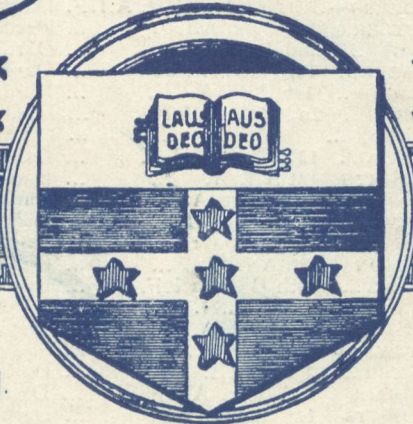


SCHOLA GRAMMATICA SYDNEIENSIS



No.
CCXXXII.

JUNE,
1917.

The Sydneian.

A Magazine Edited by Members of
the School.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Anzac Day	3	Rowing	19
Valete	8	Cricket Averages and Characters	21
Salvete	9	Football	23
Old Sydneians:—		Swimming Carnival	29
O.B.U. Annual General Meeting	10	Rifle Club	30
Newspaper Fund	10	School Notes	31
O.B.U. Business Notice	10	Debating Society	32
Some Notabilities	10	Subscriptions to Various Funds	33
Honours at the Front	11	Cadet Notes	33
Notes and News of Old Boys	11	The School and the State	34
		Poems	37
		Exchanges	40

PUBLISHED AT THE SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Fallen Sydneians.

LIEUT. W. M. CHISHOLM	1st East Lancashire Regt.	Mons ... Aug., 1914
CAPT. G. A. M. DOCKER	7th Royal Fusiliers	... Ypres ... Oct., 1914
CAPT. W. U. M. CAMPBELL	Highland Light Infy.,	Neuve Chapelle, Mar., 1915
PTE. H. S. CONNOR	... 13th Batt. A.I.F.,	Dardanelles, Apl., 1915
BRIG.-GENERAL H. N. MACLAURIN	...	Dardanelles, Apl., 1915
PRIVATE G. SHERMAN	... 9th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Apl., 1915
CAPT. B. B. DICKSON,	1st Northamptonshire Regt.,	Flanders ... May, 1915
LIEUT. J. S. RICH	... 1st King's Liverpool Regt.,	France ... May, 1915
LIEUT. L. W. STREET	... 3rd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, May, 1915
L.-CORP. M. C. FERGUSON	13th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, May, 1915
LIEUT. G. H. HENDERSON-SMITH,	11th Batt. A.I.F.	Dardanelles, May, 1915
CORP. E. M. E. BUTLER	3rd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, May, 1915
TROOPER J. C. SAMS	... 2nd A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, May, 1915
PRIVATE N. B. FRAZER	... 1st Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, May, 1915
PTE. D. A. ROBERTSON	... 1st Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, May, 1915
PRIVATE C. J. VYNER	... 2nd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, May, 1915
PRIVATE C. WILKINSON Dardanelles, May, 1915
LIEUT. N. F. VINE-HALL	13th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, June, 1915
TROOPER L. R. E. SMITH	1st A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, June, 1915
PRIVATE G. L. HARGRAVE	13th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, June, 1915
PRIVATE P. B. KIRKWOOD	4th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, June, 1915
CAPT. R. M. HERON	South Nigerian Forces	Africa ... June, 1915
TROOPER M. R. GIBSON	6th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, June, 1915
SERG. A. W. SEWELL	13th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, June, 1915
TROOPER L. MACNAMARA	2nd A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, June, 1915
L.-CORP. H. J. S. SMITH	3rd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, June, 1915
TROOPER H. M. ATTWOOD	12th A.L.H.	... Sydney ... July, 1915
SAPPER E. M. CARTER	1st A.F.E.	... Dardanelles, July, 1915
SERG. J. E. MARSHALL	3rd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, July, 1915
GUNNER E. L. RABBITS	1st A.F.A.	... Dardanelles, July, 1915
TROOPER A. F. FARRAR	6th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, July, 1915
LIEUT. A. M. GILBS	4th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
LIEUT. F. L. RITCHIE	4th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
CAPT. A. W. SCOT-SKIRVING,	5th Royal Irish Fusiliers	Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
PRIVATE E. B. HERRING	3rd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
L.-CORP. G. B. G. SIMPSON	4th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
CORP. F. R. COWDERY	7th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
LIEUT. T. G. DIBBS	York & Lancaster Regt.	France ... Aug., 1915
MAJOR T. R. MCPHERSON,	18th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
LIEUT. C. M. HARRIS,	7th Royal Scots Fusiliers,	R.A.M.C., France, Aug., 1915
PRIVATE H. C. M. CARTER	1st Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
LIEUT. W. E. ADDISON	18th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
PRIVATE C. S. COOPER	18th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
SERG. H. GRIFFITHS	4th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
TROOPER H. BARRACLOUGH	10th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
PTE. R. E. HUNT	... 18th Batt., A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
PRIVATE G. B. GUTHRIE Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
PRIVATE G. H. BURKE Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
SERGEANT G. R. IRWIN Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
PRIVATE C. S. FORSTER Dardanelles, Aug., 1915
LIEUT. K. M. H. SOLOMON	11th Gloucester Regt.	... Dardanelles, Sep., 1915
PRIVATE B. S. LORD	2nd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Sep., 1915
SERG. J. H. MCGREGOR	1st A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, Sep., 1915
PRIVATE R. K. CLIFTON	16th Batt., A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Sep., 1915
LIEUT. W. R. MACE	19th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Sep., 1915
PRIVATE R. H. KING	19th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Sep., 1915
TROOPER C. H. BACON	6th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, Oct., 1915
PRIVATE C. B. DONALDSON	2nd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Oct., 1915
CORPORAL J. H. GAIR	Royal Engineers	... Flanders ... Nov., 1915
LIEUT. H. C. HOLDEN	12th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles, Nov., 1915
PRIVATE E. P. M. GUTHRIE	1st Aust. Field Amb.	... Dardanelles, Nov., 1915
PRIVATE J. S. BLOOM	17th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles, Nov., 1915

Fallen Sydneians.

PRIVATE A. H. WILLMOT	19th Batt. A.I.F.	...	Dardanelles, Dec., 1915
MJR. R. L. H. B. JENKINS	20th Batt. A.I.F.	...	Dardanelles, Dec., 1915
PTE. I. T. ARMSTRONG,	16th Waikato Rgt. N.Z.E.F.	...	Dardanelles Dec., 1915
PRIVATE J. WILLIS	Royal Fusiliers	...	Gallipoli, Dec., 1915
CAPT. K. HAMMAND,	25th Batt. A.I.F. Med. Off.	...	Western Egypt Jan., 1916
PRIVATE H. H. ROSE	18th Batt. A.I.F.	...	Dardanelles, Jan., 1916
2ND LIEUT. J. C. CUNNINGHAM,	Royal Flying Corps	...	Bapaume, March, 1916
LIEUT. R. E. PYE	17th Batt. A.I.F.	...	Flanders, May, 1916
CAPT. A. G. FERGUSON	France ... June, 1916
CORP. J. S. CASWELL	France ... June, 1916
BUGLER L. S. THOMPSON	France ... June, 1916
LIEUT. E. R. NOTT, M.C.	France ... July, 1916
L.-CORP. R. H. O'CONNOR	France ... July, 1916
LIEUT. R. W. GELME	Tigris Line, July, 1916
LIEUT. A. C. COX	The Somme, July, 1916
MAJOR F. W. LINDEMAN	The Somme, July, 1916
LIEUT. M. R. L. DOWLING	The Somme, July, 1916
LIEUT. C. A. BOONE	The Somme, July, 1916
LIEUT. N. E. MCSHANE	The Somme, July, 1916
SAPPER C. P. ASHDOWN	The Somme, July, 1916
LIEUT. G. H. YEOMANS	The Somme, July, 1916
PRIVATE M. R. D. WRIGHT	The Somme, July, 1916
CORP. J. M. CLARKE	The Somme, July, 1916
CAPT. H. L. HENLEY	The Somme, July, 1916
SAPPER R. G. IRONS	The Somme, July, 1916
L.-CORP. F. E. R. SAUNDERS	The Somme, July, 1916
LIEUT. R. I. ARNOLD	The Somme, July, 1916
LIEUT. K. A. BELL	Flanders, July, 1916
PRIVATE K. T. LUSCOMBE	Flanders, July, 1916
CAPT. J. A. FIELD, Royal Engineers	Trone Wood, July, 1916
PRIVATE G. HEBBLEWHITE	France, July, 1916
LIEUT. L. M. EGIN, M.C.	York & Lancaster Regt.	...	France, July, 1916
CAPT. J. E. DONALDSON	France, Aug., 1916
CAPT. S. M. GRAHAM	France, Aug., 1916
CAPT. E. S. RICHARDS...	France, Aug., 1916
CORPORAL E. N. BLOMFIELD	France, Aug., 1916
PRIVATE A. D. SAVAGE	France, Aug., 1916
CORPORAL R. J. M. BARNET	France, Aug., 1916
PRIVATE R. C. PERDRIAU	France, Aug., 1916
CAPT. F. M. BARTON	France, Aug., 1916
CAPT. J. K. HENDERSON	France, Aug., 1916
CAPTAIN N. W. BROUGHTON, D.S.O.	France, Sept., 1916
LIEUT. C. T. RENNIE	France, Sept., 1916
CAPT. F. FLATAU	France, Sept., 1916
TROOPER N. D. MACKENZIE	Egypt, Sept., 1916
LIEUT. R. A. E. O'CONNOR	France, Sept., 1916
LIEUT. A. D. WALKER...	France, Oct., 1916
LANCE-CORPORAL T. E. HILDER	France, Oct., 1916
MAJOR I. B. SHERBON, M.C.	The Somme, Nov., 1916
LIEUT. N. B. D. WALKER	France, Nov., 1916
LIEUT. S. G. COULTON	France, Nov., 1916
PRIVATE R. RICHARDS	France, Nov., 1916
CORP. A. B. CARROLL	France, Nov., 1916
SUB-LIEUT. F. S. KELLY, D.S.O.,	Royal Naval Div.	...	France, Nov., 1916
PRIVATE N. B. D. WALKER	King's Royal Rifles	...	France, Nov., 1916
LIEUT. F. H. JOSCELYNE,	8th Somerset Light Inf.	...	France, Nov., 1916
PRIVATE E. G. DORNBUSH	France, Nov., 1916
2ND LIEUT. F. S. PHILLIPS	France, Nov., 1916
QUARTERMASTER-SGT. S. G. ESDAILE	France, Nov., 1916
CORP. R. BEVERIDGE	France, Dec., 1916
PRIVATE A. R. PAUL	France, Dec., 1916
PRIVATE H. L. HILL	Durban, Dec., 1916

Fallen Sydneians.

CAPT. G. A. SMITH	Sinai,	Dec., 1916
CAPT. G. T. LAMB, Royal Field Artillery	France,	Dec., 1916
LIEUT. L. GIBLIN	France,	Jan., 1917
CORP. J. R. STRUTHERS	Egypt,	Jan., 1917
PRIVATE B. PENTY	France,	Jan., 1917
GUNNER K. D. MATTHEWS	France,	Jan., 1917
QUARTERMASTER-SGT. F. G. P. BARBOUR	France,	Feb., 1917
QUARTERMASTER-SGT. A. M. D. ANDREWS	France,	March, 1917
PRIVATE R. B. BULL	France,	March, 1917
LIEUT. C. R. WOOLLEY	France,	March, 1917
PRIVATE A. E. SCRUTTON	France,	March, 1917
2ND LIEUT. S. B. WATSON	France,	April, 1917
CAPT. B. H. MACK	France,	April, 1917
LIEUT. R. D. MONIE, Royal Field Artillery	France,	April, 1917
LIEUT. W. K. BRENNAN	Palestine,	April, 1917
LIEUT. E. W. GARVAN, Royal Field Artillery	France,	April, 1917
LIEUT. H. C. HEWLETT	France,	May, 1917
LIEUT. J. B. H. PIERCE	France,	May, 1917
LIEUT. C. W. DAVIES	France,	May, 1917
LIEUT. W. B. KIRKWOOD	France,	May, 1917
GUNNER J. E. IREDALE	France,	May, 1917

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JUNE, 1917.

ANZAC DAY—APRIL 25th.

INSTEAD of going to our Classrooms, we all assembled in the Schoolroom at 1.30 to celebrate the second anniversary of the landing of the Australian forces in Gallipoli. Several members of the Board of Trustees and many parents and Old Boys were present on the platform.

Mr. Lucas opened the proceedings by saying that we had given up the afternoon's school to do honour to those who gave up their lives to the Empire. There were men from the School in every theatre of the war. The Honour Roll now contained 1352 names. He would ask Mr. Giles to read a vivid account of the landing on the Peninsula.

Mr. Giles said: "I am telling the story, not in the words of an Australian, but in those of a well-known English writer, John Masefield, who served with the Red Cross at Gallipoli.

"In the introduction he says: 'Those who wish to imagine the scene must think of twenty miles of any rough and steep sea coast known to them, picturing it as roadless, waterless, much broken by gullies, covered with scrub, sandy, loose, and difficult to walk on, and without more than two miles of accessible landing throughout its length. Then let them imagine the hills entrenched, the landing mined, the beaches tangled with barbed wire, ranged by howitzers and swept by machine guns, and themselves three thousand miles from home, going out before the dawn, with rifles, packs, and water-bottles, to pass the mines under shell fire, cut through the wire under machine gun fire, clamber up the hills under the fire of all arms, by the glare of shell bursts, in the withering and crashing tumult of modern war, and then to dig themselves in in a waterless and burning hill while a more numerous enemy charge them with the bayonet. And let them imagine themselves enduring this night after night, day after day, without rest or solace, nor respite from peril of death, seeing their friends killed, and their position imperilled, getting their food, their munitions, even their drink, from the jaws of death, and their breath from the taint of death, and their brief sleep upon the dust of death. Let them imagine themselves driven mad by heat and toil and thirst by day, shaken by frost at midnight, weakened by disease and broken by pestilence, yet rising on the word with a shout and going forward

to die in exultation in a cause foredoomed and almost hopeless. Only then will they begin, even dimly, to understand what our seizing and holding of the landings meant.'

"The Landing.—This morning, two years ago, 'In the darkness of the early morning, after the moon had set, they headed in towards the northern beach between two little headlands. A great many men were killed in the boats, but the dead men's oars were taken by survivors, and the boats forced into the shingle. The men jumped out, waded ashore, charged the enemy with the bayonet, and broke the Turk attack to pieces. The Turks scattered and were pursued, and now the steep scrub-covered cliffs became the scene of the most desperate fighting. Our men pressed on up the hill; they dropped and fired and died; they drove the Turks back; they flung their packs away, wormed through the bush, and stalked the snipers from the flash. As it grew lighter the boats carrying the First and Second Brigades drew near the shore; every gun on Gaba Tepe took them in flank, and the snipers concentrated on them from the shore. More and more Turks were coming up at the double to stop the attack up the hill. The fighting in the scrub grew fiercer; shells burst continually on the beach, boats were sunk, men were killed in the water. The boatmen and beach working parties were the unsung heroes of that landing. By ten o'clock the Turks had had time to bring up enough men from their prepared positions to hold up the advance. Scattered parties of our men who had gone too far in the scrub were cut off and killed, for there was no thought of surrender in those marvellous young men; they were the flower of this world's manhood, and died as they had lived, owning no master upon this earth. For four hours the Turks attacked and again attacked, with a terrific fire of artillery, and waves of men in succession. More of the Army Corps landed to meet the Turks, the fire on the beach never slackened, and they came ashore across corpses and wrecked boats and a path like a road in hell with ruin and blasts and burning. They went up the cliff to their fellows under an ever-growing fire, that lit the scrub and burned the wounded and the dead. Darkness came, but there was no rest nor lull. Men worked at the digging in till they dropped asleep on the soil, and more Turks charged, and they woke and fired and again dug. It was cruelly cold after the sun had gone, but there was no chance of warmth or proper food; to dig in and beat back the Turk or die were all that men could think of. In the darkness, among the blast of shells, men scrambled up and down the pathless cliffs, bringing up tins of water and boxes of cartridges, hauling up guns and shells, and bringing down the wounded. The beach was heaped with wounded, placed as close under the cliff as might be, in such yard or so of dead ground as the cliffs gave. The doctors

worked among them, and shells fell among them, and doctors and wounded were blown to pieces, and the survivors sang their song of "Australia will be there," and cheered the newcomers still landing on the beach. All through the night the Turks attacked, and in the early hours their fire of shrapnel became so hellish that the Australians soon had not men enough to hold the line. Orders were given to fall back to a shorter line, but in the darkness, uproar and confusion, the falling back was mistaken by some for an order to re-embark. But at this breaking of the wave of victory, encouragement reached our men; a message came to the beach from Sir Ian Hamilton to say that help was coming, and that an Australian submarine had entered the Narrows and had sunk a Turkish transport. This word of victory, coming to men who thought for the moment that their efforts had been made in vain, had the effect of a fresh brigade. The men rallied up the hill, bearing the news to the firing line; the new constructed line was made good, and the rest of the night was never anything but continued victory to those weary ones in the scrub. But twenty-four hours of continual battle exhausts men, and by dawn the Turks, knowing the weariness of our men, resolved to beat them down into the sea. When the sun was well in our men's eyes they attacked again, with not less than twice our entire strength of fresh men, and with an overwhelming superiority in field artillery. They came at us with a determination which might have triumphed against other troops. All the scrub was in a blaze before them, but they pressed on, falling in heaps and lines; and their guns dropped a never-ceasing rain of shells on trenches, beach, and shipping. At a little before noon the Turk attack reached its height in a blaze and uproar of fire and the swaying forward of their multitudes. The guns of the warships swept them from flank to flank with every engine of death; they died by hundreds, and the attack withered as it came. Our men saw the enemy fade and slacken and halt; then with their cheer they charged him and beat him home, seized new ground from him, and dug themselves in in front of him. By the evening of the second day the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps had won and fortified their position.

May.—Nine days later they joined in a general attack, and after three days' fighting took the line forward from a quarter of a mile to six hundred yards farther into the Peninsula. This may seem little to have done, but after the fight, on the body of a dead Turk was found a letter written to his wife the night before. In it was the phrase, 'These British are the finest fighters in the world. We have chosen the wrong friends.'

August.—Three months later the last and greatest battle took place; it stretched from Suvla in the north to Krithia in the south.

Our men fought in the centre, some in the attack on Sari Bair, most of them in the attack on Lone Pine.

"'At Lone Pine,' Masefield says, 'in the afternoon of the 6th, the shelling by the ships became more intense; at half-past four it quickened to a very heavy fire; exactly at half-past five it stopped suddenly, three short whistle-blasts sounded, and were taken up along the line, our men cleared the parapet and attacked with vigour. They had not got twenty yards before all that dark and blazing hill-top was filled with explosion and flying missiles from every enemy gun. One speaks of a hail of bullets, but no hail is like fire, no hail is a form of death crying aloud a note of death, no hail screams as it strikes a stone, or stops a strong man in his stride. Across that kind of hail the Australians charged on Lone Pine. At half-past seven we held our prize, though weakly; no man slept that night; at dawn the dead were lying three deep in every part of the line; but they held on for the next five days and nights till Lone Pine was ours past question.'

"Of the attack on Sari Bair I will only read the result: 'The Turk dead lay in thousands all down the slopes of the hill; but the crest of the hill, the prize, remained in Turk hands, not in ours. We had beaten off the Turks, but our men were too much exhausted to do more. They could not go up the hill again. Our thrust at Sari Bair had failed. Even then, at the eleventh hour, two fresh battalions and a ton of water would have made the hill ours; but we had neither the men nor the water. Our men went, like all their brothers in that Peninsula, on a forlorn hope, and by bloody pain they won the image and taste of victory; and then, when their reeling bodies had burst the bars, so that our race might pass through, there were none to pass; the door was open, but there were none to go through it to triumph. And then, slowly, as strength failed, the door was shut again, the bars were forged again, victory was hidden again, all was to do again; the great battle of the campaign was over.'

"Four months later Gallipoli was evacuated.

"'We did not win the Peninsula; and some day it will be known why we did not. Until then let our enemies say this: "They did not win, but they came across three thousand miles of sea, a little army without reserves and short of munitions, a band of brothers, not half of them half trained, and nearly all of them new to war. They came to what we said was an impregnable fortress on which our veterans had laboured for two months, and by sheer naked manhood they beat us and drove us out of it. Then, rallying, but without reserves, they beat us again, and drove us farther. Then, rallying once more, but still without reserves, they beat us again, this time to our knees. Then, had they had reserves, they would have conquered, but by God's pity they had none."

"That is the outline of the story that so many hundreds of our Old Boys helped to make two years ago. Fifty-seven of them wrote their line of that story in their life's blood. We go now to commemorate our dead. With sorrow—yes. With pride—yes. With regret? For aught that lay in their power or in ours—*No!* Rather would we adapt for ourselves the words that Ruskin wrote during the Crimean War—the war in which so many lives were lost for want of those two fresh battalions and the ton of water—and say with the assurance of belief: 'I ask their witness to whom the war has changed the aspect of the earth and the imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed, in a moment, under the seals of clay. Those who can never more see the sun rise, nor watch the climbing light gild the eastern clouds, without thinking what graves it shall *later* gild far behind the dark earth line—who never more shall see the *wattle* bloom in spring without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wildflowers of *Gallipoli*. Ask their witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them and with theirs; that they would not have it otherwise; would not, if they might, receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breastplate of England.'"

After Barnett i. (Senior Prefect) had read out the list of Old Boys who had fallen in the war, His Honour Mr. Justice Street delivered an address. We were, he said, celebrating a day that must be of the first importance as long as Australia remained under the British crown. Germany had hoped that, when war broke out, Australia would sever her connection with the British Empire, but her hopes had been shattered by the action taken by Australia. When the crisis came, the overseas Dominions decided to stand by the side of the Mother Country. On April 25th, 1915, the first band of men—the finest that ever left these shores—received their baptism of fire. We were commemorating that fact. They had, as Sir Ian Hamilton said of them, established a reputation for military virtue. Mr. Lloyd George had said, "What makes a nation great is what we give, and not what we gain." So we as individuals could become great members of society only by being ready to give, and to follow the path of duty, no matter what the cost might be. In this way alone could a great nation be built up. By following the principle of duty, we should show ourselves worthy of those compatriots whose deeds we are celebrating.

Judge Rolin then spoke a few words. He said he could only speak for Old Boys who were too old to take their part in the fighting, and to convey his thoughts he would read an extract from an article by Prof. Gilbert Murray, the substance of which was that it should be the earnest endeavour of those who were left

behind to live their lives worthy of those who had offered their younger lives for them.

Mr. Lucas spoke last. He said we ought to derive some practical lesson from this celebration; and he wanted us to learn two things—self-respect and regard for others. The men who had gone to the front had learnt both. It was their self-respect that made them see their duty and face it; and in going they were not seeking their own good, but the good of others. Self-respect could be learnt in our School life—in addition to what we brought from our homes—by doing our work thoroughly and honestly. So our characters were strengthened, and self-respect won in this way would prevent us from falling when temptation came. Similarly our School life taught us to be true to our mates, to our side, to our School. This in after life would lead to loyalty to our State, our Country, our Empire. He would give us a text at the end instead of at the beginning, it was a quotation from the poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon:

“Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.”

VALETE.

UPPER SCHOOL.—Andrew, W. H. M.; Atkins, E. L.; Baldwin, N. C.; Banks, J. M.; Barnet, D. M.; Barr, O. P.; Baum, F. R.; Berne, H. P.; Blakemore, C. G.; Brunton, J. M. S.; Burnett, H. C.; Cameron, S. L.; Carruthers, D. G.; Cooke, M. G.; Corbett, F. A.; Cureton, F. H.; Dun, C. W. S.; Diamond, L. B.; Edwards, C. M.; Fleming, A. E.; Francis, W. E. R.; Griffith, E. E.; Hart, L. R. M.; Henderson, A. S.; Jeffery, B. M. T.; Keep, E. F.; Ludowici, R. H.; Martin, J. W.; McKimmin, V. A.; McPherson, H. K.; Money, H. A.; Pirie, G.; Powrie, G. C. T.; Raymond, R. L.; Russell, G. G.; Smidmore, L. J.; Solomon, H. J.; Swain, A. K.; Wilkinson, V. G. B.; Wilkinson, F. O. B.; Willis, V. C.

Middle and Lower Schools.—Armitage, J. R.; Armitage, A. G.; Batten, W. M.; Biggs, H. S.; Blashki, K.; Breden, W. S.; Burns, H. R.; Cantor, D. O.; Cowper, M. M.; Cummins, J. C.; Dowling, J.; Durham, B.; Eastmuir, A. R.; Flegeltaub, F.; Flexman, H. N.; Forster, H.; Greaves, H. E.; Grimshaw, B. R.; Halloran, A.; Harris, C. W.; Harkness, B.; Hatherell, R. F.; Herald, W.; James, S.; Johnstone, C. K.; Judson, N. F.; Kemmis, A. C.; Kerr, D. F.; Kirkpatrick, M. S.; Lapin, C.; Lasker, V. E.; Lethbridge, J. K.; Lock, K.; Macpherson, D. A.; Mann, H. O.; McAdam, L. W.; Meacle, N. H.; McDowall, J.; Miller, H. S.; Nicoll, D. A.; Northam, D. C.; Palmer, J. R.; Quin, R. A.; Royal, N. K.; Russell,

H. J. R.; Saw, W. E.; Simmonds, S. V.; Simons, Eric; Southan, H. W.; Stewart, R.; Stone, A. H.; Taylor, P. N. W.; Taylor, B. P. W.; Ternen, B. W.; Throsby, F. H. O.; Wall, W. G.; Watson, R. B.; Wearne, J. T.; Wentworth Shields, W. F.; Wilkinson, W. A. P.; Wooller, J. L.; Wright, D. J.; Young, E. S.

SALVETE.

L. F. Abrahams, J. T. Allen, A. R. C. Armstrong, B. Attwood, S. H. Amousseau, J. P. O. Backhouse, A. E. Barkell, K. W. Barnett, L. H. Benjamin, C. N. Bennett, A. R. Blair, L. K. Blanch, H. F. A. Bode, L. G. Bode, E. L. Boyce, C. W. M. Bradshaw, L. J. Brain, C. W. Brown, E. G. Brown, M. L. Bryant, S. R. Burton, H. Butcher, D. R. C. Butterworth, H. F. Byrne, A. Callow, J. W. F. Campbell, H. H. Chadwick, L. H. Clark, A. F. Coates, R. C. Cobcroft, V. L. Cohen, N. J. Collins, D. Comino, E. A. Connor, W. L. Corlis, E. W. Crawford, J. P. Cureton, W. J. Donahay, H. H. Datson, E. C. Davison, L. R. Donaldson, A. G. Douglass, W. R. Drew, L. W. Duffield, W. Dujen, E. B. Dunstan, J. R. Dupie, H. D. W. Ellis, K. Everingham, A. H. Foss, S. J. Fowler, A. L. Garland, E. K. Gates, W. G. George, H. C. Gilbert, E. J. Glen, C. W. Glen, E. L. Glover, R. H. Gollan, G. E. Gollan, S. B. Graham, R. P. Green, H. E. Green, T. H. C. Green, C. R. Halstead, K. V. S. Henry, W. F. Herford, J. Hodgson, C. E. Huntley, W. N. Johnson, S. R. Johnson, C. E. Joyce, T. J. Joynton-Smith, A. H. Kaleski, W. T. Kelly, F. H. Kennedy, E. F. Kent, W. S. Kirkham, L. C. Laird, A. S. Lamb, W. G. Leggett, G. Lett, K. P. Levy, E. Lianos, V. H. Littley, E. W. Livingston, R. J. Lotze, J. Loughnan, W. E. Lound, J. R. MacKellar, A. L. Maling, G. G. Manning, D. W. Marshall, W. McCorquodale, C. McIlree, R. J. T. McLean, B. McPherson, I. McWilliam, J. D. Mitchell, A. J. Moffitt, N. M. Mullins, H. J. Nicholls, E. A. Norrie, J. F. Orr, E. R. O'Sullivan, C. H. Oswald-Sealy, W. N. Paul, L. Pendlebury, S. R. Phippard, A. A. Pilz, A. L. Poole, N. V. Price, W. H. S. H. Quin, H. McB. Ramsay, M. Rennie, A. Roberts, T. E. Roberts, W. D. Robertson, H. S. Robin, S. H. J. Robinson, H. A. Rofo, W. N. Rook, J. H. Rudd, V. A. Salter, F. G. Samuelson, D. C. Semmler, H. Shaw, W. J. Shoppie, E. R. Shrives, J. W. Smith, J. C. Smith, C. L. Solomons, F. Soppet, E. G. Thompson, G. Tinning, H. A. Vogt, J. B. Walker, W. G. Watson, R. Wearne, M. J. White, A. N. Wickham, T. J. Williams, W. Williamson, G. C. Yee Wing, R. J. Withycombe, A. Wong, H. O. Woodriff.

OLD BOYS' UNION.
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE 19th Annual General Meeting of the Old Boys' Union will take place at the School on Wednesday, June 20th, at 8 p.m., when the President, the Hon. R. J. Black, M.L.C., will preside.

Mr. R. Windeyer will move a resolution to alter Clause 7 of the articles of constitution, dealing with the election of Vice-Presidents. At the meeting also Dr. E. A. Brearley will submit a balance-sheet and financial statement as unique in the history of the Union, as it is indicative of the remarkable progress the Union has made in a year, when with 1400 Old Sydneians in the Forces, progress would have seemed well-nigh impossible.

The Committee expects a large attendance of members, as well as of intending members, who may join at the meeting and have a vote in the many matters to be decided.

NEWSPAPER FUND.

Since the last issue of the *Sydneian* the Old Boys' Union Newspaper Fund has been augmented by one subscription only, that of Dudley C. Turner, Adelaide, who sent a cheque for five pounds, bringing the total subscribed to £39 3s. Subscriptions, however small, are urgently required, and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 139 Macquarie-street.

It will interest all concerned to know that every penny of the amount subscribed has been spent in sending 2500 newspapers and 100 *Sydneians* to Old Boys on active service.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The Old Boys' Union year commences on June 1st instant, and lasts till May 31st, 1918. Members should forward their subscriptions immediately in order that they may receive the June number of the *Sydneian*.

The number of members for the year just closed exceeded that of the previous year by sixty. Let the coming year be another record one!

Who would not be of the Old Boys' Union of the School, which has sent 1400 of its Old Boys to the front? That is a question which those who forget to join should ask themselves.

Life subscription, £5 5s.; annual subscription, 5s. (both including the *Sydneian*), payable to the Hon. Treasurer, 139 Macquarie-street.

SOME NOTABILITIES.

The School and Old Boys should congratulate Professor J. B. Peden, of the University of Sydney Law School, and a Vice-President of the Old Boys' Union, who has been appointed a Member of the Legislative Council.

And Mr. R. J. Tillyard, a former Master, and a member of the Old Boys' Union Committee, who has been awarded the Crisp Medal of the Linnean Society of London. This award is given once every five years to a Fellow of the Linnean Society for the best piece of Microscopical Research published by the Society during the preceding five years. The paper selected by the Council was entitled "A Study of the Rectal Breathing Apparatus in the Larvæ of Anisopterid Dragonflies." The medal was presented at the Anniversary Meeting of the Linnean Society, held at Burlington House, London, on May 24th. The High Commissioner, Mr. Andrew Fisher, received the medal for Mr. Tillyard, and is forwarding it on to him.

HONOUR LIST OF OLD SYDNEIANS AT THE FRONT

Honours to be added to the list published in the *March Sydneian* are the following. It is almost unnecessary to state that of these, as well as of every other man who has served, the School is justly proud. That pride constitutes the School's congratulation.

K.C.M.G.—Brigadier-General R. M. McCheyne Anderson.

D.S.O.—Major D. R. Harris.

Military Cross.—Captain W. E. Potts, Lieut. R. A. M. Murray, Flight-Lieut. W. Buckingham.

Croix de Guerre.—Captain V. M. Rich, Flight-Lieut. R. E. Buckingham.

Military Medal.—Pte. F. S. Phillips, Sergeant E. B. Biden.

It may be necessary to explain, in order to avoid misapprehension, that the rank given in these lists is the rank given in the military order in which announcement of the decoration is made.

In the last printed list the name of Captain A. H. Scott is wrongly included among those of Old Sydneians who have been awarded the Military Cross.

NOTES AND NEWS OF OLD SYDNEIANS.

(News to be printed under this heading should be sent to the Acting-Headmaster or to the Hon. Secretaries of the Old Boys' Union at 139 Macquarie Street, by either of whom it will be gratefully received.)

The mark of fourteen hundred in the enlistments of Old Sydneians has recently been reached. Of these one hundred and forty-four have fallen, two hundred have been wounded and sixty decorated. But mere figures, even though they constitute the record of a grand duty as nobly and universally performed as this of the School, mean comparatively little. You have to reveal and realize the spirit inherent in this great body of Old Sydneians before you can decide the significance of their record. It is a simple spirit—what the Chief in his last word before leaving us called "simply a

desire to do their duty." It is uncovered always in letters from the front.

But the practical fact is that it is developing in the boys now at the School. It was seen in the recent boat races, when the lads confronted with a double misfortune, understood their duty was to win for the School, their determination took command of them and they did win for the School. The next stage of its effect is seen at the end of almost every term when young Sydneians leave the School to pass directly into the army. And the total result of it all is a constant supplement of Old Sydneian enlistments which go on building up the Roll of Honour into the most powerful justification of the School's existence that has hitherto been established.

The last example of this spirit is referred to in a notification from Eric Lloyd-Jones, and it is of double interest, as shall be seen. The notification reads: "I have received a letter to-day from Marie O. Hazon, one of the Old Sydneians whom you will, no doubt, recollect. He informs me that after having been medically rejected on a former occasion, he has now been accepted and is entering the Italian Army, and I am sure he would like to have his name recorded in the list of Old Sydneians on active service." In the *Sydneian* of April, 1916, it was written erroneously that the School was represented on every fighting front. Now it may be stated correctly that she is. As regards the armies of the Allies of the Empire, there are only two, the Roumanian and the Portuguese, in which Old Sydneians have not been discovered. Would that some good friend would find them, for they must be there!

There is, too, lively interest and not a little pride in the story hereafter related of Jack Goldie, son of one with whom every Old Sydneian is acquainted, Mr. Charles J. D. Goldie.

In the war news from Salonika published in the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday, 14th, it is stated that "The enemy attacked on Wednesday night S.W. of Doiran, and obtained a momentary footing on Goldie's Hill. Our counter attack immediately drove him out. We repulsed a second attack on Thursday, inflicting losses." In August last, Lieut. J. H. D. Goldie, 7th Wiltshires, wrote: "I am sending you a Bulgar's water bottle which I got when we routed a Bulgar patrol. I only had one man with me at the time, as we had got a long way ahead of the rest of our party. We caught them resting under some bushes just over the ridge end. We made a rush at them and both of us fired. They all five bolted, leaving rifles, bombs, haversacks, etc., which we collared, and made an orderly retirement on our reinforcements!! As it was the first scrap by the 7th Wilts, they were all very bucked at our getting the gear." In a later letter Goldie wrote: "Oh, did I tell you that the hill has been called 'Goldie's Hill' on the official map on account of our escapade with

the five Bulgars. It's rather ridiculous, isn't it? The chief reason is that while we were there I was able to look around a bit, and got the bearings and contour of the ridge, and the shape and position of the hill, and was able to fit it in to the map for them. It's a hill at the end of a ridge, and has enemy positions of some importance near it, so it is just possible that if we scrap hereabouts you may hear of a Battle of Goldie's Hill!! Cheer oh!"

Who will not cheer-oh for Jack Goldie?

In the last *Sydneian* there was published a letter from Chaplain-Captain Stacy Waddy, our respected friend from King's, dealing with the exploits by which Bernard Rose won the D.C.M. The following extract from the London *Gazette* has now come to hand:—

"Awarded the D.C.M. (and promoted to commission), 2nd Lieut. B. C. J. Rose, for conspicuous gallantry in action. He assumed command of his company and led his men with great courage and initiative. Later he carried messages under very heavy fire. He set a splendid example to his men."

News has come to us also of a remarkable exploit in the air on the Western Front, in which Old Sydneians will be pleased to hear that one of their number, in the person of Capt. Brian Dowling, was engaged. When 8000 feet up over the lines, the tip of one wing and the controls of rudder and balancing mechanism were shot away, the machine diving spirally 1000 feet. By the strength of sheer bravery the observer climbed out on to the damaged wing to right the machine, and with the observer in this position Brian Dowling piloted the machine to earth by the use of his elevators alone. We are told by those who know something of aircraft that this feat is a wonderful one; to the uninitiated it does certainly appear marvellous.

From our good fellow, Eric Barbour, we have received the following letter dated 6th February, but 17 days before the death from wounds of his brother Fred, to whom he refers in the letter:—

"No. 5 Camp, Lark Hill, 6/2/17.

"Dear *Sydneian*,—

"With a well-frozen body, but still warm heart, I am writing from this penitentiary officially known as Lark Hill Camp. I have just read 'Sandy' McLeod's letter in the last *Sydneian* to hand. He is—always was—a cheerful optimist. I am sure it must have been warmer when he wrote, or else he had just got a parcel from home. Personally, I prefer Iceland, or would, if I had ever been there.

"At present we are shrouded in our 'winter garments of repentance.' It is too cold to fill the cup, and the fires of spring are still months ahead. As I write, snow is thick on the ground, and the scene is a very beautiful one, of course. Unfortunately, one's outlook on nature is warped by the environment of military service. I

can't even look at Stonehenge—which is only a mile or two from here—without thinking what a pity it is that such fine stones couldn't have been used to build a cottage or an incinerator. However, I find that such pessimism is quite the usual thing here, and that a man who does not growl at his lot is looked upon as something of a curiosity.

"I am fairly busy just at present trying to convince 2300 men that blistered feet and a hoarse bark are not sufficient grounds for staying off parade with the thermometer about—20 degrees. I read of an observation by an Australian soldier yesterday that the temperature was twenty degrees lower than Cicero. We had many grudges against Marcus Tullius in the old days, but we never considered him so very low—at all events he didn't hold a candle to Ovid and Sallust.

"I forgot to observe that I was acting as R.M.-O. to the 2nd Training Battalion—a Victorian unit, although our last reinforcements were 'Walers.' In the next Training Battalion, the 1st (N.S.W.), I have just come across Frank Griffiths, V. C. McKell and Lance Hunter, the lastnamed being the medical officer.

"At Bulford Hospital, quite close by, are Major Eric Grigor and Jim Wiley.

"My congratulations to the team on the big first wicket partnership against Scots' College. It reminded me of the same match eight or nine years ago, when I stood at one end and watched Hughie Gregg bang up a faultless 180 at the other, in the course of which he knocked a somnolent umpire off his perch at square leg.

"Also more congratulations to Mr. Savigny and the boys in getting back that little red shield that was 'absent without leave' for twelve months.

"I saw it lost—a few days before I left Sydney—and I shall never forget 'Pup' Raymond's great-hearted but unsuccessful effort to snatch it back in the last race of the day.

"It did my heart good to see the old *Sydncian*—it brought back many old memories of the days when Dowell O'Reilly and I used to discuss its destinies over the desk of the sunless cellar occupied by IC. It reminded me even more forcibly of dear old Peter Graham, who, at the mature age of 10, initiated me into the mysteries of editing a paper called the *Thompkatt Budget*, and even then showed the masterly touch of satire which he developed so well at the University later—sailing so close to the wind and yet never crossing the borders of impudence.

"I am sending it on to Fred, who is with the 9th Battalion. I have not seen him for over twelve months. He has been in the thick of it all that time, and has had no leave yet.

"Please remember me very kindly to all old friends, and wish Mr. Lucas the best of health and the School the best of success

during his generalship. Tell him I have forgotten the difference between factorial n and $\cot A \times B$, but I haven't forgotten him."

Gunner R. J. Gartrell, from Salisbury (5/2/17): "Many thanks for the welcome *Sydney Morning Herald*. I am at present on Salisbury Plains and expect to be going overseas any day now. Several Old Boys are here with me, including Eric Hewitt, E. Lamb, R. W. Hope and C. Hodgson, who are all in good health. Extremely cold, temperature below freezing point. Good luck to Union and best wishes."

Pte. Jack V. Flemming to Mr. Lucas (1/3/17): "You will remember me, but not at S.G.S. You were Head at Newington while I was at the Grammar."

"Please give my kind regards to Mr. Soar. He, no doubt, will remember me in Com. I.—Dalgarno and Jumbo Reid were there at the same time. I am afraid we were rather a wild lot.

"We are leaving for France about the 9th of this month, and I suppose will be in the Big Push this spring. The winter here has been very severe, worse luck, for us."

Arnold Brown, M.C., from France (9/2/17): "At last I have started on this job which I have been meaning to do for months, that is, to thank you for the copy of the daily papers which you send me from time to time. They are received with many thanks, and read through by myself and many brother officers, who, perhaps, have papers sent, but so many go astray.

"I have met a great number of old Grammar boys during the last month or two in London. I was there for three months, having been wounded. Capt. C. R. Lucas was one of those I met. I think he is well known among all Old Sydneians here."

F. H. Guthrie, whose brother Malcolm died in Egypt after serving on Gallipoli, writes from Egypt (26/3/17), most interestingly:—

"Previous to starting this letter, I must first ask you to excuse me for the way in which I have neglected the old School, that is, as far as correspondence is concerned. Of course, apart from that, my heart has always been with the School.

"I will now try and brush up my memory a bit and explain what has been doing over this way since I left.

"As you know, I left with the 1st Regiment, and was then a trooper in C. Squad. There were very few old Grammar lads in the regiment; in fact, I think I could name them all now:

"Brian Keys, who did great work on the Peninsula; Charlie Rennie, who was so badly hit on the 19th May, 1915; two Millers, both left the regiment and joined up with some other unit.

"Gordon Cooper, who is now in the 1st L.H. Machine Gun Section, and has proved himself to be a wonderful soldier, but has been

very unfortunate as far as promotion goes. Still, that's nothing so long as we all do our bit.

"As you have heard all about our voyage over several times by this, I shan't bother airing my views on that subject. Still, I am now quite prepared for another voyage of the same sort; that is, of course, when the war is over.

"Our stay in Egypt previous to the Peninsula was a very tiring one, still it gave us all a good chance of seeing Egypt, at any rate from a soldier's point of view.

"When the regiment embarked for the Peninsula I was unfortunate enough to be laid up with appendicitis, and did not get over till about three weeks later. The regiment was then on Pope's Hill. I don't think I will ever forget Pope's, for I was talking to Cooper one morning when the enemy were practising their skill at bombarding, and Cooper got his leg in the way of a piece of flying lead. Luckily, it only grazed him, still it left a very fine bruise which is not likely to wear off. After we left Pope's we went to No. 1 Outpost, which I can safely say was the picked spot at Anzac. With Lionel Bigg, of King's School, and Tonie Hordern, of the Shore, we managed to put in a very pleasant three months at sniping. In my opinion we had the best job at Anzac. We were able at times to get in some very fine shooting, and became quite experts at the game. Sniping is very fine when you are in a trench, and we always took good care to provide ourselves with same. We were the last troops to leave our trenches at the evacuation, which we are all very proud of.

"After that we spent a very good time in Upper Egypt.

"I managed to get a couple of stripes just previous to leaving the Peninsula. After we got our horses in good condition on the green fields of Hasoun Pasha, we were sent to Romani, where we did many thirsty 'stunts' with very little success, until the Turks decided to try and scoop the lot of us at Romani; but we managed to do all the scooping that was done, and were able to send about half his force to Cairo by train.

"Shortly after that we had a spell of a month at Kantara, and a week's leave to Alexandria.

"Just previous to coming to Kantara I got my commission, and was put in B Troop of B Squad.

"After a month at Kantara we journeyed back to the desert. Since then we have had a fair amount to do in the way of patrols, etc., and Maghdaba, Rafa, and the march into El Arish.

"Maghdaba proved a great victory to us, as we managed to scoop about 1400 out of an original garrison of 1500. Shortly after that we made a similar haul at Rafa. After that many Turks marched into our lines saying, 'Finish fight, Australia very good,'"

etc., etc. Taubes at times used to make things very unpleasant, especially on 1st June, 1916.

"The regiment moved back to Bagad. From there I came down to Moascar, where I have put in three months training reinforcements.

"The last lot of reinforcements to the 1st Regiment was really the finest batch we have ever received, and it was with pleasure that I put them through a 10-days' musketry course.

"Amongst them were C. S. Walker and Firth, two old Grammar lads. I intend getting them into my troop, so will be able to keep my eye on them. They are both very young, but very fine lads. I am enclosing £1 as subscription to the Old Boys' Union, and would be pleased if you would let me have a copy of the *Sydneyan* each issue.

"I have played a good deal of football since I left with the regiment, and so far we hold an unbeaten record. We have several great public schools' men in the team.

"Yesterday we (1st Training Brigade) played the 2nd Training Brigade, Wally Farquar captaining the 2nd Training Brigade. We managed to give them a very bad beating. Farquar has cultivated a very fine 'bosey,' and secured most of the wickets for his side; he got me out l.b.w. very early in the game.

"I sincerely hope to keep in closer touch with the old School in future."

Bombardier R. A. Money, now probably 2nd Lieutenant, in a letter dated 11/3/17, gives some idea of the nature of an English Artillery Cadet School and other things:

"They start us at 5.30 a.m. and keep going until 7 p.m., so that by that time a chap is just about ready to turn in.

"However, it's the place for smartness and swank! 'Royal Horse Artillery you're in now, not the militia or Australian Artillery. The right of the line and pride of the British Army'—from our sergeant instructor at least six times every day. He's an old R.H.A. man, and thinks there's nothing to come within coo-ee of it.

"I'm nearly through now, and if I pass my final exams, here in three weeks' time there will be only a month more at a shooting camp, and then, with average luck, I should get my pip and have a fair idea of the work. The instructors are splendid and we get instruction in every branch of artillery work. In spite of the long hours it is quite a home after life in the ranks. We live in the dressing-rooms of the Members' Pavilion at Lord's, and round me now on the walls are numerous pictures of Australia XI's, Sydney Cricket Ground, etc. The school is right in London, about 15 minutes from Piccadilly by tube or 'bus, and now I'm getting to know London fairly well.

"'Appy 'Ampstead 'Eath is only a few miles away, and we

generally go there for battery and driving drill and do our riding in Regent's Park.

"Kelvin Robertson and Ned Fletcher, who were with me in the battery, and who transferred to 3rd Div. Trench Mortars, have both got 'Blighties' and are now back in London. Robbo was wounded badly in the back, but is getting on alright now. Colin Chisholm was back from France a few weeks ago on some leave, and I met him one night. He looked splendid, and asked all sorts of questions about the old School. Gordon Brady and Jim Dickson were also there; the latter went out a week or so ago in the R.F.A. Fred Salisbury is in London recovering from his wound."

Sergt. C. R. Windeyer writes from France (12/3/17), on newspaper which shows a touch of English economy, full worthy of emulation by Australians, in a notice at its head, "Please help to economise by writing on both sides of this paper." Being tired of inactivity in Egypt, he transferred to the infantry, and after a period in France has been admitted to an Officers' School at Cambridge. "Behind the lines a few days ago," he writes, "I was on rather a novel fatigue: far better than sweeping slops off roads, building light railways, tunnels, etc. I was on a brigade fatigue working for a French cocky scattering straw with a pitchfork. I think I made rather a hit, as the old boy applied to brigade headquarters that I should go on the fatigue every day as I could speak French. Of course, nothing came of it."

And in another letter he gives some conception of the country of France: "We are here in one of the most beautiful countries on the face of the earth. You have not far to go behind the line when you see trees not yet budding, grass managing to shoot in spite of it all, fields ploughed as far as the labour of a few old men and cripples will admit. I had the advantage of seeing France at its best from Marseilles to Havre, and I cannot forget what this part might have been. Admitting that near the front line and perhaps for a depth of miles behind it, the ground is a mass of shell holes all running into each other and filled with water, even here the grass does its best to struggle. Towns, villages, etc., that are not a heap of ruins, such as the pictures one sometimes sees showing the remains of unearthed Pompeii and Herculaneum, have totally disappeared to help ballast roads and railways in the work of destruction.

"You might know that while we have been here Northern France has experienced such a cold snap as it never has before for a period of 31 years. The water in the shell holes was frozen to a depth of eleven to eighteen inches, and snow was on the ground averaging about five inches. When this was thawing and we were just cursing our luck that we would again have mud, we were surprised to see grass struggling through the snow.

"Even in little ways destruction from the mere spirit of it and from the work of the enemy awe you. Our new type of gaspirator or gas gadget must cost a bit. Yet I had mine destroyed by a small fragment through it from a random whizz-bang. One finds the ground strewn with Fritz's gear and our own, and this state can only arise from a general carelessness of material on both sides.

"One passes in the same day, or rather the same hour, dead Tommies, dead Fritzes, shattered trees, ruined villages, an occasional Fritz prisoner, each and all different. Sometimes a prisoner stands like a soldier and is apparently indifferent of his surroundings; sometimes he shows a certain amount of fearful interest."

Thus end these periodical notes of Old Sydneians at the front. The School may well be proud that it has such representatives. The pity of it all is that so many have fallen, who will be unable to subscribe further their influence to the making of Australia, and from that to the moulding of the Empire. Yet we may say of each one, as was written of one who inspired a recent verse:

"We'll grieve no more, since from our side

Death summoned thee to dwell with those alway

Whose spirits set like stars shall guide

A nobler England on her glorious way."

ROWING.

THIS year our efforts have been rewarded with success. From the time when we went to our camp at Abbotsford in the Christmas holidays till the day of the race, on April 18th, everything went with a fine swing that seemed to augur a win, and we were the happiest of happy families, although we were greatly hampered by weather conditions, and were obliged to row on one Sunday. During the holidays many Old Boys visited the camp, and were warmly welcomed. On Friday, March 16, Mr. Saxton gave a training dinner to the crews at the Australia. It was a great success, and appreciated by everybody. On the night of the race Mr. McFadyen gave the rowing dinner to the crews at Paris House. The crews wish to thank Mr. McFadyen for his generosity. As the day of the race approached we all became very optimistic, but a run of bad luck damped our hopes a good deal. About four weeks before the race Morrison got the mumps, and his place was filled by Hawkins; on the Monday before the race L. Moore, in the 1st four, got the mumps, and Dick Windeyer took his place, but unfortunately was prevented from rowing on the day of the race; consequently, A. L. Cooper was asked to row in two races, which he did willingly. The spirit of the fours under such adverse circumstances was a credit to the School, and to their coach, R. Grieve, who had instilled that spirit into them.

It was a great sight to see the crippled four win, a length to the good, and although the 2nd four did not come first, yet they rowed a very good race. Ronnie and his crews deserved their success.

This year's eight was a very good crew, and a credit to Mr. Savigny, whose enthusiasm was reflected in every single member of his crew. The crew was not heavy, but it was solid, had a good length and swing, with plenty of dash. There were no weak spots, and they were determined to win. The crew wishes to thank Mr. Keary, Mr. Middleton, and Mr. Fitzhardinge for the services they rendered at different times. In conclusion, the camp thanks Mr. Saxton for his generosity both for lending his launch and for his generous donation for the oars; and Mr. Blakemore, who also generously contributed towards the cost of the oars; lastly, Stan Utz for his unselfishness as "camp engineer," and those Old Boys who rendered such valuable service on the day of the race.

The Eight.—Bow (Joyce). He leapt with a bound from the second four to the eight—a remarkable instance of sudden improvement. Naturally enough at first he missed his beginning, and, losing control of his gut muscles, would go too far back with his body. To a great extent he has cured these faults, and it is now a treat to watch his length, life and dash—so necessary for an effective bow.

No. 2 (Wallace)—Often slow with his hands, and frequently failed to cover his blade at the finish. Although naturally short in the body, he keeps quite a good length, and his leg work is excellent. He has whips of grit and determination.

No. 3 (Blakemore)—An oarsman much improved since last year. His worst faults were a tendency to swing short forward, and to kick his slide. These faults he has now nearly conquered. He already rows with some power, and next year when he has gained more strength, I hope that he will be quite in the front rank as an oarsman. Mr. Middleton summed him up admirably. He said: "That there boy of yours—he doesn't row a bad stick."

No. 4 (N. Stewart)—For a boy so young and in his first year he has done really wonderfully well. Like bow, he developed suddenly. Using his shoulders to get his hands away, and losing his swing in the middle of a course, were the two faults that caused me most anxiety. But the nearer we got to the day of the race, the fitter he became, and the better he rowed; and now he is an oarsman of considerable power and promise.

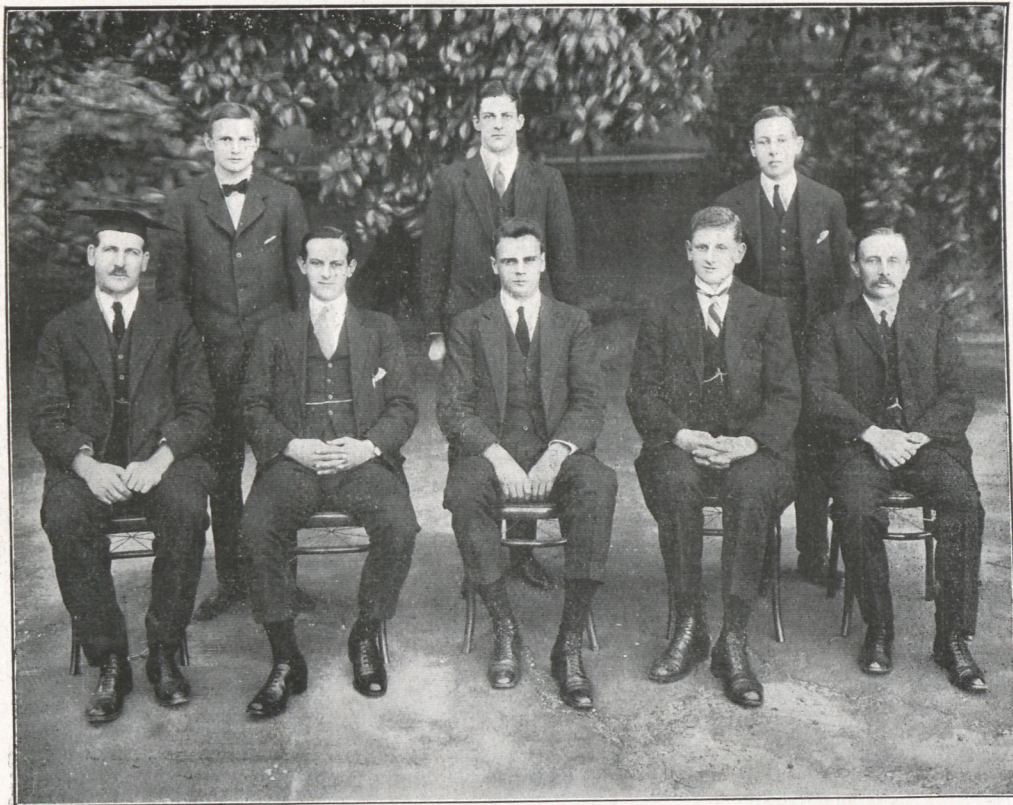
No. 5 (G. Stewart)—"Solid" and "reliable" are the two epithets that come straight into my mind as I sit and write these notes. Lack of control of the gut muscles was the cause of his fault of over-reaching, and he had at times a rush in the last

The Eight.—Premiers, 1917.



J. H. Joyce (9st. 10lbs), bow; A. C. Wallace (10st. 2lbs.), 2; J. Blakemore (10st. 11lbs.), 3; N. F. Stewart (12st. 4lbs.), 4;
G. M. Stewart (12st.), 5; C. L. McFadyen (11st.), 6; R. R. Robinson (10st. 6lbs), 7; T. M. Barnet (11st, 3lbs.), stroke);
J. S. Laidley (8st.), cox. W. H. Savigny, Esq., coach.

S.G.S. Games Committee, 1917.



Standing—W. Hatherell, C. E. Vickery, L. W. Wing.
Sitting—H. Marks, Esq., R. D. Hodgins, T. M. Barnet, G. M. Stewart, T. A. H. Wing, Esq.
C. L. McFadyen (absent).

part of the swing forward, not always attributable to No. 6. In the earlier stages of training he was not nippy enough with his shoulders on the catch, but he conquered this completely, and could always be relied upon to stay the course out and be solid and honest in his work right through.

No. 6 (McFadyen)—An improving and very promising oarsman. Occasionally he was inclined to be slow with his hands, although his worst fault was his tendency to rush the last part of his swing forward. Towards the last part of training he conquered this, and on the morning of the race I could not fault him. He has a beautiful straight back, splendid leg drive, and I think the best natural reach forward I've ever seen.

No. 7 (Robinson)—A natural oarsman of great promise, and an almost ideal No. 7. At times his hands were slower than stroke's, and he would be short in his reach forward; but this was a rare exception, and not the rule. When stroke and he were rowing well together—and this was nearly always—the combination was very pleasant to the eye of a coach. Perhaps the outstanding feature of his rowing was his lovely lift on the catch, whereby he did so much to relieve stroke of the weight on his shoulders. His cheery nature added much to the happiness of our camp.

Stroke (Barnet)—Was occasionally inclined to sky his feather a little, especially at the beginning of a piece, and has once or twice been known to feather under water. And now I have finished with his faults. He is a fine oarsman, quite in the front rank, with a swing of beautiful length, and the rhythmical precision of clockwork, whilst his catch, leg-work, finish and recovery are all alike excellent. As a stroke he is admirable; as a captain he is as capable as any the School has ever had, and he has by his conduct won for himself the respect and love of us all.

Coxswain (Laidley)—Cool and competent. I have been told by several who saw the race throughout that he could not have steered a better course.

** Saw too nervous to look.*

CRICKET.

We wound up the season with a trip to Duntroon to play the Royal Military College. Mr. Lucas gave the School a half-holiday on the Friday afternoon in honour of the Cricket Premiership won last year, and kindly allowed the team to leave on Thursday night. This enabled us to have some tennis on Friday and play the cricket match on Saturday. We did not distinguish ourselves particularly in our cricket, being comfortably beaten, but we had a right royal time, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. We could not well do otherwise when we received such warm-hearted hospitality.

We batted first, and were all out for 152, to which Dickson contributed a well-hit 76; no one else did much. The College made 238 for eight wickets. Our bowling average was: Munro, 3 for 39; Wing, 2 for 54.

 1ST XI. BATTING AVERAGES.

	In.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs.	Av.
aHesslein, M. B.	19	0	243	642	33.78
bHodgins, R. D.	19	0	140	521	27.42
bDickson, L. H.	19	2	76	407	23.93
Kendall, A. E.	18	5	75*	304	23.38
aWing, L. W.	19	2	72*	387	22.76
Raymond, R. L.	17	0	102	364	21.41
aGostelow, R. E.	19	0	140	404	21.26
Carr, E. W.	9	0	40	181	20.11
cBaum, F. R.	9	2	31*	118	16.85
Osborn, A. K.	9	2	25	102	14.57
Aitken, L. S.	14	2	27	126	10.5
Munro, D. G.	18	4	21*	142	10.14
cSwain, A. K.	8	2	16	32	5.33

a All Schools 1st XI.; b All Schools 2nd XI.; c Left at Christmas.

Centuries.—T.S.C.:Hesslein, 243; Hodgins, 140; Gostelow, 140.
T.K.S.: Raymond, 102.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	M's.	Runs.	Wkts.	Av.
Wing, L. W.	265.3	62	600	85	7.06
Hodgins, R. D.	72	10	215	15	14.33
Swain, A. K.	95	32	216	15	14.40
Hesslein, M. B.	16	0	81	5	16.20
Kendall, A. E.	130.4	36	363	19	19.10
Munro, D. G.	135	12	528	27	19.55
Osborn, A. K.	36	3	154	7	22.00
Raymond, R. L.	69.4	15	207	6	34.50

 CRICKET CHARACTERS.

R. D. Hodgins (Captain)—A punishing, though not a stylish bat, but often made runs at a pinch; fair change bowler; magnificent, dashing field; made a good "skipper," and kept his team well together.

R. L. Raymond (Vice-Captain)—Disappointing bat owing to lack of defence; hits hard when set; good field in the open, safe catch; when bowling requires a wicket 3ft. to the off.

M. B. Hesslein—Our best bat, has sound defence, with a variety of scoring strokes; apt to get l.b.w.; "patchy" field.

E. W. Carr—Has good eye, and hits cleanly; too unsteady for consistent scoring; good field; runs well between the wickets.

A. K. Swain—A left-hand bowler with natural swing; not so successful as last season; poor bat; fair field.

L. H. Dickson—A useful bat on his day; has often made runs when others have failed; sluggish field; a "moody" cricketer.

L. W. Wing—Very good right-hand bowler, with useful swing to the off; uses his head well; as a bat, has good back defence, with improved hitting power; good field at cover, with quick return.

R. E. Gostelow—Has kept wicket excellently; steady bat, with sound defence; might be more enterprising.

D. G. Munro—A slow leg-break bowler; variable, but promising; left-hand bat; should do well next year; medium field.

A. E. Kendall—A good opening fast bowler, consistent in length, unlucky as regards wickets; hits hard, but weak in defence; fair field.

L. S. Aitken—Steady, but unlucky bat—improving in defence; fair outfield; good on the ground, but uncertain catch.

F. R. Baum—Much improved bat, and a hard trier; a safe catch in the slips.

A. K. Osborn—Slow bowler, keeps good length; plays straight, with good drive; slow field; lacks confidence at present.

FOOTBALL.

THE keynote of Rugby to date has been "enthusiasm." Full teams for three practices have turned out each Monday and Thursday afternoon for the first time in the School's history. This augurs well for future years. The 4th, 5th and 6th teams of to-day are the 1st, 2nd and 3rd teams later on.

In the preliminary games easy wins against Newington College and S.C.E.G.S. gave us a fair chance with all the schools, and when we defeated St. Joseph's College by a comfortable margin our hopes of retaining last year's laurels looked rosy. The score against Scots' College was phenomenal and the spirit which urges the Bellevue Hill school to come at its mightier opponents year after year is admirable. We look forward to the time when they will have stronger teams, and when their fixture will be regarded as a season's tit-bit.

The six old colours in the fifteen are all showing improved form and substantial progress may be reported of the newcomers.

The team is placed as follows: Full back, Hesslein; Three-quarters, Cooper ii., Wallace i., Carr, McCay i.; halves, Hodgins (Captain), Munro i.; forwards, Neale, Hawkins, Barnet i. (Vice-Captain), Stewart i., Brown i., Allen, Kendall, Heatherall.

The Second Fifteen does its part nobly by making such fine practices for the senior side. In matches they seem to lack cohesion; they certainly have very little luck.

The Thirds are a fair side, though they have not been able to stave off defeat from other thirds as they did last year.

S.G.S. v. S.J.C.—*Won 25-6.*

The first competition match of the season was played against St. Joseph's College on our ground on Saturday, May 12th. Everyone was delighted to see such a large crowd, among which were a great number of Old Boys, including many members of last year's and earlier teams.

S.J.C., winning the toss, elected to defend the Stadium end first half, and ran with the wind. Immediately play began the ball was carried to our line and we had to force. From the kick-off S.G.S. attacked hard, and the forwards took the ball almost to the S.J.C. line, where Kendall dived over from the ruck and scored. Carr's kick failed. 3-0. S.J.C. again attacked, but Hodgins, by good kicking, kept the play round half-way. After a line-out and some ruck work, in which Munro defended very well, Wallace made a good opening. Neale and Barnet dribbled the ball to their line and the latter scored. Hodgins failed to add the extras. 6-0. "College" forwards took the ball to our 25, where Hesslein relieved by two good kicks. From a line-out Hodgins and Wallace broke away, but S.J.C. were awarded a free kick. In the forward play that followed Barnet showed out very conspicuously in the loose. The ball remained round half-way till the whistle went for half-time, the score being unchanged—6-0.

With six points to wipe off S.J.C. attacked hard at the beginning of the second half, and from a ruck near our line Foran scored. the Kick failed. 6-3. Soon after the kick-off Hodgins made a brilliant opening and carried the ball to inside their 25, where he passed to Cooper, who scored in the corner. From a difficult position Hesslein landed a splendid goal. 11-3. S.J.C. immediately attacked solidly, but by making the play open our forwards kept the ball from our end of the field. From a mark S.J.C. sent the ball to our 25, and their backs carried it nearly to our line, where they were awarded a free kick. Bradley's kick went true. 11-6. Play now became very fast, both sides working hard. For a few minutes play was kept round our 25. However, by a dribbling rush, in which Brown showed out, the ball was taken towards their line. From a scrum near quarter-way, Carr passed to Hodgins, who dropped a very neat field goal. 15-6. By good kicking S.J.C. kept us inside our half, when Wallace secured the ball and made an excellent run, but was tackled on their line. From the scrum that followed S.J.C. relieved by a timely kick. Once again from play near our 25 Hodgins broke through, passed to Wallace, who made another splendid run, carrying the ball to within a couple of yards of their line. In the ruck that followed Allen secured the ball and scored. Hesslein added the goal. 20-6. By

means of good kicking S.J.C. attacks were staved off. Kendall and Hatherell came out of a scrum near their 25 with the ball at the toe; they dribbled to S.J.C. line, and Hatherell scored. Carr's kick went true. 25-6. The whistle then sounded for full-time.

The game was a forward game all through. The main work done by the backs was in defending. S.J.C. pack were better in the rucks, but in the backs and all loose play S.G.S. were superior. The forwards all played up well against a much heavier pack. Barnet and Neale always seem to be "on the ball," and Stewart and Hawkins worked harder than ever in the ruck. Hatherell played a good first game in his new position, while Allen and Brown both did good work. The latter's wing-forward play with the Seconds showing out in the loose. The backs hardly "got going" owing to the fact that the five-eighth did not get the ball quite quickly enough. Hodgins and Wallace played the best games, both making numerous openings, while Hodgins' line kicking was, as usual, very good. Carr's pace more than once turned matters in our favour. Munro, though a little slow in passing, defended excellently. Hesslein "found his line" well and kicked two good goals. Cooper and McCay did good work on their respective wings, the latter defending ably.

The Second and Third Fifteens lost their games, the Seconds by 3-0 and the Thirds by 9-6, Rossell and Bond scoring tries.

S.G.S. v. T.S.C.—*Won* 101-nil.

We met T.S.C. at Rose Bay on Saturday, May 19th. The team was unaltered from the St. Joseph's match, except that Kendall and Neale changed places. T.S.C. were outclassed all round, the full-back alone shining out. He played a good defensive game, kicking and tackling well. In the first half T.S.C. played up hard in spite of the 34 points scored against them, but after the interval we piled on points very rapidly. Our forwards were much heavier and gave every opportunity to the backs, whose pace proved too much for the Scots' team. Carr's run, three-quarters of the length of the field, was quite brilliant. Hodgins kicked excellently and played a most unselfish game all through.

Tries were scored by Carr (6), Wallace (5), Cooper (4), McCay (2), Barnet (1), Hawkins (1), Neale (1), Allen (1), Brown (1), Hatherell (1). Hodgins converted 8, Carr 3, Hesslein 2, and Wallace 1, and Hodgins kicked a field goal.

V. ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.

A large band of supporters journeyed to Riverview on Saturday, May 26th, and saw the School win a very fast game by 22 points to 3.

Playing with the wind in the first half, our backs took charge

of the game. Wallace opened up the score shortly after starting with a brilliant run, beating three-quarters and full-back, amid cheering. Carr failed at goal. 3-0. A pretty piece of combined work followed, the forwards taking the ball from a stronger and, on the whole, better pack; Munro secured and passed to Hodgins, to Carr, to Wallace, to Cooper, who fended three men off cleverly and scored in the corner. Hesslein failed at goal. S.G.S., 6-0. Kicked off, Munro obtained again, and passed to Carr, who lost it, but Hatherell was on the spot, and gathering, threw it to Cooper, who showed great pace and finished a strong run with a second try in the corner. No goal. 9-0. But here followed the play of the day, for Carr gathered, passed to Hodgins, ubiquitous as usual, from Hodgins to McCay, to Wallace, to Carr again, then to Cooper, and he finished the rush with his third try. 12-0. Ignatius now rallied, taking the ball to our 25; soon however, it returned to half-way, where Cooper took the ball from a rebound, and by strong running and equally strong fending, beat four opponents and scored his fourth try. Hodgins converted. 17-0. Half-time.

The second half was much more even, mainly owing to the Ignatius forwards. But there was little outstanding play. Hesslein (full-back) looked like getting through once, but a forward pass spoiled the chance. However, Wallace secured from a ruck and scored behind the posts, after a clever run. Hodgins converted. 22-0. Henceforth Ignatius made the game, and finished up with a penalty goal. Full-time; 22-3 in our favour.

The backs were all good, though Cooper perhaps was at his best, if not the best. Wallace, too, stood out. Need we mention Hodgins and Carr? In the forwards the tackling was unusually good, and there were, above all, opportunists. Hatherell (winger) was very quick and handy, while Kendall was conspicuous in two respects—his solid play and his good blue mantle.

The 2nd and 3rd XV's both lost, the 2nd by 12-3; the 3rd by 8-nil.

v. KING'S.

Before proceeding to the description of the match, let us say in all heartiness, "Well done, and congratulations" to King's, who beat us in every department of a game that has been perhaps only once equalled, and certainly never surpassed in the last ten years of school football. They excelled. What more could we say of a team that scored a fair triumph?

It was a great afternoon for football, that of Saturday, June 2nd, and there existed all the necessary conditions for a startling game. An attendance of 4000, the greatest ever on the School ground, consequently enthusiasm such as is known only to those who know the public school spirit. One saw there representatives

of all generations and all years of Old Boys, far too numerous to name, and that was one enjoyable feature of the match. They were all there to see their School win. One thought irresistibly of the Old King's and Old Sydneians at the front, who also would have liked to see the game. Lastly, there was a masterful and ever-satisfactory referee.

One change was necessary in our team: Hodgins was out with mumps; Carr came to five-eight, Cooper to outside centre, and Aitken from the Seconds to the wing.

Not a gust of wind blew when King's kicked off. Immediately they attacked, and kept attacking. Indeed the major part of the first half was on our side of half-way. Several times Hesslein saved with cool gathering and kicking; several times Munro, playing his best game to date, took the ball off the toes of King's forwards and cleared our position. But in spite of the doggedness of our forwards in the ruck and the endeavours of our backs to get going, it was clear at this stage that King's were in charge of the game, and that the weight of their forwards must eventually tell. Moreover, their backs were passing unexpectedly well. Still by solid tackling we kept them out. They were given more than one chance by both our backs and forwards, who, when they had come through, seldom looked for an opening, but kicked to an able defender, and he was able to turn a defensive into an offensive position. Half-way through the period there came the most likely-looking play by Carr, who intercepted, ran strongly, and passed to Cooper, who was tackled. Then King's attacked again, and Wallace it was this time who saved with a grand mark. Then Hesslein came again with rattling kicks, which were equalled only by those of Forsayth, the King's full-back. The period ended with Grammar attacking. Half-time; no score. Would we do it without Hodgins? was the expression on the face of every Grammar man.

As the teams filed out for the second half, there were those of our supporters who were too excited to speak; there were those who hoped for success, and there were those who, knowing the spirit of our boys, seen at its best in the boat races, believed they must pull it off. Yet there are occasions when physical strength overcomes the staunchest determination, and this was one of them. The game was fast—it was furious, but cleanly so. Up and down the ball travelled as quickly as it might. Both sides handled well, King's backs tackling better than ever, and using every tactic known to them. For us at this stage McCay and Stewart were doing great work, as was Hesslein a very busy full-back, while our forwards generally were improved. Carr again broke through, our forwards hooking the ball from a visibly stronger pack. But an off-side spoiled whatever chance he had, and King's failed at goal.

Then came a splendid burst from a centre by Cooper, but King's returned to our 25, where their half, who was playing an excellent game, started the backs, and then shot through as though electrified, and scored under the posts, amid tremendous cheering. Converted. King's, 5-nil. And this was where enthusiasm reigned supreme. One saw there the finest spirit of the two schools, age-long rivals, yet friends here, as on the battlefield. After the kick-off Carr secured, ran round the blind side and passed to Cooper, who charged along the wing, beat one man, then another, and, as the crowd stood up and cheered, was brought down by a match-saving tackle. Our effort had failed. It was a physical impossibility. King's forwards broke through time after time in this last ten minutes, and scored three tries in quick succession. King's were 16 to nil. Thus the final whistle sounded, and thus ended a game in which we were beaten for the first time in three years; but as every Sydneian agrees, may we always be beaten as fairly and as well.

Hodgins was sorely missed; his presence would have meant to the team so much as it is impossible to estimate. Carr, well-marked, took his position ably. Hesslein and Munro stood out from the backs. It was a game of defence for us, and well indeed did they defend, especially the former. Barnet, Stewart and Neale were the best of a set of forwards who, though far outweighed, yet played a grand game, and thus gave to everyone who barracked "Grammar! Grammar!" a reason to smile at our defeat.

Our 2nd XV. lost 6 to 5, Walker scored and converted; and our 3rd won 11 to 3.

1ST XV.—OTHER MATCHES.*a*

April 28th, v. N.C. 1st XV. Won by 52-nil. Tries were scored by Carr (4), Hodgins (3), Cooper (3), Barnet (1), Wallace (1), Hatherell (1) and McCay (1). Hodgins (2), Carr (2) and Hesslein (1) kicked goals.

May 2nd, v. S.C.E.G.S. 1st XV. Won by 53-nil. Tries were scored by Carr (4), Cooper (3), Hodgins (2), Wallace (2). Hesslein converted four and Carr two. Hodgins and Carr each kicked a field goal.

May 7th, v. G. Wilkinson's team. Won by 10-9. Cooper secured a try. Hesslein kicked a penalty goal, and Barnet a field goal. For our opponents Mayne scored three tries.

2ND. XV.

April 28th, v. N.C. 2nd XV. Won by 9-nil. Brown, Wilkinson and Munro scored tries.

May 2nd, v. S.C.E.G.S. 2nd XV. Won by 11-nil. Spencer, Walker and Osborn scored tries, and Walker converted one.

3RD XV.

- April 26th, v. Barker College. Lost by 17-3.
 April 28th, v. N.C. 3rd XV. Lost by 17-nil.
 May 2nd, v. S.C.E.G.S. 3rd XV. Won by 32-nil.

4TH XV.

- v. S.C.E.G.S. Won 17-nil.
 v. N.C. Won 23-3.
 v. T.S.C. 2nd XV. Lost 15-14.
 v. T.K.S. Won 9-6.

5TH XV.

- v. S.C.E.G.S. Won 12-6.
 v. N.C. Won 36-nil.
 v. T.K.S. Won 16-nil.

6TH XV.

- v. S.C.E.G.S. Won 18-nil.
 v. N.C. Lost 3-nil.
 v. T.K.S. Won 27-5.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Results:—

100 Yards All Schools' Championship.—1, W. Christie (S.G.S.); 2, D. A. Nelson (S.G.S.); 3, J. B. Brown (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 65 3-5 secs. This was the only All Schools' event, S.G.S. thus securing first and second places, and S.C.E.G.S. third.

220 Yards Championship (Open).—1, W. Christie; 2, W. Copleston; 3, C. W. Stone.

100 Yards Championship (Open).—1, W. Christie; 2, D. A. Nelson; 3, W. Copleston. Time, 65 secs.

50 Yards Championship (Open).—1, R. Michaelis; 2, D. A. Nelson; 3, E. W. Carr. Time, 28 3-5 secs.

50 Yards Championship (under 16).—1, R. Michaelis; 2, W. Christie; 3, C. W. Stone. Time, 29 1-5 secs.

50 Yards Championship (under 15).—1, R. E. Ludowici; 2, P. W. Nicolle; 3, R. Loudon. Time, 30 2-5 secs.

50 Yards Championship (under 14).—1, W. S. Crossing; 2, W. Laurd; 3, N. Rau. Time, 34 2-5 secs.

33 Yards Championship (under 13).—1, C. Saw; 2, P. Simons; 3, R. I. Beegling. Time, 29 1-5 secs.

50 Yards Breast Stroke Championship.—1, A. L. Cooper; 2, E. W. Carr.

33 Yards Back Stroke Championship.—1, G. Blau; 2, W. Copleston; 3, A. L. Cooper. Time, 28 2-5 secs.

Musical Lifebuoys.—1, T. G. Smith; 2, F. T. Keele; 3, L. W. Wing.

Pillow Fight.—1, G. H. Blakemore; 2, W. S. Crossing.

Chase the Bellman.—1, W. N. Paul.

Diving Championship.—1, B. G. Cupit; 2, A. L. Cooper; 3, E. R. Zlotkowski.

Sixth Form Team Race.—1, VI.C. (Woolcott, Cooper ii., Zlotkowski, Joyce); 2, VI.B.; 3, VI.A.

Fifth Form Team Race.—1, V.B. (Nelson, Spencer, Walker, Bridges); 2, V.A.; 3, V.B.

Fourth Form Team Race.—1, IV.B. (Cooper, Renwick, Hanson, Parker); 2, IV.C.; 3, IV.D.

Third Form Team Race.—1, III.C. (Driffield, MacKellar, Smith, Hill); 2, III.A.

Second Form Team Race.—1, II.D. (Nicol, Bayley, Douglass, Abigail); 2, II.A.

First Form Team Race.—1, I.A. (Glen, McWilliam, Kent, Walker); 2, I.B.

House Race (First Teams).—1, "Barbour" (Hodgins, Carden, Woolcott, Nicol, Parker, Ludowici i., Carr, Renwick); 2, "School"; 3, "Weigall."

House Race (Second Teams).—1, "Barbour" (Ludowici ii., Kendall, Bayliss i., Bayley, Spencer, Loudon, Smith, Carden ii.); 2, "Weigall"; 3, "School."

RIFLE CLUB.

PRACTICE has been continued regularly during the term and the Club has again to thank Mr. C. Tayler for coaching us for the third year. The Club also thanks Mr. and Mrs. Laidley for the telescope presented by them, which has materially helped in the practices.

In spite of the fact that, owing to the football matches in the afternoon, several promising shots such as Osborn, G. Munro and Lorking have been unable to attend all the practices, the shooting has been on the whole at a fairly high standard for this time of the year. There are seven old colours left and all, especially Wing, Laidley and Buzacott, have shown good form. Other promising shots are Cooper, Millard, D. Munro, Moore and Maitland.

There are in all forty shooting members, and from them a good first and second team should be able to be selected after the camp at Michaelmas.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Our Chief is now wearing his star; he has been gazetted to the Sixth Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and expects to be going to France in a very short time. We all wish him the very best of luck. On Friday, March 30th, Mr. Budden, ex-Chief Commissioner of the War Chest, came to the School and addressed us in a very interesting fashion on the work of the War Chest. He told us of the campaign in Egypt and the work of the War Chest in that campaign, and then of the work being done behind the lines in France, the cinema and vaudeville shows, the coffee stalls and the distribution of clothing. In conclusion he suggested that one of our weekly collections should be used for sending sporting material to the men at the front. The Headmaster replied on behalf of the boys, and put the matter of the material to the vote. It was unanimously carried.

Congratulations to the crews on their success in the regatta. We now hold all five premierships. On Tuesday, April 17th, colours were presented to the eight and the singlets to the fours. Mrs. Savigny presented the caps to the eight, which were donated by Mrs. Barnet. Mrs. Savigny also presented the singlets. On Friday, May 25th, the oars were presented by Mrs. Savigny to the winning crews. A fair gathering of the friends of the members of the crew was present at the ceremony.

The Games Committee is now in full swing. Hatherell has been elected to the Committee. It is hoped that before long a copy of the rules and regulations of this Committee will be posted on the School Notice Board.

The Dramatic Society is preparing to produce a play on Sept. 15th—"Charley's Aunt." Mr. Jackson is again taking charge and has as Committee, Stewart, Hodgins, Aitken and Wunderlich, and Barnet as Secretary.

The Tennis Club is flourishing. Aitken is the energetic Secretary. It is hoped that still more will indulge in this excellent sport.

Congratulations to 3A. and 4C. on their record collections. What an example for the other forms!

The First XV. has done very well this season, but the team must have supporters. Let every single boy in the School come to the matches. Those who do not should receive proper treatment from the rest.

The method of the election of Prefects appears to be very little known. We will state it: Prefects are appointed solely by the Headmaster, who consults the Masters and Prefects. Senior Prefects are elected by the Prefects.

The School wishes to thank Mr. Saxton for his generosity in

connection with the Rowing Club. He saved the School Sports-Fund great expense and has showed much enthusiasm in every branch of the School sport.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

AGAIN we have to ask the question, "Why don't you come, anyhow?" And this is in spite of the fact that we have established a record individual attendance of 77. The occasion was the very interesting and amusing "talk" on "The Experiences and Work of a Field Intelligence Officer," given by Lieut. Boyce, who was better known by the rather less dignified appellation of "Scabby" when he was at School only four years ago.

But this is an oasis in the desert. Attendances of 22, 37 and 24 are not large enough when there are considerably over 100 boys in the Upper School. If you never need the art of oratory at any other time, at least it will be of use on that happy day when the miracle of fusing you and your chosen partner into one is performed.

Office-bearers for 1917 were elected at a meeting on April 20th as follows:—President, the Headmaster; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Carpenter, Jackson and Lumsdaine; Committee, Barnet, Stewart, Wunderlich, Hodgins; Hon. Sec., Kerr.

On April 27th impromptu speeches attracted 22 members. Most dissent was caused by the question, "Which is the greatest evil, the fly, the flea or the mosquito?" Supporters of the fly, which, by the way, won by several lengths, must have been gratified to see this heading in an evening paper shortly after the debate: "Two a night. More safes blown."

Thirty-seven were present on May 4th, when the subject for discussion was "That Compulsory Latin at the Matriculation Entrance Examination Should be Abolished for all Faculties Except Arts." Wing led the abolition party, which found revolutionary supporters in Laidley, R. Windeyer, Gallon, Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Lumsdaine. The conservative element was represented by Kerr (leader), Mackay, C. L. Duke, Sherman and Mr. Jackson. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that the motion was carried by 26-7.

On May 11th MacKay moved "That the present work of Press-Censorship is detrimental to the interests of Australia," and although he was supported by Duke, Wing, Elliot and Kerr, he lost his motion by 12 votes to 10. The winning party consisted of Fallon (leader), Raymond, Vickery, McCay and MacKerras.

On May 18th Lieut. Boyce "learnt" 77 members quite a lot about modern warfare. We also found out that Bruce Bairnsfather isn't the only one who can see the lighter side of a dark picture.

THIS YEAR'S WEEKLY COLLECTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Paid to War Chest	114	16	9
French-Australian League of Help	39	1	6
Hospital Saturday Fund	27	6	0
	<hr/>		
	£81	4	3
	<hr/>		
27th May, 1917.	C.J.D.G.		

CADETS.

THERE are the usual drills to Chronicle. In spite of the monotony of the proceedings they have been carried out with commendable observance of discipline, although, perhaps, there is an absence of burning enthusiasm in the work. The tone is rather that of resignation to a necessary evil. Nor are the cadets altogether to blame for this flatness of spirit. No uniforms have yet been issued nor have the rifles been returned, factors which militate seriously against smartness on parade and in marching. The majority of the boys are doing their work with a fine sense of duty.

We are informed that a committee has been detailed to assemble at headquarters, Melbourne, to consider the suitability of the present syllabus of training for senior cadets. A report has been made by Brigadier-General Williams upon the training, recommending radical alterations in the direction of increasing physical instruction and games for cadets; the main object being to improve the bodily efficiency of the young men of the Australian nation.

On Anzac Day the whole including both senior and junior cadets, paraded after the ceremony in the Big School and marched into Hyde Park taking up a position in mass in front of the School to salute the flag which was lowered to half-mast in honour of those fallen in the present war. On this occasion the orders were given upon a whistle used by Lieut. Giles at Gallipoli in the attack on Lone Pine, in which he lost his life.

Second Lieutenants Money, Solomon, Raymond and Vickery have now been gazetted.

The new band has made excellent progress recently and will soon be quite ready to appear on our parades, an event we are keenly looking forward to. Mr. Mote has worked very hard and enthusiastically to secure this result.

On our last parade we were honoured by the presence of an Old Boy, Lieut. Boyce, of the A.I.F., who has seen service in Gallipoli and in France. We heartily welcomed him.

W. F. J.

THE SCHOOL AND THE STATE.

On other pages of the *Sydneian* will be found many references to the part which the Old Boys of the School are taking in the Great War. We read that nearly one thousand five hundred Sydneians are serving in the Empire's forces. Honours for gallantry and distinguished service have been granted to over sixty. And we note with infinite regret that one hundred and forty have, in the fitting words of Mr. Loxton, sealed their devotion with their blood. We are using a feeble, commonplace phrase, when we describe this as an inspiring record of service and sacrifice. These things cannot have passed unheeded by those who are now at the School. Every boy must have been deeply stirred by them, and every boy must at some time have asked himself, with impatience and dissatisfaction, "What is my part in the conflict? Can I do anything to help, or must I stand and look on while others are fighting and dying so gloriously?" It is usual to reply to this effect: "Yes, a great deal can be done by simply carrying on, by trying wholeheartedly to serve the School in all its activities, alike in work and in sport, and by doing all in one's power to fit oneself to do a man's work in the world." The solid achievements of the School during the past year on the sporting field and in the classroom, have shown that an honest attempt has been made by some at least to carry out what is asked of them. But the answer, though it is sound, is unsatisfactory, because it is only provisional. It applies only so long as a boy remains at the School. When he looks forward to the time when he shall leave school, he will have to seek another answer to the question, "What part can I take in the struggle?"

There are some at the School now who are nearing the age of eighteen. For most of them the answer will be easy. They will have registered, ere this, a stern resolve that when the time comes they will go and do likewise, and that their record will, by the grace of God, be not less glorious than that of the men who have gone before.

But the great majority of those now at the School will, it is to be hoped, never be able to take part in the Great War. The Allied leaders at any rate are confident that the War cannot last more than two years longer at the most. All who are worthy of the School and the nation to which they belong will feel chagrin and disappointment at the thought that to them is denied the opportunity of showing the manhood that is in them, of sharing the hardships and emulating the courage of other men. It will seem to them that with the conclusion of peace all chances of taking an honourable part in a great fight will vanish away. Now it is to them especially that I wish to appeal. I would have them believe that the Great War is but an episode in a greater and more enduring

struggle. It is true that it is an episode vaster and more momentous than any that has ever occurred in the past, or, probably, that will ever occur in the future. It is true, too, that it is an episode which calls for greater sufferings and sacrifices from the fighters, and which provides a severer test of a man's worth, than are provided or called for in the ordinary course of the struggle. But it is equally true that it is only an episode, that it is nothing singular or disconnected, and that, after the Articles of Peace have been signed, the greater struggle for which it is a part will still go on, less fiercely, but as steadily as before. The Allies are fighting to preserve and advance the civilisation of the world. Men have been striving for the same objects for centuries past, and when the present War is over, the great struggle to uplift humanity and to improve the lot of humankind, will still continue. There is much to be done, and it is a far cry indeed to the day when Perfection shall arrive. Look out of the classroom window, and you will see a mass of slums, the close-packed homes of filth, misery, and vice. Read the newspapers, listen to the talk of men, and you will know of selfishness and ignorance, and a bitter strife between employer and employed. Study the cables, and you will learn of wretchedness in other countries, greater than in your own. There are evils to be remedied, there are problems to be solved. As each nation braces itself to the struggle, so will it finally be judged.

We in Australia have inestimable advantages. I often think that no country in the world can be so beautiful, so warm and bright and generous as is Australia. Our people reflect the characteristics of the land, and that they possess the sterner qualities which make a nation great, the hills and gullies of Gallipoli, and the fields of France, bear witness. We are a part of an Empire, wonderful in its extent, wonderful in its nature, but most wonderful in the work it is destined to do for the good of the world. Yet, in spite of all its advantages and opportunities, Australia is going wrong. In a country where poverty should be an unheard of thing, masses of crowded slums are to be found. The administrative incompetence of our governments, the squalid intrigues which mark our political life, are a disgrace to any nation. The large industrial section of trade-unionists have shown an utter contempt for the laws of the country, which no Government has had the courage to enforce. For all the magnificent achievements of its 300,000 soldiers, it has still to be said that Australia is taking little real part in the War. The majority of the people are intent far more on amusement or increased profits, or higher wages, than the defeat of Germany. That very connection with the rest of the Empire, which, for the world's sake not less than for Australia's, should be drawn closer and closer, is in danger of being severed through the efforts of men whose outlook is bounded by their own selfish

interests. A short time ago Australia appeared destined to bear a worthy share in the great struggle to advance civilisation: now she seems plunging to ruin. What is the cause of it all? We cannot lay the blame upon any one class of men, be they workmen or capitalists, or any others; but I think that one of the chief reasons for our failure lies in the fact that those who are best able to lead in our democracy have shirked their task. University men have played a miserably small role in our public life. There is not a single Old Boy of this School in the Federal Parliament, and there are only one or two in the State. Since the men of education and character have shown themselves apathetic, the way has been laid open to the mob orator and the political trickster. Let us resolve now that this will never occur again. There is need in Australia to-day of a body of educated men, young and energetic, who will devote themselves to public life, and be willing to put the interests of the nation first, before all thoughts of self and class and party. It is from the University, but still more from the Great Public Schools, that a response is to be expected.

Boys of the Sydney Grammar School! Will you answer the call? You are asked to enlist in a noble army, to fight in a great fight. To those of you who wish to hear, I say that you can start your training now. Work both at study and sport; attend the Debates, that you may learn to think and speak on public questions; and above all, and all the time, live your life for the School, so that the School's success may be yours, and your successes the School's. Afterwards, if you go to the University, carry on as you have begun. You will find there that ninety per cent. of the undergraduates have no thoughts for anything beyond examinations and picture-shows; and you will find little public spirit, and, therefore, no corporate University life. Make up your minds that you will help to change all this. Give enough time to Medicine or Law, or whatever it may be; but at the same time take an active part in University sport; do what you can to put life into the work of the Union, the Undergrads' Association, and the other University clubs and societies; attend the Union debates and lectures, and endeavour to raise them to be worthy of a great University; and always take advantage of the many chances that will be given you of increasing your knowledge of political and social questions. When you leave the University, or if you do not enter the University but go into an office or on the land, do not lose yourselves in the sordid scramble for money. Put your hearts into the life of the community, try to mould and form the opinions of your fellow-citizens, and eventually, if you are able, become members of the State or Federal Parliament. Let the School song be your inspiration.

"So a larger life, boys,
 May your work unfold;
 Heal the civil strife, boys,
 Be no slaves of gold.
 Break the bonds across, boys,
 See with patriots' eyes;
 Bid beneath the Cross, boys,
 A great Australia rise."

Then you will have lived lives worth while, and have done your bit to bring nearer that—

"one far-off Divine event
 To which the whole Creation moves."

Keith Lumsdaine

HEROS CÆCUS.

Ultima ratio regum.

Never again at sunrise
 Shall I watch a rose-tinted sky,
 Nor scan the flight of woodbirds
 Nor see blue smoke drift by,
 Never in early Autumn
 Will my eyes look at raindrops bright
 Sparkling among the laurels
 That catch the sun's warm light.
 Never in warmth of noontide
 In the midst of the lonely bush
 Shall I search for gay-tinted orchids,
 Where resounds the bell-birds "swush."
 Never in strength of manhood
 Shall I hold my racket high,
 Nor volley, nor cry, "It's even"
 As the lazy crowd looks by—
 Never perhaps in twilight
 Shall my oar move where shadows creep,
 Yet the river of years flows onward,
 Oh, sorrow of mine, it's deep.

27th May, 1917.

REDITUS.

"SONGS" FROM THE RUSSIAN.

A Prophecy.

May's in the air, and the sowing's beginning;
 Peasants chant songs at the plough;
 Tunes of my country with notes full of sadness,
 Eager, I list to you now,

But now not solely with sorrow resounding,
 Fruit of affliction and pain,
 Songs of my fatherland, surely I hear it,
 Throb with a far nobler strain.

Mournful the airs, but they peal forth more boldly,
 Full of the strength of young days.
 All the long past with the years of its torture
 Glows with the threat of the blaze.

Is it that, Russia, misfortunes shall 'whelm thee?
 Is it that under thy wrongs?—
 No, I shall yet hear these fields they are ploughing
 Ringing with Liberty's songs.

APUKHTIN.

FAREWELLS.

(*"O lasso!*

Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio.")

Mornings when sea-birds hover, white-winged creatures of joy,
 Mornings athrill with the rhythm of life that is free;
 Dawns that are vermeil and gold untouched by alloy,
 Dawns of the sun-bathed south flaming with generous heat,
 Ardent and proud and perfumed with the breath of the sea;
 Days whose moments of love loiter with noiseless feet,
 No more are you for me—no more for me.

Twilights whose rosy mountains fade as dreams in the east,
 Sun-tinged clouds of pearl, that break into billows and flee;
 Twilights whose flames in the west dance like gods at a feast;
 Nights of the fragrant south whose breath's the sigh of desire,
 Dreams that flit silver-winged over the edge of the sea;
 Nights when the moon's gaze lingers on hearts that are fire,
 No more are you for me—no more for me.

Thank'd be my soul that could seize the moment sublime,
 Plundering the largesse of gods like fruit from a tree,
 Broaching the red wine of life, the vintage of time.
 Thank'd be my eyes that have seen the joy of the earth,
 Nor come from the feast like a fool that cannot see.
 Thank'd be my lips that have kissed, and smiled at its mirth,
 Though 'tis no more for me—no more for me.

Who loves the fervours of life, shall he shrink from death,
 Or slink from that orgy of souls that strike to be free?
 If he fall he shall feel the warm caress of thy breath,
 Land of the south—sweet land and sun-lit sea,

W. F. Jackson

THE STREAM.

Rippling down an open valley,
 Joyfully its waters plash,
 And the sunshine on its surface
 Gleams in many a changing flash.

Then, beneath a gloomy fern-bank
 Slowly, now, it flows,
 And its darkened depths are slowly
 Twirling as it goes.

Thus, from sunshine into shadow,
 Flows the stream of life,
 Shining in our happy hours,
 Darkening o'er in strife.

24th May.

"SEDNAS." *(Sandoz)*

THE BOAT RACE.

The ferry-boats, a load of yells,
 Have left the landing-place;
 The cry of "Grammar" plainly tells
 They're off to see the race!

The three-bob boat has gained the lead,
 But no one cares a jot;
 For up the river, now in view,
 They've just caught sight of Grammar's crew;
 There's one loud cheer that thrills you through;
 And then—a pistol shot.

Now up the river, oars aplash,
 Like brightest pinions' gleam,
 So gracefully the light skiffs dash,
 Skimming the sunlit stream.

And once again the shot rings out
 Into the silent sky;
 And now no more there's any doubt
 But Grammar's crew's the best crew out;
 So once again we'll have that shout,
 "Our Grammar School for aye!"

E. R. I. ZLOTKOWSKI

 THE BIG SCHOOLROOM.

Thou reverent room with old-time mem'ries fraught,
 Whose stately walls in fond remembrance hold
 The names of those who glorious graves have sought,
 And those to whom Success her secrets told;
 Thy wistful whisp'rings tell of cherished hopes,
 Of struggles brave, keen disappointments, too,
 Each boyish breast that through thy portals passed,
 Kept closely locked within. Each year, as opes
 The dawn of manhood bright, to act and do,
 Into a warring world of guile yet masked,
 Young hopeful beings glide. But still, whate'er
 Their lot may be, fame, wealth, or want's sharp dart,
 They'll "play the game" through recollection clear,
 Of that great School whereof thou art the heart.

F. R. E. DUKE

 EXCHANGES.

THE Editors wish to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges, with apologies for omissions:—

Alleynian, Armidalian, Aurora Australis, Cliftonian, Framlinghamian, Hutchin's School Magazine, Malvernian, Melburnian, Newingtonian, Radleian, Scotch Collegian, St. Peter's College Magazine, Swan, T.K.S. Magazine, Wesley College Chronicle, Toowoomba G.S. Magazine, Prince Alfred College Chronicle.

