dr. H. W. K. Mowll, Archbishop of Sydney and President of the School Council, visited the School, and preached at the mid-day service in Chapel.

\* \* \* \* \*

On 5th August, the preacher at the Open Service was the Venerable Archdeacon W. L. Langley.

\* \* \* \* \*

On 24th August, the Archbishop administered the Rite of Confirmation; the list of names will appear in the next issue of *The Torch-Bearer*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## BAPTISM.

June 27, 1934—Susan Villeneuve Dowling.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPEL DONATIONS, 1934.

A. R. M. Gibson, £2/2/-; A. G. McDonald, £1/1/-; B. S. Dowling, £2/2/-.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MARRIAGES.

**Absell—Totolos** : April 26, 1934, at the Sydney Church of England Grammar School Chapel, by Bishop Edward Wilton, Seaton Lascelles, son of the late Edward Robert Absell and of Mrs. E. R. Absell, North Sydney, to Lilian Mabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Totolos, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

**McDonald—Clancy** : July 2, 1934, at the Sydney Church of England Grammar School Chapel, by Rev. N. A. B. T. Backhouse, Adolf George, son of Mr. and Mrs. George McDonald, of North Sydney, to Lena, daughter of Mr. Edward Clancy and the late Mrs. Clancy, of Gladesville, N.S.W.

## IN MEMORIAM.

**David Davies, 1859-1934 : Priest, Schoolmaster, Sportsman.**

On the 2nd of June there entered into rest the Reverend David Davies. To many of the younger generation even his name was hardly known, though all were familiar with the frail old man whom they so often saw about the School or at Northbridge. To hundreds of grown men, however, he was an embodiment of the spirit of the School, as much a part of it as Holtermann's Tower. Mr. Davies had been in indifferent health for a long time. In May he went up to Queensland to stay with his son at Coolangatta. On Saturday night, June 2nd, he died after a heart attack. On the 7th of June a Memorial Service was held in School Chapel, conducted by the Chaplain and the Rev. I. D. Armitage, and an address was given by Dr. Moseley, an Old Boy and member of the School Council.

We subjoin to this notice an extract from an appreciation which appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* over the familiar initials J.L.P. :

When a schoolmaster who has spent the greater part of his life and energies at a great school passes away, he leaves behind a greater number of personal friends than most men in other walks of life. His life is often secluded; neither his tastes nor his income will have led him to take a leading part in social life; nor has he the opportunity nor inclination to figure before the public eye: but the friendships which he will have formed are numerous. Such was the lot of the late Rev. D. Davies. . . . So passes a simple, lovable gentleman.

The School Council at its next meeting placed upon record the following minute:—

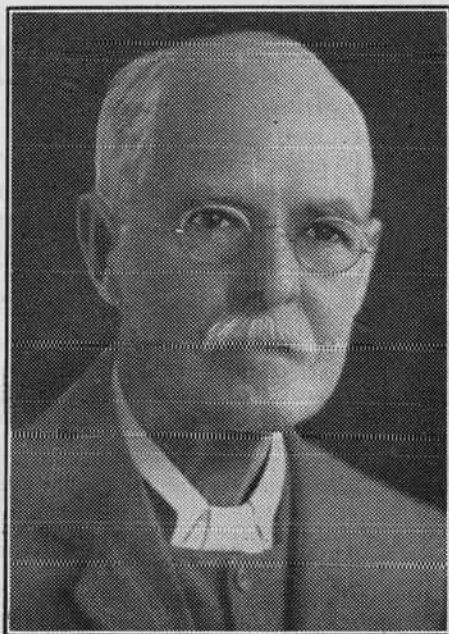
The Council records the death of the Reverend David Davies, M.A., Oxford, with great regret, deep sympathy for his widow and family, and appreciation and gratefulness to God for the record now remaining of the life of the first-appointed Assistant Master of the School, who served it also, and with all his mind and soul, as Chaplain and Honorary Archivist, and in many other offices and activities, during 45 years, throughout which he endowed it with the riches of his faith, his unselfish devotion, many other forms of generosity, and a love and charity that endeared him to all boys and masters, made him one of the most cherished memories of the Old Boys, and will keep him a strong influence for good in many lives, as well as an example to all others upon whom the School's work and well-being may depend.

The following biographical details will be of interest to many of our readers:—

Mr. Davies was born in 1859. He was educated at Llandovery College, Wales, where he was Captain of Football and University Exhibitioner.



He went to Jesus College, Oxford, and won a Mathematical Scholarship there. He took his degree of Master of Arts in 1884. On one occasion he represented South Wales at Rugby football. He was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Ely in 1887, and was made a Priest by the Bishop of Sydney, Dr. Barry, in 1888.



**The Rev. D. Davies.**

—(By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald.")

Mr. Davies entered the teaching profession directly he came down from Oxford. In 1881 he was at Birkenhead College. In 1882-3 he was at Lindow College, Alderley Edge. From 1884-8 he was at King Edward's School, Bury St. Edmunds, during which time he entered Holy Orders. In 1888 he came out to Australia as Chaplain and Mathematical Master at The King's School. When Bishop Barry founded our School in 1889, Mr. Davies was one of the first masters, and Chaplain. Here for forty-five years he remained, serving the School in all the capacities which lay open to a many-sided man. At various times he was in charge of football

and athletics. He was Editor of *The Torch-Bearer*; he made the School Register. In 1924 he retired from active teaching, but remained Chaplain and archivist for some years.

No meeting of the Old Boys' Union was complete without Mr. Davies. He was one of the founders, remaining in the office of treasurer till his death. Subsequent editors of *The Torch-Bearer* owe a lot to his encyclopaedic knowledge of Old Boys and their affairs.

On the 31st of May, 1892, Mr. Davies initiated the movement for an Amateur Athletic Association for the Great Public Schools of New South Wales. He became its first chairman, and held that office till 1894, when, at his own desire, he became an ordinary delegate. He kept up an active interest in the doings of the Association, being present at almost every meeting till 1919. The present writer has a lively recollection of an athletic meeting not so long ago at the Sydney Sports Ground, when he sat near to a group of famous old sportsmen, among them Mr. Davies, Judge Backhouse, and Mr. Coombes.

In 1895 Mr. Davies was married to Miss Mabel Clarke, a granddaughter of the late Rev. W. B. Clarke, who was Headmaster of The King's School, 1839-1840, first Rector of St. Thomas' Church, and a famous geologist. Mr. Davies is survived by his wife, one son (an Old Boy of the School), and two daughters.

An important side of Mr. Davies' interests is thus described by Dr. Moseley in his memorial address:—"As a Priest, he naturally wished to build a Chapel in the School, not only as a suitable house in which to worship God, but because he knew that no school can ever become really great—and by great I do not mean great in numbers, but great in its sons—unless the life of the school centres round the services in the Chapel and sound religious teaching. The Chapel was built, and for many years he read the Offices of the Church in it; and this glorious memorial window above the Altar is due in large part to his inspiration. As Old Boys grew up and took wives, they naturally wanted Taff to pronounce the Blessing of the Church on their union. They brought their children to him to be admitted into Holy Church. He read the last prayers over the graves of some who have passed over. All the offerings he received for these ministrations he put aside for the East window; and when the window was finished and placed up here, his contribution was very large.

"Many will say that the world is the poorer for his passing, but I feel that the world is richer for a life so well lived, that he contributed so largely to make this School what it is to-day, and to mould the characters

of the boys with whom he came in contact so that they are Christian gentlemen and worthy members of the community; and we should be glad and proud to have known him, and to be able to say from the bottom of our hearts: 'May he rest in peace.' "

#### Leslie Alma Minnett.

On Monday, August 8th, this well-known and well-liked Old Boy, was killed in a motor-car accident. The car in which he was being driven collided with a motor-lorry in the Pittwater Road at Collaroy. The sympathy of all who know the School goes out to his wife and family.

The family of Minnett is one which the records of the School have frequent occasion to mention for honour. Three brothers were here, all of them sportsmen in the best sense of that word. Like his brothers, Leslie Minnett played for New South Wales at cricket, his best performance being against the English XI. of 1907-8 under A. O. Jones. In baseball, too, he represented the State.

As a loyal son of the School, and as a good sportsman and citizen, Leslie Minnett left behind him a fine example and a pleasant memory to all who knew him.

*Vitai Lampada Tradiderunt.*

*In manus Tuas, Domine.*

#### VISIT OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

On 6th July the Most Reverend Dr. H. W. K. Mowll, Archbishop of Sydney, the President of the School Council, was welcomed to the School by the Headmaster on the occasion of first official visit. At Purves House the Archbishop met the Headmaster, staff, and boys of the Preparatory School. Before attending the service in Chapel, His Grace spent some time in conversation with the School prefects.

In his sermon, the Archbishop related some of his experiences in China and India, pointing out that people of other nations, such as the Chinese, reveal sterling qualities which it is most important to recognise and appreciate. In an eloquent peroration based upon the School motto, "Vitai lampada tradunt," the Archbishop spoke of the Living Flame

proceeding out of Heaven which was perfectly embodied in Christ, from Whom the School, as a Church foundation, derived its guiding principles and inspiration.

After Chapel, His Grace met the senior staff and had lunch in the Dining Hall.

### LIBRARY.

Owing to the remodelling of School House, which was begun this term, the Masters had to find a new Common Room. Much to the disappointment of the Librarians and those who find it useful, the Library was chosen. In spite of this new arrangement, communication with the *Domus librorum* has not been cut off altogether; boys who wish to draw books may do so at the break. Also, a large number of magazines have been removed to Room A, where they can be read, at lunch time, by Sixth and Fifth formers.

Although, since the exclusion of the Middle and Lower Schools, general behaviour in the Library has vastly improved, the Committee wish to point out that, for the benefit of those who attempt to do serious work in the Library, it would be to the advantage of all if a stricter silence was observed, especially among those who read only the magazines.

A great deal of work has been done, both this term and last, by the Librarians in cataloguing every book in the Library. This term, although only a few new volumes have been acquired, nevertheless every book there is now readily available.

### THE THING.

This term there have been three meetings in the Library. On 21st July, at a domestic meeting, several of our members took part in reading Sheridan's play, "The School for Scandal." At the next meeting, Professor Briggs gave us a much appreciated account of his travels in wild New Guinea, which was made all the more interesting by the assistance of the epidiascope. The third meeting of the term was held on the evening of August 25th, when the Society was addressed by the Consul-General for Czechoslovakia, who spoke on the general subject of his country. A large number of new members have been elected, and the School membership is now nearly complete.

**NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.**

The number of members remains roughly the same—a few new ones taking the place of those departing or retiring.

The term's work has been carried out under difficulties, but we have now found a home at the back of the Dining Hall, where collections may be seen on application to one of the members.

There have been two useful additions to the Museum. A show case has been purchased out of the Society's funds, and Dr. Waterhouse has again shown his generosity. He has presented us with a cabinet and a collection of shells. In addition, he has offered two prizes for this year's exhibition: There will now be four prizes, for :

- i. The Best Contribution to the School Museum.
- ii. The Best Photograph connected with Natural History or Botany.
- iii. The best Life Exhibit on an Insect, with notes and observations.
- iv. The Best Exhibit, including Butterflies.

We cannot thank Dr. Waterhouse enough for his kindness and generosity.

During the term, Mr. Horace Willings, who has spent some time with the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, gave us a most interesting talk on White Ants. He illustrated with lantern slides, and also brought a microscope to show us the minute Protozoa that live inside the white ants and digest their food for them. White ants, he said, are easy to study, for you can find them at any time of the year; and there is much to be found out about them by merely watching them closely and making notes. He stressed the point, that cannot be stressed too often, that it is better to have studied the life history of one insect and to know something about the way it lives, than to have collected several boxes of insects on pins, and know nothing more about them than perhaps a few names.

**DEBATING.**

The debating season has been notable for an increased interest on the part of a considerable number of senior boys. Consequently, a very satisfactory standard was attained by about a dozen boys, most of whom were aspirants for places in the School team.

After a long process of elimination, it was decided that the team should include J. W. Walton, A. G. Lang, and C. B. Hudson, with R. D. Bedford as reserve.

As has been the practice for several years, the competition began with a debate on a set subject. In this opening contest we were successful against St. Joseph's College, establishing a fair margin of points in opposing the motion: "That democratic forms of government should be maintained within the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Against Sydney Grammar School we affirmed the motion: "That too much prominence is given to the study of Shakespeare in the schools of New South Wales." The teams were fairly evenly matched, but the discussion was not notable for cogency of argument on the part of either team. The decision was given against us, mainly on the ground that we, as the affirmative side, had not sufficiently limited and defined the subject.

Our last contest was with The King's School, when we opposed the motion: "That the influence of the Press in New South Wales is beneficial." The discussion, which was interesting and amusing, resulted in a decision in favour of T.K.S. by a narrow margin of points.

In the second and third debates, Bedford took the place of Lang and Hudson respectively, who were prevented from taking part owing to illness. However, we were weakened very little, if at all, by the substitution.

Although our results in the competition series are not up to the average of recent years, this reflects no discredit on the members of the team individually. The fact that the speakers were engaged in several School activities of importance prevented their obtaining the necessary practice either in elocution or in tactics. In future years the opportunities for practice available to aspirants to a place in the team must be considered equally as important as their other qualifications.

### **MILLER'S POINT CLUB.**

As it is not practicable to have more than about eight helpers at a time, the number of boys of the School who assist is limited, but those who take part do gain interesting experience, and spend an enjoyable evening at the Club, at the same time giving pleasure to the Miller's Point boys who attend. Much more could be done, if the School had its own Club-room; but in the meantime the Club is for many boys of Miller's Point a welcome oasis in a dreary desert.

**CRUSADER UNION.**

There is a group of boys at School who have discovered that the lunch-hour can be used for something other than eating one's lunch! These boys have realised that Christianity exists in ordinary school life as well as in Chapel. Accordingly, every Wednesday at 12.45 p.m. a meeting is held, at which an opportunity is given for boys to hear of others' experiences of Jesus Christ. Are these meetings worth while? Well, we say they must be, for the numbers attending have almost doubled since the beginning of term. You have to come yourself to prove our assertion that these meetings are of the greatest value.

The activities of the Crusader Union are not confined to this School. Our own Union is only one of a great number of other school groups throughout the British Empire, which hold meetings similar to our own. Nor do school meetings constitute the sum total of Crusader interests, but meetings of a somewhat different form are held in private homes around Sydney every alternate Saturday night. These meetings are run by young University men, and have the additional attraction of supper.

The local drawing-room meeting is held at Dr. Deck's house, 94 Shirley Road, Wollstonecraft.

**RIFLE SHOOTING.**

At a meeting of the Sports Executive Committee on Friday, May 4th, the following elections were made:—M. Duddy, Captain of Shooting; L. P. Greenwell, Sub-Committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

A regulation emanating from Military H.Q. states that schools with Cadet Corps may have a Militia Rifle Club. Also, that only members of the Cadet Corps may be members of the Militia Rifle Clubs. As the use of rifles and ammunition is restricted to members of Rifle Clubs, the effect of this regulation is to debar non-Cadets from shooting in G.P.S. matches.

\* \* \* \* \*

On June 2nd and 4th, certain members of the Corps took part in the Annual Prize Meeting of the Australian Militia Rifle Clubs' Union (1934), held at Long Bay Range. The School was represented both in individual and teams matches.

In the "Merris" (7 rounds application at 300 yards), the "A" team again came second to S.G.S., equal with the 34th Battalion. Although the scoring was not up to last year's standard, the weather conditions were very much worse.

In the "Pozières" (10 rounds snap at 300 yards), the "A" team filled twelfth place with the same total as last year's team, which was placed sixth.

The team was unplaced in the "Lone Pine" and "Bullecourt" matches.

Some individual representations were:—GALLIPOLI (7 rounds app. 200 yards) : L/Cpl. J. Hoskins, 33 (sixth). FAIRFAX AGGREGATE (totals of Anzac, Mena, Mont St. Quentin, and Lagnicourt matches) : L/Cpl. M. Duddy, 131 (fourteenth).

\* \* \* \* \*

On 7th July, L/Cpl. M. Duddy, Cdt. L. P. Greenwell, and L/Cpl. J. Haskins fired with a team representing the 1st Division against the 2nd Division. The 2nd Division won the match.

\* \* \* \* \*

On 22nd July, the eliminating round of the "Earl Roberts Imperial Cadet Trophy" was fired at Long Bay. Unfortunately, the School team was unable to keep up the reputation which previous teams of the School had gained in representing the State for the last three years in succession. Owing to excellent shooting on the part of Newington College and consistent shooting by the 34th Battalion and S.G.S., while ours was not as good as might have been expected, we were only able to fill fourth place. Our team and scores were as follow:—

(Cdt.-Lieut. N. A. Vickery acted as Fire Director.)

	500 Yards				Total out of
	Application.	F.W.M.	Rapid.	Snap.	Possible 80.
Cdt. L. P. Greenwell .....	13	20	15	15	63
Cdt. T. E. Spencer .....	18	20	14	4	56
Cpl. J. Haskins .....	13	16	17	8	54
L/Cpl. M. Duddy .....	19	18	18	18	73

The complete results was as follows:—N.C., 291 (1st); 34th Batt., 257 (2nd); S.G.S., 246 (3rd); S.C.E.G.S., 245 (4th); 1st Div. Sigs., 197 (5th); 45th Batt., 148 (6th).

\* \* \* \* \*

On 4th August, an "A" and a "B" team represented the Corps in a monthly shoot held at Long Bay. Both teams were placed sixth in their respective divisions.



Practice for the G.P.S. Competition has been carried out consistently during the season, and although we have been later this year than usual in settling down to solid practice, our prospects of obtaining a good team by the end of Camp are fairly bright. Camp this year, as usual, will be held at Maroubra Bay Hotel during the last week and half of the holidays, and it promises to be a good one.

### CADET CORPS.

**Corps Policy.**—Cadets should realise that the large majority of their number gain promotion before leaving School, and that the stripes which seem so far off to the recruit are within the reach of all. More than fifty boys each year gain considerable experience as instructors and in the exercise of command. The bulk of the instructional and disciplinary work of the Corps is carried out by those Cadets who have become officers or N.C.O.'s. Five masters, the S.M., and two Staff S.M.'s are regularly engaged in Cadet work, but their time is mainly spent in training N.C.O.'s and in supervision. The School Corps aims at giving as many boys as possible an opportunity of learning how to command, rather than at turning out Cadets mechanically proficient in drill and skill at arms. This is in accordance with the spirit of the instruction laid down in Infantry Training, that the training of the N.C.O. is more important than the training of the man.

**General.**—Lieut. C. H. Grace, S.U.R., a master, is now one of those regularly engaged in Cadet work. We are grateful to him for his assistance.

It is intended to hold a Ceremonial Parade on the last drill-day. Particulars will be published next term.

The trophies won at the Gymkhana were presented by the State Commandant at a ceremony held at Victoria Barracks. The Corps was represented by a detachment of Cadets.

A party of officers and N.C.O.'s from the School availed themselves of the invitation of the Commandant of Duntroon Military College to witness a display given by Staff Cadets, and learnt a great deal about the variety and precision of the work done by soldiers.

**N.C.O. Classes.**—During the first three parades, instruction was given to candidates for 1st appointment to the rank of Cadet-Lieutenant, and for the promotion to the rank of Warrant Officer, Class II. Since then additional classes have been held in Rifle Exercises and Training.

**Tactical Course.**—After three lectures to officers and sergeants in the work of an Advance Guard up to the Attack, a morning was spent near Rydalmere in solving problems on this phase of military operations.

**Training.**—Some time was given to Company Drill and Ceremonial Drill. "A" Coy. also completed a syllabus in I.S.L., L.G., and Rifle Training. "B" Coy. carried on with close order work and Rifle Training. The miniature range was in use throughout the term.

**Rifle Shooting.**—The activities of the Corps under this head are dealt with in Shooting Notes, but it might be mentioned here that the process of elimination and preparation for G.P.S. Rifle Matches involves a total of about 50 Cadets in Saturday morning training on the open range.

**Examinations.**—On July 3rd, candidates for 1st appointment to the rank of Cadet-Lieutenant or for promotion to the rank of Warrant Officer (Class II.) were examined. Seven passed for Commissioned and three for Warrant rank, but the results had not been confirmed in Orders at the time of going to press.

**Number of Parades.**—1 Ceremonial, 1 Examination, 9 Training.

**Strength.**—5 Officers, S.M., 40 N.C.O.'s, 134 Cadets; total, 180. Increase, 6. Decrease, 13.

**Examinations and Promotions.**—Passed for Sgt., May 1, 1934: Q.M.S. J. N. Sevier, Cpls. T. A. Tonkin, A. G. Lang, E. B. Smith, R. G. Holmes, J. W. Walton (promoted Sgt. 1st May, 1934), N. A. Vickery, J. W. Hipsley, D. P. Smith, B. E. Swire, R. J. Ellis, E. W. Daniell (promoted L/Sgt. 1st May, 1934, Sgt. 30th June, 1934), G. G. Hyles (promoted L/Sgt. 5th July, 1934), B. H. Travers, N. C. Stokes, R. U. Bourke, C. H. Lukin, J. C. Church (the last six equal). Promoted Cpl., June 30, 1934: L/Cpls. J. Haskins, R. G. Robinson. Appointed L/Cpl. July 5, 1934: Cdts. D. C. Pope, N. C. Sutherland. Passed for Cdt.-Lieut., July 3, 1934: Sgts. C. B. Hudson, J. N. Sevier, A. G. Lang, T. A. Tonkin, N. A. Vickery, R. A. Swift, E. B. Smith. Passed for W.O. (Class II.): Sgts. J. W. Walton, J. W. Hipsley, R. J. Ellis.

**Postings.**—2nds in Command: "A" Coy., Sgt. C. B. Hudson; "B" Coy., Cdt.-Lieut. W. H. Travers. C.S.M.S.: Sgts. J. W. Walton, J. W. Hipsley. Pl. Cmdrs.: Sgts. E. B. Smith, R. A. Swift, N. A. Vickery, J. N. Sevier, T. A. Tonkin, A. G. Lang. Pl. Sgts.: Sgts. R. J. Ellis, D. P. Smith, R. A. Holmes, E. W. Daniell, L/Sgts. G. G. Hyles, B. L. Swire. Q.M.: Cpl. J. Haskins. Orderly Room Sgt.: Cpl. R. G. Robinson.

**Results of "A" Coy. Rifle Course.**—Possibles: Grouping—Cdt.-Lieut. Travers, Sgts. Swift, Swire, Cpls. Hyles, Haskins, Robinson, Cdts. Connell, Epps, R. C. Morgan; 100 Yards—Cdt.-Lieut. Travers, Sgts. Swift, Swire, Hipsley, Cpls. Church, Seago, Cdt. Epps; 200 Yards—Cdt. R. C. Read; 300 Yards—Cpls. Bourke, Hyams, Marsh, Cdt. Marshall; Snap—Sgt. D. P. Smith, Cpls. Church, Hyles. Best Shots (possible 175): Cdt. Epps, 162; Cpl. Robinson, 158; Sgt. Swift, 157; Cpl. Hyles, 150.

## SCOUTS.

### 1st Waverton S.C.E.G.S. Group Committee.

The annual general meeting was held on Friday evening, 20th July. The following parents were elected to the Committee:—President, R. J. Sands, Esq.; Vice-President, G. E. Browne, Esq.; Hon. Secretary, W. N. Harding, Esq.; Hon. Treasurer, A. M. Coward, Esq.; and Ivo Kerr, Esq., C. V. Janes, Esq., and J. Alexander, Esq.

The various reports showed that sound progress had been made during the year. The Group Committee had raised sufficient funds to provide a floor for the Scout Hut, while members of the Committee and other parents had given generous gifts and had provided means of transport for several Camps.

The annual meeting was followed by a Troop meeting, which was attended by the parents in the Scout Hall. Scout games were played and songs sung around an artificial camp fire. Later, supper was provided in the Dining Hall. During the year several successful Camps were held.

### Troop Activities.

The Troop's activities this term have been steady, but not spectacular. Second term is a very busy time for everyone, and wet and cold weather makes camps and outings a very precarious business. Our main work has been in solving certain problems of organisation and principle.

Both in order to make the Troop meeting of more manageable size and to conform to the Headmaster's ruling as to age, it has been found necessary to form a Senior Patrol, which meets on Saturday nights, but still remains part of the Troop for Camps and other Troop activities. The Troop is now 32 strong—24 (four patrols of six who meet on Tuesday afternoon) and a Senior Patrol of 8. This means that the Troop is at full strength, and until more Scouters come forward we cannot form another Troop. However, though there are at present no vacancies, there will be room for a few recruits at the end of the year.

The appearance of the Hut continues to improve—inside, but not, alas! without—and we are now able to use the available space to the full. During the term the School authorities had electric light installed, and this has made it possible to make the Troop meetings longer on short winter evenings, and has also made possible the activities of the Senior Patrol on Saturday nights.

On 20th July the Troop entertained parents and friends after the annual meeting of the Group Committee. This is the first occasion on which we have been able to invite our supporters to see us at home, and we were glad to be able to show them how a Troop meeting is conducted, and to sing them some of our songs; for, after unfurling the flag and demonstrating some Scout games, we lit a rather chilly (electric) camp fire and sang some of the songs we sing in camp.

On August 4th, P.-L. N. Sands and Scout H. R. Browne represented the School at a tree planting ceremony on Ball's Head, and planted a tree each.

The thoughts of many of us are turning towards the Jamboree which is to be held in Melbourne in conjunction with the Melbourne Centenary celebrations. It is expected that 15,000 Scouts will assemble at Frankston on December 27th, and these will come from all parts of Australia, a few from England, and some from South Africa and the Pacific. In prospect it seems that it will be a great occasion, and the Troop is sending two patrols as its representatives.

#### **Rover Scouts.**

On Sunday evening, August 12th, the 1st Waverton Rover Scouts Crew held an Investiture Ceremony in School Chapel. The candidate was one of the original members of the Crew, J. H. Lees, now an Old Boy. His sponsors were Rover Scouts Milton Boyce and N. G. Langby, and the ceremony was performed by the Rover Leader, Mr. C. E. Burgess, in the presence of the Group Chaplain, Colonel A. H. Moseley, Mr. E. Mander Jones, and Rover Mate J. F. Le Fevre.

#### **THE EARLY DAYS.**

##### **A Speech by Mr. E. I. Robson at the Foundation Day Dinner of Old Boys in Melbourne.**

We are indebted to Captain L. H. Lemaire for sending us a copy of this most interesting speech by our first Headmaster. Mr. E. I. Robson was proposing the "Health of the School."

GENTLEMEN,

To-day, as you know, is our Foundation Day—the day of all days, when the School should be very close indeed to our hearts and to our memories.

It was on Saturday, the 4th May, 1889, that the School was formally opened by Earl Carrington, the Governor of New South Wales. The occasion was one

of the last public appearances in Sydney of Bishop Barry. Bishop Barry we always regard as our founder, and it was unfortunate that he did not remain in Sydney to guide the School's infant steps.

With the origin of the School you are probably all familiar; you know how the Government resumed the old School connected with St. James' Church, and an Act of the New South Wales Parliament provided that the money paid for such resumption should be applied to the establishment, within the Diocese of Sydney, of a School of the highest type in which the teaching should throughout be in accordance with the principles of the Church of England.

The property known as Holtermann's Tower was in the market and was secured for the School, and considerable additions were made. The playground was, as you know, inadequate, and every time we played a cricket match on it, I used to look on in fear and trembling of some grief-stricken mother holding a dead baby over the fence. Luckily that never happened, and, at an early stage of our career, we countered the deficiency by the use of the North Shore Oval, while now, of course, there are the grounds at Northbridge.

The School opened for serious work in July, 1889. It was a nasty day, cold and wet, and I pitied our small flock, amounting to 24 all told. July was rather a close season for new boys, and it was not until the beginning of the following year that our numbers appreciably rose.

We had the original block of eight classrooms and a staff of five—Hughes, Davies, Linton, Arthur Kelynack, and myself. Langhams was with us as music master; he composed the music of the School Song. The School sergeant—McKay—was with us from the beginning. Baker joined up rather later on, when we more or less incorporated his school; and A. D. Hall either followed or preceded him—he was certainly on the staff in 1891, for he did much, I remember, towards getting the boating going.

The School Treasurer was Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Dibbs; and the Secretary and Bursar was the Rev. H. Latimer Jackson, the Incumbent of St. James' Church.

The first two boys on the School roll were Herbert Kendall and Leslie St. Vincent Welch—which was actually first is, I fear, uncertain. I am very grieved to say that Herbert Kendall died about a fortnight ago.

I suppose, so far, as athletics are concerned, the School can justly claim to have been in the forefront in fostering rowing, as an out-of-school sport. When we appeared on the scene the only real rowing school was St. Ignatius' at Riverview. Sydney Grammar had occasionally boated a four, but not regularly. Now and again, too, Geelong Grammar would try conclusions with St. Ignatius' on the Lane Cove River.

I was always myself keen on rowing, and somewhat early in the School's history imported a four-oared tub from Melbourne, hoping to be able to inculcate at least the elements. It was a very dainty tub, and we took it up to Riverview one Saturday afternoon to show off to the St. Ignatius people. Father Gartlan, who looked after St. Ignatius', asked me, "Couldn't you put in a four to row us?" I demurred. I said my boys were too young. On the way down we camped for tea at Gore's Creek, and the two boys I had with me went for me—"Couldn't we manage it?" Finally I caved in, but stipulated: "You must make up in style for what you lack in years and strength, and give up your Easter holidays, and

we'll go and camp somewhere and row all day." I remember our first camp: a cottage on the point at Gladesville that Arthur Kelynack (though by this time he had left the staff) secured for us.

That was in 1891, and we beat St. Ignatius' by some twenty lengths. We deserved it. We had worked hard. Some of our training we did in Middle Harbour, and when we brought the boat back to Berry's Bay, we carried her through the bush over Middle Head—or was it Bradley's Head?—to avoid a swell coming in from the east.

We won again in '92, and then St. Ignatius' for some reason pulled out. So we induced S.G.S. to come in—they shared our camp with us in the pub at Mortlake.

It was somewhere about '93 that the G.P.S. Regatta was started, with a lot of outside events. S.G.S. joined another camp of ours on Middle Harbour. We chartered a "house-boat"—a ballast punt on which the deck-house of an old steamer had been dumped. Part of the morning ritual was to pick wild beasts off our blankets! I forgot the date of that camp; but I think it must have been in '94 when S.G.S. beat us. S.G.S. after that put in a crew every year. In 1899 St. Ignatius' is credited with a win; I suppose this is correct—it is the right kind of failure of memory that forgets defeats!

At any rate it was almost entirely Sydney Grammar and ourselves that kept School rowing alive. The infant that we reared with difficulty in fours has by this time achieved a very healthy manhood now that eight schools send in eights every year, not to mention first, second, third, fourth and fifth fours. I hope I haven't wearied you thus plying the labouring oar, but I am—or was—a rowing man!

Another thing we did for School sports was to *suggest* the formation of the Athletic Association of the Great Public Schools. At the time we did so we were a very infant School, and with becoming modesty deferred the leadership to S.G.S. But the movement, which has done so much for the organisation of the sports of the Sydney schools, really originated with us.

In our own inner economy, I flatter myself that we started and kept up a really sound prefect system. If I am right in so believing, then I must give much of the credit to my staff. I can scarcely hope that a copy of the memorandum they addressed me on the subject of prefects has been preserved, but I remember how much it impressed me at the time.

I don't like to ask anyone here whether you can still get Saturday cards, but I would like to ask whether "good work and conduct cards" are still in vogue! I invented the latter, because I got frightened that interviewing too many bad boys with Saturday cards would corrupt my morals! So I made an excuse for seeing the good boys; too.

#### FORTY-FIVE YEARS.

It is not a great age for a school to boast of. There are schools in England that can proudly claim an age seven or eight times as great. There are schools whose boys saw the beacon fires that proclaimed the defeat of the Armada, schools whose boys sided with Cavilier or Roundhead or thrilled to the tidings of Marlborough's victories. Such schools have no doubt a goodly heritage. But the true age of a school is the age of those within its gates—the age that comes

between childhood and manhood, an age of developing, but not yet developed individuality—an age as Wordsworth says, "Still glorious in the might of heaven-born freedom." A *school* may date from the flood, or it may be a foundation of yesterday; the boys that learn wisdom in the classroom and comradeship in the playing field will in both be of the age that in virtue of its freedom, of its yet un moulded individuality, is susceptible to the influence of high ideals of honour, of duty, of chivalry, and of patriotism. And so we need not be distressed about our comparatively meagre forty-five years.

Before the School was twelve years old, there were graves in South Africa to serve as an earnest and a promise of the self-sacrificing devotion that, before the School had completed her third decade, her sons were to show in Gallipoli, in Flanders, and in Palestine. Fortified by such examples, we must have faith in our School's present and future.

Without being accused of pacificism, we may hope and pray that she may not again have to mourn young lives cut short; but we *must* hope and pray that she may continue to inspire her sons, whatever call of duty await them, to be true torch-bearers, true handers-on of the torch of life. In an ordinary race it is the individual who wins; in the torch race, the relay race of bright and shining example, the prize goes to the team, to the community, to the nation.

The motto of our School, gentlemen, is no prayer, no expression of hope; it is a categorical assertion, a proud boast—*Vitai lampada tradunt*—"They do hand on the torch of life." It is the duty of all concerned to see that the boast be not vain, that the assertion be not futile.

Gentlemen, I give you "The School."

### MY TRIP TO MELBOURNE BY CAR.

(By J. W. F.)

We started off for Melbourne about 4 a.m. one Saturday morning. An hour before we started heavy rain was coming down. Lighting our tail-light, we drove down the drive, shutting the gates after us.

The first suburb we came to was Ryde, the next Parramatta. It was then quite light, and the rain had stopped. As we reached the railway gates before Liverpool, the sun could be seen over the horizon. Going along the Cowpastures Road we found a spanner on the road. There is no doubt that the country out that way is wonderfully fertile. [And what digestions the cows possess!—Ed. T.-B.] At Narellan, the Campbelltown Road joins on to the Hume Highway. At Camden the country is very flat, though a mile away on the left and right there are hills. The railway line from Campbelltown to Camden runs along the roadside. Crossing over a bridge on our right we saw the Camden Vale Milk Company's works. After we drove through Camden—quite a small township—we turned to our left, and a few miles out we saw Lady Macarthur-Onslow's place.

Soon after that we rose up and ascended a hill called The Razorback. From there we had a wonderful view all over Camden, one of the most fertile places in New South Wales.

Picton, thirteen miles away, is the next town after Camden. Passing under the railway bridge there is another hill; and from there to Bowral there are nothing but trees, trees, all the way. Ten miles this side of Bowral there was a bang : this being a blow-out! We then proceeded to put a spare tyre on. Feeling rather downhearted, we went about 20 m.p.h. into Bowral, where we had breakfast. After breakfast we bought a new tyre, and continued our journey to Goulburn. Just after Moss Vale we saw the Governor's place, which was surrounded by pine-trees.

The dryness and the deadness of the trees and the grass around about Goulburn was rather amazing; fallen trees were everywhere, making more pasture for the sheep. As we neared the top of a hill we wondered what would be on the other side. We soon found out that it was Goulburn. First of all we passed through North Goulburn, and then we stopped at Goulburn. I would not have thought that there were so many shops. I dare say that six vehicles out of every ten were bicycles. Finding some lunch to eat, we then drove on towards Yass. An ox tongue was opened just after Gunning, and we enjoyed it very much. Packing up our troubles in our old Dodge, we very soon arrived at Yass, and went straight on. Going along the banks of the Murrumbidgee, we ran through a very small village called Jugiong. On our left was a wonderful property, a river running right round it. It was impossible to be flooded, because it rose to quite a high hill. Leaving that beautiful country behind us, we went over nothing but hills, never stopping until there was one long stretch of road which came into Gundagai. Just outside Gundagai there is a memorial called "The Tucker Box." Gundagai, being surrounded by high hills, is a very hot place, and that is why we did not stay the night there. After we had finished tea, we thought we would go on to Holbrook, 80 miles from Gundagai. Very soon it was dark, and I dozed off until we could see the lights of Holbrook in the distance; and by this time it was 10 o'clock. There we unpacked, and went to bed at half-past ten—and what sleep I had, pushing, pulling and kicking my mate! In the morning there was nothing on the bed except the mattress; all the sheets and blankets on the floor.

We packed up, and set out for Albury for breakfast. It was wonderfully fresh in the cool morning air, and we felt well alive. We had some Murray cod for breakfast, a most delightful fish. We bought some oranges and bananas and pears, and we had lunch by the Cricket Oval at Benalla,



which looked very green. Every town we passed through was decorated for Christmas. Many cars passed us going the opposite way. Just after we crossed the bridge at Seymour there was a hiss, and this was a puncture. It was cold, as there was a biting westerly blowing. Between Seymour and Melbourne two thousand cars passed us. There is a wonderful view of Melbourne about thirty miles away on a fine day. It was so cold we could not find enough clothes to wear. Going along the most wonderful road in the world, the St. Kilda Road, we soon came to our destination at Brighton.

### RAIN.

(By N. A. V.)

Rain—what is rain? The scientist will tell us that it is the product of the condensation of the aqueous constituents of the atmosphere; the poet will tell us that it is a heaven-sent balm—the elixir of life; but the majority of people will heartily agree that it is a beastly nuisance.

Few there are who have not experienced the delightful sensation of uneasily awakening in the midst of a dream of summery sands to feel a blast of ice-cold wind delicately gambolling over the pillow-slip and eagerly seeking to warm itself beneath the jealously guarded bed-clothes: to find that, to all intents and purposes, the next-door neighbour has suddenly gone batty and is somewhat succeeding in his attempt to transform the bedroom floor into a replica of the Pomptine Marshes with the aid of a powerful fire-hose directed through the window—the window which we had left wide open in the prospect of fine weather and in the interests of our health, and have, for our pains, probably contracted the 'flu.

Having made our toilet and breakfasted, it now becomes our lot to prepare to venture forth. This is always an elaborate performance. Search parties are invariably sent out to hunt for the missing galosher (it frequently being found under the house in a semi-masticated condition subsequent to the activities of a certain member of the canine species). Mackintoshes, overcoats, gloves, umbrellas, scarves—all are brought into commission in this, the hour of need. Hastily glancing at the weather forecast, we see that it brazenly intimates that to-day will be bright and sunny with a prospect of light passing showers in the late afternoon. We decide that this is "a tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," and, with head down and teeth set, launch ourselves into the unkindly elements.

The first thing that meets our eyes is the chaos of the front garden. All the soil is washing away, and there, drifting serenely along the flood, are those carefully nurtured seedlings we planted yesterday! As we stagger out into the street, the wind seems to rise with renewed gusto as if exulting over the gain of yet one more victim at whom to shoot its tantalising and penetrating pellets. A stinging sheet of rain strikes our face—runs down our quivering cheeks and drips off the end of our nose and chin. In spite of elaborate precautions, it slowly finds its way to our neck, and cunningly penetrates the stoutest bulwarks to trickle in a clinging and gloating stream of icy water down the sensitive spinal column. We shiver, and wonder who it was that first started all that gibberish about the exhilarating feel of the biting salt-sea spray and the driving wind. Either he did not know what he was talking about or else there is a difference! But surely the addition of a few grains of salt would not improve the touch of this cold, limp piece of cloth which, coiled round our neck in clinging folds, was once a respectable collar! A cold, clammy feeling around the calves of our legs causes us to look down in dismay. Our trousers, faithfully carrying out their allotted purpose, are carefully absorbing the rivulets of rain-water which ceaselessly course down the surface of our oilskin. They stick and cling and endeavour to conform faithfully to the shape of our legs, but are met with no encouragement. Our socks are, in their turn, becoming sodden, and what our trousers and socks are unable to absorb trickles cosily down into our shoes, where it comes to rest, content.

In the midst of this, our extreme discomfort, a song breaks upon our ears, rising above the hissing and slopping spatter of the rain. We look up in amazement and see a barefooted urchin with a sugar-bag draped, monk fashion, over his head, happily paddling along the swilling gutter. We writhe in envy at his state of mind as he blithely chirrups an appropriate air with which we have no sympathies whatsoever.

As we board the tram (which, of course, we had to run for) we are met by a series of hostile glares from the seething, steaming mass of humanity within. Shedding water everywhere, and feeling most sensitive about it, we manage to find our way to the corner farthest from the ken of man, and there seek to shrink within ourselves.

Arriving at our destination, we seek to dry our garments, and take hours to settle down to the daily routine. The day's work finished, we wend our sorrowful way homeward. It is still raining, and we contemplate with inward joy the welcome kiss of the homely fires. We meet the same people in the tram—at least they seem the same, although their noses

are slightly redder. We settle down and ruminate with gloomy and pessimistic minds upon the innumerable picnics, cricket matches, drives, holidays, outings, and best suits that rain has ruined. In the midst of our meditations somebody sneezes! A vague feeling of uneasiness creeps over us. Is that peculiar, tired and listless feeling akin to that which we felt before the last attack of 'flu, or are we imagining it? We decide to take no risks, and nestle closer within our coats. A gentleman in the next compartment wisely remarks to a friend that this weather does at any rate benefit the farmer. Perhaps! But we recall with grim satisfaction that at the present moment quite a number of these gentry are performing redoubtable aquatic evolutions in manoeuvring a miniature Ark alongside the front verandah in a vain endeavour to entice the family cat aboard. We also have a dim recollection of the amazing eloquence of a bullocky whose waggon had been bogged during a rainstorm.

Have we not heard sometime of some insignificant town in a remote corner of the State which possessed a number of innocent souls who had never seen, or rather felt, rain? When it *did* rain these people crowded out in the streets to witness, with gaping mouths, this remarkable phenomenon! To us, this may seem incredible, but it is explained by that weird trait of human nature which prompts us to gather in hordes to view, and perhaps even listen to, the notorious politician beneath whose heavy hand we shall for the next few years bow in unwilling penance.

As the sun draws down in the west, a light breeze skips about among the clouds and herds them up like so many sheep. A patch of blue sky appears—a glimpse of the Great Beyond—and as the sun sinks down into its blazing couch of golden down a wondrous band of many colours moves slowly over the heavens, filling us with wonder and hope, and making us feel that life, after all, is quite bearable.

## LUCK.

(By H. G. S.)

It was a typical London fog. It swirled and rolled through every street that night just as it had done for the last three nights. Fog, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Crimes, great and small, are committed with something like impunity under the cover of the all-pervading blanket. But any thoughts as to his own or his purse's safety did not trouble the well-dressed man standing on the corner under the street-light.

Yet it was evident that he was troubled, for he cast frequent and angry glances at a gold watch which he drew, at least twice every five minutes, from the inner recesses of his warm clothing.

"Twenty past eight!" he thought. "Just twenty minutes late! After half-past, she can go on her own. The night of the biggest dance of the year, and nobody better unbooked! I might have known she'd be half an hour late! Strewth, some fellows have all the luck!"

His further musings were cut short, somewhat sharply, by the sound of a shuffling step coming down the street. Presently, a short man, of stocky build, wearing a worn-out tweed cap and an equally worn grey suit, appeared, slowly, from the fog. His lips were framed for the plaintive appeal for money, when they were stopped, whilst their owner gazed intently at the gentleman opposite. After a few seconds scrutiny, he spoke. "Blimey, if it ain't Mister Graham, me old platoon commander! Don't you recognise me, sir?" Graham looked hard for a minute or so. "Why, you're not 'Bunny' Eastman, are you?" The beggar hung his head. "Yes, sir, that's me. I've fallen a bit in the world since the War, sir; used to be orderly to an officer then—valet to a gentleman, I liked to call it, sir—but I haven't shined a gentleman's boots for many a year now, sir!"

"But I thought you had quite a good job before the War?"

"So I did, sir. I was junior foreman of a paper mill up north of here. But the place was burnt down after I got back, and the firm went broke. I got another job as butler in a M.P.'s house in West End; but when they found out that I was a Liberal, they sacked me. I've not had a job for five years now, sir."

"I'm awfully sorry to hear that, Bunny. I'd have thought a man of your accomplishments would have got on well. I'll never forget how, over in Flanders, you used to be able to get bottle after bottle of the best when nobody else could. Here you are—it's about the best I can do at the present time. I'll need plenty for to-night."

"Thank'ee kindly, sir. Life, sir, I think it's just a matter of luck. Some fellows have all the luck. Well, sir, I'll be moving on now. Good-night, guv-nor!"

And the fog swallowed him up.

Graham stood staring after him for a few minutes. Luck, he had said, luck! He woke up from his dreaming with the realisation that it was late. He felt for his watch. It was gone . . . .!

## MONTAGU ISLAND.

(By C. M. S.)

Montagu Island is about seven miles from the mainland at Narooma, on the South Coast. It is approximately five miles long by one mile wide, and is one of the most popular places for deep sea fishing in Australia. When I was staying at Narooma in the Christmas holidays, I joined a party to go fishing off Montagu. We hired the one boat large enough to make the trip, and, after a light breakfast (very light, since the sea was pretty rough), went on board. One member of the party, just before we started, spotted an octopus in the shallow water near the jetty, and the boatman gaffed it and turned it inside out before I was fully aware of what had happened. As octopus is the best bait for schnapper fishing, we were hoping for a good catch.

The black ball was hoisted against us at the pilot station, but, nothing daunted, we crossed the sand-bar at the mouth of the river and headed for the island. Everybody was in great spirits at first, but after a time the motion of the boat began to have its effect. The conversation died down a little, and it was not till we had almost reached the island that it started to liven up again. The boatman, who knew all the spots, stopped the engines just over a reef on the north side of the island, about forty yards from the shore. We fished with lines of No. 10 gut two hundred yards long, and these only just reached the bottom. After about ten minutes my attention began to wander from the fishing, largely because of an unpleasant feeling in the pit of my stomach. Anyone who has never done any deep sea fishing can imagine how much the boat rocks. It cannot, of course, be anchored, and has to be allowed to drift. This drifting is about ten times as bad as the ordinary motion of the boat. However, just as I thought I should have to join some of the party who were already leaning over the side, I felt a terrific heave on my line, and I was too busy hauling in a pig fish to spare the time to be sick. After that I was all right, and proceeded to enjoy the fishing to the full. Before lunch we nearly filled a packing-case with fish of all varieties, colours, and sizes. Fishing at sea is a different proposition from river fishing; one does not feel a tiny nibble on the line, but a wholehearted tug, and the schnapper especially provide wonderful sport.

The comedian of the party, who had wrapped a towel round his stomach as a precaution against seasickness, was, to our great amusement, the first to be sick; so I should not recommend this method to prospective fishermen. We landed on the island for lunch, and, after making up for

the scanty breakfast, most of which we had given to the fishes, we inspected the lighthouse and the penguins, which seemed to be the main sources of interest. We again set forth on a fishing expedition, this-time, however, leaving ashore two of our company who had been very sick in the morning. We filled the packing-case to overflowing with more fish; but the seals, which were very numerous on the north-east side of the island, came swimming and bellowing around the boat. They frightened the fish, and in the end we had to leave. We picked up the two people on the island and set off for the mainland. We set a bait for sharks by tying the shark line to a buoy, which we trailed behind the boat; but although sharks are usually quite numerous there, we did not catch one. The sea was still very rough, and a man came down from the pilot station to the cliff overlooking the bar to guide us with flags. At last we gained the calm water of the river, and tied up at the jetty. On counting the catch, we found we had caught over a hundred fish, of which the largest was a big schnapper caught by one of the ladies.

While I was at Naroona, two men caught a giant swordfish just off the island, and it was so big that it made a full grown man exert all his strength to lift the head alone. Zane Grey, the well-known writer and deep sea fisherman, is coming to Australia, and is going to fish at Montagu Island. I have heard that he is going to write a book about it. An association, called the Deep Sea Fishing Association, is being formed, and Montagu is to be its headquarters. It is not remarkable, therefore, that I had the best day's fishing in my life there, and I am sure that anyone who fishes at the island will thoroughly enjoy himself.

A tall ship went sailing, sailing to sea,  
Leaving the port and its noise on the sea;  
Leaving the hustle, the dust, and the lies  
For the quiet and truth that inhabit the sea.

I watched the ship sailing, sailing until  
With the wind, and the sails, and the seamen's goodwill,  
She sunk 'neath the skyline, was lost to my view,  
But went dipping and climbing her clean way still

Far, far away t'ward the Southern Isles,  
To the palms and reefs and dusky maidens' smiles,  
To free lands and warm, where sun-kissed Pagans live  
And love, and are happy, safe from worldly wiles.

**THE PERVERSE BEHAVIOUR OF INANIMATE THINGS.**

(By A. L. Yuille.)

The above subject is one which is becoming more and more pressing as time goes on. The Press is devoting whole columns to its solution, whilst a Royal Commission is about to enquire fully into the reasons which cause a collar stud to roll under the wardrobe. The people's enthusiasm has grown to a fever pitch, and already there are two opinions on the matter. The first upholds the old idea that a stud is devoid of feeling, whilst the second asserts that it is possessed of a mind both malignant and elfish.

For myself, I believe that the latter theory is the more correct. My belief is that the collar stud, if properly looked after and trained in the beginning, will cause little or no worry. To train a collar stud correctly requires great patience. In the first place, the stud must never be sworn at. This is an irredeemable fault, for if a stud once finds out that you care two hoots for its behaviour, you are done for. From long experience, I have discovered that a stud derives a great amount of fiendish glee in making itself a nuisance, and immediately it learns how to become troublesome, full use is made of its knowledge.

When a collar stud gets lost, the procedure to adopt is as follows : Whistle carelessly, and say so that the stud can hear you, "Oh well, I'd better go and buy a new collar stud!" At this, the stud is so overcome by jealousy, that it would rather be trodden on than remain undiscovered, and can be found easily.

If these hints are followed carefully, it will be found that studs, coins, golf balls, etc., never get lost, and the daily list of suicides and murders will grow appreciably less.

**THE TUCK SHOP.**

(By N. A. V..)

Because of the competition of numerous outside establishments which, having larger capital and thus being able to make a better show, have been drawing the custom of the boys, we have, at long last, been compelled to resort to advertisement. We do not use this term in the sense usually applied to it, but have agreed upon abiding closely to truth; there is to be no distortion of fact. We believe in "Truth in advertising."

**NEVER SACRIFICE QUALITY FOR COST!  
OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.**

**Pies.**

Slight increase in price of late. Due to new and exclusive blend.  
50-50 Mixture : half beef, half—(well that's a trade secret, and cannot be divulged).

**Sandwiches.**

Guaranteed to be the only two-for-sixpenny sandwiches to be wrapped in the "Everfresh" wrappers.

Will withstand any climatic conditions for an indefinite period.

They have stood the test of time. The proof is in the eating!

Available cork-filled or plain. (There is an unaccountable shortage of the latter.)

**Milk.**

Pure, unadulterated milk. Equal to the finest cow's milk!

Untouched by hand. Straight from hand to mouth!

Revive your failing health!

Renew those burnt-out tissues!

The ideal winter fuel. Guaranteed anti-knock. Containing as it does lead tetra-ethyl, you are assured of never raising a knock afterwards.

Instant starting. (Recommended for footballers.)

**SECOND-HAND BOOKS.**

A fine selection of approved books.

No thud and blunder here! Good, solid stuff, guaranteed to make the hardest schoolboy wince!

**PASTRY FOR THE PREFECTS!**

**BISCUITS FOR THE BOARDERS!**

**KANDY FOR THE KIDS!**

It will, no doubt, have been observed that we have, of late, greatly increased the variety of our stock.

We now sell everything from boot polish to cream buns—from tooth paste to football socks.

If it isn't in sight, ask for it!

We will probably have it in cold storage!



## "THE GUNMAN."

(By P. W. F.)

Dillinger Joe was a gunman,  
A thug in a sense of the word;  
And Dillinger's wife *was* called Mary—  
Mary Elizabeth Bird.

Now it took great courage to win her,  
As well as a risk for his men,  
For Mary was going to be married  
At the registrar's office at ten.

Joe put on his bullet-proof armour,  
Took down a pistol or two,  
Filled his pockets with lollies and dynamite,  
A jack-knife, and brandy flask new.

He leapt to the seat of his chariot,  
Machine guns both aft and before,  
A gas mask, a black mask, a helmet,  
And bullets in thousands, and more.

The office he saw in the distance,  
A man and a girl by the door;  
Joe looked to his guns with a vengeance.  
As the crowd gathered more and still more.

Up came the car to the doorway,  
And Joe, with a leap, leapt clear,  
Had the girl in his arms in a moment,  
And embraced the dear lass without fear.

For the girl at the office was Mary  
Awaiting her hero, so bad;  
And the poor little man that was with her,  
Why! that was Mary's wee dad.

Now Joe and Mary live happily  
On the money they earn after dark;  
For Mary now drives the armed chariot,  
While Joe with his 'chine guns doth bark.

**HORACE : ODE III.2.**

The youth, long trained 'gainst knowing fear,  
Must learn a simple life to lead,  
And, fighting, make the Parthians bleed,—  
Must be a horseman dreaded for his spear.

A life beneath the open sky,  
'Mid perils should he pass. The wife  
And daughter of the foeman's chief,  
On seeing him, at their loved one's danger sigh.

“Alas! dare not this lion provoke :  
In battle thou art little skilled ;  
To touch him e'en is to be killed,  
For bloody anger wields each mortal stroke.”

A noble thing it is, and meet  
For fatherland to die, since, sooth,  
Death still pursues the coward youth,  
Nor deigns to spare his fleeing back and feet.

Courage, to vile defeat unknown,  
Un sullied in her glory shines,  
And neither takes up nor resigns  
To suit the vulgar breeze her high renown.

Valour, for those heaven opening  
Who've not deserved to die, essays  
Her course along forbidden ways,  
And spurns the empty earth on soaring wing.

Loyal silence gains reward as well ;  
But him who to the public sight  
Has bared mystic lores' rite,  
I shall forbid beneath my roof to dwell.

Nor shall he launch with me his bark ;  
When scorned Jove oft' in equal light  
Regards the wrongdoer and the right,  
But seldom does halt Poena miss her mark.

## ANIMAL HEROES.

(By H. W. Stokes.)

It has been said that "We must stoop low and seek into the recesses of the mean to find comedy." Goldsmith knew this when he wrote "The Good Natured Man." If he had made Honeywood a man of importance, his generosity, and his bankruptcy—the result of it—would have given us a feeling of tragedy instead of indifference mixed with humour.

Perhaps this is why some authors have given character to animals, and have used them in their works. When we see Antonio baring his bosom for Shylock's knife, we are fearful for this good merchant. But we see Toad of Toad Hall run over and even imprisoned without the slightest misgivings.

But this may be because the whole story is so much out of perspective. Milne produces the same effect when he shows us Winnie-the-Pooh, the rather brainless, helping type, and Eeyore, the person who is always sorry for himself, and is always assuring himself and the world that he has the worst of everything, but that of course he is not complaining. Most of the animals that we have mentioned have been used to present some type exaggerated and distorted a little to give humour.

But these animal characters are sometimes used to present some type more clearly to us, and to show us some of our faults without putting our backs up. In Kipling's *Jungle Stories* every animal represents some type. You may say that the chief character is a human being, but this only emphasises the fact that the animals are placed on an equal basis with humans. Too often do we see the jealousy and spite of Shere Khan, the Tiger, towards someone better than himself. He might easily be the crook of to-day. Kipling showed us in *Stalky* that he felt the awe of a headmaster; he has given to the jungle dwellers some of this awe of Hathi the Elephant, the wise and silent one who never loses his dignity. Thu, the poison snake, might be the furtive, sneaky type of gangster whom we read about, quick to take offence and bring out a gun. But Kaa, the Rock Python, is altogether different. He might be a big, burly prize-fighter who is, at heart, quite friendly.

There is a wolf-pack, with its fickleness to be swayed to one side by Shere Khan, and to the other by Mowgli and his noble helpers, Akela and Baloo. How many men have lost their lives through a mob being roused by a few mischief-makers, until it loses all control of itself and commits some ghastly crime? Mowgli might have done a great deal, but he would

have been helpless without Akela and Baloo. Never yet has a man become famous but there has been some helper in the background. In this case, the helpers are Akela and Baloo. Seldom do they receive any praise; often, as J. M. Barrie has shown us in "What Every Woman Knows," the person they help does not know it. Other types are represented to us by Grahame in *The Wind in the Willows*. The Rat, who is normally regarded with great disfavour, becomes a likeable fellow, well accomplished and friendly, and a true friend when needed. Also the Badger is a well-respected but retiring man; he is a man of influence, but only uses it when necessary.

And so we see two somewhat different uses of animal heroes. On one side they are used to alter our perspective, so that what would seem tragic becomes comic; and on the other, they represent to us more clearly each of the different types of life.

### SUNSHINE, PEACE, AND ILLUSIONS.

(By Norman R. W. Austin.)

Sunshine, peace, and the soft, lazy caress of an April Sunday afternoon! I stretched my legs with a sense of easeful luxury, and, idly breathing out a cloud of smoke, surveyed the pleasant prospect of smiling earth before me. Below my feet, and beyond where the lawn dipped into space past the delicate tracery of a group of gums, stretched a broad carpet of gently undulating slopes and ridges, melting in the hazy, sun-shot distance in the blue-grey rim of the Southern Highlands—a mosaic of soft greens and greys with here and there ruby patches of clustered roofs colouring the foreground and middle distance. Around me hovered a vaguely restful sense of palm-fringed lawn, roses and gladioli; and, behind, dozed the sunny glades of Pymble. What a perfect existence! Peace, sunshine, and the drowsy notes of suburban quietude! Shade, sunlit distance, and a drowsily ruminative mind!

Life was a matter of moments, a huge pageant, a vast cosmos of moments of different sensations, of varying experiences. Moments of triumph and of defeat; of wonder and pathos; of anticipation and retrospect. And life was a matter of setting—a thing of shifting scenes and changing colours. The atmosphere played its part in the development of the character of the dynamic elements: the background determined the actions of the figure in the play. And this drowsy, sunlit peace was just one of such moments. The magic of the moment! The keen, salt breath

of foam-splashed wave; the green-grown sweep of sunlit plain; the clean strength of autumn sunshine in the silent grandeur of mountain peak and yawning valley; the cool, clear sunlight floating down through the leaves of a drooping gum-tree; the grace of Schubert and the lilting throb of Strauss; the strange beauty of a violin whispering through a half-darkened room and the murmur of a ukulele across the ripple of moonlit waters; the velvet immensity of the night sky, with its millions of stars that changed from a liquid gold in summer to a frosty, glittering silver in winter; the simple beauty of a rainbow and the incomparable splendour of a sunset. All held the fleeting music of some hidden beauty. All held the passing notes of some elusive pathos. The magic of the moment!

It was very wonderful. And it was very pleasant—lazily enjoying the drowsy afternoon sunshine, with the shadows beginning to tip-toe across the lawn. It was very romantic and picturesque; and the whole illimitable range of human delights and possibilities glowed with an ineffable splendour. Life throbbed with the music of youth and carefree laughter, and its shape was tinged with the colours of beauty and hope. Like the blue, summery sky, it laughed softly with the thrill of limitless magic; and with the rippling, sun-kissed earth that lay below all dimples and smiles, it stretched into the sunlit distance with a haze of dimly perceived prospects. It was all very absorbing—the Scope of Life! And it was rather pleasant to contemplate; with the pensive shadows creeping on to the face of the fresh dreaming earth. The laughter of a band of currawongs, chattering melodiously in the hollows somewhere behind, floated softly up on the still and strangely indifferent air; and the whole scene seemed stamped with the stamp of Eternity. Time hung in sunlit space; and the earth was changed with magic—sunshine, magic, and a sense of unimagined possibilities.

Yet the world didn't change much! Superficially its surface might alter; but underneath it was the same old world of passions and intrigue, of conflict, cruelty, and kindness. The houses might be built of bricks instead of stone, their roofs be of tiles instead of slate; but the spirit of the landscape was the same—time changed it not. . . . But the illusion faded. Beyond the crescent dip of the flocculent slopes and red-roofed hollows of the North Shore Line loomed the steel arch of the Harbour Bridge, dominating the eastern landscape. The intrusion of the mechanical into the prospect of green slopes and red-roofed ridges was remarkable. It was significant. Wasn't it symbolic of this Modern Age? Did it not point somehow to an insidious change that had crept into the character of things? Beneath the surface of this blandly smiling earth, were there not new forces at work, mechanical, chemical, electrical, vibrations of the

ether, pulsing, throbbing, straining forward? All around were the inroads of scientific research and discovery into the realm of natural history. Science had crept with groping fingers across the face of Nature. Or, rather, Nature had projected herself into the path of the awakening consciousness of the analytical mind of man; and there appeared this growth of new mechanical conclusions in the superimposed strata of civilization. Nature had unfolded her mysteries after sleeping through the centuries. There had been decomposition, disintegration, synthesis, experimentation; revelation of basic elements, of properties, and of causes. It was all very wonderful, this growth, this insidious progression of Science!

Yes, it was a changed world—the spirit of things had changed. Life had become concentrated, specialised, accelerated. Values had altered. Facts had acquired a prime significance. Knowledge had to a greater degree become generalised, and was of new import as a factor in the continual competition of daily life. Science and mathematics were in the ascendancy; were growing and developing in their application. Industry had gone into the melting-pot; and had come out expanded and solidified, to an enormous degree. Its focal point had moved to the laboratory; its future rested on the research of the analyst and the skill of the draughtsman. It was the age of the chemist and the engineer. Mass production and organization had acquired immense proportions: the production of motor-cars and machinery; the building of ships and the merging of shipping and colliery interests; the vast exploitation of the oil industry; the growth of forestry; the increase in centralised control in the primary industries—wool, cattle, sugar, cotton, rubber; the capitalization of mining—all were vast organisms in a world that had had its beginnings when the abolition of slavery had urged man to the necessity of devising an artificial substitute for what had become essential to the satisfaction of the needs of an expanding, combative civilization.

It was a new world! The old world had narrowed down, become wrapped up in itself, immeasurably—economically, politically, financially. Distance had been annihilated; the unknown discovered; the wilderness settled. Consumption and production had grown. The market had gone from the town to the city, from the city to the capital, from the capital to the world centre. Economic movements had become world centralised instead of localised. Economic interdependence had moved from individuals to nations. The Queensland chilled beef exporter had to contend in the London markets with a firmly established industry in the Argentine and a prospectively threatening industry in South Africa and Southern

Rhodesia. The wheatgrower in Australia put his product on the same European markets as his fellow-producer in the Argentine and Canada; had to market his stuff in the East in competition with the grain of the United States. The wool of a continent was annually passing over the rim of the earth and spreading throughout millions of homes in the United Kingdom, Europe, and Japan. The coffee planter in East Africa had to compete under different conditions with his rival in Southern India and Java. The arms of industry were stretched out, circling the world; its fingers were groping, clasping, thrusting aside. It was all very intriguing! Trade had grown into a thing of colossal proportions, with the spreading of the civilized races and the growth of new mechanical inventions and transport facilities—a vast international thing of reciprocal agreements, tariffs, and quotas. And this growth of world economic interdependence had brought with it its crop of fresh problems. Problems of exchange, of over-production, of mal-distribution of goods and services, of over-capitalization, of competition, of “sweated labour” and depressed prices, of inordinate costs, of excessive taxation; problems of tariffs, of duties, and of sales taxes. Things were amazingly complex. The world was becoming oppressed and entangled, bound down with obligations and restrictions. It was a far call to the happy days of the early Victorians, when there was little or no taxation and the economics of living were comparatively simple. Yes, the world had changed a great deal; and it had reached a stage where the solution of its growing problems had become pressing. It reached a stage where the cry of humanity was for truer and simpler standards.

And under all this changed surface of things was the pulsating force of Science. That was the whole significance of it. It was an age of Science. Science had grown, expanded, during the last century, as it had never done before. It was no longer a thing purely academic, but had entered into the everyday life of humanity and had become a vital factor in the whole social structure. The terms of human progress were the terms of scientific possibilities: the measure of human comforts, the measure of Science’s power to subjugate the elements to the will of man. The application of the essentially scientific spirit to current thought had had its birth somewhere during the last century, and had advanced incredibly, changing the values, altering the standards of everyday life. Unlike the various Arts, which had been a part of man’s atmosphere, so to speak, from earliest times, changing in form and spirit through the successive phases of various cultures, Science had hovered around vaguely for a few hundred years and then had suddenly loomed on the inner-consciousness of man, bursting forth in the last century in all the immensity

of its possibilities. It was amazing in what a short time the scientific knowledge of to-day actually had been gathered; and it was equally striking with what increasing momentum scientific discovery had proceeded in the last fifty years. Science had awakened at last from a restless sleeping that, with vague disturbances, had lasted through the centuries. It had suddenly yawned and had crawled sleepily forth from its retreat, stretching itself lazily before mankind. But soon it was rubbing its eyes, shaking itself to life, crawling uncertainly across the face of the earth. And whither was all this leading? Like fire, this new monster must have two sides to its nature. And it already had had! What about the ghastly chemical and mechanical horrors of the Great War? Yes, that was the whole thing—the relation of Science to War. The last war was a pertinent example of how close this relation could be. And what the next war would be no one could imagine. War was no longer a localised affair of siege, attack, and regimental engagement. The army was no longer the profession of yore. Everything in the world had become internationalised. Art had been the first to break the bounds of nationalism. And Science had followed, sweeping along with it the vast shadow of war. War had become a struggle between opposing chemical and mechanical forces; and mankind was but helpless flotsam and jetsam in the face of the giant forces that it had created. And the spectre of war was hovering closer and closer. Good Lord! This green, smiling earth was nothing but the veil of a huge illusion. Underneath were deadly, ruthless forces preparing to break forth, to pinion and destroy. Nations were arming on every side. White-clad chemists were working away, silently, implacably, behind the inscrutable walls of laboratories. Blue-overalled mechanics were hammering, testing, observing amid the whirl of revolving machinery. Naval estimates were increasing. Air forces being built up. Research in ether rays was proceeding ceaselessly, untiringly. And the meaning of it all was War! Under it all were the encroaching interests of aggressive nations. It was all beastly selfishness. And it was largely incapability. They could not understand the other fellow's make-up, his background, his outlook. Racial egotisms and prejudices—traditional jealousies. But war was not the solution. War settled territorial problems possibly; but it created new and far greater economic and financial problems. That was the whole point. War was inadequate. It was inconclusive. But it was a deadly reality; and as long as human nature was human nature, it was inevitable. And over it all hovered the vague, menacing shadow of Science—pressing closer and closer: pushing forward to destruction. . . . Science! War! It was stupendous, terrifying!



But the green, smiling earth came up to hit me, and the balance of things was restored. The currawongs laughed joyously down the valley, and a sense of values returned. It was impossible. All down the ages history taught us that, though the balance had often been small, good had always ultimately survived in the struggle with the bad. Out of bad had come good. After every protracted progression had come the inevitable reaction; and this balance was the essential keynote of the history of humanity. It must persist. There had always been vague menaces and portents of evil, but the shadow had always been worse than the substance. And so it was with the world of to-day.

It was given to man to know but little in his brief stay on this earth. What it was all about he could not tell; whither it was all leading was sealed in the silence of the unknown. He could only taste of as such knowledge, wisdom and beauty as he could, and then pass on with a sense of something accomplished, something won. Without knowing the true significance of it all, life still had meaning, purpose. And this green, sun-kissed earth that snuggled more dreamily under the caress of the quiet shadows—it was the ultimate truth. Conflict, strife, misunderstanding—they were all the illusions. *Ultra quod nihil . . . !* And, as the shadows lengthened, we could only say with that greatest of English poets, in spite of his critics :

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.”

### STOP PRESS.

(By R. D. M.)

An astounding scientific fact has just been proved, in a marine laboratory, on the foreshores of Sydney Harbour.

Professor Fitz-Battleaxe demonstrated to his colleagues last night that fox-terriers have descended directly from *Brachyuran Crustacea*, commonly known as crabs. Some of the evidence put forward is to the effect that both animals run sideways and have remarkably short tails. The mathematics will take some months to complete, as the professor has yet to make several balloon journeys to the stratosphere to study cosmic effects on crab shell or sarapace. He then intends to go to the Cod Liver Oil plantations, where a most alarming research will be carried out.

Although the Professor assures us that the mathematics will be far above our heads, he will try to get it ready by next issue.

**A SQUAMISH LEGEND.**

(By R. D. M.)

The Indian chieftain's arm was strong, and as we glided along in the canoe I asked him to tell me the legend attached to yonder island in this Lost Lagoon. This is what he said:—

“Men are fighting over this little island to-day, and men fought for it hundreds of years ago—Indian men with painted faces and wild hearts.”

But here the Indian broke off; he was thinking, thinking of the past that he loved.

“What about the legend?” I asked.

“Oh! yes. There was much fighting then; all the tribes had gathered for war. The big, strong men from the north had come down through the Rockies, and the forests were filled with their camp fires; the men from the south stayed near the shores of the ocean.

“The Narrows were choked with canoes, and the medicine men of both sides claimed this little island to perform their magic. The medicine men cast incantations at one another for days and days, but neither side would leave the place. The air was filled with their weird shrieking, and an aroma of incense floated over the forests for miles around.

“At last the warriors who were fighting on the coast began to grow weak, and they blamed the charms of the medicine men; so they rushed to the island in their canoes and chased the old men from the island through the inlet, and away out to sea.

“Although the men of the north were quicker and stronger and harder than the others, they did not have the guile of the southern tribes. So the southerners left off pursuing the medicine men, and returned by night quickly; they captured the women and old men in the enemy's camp, and took them to this island. When the northern warriors came back they found their people in the hands of the foe, guarded by the canoes, which circled round the island. Fighting started again with great vigour; the air was filled with arrows, and the truer aim of the northmen was telling. Everywhere empty canoes floated about. After several days, the brave chieftain of the southern tribes silenced the tribes with his upstretched arm, and from the summit of a rock cried to the men in the canoes:

“To-morrow at sunrise all our prisoners shall be killed, for we cannot feed them any longer. But, listen! I give you a chance to save them. We require two hundred young warriors to take their places.”

“A cry of joy filled the air, and two hundred strong youths paddled up to the island. They sent off their weeping relations in the canoes, and stood fearlessly for the southern warriors to shoot them down in the gloaming. But in the morn the tribes saw that all the flowers had turned blood red; so in great fear they fled in their canoes to the warm coasts of their home.”

“It is dark in the Lost Lagoon,  
And gone are the depths of haunting blue,  
The grouping gulls and the old canoe,  
The singing firs, and the dusk and—you,  
And gone is the golden moon.”

### FATHERS' DAY.

The last day but one of Term is often a day of much questioning. The interrogators are young gentlemen who have received that afternoon a paper of questions on all and sundry matters of general knowledge; the interogatees are their parents, uncles, aunts, elder brothers and sisters, friends of the family, but especially fathers. Let every boy therefore wear in his buttonhole the white symbolical mark of interrogation, as a sign that he is celebrating this latest of festivals—one, too, of native origin—Fathers' Day. The great popularity of this institution, especially amongst fathers, has prompted *The Torch-Bearer* Committee—our motto is Service—to lay before its public this additional opportunity for the exercise of paternal wits. The following questions are hopefully presented. But let us state, and be quite clear about it, we can enter into no correspondence.

1. What, in Shakespeare's time, was the chief port of Bohemia?
2. How long is the Polish Corridor?
3. Who polishes it?
4. Was Josephine Baker the first or second wife of Napoleon?
5. Who was the queen who was not amused?
6. Why not?
7. Who is the queen who is so confidently said to be dead?
8. What did Alfred do to deserve that Memorial? Or was it Albert?
9. Who was the king who never smiled again?
10. Was he married?
11. When is a bead venerable?
13. Who balanced an egg on its end to prove that America won the War?

14. What relation is Aimee Macpherson to Al. Capone?
15. Why was Bernard Shaw?
16. Who wrote *Livy Twenty-two*?
17. Did he offer any excuse?
18. Can a minim change its dots?
19. What were Dr. Johnson's reactions to potatoes?
20. Who was the composer who wrote a symphony under difficult conditions in a B Flat?
21. Who is Professor Epstein?
22. What is the feminine of amphibrach?
23. What is their nesting time?
24. During which Period does rigor mortis set in?
25. What would happen if one did park in the School Drive?
26. If three men with two hammers and one saw can make more noise than one master with one piece of chalk, what is the best way of handicapping them so as to make it a good finish?
27. How many people have asked whether the pear-tree is going to be left?
28. What would have happened if Drake had been losing?
29. Who was it who found Governor Bligh under his bed?
30. Did the Governor find his stud?
31. Should the speech of Radio announcers be classed as patois, jargon, dialect or lingo?
32. Is it possible to be vaccinated against it?
33. What is the record seventh wicket partnership for two left-handed batsmen on a fine Thursday at Manchester?
34. When was it last fine at Manchester?
35. What do they do with worn-out motor tyres at Aberdeen?
36. Who was the man who changed the face of a nation?
37. What made the poet Campbell say, "'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly"?
38. Was he in a fine frenzy?
39. What kind of civic official is it who causes one tree to grow where two grew before?
40. Can you describe (a) a trombone, (b) a spiral staircase, when standing to attention?
41. What would Cleopatra have done in Desdemona's place?
42. Why do jazz-drummers always look like jazz-drummers?
43. Who said the following:—

"Let me make a nation's sandwiches : you may let whom you will sweep up the litter."

"The victories of Australia were won in the studio of the A.B.C."

“Spin me this coin, Master Woodfull;  
 And one clear call for me.”  
 “There are men sleeping in the Domain to-night who fell through not  
 leading out trumps.”  
 “Give me two buckets of water, and I’ll bowl out any team you like  
 for forty runs.”  
 Could he have done it as well on beer?

Juggle these about till you have the correct book against the correct  
 author, respectively and each to each:—

<i>The Bridge of San Luiz Rey</i> .....	Ely Culbertson.
<i>The Quick and the Dead</i> .....	Dr. Guillotin.
<i>The Good Companions</i> .....	Hall and Stevens.
<i>Three Little Pigs</i> .....	Virginia Woolf.
<i>Somebody</i> .....	Wood Coffill
<i>Knighted</i> .....	Watt C. Dunn.
<i>His Only Sin</i> .....	Harriet Onions.

The Australian all-day-sucker public will be interested to hear that the free style all-day-sucker record for the Southern Hemisphere has recently been broken by a boy in the P-r-p-t-y S-h-l; a feature of the performance being the concurrent presence of the performer at his normal daily work. Those listeners who wish to possess the souvenir booklet published by The Australian Downeastng Commission should write to the offices of the Commission, enclosing a penny stamp for postage, and marking the envelope “All-Day-Sucker Record Souvenir.”

### PUNISHMENT DRILL.

(By One Who Knows.)

On Friday afternoons you may have noticed a double row of youths, about forty strong, lined up on the asphalt. Past them flows a stream of happier youths, all coming from the classroom, all departing under the arch. The fluctuating crowd that goes thither wears a broad grin, and makes a frequent practice of scoffing at, and, in numerous ways, deriding those standing so still and quiet in the centre of the asphalt. The mirthful ones are going home, to town, Northbridge; the strong, silent men are going for a walk, whether they like it or not.

There arrives a person with a cane in his hand, and command in his eye. He is the sergeant-major, and this collection of precocious criminals is in his charge for half an hour. Authorities on the subject tell us that this still existing rather barbarous custom of ours is one of the last relics of the chain gang. . . . They number. What melody is there for a musical ear! Unfortunately, only those on the homeward track can appreciate it; the notes flow in perfect harmony from bass to alto. At the head of the lines stand the biggest and deepest-voiced, and at the end there quiver the newest recruits, marvelling at the courage of their superiors, who bear their lot with cynical fatalism.

The types and expressions in the ranks are many. There is the cool, collected old-timer who, with philosophical calm, has fallen in wherever his languid gait directed him. He goes through the numbering and four-forming mechanically, and relieving the monotony by the occasional wiping of his nose with a nonchalant hand, and drawing up his braceless and beltless trousers, which immediately relax into their former position. Here is a pale, wide-eyed Fifth A-former, paying the penalty for his very first lapse from virtue. Beside him stands a Sixth Form boy, looking rather sorry for himself, and writhing under his free comrades' jeers. Look! here comes that ne'er-do-well Jones, late as usual, giving his fictitious excuse to the S.M. He is propelled to the blank file with the awe-inspiring cane beating a tattoo on his unhappy flanks.

All is now ready, and the march begins, the pace being long and lively. The first corner is reached, and the boy on the left of the front rank almost stops dead, and seemingly tap-dances while the rest of his line wheels round, and then tramps along the straight again. Passing the arch, all eyes turn to the right to follow be-papared masters on their way towards the common-room. The laboratory attendant, draped in a stained white coat, and surrounded by the aroma of his ghastly trade, is leaning against the door, yarning with some crony, and keeping out the deluded urchins who love to gape at the wonders of chemistry. Several boarders, bowed to the dust by Time's weight, munch dry biscuits absently, and read the notices that are already indelibly stamped on their brains. The squad has absolute power on the asphalt for thirty minutes. All scatter from its unswerving advance; to attempt to bar its way would be *laesa majestas*, a direct challenge to the mighty forces of law and order behind it.

Five times has the unhappy band passed the clock, and five times have faces been turned towards it. The smaller members begin to puff and change step, and perspire freely, whilst the more hardened sinners are just getting into their stride. Occasionally, above the scraping and

tramping of feet, the sergeant-major's voice warns some gossipier; occasionally he barks the step, and once or twice he quits his post in the centre to run, jingling with keys, into the office or after the squad. Woe betide the offender when the latter is the case. Any talking is hushed, and an uncanny moist sensation falls on all. The pace instinctively quickens, but alas! [Realistic details omitted.—Ed. T.B.] Although in agony, the recipient gives a sickly grin and recommences talking to show his indomitable spirit.

Apart from this, an avalanche of mis-kicked footballs, and occasional undone shoe-laces, there is very little to break the monotony. A delightful, if somewhat rare interlude, is the visit of an Old Boy, who saunters up with a newspaper, cigarette, and patronizing air, and laughs and chats for a time with the S.M. The overseer's attention being occupied, the squad slackens pace and cuts corners criminally. This is soon noticed, however, and a sharp word sets the pendulum swinging once more to the proper rhythm.

... Thus and thus the seconds tick on for half an hour, until the mark-time order breaks upon the tranquil afternoon air and drowsy mechanical motion, and then ... a few moments ... dismissal ... and all is over. The squad departs severally: some, of smaller stature, hot, moist, and red, totter to the drinking-fountain; others, cool, and suffused with godlike languor, full of talk of the morrow, collect their traps and depart at ease.

### STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS : BOAT CLUB DANCE—TERM I., 1934.

CREDIT.			DEBIT.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Sale of Tickets .....	53	8 0	Domestic Help and Supper ..	8	18 3
Donations .....	5	18 6	Orchestra .....	7	7 0
			Drinks .....	1	5 0
			Printing .....	1	2 6
			Piano Tuning .....	12	6
			Decorations, etc. ....	7	0
				£19	12 3
	£59	6 6	Credit Balance .....	£39	14 3

**FOOTBALL.**

The season has been a good one, both from the point of view of the general success of the 16 fifteens as well as from the type of football played. Each of the three Competition teams finished third in the list. The 1st XV. lost three games, played on foreign grounds, by 3 points, 4 points, and 6 points respectively.

It is interesting to review the opinion expressed in the May issue of "The Torch-Bearer," that the prospects were bright, especially as the team appeared to be better in attack than last year's XV. This has been fulfilled, but not as completely as expected, as Collins did not develop in the difficult five-eighth position sufficiently quickly, and we reverted, after a few weeks' trial, to Wansey as five-eighth. He had played there with success for two years, but would have made a better in-centre; whilst Tonkin, who had to come to inner, likes more room, and would have done better at outer. This rearrangement of the material lessened our penetrating ability, but in several matches the backs attacked brilliantly; in others, the finish was lacking.

The bright, unorthodox play of the backs against St. Ignatius', the great fight by the forwards against the heavier Scots' pack, and the tenacious efforts of all the team at Parramatta in the last match were features of the season. We congratulate King's on winning the Premiership.

The 2nd XV. won five matches and lost two. They played bright, open football, especially in the King's match (12—0) and St. Ignatius' (25—0). In their last five matches they scored 100 points to 3 (a penalty).

The 3rd XV. won four and lost three matches, playing very soundly, especially in the forwards. At one stage the whole of the Thirds' pack played in the Seconds—'flu effects.

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**Shore v. S.J.S. Practice Match—Northbridge.**

In the opening burst St. Joseph's had the best of the game, but when the players settled down the game remained in mid-field. Shore attacked, and then the opposing backs retaliated, but Land tackled the winger, and, Wansey gathering the ball, kicked out near St. Joseph's goal line—a beautiful effort. A free kick resulted from the throw-in, and Irving did a fine angle kick. Shore led, 3-0. Several times Crippen tried to break through, but determined tackling by Tonkin stopped him. The game was even when Tonkin was caught with the ball in our twenty-five, and from the ruck St. Joseph's scored in the corner. The kick failed. Score, 3-3. The backs seemed fairly evenly matched, Shore getting more of the ball; but Irving and Wansey, playing together for the first time, were not in touch. Hudson had a chance of scoring when he and the St. Joseph's full-back were racing for the ball, but he tripped and fell. In the second half, Swift figured in many fine rushes, and Scholer's kicking was also a feature. Wansey and Hyles followed well and tackled St. Joseph's full-back near the goal line. A free kick was given, and Irving kicked the goal. Shore led, 6-3. Our backs then moved well, but three free kicks brought the opponents into our twenty-five again. From a line-out Irving gave a wild pass, and a St. Joseph's man came through for an easy try near the posts. The kick was successful, and the score now 8-6. St. Joseph's were moving again, but good tackling by our forwards, especially Swift, stopped them. Our inside backs then tried a reverse movement, and full time came with the play in St. Joseph's territory. It was a keenly



contested game, in which two of our mistakes were costly. Our forwards were superior, but the St. Joseph's huge centre took some stopping.

#### T.K.S. v. Shore. Practice Match—Northbridge.

The wind favoured neither side as King's, running up, kicked off, and the play commenced very vigorously. Both three-quarter lines were set going early, and the play was even at first. Then Shore kept the ball in the King's territory, despite their excellent pack, which were being held by Shore's lighter but faster forwards. Wansey showed up early in brilliant cutting through, and twice was nearly over; but the King's defence was too sound. A free kick was then given to Shore well out in King's twenty-five, and Irving kicked a splendid goal. Shore leads, 3-0. For some time the play remained near the centre, both sets of forwards working hard. Irving and Wansey were now combining well, and Shore backs figured in several nice movements. Solid tackling on both sides smothered any chance of getting away, and the King's players resisted our pressure strongly. With the beginning of the second half a change could be seen: King's were overwhelmed by the speed of our side. Our men attacked solidly, and, Irving gathering, passed cleverly to Wansey, who twice dashed through, but was tackled feet from the line. On the second occasion he short-punted, but was tackled by the full-back. Close to the side line Irving passed out to Hudson, and Wansey, running fast and cutting through, took the ball far, only to be well tackled. The play then see-sawed, and King's pressed hard. Good forward work at the toe was stopped by Wansey and Travers with solid tackling. The speed of the game affected the forwards, who were beginning to feel the gruelling. A free kick was given against us near the half-way line, but Body failed, and Swift was prominent in the following play. Shore then attacked, Tonkin and Collins breaking through; but King's returned the play down field. Irving, Wansey, Travers and Hyles were splendid in defence. Campbell for King's then tried a solo run, but was well tackled by Scholer just short of the line. The whistle went, leaving Shore the victors 3-nil. Our forwards, although lighter, were superior in ruck work, and did well even in the scrums. Our backs were much superior, and were unlucky not to score, despite good defence. Wansey was excellent, and all the backs did their job. Of the forwards, Travers, Swift, and Hyles were prominent in a good pack.

#### Shore v. Christian Brothers. Practice Match—Northbridge.

There was a south wind blowing across the field as Irving kicked off for Shore. Waverley forwards dribbled well, but Scholer saved with a good kick. Several rucks followed upon faulty handling, and forwards did not seem to be packing well. Then our whole back line handled the ball, and Hudson was brought down ten yards from the line. A free kick was awarded Shore, and Irving scored a good goal. Wansey then kicked well down, and from another penalty Irving landed his second goal. There was a good deal of kicking taking place, and Waverley forwards took the ball to our territory, but solid tackling drove them out. A dropped pass by Hudson nearly led to disaster; but forwards retaliated, and from a scramble near the line Swift picked up and scored. Irving converted. Cottee countered well from the kick-off, Hyles doing some good tackles to save further progress. Wansey then broke through, only to slip.

Waverley cleared with a good passing rush, which they repeated soon after. Solid tackling kept them out, and Cottee was prominent in a dribbling rush. After the interval, a passing movement by the backs was cut off when Collins was brought down. Swift and Hyles were doing good work. Travers followed up well, and Irving was given another try at goal, which was successful. A good kick by Waverley full-back took play to our line, but Swift saved the situation. Lang then figured in some tackling, and Wansey also. Travers made a good run, but was forced out. Seagoe then stopped a movement which might have been dangerous. Travers again did good work, but lack of backing up prevented it being too effective.\* Tonkin kicked well, and the full-back just cleared in time; but from a penalty at the twenty-five line Irving kicked another goal. In the forwards, Swift, Travers and Hyles played well, while in the backs Collins and Wansey played solidly, though Irving at full-back ran too far with the ball.

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#### Shore v. S.J.C. Competition Match—Hunter's Hill.

St. Joseph's kicked off, and soon started a good back movement, but Wansey intervened, and with a good kick took the ball to their twenty-five. Our backs combined well, but Land, in trying a short punt, kicked out. From a scrum the ball went to Wansey, who kicked downfield, and Hudson following up fast, made ground to St. Joseph's line. Travers then made a good run, and was stopped; but the forwards rucked quickly, and Wansey went over on the blind side to score a good try, which Irving converted. Cottee marked and kicked to their territory. After a few scrums our backs went well, but Tonkin was tackled when trying to break through. Irving then kicked a penalty from the twenty-five line, bringing the score to 8-0. Shortly afterwards Irving tried a field-goal but failed, and Wansey, following up, just failed to gather in the ball. Wansey then tackled Crippen, and stopped a good S.J.C. back movement. St. Joseph's forced the pace and got to our line, and Whelan landed a good penalty goal from our twenty-five; 8-3. St. Joseph's then tried a reverse movement, but Irving fielded the ball and we reached their twenty-five. Wansey saved many situations which looked dangerous with good line kicking. Finally Crippen got away, but was well tackled by Scholer. Whelan then kicked a good penalty; 8-6. After the resumption St. Joseph's forwards dribbled well, and Wansey relieved. Whelan failed with a penalty. Then from behind half-way St. Joseph's backs moved well, and Crippen, running strongly, sent his winger over, bringing Scholer with him. Scores, 8-9 in S.J.C.'s favour. From a scrum, the backs started well and took play upfield; St. Joseph's backs countered, but Hudson stopped with a good tackle. St. Joseph's now pressed hard, and, with a kick down field the wet ball rolled from Scholer, and a forward, falling on it, scored in the corner. The kick failed, with the score 8-12 against Shore. Irving, from a scrum, then worked the blind side with Hudson, who was tackled near the line. St. Joseph's retaliated with good forward play. From a scrum Irving passed to Wansey, to Tonkin, who tried to cut in, but failed. Crippen again broke loose, but Scholer tackled him on the line. The backs moved well, but Hudson dropped a pass. From a ruck near our line, with Hudson on the ball, the St. Joseph winger went over with a tackler on him. The kick again failed; 8-15. From an up-and-under Hudson secured, but was tackled, and Tonkin saved. From the scrum Hyles tackled the five-eighth well. A fine rush followed, in which all our backs handled, and Irving went over for a good try, bringing the score to 11-15. Wansey was hurt, and left

the field for a while. Travers worked the blind again, but was forced out. Shore were now attacking strongly, and using their feet better on the wet ball. (It rained in the middle of the second half.) The forwards, with Travers, Day and Hutchinson leading, took the ball with a good dribbling rush up to the St. Joseph's territory. Full time went with the score 11-15 against Shore. We failed in the first half to press our advantage (8-nil) home, and in the middle of the second half did not use our feet enough. It was really anybody's game.

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#### Shore v. S.G.S. Competition Match—Weigall Ground.

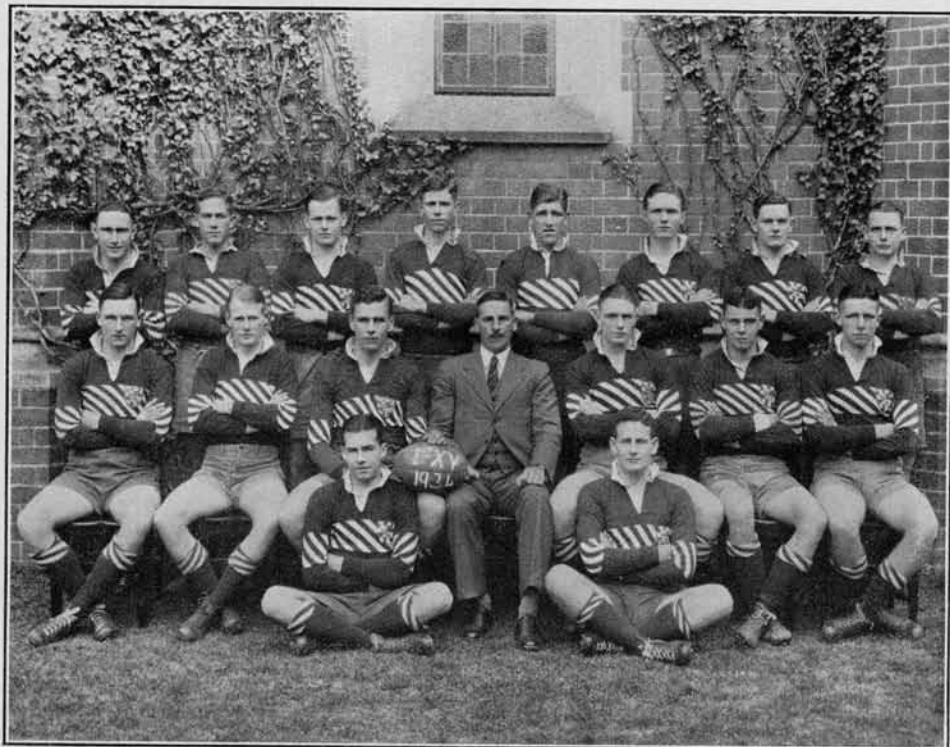
Grammar kicked off with a westerly blowing across the field. The play was fast, and when the forwards settled down Shore pressed, and held the Grammar men inside their own twenty-five. The opposing forwards pressed hard and forced us back at the toe, but Irving broke through with Hutchinson and gained much ground. Several kicks were attempted for goal, but the wind was too strong. Grammar resisted our frequent attacks vigorously, Muller playing well. Wansey tackled safely when Grammar backs got moving; then Tonkin came inside Wansey nicely for the reverse and sent back to Hyles, who went over, but was recalled—a foot off-side. Early in the second half Tonkin cut through and gave to Hudson, who used his speed and scored a fine try five yards from the side line. Irving converted with a good kick. Grammar put on the pressure, and forced our men right back to Shore twenty-five; however, Swift, playing strongly, took the ball into Grammar half, where play remained until Hutchinson broke through. He ran strongly and passed to Travers, who went over, but was held up. Grammar again determined to score, but good tackling by Shore backs kept them out, Tonkin doing very well. The game sea-sawed until it settled down, thanks to Irving's fine work, in the Grammar twenty-five, when they responded, and with a beautiful kick came right up to our twenty-five; but Hutchinson came to support our backs and the situation was eased, Wansey clearing a good line kick. Play was near the centre when the whistle blew, Shore winning the match 5-nil. Our forwards won the ball considerably from the scrums, line-outs and rucks, but the Grammar spoiling tactics kept us out, despite continual attacks by our backs. Every Shore player did his job well.

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#### Shore v. S.H.S. Competition Match—Centennial Park.

It was a fine day and no wind when High kicked off upfield, but were recalled. Shore attacked, but Wansey kicked too far; a "25" resulted, and High cleared. From a penalty Shore again made High's twenty-five, but were forced back. The backs then worked well, but Hudson dropped a pass near the line. A penalty to High, and play came to half-way. Travers did a good run, but passed too soon to Hutchinson, who was forced out near the line. Travers kicked from a scrum, and came near to the line. High were penalised, and Irving landed a good goal; 3-0. Swift got away, after passing the backs, and was tackled by the full-back. Irving gained ground with a good line kick, and High were penalised near the goal. Here Irving kicked his second goal, making the score 6-0. High dribbled well on a dropped pass and were awarded a penalty in our twenty-five, which was successful; 6-3. High started a good back movement and nearly scored, but Cottee and Wansey worked back well. High's backs combined again,

Supplement to "The Torch-Bearer"—Sept. 1, 1934.



Back row : E. Land, G. Seagoe, D. L. Dey, J. W. Walton, R. A. Marshall, A. Lang, M. V. Schoeler, T. Cottee.  
Middle row : T. A. Tonkin, R. A. Swift, W. H. Travers, G. A. Fisher, Esq., G. Wansey, G. G. Hyles,  
C. B. Hudson.  
Front row : B. M. Irving, R. A. Collins.

—Photo. by Sidney Riley.

but Scholer saved with a good kick, and we came close to the line, where a dribbling rush saved the situation. On resumption, High had the advantage of a kicking duel, and came to our twenty-five, where we were penalised, and High landed a good goal; 6-6. Wansey kicked up well, but High, with a beautiful passing movement, scored in the corner. The kick failed; 6-9. Hudson gained ground with a good kick, but Irving just missed a difficult goal. High forced and came to our twenty-five, where Wansey saved. A penalty was given to High, but the kick failed, and Irving ran round and kicked well down field. From a scrum High gained ground and were awarded another penalty, but the kick failed. High's backs worked well, and came to our twenty-five, but Travers saved from a penalty. Hudson took a mark and tried a drop-kick, but it fell short. Then Hutchinson broke through, and, running strongly, gained ground, but passed to the wrong side; two supports were up with him, and the posts fifteen yards off. This was the fifth occasion when all the work was done, but bad judgment prevented a score. Final scores, 9-6 in High's favour.

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#### Shore v. S.I.C. Competition Match—Northbridge.

Shore kicked off into a slight breeze blowing across the field, and forced S.I.C. back. The Shore backs soon were working well, and the ball went to Hudson, who almost scored; then a quick change of direction to the other side of the field to Collins and Land, the latter diving for a try. Irving's kick was successful, and in the first three minutes Shore was leading 5-0. The play remained near the centre but for several line kicks, and our faster forwards spoiled the Riverview combination. Swift and Travers were prominent at this stage. The ball crossed the field quickly as it was passed among our backs, and Collins all but scored. The Riverview forwards showed out and took the play to Shore's twenty-five. Land's handling and Scholer's line kicking were really good. Hudson, Collins and Wansey then forced play down the line, and Wansey almost struggled through. Here the S.I.C. men put on the pressure and gained ground through good forward play, but again our forwards broke through, and Hutchinson, Travers, and Swift took the ball in a fine dribbling rush up to the opponents' twenty-five. From the kick-off in the second half the Riverview team started with great vigour. Several times their forwards broke through with the ball at the toe, and twice got up to our line, the second time to score. The kick failed, and Shore led 5-3. Play sea-sawed, until our forwards smothered the kicking of the Riverview backs, and the ball went to Hudson, who scored in the corner. The kick failed, and Shore increased its lead to 8-3. The S.I.C. forwards were playing splendidly, and, despite good work by Hyles and Swift, the opposition scored from a ruck, but no goal was kicked, and the score remained in our favour, 8-6. Wansey and Tonkin kept Riverview on their side of half-way by good line kicking. Shore backs tried movements twice, but good tackling stopped us. Then Tonkin took a sharp mark not far from half-way, and dropped a goal, Shore now leading 11-6. Land, Wansey and Travers then combined splendidly for Travers to score a good try near the corner. Irving did not convert. Although Riverview forced play hard into our twenty-five, they failed to score, and at full time Shore led 14-6. Our forwards were good, and the backs tried a variety of bright attacking movements.

**Shore v. Scots. Competition Match—Northbridge.**

This match was played on a very wet day. Swift and Hudson were still missing, Walton replacing Swift, and O'Neil taking Hudson's place on the wing. The game started at a great pace, and both sets of backs handled splendidly. From a scrum at mid-way our threequarters were set moving, and a great run ended in O'Neil being tackled three yards from the line. Scots forwards, a much heavier pack than ours, worked play upfield, but our backs again got going and a score was imminent. O'Neil was doing well, but lacked Hudson's pace. Play came back to mid-field and into our territory. Here the Scots forwards rucked quickly in a lake, and Cummins worked his backs to go over for a good try. This was converted. Play see-sawed up and down, with both teams using their feet well and tackling splendidly. Irving toed through and dived, but the ball was dead. At half-time Scots led 5-nil. In the second half Shore ran up against a slight wind. Then from a good dribbling rush Irving cleared, and Hutchinson scored. Shortly after, Shore forwards took the ball at the toe, and Teague, diving, scored a good try. Our more mobile forwards were now wearing their heavier opponents down, and keeping the pressure up. Despite the shocking conditions, both back lines cleared and handled well. Wansey grubbered through, Travers and Hyles following quickly, and caught the full-back, but Purnell relieved with a good kick. Scots pressed to our twenty-five, but Irving snapped up beautifully and found the line at half-way. The game ended with Shore winning 6-5. It was a great game, with both teams playing good football, and the honours were with our lighter pack, who stuck splendidly to their task.

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**Shore v. N.C. Competition Match—Northbridge.**

Newington won the toss, and kicked down field with the wind. Both packs settled down quickly to hard play, with Shore forwards playing more concertedly. From a scrum about half-way Irving set the backs going, and a fine movement ended in Wansey scoring. Newington returned play to our territory, but solid tackling kept them out. Irving worked the blind, Hudson coming inside him and reversing to the forwards, but the Newington full-back stopped Hyles with a fine tackle. Shortly after this the Newington five-eighth was injured in a tackle, and had to retire. The line-outs were providing good tussles between Tobou, Hutchinson, and Travers. Newington forwards came with the ball at the toe, and their left winger went over for a good score in the corner. Shortly after, Shore replied, and the scores at half-time were 6-3. In the second half our backs were too good, and Newington were handicapped by the loss of their five-eighth. Wansey worked the blind, and sent Land in. Irving converted. Then Scholer ran his backs on from the full-back, and Hudson went through nicely to score. Shortly afterwards the ball travelled out to Collins, who reversed to Tonkin, who worked it back to the forwards, Hyles finally scoring. This was a pretty piece of combined play. The game became ragged for a time, and Newington went over after some good forward play. We replied with a good back movement, Wansey scoring, and the game ended 24-6 in our favour.

**Shore v. T.K.S. Competition Match—Parramatta.**

The team was without Swift and Seago in the forwards. Shore kicked off into a light north-east wind. They were recalled to a scrum, and Shore were given a free kick for infringement. Good forward work carried play into King's twenty-five, but they relieved and fought back to half-way. Here a fine kick by Scholer took the ball to King's line; from a scrum we were given a free kick inside their twenty-five, and Irving scored. Play, which was fast and even, remained in the centre, where Ross had to retire after a nasty knock. The King's pack played well, and a free kick given them resulted in Webster scoring with a good kick. Webster set his backs going, and play was carried back to our twenty-five. Webster kicked another penalty goal, King's leading 6-3. Shortly after the kick-off Irving served to Wansey, who was using pace and weight; he brilliantly cut through, making much ground. From the ruck King's backs started a fast movement, but Hyles dived and stopped it. King's continually took a scrum instead of a line-out, and Webster short punted over Scholer's head, but Hudson, running round, forced. King's got most of the ball from the scrums, but Wansey, Tonkin and Collins stopped their backs solidly. King's backs handled the ball crisply though, running across field. On resumption, play went straight to the King's line, and, after good forward play, Travers scored near the posts. Irving failed to convert. Play see-sawed, and Shore repulsed the King's good forward work by line kicking, Irving and Hudson doing well. Travers, Hyles and Hutchinson showed good form, but here Wansey was rather badly knocked out and was carried off. Travers went to five-eighth position. The forwards now monopolised the play, and Smith for King's broke through, but was nicely stopped by Tonkin and Travers. The weight was telling; King's backs were getting a lot of the ball, and several times looked dangerous. From a scrum at half-way Crouch nicely cut through and scored a try, Webster's kick failing. King's now led 9-6. After the kick-off play was kept in King's half, and a fine movement, in which the ball went from Rey to Tonkin, to Collins, to Land, resulted. Land appeared to score in the corner, but was apparently forced out at the flag. The King's backs now went down the field, and Smith scored in the corner. At full-time the scores were still: King's, 12; Shore, 6. The King's pack was much heavier, and wore our men down by good forward play. We congratulate our opponents on their win.

**Football Characters.**

- Travers, W. H. (Breakaway: Captain).**—Played blind breakaway, and joined the attack from here; anticipated well; excellent hands in line-out and loose; fine line kick, good tackler and dribbler; captained the team well.
- Wansey, G. E. (Five-eighth: Vice-Captain).**—Our best penetrating back; played with dash throughout, but was well watched; good hands, and a fearless tackler; will make a fine centre.
- Swift, R. A. (Front-row Forward).**—A very fine forward, always on the ball; a deadly tackler, fearless and tireless. Unfortunately missed the last three games.
- Hyles, G. G. (Breakaway).**—A splendid type of all-round forward; always on the ball, and a great tackler.

- Hudson, C. B.** (Wing Three-quarter).—Speedy, determined runner, though slow off the mark. Developed his taking and kicking, and scored several good tries.
- Tonkin, T. A.** (Inner Centre).—Would have been better placed at outer, but did his job well for a young player. Determined in defence, and fast when he gets going. Developed a neat cut-through. Safe take and kick.
- Irving, B. M.** (Half).—A bright player with a quick serve from the base of the scrum, though pass at times erratic. Good anticipation, and very good place-kick. Has done well.
- Scholer, M. G.** (Full-back).—A greatly improved player, who did really well in the position. Fearless tackler, safe take, and fast enough to run the backs on.
- Land, E. H.** (Wing).—An improved player with a deceptive run, good hands, and a fair defence. Not as fast as expected, but was enterprising.
- Cottee, G. S.** (Front-row Forward).—A good all-rounder; occasionally late in the rucks, but otherwise a very useful forward.
- Hutchinson, F. E.** (Lock).—A really first-class forward; hard rucker, good tackler, good in line-out, and always with the play.
- Lang, A. G.** (Rake).—A good rake, and useful in the open play; tackled well and followed well.
- Dey, D. L.** (Second Row).—Light for this position and rather slow, but a good rucking forward; tackled well, good dribbler, and good hands. Useful next year.
- Seagoe, G. E.** (Second Row).—Also light for this position, but a very honest player, especially in the hard work; tackled very well throughout.
- Collins, R. H.** (Outer Centre).—Played five-eighth, but was too young for the position. Did well at outer; good hands, neat cut-through, good kick, and a game tackler.
- Walton, J. W.** (Front Row).—A game, hard player; light, but useful in rucks; good tackler.
- O'Neil, D. K.** (Wing).—Played twice for the 1sts, and did well. A good, hard, determined runner; very fair hands, and safe tackle.
- Marshall, R. O.** (Second Row).—Played twice, and showed promise; tackled well, and useful in line-outs.

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Shore had the following representatives in the "Rest" teams:—Travers (captain), Wansey, and Irving in the "Rest"; Hyles, Hutchinson, Swift, Land, and Scholer in the "A" team. In the Combined Schools v. R.M.C., we were represented by Irving and Wansey in the backs and Travers and Swift in the forwards. Against Hawkesbury A.C., Hutchinson, Hyles and Scholer were selected. We were interested to note that Sawkins, who left us in May of this year, played for Orange with distinction against the All Blacks; and last year's captain, Vincent, played half-back for Drummoyne 1st Grade. West also was selected emergency for Victoria against Combined Universities.

In the Combined Schools v. R.M.C., our four representatives played splendidly. Travers and Wansey were specially noteworthy, whilst Swift and Irving did particularly well. On one occasion all four swept down the field, Swift finally scoring a fine try.



1st XV.

NON-COMPETITION.

v. N.S.H.S.	Won, 44—0
v. Armdale	Won, 35—9
v. S.G.S.	Won, 11—0
v. S.I.C.	Draw, 8—8
v. S.I.C.	Draw, 8—8
v. S.J.C.	Lost, 6—8
v. T.K.S.	Won, 3—0
v. C.B., Waverley	Won, 17—0

COMPETITION.

v. S.J.C.	Lost, 11—15
v. S.G.S.	Won, 5—0
v. S.H.S.	Lost, 6—9
v. S.I.C.	Won, 14—6
v. T.S.C.	Won, 6—5
v. N.C.	Won, 24—6
v. T.K.S.	Lost, 6—12

Points—For, 210; against, 78.

2nd XV.

NON-COMPETITION.

v. N.S.H.S.	Won, 22—0
v. S.G.S.	Won, 33—5
v. Old Boys	Won, 11—8
v. S.I.C.	Won, 12—3
v. S.J.C.	Lost, 12—14
v. C.B., Waverley	Won, 15—3
v. T.K.S.	Won, 11—8

COMPETITION.

v. S.J.C.	Lost, 0—11
v. S.G.S.	Lost, 6—14
v. S.H.S.	Won, 31—3
v. S.I.C.	Won, 25—0
v. T.S.C.	Won, 20—0
v. N.C.	Won, 6—0
v. T.K.S.	Won, 12—0

Points—For, 216; against, 69.

In the last five matches, the 2nds scored 94 points to 3.

3rd XV.

Matches played :

v. C.B., Waverley	Won, 9—8	v. S.G.S.	Lost, 12—0
v. S.T.C.	Draw, 8—8	v. S.I.C.	Won, 25—9
v. S.J.C.	Won, 9—8	v. T.S.C.	Won, 14—0
v. C.B., Waverley	Lost, 11—8	v. N.C.	Won, 18—0
v. T.K.S.	Lost, 8—3	v. T.K.S.	Lost, 17—5
v. S.J.C.	Lost, 11—0		

Points—For, 99; against, 92.

4th XV.

v. St. Aloysius'	Lost, 12—3	v. T.K.S.	Lost, 26—0
v. T.S.C.	Won, 11—8	v. S.G.S.	Won, 11—3
v. C.B., Waverley	Won, 18—0		

Points—For, 43; against, 49.

## 5th and 6th XV.'s.

The two teams have had quite a successful season, although the lack of games has been a disappointment.

The 5ths played 6 matches, winning 5 and losing 1, and scoring 102 points to 29.

The 6ths played 7 matches, winning 5 and losing 2, and scoring 112 points to 54.

Results:—

## 5th XV.

v. S.I.C. 4ths	.....	Lost,	3—12
v. T.K.S.	.....	Won,	14—8
v. S.J.C. 4ths	.....	Won,	6—3
v. S.G.S. 3rds	.....	Won,	59—0
v. S.I.C. 4ths	.....	Won,	9—6
v. T.S.C. 4ths	.....	Won,	11—0

## 6th XV.

v. T.S.C. 4ths	.....	Lost,	14—16
v. S.A.C. 2nds	.....	Won,	20—3
v. T.K.S.	.....	Won,	14—3
v. S.J.C. 5ths	.....	Lost,	3—15
v. S.G.S. 5ths	.....	Won,	22—3
v. C.B., Waverley	.....	Won,	28—11
v. C.B., Waverley	.....	Won,	13—3

## 7th XV.

v. Trinity Grammar	.....	Won,	33—0	v. S.J.C.	.....	Won,	21—3
v. T.S.C.	.....	Lost,	29—6	v. S.G.S.	.....	Lost,	14—6
v. T.K.S.	.....	Won,	41—0	v. T.S.C.	.....	Won,	29—0
Points—For, 136; against, 46.							

## 8th XV.

v. Scots	.....	Lost,	14—3	v. Mowbray House	.....	Lost,	14—6
v. Christian Brothers'	.....	Lost,	30—7	v. Grammar	.....	Won,	25—0
v. King's	.....	Won,	9—3	v. Scots	.....	Lost,	25—3
Points—For, 53; against, 86.							

## 9th XV.

v. T.S.C.	.....	Lost,	6—26	v. Trinity G.S. 3rds	.....	Lost,	9—25
v. C.B., Waverley	.....	Lost,	13—18	v. S.I.C.	.....	Won,	28—0
v. T.K.S.	.....	Won,	12—9	v. C.B., Waverley	.....	Lost,	0—12
v. Cranbrook 5ths	.....	Lost,	12—14	v. Trinity G.S. 3rds	.....	Lost,	0—30

## 10th XV.

v. S.A.C. 5ths	.....	Lost,	3—36	v. S.G.S.	.....	Lost,	5—20
v. C.B., Waverley	.....	Lost,	0—18	v. Trinity G.S. 4ths	.....	Lost,	0—35
v. T.K.S.	.....	Lost,	0—25	v. Trinity G.S. 4ths	.....	Lost,	3—49

## 11th XV.

v. T.K.S.	.....	Lost,	3—12	v. Mosman Prep.	.....	Lost,	3—12
v. Grammar	.....	Won,	8—6	v. C.B., Waverley	.....	Won,	8—3
v. Mowbray House	.....	Won,	29—3	v. Mosman Prep.	.....	Draw,	5—5

## 12th XV.

v. T.K.S.	.....	Lost,	9—12	v. Mosman	.....	Won,	12—3
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**Junior "A."**

Out of 7 matches played, this term, 6 were won. The following are the results:—

v. S.I.C. ....	Won, 85—0	v. S.G.S. ....	Won, 13—8
v. C.B., Waverley ....	Lost, 13—14	v. N.S.B.H.S. ....	Won, 29—5
v. T.K.S. ....	Won, 27—0	v. T.S.C. ....	Won, 19—3
v. S.J.C. ....	Won, 27—5		

Points—For, 213; against, 35.

**Under 15 "B" (Junior "B").**

v. C.B., Waverley ....	Won, 16—0	v. S.I.C. ....	Won, 20—3
v. T.K.S. ....	Won, 34—0	v. N.C. 4ths ....	Won, 13—11
v. S.J.C. ....	Won, 21—0	v. School 8ths ....	Won, 22—0
v. S.G.S. ....	Won, 19—0		

**"A" Colts.**

v. School 8ths ....	Won, 14—3	v. S.J.C. ....	Won, 16—3
v. T.G.S. ....	Won, 14—3	v. S.G.S. ....	Lost, 6—10
v. S.I.C. ....	Won, 22—6	v. S.I.C. ....	Won, 23—3
v. C.B., Waverley ....	Won, 25—3	v. N.C. ....	Won, 18—13
v. T.K.S. ....	Won, 50—0		

**"B" Colts.**

v. T.G.S. ....	Won, 15—3	v. S.G.S. ....	Won, 35—0
v. C.B., Waverley ....	Won, 11—0	v. N.S.H.S. ....	Won, 6—3
v. T.K.S. ....	Won, 34—0	v. S.G.S. ....	Won, 11—0
v. S.J.C. ....	Won, 14—6		

**Preparatory School Football.**

This year we have had a very successful season. More matches have been won than lost, and, a far more important result is that most of us know a little more about football than we did at the beginning of the season. The teams have shown keenness both at practice and in match play. There are still a number of boys far too keen to find an excuse to miss their game.

Results of games played:—

**1st XV.**

v. Knox ....	Lost, 9—17	v. Coogee ....	Won, 49—3
v. T.S.C. ....	Won, 12—0	v. Beecroft ....	Won, 41—0
v. Mosman ....	Won, 9—3	v. Cranbrook ....	Won, 28—0
v. T.S.C. ....	Won, 17—3	v. S.G.S. ....	Lost, 0—14

Points—For, 164; against, 40.

The 2nd XV. have played 5 matches, winning 3, losing 1, and drawing 1.

The 3rd and 4th XV.'s have played several matches with even success.

The Quarter matches have been most exciting, with some close results. Baker and Davies came first with an even number of points. Results:—

Baker beat Linton and Hall, and drew with Davies 6—6.

Davies beat Linton and Hall, drawing with Baker 6—6.

## OLD BOYS' UNION NOTES.

## Dance.

The 1934 Dance, held at the Palais Royal on 31st July, was the largest G.P.S. re-union ever held in New South Wales. It was at the same time the most enjoyable dance we have held, if only for the reason that, run with the primary object of affording a meeting place in congenial surroundings for a large number of Old Boys of different periods, districts, and walks of life, it amply achieved its object. Gordon Turnbull once again proved a genial host, not only to the representatives of the other schools at the official table, but also to all Old Boys present. The Committee had the valued assistance of an energetic Ladies' Committee, who, as well as bringing many Old Boys to the dance, brought many constructive ideas to its organisation.

It may be said, without the least thought of a pun, that the dance was an outstanding manifestation of the spiritual strength of the Union.

As the printer strenuously refuses to extend *The Torch-Bearer* to the size of the Telephone Directory, it is impossible to print the names of those present.

## Dinner.

The Annual Dinner for 1934, held on 5th May at Petty's Hotel, was found by the 120 members present a very pleasing function in more senses than one. The food was good, the liquor was good, the speeches were good, the incidental entertainment was, to say the least, appreciated, and all enjoyed themselves. In the view of the Committee, this year's dinner was a great step forward. There was that happy absence of formality which should characterise an Old Boys' annual re-union, but at the same time it was a dinner.

The toast of "The School" was proposed by Norman Nock, and responded to by the Headmaster; the toast of "The Union" was proposed by Edwin Penfold, and reply made by the President.

Those present included G. C. Turnbull, Dr. Howard Bullock, N. Y. Deane, A. D. Fisher, E. B. Jukes, Dr. A. H. Moseley, N. Nock, L. C. Robson, Dr. H. L. St. Vincent Welsh, A. B. S. White, John Cadwallader, R. N. Cadwallader, K. Cameron, J. Crawford, A. H. Curlewis, D. M. Dixon, Dr. N. Francis, W. Freeman, A. R. C. Hull, G. L. King, T. G. Moore, Dr. A. Distin Morgan, A. T. Reid, J. K. Shirley, Dr. A. S. B. Studdy, Dr. A. Welsh, Dr. H. Wilson, E. Mander-Jones, F. J. Davidson, Rev. I. D. Armitage, L. S. Beckett, E. V. Bourke, W. G. B. Boydell, G. E. Browne,

Ivo Clarke, C. S. Hordern, S. E. Lufft, S. U. White, C. M. Marsh, G. M. Marsh, J. L. Purves, D. H. Roberts, A. T. Smith, A. H. Wildridge, E. H. Wright, A. H. Yarnold, W. B. Clarke, H. V. Jacques, E. G. Keyte, R. J. A. Massie, E. Penfold, Dr. F. G. A. Pockley, Edmond Read, C. S. Tiley, Dr. K. B. Voss, R. G. H. Walmsley, J. Lee Pulling, R. J. Black, C. H. Cliff, N. R. Conray, O. C. Crossman, F. R. S. Dawes, A. D. Hudson, N. B. Hudson, R. W. Keegan, J. F. Linton, Brian Molloy, V. C. Neilley, F. C. Stephen, C. S. Stuart, W. J. S. Wilson, D. E. Woods, G. Fisher, P. Eldershaw, I. Dixon, K. N. E. Bradfield, C. C. Cullis-Hill, N. U. Curlewis, J. E. M. Dixon, T. T. Halstead, G. C. Heyde, F. G. Hole, E. S. Horder, C. N. Irving, J. H. Jamison, J. S. Kessell, D. M. MacDermott, A. R. Mullen, F. J. A. Pockley, A. D. Roberts, R. Sheaffe, H. C. Deane, A. J. Bradfield, M. S. Truscott, E. S. White, C. E. Burgess, H. W. Grigg, R. B. Arnott, B. R. Barnes, W. B. Buchanan, L. K. Jones, M. D. McDonald, J. H. Marks, C. Parsons, D. Spring, Rev. N. Backhouse, A. I. Allan, R. Mackenzie, F. H. E. Sutton, N. F. Yule.

#### Melbourne Notes.

Stimulated by the infectious enthusiasm of Lionel Lemaire, Old Boys' doings in the southern capital have been increasingly successful. On 18th July, a dinner, in which the G.P.S. of New South Wales combined to entertain the representatives of the Public Schools of Victoria and South Australia, was held at the "Wattle." Sir Harry Chauvel was in the chair. The following Old Boys of the School were present:—G. Barton Browne, O. R. Charlton, F. H. Daniell, R. Fowler, G. C. Hawker, T. J. Hudson, L. W. B. Henderson, S. R. Janes, F. W. Lindsay, L. H. Lemaire, I. V. Manton, V. Donald Watson, P. C. Ross Smith.

On 1st August, the usual Quarterly Luncheon was held at the "Wentworth." Old Boys who attended were E. I. Robson, G. C. Hawker, Barton Browne, N. K. Gilfillan, O. R. Charlton, V. Donald Watson, L. W. Lindsay, Eric Mitchell, D. Macdonald Thompson, E. S. Crane, T. J. West, Ian MacDougall, R. R. Sinclair, and L. H. Lemaire. Lionel Lemaire writes of this function: "Mr. Robson spoke charmingly on the subject of the death of the late Rev. D. Davies, and the meeting stood in memory for a minute's silence."

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Regarding the Old Boys' Club, the term report received from School Clubs Ltd. is as follows:—

The efforts of the Entertainment Committee continue to bear fruit. Since our last issue, a return billiard and snooker match was played against the Millions Club on their "pitch." This time they turned the tables on the School Clubs and won comfortably, both at billiards and snooker.

A billiard match on our tables was held on Wednesday, 8th August, against the Imperial Service Club, School Clubs winning by 5 games to 3.

Bridge evenings have been held on the fourth Tuesday in each month, and an innovation by way of an Inter-Club Premiership proved very successful in April, and was repeated in July. On the first occasion the premiership went to the Old Newingtonians' Union, and on the second to the Old Sydneians' Club.

On August 2nd, Sir Claude Reading, K.C.M.G., gave a most instructive luncheon address, in which he described in simple language the functions of a Central Bank.

The annual Inter-Club Premiership in billiards, between teams of five, has just been completed, and was won by the Old Sydneians' Club, the Old Newingtonians' Union being runner-up. The billiard championship is in progress, and results will be announced in the next issue.

Members are reminded of the theatre nights which are arranged on Thursdays at intervals of about two weeks. On these occasions good seats may be obtained at very much below the usual rate. During the past three months plays witnessed have included "White Horse Inn" (twice), "Collitt's Inn" (twice), "Fresh Fields," "The Wind and the Rain," "Gay Divorce," and "The Beloved Vagabond."

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The third Annual Church Service of Lodge Torch-Bearer will be held at the School Chapel on Sunday, 23rd September, 1934, at 7.30 p.m., and Old Boys and their friends (including ladies) are cordially invited. The Rev. Canon Hilliard will deliver the sermon.

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During the last term, Old Boys received the sad news of the death of the Reverend D. Davies. With his passing a link in the chain of school-day memories of every Old Boy is broken. Re-unions and meetings of Old Boys will hardly be complete without his presence, and the absence of an old and valued friend of Old Boys and of the School will be noticed for years to come. *Vitai Lampada tradit.*

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Pilot-Officer O. H. Blomfield left by the *Mooltan* on 30th June for the Royal Air Force, Uxbridge, England, on a short service commission, and expects to be away at least five years.

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We are glad to know that H. R. McWilliam is on the resident staff of Trinity Grammar School, Summer Hill. He is doing the Arts course at the University, attending evening lectures.

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The Reverend H. McWilliam, although retired, is at present assisting in the Parish of St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay.

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Eng. Lieut. N. Warren Waterhouse, B.E., R.A.N.R., returned to Sydney on the s.s. *Mariposa* on 16th July last, after three years' absence

from Australia. He has spent most of his time in U.S.A., Canada, and Great Britain, and has now returned to Sydney as resident representative for Australia and New Zealand of Aluminium Limited, one of the world's largest producers of aluminium, with its head office in Canada. Waterhouse entered the School in January, 1910, and left in December, 1917, when he entered the University, graduating in mechanical and electrical engineering in 1921.

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S. Cooke-Russell, who is an engineer in the British Navy serving a three years' commission on the Royal Fleet auxiliary steamer *Pearleaf*, assisted in entertaining the Australian Universities Rugby Union footballers at Hongkong. In a recent cricket match, in which he played against a team from H.M.S. *Suffolk*, Cooke-Russell scored 30 runs and captured 5 for 55.

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The Cooma Light Horse Troop, under the command of Lieutenant S. H. Litchfield, and including in its number L. E. Litchfield and R. Abbott, performed well at Goulburn, occupying second place in the Prince of Wales Cup and winning the Beauchamp Cup for the best disciplined (S.M. Davidson please note!) and best turned-out troop in camp. L. E. Litchfield was awarded the cup for the best mounted and best turned-out trooper in camp.

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At the recent wedding in Yass of R. A. Rawling, now at Union Bank, Castlereagh Street, J. L. Rawling acted as best man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reg. Walker, Senior Vice-President, was chairman at a luncheon of the Commonwealth Club at Adelaide Town Hall, which was attended by the Prime Minister and all Federal Ministers in Adelaide.

\* \* \* \* \*

Colin Macleod has been at the Glasgow branch of the M.L.C. Assurance Company for some time. During May he spent a few days in England with brother Gordon, who is at Aldershot. He writes that he hopes to go over to the Continent during July, and expects to be coming home at the end of the year.

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R. A. Whitten has commenced business as a manufacturers' representative and importer at Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney.

**Adelaide Old Boys' Dinner.**

This was held on Saturday, 12th May, and was attended by A. G. Fox (1907-12), chairman; Reg. Walker (1890-92), acting hon. sec.; W. H. Sheppard (1904-06); C. V. T. Wells (1902-06); J. Horn (1917-19); C. H. Mocatta (1907-11); R. K. Scott (1908-11); C. S. M. Walker (1913-17); E. P. Matthews (1926-29). A letter from Sydney was read, and was much appreciated. Letters from R. T. Moodie (Ballarat) and J. R. Barter, former hon. sec., were read; and an apology from Rev. E. A. North Ash, who is on his way to England, was received.

A. G. Fox proposed the loyal toast, and also that of "The School." C. V. T. Wells proposed the toast of "The Chairman." E. P. Matthews was welcomed as a member.

At the request of Reg. Walker, all present stood in silence to honour the memory of his old schoolmate, Dr. Herbert Kendall, No. 1 boy on the School roll.

It was unanimously resolved that C. V. T. Wells be chairman for the year 1934-5.

After the Dinner, the Old Boys proceeded to the home of the chairman, and were very hospitably entertained; this included wine made on the premises, and cinema pictures taken in Switzerland by the chairman.

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**Leeton G.P.S. Old Boys' Dinner.**

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the Hydro, Leeton, on the night of the Regatta by forty odd Old Boys. A number of toasts were honoured—as is the custom of country re-unions—the toasts being proposed by the following:—"The King," A. D. Mackellar; "The G.P.S.," — Hawthorne; "The Associated Schools," A. D. Malcolm; "The Headmasters," Dr. C. S. Molesworth; "The Winners," W. Storer; "The Losers," W. S. Rayment; "The Coach," W. R. Cater; "Old School Memories," K. Roger-Harrison. We imagine the memories must have been very pleasant by this time! A Murrumbidgee G.P.S. Old Boys' Association has been formed to keep in touch with Old Boys.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS.**

Absell, S. L. : C/o Colonial Sugar Refining Co., Ltd., Labasa, Fiji.  
 Armitage, The Rev. I. D. : St. Alban's Rectory, Victory Street, Belmore.  
 Bennett, L. G. : Chemist, Lindfield.  
 Bennett, Dr. R. Stanley : Brisbane Hospital, Brisbane, Q.  
 Blomfield, O. H. D. : R.A.F. Depot, Uxbridge, England.  
 Buchanan, C. S. : "Warrana," Coonamble.



- Caldwell, F. R. : 16 Springdale Road, Killara.  
Campbell, N. D. : "Gowrie," Larool Avenue, Lindfield.  
Canning, J. B. : Commercial Hotel, Gulgong.  
Cohen, S. E. : 24 Hamilton Street, Coogee.  
Crockett, J. G. : C/o Crockett & Corke Ltd., 379 Kent Street, Sydney.  
Cunninghame, E. H. Fairlie : "Cooineee," Spring Ridge.  
Cunningham, K. L. : C/o Commonwealth Bank of Australia, Newcastle.  
Dryhurst, C. R. : 66 Findlay Avenue, Roseville.  
Fell, J. D. : Box 515B., G.P.O., Sydney.  
Fitzhardinge, Dr. J. F. G. : 47 Darley Road, Randwick.  
Fitzhardinge, L. F. : The Library, Parliament House, Canberra.  
Goldfinch, D. A. M. : C/o Dalgety & Co. Ltd., 136 Phillip Street, Sydney.  
Halstead, T. T. : 9 Mount Edgecombe, Ocean Street, Edgecliff.  
Hamilton, Andrew : 41 Bennett Street, Cremorne.  
Harvey, A. B. : "Toucan," Cathundral, N.S.W.  
Hipsley, R. B. : "Chilcote," 23 Milray Avenue, Wollstonecraft.  
Hudson, Dr. C. P. : Newcastle Hospital, Newcastle.  
Jones, A. M. : No. 7 Hampstead, 286 New South Head Road, Edgecliff.  
Jones, G. Mander : 51 Braeside Street, Wahroonga.  
King, N. F. : "Wendouree," Bingara.  
Kyle, A. F. : C/o Mrs. A. M. Kyle, "Clifton," Carabella Street, Kirribilli.  
Laurence, P. R. L. : C/o Alfred Mitchell & Son, Solicitors, 67 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.  
Longworth, J. J. : "Carrawatha," via Binnaway, N.S.W.  
Margerison, Frank : C/o Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney Ltd., Wingham.  
Marshall, J. R. : "Gunyanna," Garah.  
McDonald, B. S. J. : "Rosebrook," 302 Alfred Street, North Sydney.  
McDonald, I. H. : C/o C. M. McDonald, Esq., Kembra Buildings, Margaret Street, Sydney.  
Meynink, H. R. : 31 Telegraph Road, Pymble.  
Murrell, J. L. : 20 Centennial Avenue, Chatswood.  
Osborne, Percy : 23 East Esplanade, Manly.  
Pain, E. M. : "Bambawanna," Gumnut Road, West Pennant Hills.  
Phillips, W. D. : "The Carrington," 17 Kareela Road, Cremorne.  
Pierce, S. P. : "Wiwiyamba," Bean Creek, Old Bonalbo, N.S.W.  
Rawling, R. A. : C/o Union Bank of Australia Ltd., Castlereagh Street, Sydney.  
Read, T. C. : 22 Spencer Road, Killara.  
Sherriff, M. A. : "Eurella," Mitchell, Q.  
Slade, D. H. : C/o Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney Ltd., Melbourne.  
Slatter, E. C. : No. 3 Flat, Mount Warwick, Holbrook Avenue, Kirribilli.  
Smith, D. K. : 19 Rangers Road, Cremorne.  
Snowball, K. : C/o Commonwealth Bank, Gundagai.  
Spence, W. M. : Bank of New South Wales, Gunnedah.  
Stephen, F. C. : 142 Phillip Street, Sydney.  
Summons, N. J. : "Monterey," 1 Avenue Road, Mosman.  
Swift, P. W. : "Jemalong," Forbes.  
Swirles, K. A. : 8 Springdale Road, Killara.  
Thompson, J. K. : "Angledool," New Angledool.  
Trewheeler, T. A. : 7 Lloyd Avenue, Cremorne.  
Vogan, N. C. : "Arahana," Cr. Kurrawana and Martin Street, Katoomba.

Wakelin, F. R. : 125 Bellevue Road, Bellevue Hill.  
 Walker, T. C. : "Coolagalla," Grandview Street, Pymble.  
 Warburton, P. A. : 16 Spencer Road, Killara.  
 Waterhouse, N. Warren : C/o Box 4080W., G.P.O., Sydney.  
 Webb, R. K. : Barker Street, Casino.  
 Whitten, R. A. : Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney.  
 Wilson, Dr. H. F. : 1416 Pacific Highway, Turramurra.  
 Wilson, W. J. S. : Solicitor, Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney.  
 Witts, A. E. : Box 160, Armidale.  
 Witts, A. H. : C/o Shortland Islands Plantations Ltd., Lofund, Shortlands, Solomon Islands.

#### ENGAGEMENTS.

The marriage will take place on 5th September, 1934, at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse, between Mildred Lambert, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Y. G. Lindeman, of Boronia Road, Bellevue Hill, and Thomas George, only son of Mr. Geo. H. Moore, of "El Nido," Wolseley Road, Point Piper.

The engagement is announced of Hilda Beatrice, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crago, of Burwood, to James Allerton, of Plambra, eldest son of the late Mr. Walter Allerton and Mrs. C. R. Allerton, of Wentworth Falls.

The engagement is announced of Margaret, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dundas Smith, of Galandene, Bradley's Head Road, Mosman, to James, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Walton, of Largs, Middle Head Road, Mosman.

The engagement is announced of Walter Douglas Henderson, M.B., Ch.B. (Edin.), second son of John A. Henderson, of Mosman, to Catherine Mary, second daughter of the late Captain John Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, of 47 Greenbank Crescent, Edinburgh.

The engagement is announced of Jessie May, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Krimmer, of St. Albans, Toowoomba, Q., to Henry Greator, younger son of the late C. D. Whitty and Mrs. Whitty, Mosman, Sydney.

The engagement is announced of Mary Margaret, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bolger, of Fontenoy, Young, to Alfred Edward, only son of W. P. Dixon and the late Mrs. Dixon, of Wallendbeen and Hunter's Hill.

The engagement is announced of Mavis, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wells, Mosman, to John, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Moffatt, of Mosman.

The engagement is announced of Frances Austin, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Adrian McKay, of Adelaide, and Ian Binnie, only son of the late Mr. William Henderson, of Adelaide, and Mrs. M. W. Henderson, of 210 Orrong Road, Toorak, Melbourne, formerly of Turramurra, Sydney.

#### MARRIAGES.

Absell—Totolos : April 26, 1934, at the Chapel of the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, North Sydney, by Bishop Wilton, assisted by Rev. N. A. B. T. Backhouse, Seaton, younger son of the late E. R. Absell and Mrs. Absell, of North Sydney, to Lilian, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Totolos, of Cremorne.

- Browne—Stratford** : January 27, 1934, at Sydney Church of England Grammar School Chapel, by the Rev. N. A.B. T. Backhouse, Arthur Frederick, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Browne, to Amelia Wilhelmina Esme, only child of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Stratford.
- Lyne—Goddard** : April 5, 1934, at St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, by Rev. Louis A. Pearce, B.A., Max Trevor, second son of Mrs. E. B. Lyne, of Alanbrae, Lindfield, to Sheila Witford Strickland, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Goddard, of Karuah, Cremorne.
- Palmer—Peachey** : July 23, 1934, at St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, Trevor Avon Palmer, of Mosman, to Eleanor Ruth Peachey, of Mosman.
- Campbell—Bligh** : June 14, 1934, at St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, by Rev. H. N. Baker, Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of Dr. Erasmus Bligh, of 243 Miller Street, North Sydney, to Marsden, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Adye Campbell, of Waverton.
- Sherington—Johnson** : June 9, 1934, at St. Paul's Church, Wahroonga, by Rev. C. J. King, William George, eldest son of Mrs. W. Sherington and the late W. H. Sherington, of Pennant Hills, to Marjorie Frances, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Johnson, of Commonwealth Bank, Camden.
- Simpson—Willson** : March 7, 1934, at Sydney Church of England Grammar School Chapel, by Rev. H. N. Baker, assisted by Rev. N. A.B. T. Backhouse, James Busick, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson, Mosman, to Kathleen Alice, second daughter of the late Mr. J. G. Willson and of Mrs. E. F. D. Willson, Neutral Bay.
- Taylor—Smith** : May 2, 1934, at the Church of England, Tenterfield, by Rev. T. May, Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Avery Smith, to Ralph, only son of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Taylor, Mosman, Sydney.
- Warden—Rundle** : January 23, 1934, at St. John's, Darlinghurst, Douglas, youngest son of the late C. F. and Mrs. Warden, of Mosman, to Isabel, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rundle, of Woollahra.

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**BIRTHS.**

- Ash** : June 4, 1934, at St. Heliers Private Hospital, Longueville, the wife of O. F. Ash—a son.
- Colquhoun** : June 26, 1934, to Doris, wife of R. S. Colquhoun—a son. (Both very well.)
- Cullen** : June 30, 1934, at Wirroolga, Cassilis, to Barbara and William Cullen—a daughter.
- De Kantzow (nee Madge Wearne)** : To Mr. and Mrs. C. A. de Kantzow, of Garrawilla, Bingara—a son.
- Doyle** : June 4, 1934, at St. Gerard's Private Hospital, Tenterfield, to Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Doyle, Drake—a son (Garry Henry).
- Dryhurst (nee Moore Sims)** : February 9, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Dryhurst, of Roseville—a daughter (Judy).

- England** (nee Mary Griffiths) : June 30, 1934, at Lynton Private Hospital, North Sydney, to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. England, of Longueville—a daughter (Janet).
- Gregory** : June 26, 1934, at Delaware, Waverley, to Gwendolen, wife of E. W. Gregory—a daughter.
- Hixson** : April 15, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Hixson, of Carawatha, Dalgety—a daughter.
- Maguire** (nee Vesta Fahy) : June 23, 1934, at Englewood, Burwood, to Mr. and Mrs. John Maguire, of Neutral Bay—twin sons.
- Maling** (nee Nash) : May 19, 1934, at Cheppywood, Lynwood Avenue, Killara, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Maling, junr.—a son.
- Mutton** : June 6, 1934, at home, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ronald Mutton, of Bellevue Hill—a daughter (Ann Ruth).
- Nicholson** : June 22, 1934, at The Hermitage, Ryde, to the wife of D. Theo. Nicholson—a son.
- Parker** : March 11, 1934, at Mena Hospital, Mosman, to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Parker, of 34 Belmont Road—a daughter (Lorraine).
- Penfold** : June 24, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Penfold, Bushlands Avenue, Gordon—a daughter.
- Powell** : April 24, 1934, at Denholme, Darling Point, to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Powell, "Wanna Wanna," Queanbeyan—a daughter.
- Quodling** : February 20, at Anglewood Private Hospital, Rushcutter Bay, the wife of W. H. Quodling, Leeton—a son.
- Russell** : June 25, 1934, to the wife of R. Heathcote Russell, M.B., Ch.M., at Hamilton—a son.
- Schroder** : February 7, 1934, at Nyora, Cherry-Street, Turramurra, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schroder—a son (John William).
- Todhunter** : June 25, 1934, at Nurse O'Neill's Private Hospital, Chatswood, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Todhunter—a daughter.
- Vogan** : June 1, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Vogan, "Arahana," Martin Street, Katoomba—a daughter.

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#### DEATHS.

- Davies** : June 2, 1934 (while on holiday), at Coolangatta, Queensland, the Rev. David Davies, M.A., beloved husband of Mabel Davies, of Morton Street, Woolstonecraft, formerly Chaplain of Sydney Church of England Grammar School.
- Minnett** : August 8, 1934, accidentally, at Collaroy, Leslie Alma Minnett, of Collaroy and Cremorne, beloved husband of Gracie and loved father of Bettie, Marcia, and Jack, aged 51 years.
- Muston** : June 29, 1934, at a private hospital, John Arthur, beloved husband of Vere Constance Muston, father of John Arthur and Alan Geoffrey, and eldest son of Arthur Muston, aged 53 years. Privately cremated.

**KALENDAR—TERM iii., 1934.**

**SEPTEMBER.**

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|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 18. Tu. : Term begins.                | 25. Tu.                              |
| 19. W.                                | 26. W.                               |
| 20. Th.                               | 27. Th.                              |
| 21. F. [Northbridge.                  | 28. F. [S.J.C. at Northbridge.       |
| 22. S. : An Old Boys' XI. at          | 29. S. : St. Michael and All Angels. |
| 23. 17th Sunday after Trinity. Lodge  | 30. 18th Sunday after Trinity.       |
| 24. M. [Torch-Bearer Masonic Service. |                                      |

**OCTOBER.**

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|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. M. : I. Zingari at Northbridge.        | 17. W.                            |
| 2. Tu. [Fairwater Cup Tennis.             | 18. Th. : St. Luke.               |
| 3. W.                                     | 19. F.                            |
| 4. Th.                                    | 20. S. : T.S.C. First day. Away.  |
| 5. F. [Northbridge.                       | 21. 21st Sunday after Trinity.    |
| 6. S. : University Veterans at            | 22. M. [St. Simon and St. Jude.   |
| 7. 19th Sunday after Trinity.             | 23. Tu.                           |
| 8. M.                                     | 24. W.                            |
| 9. Tu.                                    | 25. Th.                           |
| 10. W.                                    | 26. F.                            |
| 11. Th.                                   | 27. S. : T.S.C. Second day. Away. |
| 12. F.                                    | 28. 22nd Sunday after Trinity.    |
| 13. S. : All Schools' Athletics at S.C.G. | 29. M.                            |
| 14. 20th Sunday after Trinity.            | 30. Tu.                           |
| 15. M.                                    | 31. W. : L.C. Exam. begins.       |
| 16. Tu.                                   |                                   |

**NOVEMBER.**

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| 1. Th. : All Saints' Day.              | 17. S. : S.I.C. First day. Northbridge. |
| 2. F.                                  | 18. 25th Sunday after Trinity.          |
| 3. S. : N.C. First day. Northbridge.   | 19. M.                                  |
| 4. 23rd Sunday after Trinity.          | 20. Tu.                                 |
| 5. M.                                  | 21. W.                                  |
| 6. Tu.                                 | 22. Th.                                 |
| 7. W.                                  | 23. F. [Northbridge.                    |
| 8. Th. : I.C. Exam. begins.            | 24. S. : S.I.C. Second day.             |
| 9. F.                                  | 25. Sunday next before Advent.          |
| 10. S. : N.C. Second day. Northbridge. | 26. M.                                  |
| 11. 24th Sunday after Trinity.         | 27. Tu.                                 |
| 12. M.                                 | 28. W.                                  |
| 14. W. : L.C. Honours Exams. begin.    | 29. Th.                                 |
| 15. Th.                                | 30. F. : St. Andrew.                    |
| 16. F.                                 |   |

**DECEMBER.**

- |                                    |                                |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. S. : I. Zingari at Northbridge. | 8. S. : University Veterans at |
| 2. 1st Sunday in Advent.           | 9. 2nd Sunday in Advent.       |
| 3. M.                              | 10. M.                         |
| 4. Tu.                             | 11. Tu.                        |
| 5. W.                              | 12. W.                         |
| 6. Th.                             | 13. Th.                        |
| 7. F. [Northbridge.                | 14. F.                         |

## EXCHANGES.

New South Wales.—“The Pauline,” “Wesley College Journal,” “The Australian Teacher,” “The Bush Brother,” “The Rally,” “The Sydneian,” “The King’s School Magazine,” “The Newingtonian,” “The Scotsman,” “The Armidalian,” “The Magazine of St. Joseph’s College,” “Our Alma Mater,” “The Record,” “The Triangle,” “The Cranbrookian,” “The College Barker,” “Hawkesbury College Magazine,” “Lux,” “Charivari,” “The Mitre,” “Kambala Chronicle,” “N.E.G.S. Magazine,” “Excelsior,” “Magazine of P.L.C., Pymble,” “The Pilgrim,” “The Weaver,” “The Canberran.”

Victoria.—“The Melbourneian,” “The Scotch Collegian,” “The Corian,” “Pegasus.”

South Australia.—“St. Peter’s College Magazine.”

Queensland.—“Toowoomba Grammar School Magazine,” “The Southportonian,” “Rockhampton Grammar School Magazine.”

Tasmania.—“Hutchins’ School Magazine.”

Western Australia.—“The Swan,” “The Scotch College Reporter,” “The Cygnet.”

New Zealand.—“Christ’s College Register,” “The Wanganui Collegian,” “Wellington Girls’ College Reporter,” “Canterbury Agricultural College Magazine.”

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## CAREERS.

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Apply, giving School record and type of work preferred, to Mr. B. G. Davey, at the School.

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*T H E T O R C H - B E A R E R .*

September 1, 1934.