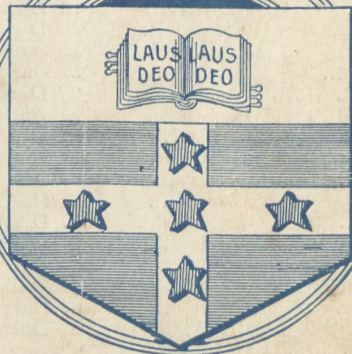


SCHOLA GRAMMATICA SYDNEIENSIS



No.
CCXXXVII.

SEPT.,
1918.

The Sydneian.

A Magazine Edited by Members of
the School.

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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. FERGUSSON	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
SERGT. 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
SERGT. 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. GILES	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. E. 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
SERGT. 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
SERGT. 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
PRIVATE H. H. ROSE	18th Batt. A.I.F.	...	Dardanelles, Dec., 1915
CAPT. K. HAMMAD,	25th Batt. A.I.F. Med. Off.	...	Western Egypt 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
CORP. W. A. PINNOCK	Pozières Aug., 1916
PRIVATE J. H. MORGAN	France Aug., 1916
CAPTAIN N. W. BROUGHTON,	D.S.O.	...	France, Sept., 1916
PRIVATE R. H. PINNEY	France, Aug., 1916
LIEUT. C. T. RENNIE	9th Leicester Regt.	...	Geudecourt, 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
LIEUT. R. B. FINLAYSON	France Oct., 1916
MAJOR I. B. SHERBON, M.C.	The Somme, 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. DORNBUH	France, Nov., 1916
2ND LIEUT. F. S. PHILLIPS	France, Nov., 1916
QUARTERMASTER-SGT. S. G. ESDAILE	France, Nov., 1916

Fallen Sydneians.

CORP. R. BEVERIDGE	France,	Dec., 1916
PRIVATE A. R. PAUL	France,	Dec., 1916
SAPPER M. R. SMITH	France,	Dec., 1916
PRIVATE H. L. HILL	Durban,	Dec., 1916
CAPT. G. A. SMITH	Sinai,	Dec., 1916
LIEUT. R. N. COHEN, 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers	Bulgaria	Dec., 1916
SGT. E. E. WILLIS	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,	Jan., 1917
QUARTERMASTER-SGT. A. M. D. ANDREWS	France,	Feb., 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,	March, 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
LIEUT. A. E. D. BARLOW	France,	May, 1917
LIEUT. R. A. M. MURRAY, M.C.	France	June, 1917
SGT. H. A. LEGGE	France	June, 1917
GUNNER G. M. LARNACH	France	June, 1917
SGT. F.H.GARLING, 57th Batt.Canadian Exp. Frc.	Vimy	June, 1917
SAPPER D. S. WOOLLEY	France	June, 1917
LIEUT. R. S. LLOYD, Royal Flying Corps	France,	June, 1917
LIEUT. E. J. ROBERTS, Royal Flying Corps	France,	June, 1917
GUNNER W. E. RICHARDS	France	June, 1917
FLIGHT-LT. H. K. P. TIDY, Royal Flying Corps	France	July, 1917
FLIGHT-LT. F.E.KEBBLEWHITE, Royal Flying Cps.	France	July, 1917
GUNNER H. K. CRAWFORD	France	July, 1917
LIEUT. J. F. SMYTHE, Scots' Guards	France	July, 1917
GUNNER J. L. BISHOP... ..	France	July, 1917
LIEUT. C. L. MILLER	France	July, 1917
CAPT. C. L. BRAUN, Essex Regiment	France	July, 1917
PTE. T. N.BENNETT	France	Aug., 1917
LIEUT. R.H. BLASHKI... ..	France,	Aug., 1917
GUNNER J. C. A. GIBSON	France,	Aug., 1917
CPL. C. S. RICHARDS... ..	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
LIEUT.-COLONEL A. H. SCOTT, D.S.O.... ..	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
2ND LIEUT. E. B. CLOUSTON	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
LIEUT. W. M. GARVIN, Royal Flying Corps	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
PRIVATE J. MURRAY	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
CAPT. J. R. TILLET	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
LIEUT. V. C. MCKELL... ..	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
CAPT. W. T. DICK	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
PRIVATE C. P. MALLET	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
LIEUT. BRIAN MACNAMARA, M.C.,	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
2ND LIEUT. S. R. CALLAGHAN	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
2ND LIEUT. C. R. WINDEBYER	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
LIEUT. K. SMITHERS	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
LIEUT. R. B. BENNETT, M.C.	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
GUNNER B. H. FORSTER	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
MAJOR J. B. BUCHANAN	Flanders,	Oct., 1917

Fallen Sydneians.

PRIVATE L. SHERMAN...	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
GNR. J. HARDY	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
CPL. E. A. ALLEN	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
PRIVATE A. M. BUDGE	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
CPL. J. C. MARCHANT...	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
DRIVER C. L. R. ELDER	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
DRIVER C. T. THOMPSON	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
TROOPER A. COTTER	Palestine,	Oct., 1917
LIEUT.-COLONEL G. McLAUGHLIN, M.C.	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
GUNNER E. A. BAXTER	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
LIEUT. F. A. GUTHRIE	Palestine,	Nov., 1917
CAPT. R. P. COHEN	Sydney,	Nov., 1917
GUNNER L. R. EBSWORTH	Flanders,	Nov., 1917
TROOPER W. J. LINEDALE	Palestine,	Nov., 1917
CORP. C. R. CRANE	Flanders,	Nov., 1917
DRIVER R. C. WOODHILL	Flanders,	Nov., 1917
CAPT. J. N. GRIFFITHS, R.A.M.C.	France,	Nov., 1917
MAJOR T. J. FRIZELL	France,	Nov., 1917
LIEUT. M. WESTGARTH	Palestine,	Feb., 1918
LIEUT. A. CONSETT-STEPHEN, M.C.	France,	March, 1918
CORP. F. A. V. WHITE	Palestine,	March, 1918
T.-SERGT. E. W. ROBERTSON	France,	March, 1918
LIEUT. C. WILKINSON...	France,	March, 1918
CAPT. M. B. LEVY, M.C.	France,	March, 1918
2ND LIEUT. E. GREEN...	France,	March, 1918
CAPT. O. B. DIBBS	France,	April, 1918
PRIVATE H. G. HENDERSON	France,	April, 1918
LIEUT. R. G. HENDERSON, M.C.	France,	April, 1918
CAPT. J. E. W. BUSHELLE	France,	April, 1918
PRIVATE K. H. BRYANT	France,	April, 1918
SGT.-MJR. W. K. WILLIS	France,	April, 1918
CAPT. C. WALLACH, M.C.	France,	April, 1918
CAPT. N. WALLACH, M.C.	France,	May, 1918
CAPT. R. J. HENDERSON, M.C.	France,	May, 1918
LIEUT. G. B. WOODRIFF	France,	May, 1918
CAPT. J. S. D. WALKER, M.C.	France,	July, 1918
GUNNER G. G. SPENCER	France,	July, 1918
PRIVATE B. C. L. GALE	France,	July, 1918
LIEUT. E. C. RENNIE, Royal Flying Corps	Salonika,	July, 1918
LIEUT. A. C. STUART MASON	France,	July, 1918
PRIVATE R. D. HAWORTH	France,	July, 1918
PRIVATE A. B. RUTTER	France,	Aug., 1918
LANCE-CORP. D. R. WEBB	France,	Aug., 1918
LIEUT. W. L. HUMBLEY, Royal Cheshire Regt.	France,	Aug., 1918

The Sydneian.

No. CCXXXVII.

SEPTEMBER,, 1918.

EDITORIAL.

SEPTEMBER and High Spring! The "jocund company" of the Daffodils have lined the garden borders and occupied the lawns. The Wattles have floated their golden clouds in the shrubberies and the bush. The young shoots have impurpled the crowns of the gum trees and saplings.

In Europe, Spring is a literal god-send after the furious Winter's rages, and poet and peasant, and our dear brave lads at the Front, gain heart with the glow of the advancing sun. "Spring, sweet Spring, the year's pleasant king" gives the hope of the year.

Winter dies hard, and flings cold and scatters poison germs of influenza, and bears defeat badly. But what care we? Winter is beaten.

The Russian poet Tyutchev strikes a brave note in his little poem on Spring:—

Still Winter threatens trouble,
Keeps snarling at the Spring;
But Spring looks on her boldly;
Her peals of laughter ring.

The angry Witch grows furious,
And, snatching up the snow,
She hurls it, swift retreating,
Full on Spring's lovely brow.

To Spring this is small matter,
She laves her in the snow,
Her burnished face more rosy,
Defiant of her foe.

And this may be our feeling over the war. After the long and furious Winter is rising the Spring in its beauty. The grim barbarian is being forced back, back; and though he, too, takes his defeat badly, and venomously strikes at the advancing columns, the great sun of enthusiasm for Right will rise and shine in his might. So what care we? Winter is beaten.

SCHOOL NEWS.

ON Friday, August 23rd, we were honoured by a visit from their Excellencies, the Governor-General, Sir Ronald Munro Ferguson, and Lady Ferguson. This is the first time we have had the pleasure of seeing their Excellencies at the School, and hope it will not be the last. They went round most of the forms while we were at work, and expressed themselves very pleased with our appearance. From this on we will ever have a good word on our lips for their Excellencies, for it was through their kindness that we enjoyed a whole holiday on August 31st.

On June 21st, H. W. Lorking and R. E. Gostelow were appointed prefects of the School. Hearty congratulations.

When School began this term there were more names on the roll than there have ever been before—653 boys make a very "full house" in the Big Schoolroom at Assembly on Fridays.

We were all very sorry to hear that Mr. Nathan had to undergo a severe operation at the end of last term. We are glad that he recovered from it all right, and hope that he is now feeling much stronger. We will all be pleased to see his cheery face amongst us again.

The School has to welcome Mr. Bethell and Mr. Brown, both of whom have joined the staff this term. Mr. Bethell has come to carry on Mr. Nathan's work, and Mr. Brown is taking Mr. Waterhouse's place.

We desire to offer to Mr. Mote our heartiest congratulations on winning the first prize for a musical composition recently offered by the Musical Association. The prize composition, which is entitled "A String Quartette in C Minor," was played for the first time in public by the Verbrugghen Quartette of the Sydney Conservatorium at a Musical At Home given by the Musical Association in the King's Hall. The performance created a great deal of interest. The School has already benefited greatly by his musical talent. He composed the music for our School song, and has lately written a march for the band, entitled "The Black and Gold."

We were very pleased to hear that Mr. Carpenter has been elected president of the Australian Naturalists' Society.

We regret to hear that Mr. Lucas' son, Goodwin, has been wounded and is now in hospital. Fortunately, the wound is not very serious.

The weekly subscriptions to patriotic funds for this term amount to £76 1s. till September 6th. The money has been given as follows:—

Italian Day Fund	£10 0 0
A.I.F. Day	11 6 5
Hospital Cot	15 0 0
War Chest	39 14 7

The response to the appeal for donations towards erecting new dressing-rooms at the School Ground has brought in £658 4s. so far. The following subscriptions have been received:—

T. Peters, Esq.	£110 0 0	J. H. Joyce, Esq.	10 0 0
J. H. S. Barnes, Esq.	110 0 0	K. S. Williams, Esq.	10 0 0
C. I. Barnes, Esq.	100 0 0	A. H. S. Lucas, Esq.	5 0 0
H. R. Munro, Esq.	100 0 0	R. Stafford, Esq.	1 2 0
A. Wunderlich, Esq.	100 0 0	G. H. Gordon, Esq.	1 1 0
Wm. Vicars, Esq.	100 0 0	Z. Throsby, Esq.	1 1 0
Mrs. C. T. Newman	10 0 0		

The School wishes to express its thanks for this support.

A small sum of money had been saved up before these subscriptions were received. This, together with the cheque from the School sports, will bring the total up to about £1200, with which a start will be made very soon on the new building. It is hoped that the boys will have a more secure and more comfortable dressing-room after the Christmas holidays.

A full list of the donations towards the Sports Fund will be published in the next number of *The Sydneian*, together with a balance sheet. These could not be prepared in time for publication in this number.

In addition to many other notable happenings this term, we are honoured by the presence of a Returned Soldier amongst us as a boy. R. E. G. Cunningham saw service for two years and seven months. He took part in the evacuation of the Peninsula, and fought with the artillery at almost every place along the line in France. He was wounded and badly gassed at Passchendaele last December, and has now come to the School to make up some of the work he missed, for he was only fifteen when he left Australia. The hundred boys who went to hear his talk to the Debating Society about his experiences, were well rewarded, for, like most other Returned Soldiers, his stock of tales is infinite. He is giving valuable assistance with the cadets, and has also written us an article for this *Sydneian*.

The Sydneian staff has to bid farewell and "good luck" to one of its members. W. J. V. Windeyer has done valuable work for *the Sydneian* during the year. He enlisted on his eighteenth birthday, and goes into camp shortly.

Hearty congratulations to St. Joseph's College, the football premiers for 1918. We were runners-up, one point ahead of "King's."

Congratulations to Lorking, Stewart, Horniman, Ludowici ii., Walker, Bond, and Munro ii. on receiving their football colours. Also to Barnet, Wallace, and Neale on being selected to play with the Combined Schools' 1st XV., and Hatherell and Hesslein with the 2nd XV. Unfortunately, owing to an accident, Neale was unable to play. Horniman filled the vacant place in the Seconds.

The 1st XV. match against the United Services was one of the best and most exciting we have seen. At the end of the first half, the score was 13-6 in favour of the Schools. However, in the second half, the Services drew gradually closer, till scores were 16 all, and then, with a brilliant rush just on time, they scored again, winning by 19-16. "Bandy" MacDonald, an old Newington and All Schools' boy, was playing five-eighths for the Services, and had a very large share in winning the match.

Congratulations to Garvin i. on winning the Tennis Captaincy. Vickery i. was runner-up.

The Boxing tournament, held at the end of last term, was a great success. A ring was erected in front of the Stand, and a fair crowd turned up to watch the fights. N. F. Stewart is champion of the School—Good man, Neil! The School has to thank Mr. Hugh Ward very heartily for his kindness in treating all the forty combatants to a theatre party. And also the Messrs. Milford for the medals they presented to the winners.

The School Sports were held on Saturday, September 7th. D. G. Munro is champion athlete of the year, and J. R. Mackellar champion junior athlete.

The whole proceeds from the meeting were added to the fund for the new Dressing Rooms at the Ground. Many donations were received from boys' parents, and the response to the appeal for entries was excellent. The record number of 4,283 entries were received. The substantial sum of about £375 has been added to the fund.

A new system of awarding points in the All Schools Sports has come into force, and will be employed at the coming meeting. The first five places in every event carry points, viz.:—1st, eight points; 2nd, five; 3rd, three; 4th, two; 5th, one. No school may count points for more than one place in any event. That is, if representatives of one school come first and second respectively in the same race only eight points are scored by the School, and not thirteen. But by also filling second place they prevent any other school from scoring the five points. Standards have been done away with, so that all events carry the same number of points, no matter what the time or distance. This new system will be put to a severe test in the coming Sports, as they augur to provide a very close go between several schools, of which we hope to be one.

Hesslein has been elected cricket secretary for the coming season.

On Saturday evening, August 17th, a debate was held in the Big Schoolroom against North Shore. There were about 150 people present, including about 50 ladies. After a very good debate the judges decided in favour of the Grammar School by a small margin. We were represented by Windeyer (leader), Wing, Mac-kerras, and McIlroy. The Oratory Prize for the year has been awarded to Wing.

At the beginning of this term the new school opened at "Cranbrook." We hear that the roll now stands between fifty and sixty. We wish them every success.

VALETE.

J. H. Blakemore (Prefect, 1917; 2nd crew, 1916; 1st crew, 1917-18; Vice-Capt. boats, 1918; rifle team, 1917; matric., 1918), J. D. Fraser (2nd crew, 1917; 1st crew, 1918; 1st XV., 1918), M. N. Saxton (2nd crew, 1917; 1st crew, 1918), R. Michaelis, H. C. Simpson, W. H. S. Robison, J. A. Clapin, R. C. Dare, A. A. Keirle, A. E. Coulton, F. Dolman, K. Larbalestier, W. M. Myers, W. L. Cople-son, R. E. Hargreaves, M. P. Smidmore, E. G. Thompson, H. W. Fletcher, J. B. Clamp, C. J. Leese, F. G. Millard, A. J. Moffitt, C. M. Ducasse, J. B. Nicholson, J. W. Smith, J. M. Wheelihan, H. E. Green, J. F. T. Peterswold, L. H. Clark, W. T. Baker, J. E. A. Quail, W. E. Goodsir.

SALVETE.

A. Copleson, J. H. Garvin, E. G. Brewis-Brown, T. S. Crossing, F. S. Boylson, L. E. Lucas, W. E. Sedgeley, H. C. Poole, G. K. Halley, R. E. G. Cunningham, G. M. Withycombe, R. J. Maunsell, A. K. Yonge, R. T. Kelly, H. L. Paton, G. C. Fortey, F. D. Pye, H. R. Flanders, M. H. Walters, K. H. McCathie, I. F. Fell, D. K. Park, C. W. Vitou, J. S. Leplastrier, A. C. Woodhill, A. F. Smith, E. C. S. Crossing, B. B. Irwin, F. E. L. Lucas, R. A. Cant, W. A. Bowden, R. Langley, J. L. S. Yarrington, J. L. Park, J. S. M. Croker, N. A. R. Gooch.

FOOTBALL.

ALTHOUGH the games against our most formidable opponents of the year in the Schools' Association Competition had been played before mid-winter, there was no falling off in enthusiasm and interest throughout the remaining half of the season. It was on the cards that King's might beat Joseph's, and a play-off for the premiership result. This alone would serve to stimulate everybody, in addition

to the main fact that there is a great charm in the Rugby game for itself alone.

The three school matches that were played resulted in fairly easy wins, and the form of the XV. was well maintained.

Two very enjoyable trips helped greatly to add to the social side of our winter sport, and those boys who were fortunate enough to be in either party that visited Jervis Bay or Duntroon will have many pleasant memories to look back upon.

As Captain, T. M. Barnet did a great deal of excellent work. He has been a long time at the school, and his previous experience has imbued him with that spirit which revels in hard work. He always had his team well in hand, and they followed his lead most loyally and cheerfully. It is just possible that he was over-fond of experimenting in the matter of altering the placings of his side, for it is a fairly good football axiom to keep men in their positions and improve them there. Too many changes play havoc with combination. The School team was not over-lucky, and at different times Aitken, Munro, Bond, Neale, Lorking, Wallace, Hawkins, and Cooper had to stand down for sundry repairs. Fraser left just as he was beginning to become a fine forward, still he was off to play the sterner game, and all wish him the best of luck.

The Second and Third Fifteens had full seasons, and it is a long time since the still lower teams had such an amount of regular football. It is fine to think that there is very little difficulty now in securing 8 or 10 teams any Saturday. A few years ago four was almost the maximum. When the "ground" day has been in operation a little longer, and new dressing accommodation is available, the whole of the School will be begging to take part in these games.

Mr. Ritchie once more was of great service, and a word of praise is due to Barr-Brown for his systematic devotion to the needs of the smaller fry. He is not permitted to play, but does his work for the School by looking after the budding talent that forms the nucleus of later "colours."

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

WALKER, G., *Full Back*.—The most improved player of the season. Tackles, fields and kicks well.

BOND, W., *Wing Three-quarter*.—Fast in attack. Tackles rather high, and kicks weakly.

WALLACE, A. C., *Centre Three-quarter*.—Has fulfilled his early promise, and developed into a really sound footballer. Quick at making openings; a determined runner, and lovely kick.

MUNRO, G., *Centre Three-quarter*.—Better in defence than attack; tackles and stops rushes well; rather uncertain field.

AITKEN, L., *Wing Three-quarter*.—Was just beginning to play a splendid game when he was hurt. Fine in defence; a poor kick.

- MUNRO, D., *Centre Three-quarter*.—Fast and vigorous, but not too cool; must learn to stop rushes.
- HESSLEIN, M., *Five-eight*.—Very cool and sure; kicks well either foot, and is most unselfish; an accurate place kick.
- LUDOWICI, R. E., *Half*.—Quite a success. Is very game and should do well next year.
- BARNET, T., *Back Row*.—Excellent in the loose; hardly so strong in the scrum. Good on the line and in the ruck.
- HATHERELL, W., *Back Row*.—Most determined, though excitable. A strong runner.
- STEWART, N., *Back Row*.—Uses his weight and height admirably; rather slow and inexperienced.
- HAWKINS, H., *Second Row*.—Fast and energetic; a strong scrummer.
- MOORE, L., *Second Row*.—Always up with the play; not very heady.
- LUDOWICI, T., *Second Row*.—Is improving rapidly, and should do well next year; over anxious.
- NEALE, H., *Front Row*.—Kept up his reputation for hard work and tackling; solid in the ruck.
- HORNIMAN, R., *Front Row*.—Hooks and tackles well; worked solidly throughout.
- ROSSELL, J., *Front Row*.—Very energetic for his weight; a keen worker.
- LANGDON, N., *Wing Three-quarter*.—Very fast and sure on his day.

Of the 2nd XV., Wilkinson is a good Captain, but not a consistent player. Gibson is a safe back. Gostelow was up to his previous form in the three-quarter line. Among the forwards, Renwick, Crossing, McIlroy, Thomson and Cowles all worked hard. Alexander should become a first-class half if he remains at school.

v. S.J.C.

On Saturday, Aug. 3rd, the non-competitive match with St. Joseph's took place at our ground. The ground was in parts under water, and general showers fell during the game, which was consequently a very poor one. Right from the kick-off it became a series of scrimmages and rucks, with the forwards occasionally making rushes with the ball at the toe. In the first half neither side scored, though both sides narrowly missed tries through faulty handling of a sodden ball.

In the second half there was only one event of note and that was a try by St. Joseph's from a ruck near the line. The try was converted, and St. Joseph's won the game—5-0.

Hatherell, Neale and Barnet were most effective workers, and water might have been Lorking's natural element for aught one knew. Walker, at full-back, was the soundest of the backs.

Dr. G. H. McElhone, referee.

v. KING'S.—Non-competition.

The non-competition match with King's took place on our ground on August 7, and a very fine game it was, not much less dazzling, indeed, than the classic game at Parramatta last term. On this occasion, however, King's won almost in the same sensational way as occurred in the previous match. The movement by which they brought off the winning try was as grand a one as would be seen on the football field anywhere.

We kicked off and the backs of both sides immediately commenced throwing the ball about. The forwards were heeling it well and dribbling well; in one of their rushes Lorking, who was playing excellently, gathered the ball and flung it wide to Cooper on the wing, and he galloped over in the corner. Hesslein, a goal—5-0. King's, however, started to attack, and through clever work by McLaughlin in making an opening, they scored. No goal—5-3. Good game, so far. King's forwards returned to the attack with the ball at the toe, but Ludowici saved well on several occasions. From a penalty in front of our posts King's goaled—6-5. Passing, varied with cross-kicks by the backs, occupied the rest of the half, which ended with the scores unchanged.

On resuming, play was very fast. The forwards heeling well, Ludowici gave it to Hesslein, who passed to Wallace, and the latter made an opening, but passed forward. However, from a scrum, Hesslein secured from Ludowici again and cleverly dodged over in the corner—8-6. With only a few minutes to go, King's forwards visibly bucked up and rushed the ball up field, only to be driven back by Walker's fine kicking. However, they were determined to get over, and that determination produced a brilliant movement. The ball came out to the backs, who handled it in turn and then, when the rush seemed stopped, someone slung it to one of the forwards, and after three other forwards had received it, the fifth dived over amid thunderous cheers of both friend and foe. The try was converted and the game thus ended with King's meritorious victors by 11-8.

As in the previous match with King's, both our backs and forwards played their part well. In fact, in the words of Perlmutter, it is a matter of 50-50. Ludowici was again a Trojan at half-back, and Hesslein, Wallace, Cooper and Walker were right up to form. Cooper had bad luck to slip when apparently certain to score a second try. Lorking's play in the forwards was of the best, and Barnet, Hatherell and Neale stood out. A word of praise is due to the hookers for their very important part in the game.

Dr. G. H. McElhone, referee.

* v. HIGH SCHOOL.

School Ground, August 10.

Heavy rain fell almost throughout the game, consequently the ground was very soft, and, in places, very muddy, so that much accurate passing was well-nigh impossible. Since last competition match, many changes had taken place. Of the forwards, Fraser had enlisted and was in camp, Hawkins was out owing to a strained heart, and Lorking was ill. Ludowici i., Rossell, and Moore took their places; while in the backs, Bond was back on one wing, Walker went up to outer centre in Gordon Munro's place, and Gibson took full back.

Grammar attacked from the start, and very soon the ball went out to Doug. Munro on the wing; he sprinted over and scored in the corner. Wallace took a pass from Hesslein, when going at full speed, cut through and scored soon after. One of the best passing rushes of the match, from nearly half-way, resulted in a score in the corner by Bond. Play became more even, and see-sawed backwards and forwards for some time. Finally Hatherell scored—12-0, and half-time. The second half began in very heavy rain, and everyone was soon covered in mud. Wallace, playing with great dash, cut through and scored. A couple of minutes later Rossell scored between the posts after dribbling for about twenty-five yards. Hesslein kicked his only goal of the match; owing to a heavy ball and lack of direction, all his other kicks failed. 20-0. For a quarter of an hour play centred about half-way; then a passing rush, started from a scrum, resulted in a score by Walker. Just before time Wallace ran through again on his own and scored. 26-0.

Wallace shone out time and again where individual dash saw an opening; but we must not forget that accurate passes from Hesslein allowed him to do this. Hatherell, Barnet and Rossell were the best of the forwards, all putting in very solid work—they certainly were the dirtiest at the end of the game.

Our Second XV. beat S.H.S. 2nd XV. by 43 to nil.

v. N.C.—Won, 33-3.

We met Newington at Stanmore on August 17. Scarcely any spectators beyond the three teams were there, as the interest of the day was centred round the King's v. St. Joseph's match at Hunter's Hill. Wallace was out of the team owing to injuries. Walker took inside centre, Munro outside, and Langdon came to the right wing, while Rossell took Stewart's place in the forwards.

We won the toss and elected to defend the pavilion end. Grammar attacked from the kick-off, but play was carried back to half-way, where it remained for a time, till Newington forwards brought the ball to our 25, where Gibson relieved with a good kick. From the line-out following this, our forwards started a dribbling rush, which

ended in Hatherell scoring. Hesslein converted—5-nil. From the kick off we soon brought the play to their half, where Ludowici ii. got the ball from a scrum and cut in and scored, beating the opposing half, break-aways and full back. Hesslein converted—10-nil. This try was quickly followed by another from Hesslein, who cross-kicked, and, following up closely, secured and scored in the corner. His kick failed—13-0. Play now became more even, and Barnet and Lorking constantly shone out in the forwards. Newington worked up to our line by free kicks for off-side play, and, from a penalty near the twenty-five line, Brown put one over—13-3. After the kick off play went to Newington's twenty-five, mainly owing to good kicking by Hesslein. From a line-out the forwards started a dribbling rush, and Horniman scored. Hesslein no goal—16-3. Immediately after this Ludowici ii. secured from a scrum near the half-way line, and, beating half a dozen opponents, scored a brilliant try near the posts—19-3. Half-time found the scores unchanged. After the break the play centred round half-way, till Ludowici started the backs moving, and Bond, dashing down the line, jumped clean over the full-back as that defender dived at him; unfortunately, he stepped over the line; but soon after Langdon scored, losing the greater part of his garments in the attempt. Walker's kick failed—22-3. Shortly afterwards Langdon scored again from practically the same position. Walker converted—27-3. Newington now had a kick at goal from a penalty near half-way, but the kick failed. Then, from a line out, Hatherell secured and broke through, passing to Bond, who scored. Walker no goal—30-3. Here Hesslein received an injury to his knee, and changed places with Walker. Shortly afterwards Bond cross-kicked and Munro, following up, scored. Walker no goal—33-3. These were the scores when the whistle sounded for full time.

The team played well, both backs and forwards being superior to Newington. In the forwards, Barnet, Hatherell, and Lorking were the best, while in the backs, Hesslein, Ludowici ii., and Walker shone out.

Our Seconds won 19-5. Bowker (2), Barry (2), Hilder (1) scored tries, and Nelson converted two.

Our Thirds lost, 8-0.

V. SCOT'S COLLEGE.

School Ground, August 24.

Scot's had considerably improved since last year, their forwards tackling and rucking solidly, and for the first ten minutes the play was all in our twenty-five. From then on we had the best of the game. Both forwards and backs soon showed their superiority. The score at half-time was 10-nil. Walker and Stewart scored, and Hesslein converted both.

Running with the wind in the second half, our pace was too fast, and the points piled up rapidly. The match ended in our favour by 49-nil. Tries were scored in this half by Langdon (3), Bond (2), Walker (1), Rossell (1), Munro (1), and Hatherell (1), of which Hesselein converted six.

Combination among the backs was conspicuous by its absence, but their pace carried them through, and rendered passing almost unnecessary. Hesselein kicked with great accuracy.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

THE forty-fifth annual sports meeting was held at the School Ground on Saturday, September 7. The weather had been showery for nearly a week, and was very uncertain on the day. The events which were to be held on Friday, 6th, had to be postponed till Saturday morning, and some—the broad jumps and half miles—till the following Wednesday. However, we might easily have been more unlucky, for the ground was fairly dry, and no rain fell at all during the sports, but, at half-past five, just after everyone had left, it fairly poured, and there were soon patches of water on the ground.

The programme was increased by several handicap events, mostly in the junior divisions. As the whole proceeds of the meeting were to go towards the fund for the new pavilion a campaign was carried out for entries, with the result that the programme contained some 4,300 names. The running was well up to the standard when we consider the heavy state of the ground. Langdon's times—10 3-5 secs. and 24 secs.—for the 100 yards and 220 yards respectively were excellent, as was Munro's 17 3-10 secs. for the hurdles. Stewart increased the School record for the putt by 14 inches. The "H. A. Jones" Memorial Cup for champion athlete was won by D. G. Munro, who came first in the hurdles and the broad jump, and second in the 100 yards, 220 yards, and putt. N. S. Langdon was second with 13 points. The "Vaughan" Memorial Cup for champion junior athlete, was won by J. R. Mackellar, who came first in the 100 yards, 220 yards, hurdles, and broad jump, and third in the 440 yards. R. E. Clapin was second with 13 points.

Championship Events.

100 Yards Open.—1, N. S. Langdon; 2, D. G. Munro; 3, A. L. Cooper. Time, 10 3-5 secs.

100 Yards (under 17).—1, D. G. Munro; 2, A. R. Nott; 3, R. S. Cozens. Time, 11 3-10 secs.

100 Yards (under 16).—1, J. R. Mackellar; 2, J. A. Freidman; 3, W. J. McSweeney. Time, 12 secs.

100 Yards (under 15).—1, G. Crawford; 2, M. R. Vickery; 3, J. G. Ruse. Time, 12 secs.

- 100 Yards (under 14).—1, S. S. Langdon; 2, W. McCorquodale; 3, H. R. Thompson. Time, 12 3-10 secs.
- 100 Yards (under 13).—1, R. A. Cozens; 2, B. Pasley; 3, A. W. Ross. Time, 14 secs.
- 220 Yards (open).—1, N. S. Langdon; 2, D. G. Munro; 3, A. B. Barry. Time, 24 secs.
- 220 Yards (under 16).—1, J. R. Mackellar; 2, W. J. McSweeney and R. E. Clapin. Time, 26½ secs.
- 220 Yards (under 15).—1, G. Crawford; 2, M. R. Vickery; 3, J. E. Creer. Time, 26 4-5 secs.
- 220 Yards (under 14).—1, S. S. Langdon; 2, A. Wong; 3, F. Ducker. Time, 28 2-5 secs.
- 440 Yards (open).—1, A. B. Barry; 2, N. S. Langdon; 3, G. B. Wilkinson. Time, 58 2-5 secs.
- 440 Yards (under 17).—1, A. R. Nott; 2, G. A. Aveyard; 3, R. R. Curtis. Time, 64 3-5 secs.
- 440 Yards (under 16).—1, T. Webb; 2, R. E. Clapin; 3, J. R. Mackellar. Time, 61 2-5 secs.
- 880 Yards (open).—1, W. Hatherell; 2, A. K. Osborn; 3, G. Seaton. Time, 2 min. 17 2-5 secs.
- 880 Yards (under 16).—1, R. E. Clapin; 2, W. E. Mason; 3, J. P. Backhouse. Time, 2 min. 23 2-5 secs.
- Mile (open).—1, R. K. Renwick; 2, A. R. Woolcott; 3, H. C. Thomson. Time, 5 min. 17 4-5 secs.
- Hurdles (open).—1, D. G. Munro; 2, G. B. Wilkinson; 3, L. Harbison. Time, 17 3-10 secs.
- Hurdles (under 16).—1, J. R. Mackellar; 2, W. Crossing; 3, W. Patterson. Time, 14 4-5 secs.
- Broad Jump (open).—1, D. G. Munro; 2, A. B. Barry; 3, N. B. Walker. Distance, 19 ft. 6½ ins.
- Broad Jump (under 16).—1, J. R. Mackellar; 2, R. E. Clapin; 3, W. J. McSweeney. Distance, 17 ft. 6 ins.
- High Jump (open).—1, E. R. I. Zlotkowski; 2, A. Little. Height, 5 ft. 2 ins.
- High Jump (under 16).—1, W. S. Crossing; 2, A. H. Foss. Height, 4 ft. 9 ins.
- High Jump (under 14).—1, B. Allen and W. McCorquodale; 3, R. T. Kelly. Height, 4 ft. 3 ins.
- The Putt.—1, N. F. Stewart; 2, D. G. Munro; 3, H. Ward. Distance, 34 ft. 8 ins.
- Senior House Race.—1, "School"; 2, "Farrar"; 3, "Barbour."
- Junior House Race.—1, "Farrar"; 2, "Barbour"; 3, "Weigall."
- First Form Flag Race.—1, 1B; 2, 1A.
- Second Form Flag Race.—1, 2A; 2, 2B; 3, 2E.
- Obstacle Race (open).—1, C. H. Slade; 2, L. A. Ducker; 3, J. Hodgson.

Obstacle Race (under 16).—1, W. Alexander; 2, W. Patterson; 3, A. Windeyer.

Obstacle Race (under 14).—1, C. H. Walsh; 2, S. Pasley; 3, N. A. Palmer.

Handicap Events.

All-aged Stakes.—1, A. Windeyer; 2, A. H. Kaleski; 3, A. Little. Time, 11 secs.

100 Yards (under 14).—1, S. S. Langdon; 2, W. McCorquodale; 3, B. Allen. Time, 12 2-5 secs.

100 Yards (under 13).—1, L. Dence; 2, J. A. Bourke; 3, R. A. Cozens. Time, 13½ secs.

220 Yards (under 14).—1, W. McCorquodale; 2, C. H. Walsh; 3, H. R. Thompson. Time, 27 3-5 secs.

880 Yards (under 16).—1, P. L. Shaffer; 2, W. Patterson; 3, J. McWilliam. Time, 2 mins. 26 secs.

Mile (open).—1, C. B. Wilshire; 2, E. B. Cupit; 3, L. Herron. Time, 5 mins. 27½ secs.

Champion Athlete, and holder of the "H. A. Jones" Memorial Cup.—1, D. G. Munro, 19 points; 2, N. S. Langdon, 13 points; 3, A. B. Barry, 9 points.

Champion Junior Athlete, and holder of the "Vaughan" Memorial Cup.—1, J. R. Mackellar, 21 points; 2, R. E. Clapin, 13 points.

CRICKET PROSPECT.

It does not often fall to our lot to begin a new season with ten of last year's eleven, but such is our position this year. The only vacancy at present is that of a fast bowler. It will seem strange at first not to see "Blue" Kendall starting off at one end. Wunderlich will be first choice to fill the gap, and we hope to see him justify his inclusion. Langdon will probably give useful assistance. With regard to the other "old hands," we will not assume the rôle of prophet, but leave the future to time and practice. Two of them have suffered from casualties during the winter, but we trust that will not interfere with their play.

The points gained in the first half of the present competition during last season were as follows:—S.G.S., 6; T.K.S., 6; N.C., 4; S.J.C., 4; T.S.C., 2; S.C.E.G.S., 2; S.I.C., 0; S.H.S., 0.

The remaining competition matches to be played are: October 26, v. T.S.C.; November 2, v. N.C.; November 9, v. T.K.S.; November 23, v. S.I.C.

RIFLE CLUB.

SHOOTING practices are being continued this quarter under difficulties. The old ammunition trouble is still worrying us. The entanglements of red tape surrounding the military management are effectively keeping off all our attempts to secure ammunition. However, we are borrowing and struggling along merrily. The School matches will take place during the first week of next term, so that we have not much more time for practice. The Club has been reduced to twenty, all of whom are showing improved form—some greatly improved. If this improvement continues the team should be well up to the standard of previous years. As usual, there will be some considerable difficulty in making a final selection, for there are at least fourteen boys who are shooting very consistently. Two practice matches have been arranged—one against Yorkshire Club on September 14, and the other against Wunderlich Club on the 28th. These will give us valuable match practice, and a better idea of the final team. More matches will be arranged for the Michaelmas holidays if possible.

BOXING.

THE first tourney held for several years took place on the School ground towards the end of last term. It was highly successful from every point of view. An excellent ring was prepared by Chizlett in front of the present pavilion (save the mark!). The weather was propitious, and the attendances large throughout. The standard of fistic ability was high, and the utmost good feeling was displayed by all the contestants.

In the Open Division, Neil Stewart was much too tall and heavy for his vigorous and forceful opponent, Ward, in the final. The latter, overshadowed in height and reach, was compelled to resort to a great deal of "smother," and could not display his true form. This is not to say that the Open Champion merely won because of his natural advantages. Stewart showed he was far from a novice with the "mitts."

The "Middle" was responsible for spirited fighting, the forcefulness of Fisher, the coolness of Crossing, and the determination of the ever-popular Hawkins being worthy of Comment. Ratcliff had hard luck to injure his hand. Unfortunately, the final was not contested. Fisher had a more important engagement elsewhere, and Crossing, suffering from a poisoned foot, was unable to turn up.

The "Welter" brought out Barnes ii. as a far better fighter than he was thought to be. Aylwin stood up to him well.

Hilder was the star performer in the Lightweight Section, and turned out to be one of the best boxers of the year. He used both

hands with equal effect, and was very quick on his feet. Killen and McCredie i. both fought pluckily in this division.

The "Feathers" provided a whirlwind in Motton, the winner. His bout with Drury was A1. Both Thomas and Gollan i. were also above the average.

Probably the most evenly matched spars were provided by the "Bantams." The first "go" between Duckworth and Alexander was great, and the final between Alexander and Webb ii. was one of the best of the meeting, the latter winning narrowly.

The "Flyweight" Division was weak. Wilkinson ii. and Knapton put up the only "dish" of pure "stoush." They disregarded science, and just rained punches on one another till their strength petered out. McCredie ii., the ultimate winner, was steady and calm.

Next to the "Bantams," the "Paperweight" Section provided the best boxing. In the final Gardiner, who had had easy wins over Langwell i. and Howse, met Williams, whose battles against George i. and McWilliam had taken much more out of him. It was "some" fight! Williams, who is a boxer of great experience, kept both hands moving fast to head and body, while his adversary came back with vimful straight lefts. A very close three rounds ended with Gardiner the winner by the narrowest of margins. It is worthy of record that Bruce Tart elected to fight in this division, though eligible for the one lower.

Burton proved to be the best of the "Midgets." He had a tough nut to crack in Tildesley, whose previous opponent, Clapin iii., displayed grit and courage of no mean order.

The onerous duties of referee were most impartially performed by the evergreen Tommy Hanley, who has made his classes at the School such a great success. The other officials were Messrs. Soden and Elkington, to whom the thanks of all are hereby unstintingly given.

The following are the complete results:—

Open.—Ward beat Barnes i.; Stewart i. beat Ward.

Middle.—Fisher i. beat Cowdery; Ratcliff i. beat Cooper; Hawkins beat McIlroy; Fisher i. beat Ratcliff; Crossing beat Hawkins. Final uncontested.

Welter.—Barnes ii. beat Aylwin; Barnes ii. beat Blakemore; Barnes ii. beat Cooper.

Light.—Hilder beat Cobcroft; Bayliss beat McCredie; Hilder beat Killen; Hilder beat Bayliss.

Feather.—Walker iii. beat Wheelihan; Motton beat Clapin ii.; Drury beat Wood; Gollan i. beat Thomas; Drury beat Gollan i.; Motton beat Drury.

Bantam.—Alexander beat Duckworth; Webb ii. beat Kettlewell; Alexander beat Bode i.; Webb ii. beat Alexander.

Fly.—Wilkinson ii. beat Knapton i.; McCredie ii. beat Carne; Rudd beat Wilkinson ii.; McCredie ii. beat Rudd.

Paper.—Williams beat George i.; McWilliam beat Datson; Gardiner beat Langwell i.; Howse beat Tart; Williams beat McWilliam; Gardiner beat Howse; Gardiner beat Williams.

Midget.—Tildesley beat Frizell; Burton beat Saw; Tildesley beat Clapin iii.; Burton beat Burke; Burton beat Tildesley.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

SINCE the last edition of *The Sydneian*, the Debating Society has made a great splash. The inter-school debate was held on August 17, and we were proclaimed winners by the judges. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Purves and Mr. Buchanan, on behalf of the Society, for coming to act with Mr. Lucas as adjudicators. Also we must thank Mr. Lucas for a most enjoyable supper, which was very ably prepared by Miss Miller. Several meetings held at the end of last term and during this term have to be chronicled.

On June 7 an inter-house debate was held between "Farrar" and "School" houses. N. B. Walker, Herron, and Barry, speaking for "Farrar," moved the motion—"That beer-drinking among men is a greater evil than cigarette-smoking among boys." Hawkins, G. Walker and Wunderlich opposed it vehemently, but were just beaten, the motion being carried by 20 votes to 19. At this meeting O. P. Barr, an Old Sydneian and shining light of the Society in 1916, revisited the scene of former triumphs, and spoke in support of the motion. D. C. Kerr, last year's Secretary, has been a regular attendant at our meetings, and has spoken more than once.

A very poor attendance turned up to hear one of the best debates of the year, held on June 26, on the subject—"That Trade Unionism is beneficial to social progress in a Democracy." The speeches had all been well prepared, and were quite good. Windeyer, Mackerras and Mackay supported the motion, and Wing, Laidley, and McIlroy opposed it. Mr. Jackson gave a very interesting description of the good Trade Unionism had done. The motion was lost by 15 votes to 7.

Much difficulty was experienced at the beginning of this term owing to football matches and patriotic "days," so that the first debate was not held till August 7, when the subject was—"That the philosopher, rather than the inventor, changes the destinies of nations." Although the attendance was small, yet many speeches were made. Mackerras, Levic, Newman, McIlroy, Mackay, Aveyard, Herron, Wing, Bavin, Barry, Moore, and Mr. Carpenter all spoke for one side or the other. Curiously enough, the motion was won by 12 votes to 8.

The next event was the inter-school debate, of which a full account is given below. Then on August 28 the record number of 96 boys rolled up to hear a most interesting talk by one of their own school-mates, R. E. G. Cunningham. He gave a short description of his experiences from the time he landed in Egypt till he was gassed at Passchendaele last December. This included a vivid picture of a German attack at Lagnicourt, in which the Australians came off best. In conclusion, he impressed upon us very strongly that we must in no way despise the British "Tommy." These "Tommys" are equal to any fighters in the world, and it is only through their bravery and endurance that we have remained safe. The British women, too, are sparing no pains to help on the nation; they are farming, making munitions, driving 'busses, nursing, and throwing their whole energy into the cause of justice and liberty.

Owing to the athletics, no meeting has been held since then. We are trying to persuade another returned soldier, an Old Boy, to come and give us a talk about the war, as these "talks" are most instructive, and certainly very popular. But perhaps the Society may not meet again this year, so a short review of its work will not be out of place here.

On the whole, the two sessions of the Society this year were very successful. The School Parliament was an innovation, and created quite a fair amount of interest. The attendances at its six sessions averaged just under 60. But there was one direction in which it did not succeed. It tended to foster interjections and leg-pulling rather than good speaking. Windeyer's policy speech was a fine effort, and the debating on the Education Bill was good, but apart from this there was very little good speaking. There are one or two points which have suggested themselves to me, and which might be of assistance to those managing the Society next year. With care, these Parliamentary debates can provide good practice in speaking, as well as the amusement which draws the crowd. Careful preparation of the bills will ensure success; they should always be of as wide a nature as possible, and more serious ones lend themselves best. We saw how the Meat Strike one failed, whereas the Conscription and Education Bills were both successful. The fun will come, no matter how serious the Bill, for a humorist can always find an opening for an interjection. If there is any likelihood of a Bill being put through at any meeting, the leaders should not forget to have another Bill in readiness, so that things go off briskly—that is the way to keep up interest.

The attendances at the ordinary debates were consistently lower, but still there was some very good speaking. Subjects like "Trade Unionism," "Competition," and "Philosopher v. Inventor," though they draw no more than 25 or 30 listeners, are most valuable. If the speakers read about them, and take trouble in preparing their

speeches, they will make a great addition to their stock of general knowledge. Part of the duty of the Great Public Schools is to train boys to become men who will take a leading part in the life of the country. Through the mere school lessons alone this end cannot be attained. A knowledge of some of the social problems of to-day is essential, and it is only by reading widely that we can gain that knowledge. Thus it is that the Society has a twofold value. It teaches us to speak, and it acts as an incentive to reading about subjects which are intensely interesting once we enter upon them.

The oratory this year has been a considerable improvement on that of the past few years. The Society was fortunate in having some half a dozen speakers who took a prominent part in its activities last year; these have all improved greatly as was shown by the form of the four who represented the School against "Shore."

I would also like to offer one or two suggestions for drawing up the programme next year. It should be as varied as possible. Three Parliamentary sessions are sufficient each term; two ordinary debates on serious subjects (these should be several weeks apart to allow speakers to prepare for the fray), and one on a humorous subject. Each term should contain at least one lecture—more if possible; for these lectures are most interesting and instructive. We see how popular any talk in connection with the war is. The Secretary and Committee should be always on the look-out for an Old Boy who would give them such an address. And, lastly, we hope the inter-school debate will become an annual fixture. It provides an incentive to urge the speakers to improve, and it fosters fellow-feeling between the two schools.

SOME IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS ON THE INTER-SCHOOL DEBATE.

AFTER an interval of four years the Inter-School Debate with the Church of England Grammar School was revived this year. Mr. Lucas presided and had with him as judges Mr. Purves, Headmaster of North Shore, and Major Buchanan, of Newington. There was a good audience, consisting of supporters of the two Schools to the number of 150. Those connected with the Debating Societies and their friends were kindly entertained by Mr. Lucas after the debate.

The subject chosen was, "That in these critical times democracy has proved a failure as a system of Government." Grammar affirmed and Shore opposed. Windeyer, in opening, pointed to the record of past democracies in Greece, Rome and Napoleonic France, and coming down to the present war claimed that the Allies had only succeeded in so far as they had jettisoned demo-

cratic forms and reloaded with dictatorial methods. This became the common basis of the speeches in support by Wing, Mackerras and McIlroy, each of whom developed the idea as it applied to various members of the Allied nations. Shore, led by Crawford, claimed that a democracy did not cease to be a democracy when a Lloyd George or a Wilson took control of it, for such leaders still remained responsible to the people.

The speeches, on the whole, were of a high standard. Each speaker showed evidence of solid preparation, the reasoning was sound, and, except in the case of the third speaker on the Shore side, there was little irrelevancy. It seemed that there was too much recourse to prepared material and too little attention to actual debate. The latter consists in proving wherein lies the unsoundness of what one's opponents say—not what one anticipated they would say or believed they should say—and setting up in its place some sounder alternatives of one's own conception. By virtue of attention to such points, the effort of Smith ("Shore") was possibly the best of the evening. He certainly performed his part with more of the air of a debater than the others.

The Shore team certainly excelled in the matter of elocution. It was no mean accomplishment that every word was clearly audible in the Big-Schoolroom, whilst they judged the place of their diction perfectly. Melville made a great speech, emphasising the right points and discovering the hole in the Grammar's armour. He has a splendid delivery and a pleasing manner. The rest of the Shore team might have scored heavily by driving right home their main argument, viz., that people of democratic countries still retained control over their responsible leaders, even though these appeared in the guise of dictators when seen from certain aspects.

Windeyer's speeches in chief and in reply were both attractive. He showed ample fluency, considerable power of expression, a developing sense of perspective, and consequently a regard for emphasis in the right place. He delivered rather too rapidly and with insufficient deliberation, two defects that will disappear when he acquires more confidence. Windeyer seemed to the writer to be more potentially a public speaker than any of the others.

Wing traced recent events in England and France with great skill. His facts were well selected, soundly and consecutively reasoned, and fairly correctly proportioned. His delivery was well adapted for the closely reasoned arguments, in that it was clear to the last word, and the pitch of his voice was pleasing.

Mackerras made a strong point, neglected by earlier speakers by mutual arrangement, when he developed the idea that America's inability to enter the war earlier was due to her democratic form of government. It took nearly three years to educate the people of the democracy to enter a war on the side of civilisation. It was the

best speech we have heard Mackerras make; but his close comparison of a State to a ship rather lacked a climax. He was clearly audible throughout.

McIlroy proved the humourist of the evening; his style is one that will always impress, in that it embodies a rugged straightforwardness. Moreover, his speech was largely characterised by common-sense and probably nothing impresses an audience more than common-sense, especially when administered with a touch of humour and a manner commanding confidence. For these reasons, if he is careful and systematic in his argument, McIlroy may develop into a strong, effective speaker. He has the initial advantage of being able to hit straight from the shoulder.

We hope that this function may become an annual one, and suggest that some definite rules be drawn up in connection with it. Perhaps the adjudicators might be drawn from men outside the schools who have won prominence in other walks of life. This would have an encouraging effect on the debaters and extend the prestige of the event. This in no way diminishes the thanks we owe to the judges on the present occasion. Their decision was not an easy one to arrive at, and they mentioned that Grammar's win was by a narrow margin.

The judges also decided that the Oratory Prize for the school was won by Wing, to whom we extend our hearty congratulations. He was runner-up last year and has improved in a marked way. It is also to Wing, as Hon. Secretary, that the Society is indebted for the success of the session and of the arrangements for the Inter-School Debate.

SENIOR CADETS.

As a result of the redistribution of areas, the School companies no longer form part of the 25th Battalion and Area 25B. We are now in Area 27A and the 27th Battalion. The Area Office is at 158 Phillip-street. The 25th Battalion has memories for the Cadet Corps and the School. It was first commanded by Capt. Walker, who is now at the war; then by Capt. Colman, who died in Egypt after the Gallipoli campaign; afterwards by Capt. Reading, and lastly by Capt. Soden. The first adjutant of the Battalion was Lieut.-Colonel (then Lieut.) Charles Melville McNaughten, who commanded the famous 4th Battalion of the A.I.F. on the Peninsula, was there twice wounded, and ultimately returned to Australia as unfit for further service. This record did not satisfy Lieut.-Colonel McNaughten. He is said to have re-enlisted as a private to get back again to the firing line. Brigadier-General I. G. Mackay began as a Lieutenant in this Battalion. Many of our Old Boys were on its roll

of officers. "Blue" Harper, Keith Cohen, Callaghan, O'Connor, and others. It is not, therefore, without regret that we part from the old Area and Battalion.

Our new Area Officer is Captain (Hon. Major, A.M.F.) S. P. Goodsell, Croix de Guerre, who served for two and a half years in the A.I.F., winning his decoration for work at the famous Battle of Pozières. We are proud and glad to welcome him. He has already shown to us his practical sympathy in our work.

The companies were reorganised at the beginning of the new military year. There were nearly one hundred recruits of the 1904 quota. The two senior quotas are now in one company, and the juniors in the other. This arrangement facilitates the programme of training. The corps is altogether 421 strong. There has been evident a considerable improvement in the work of the officers and non-coms., although we are still far from a perfect standard. All officers must obtain uniform, and the following points are especially brought to the attention of the non-coms.: Smartness in their own appearance and movements is absolutely necessary if they are to command respect from the cadets under them. The work for the day must be studied and thoroughly known. Both officers and non-coms. must obtain a personal knowledge of their units, and know how to treat the cadets with justice and firmness. The defaulters' parade requires careful attention; it must be used with discretion, and not as a mere instrument of personal spite. The fullest support will at all times be given to the non-coms. in the discharge of their duties.

We have no uniforms yet, although we have sufficient rifles for the senior company. Much attention is now being given to physical training and organised games, which undoubtedly vary the monotony of mere foot drill. Non-coms., as well as officers, must make themselves proficient in this most important branch of the training.

Capt. W. F. Jackson has passed for the rank of Major, Lieut. A. R. Mote for the rank of Captain, and the following have been gazetted as Second Lieutenants in the School companies:—W. J. V. Windeyer, G. G. Russell, L. J. Harbison, Gordon Munro.

The band has been of great assistance to the work of the Corps.

R. E. G. Cunningham volunteered to help the Corps at the beginning of the term. He is a veteran soldier of 18 years and 8 months of age, and spent 2 years and 7 months on active service in the 3rd Artillery Brigade. He was at the evacuation of Gallipoli, and took part in the Somme battles, especially Pozieres and Bullecourt; later he fought at Passchendaele, Ypres, and Messines Ridge. His help on parade has been most valuable to the Cadet Corps.

A PLEA FOR FREEDOM.

WHILE reading through the magazine of another school this afternoon, I came across a short article denying the statement, made by some female writer, that at a school such as ours, boys are educated on hard and fast lines, and no opportunity is allowed for individual work and originality. I at once became interested, for I have been meditating for some weeks putting down a few of my own thoughts on the subject.

The words of this authoress exactly express my own feelings, which have forced themselves upon me more and more during the past year. I strive to do a little reading and study outside the sphere of school books, but there is the constant menace of the Leaving Certificate hanging over me like a sword of Damocles, which threatens to fall on me and obliterate all hope of a University course if I relax for one moment my efforts in the direction set down by the syllabus.

What is it that causes this restriction? I do not hold that this feeling is common among all the candidates for the examination, but there are a few, say, half a dozen at the outside, from the School each year who possess a decided leaning in one direction and have the keenness to wish to follow it out. It is for them that I speak. Let us consider the imaginary instance of myself, in which the conditions are typical, though fictitious. I am a boy in the Sixth Form, working to pass the Leaving Certificate and win an exhibition. Without the aid of that exhibition I will not be able to attend the University. Consequently I must take twelve papers. Here they are:—*English*, pass and honours; *Latin*, pass and honours; *French*, pass and honours; *Mathematics I. and II.*, pass and honours; *Chemistry*, pass; *Physics*, pass. This is a fearful array, but if I work solidly all the year and do not waste my time in other directions, I can hope to pass the examination well, and, in all probability, win the desired exhibition. However, I am a boy with a fair amount of public spirit. I want to do my share towards keeping up the name of the School, and I have a liking for sport. I have taken part in it ever since I came to the School, and I now hold two "colours"—say, cricket and football. By this means I get healthy exercise, and do some service to the School. But it means a frightful drain on my time—cricket practice twice a week during the summer, with a match on Saturday; the same with football in winter, only I feel more tired when I come home after practice, and cannot concentrate sufficiently to do much good work. Still, by employing what time I have to good purpose, I can hope to gain honours in at least one subject, with a chance of a couple of A's thrown in, for I have some facility in these matters. But there the hope ends. I want to do some instructive reading, not on the lines set down by the syllabus, but I cannot spare the time. I would like to take an

interest in the Debating Society, for I realise the value it is to be able to make a good speech, and, still more, the education that can be gained by taking the subjects seriously and reading what has been written about them. I attend the meetings and make short speeches which are little better than impromptu; I have thus lost the larger half of the benefit that is to be gained from this institution, merely because I cannot leave my Latin authors to read up the subject.

Let us leave myself and consider a special instance. The four boys chosen to represent the school in the debate against North Shore all had a large task set them. They were laughed at by many for wasting their time on such a thing, but those who laughed were the ignorant ones who did not realise what good was to be gained from the study. We cannot remain oblivious to the changes which have taken place and are taking place to-day in the organisation of all the great nations during this present conflict—that should be part of our general knowledge and education; and yet the time spent by the team in finding out about this change was entirely wasted as far as the exam. is concerned. Surely the work they did was equally as much value to them as the slab of Livy they could have prepared in the same time.

As things are at present we do many things by halves, or rather hundreds, and nothing well! At the end of the year we have just a smattering of the subjects we are sitting for at the exam., and have derived very little of the good that each one contains. We do a short course of English Literature—what a wealth of interest we have here if only there was time to probe it! We have a text-book,—just like a catalogue to a library; we fag it up and, by the end of the year, can produce an essay of sorts on most of the best known English poets—say, for example, on Milton—merely second-hand repetition from our text-book. We would have liked to have read some of his works and do, perhaps, glance at a sonnet or two; but we have heard from the remnant of last year's Sixth Form that if we know our "Hudson" we will pass the exam. all right; so we do not read the works and so save the time. Of course the work is mostly wasted. Latin and Greek are hideous farces. We grind out the translation by fagging it up with a "crib" and gain nothing but a bad temper. Whereas there is no more interesting study than the classics if only we had time to learn how to read and appreciate them. On the other side here are the Science subjects which have such a vital importance to-day; but here again there is such a vast field to cover and so very little time to spend on it, that generally the nett result in our minds is almost utter chaos.

Oh that there was but time and freedom to search through one of these immense storehouses of interest; to pry out the hundreds

of sparkling gems that lie hidden on its shelves, and gain at first hand the wealth of pleasure they provide!

There appear to be but two solutions to this problem. And alas! both of these seem almost out of reach. The first is, that the masters who had watched the individual work done by any boy, and knew that its value compensated for his neglect of a certain amount of the work set down by the syllabus, should be able to sign a recommendation to the Registrar of the University stating that the boy was fit to take up a faculty at the University and worth an exhibition. The other alternative is that the school, by some unknown means, should become possessed of a large sum of money from which the interest could annually provide exhibitions for boys who desired to do some special work yet wanted to go on to the University and were unable to do so without financial aid. Then the school could snap its fingers at the twelve papers. The candidates could sit for a minimum number and devote all their spare time to study in the direction their own individual inclinations lead them.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A MEMBER OF THE A.I.F.

REG. E. G. CUNNINGHAM.

My feelings on being asked to write about my impressions and experiences of what might be considered a world's tour must be taken by my readers more as those of a boy leaving the mild atmosphere of daily school life to embark suddenly on a journey full of adventure rather than as those of the trained traveller whose knowledge in many ways helps him to grapple with the wonders which travel introduces to him. The environment by which I had been surrounded during my school life in Australia was naturally limited, though to some extent an insight was given me of what I might expect in going further afield, by the kindly tuition of numerous friends who had had the good fortune to travel. However, I shall endeavour, in this narrative, to show how much I have benefited by my experiences, and hope it will serve as an incentive to all my young comrades to follow my example in seeing the world, in order to, in some small degree, qualify them in an educational way to face the strenuous life which the trend of modern affairs is bringing us to.

The memorable day of my departure from these shores will live long in my memory as a day mingled with feelings of regret and of joy for what the future might hold, weighing in my mind the probabilities of not seeing my native land again, yet feeling proud that Fate had so arranged my short life that I had the opportunity, in a practical manner, of helping my country.

We arrived in Melbourne after three days' sail under beautiful

weather conditions. The residents left no stone unturned in their endeavour to make our short stay enjoyable.

Leaving there, still under ideal steaming weather, we made the Port of Fremantle, which was of special interest to me, being the seaport town of my birth-place.

Having a number of friends in Perth, I enjoyed myself immensely.

Ideal weather accompanied us across to Colombo, which was our first port of call and also our first introduction to an alien country, and I must say I was not favourably impressed. My thoughts flying to the White Australia policy, when looking from the ship as we entered the Port, I saw the niggers in their thousands, and our hastily made impressions were not altered when we went ashore. It was then that I began to realise the narrow life I had led, and thanked Providence I was an Australian and a member of the Great British Empire.

Ten days later I arrived in Egypt and went straight to Cairo, where we camped in a suburb named Zeitoun, connected by a fine electric railway with the city.

Cairo and its surroundings held many places of interest for me, notably the Pyramids, the Sphinx and the Citadel, as illustrations of ancient ingenuity.

There is much more I should like to say about the engineering feats of the ancients, as I contend they compare favourably with those of to-day.

I found the inhabitants of this ancient part of the world much lower in the human scale than those of Colombo, most unprincipled in their actions, yet most devout in their supplications to their prophet, in the latter respect setting a fine example to us Christians.

Leaving the land of the Pharaohs behind, I crossed the Mediterranean Sea to France, where we were received most cordially by the inhabitants of Marseilles. Our fame had preceded us, and the people, wishing to show their appreciation of our work, opened their hearts and purses to their full extent.

Departing from there by train and leaving many scenes of happiness behind, we travelled across France, appreciating the magnificent scenery of the South; but, unfortunately, our travelling arrangements were rather limited, having eight horses, chaff, harness, our own personal gear and many odds and ends, for, you see, we were in cattle trucks—the usual mode of travelling in France for soldiers.

After a few days in Le Havre, which proved to be our destination from Marseilles, we once more boarded the train for the line, and I began to realise my soldier life was about to undergo a huge change and was not likely to be a bed of roses. We detrained

1st XV., 1918.



Back Row, Left to Right—A. H. S. Lucas, Esq., W. Bond, L. Moore, N. F. Stewart, F. Ludowici, N. S. Langdon, H. Marks, Esq.
Second Row—H. S. Hawkins, W. Hatherell, A. C. Wallace, T. M. Barnett (Capt.), H. A. Neale, M. B. Hesslein, D. G. Munro
Front Row—G. C. Walker, R. V. Horniman, R. E. Ludowici, H. W. Lorking, J. M. Rossell.

at a village not many miles behind the line; in fact, the guns could be plainly heard; and after a short stay there we moved up to the line, when I found my anticipations were much worse than the actual realisation. Far from being afraid, I really enjoyed the first few days in the line in France, finding my surroundings so weird and novel; but this feeling unfortunately proved to be short-lived, for I soon realised I was there to kill or be killed, and not for a joke; the thought was not comforting by any means.

My hope of a speedy termination of the war received a rude shock some months later on the Somme, when the Boche turned the tables by retreating into a well-prepared line where, no doubt, he intended to stay for years, when fortune favoured him by his swift advance over the old ground I know so well.

Winter came on us with its attendant hardships and sufferings, and it is hard for one who has not been over there to realise the physical strain a frail member of this universe—man—can undergo. No pen nor tongue, much less mine, could adequately describe those months of extreme hardship and pain.

With feelings of thankfulness we left Bullecourt and went North to Messines Ridge; from there to Nieupoort. From there I went on English furlough—ten days.

The height of my travelling ambition was about to be realised; I was next for furlough to England. So on the 4th of August, 1917, after sixteen months in France, I crossed the Channel to Dover. Oh! what a day of rejoicing! No wonder Englishmen love their little island!

The people of London welcomed us with open arms, showing their gratitude in a most cordial manner and doing everything possible to make us comfortable. I was fortunate in having relations in a Midland County, where I hastened soon after my arrival in London and thoroughly enjoyed my short respite from the strenuous life across the Channel.

On my return to France I was unfortunately gassed at Ypres; but, happily, it proved to be the first stage on my long journey to Australia, having completed twenty-one months continuous service in France.

In conclusion I should like to pay a tribute to the people of Great Britain, as I came away from England with the deepest admiration for both the men as fighters and the women as workers for a just cause. One is struck with the unselfish spirit that dominates all their grand and noble work, and it ill-becomes an Australian to make such false remarks about them as, unfortunately, come within my hearing at times; and remember, boys, if we wish to make our great country rank with the foremost in the world, we could do nothing better than follow the example of our British ancestors and the Britisher of to-day. Travel has shown me that.

THE EMPIRE AND THE FUTURE.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL has said that this war will be won twenty years hence by the country whose manhood is then most efficient and whose citizens are best equipped in spirit and ability for their great work. Of course he was speaking of the struggle for commercial and industrial success which is to come after the war has been won in the field, "the struggle for the success which is going to raise our nation out of the havoc brought about by the war and consolidate for us to-morrow the results of our successes to-day." In this struggle the British Empire must come out supreme, and for it to do this we must alter many of our old institutions and ideas, and after the war must not be content to slip back into our former groove and return absolutely to the old order of things. If "the plan of Rhodes who saw the salvation of humanity in the expansion of British Imperialism" is to be realised, we must take seriously the problem of Reconstruction after the war.

It would be impossible to mention in this article all the problems which will face the governments and people of the Empire in the future. Of course, the first necessity is to overcome the enemy in the field. It is only if the Central Powers can be really and finally beaten, if Right can triumph absolutely over Might, that there will be any need for us to consider reconstruction. We should for the present, therefore, concentrate all the national energies on the prosecution of the war and carrying it through to a victorious conclusion. In the meantime, however, it will do us no harm to be thinking seriously of the political, social and economic problems which will afterwards face the Empire. These problems will have to be solved in our time, before it is too late, and largely by the rising generation. The Great Public Schools have made a great and imperishable record in this war, and the boys of the Great Public Schools must be ready to take their share in the work of reconstruction and of raising the British Empire to an absolutely predominant position among the nations of the world.

At the outset we are faced with the question of what is to be the political organisation of the Empire after the war. At the present time the British Empire is simply a heterogeneous collection of more or less independent states, all owing allegiance to one sovereign, and whose governments are under a shadowy and ill-defined suzerainty of the Cabinet of Great Britain. But they have acted together as one nation against the enemy of liberty and civilisation. All the self-governing Dominions and Colonies have taken their part in the struggle; surely they have a right to be heard in the councils of the Empire and to help to determine what will be its policy after the war. We have entered this war

as a united Empire; as a united Empire we must stand during peace. Some adequate system of defence for the whole Empire will have to be evolved so that if attacked we may be prepared and ready to defend ourselves and so that we may be able to help to preserve the peace of the world. Before the war Germany was steadily catching up the immense start which Britain got over the other nations, in her industry and commerce, at the time of the Industrial Revolution. Are we going to allow Germany after the war to begin again to capture our trade? Is Great Britain to adhere to her free-trade policy and open her markets to German goods and deliberately to deprive herself of the weapons, protection and prohibitive tariffs, with which the coming commercial war is to be fought? On the other hand, are the different portions of the Empire to impose duties on the goods of other parts? Is Australia to tax Canadian and English goods? Imperial unity would be better secured if there were free-trade within the Empire and every Dominion and Colony were given some voice in determining the foreign and commercial policy of the whole Empire. The case for Imperial Federation is much stronger since the war than ever before.

But a political reconstruction and a decision of our foreign and economic policy will be of little use unless we seriously tackle the other economic and social questions, especially those arising from the problem of Capital and Labour. In order to act efficiently as a nation we must be organised industrially as well as politically. If we are to reap and store up the fruits of victory we must organise. The secret of Germany's amazing development in the fields of industry and commerce was her splendid national organisation. In a truly organised nation every man would ultimately be serving the State; unnecessary, and therefore wasteful, competition would be eliminated, and, as all would in the end be working for the same object, class feeling would be considerably lessened. There is nothing more disastrous than industrial strife, and it is to be hoped that in the near future people will begin to recognise the identity of interest and equal rights of Capital and Labour. The capitalist must realise that Labour has in the past had much to complain of and that the workers even now frequently do not get their fair share of the wealth which they have helped to create. The worker in the future must be a man who really works. No nation can possibly hope to succeed whose industries have been weakened by the poison of the "go-slow policy." Though we must entertain no exaggerated hopes or expectations of reaching the millenium, more sympathetic relations between Capital and Labour will surely exist after the war. The blazing forth of the light and fire of war has, to some extent, dispelled the darkness and mists of custom, convention and artificiality which hung over us, and

men have been able to see more clearly the things that really count, the essential realities of life. The employer and employee have been fighting side by side against the common foe. Are they going to return to regard each other with bitterness and hatred? After the war we may well hope that a new and better spirit will exist among all classes, that there will prevail a better understanding of the underlying principles of justice and the fundamental rights of man. If this be so, the economic problems of Capital and Labour will be a long way nearer solution.

All men are not born equal—some are clever, some stupid, some lazy, some industrious—but all men should have something approaching to absolute equality of opportunity. Education should be available for all. It is by education in the truest sense of the word that many of our social and economic questions will be solved. Of course, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," but the spread of real education means the spread of the principles of right and justice. We must recognise that it is not right that millions of people should be living in the most abject misery and poverty in the slums of our cities. This means so much wasted manhood, a matter of no small importance in the struggle which is coming, especially when we consider the immense areas of unoccupied land in the Empire. Of course, there will always be some poor, but it cannot be denied that there is at present hardly an equitable distribution of the world's wealth and that many of those people, who are living in absolute squalor with hardly the barest necessities of life, have never had a fair chance. The children of the nation should be physically, technically and mentally trained and educated in duty, patriotism and discipline in order that they may become loyal subjects of His Majesty the King, and good and useful citizens of the Empire.

The lessons of this war must not be forgotten. It must be a real war for freedom. The problems which are going to confront our Empire after the war will have to be solved by the boys and girls of to-day; it is on them, the men and women of to-morrow, that the work of reconstruction will largely fall. They will have to face the task of raising the Empire to a position of unchallenged supremacy where she will be free to carry out the national vocation. The ambition of most people before the war was their own selfish success; the keynote of the future must be the ideal of service to our State, the British Empire.

W.

AN ARGUMENT.
 TO PROVE THAT THE ABOLITION OF
 THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT IN N.S.W.,
 MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED
 WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES.

It is scarcely a week since I was unfortunately betrayed into making a statement of which I have since repented. It chanced that I met my young friend —— (far be it from my thoughts to mention names), and he asking me if I thought the Education Department a necessary adjunct to the State, it took me of a sudden, and, thinking that he was of the opinion that it was not, and being anxious not to offend the boy, I replied that I thought it could be abolished without hurt. Later, however, I repented me of the hasty judgment I had formed, and burned much midnight oil before I satisfied my conscience on the matter. And so it came to pass that, as I am loath my young friend should accept my statement as the dictum of an authority, and should spread abroad the seeds of discontent against this excellent institution, I have taken up my pen to vindicate myself and the Department.

I trust that all the old-fashioned ideas that education involved a more than passing knowledge of the qualities which are necessary in life for a gentleman and a pleasant fellow, have long since been dispelled. It is an open secret now-a-days that this monstrous state of affairs is no longer upheld even by the most conservative of authorities, of whom, to this end, I have consulted not a few. Indeed, it seems that since, now, the old selfish ideas about education have entirely died out and the Department is not used as an implement for self-advancement for the ambitious and intolerant few, who seek by their brains, save the mark, to impose upon the world at large; but as a worthy and beneficent institution whose charitable work is providing a large section of the community with a means of livelihood, that to raise such a question as this is hardly justified, and untimely. I leave you, reader, to picture it. Thousands, yes, thousands of men and women, who now pursue the even tenor of their lives in comfort and respectability, would be thrust forth to starvation, misery, and abject poverty if this magnificent institution were abolished. Think, reader, of the men who would be constrained to leave a peaceful life and fight, yes (there are few in the Education Department who are fitted for a brain-racking business life), fight on a foreign soil for their livelihood.

I have put myself to some pains to discover the precise truth of the matter, and my opponents argue that it should be abolished, not because it abuses its power—never will I even countenance a charge so absurd—but because it has outlived its name; wherein, as we shall see, is a nice point. I believe, as I said before, that

some time ago, not so very long, I think, it was believed that the best educated men were necessarily leaders of the country's intellect. Times are changed now, God be thanked, and this entirely barbarous conception has died out. At that time it would not have surprised me to have heard the present question raised. Times have changed and ideas on education with them, but the Department is immutable—*stat domus*. At that time the duties of this benevolent institution would have been somewhat misplaced, and might have been liable to misconstruction on the part of critics. Now the Department plays its part; its functions fit in so precisely and excellently with our present ideas on education, that the more I go into it the more surprised I become that the question of its abolition should have been raised by anybody at this time. If I have profited nothing else by my labours I have at least pried somewhat into the character of my young friend. How ignorant he is! How antiquated his ideas! Why, without the Education Department, that great Department which occupies one of the largest and most beautiful buildings in Sydney, we should pass into the University with a sound knowledge of what the University is expected to teach us. Let us dwell a moment on the consequences. Besides the awful misery which would exist among the turned away employees of the Department, the University courses could be made shorter, the lectures would be fewer *and* professors would lose their positions. I appeal to you, reader, as one man to another, from the humane point of view; can you, reader, even think of a professor turned out into the unsympathetic world?

I need say no more. I can only excuse myself for my poor support of a very worthy Department. There are many charitable institutions under direct surveillance of the Government, but of all, this is the most deserving. It goes about its charitable duties silently, efficiently and with open hands. From the educational point of view, too, it has an enormous influence for good. What was pristine education but a synonym for "Kultur"? How has Germany dragged this in the mire! What more sacred duty could we conceive than that of saving a nation from "Kultur"? Shame! my young friend; shame!

I. BICKERSTAFF, JUNR.

"THE HAND."

(W.F.J.)

HE was my brother and he had saved my life, yet I hated him. When, in deadly peril himself, he had pulled me out of that black whirlpool, as senseless as the cruelty of the universe he gave me back my existence but took from me something far more precious. For she was a witness of the heroic deed, and her growing love

for me was stifled like a candle flame. In its place there sprang into being a passion for him.

What rivalry is like that of brothers; Cain and Abel; Oliver and Orlando? I am an Oliver who will never repent. I was an amateur artist in words. He a sculptor whose work was the growing wonder of a great capital. Since the time of Phidias and Praxiteles was there ever a group so instinct with the divinity of life and action as the "Meleager and the Boar" fashioned and carved by the godlike hand of my brother; the hand with which he had robbed me of her? What a hand that was, delicate as a woman's, long, nervous yet firm in its touch with fingers spatulate at their tips! I have watched its movements with the fascination of a bird watching the resolute, graceful writhings of a beautiful snake.

I felt my impotence to compete with such genius. I could make no appeal to her eyes; and the eyes are the gateway to the heart. I, poor fool, tried to appeal to her ears with my words. I wrote an impassioned lyric which captivated all but her whose soul was ice to me. Did I not, after many centuries, write a reply to Villon's *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* For one man, at any rate, those rosy snows were reborn in the person of her whose slave I was.

Then came the catastrophe. My lady and my brother married and went away. I pursued them over Europe and half Asia, silently and secretly, like a mole that follows in his underground tunnelling a pair of larks in the sunlit spaces of the heavens. I followed until stricken by small-pox in some hateful Eastern city. Then I lost them and came back to London to write my *Romances of the Dead*.

After years, I cannot say how many, but I had grown famous and hated fame; rich and hated riches; he returned. He sought to bury himself in his studio and to lose in arduous and unremitting toil his grief at her death. There I visited him many times and watched him at his work, and there I came upon my vision that drove me to kill him. It came to me as I watched his hand at work—the beautiful hand now disfigured by one dark spot, an unsightly wart just above the joint of the first finger.

The idea was fixed. I had but one thought absorbing all my being. It was an obsession to kill him. I looked for the most practical and artistic means to carry the design into execution. I meant to carve him as a dish fit for the gods and as a sacrifice for my dead love. Should it be by night or day? Should I strike him down with a thin-pointed knife? Should I pour into his glass while we dined together one of those whitish powders which bring sudden death as if by enchantment. I consulted my scientific friends on the subject of poisons, feigning an interest in their

stupid and arrogant subject. I fluttered in my attentions between ground glass and cacodyl cyanide. Should I strangle him with a cord? No, the fingers are surer. Before coming to a decision I gave myself up to reflections of the minutest kind. I wished . . . but I prefer to say nothing in advance and to retain your surprise for the scene of the murder.

I had a small country house at Bushy, in a remote corner of its cypress-dark woods. I invited him to stay with me there for a week, and as a result of my brotherly insistence he came. One evening after dinner my brother sat at the open window languidly looking out into the sky. There had been a thunder-storm and the air was still heavy. I said to him: "Shall we go into the wood where it is cool and fragrant?" He readily assented. The inoffensive creature suspected nothing. I could have laughed aloud with glee. I really regretted that he had no fears. We went out by the little garden gate into the path that leads to the deepest and darkest thickets. As there was little light, my brother gently placed his hand on my arm. We said the most tender things to each other, like two lovers. I had hidden in my breast under my shirt a keen knife, with its blade lying along my skin like a caress, as cold as a slender shaft of ice. We went along a mysterious path, and I remember that in the darkness damp leaves and branches brushed our faces like the fingers of the dead.

Suddenly he stumbled over a projecting root and my plan was spoiled. In my rage I stabbed him where he lay. My knife was in his back up to the hilt. A great cry went through the woods, in which replied the beating of innumerable wings fluttering in terror, then there came the distant barking of a dog, and then a silence of the dead, bitter with terror and red with lust of blood. Kneeling upon him I severed that beautiful right hand at the wrist, and, leaving the body to become the prey of ants and foxes, I hurried home, stumbling and crawling in the darkness, yet always holding that hand by its bent thumb. I reached the house, which was empty of human presence but for me. I went upstairs to my bedroom and lit a candle. I threw the hand on a table and breathed a sigh of satisfaction; my task was done and the vision accomplished. But my satisfaction did not last long, for as my eyes fell upon the table I saw a terrible thing—the hand was moving. It moved gently, it is true, by almost imperceptible crispations. But it moved, and gradually, very gradually, from lying on its back it turned until it stood on its five fingers, like a crab making sure of its claws, and it came forward. I stood petrified, fixed like a block of icy stone on the ground. It reached the edge of the table, turned round underneath, went down the leg and ran over the floor with surprising speed, and finally took refuge under my bed. What agony! I should never be able to

sleep or even go to rest. Perhaps it would come out again. In this hope I waited and held my breath in an anguish of anticipation of its next move.

I took a walking stick to drive it out. The cunning thing guessed my intent, and, rushing from underneath the bed, climbed the wall more nimbly and lightly than a spider. It reached the ceiling and there remained upside down. Then, still like a spider, it dropped from the end of a thread which it spun, and hung balancing gracefully above my head. I moved in terror, but could not escape, for it dropped upon my skull. I felt that my last hour had come. Five iron hooks were thrust into my head and I struggled in vain to escape the awful clutch. I uttered a cry more terrible and despairing than ever before came from a human throat.

Then an instantaneous feeling of infinite comfort succeeded to the horrors of death. My eyes opened and I recognised my bedroom and the familiar articles of furniture which had been my companions so long in my bachelor existence.

This will explain to you the folly and madness of my nightmare. I saw on the little table by the side of my bed, placed exactly where I had put them the night before just as I had dropped off to sleep, my two favourite authors, Dante and Edgar Allan Poe. On another table near the window was the white marble hand modelled from my poor dead brother's right hand after his death. The model was made at my request to preserve the memory of our love and his marvellous genius as a sculptor.

DRYDEN v. DRYDEN.

Dryden knew well to mould the verse divine,
 And men still marvel at his sounding line.
 Three Johns were Masters of the written Word,
 Milton and Bunyan and John Dryden third.
 Had he inherited a soul like theirs,
 The Immortal Gods had wondered at his verse.

Bunyan in prison dreamt of Heaven and Right,
 In Freedom's service Milton lost his sight,
 But Dryden tables served, no martyr he,
 No matter whatsoever kind of King might be:
 When Cromwell died, he raised his lofty strain,
 When Charles returned, he twanged his lyre again;
 So when the Church of England held men's hearts,
 Dryden euphoniously praised her parts,
 But when King James preferred the Church of Rome,
 Dryden must then a Catholic become.

Knowing how useful is manure for tilth,
 He learned to cultivate his mind with filth,
 And in his dramas showed that Vice must be
 A milk-white hind, a Dame of High Degree,
 And flaunting Virtue, sentenced by the Bench,
 A spotted panther and a vulgar wench;
 Then found his fertile thought could further go
 And add fresh prurience to Boccaccio.

Well, lay upon his limbs the funeral pall!
 Alas, that men so great so low may fall.
 Had but his soul been great he had o'er-towered them all.

ECSTASY.

All day I loitered in a silent wood,
 Silent and yet more eloquent of life
 Than all man's sounding words and babbling strife.
 From morn to eve I sought the brotherhood
 Of age-scarred trees dabbled with amber blood
 Oozing from wounds the sun had warmed and healed.
 Within my heart I knew the soul concealed
 In fibrous flesh and in the sap's slow flood.

There, when the warm wind blew, and like a cup
 Full of red wine pressed on my eager mouth,
 With eyes half closed I drank until my drouth
 Was utter quenched, and frenzied I rose up:
 The god, like flame, through all my being ran,
 I knew not which, Dionysos or Pan.

W.F.J.

A PICTURE.

Dawn and a quiet stillness over all,
 Restful and silent stands the tropic bush,
 No song is heard save one sad, mournful call
 Of some forsaken bird in yonder rush.
 The wraith-like vapours roll, uncertain, slow,
 And sluggish move from off their wat'ry floor
 On the still lake, and o'er the marshes low;
 And faintly in the distance comes the roar
 And long, sonorous roll of ocean on the shore.

Noon and the fierce sun shining over all;
 And nature, sleeping, passes the hot hours.
 The silent trees, the creepers deadly shawl,
 The weird exotic beauty of the flowers,
 The tainted odours rising from the marge,
 Bring haunting memories to my wearied brain,
 Memories of happy days when we, at large
 Wandered light-hearted over hill and plain.
 Alas, those days are gone, will ne'er return again.

Dusk and at last the jungle is awake,
 With padded strides the wild beast roams around
 In search of prey; the subtle-hearted snake
 Slides swift with sinuous motion o'er the ground;
 The lively insects flit around in air;
 The bird calls softly to her wandering mate
 Scouring the earth, to bring the loving share
 Which feeds their young, while I in sadness wait,
 Doomed to live here alone, by ne'er-forgiving fate.
 "ELONERA."

THE STRONG POST.

Are those our friends of a year ago
 That are swinging past and down to the bay,
 Bound for France, and bound for the fray,
 Leaving us, their mates, behind?

We scatter our books, and out we dash—
 Out to the column in College Street,
 Out to the sound of the marching feet
 Of our friends in khaki clad.

They look so fine, so cheery and brown—
 "Good-bye, Grammar!" they call out loud;
 "Good-bye and good luck!" we answer, proud
 Grammar's ours as theirs it was.

A cheer, a wave, and a last sad look,
 And the dusty regiment's out of sight;
 For freedom, for England, for honour they fight.
 We, too, have our parts to play.

DIGAMMA.

 THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Down this river of Change I go,
 Swept from my feet by the mighty flow,
 Tossed by the waves on high,
 Caught by the flood and carried along,
 Never resisting a current so strong,
 But glad to be hurried by.

Over the walls by Convention raised
 Waters are rushing, themselves amazed
 At the sudden strength they have found:
 They pause for a moment; then, rising and roaring
 Like thund'rous lava from deep chasms pouring,
 They tear across sloping ground.

Now for a moment their onslaught is checked;
 But the barriers built by tyrants are wrecked;
 And over the wreckage they climb,
 Attacking the world with renewed ferocity,
 Whirling downhill with increased velocity,
 Carrying me all the time.

I can hear the sea—it is close at hand,
 A broad, deep sea laps the thirsting land;
 This flood will mix with it soon,
 Hurling down Custom's sleek triviality,
 Raising up Justice and all men's equality,
 Bringing our day to its noon.

Nothing can turn such resistless force;
 Forever the torrent will crash down the course
 It has made for itself to-day.
 The waters will rush, and eddy, and flow,
 Tumble, and swirl, and hurry below,
 And I in their arms will stay.

CRUMA-BOO.

 THE NIGHT MAIL.

In spite of steam and petrol, Romance has still lived on."

—GEOFFREY WALL.

Under skies of starry brilliance, where the Southern Cross shines
 bright,
 Through the thunder-riven tempest with its crash of Heaven's
 guns,

In the haunting eerie darkness, or the silvery moon's wan light,
 In the rain, or wind, or calmness, still the night mail always
 runs.

Like a roaring flame-eyed dragon that pursues a fleeing prey,
 So the trembling night mail races as the fireman banks the coals,
 In the glare of a glowing furnace that is almost bright as day,
 To a flying piston's screaming as the old cab reels and rolls.

As the whirling wheels loud rattle, and the whistle blows a blast,
 And the train seems to be speeding into never-ending space,
 It is then you feel immortal and Life's fulness taste at last,
 When you know the joy of swiftness in the night mail's thun-
 d'rous pace.

There are those who are lamenting that to-day there's no romance,
 And that life is dull and dreary; but if they could only know,
 Still the old romantic spirit of the time of knight and lance
 Is alive to-day, alluring as in days of long ago.

TOM MOORE, JUNR.

TO THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM AT NIGHT-TIME.

O, dull, dark night that hovers grimly o'er us,
 What devilries are brooding in thy breast?
 Will soon thy children shriek in horrid chorus,
 And ghastly laugh in doing thy behest?
 Will sudden lightning strike on roof and rafter?
 Will ragged thunder volley forth his spleen?
 Will furious Aeolus, fearful in his laughter,
 Ravage the earth, more dreaded since unseen?
 Will all the powers of evil on us fall
 And fill the land with desert waste and wrack.
 Till they return, as blood-hounds, at the call
 Of that dark fiend, the master of the pack,
 Who, in the clouds, rules over his dominions
 With power supreme and guides their fell career
 And journeys o'er the earth on subject pinions,
 Filling poor mortal man with craven fear?
 Will thou with desolation fill the night
 Till Phœbus, with his bow
 And golden arrows, puts thy pack to flight?

"ELONERA."

 CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—

A sapient correspondent writes: "Any fool can find fault; the wise man discovers virtues." This, I think, may well be applied to the attitude of people towards the School Band. I am sorrowfully and reluctantly forced to the opinion that a large section of the School comes in the former class and that too few come in the latter.

It is very easy for outsiders to criticise and say how things ought to be carried on, but these people thereby display their entire ignorance of the innumerable and almost insuperable difficulties which are met with in the management of a school band. I feel sure that there is much which is praiseworthy in the members of the Band, not only with regard to their actual performances but also with regard to their unselfish and determined practices in the face of so much scoffing. Of course, the practices may be uninteresting and even offensive to those who know nothing of music, but if these people would provide a special room from which the sound could not escape it would probably be gratefully received by the Band.

The Grammar is now in a position to boast of a School Song and also a School March, which have originated entirely within the School, and if these bring any credit on the School, I do not think I am unjust in saying that the thanks are not due to those whom my friend alludes to when he says "Any fool can find fault."

I remain, yours etc.,

"ONE WHO CAN APPRECIATE."

 NOTICE TO BOYS LEAVING THIS QUARTER.

Boys frequently lose touch with the School after leaving. The best way to keep in touch with the School is to join the Old Boys' Union. The annual subscription (5/-), or the life subscription (£5/5/-) secures membership of the Union and a copy of each issue of *The Sydneian*. *The Sydneian* Committee does not now take either annual or life subscriptions. *The Sydneian* can be obtained regularly only through membership of the Old Boys' Union. Subscriptions will be received by Dr. E. A. Brearley, 141 Macquarie Street.

EXCHANGES.

THE Editors wish to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:—*The Alleynian, The Armidalian, The Ascham Charivari, The Aurora Australis, The Brisbane Grammar School Magazine, The Cliftonian (2), The Hawkesbury Agricultural College Journal, Hermes, Lux, The Malburian, The Malvernian, The Melburnian, The Newingtonian, Prince Alfred College Chronicle, The Radleian, The Scotch Collegian, The Scotsman, The Swan, St. Andrew's College Magazine, S.J.C. Magazine, T.K.S. Magazine, Wesley College Chronicle, The Southportonian, Ipswich Grammar School Magazine, Auckland Grammar School Magazine, The Cygnet, The Mitre, Pegasus, The Corion, The Framlinghamian.*

OLD BOYS' UNION.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the year June 1st, 1918, to May 31st, 1919, are now due and are payable to the Hon. Treasurer, Dr. E. A. Brearley.

Life subscription to the Union is five guineas. All life subscriptions are invested in the War Loan and the interest accruing from the investment covers the amount of the O.B.U. Scholarship. It is probable that the Union will take out more bonds in the Seventh War Loan.

Annual subscription to the Union is five shillings.

The official address of the Union is 141 Macquarie Street.

Communications or subscriptions may be left in the Old Boys' Union Box in the vestibule at the Upper School end of the School.

J. H. Clayton, H. R. R. Grieve, G. M. Stewart, Joint Hon. Secs.

SOLDIERS' SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Committee of the Union regrets that, owing to the fact that the number of Old Sydneians on active service is so great, it is unable to send *The Sydneian* to each of them. Even the Newspaper Fund will not suffice for this purpose. Therefore, the Committee is constrained to ask relatives to help them by paying the necessary subscription. Nevertheless, the Committee wishes it made clear that no soldier will be deprived of his *Sydneian* because his subscription is unpaid.

Many complaints have been received recently from members at the front that they have not received their copy of the Magazine. *The Sydneian* is sent direct to these members when desired, but the Executive of the Union is of opinion that safe delivery would more probably be secured if relatives would enclose them in their parcels to the members concerned. Parcels are less likely to be lost than letters.

OLD SYDNEIANS AND THE UNIVERSITY COMPANY.

It has been known for some weeks past that there was being formed within the University of Sydney, for service at the front, a military unit, to be known as the University Company. The formation of this Company of 150 fighting men and 120 fifth year medical students on leave to finish their course has now been successfully achieved, thanks largely to the efforts of the Hon. Organiser, Professor Holme, with whom some hundreds of Sydneians are well and pleasantly acquainted. Apart from the fact that several old Sydneians within the University have joined the Company, the formation of the unit is of interest to us, in so far as it concerns old Sydneian graduates who may be about to enlist, and prospective matriculants at the examinations of December, 1918, and March, 1919, who may be contemplating active service before entering on their University courses.

The position with regard to graduates, as we understand it, is that they will be received into the ranks of the Company, though no systematic attempt has hitherto been made to organise their enlistment, such as was made in the case of undergraduate enlistment. A few graduates from the different professions have, we believe, already applied for admission to the Company and some have actually joined it.

In the case of the other class, to which reference has been made, the class of those who, already matriculated or about to matriculate, have decided to proceed on active service before commencing attendance at lectures, the conditions are likewise clear. The Company will admit these men once they have been accepted by the University as undergraduates. And in order so to be accepted, they have simply to state to the Registrar their *bona fide* intention to take up a course within the University and they will be provided with the form necessary to secure their admission to the Company.

The writer is in a position to advise all old Sydneians who intend enlisting to join the Company, provided they have the necessary qualification of matriculation. For over and above the good-fellowship and *bonhomie* and *esprit de corps* which must exist among members of such a unit—and experience tells that they count for much in service at the front—there is another great advantage to be attained by so doing. Competent authorities have estimated that two years will elapse from the end of the war before all the troops are returned to Australia. In order to prevent students from being deprived of the use of this period for the continuation of their courses, the Australian Universities conjointly have drawn out a scheme, by the operation of which such students will be enabled to proceed with their studies in Home Universities

from the point at which they discontinued them in favour of war service. Thus, for example, a student of Engineering who has completed a year or two years in an Australian University will be able respectively to reach the end of his third year or complete his course at a Home University. And it is hoped that arrangements will be made whereby a man completing his course in such a fashion at Home will be granted his degree by the University at which he does so. In any case, the Australian University of which he was a member before leaving for the front will be prepared to give him credit for every portion of his course taken in Great Britain. A Committee has been appointed to administer this scheme on the other side of the world, and Professor Holme himself, who will take the University Company from Sydney, is chairman of that Committee. From all these facts, then, it will be clear to those now at school, who intend to join up on matriculation, that membership of the University Company will be both an advantage and a privilege.

REJECTED VOLUNTEERS.

THE idea of a Roll of Honour bearing the names of rejected volunteers is, no doubt, a novel one, yet a none the less justifiable one. For if Australia is to play her part in the war without conscription, there will inevitably be, at the conclusion of hostilities, a very certain and reasonable feeling of contempt on the part of those who have served for those who have not served while being able. And if no record is kept of those who have offered their lives and services without avail, there will be some danger of their being called upon to share that contempt.

In any case, it is only one of nature's misfortunes that such men are unable to place themselves in the same class with men who have served. Each man who reaches the front and each rejected volunteer offer their lives to the Empire; the one difference between the two classes is that the man at the front has the additional privilege of risking his. And inasmuch as a rejected volunteer is essentially as patriotic as one who has been to the front, his offer of his life to his country is as worthy of honour and record.

Accordingly, from now onwards the names of rejected volunteers will be placed on a special Roll of Honour and printed in each number of "The Sydneian." All such Old Sydneians are asked to inform the Acting-Headmaster or the Hon. Secretaries of the Old Boys' Union, as soon as possible, of their names, initials, date of attendance at the School, and place and date (or dates) of rejection.

The following is a very incomplete list of names gathered since the decision to keep this Roll of Honour was made:—

Barr, O. P.	Lloyd, A. S.
Branch, G. E.	Lumsdaine, K. B. F.
Cowper, N. L.	Sandes, S. G.
Eyres, K. W.	Simpson, C. H. G.
Houen, A. C.	Stephen, A. E.
Houen, E. H.	Vickery, C. E.
Kendall, A. E.	Vickery, O. G.
Kerr, D. C.	Windeyer, W. A.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

THE Roll of Honour, complete to the present time, bears 1,656 names. We publish below a supplementary list of 68 names which have come to our knowledge since the last issue of *The Sydneian*:—

Asher-Smith, G.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F. Hill, C. G.; Sgt., Inf., A.I.F.
 Attwood, —; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F. Holme, P. R.; Pte., A.N.M.E.
 Bamber, L.; Capt., A.M.C., A.I.F. Hughes, T. D.; University Co.
 Booth, E.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F. Jones, J. B.; Gnr., F.A., A.I.F.
 Bowie, K. B.; Flying School. Judson, N. B.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
 Brereton, G. le Gay; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F. Keep, E. F.;
 Killen, G. L.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
 Buckle, A. R.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F. Lamrock, W. A. C.;
 Burnett, H. C.; University Co. Lauchlan, J. F.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
 Buzacott, A. E.; Flying School. Lloyd, R. K.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
 Cameron, S. L.; University Co. Lord, J. M.; Tpr., Vet. Corps, A.I.F.
 Clark, L. S.; Pte., A.S.C., A.I.F. Ludowici, H. J.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
 Clark, R. C.; Pte., A.S.C., A.I.F. MacAllister, K.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
 Cook, L.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F. MacCoy, C.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
 Cox, A. N.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F. MacCredie, A. K.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
 Crago, P. G.; Capt., A.M.C., A.I.F. McAdam, L. W.;
 Cramsie, J. H.; University Co. McCay, L. B.; University Co.
 Donovan, L. C.; University Co. McConaghy, A.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
 Duncan, G. S.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F. McIlroy, G. W.;
 Farran-Ridge, V.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F. Michaelis, A.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
 Fayle, S. R.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F. Paton, A. A.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
 Ferrier, K.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F. Pilcher, N. G.; University Co.
 Fraser, J. D. M.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Graham, I. A. D.;
 Hallard, H. R.; Major, **D.S.O.**, F.A., A.I.F.

Radford, D.; University Co.	Sullivan, A.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
Reichenbach, G. S.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.	Swain, A. K.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
Russell, E. A.; University Co.	Thompson, R. W.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
Ryan, R. J. B.; University Co.	Walker, A. S. B.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
Scarlett, G. A.; University Co.	Walker, F. T. B.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
Shirlow, N. S.; University Co.	Wilson, H. B.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.
Simpson, H. H.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.	Stewart, G. M.; University Co.
Smith, R. E.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.	
Solomon, H. J.; University Co.	
Stewart, G. M.; University Co.	

NOTES AND NEWS OF OLD SYDNEIANS.

Information to be printed under this heading should be forwarded to the Acting-Headmaster or to the Hon. Secretaries of the Old Boys' Union, at 141 Macquarie-street, by either of whom it will be gratefully received.

In the last *Sydneian* we expressed the hope that the letter from Lieut.-General Sir Harry Chauvel would not be the only one to reach us. The second of what, we hope, will be a series is now to hand, dated 19/4/18:—

"Since writing to you last I have had a very interesting trip, an account of which might be of interest to the readers of *The Sydneian*. Of course, like my last letter, I do not want it published in anything else.

"On the 19th February I went to Jerusalem to stay a few days with a friend and to see a battle in which some of my troops (the Anzacs) were to take part. I never watched a battle in more comfort in my life, and have seen fewer more interesting ones. I arrived in time for lunch, having motored up by the Jaffa-Jerusalem road, and was shown into a charming suite of rooms in the German Hospice on the Mount of Olives, where my friend has his headquarters, and which is a very fine, though somewhat ugly, building, very nicely furnished, and is, as many of these places are, a combination of hotel and religious institution. One of the features is the chapel, which contains some very fine pictures and modern Byzantine mosaics on walls and ceiling, but on the latter, amongst saints and other holy people, is a large picture of the Kaiser and Kaiserin in Biblical costume, presenting the building in the shape of a model, to Divine Providence! There are also, in the courtyard, two bronze statues of the same Imperial pair—he got up as a Crusader, and she as a lady of that period. After lunch, we went out to a stone summer house on the eastern edge of the Mount, and, seated on deck chairs, sheltered from wind and rain, watched the

battle with our field glasses—that is, the infantry and artillery part of it. We could not see my troops, as they were operating between the right flank of the infantry and the Dead Sea, and were hidden by the hills of the Wilderness of Judah. We saw the infantry take all their objectives for that day, and, as there was nothing more to see, I got into my car and went down to see the Garden of Gethsemane, which I had not time to see during my previous visits to Jerusalem. I was not very much impressed with it. It is very small and modern-looking, the only things of much interest being the olive trees, which are very old and are said by the monks to have been there at the time of our Saviour. However, there were other places of interest about there, viz.:—The Tomb of the Virgin, the Church of the Ascension, and the Tomb of Absalom, at which every Jew throws a stone as he passes, so that one side is almost blocked up with stones. Here are also the Tombs of Zechariah and St. James.

“Next morning we went out to the summer house again, and saw London troops, after bombardment by both heavy and field artillery, take Tal’at-ed-Dumm (a), on the top of which is the ruin of a Crusaders’ or Saracen castle, and half way up the Inn of the Good Samaritan. This was about half way to Jericho, 1,575 feet below us, and nearly eight miles away. We actually saw the Turks running away as the infantry advanced, and disappearing over the hills in the direction of Jericho. Later on we saw the Turkish stores burning at Rujm-el-Bahr (b), at the head of the Dead Sea, and their boats (14 of these) being removed to the east side of the Dead Sea, beyond the mouth of the Jordan.

“After lunch, as there was nothing more to be seen of the battle, I motored into the Holy City and went over the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, only having seen the outside of it before. It was very impressive indeed, and most interesting, but I could not help thinking how clever it was of them to have got so much under one roof, viz.:—The prison of our Saviour, the place where He was nailed to the Cross, the place where the Virgin Mary took leave of Him (marked by a beautiful bust of the Virgin, which is decked with priceless jewels, the gifts of many crowned heads, including our late King), Calvary, the Stone of Unction, the Holy Sepulchre, and the place where the three crosses were discovered by the Empress Helena about 326 A.D., also the place of the intended sacrifice of Isaac, and the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea. I gather what really happened was that Constantine, at the instigation of his mother, Helena, had built chapels over all these sacred places, and, although these were destroyed more than once, they were more or less identified by the Crusaders, who built the present church in 1103, to enclose the whole lot. It appears to be the joint property of the Greeks, Catholics, Armenians, Syrians, Abyssinians, and

Copts, who each have their separate chapels, but hold their processions and worship at the sacred places, which are common to all, in turn. The Church of England and other Protestant denominations appear to have no place there, but I understand that we may use the Abyssinian Chapel! Nevertheless, there have been in the past very serious conflicts between various sects, even within the sacred edifice itself, when the Turkish soldiery have had to separate the combatants. On Good Friday, 1834, more than two hundred people were killed in and about the church, but on this occasion it was the Egyptian soldiery, under Ibrahim Pasha, who put an end to the fight. The same afternoon I visited the English Cathedral of St. George, which is without the walls, and is a handsome building, containing a font presented by our late Queen Victoria.

"There is rather an amusing story of this cathedral in connection with the War. The Turks, hearing that an English canon was buried under one of the altars, dug for it, and it was not until they had displaced a good deal of material that they realised what kind of a canon it was. I saw the hole they had dug.

"Next morning, the 21st, hearing that Chaytor, with the Anzacs, had taken Neby Musa (c) and Jericho, my friend and I set out for Jericho in our cars, having sent our horses on to the Inn of the Good Samaritan.

"Soon after leaving Bethany we came to a very steep descent to the head of the Wadi-el-Havd, which is negotiated by a zig-zag. This road, although good in ordinary times, is very narrow, and on that day was exceedingly slippery with the rain, and full of camels and other kinds of transport, and the cars skidded so much that we decided to walk to the bottom, taking a short cut. It was rather a difficult performance, as the mountain side was covered with large, flat rocks, nearly level with the surface, and slippery as glass, and I was very glad when we reached the 'Apostles' Fountain' at the bottom, and was filled with admiration for our infantry, who had taken hill after hill of this nature during the two preceding days. We got our horses at the Inn of the Good Samaritan, and rode on to Jericho *via* the old Roman Road. The new road goes by Neby Musa, and is much better, but not half so interesting. We had not gone far when we saw on our left the magnificent gorge of the Wady Kelt (the Valley of Achor, Joshua xv., 7), which has ancient aqueducts still in use, running down the sides of it, and hermits' caves, or rather rock cells, cut into the face of the cliff, some of which have to be approached by ladders, and which culminate in a very picturesque little Greek monastery, partly cut into the cliff and partly build on a ledge of it, called the Monastery of Elijah. Shortly after we found ourselves at the top of the last descent to the Valley of the Jordan, where stand the ruins of Beit Jubr, a fort built by Herod to guard the Jericho of his day, which extended

from this point on to the plain, now only marked by a few Tells (mounds) and the remains of aqueducts and a large reservoir. The view from here was magnificent, much improved by climbing a hill to our right. Out on the plain lay modern Jericho, beyond it again Birket Jiljulieh, the site of Gilgal, where Joshua and the Israelites pitched their first camp after crossing the Jordan, and the River Jordan, on the west bank of which we could see the monastery at Makhadet Hajla (d), which marks the traditional site of the Baptism of our Saviour, and to which in normal times thousands of Christian pilgrims come down to bathe on the Monday of Holy Week. Across the Jordan were the Mountains of Moab. To the south the Dead Sea, and on our left Jebel Kurundul (e), the Raven's Nest (f), and, 120 miles to the north, the snow-capped top of Mount Hermon. Below Kurundul was Tel-es-Sultan, the site of Jericho of Joshua's time, at the foot of which is Elisha's Spring, which still provides modern Jericho with water and irrigates the patches of cultivation around it.

"The view was much enhanced by scattered groups of Australian and New Zealand horsemen all over the plain, with their patrols pushed out to the Jordan and the Dead Sea (I believe the padres were riding one another off to get to the Jordan first).

"One of the most interesting features of the two days' battle just concluded was the fact that the first rounds were fired by our artillery at 2,020 feet above sea level, and the last at 1,100 feet below.

"Jericho itself is a poor place, and appears to me to live in normal times entirely on pilgrims and tourists, the only decently built houses being either inns or hospices. At the time of our entry it was in a filthy state, and there were very few inhabitants, and those a very degraded-looking lot, mostly low-class Arabs, with a few obvious negroes, but I was surprised to see a few white women, though of what nationality it would be hard to say, but the people of all this country are a puzzle. I think the most interesting thing about Jerusalem is the population, which for the small area is enormous, and the mixture is extraordinary. You meet well-dressed women, such as you might see in any city in Australia, brushing shoulders with Bedouin Arabs, Fellaheen women, French, Russian, Greek, Italian, and Abyssinian monks; Jews, white and brown, some in European clothes, some in semi-Arab costume, and some in long black rusty coats with black clerical hats (sometimes with fur round them), and with ringlets down their cheeks; veiled Turkish ladies, nuns of all sorts, men in European costume with tarbushes, white women dressed like Arab Fellaheen women, and, to crown all, the Turkish police in their smart uniforms and Astrakhan caps, going about their ordinary business under the British Military Governor!

Added to all this, there are now soldiers of every description, including Highlanders, Australians, New Zealanders, Sikhs, Ghurkas, Hindoos, Frenchmen, Spahis from Algiers, Italians, and, last but not least, the backbone of all our successes, Egyptians of the Camel Transport and Labour Corps.

"I am afraid this is rather a long letter, but when one commences to write anything about this part of the world it is difficult to know when to stop.

"With kind regards,

"Yours sincerely,

"HARRY CHAUVEL."

NOTES.

- (a) Adummim (Joshua xv., 7; xviii., 17).
- (b) Rujm-el-Bahr was the Turkish port on the Dead Sea. It is at the northern end of the Sea, just west of the mouth of the Jordan. It gets its name from a very ancient rock jetty, partly natural, which was claimed by the Crusaders to indicate the site of Sodom.
- (c) Neby Musa is a Moslem shrine built to attract Moslem pilgrims to this area in order to counteract the influence of the Christians, and the festival there is at Easter. There is not the slightest authority for the legend that Moses is buried there, as, according to Holy Writ, he was buried in a valley in the land of Moab, "but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Strangely enough, the Arabs have erected tombs, or mosques, in some cases, over the alleged graves of a great number of our holy men, though they have no connection with any of them after Abraham, and in the celebrated Mosque of El-Aksa, near the site of Solomon's Temple, there is a relic of our Saviour, viz., a foot-print on a stone, in a Moslem praying niche!
- (d) Now to have a place in Australian history, as it was here that the Desert Mounted Corps Bridging Train, an improvised unit formed from Australian Engineers, threw the first pontoon bridge across the Jordan, under fire, and in spite of a very strong current, as the Jordan was a "banker," during the night of 22nd-23rd March, 1918, and here the Anzac Mounted Division crossed on the 23rd on their way to raid the Hedjez railway, near Amman (Rabbath Ammon of the Old Testament, but once known as Philadelphia).
- (e) The Mount of Temptation. Kurundul is the Arab corruption of the Crusaders' Quarantana (Forty Days). There is an ancient monastery on the summit and a modern one, very similar to the Monastery of Elijah, about half way up the precipitous face, looking over the Jericho Plain. This face is also honey-combed with caves and rock-cells still occupied by hermits. Jebel means mountain, and I had to go all the way to Jericho

to learn, from a French officer, the derivation of "Gibraltar," *i.e.*, "Jebel Tarik," Tarik being the name of the Moorish Conqueror of Southern Spain.

- (f) A prominent peak jutting out into the plain which is supposed to be the place where Elijah was fed by ravens.

Of Lance-Corporal D. R. Webb, died of wounds in France on August 9 last, it may well be said that his last twelve months of life were "twelve crowded months of glorious life." About this time in 1917, while still at school, he volunteered to help the Railway Commissioners in the Great Strike. On September 13, after finishing his service with them, he enlisted for active service, and went to Liverpool. After doing a non-commissioned officers' school, he embarked with reinforcements as acting-corporal. He went over to France in May last; he took part in all the tremendous fighting during the German attacks and in Foch's counter-stroke. During these three short months he was gassed, and then wounded, and it was from this wound that he died. This was but one noble part of a noble life. Webb was 18 years of age, and the last eligible of a line of relatives, forty-six of whom have given their lives for the Empire.

D. R. Webb was a friend of Arthur Butler Rutter, an old Sydneian of the same age and same regiment, that famous one which made the immortal charge about Hill 60 on Gallipoli on August 21, 1915. In one of his last letters Webb tells how Rutter has made good. Rutter was killed on August 1, eight days before noble death reunited him with his comrade. Both these grand fellows were of the vigorous, straightforward, fighting type, and nothing will better illustrate this than an action of Rutter's after the boat race in 1917. He had heard on the day following this event that a certain individual at one of the other schools had boasted of knocking him down in a fight on the "three-bob" boat, when no fight at all had taken place. Taking the last hour off school next day, he went quite alone to the school mentioned and waited for his man. Having duly found him and collected a crowd around, he demanded whether what he had heard was true, and on the adversary admitting making the statement he there and then invited him to "hop out" among his own crowd, an action which the adversary in his discretion declined to take. Those who witnessed this game and manly action of Rutter's, or knew of it, will always believe that before a Hun bullet ended the noble lad's life his gallant, fighting spirit brought terror and death to his adversaries. And that a thought of the grand old School was with him to the end we may gather from this extract of a letter written on June 20 last:—

"I have been in France for two months now, and, in spite of a generally accepted belief to the contrary, we do not get very many

chances of writing, except when, as we are now, out of the line; we are really too busy watching for Fritz in case he comes over to think very much about letters, although our thoughts are never away from Aussie.

"I received your letter describing the G.P.S. Regatta, and the splendid victory the Grammar had. I hope to be there at the next regatta, and see the Old School come in first again.

"We are bivouacked near a quaint French village, and I find the French I learned at School comes in very handy here, although it is, of course, very incomplete, and what there is of it is very often wrong. We are not far from an aerodrome here, and Fritz sends 'planes over every night almost. I am on aeroplane guard now, being a machine gunner, as the Company machine gunners have to do all aeroplane guards. Of course, being a machine gunner does not mean that I am in the M.G. Corps. You see, each battalion has a certain number of machine guns of its own, and I am on one of them.

"You remember L. C. Robson, from S.G.S., who was Rhodes Scholar for 1915? He is Adjutant to the 18th Battalion; also Mr. Kaeffel, who used to be Captain of the School some years ago, is Captain of 'D' Company."

Major Reggie Firench, D.S.O., M.C., now in command of a Machine Gun Battalion, and one of the few of the Old Originals still going strong, writes in happy vein to Mr. Marks, 27/8/18:—

"France, 27th June, 1918.

"I read a long screed from you recently which you had written to Brig.-Gen. I. G. Mackay. He was then my C.O., but has been promoted to a Brigadier-General, and now commands the 1st Aust. Inf. Brigade, and a jolly good brig. he'll make, too. We were very pleased to hear of it. I am at present temporarily in command of the 1st. Aust. M.G. Battalion. We have been in the line now close on three months, and we feel a bit war-worn; but it's marvellous how soon one picks up after getting a couple of weeks back, where one can get at least eight hours' sleep at night. I have never seen our Division so full of buck as they are at present. They stopped Fritz dead when he was coming on at his ease, and since then have carried out numerous small enterprises which have been uniformly successful, and which have served to make our morale simply wonderful. I was awfully glad to hear that S.G.S. had won the boat race. In my men there are two S.G.S. and two N.S.C.E.G.S. men, and there are some good arguments at times. Our colours are black and gold, which was a big win for the Grammar Schoolites! Saw young Jacky Mant yesterday. Rossall is close here; he is with the 1st Field Ambulance. Slimy Walker is also close handy; in fact, my adjutant said to me the other day when I said 'hullo' to a chap riding by, 'Were you at school with every second Aus-

tralian?' For recreational training we play quoit-tennis—ever played it? It's pretty strenuous. I wrote out for a year's *Sydneians* months ago, but suppose my letter and cash went to the bottom of the sea. I must send another subscription soon. Well, it's 10 minutes to zero; it's only a small stunt, and we are only co-operating, but I thought I'd wait up and see what's doing. Fritz is a wonderfully expert fireworks organiser; the number of flares he sends up when there is a stunt on is extraordinary. It's just 12.25 a.m. now, so I'll say 'Night-ho.'

Major Billy Sheldon writes a most interesting, chatty letter from France, 29/4/18, so interesting indeed that we feel constrained to warn him that he must needs write more often if he is to escape being hauled over the coals. Before the War he had been for some time in the Royal Australian Garrison Artillery, and it was after the outbreak of the war that he entered the Flying School at Point Cook, Victoria, so that he might reach the front sooner.

"France, 29/4/18.

"Within about the last month I have received two copies of *The Sydneian*, sent to me by the Old Boys' Union, and in view of this, which is a sort of 'coals of fire' treatment, I feel that I must write to you and the old School, incidentally keeping a resolution which was made on leaving Australia, but up till now has not been fulfilled, *i.e.*, of keeping in touch with the School and my contemporaries, through the medium of your paper. As I left Australia in March, '16, it is now over two years, and I've managed to see a few varied aspects of life in that time. The unit I came away with, No. 1 Squadron A.F.C., is still in Egypt, though only one of the original officers is with it still, the others being scattered to the four winds through the medium of promotion, sickness, and, in some cases, death. Whilst in Egypt with the flight under my command, we had service at Suez, Kharza Oasis, a spot about 120 miles west of Luxor, and took part in the advance through Palestine. I met a few old Sydneians in Cairo, amongst them being Eric Barbour, 'Wally' Matthews, 'Chook' Henderson, 'Cherry' Slade, and S. R. Stafford, who had just arrived. This was about November, '16. In March, '17, I was lucky enough to be selected to command one of the new A.F.C. Squadrons which had just been formed, and was in England. I remained in England till February of this year, and have now been in *la belle France* for just on three months, and find it very different to the service in Palestine. There we used to curse the sand, sun and flies; here the objects of anathema are mud, mist, and rain—at present, anyhow—and work with the squadron has been at a standstill on account of it. Everybody, in consequence, is like a horse, oat fed, with insufficient exercise, full of beano and animal spirits, and with little means of working off the excess. It will be a rough day for the Boche when the weather

lifts. The squadron is equipped with scouts, very good machines, too, and we are attached to the R.A.F., and as a consequence don't see much of the A.I.F. Even in England, until recently, A.F.C. squadrons were with the R.F.C. (now R.A.F.); hence I haven't run across many O.S., but even so it is extraordinary in what out of the way places one does come across old form mates. I had a hurried note from 'Tim' Lamrock recently; he was just on the point of leaving for France with a medical unit, so he couldn't give me much news. There are a good number of old Melburnians in the A.F.C., more than O.S.; but this is accounted for by the fact that the squadrons were mostly recruited in Melbourne. As you have probably heard, the Australian squadrons have made a reputation which is in keeping with the traditions of the A.I.F., and I'm proud to be in command of one. Met Lee Scott one day at Horseferry Road; he hadn't changed one iota in his manner, just the same cheery soul, with one or two 'grouses.' What soldier hasn't? He has the M.C., and was off to Ireland for sick leave after being gassed. Am afraid there is a terrific amount of 'I' in this letter, but it is rather difficult to squeeze news of two years into such a short letter as this. I am very grateful to receive the copies of *The Sydneian* which have managed to reach me; it carries one back to the happy days when one was so glad to don, or barrack for, the 'Black and Gold.' Give my very kindest remembrances to Mr. Lucas and Mr. Wing, also to Mr. Marks. I doubt if any of the others will remember much of me. Best of luck to the old School and all connected with it.

—“Yours most sincerely,

“W. SHELDON.”

Captain Eric Dark was awarded the Military Cross early in the present year, and the work for which he earned it was, as we now learn, described officially as follows:—“Captain Eric Payten Dark, M.C., R.A.M.C., for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in leading his bearers. He displayed great gallantry and disregard of danger in moving about in the open under the heaviest shell-fire, collecting and evacuating the wounded. He worked continuously without a rest for thirty-six hours, by his energy and determination contributing largely to the rapid clearing of the battlefield.”

Gunner O. E. M. Cohen, better and more colloquially known as “Curly,” wrote from France on 15/6/18. Since receiving this letter we have been notified that he has won the Military Medal. Hooroooh! We're not surprised.

“Just a few lines to let you know I am still O.K. You will be pleased to hear that I am leaving in a day or two for an Officers' School in England. The course lasts from six to eight months, so shall write to you fully from there. My brother, who was wounded early in the year, has just been discharged from hospital. How is

your brother, and where is he now? Things are still lively here, with the weather tip-top. I believe the weather is glorious in England now also, so am looking forward to a fine time. Well, old son, shall write to you fully next week, as I hope to be in England on the 22nd June. So long. With best of luck and wishes."

Now that the All Schools' Sports are approaching, it is quite appropriate that we should have something from last year's hero, Slip Carr. He is now in Egypt; in one of his letters told of all the G.P.S. boys on board, mentioning Alan Lennartz and Dick Windeyer as being in good health and lusty spirit. Here is an extract from one of his letters, from which two things will be seen—one that he has not forgotten how to run, and the other how to be modest.

"It was very funny on the afternoon parade last Wednesday. We fell in to be given our weekly issue of 'Rocket' and 'Bird's Eye' cigarettes, and, my word, they are some cigs.! I quite believe if one smoked enough 'Rocket' cigs. they'd really send you 'up,' to heaven. We were then issued with common soap, and before long you could see batches of the boys spinning coins, the stakes being the 'SOAP.' Ha! ha!! I might tell you that I won four pieces in the end.

"Our sports were held to-day. Our squad was beaten in the tug-of-war; we won the relay race. We then marched over the sand to the railway station; 500 of us lined up for the mile race. It was a great sight. We had to run about 1,680 yards in the soft sand, and then 100 yards through the bayonet course, first in and out of a trench, then over two fences, hop over a dug-out, underneath swinging bags, then through barbed-wire entanglements, and hop another trench. When this was finished, we had a final sprint of about 50 yards, and the first seated on the wooden horse was the winner—and I happened to be the villain. I got 40 dizzies, *i.e.*, piastres, worth 8s., for this, and ten dizzies, worth 2s., for being a member of the relay race."

Walter G. Preston, who left about three years ago as a private of infantry, and later went over to the Royal Air Force in response to calls for volunteers, has recently been promoted to captain. The Royal Air Force, it may be explained, is the new name for the Royal Flying Corps. The Australian Flying Squadrons, as mentioned by Major Sheldon in his letter, are attached to the R.A.F., and Walter Preston describes a piece of their work in the following terms:—"The Australian lads made a fine show down the line the other night, and the papers are making a great song over it. A few of us were up where it started, and really I have never seen anything so fine before, and will never forget it as long as I live."

We have to record with great regret the death of Hugh Paterson, who was at the School in the late 'sixties. Afterwards a leading member of the dental profession in this city, he performed the work of many offices, calling on the public spirit, which we are proud to believe is inculcated by the School. He was at one time President of the Odontological Society. He was unique among Old Sydneians in that he was a Freeman of the City of London.

Clarence H. Northcott, M.A., late of the School Staff, who has been pursuing advanced studies in Sociology and Economics at Columbia University, New York, has been awarded by examination the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Mr. Northcott has accepted a position on the Economic Research Staff of the National Industrial Conference Board, Boston, U.S.A.

Received from Major H. C. Bundock, as we go to press, dated 18/4/'18:—"Your number for December, 1917, reached me a few weeks ago, and it is very pleasing to again get some news of the old School. The number of O.S. on active service is extremely gratifying. I am now quite an old resident of this country, having arrived in February, 1916. In the meantime have had two leaves to England and a 'blighty' received at the Battle of Arras in April last year. Rose to the dignity of a major in October last year, and was at the same time posted to command 1st Aust. Siege Battery. We were involved in the recent stunt on April 10, and kept our guns firing to the last, and then got them away just as Fritz's machine gunners were beginning to get on to the position; in fact, one of them succeeded in puncturing the satchel of my gas mask, and put five bullets through it. We lost most of our kit, etc., but getting the guns away was a source of great satisfaction to me, and the Corps, and we have been able to keep in the battle. Fritz appears to be stopped now, and henceforth I expect all will go well. Your list of Old Boys serving does not include the name of Major R. W. Whiston Walsh, D.S.O., A.A.M.C. He left Australia a M.O. of the Australian Siege Brigade, and served with them until a few months ago, when he was transferred to 8th Aust. Field Ambulance. There is also another Old Boy, B. R. French, who was at the Grammar in my days; when last I heard, he was a captain in an Irish Fusilier Regt., the Munsters. Mr. Russell French can give particulars.

"On the 11th inst. we completed our 1,000 days away from Australia. Fritz helped us with the celebration. We have recently been supplied with Australian personnel for our heavy tractors, and among them I came across one named Bull. I think he hails from S.G.S.

"All goes well with our battery, and we are proud to think we are the heaviest pieces in action in our Corps during the moving battle.

"With best wishes to the School,

Yours very sincerely, "H. C. BUNDOCK."

THE OLD BOYS' UNION WAR MEMORIAL FUND.

FEW Sydneians can have failed to realise the immense importance of the part which the Big Schoolroom plays in creating and keeping alive what, for want of a better word, we may call the spirit of the School. The trophies and memorials and honour boards which adorn its walls seemed to most of us to crystallise the ideals and efforts and the great traditions which have made the Sydney Grammar School what it is. And so, as early as the first few months of the war, the idea began to take shape in the minds of many that at the end of the struggle those trophies and memorials should be added to, and their influence increased, by the erection of another tablet, commemorating the names of Old Sydneians who had given their lives for their country. But as the months and years went by, and the record of Sydneians' service became a glorious vindication of all the School's work, the project began to take larger shape. It came to be seen that the provision of a memorial was not merely a desirable thing, but a duty—a duty to honour the 1,500 men and more who have been able to fight and suffer in the great cause, a duty to acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to our Alma Mater, a sacred duty which imposes itself upon us all to hand down the memory of the great roll of our dead as a splendid inspiration to the boys of the future, and to give sure witness that their sacrifices have not been made in vain, by doing what we can to strengthen the School's position and to add to its capacity for useful work. It was soon realised, too, that a fitting memorial must include far more than a tablet or tablets on the walls of the Schoolroom—that it must be more ambitious in scope, and must confer also more direct and material benefits on the School.

When, therefore, in June of this year, the Committee decided that the time was ripe for starting the War Memorial Fund, it proposed that the money raised should be applied to the following purposes:—

1. The erection of a tablet and panelling on the walls of the Big Schoolroom, recording the names respectively of those Old Boys who have fallen, and of those who have volunteered.
2. The establishment of a substantial and permanent endowment for the School.
3. The improvement of the School's utilities and conveniences as the Committee may determine.

As regards the second object, it will be well to add a word of explanation. The expenses of the School to-day have to be met from a small Government subsidy, and the current revenue received from the payment of fees. The annual grant from the Government is itself little more than half what it was thirty years ago. There

is practically no reserve to draw upon for any purpose whatever. One of the trustees said at the annual general meeting that he doubted whether any school of the same class in Australia was so poorly endowed as ours. It is an open secret that the trustees find the financing of the School and the proper payment of the masters, and any extension of useful facilities, a most difficult matter under present circumstances. Nothing further need be said, then, of the necessity for an Endowment, such as it is intended to give to the School, as a memorial of our fighting men.

The proposals of the Committee were laid before the annual general meeting on June 18, and were unanimously approved, a considerable sum being promised by those who were present. Some members at first questioned the propriety of making the appeal at this time, on the ground that no money should be asked for for purposes which were not directly connected with the winning of the war. But when it was pointed out that the sole financial duty which the Federal Government imposes upon its citizens is that of investing their wealth in the War Loan, and that it is the intention of the Committee to place all money obtained from the Memorial Fund in the War Loan until the conclusion of the war, they at once withdrew their objections, and gave the scheme their whole-hearted support. The Committee were influenced in deciding to launch the Fund immediately, principally by the consideration that our thoughts are now wrapped up in our soldiers, in the war and everything connected with it; we have not had time to forget the hardships our men have gone through, and the heroic sacrifices they have made; our gratitude is still strong and fresh, and our perception of the greatness of the struggle is still clear. If the appeal were to be delayed until after the war our interest might have become slack, our memories dimmed, and our thoughts diverted into other channels. So it seemed best to the Committee to begin their campaign now, when the conditions are favourable.

It is intended to raise a sum amounting to £20,000 at the very least. In England, which has been hit very much harder by taxation than Australia, Eton alone has already raised £100,000 for a similar purpose. Several of the Victorian schools have lately commenced their War Memorial Funds, and the Old Geelong Grammarians' Association, to take one instance, expects to obtain well over £40,000. Though the preparations for making our own appeal have hardly been completed, promises of contributions aggregating £1,200 have already been received. From such a start we are justified in looking forward to a great result. Every one is asked to take up his share of the burden. To make easier the incidence of the subscriptions, it has been decided to invite Old Boys to indicate the amount of a subscription which they intend to give every year for five years. A form of promise of subscription, with an ex-

planatory circular, is being sent to all Old Boys whose addresses can be obtained. Those who are not able largely to support the Fund in a pecuniary way, can at least help the Committee by canvassing among their friends. It should, above all, be remembered that in subscribing to the appeal a man is at the same time helping Australia's war efforts by putting money into its War Loans.

It cannot be too strongly urged upon every Old Sydneian that he has an absolute duty to support this Fund to his uttermost, and to help to make it a magnificent success. It is his duty to his School. It is his duty to the men who have fought and died for his country. It is the duty which he owes to the sons of those men, and to all who will enter the School in the years to come. Surely it is impossible for anyone to ignore such an obligation.

TO OLD SYDNEIANS.

THE FUND.

Facts, Objective, and Achievement.

1. Within a very short time each Old Sydneian will receive a personal appeal.
2. A form of promise will accompany it, to be filled in and returned.
3. The Fund will be open for five years, and subscriptions are payable in instalments.
4. The objectives are not too high. All can be achieved If Each Sydneian Gives as He Ought to Give.

Subscribe annually for 5 years and help pay our debt to the School.

<i>Subscriptions Wanted.</i>		<i>Promises Received.</i>	
£100 per annum	2	£1,000	—
£50	4	1,000	—
£20	100	10,000	6
£10	100	5,000	6
£5	100	2,500	3
£4	100	2,000	3
£2	250	2,500	1
£1	500	2,500	9
10/-	500	1,250	—
8/-	500	1,000	1

Objective, £28,750.

The School calls to you in the name of her honoured soldiers. Be generous and dutiful and empty your pockets for her. Let the next issue show your splendid response.

Ac/00015