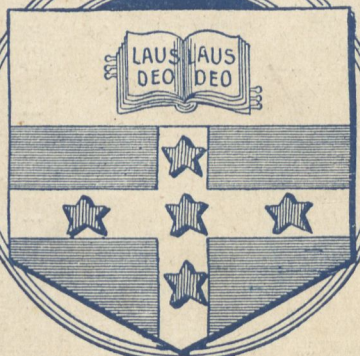


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SCHOLA GRAMMATICA SYDNEIENSIS



No.
CCXXXVIII

DEC.,
1918.

The Sydneian.

A Magazine Edited by Members of
the School.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Editorial	5	"The School & the Old Boys" ...	47
School Notes	5	"The Heroes of the Motor Cycle"	48
Patriotic Subscriptions ...	10	Correspondence	49
Games Committee	10	Notice to Boys leaving School	51
Cricket	12	Exchanges	51
Combined School Sports ...	18	OLD BOYS UNION—	52
Rifle Club	23	War Memorial Fund	52
Rowing	26	War Records	53
Tennis	27	Old Sydneians in the Great War	53
Senior Cadets	27	Honours at the Front	56
Snapshots from Home League	28	Roll of Honour	57
Farrar Prize English Essay	29	Notes and News of Old Sydneians	58
CONTRIBUTIONS—Poems ...	34		
"Within the Cage"	38		
"The Much-abused Scientist"	42		
"De Examinatione"	43		
"Le Coup de Foch"	45		

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
SERG. A. W. SEWELL	13th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	June, 1915
TROOPER L. MACNAMARA	2nd A.L.H.	... Dardanelles,	June, 1915
L.-CORP. H. J. S. SMITH	3rd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	June 1915
TROOPER H. M. ATTWOOD	12th A.L.H.	... Sydney ...	July, 1915
SAPPER E. M. CARTER	1st A.F.E.	... Dardanelles,	July, 1915
SERG. J. E. MARSHALL	3rd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	July, 1915
GUNNER E. L. RABBITS	1st A.F.A.	... Dardanelles,	July, 1915
TROOPER A. F. FARRAR...	6th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles,	July, 1915
LIEUT. A. M. 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
TROOPER T. G. DIBBS	... York & Lancaster Regt.	France ...	Aug., 1915
MAJOR T. R. MCPHERSON,	18th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
LIEUT. C. M. HARRIS, 7th Royal Scots Fusiliers,	R.A.M.C.,	France,	Aug., 1915
PRIVATE H. C. M. CARTER	1st Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
LIEUT. W. E. ADDISON	18th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
PRIVATE C. S. COOPER	18th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
SERG. H. GRIFFITHS	4th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
TROOPER H. BARRACLOUGH	10th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
PTE. R. E. HUNT	... 18th Batt., A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
PRIVATE G. B. GUTHRIE Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
PRIVATE G. H. BURKE Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
SERGEANT G. R. IRWIN Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
PRIVATE C. S. FORSTER... Dardanelles,	Aug., 1915
LIEUT. K. M. H. SOLOMON	11th Gloucester Regt....	Dardanelles,	Sep., 1915
PRIVATE B. S. LORD	2nd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Sep., 1915
SERG. J. H. MCGREGOR	1st A.L.H.	... Dardanelles,	Sep., 1915
PRIVATE R. K. CLIFTON	16th Batt., A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Sep., 1915
LIEUT. W. R. MACE	19th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Sep., 1915
PRIVATE R. H. KING	19th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Sep., 1915
TROOPER C. H. BACON	6th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles,	Oct., 1915
PRIVATE C. B. DONALDSON	2nd Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Oct., 1915
CORPORAL J. H. GAIR	... Royal Engineers	... Flanders ...	Nov., 1915
LIEUT. H. C. HOLDEN	12th A.L.H.	... Dardanelles,	Nov., 1915
PRIVATE E. P. M. GUTHRIE	1st Aust. Field Amb	... Dardanelles,	Nov., 1915
PRIVATE J. S. BLOOM	17th Batt. A.I.F.	... Dardanelles,	Nov., 1915

Fallen Sydneians.

PRIVATE A. H. WILLMOT	19th Batt. A.I.F.	...	Dardanelles, Dec., 1915
MJR. R. L. H. B. JENKINS	20th Batt. A.I.F.	...	Dardanelles, Dec., 1915
PTE. I. T. ARMSTRONG	16th Waikato Rgt. N.Z.E.F.	...	Dardanelles Dec., 1915
PRIVATE J. WILLIS	Royal Fusiliers	...	Gallipoli, Dec., 1915
PRIVATE H. H. ROSE	18th Batt. A.I.F.	...	Dardanelles, Dec., 1915
CAPT. K. HAMMAND	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. B. MC SHANE	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. EKIN, 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. DORN BUSH	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
SGT. W. W. 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,	Feb., 1917
QUARTERMASTER-SGT. A. M. D. ANDREWS	France,	March, 1917
PRIVATE R. B. BULL	France,	March, 1917
LIEUT. C. R. WOOLLEY	France,	March, 1917
PRIVATE A. E. SCRUTTON	France,	March, 1917
2ND LIEUT. S. B. WATSON	France,	April, 1917
CAPT. B. H. MACK	France,	April, 1917
LIEUT. R. D. MONIE, Royal Field Artillery	France,	April, 1917
LIEUT. W. K. BRENNAN	Palestine,	April, 1917
LIEUT. E. W. GARVAN, Royal Field Artillery	France,	April, 1917
LIEUT. H. C. HEWLETT	France,	May, 1917
LIEUT. J. B. H. PIERCE	France,	May, 1917
LIEUT. C. W. DAVIES	France,	May, 1917
LIEUT. W. B. KIRKWOOD	France,	May, 1917
GUNNER J. E. IREDALE	France,	May, 1917
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
PRIVATE W. R. PIERS-BLUNDELL	Messines,	June, 1917
FLIGHT-LT. H. K. P. TIDDY, Royal Flying Corps	France	July, 1917
FLIGHT-LT. F. B. KEBBLEWHITE, Royal Flying Corps	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
CAPT. 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. MALLETT	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
LIEUT. BRIAN MACNAMARA, M.C.	Flanders,	Sept., 1917
PRIVATE C. W. KNOX	France,	Sept., 1917
2ND LIEUT. S. R. CALLAGHAN	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
2ND LIEUT. C. R. WINDEYER	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
LIEUT. K. SMITHERS	Flanders,	Oct., 1917

Fallen Sydneians.

LIEUT. R. B. BENNETT, M.C.	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
GUNNER B. H. FORSTER	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
MAJOR J. B. BUCHANAN	Flanders,	Oct., 1917
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. MC LAUGHLIN, 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
TROOPER L. K. JOHNSTON	Palestine,	March, 1918
LIEUT. R. L. CADDEN	Sydney,	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
TROOPER S. LANGWELL	Palestine,	June, 1918
LIEUT. G. B. WOODRUFF	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 H. H. CORK	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
MAJOR C. E. BRODZIAK	France,	Sept., 1918
PRIVATE G. CAMERON	France,	Sept., 1918
LIEUT. L. M. BULL	France,	Sept., 1918
GUNNER J. H. TAYLOR	France,	Sept., 1918
GUNNER S. H. KNIGHT	France,	Sept., 1918
GUNNER N. K. FLETCHER	France,	Sept., 1918
GUNNER A. A. STREET	England,	Oct., 1918
GUNNER W. J. CONVERY	France,	Oct., 1918
LIEUT. S. C. H. WILLIAMS	Rhodesia,	Oct., 1918
CAPT. F. A. TAYLOR	France,	Oct., 1918

Fallen Sydneians.

GUNNER A. A. FORSYTH	London,	Oct., 1918
GUNNER W. P. ANDREW	France,	Oct., 1918
GUNNER E. N. C. LEGGO	France,	Oct., 1918
GUNNER R. M. CLARK	France,	Oct., 1918
LIEUT. J. P. G. COX	Palestine,	Oct., 1918
LIEUT. E. M. HILLMAN	France,	Oct., 1918
PRIVATE L. K. PERRY	France,	Nov., 1918
GUNNER G. R. BOWMAN	France,	Nov., 1918
LIEUT. A. F. MYERS, Queen's Own Hussars	France,	Nov., 1918
CAPT. G. B. OWEN	France,	Nov., 1918
CAPT. W. S. LAIDLEY, M.C.	France,	Nov., 1918

PREFECTS, 1918.



Standing—R. E. Gostelow, W. Hatherell, N. F. Stewart, H. W. Lorking, H. A. Neale, M. B. Hesslein.
Sitting—H. G. Munro, F. E. Wunderlich, T. M. Barnet, A. H. S. Lucas, Esq., L. S. Aitken, L. W. Wing, A. C. Wallace.

The Sydneian.

No. CCXXXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1918.

EDITORIAL.

VICTORY—unchallenged Victory—all along the line. Winter is vanquished, and spring has grown to summer. The insolent bully has changed to the cringing, whining beggar. The wild wolf goes down most nobly, snarling, snapping, scratching, defiant to the last. A contemptible record is the German's, without redemption the meanest record ever put by a nation.

In contrast, as heaven to hell, is the record of the Allies. Endurance, but never surrender, fortitude with never a weakening, set determination in the darkest days, sacrifice of self and all dearer than self, clean hands in the fight, and clean hands in the finish.

Not in vain, for full victory has come; not in vain, for the Right has triumphed; not in vain, for freedom is won; not in vain, for the nations are re-made. Great in war, the democracies will be great in peace. May we all be worthy of the great democracy.

SCHOOL NOTES.

WE cannot begin these notes without referring to the glorious news we received on November 8, that the German delegates had signed the armistice and fighting had actually ceased. It was almost impossible to believe it—that the tremendous struggle which had been raging for more than four years had indeed come to an end. The shells no longer sang over our friends in the trenches nor crashed in among them. Those men, themselves, could look over the parapet without the fear of meeting a German bullet; they could march on openly and victorious into the captured villages. It was the feeling of intense relief and joy that caused the tremendous outburst of enthusiasm at the school assembly. We have never known such an assembly before, and perhaps will never know such another. It was not merely the joy at the thought of victory that moved everyone, but it was the thought that our brothers and friends who were serving their King and country had been released from the constant menace. For the first time since August, 1914, the dark pall of death and suffering was raised from the fields of Northern France and Belgium. For many it was the one obsessing thought from morning till night; they were constantly in dread that the awful news might arrive at any moment, but now it would not

come. The boys would return safe and we would see them once more.

We will never forget the cheers which greeted the first contingent as it marched past the school in September, 1914; but they must stand in second place to the roar which followed Mr. Lucas' announcement at the Assembly, and as he pointed to the Honour Roll and said, "This has not been in vain." For many minutes it kept up, and then the band played as it never played before. Never has the National Anthem been sung so whole-heartedly and joyously as it was sung then. Our flesh tingled, and there were tears of joy in many eyes. The news was truly glorious.

Congratulations to Rev. A. H. Garnsey, Warden of St. Paul's, on his election to the Senate of the University.

At the end of last quarter, Barnet, our senior prefect, enlisted with the University Company. And so a magnificent school career was brought to a close. Barnet was at the school for over eight years, and during that time he took the keenest interest in every phase of school life. No one, perhaps, has ever served the school more faithfully and more efficiently than Barnet did during the last two years when he was senior prefect. His personality has been largely responsible for that splendid public spirit which exists in the school at the present time; and that is, indeed, a great thing.

We are glad to say that his country is no longer in need of Barnet's service, but, nevertheless, he carries with him the respect of the school that he did his duty. Many other boys at the school had enlisted and were going into camp as soon as the Leaving Certificate Examination was over—Ratcliff, McIlroy, Stephen, Nelson, Wilkinson, Barnes—our respect goes with them equally.

As Christmas approaches we naturally think over the doings of the school during the year. We cannot make any forecast as to the results of the Leaving and Intermediate Certificates, but we hope that they will be equally as good as they were last year. In the school examinations, M. S. S. Earlam carried off well nigh all the sixth form prizes. He won the Senior Knox, the Captaincy of the School, the Wigram Allen Mathematics, the George Knox Latin Prose prize, the Russell Jones Greek prize, and the Citizens' French prize—a very fine performance indeed.

In the field of sport the school's reputation has been well upheld. The eights' trophy has remained in its case in the big schoolroom, though the Yarallah Cup has journeyed to Hunter's Hill. The end of the football season found us again runners up, being beaten only by St. Joseph's. A week or two later the athletic team once more proved victorious, winning by a narrow margin

from Shore. Another three weeks and the rifle team carried off the Premiership for the fourth year in succession, together with the Rawson Cup and the National Rifle Association Shield. And even as this goes to press the fate of the Cricket Shield hangs in the balance. If King's beat Newington we play them a final, but if Newington win, the premiership is ours undisputed.

The Sydneian has had a very successful year. The staff takes this opportunity to thank the school for their support during the past year. The contributions have been so numerous and we have had so many interesting letters from Old Boys that it has been possible to raise the size of the paper from thirty to sixty pages. The staff hesitated at first whether they should increase it, but came to the conclusion that it would be a great pity to stop the growth when there was enough good matter available, even at the cost of an extra sixpence. Their decision was thoroughly justified by the splendid sales. We heard at the time some complaints, not many, but just a few, that boys at other schools received the school paper free. All who thought of complaint must not forget that, at those schools, every boy pays an additional fee for stationery every quarter, and the magazine is financed from that fund. *The Sydneian* receives no grant from the school funds, so that its life depends entirely on the support of the school at the sales. We hope that all will back the new staff up as they have done this year's.

In the editorial to the first *Sydneian*, published in 1875, Mr. Weigall wrote: "This magazine is published as a record of school life and an exponent of school opinion. Its pages will contain a summary of work done in classroom and in playground, as well as original articles and correspondence upon matters of temporary or permanent interest to the well-being of the school." During the early numbers boys entered into the spirit expressed in that Editorial, and used the paper to express thoughts of their own that might lead to improvement in any direction. However, in the last ten years there has been a marked falling off in this willingness to make suggestions or express their thoughts. It has been noticed before and has been commented on by past editors, but we are glad to say that the contributions this year have been very numerous indeed. Many poems, letters and articles that were put in the box have not been published; most could not be returned as they were anonymous, but we would like to encourage all to come again with more efforts next year. The paper belongs to every boy at the school as much as to the editors and staff; they are only chosen to collect the manuscript, have it printed, and see that it is distributed.

The publication of this number of *The Sydneian* will be the last issued by the present editor. During the four years that he has been connected with the school magazine, Wing has worked really

hard to make *The Sydneian* hold a very high place amongst works of this type. We can confidently say that *The Sydneian* has never attained a higher degree of excellence than at the present time: and further, we may attribute this efficiency very largely to Wing's efforts. As Wing is leaving the School at the end of this term, the School would like to take the opportunity of sincerely thanking him for the splendid work he has done on its behalf.

At last the new dressing rooms at the ground have been begun. The frame of the building is being put together at the works of Messrs. Saxton and Sons, and it is hoped that it will be ready for use when school opens next year. It will be situated in the angle between the road and the Stadium fence. It will contain larger dressing rooms and more of them. One is to be set aside for first teams, and one for masters. The building will contain two storeys, but is merely to serve as dressing and feeding accommodation. There will be no stand on top. The old stand will be pulled down and, in time, the seats on the bank will be continued along to seat several hundred more people. So that by this time next year the ground will have quite a new appearance.

The following subscriptions to the Building Fund have been received since last *Sydneian*:—

	£	s.	d.
Reg. Stafford	10	10	0
Mr. Justice Street	5	5	0
A. W. Allen	2	2	0
Lieut. L. J. Carr, R.A.N.	2	2	0
W. N. Cowles	2	2	0
G. E. Fairfax	10	10	0
E. T. Carr	2	2	0
Trooper E. W. Carr	1	1	0

The thanks of the school is due to these gentlemen.

The cheque handed over by the Sports Committee to the Building Fund amounted to £372 15s. 9d. after all expenses had been paid. We publish with grateful acknowledgments the list of subscriptions to the Athletic Sports Meeting:—

£22.—R. Vicars.

10 guineas.—G. H. Blakemore, D. L. Aitken, H. G. Pratten.

£10.—J. E. Vickery, D. F. Stewart.

5 guineas.—R. T. Hilder, Frossard Levic, M. Alexander, J. P. Canny, L. Rossell, Hugh J. Ward, J. C. Williamson Ltd., W. J. Bloomfield, C. H. Slade, H. E. Pratten, D. Walker, A. C. Smith.

3 guineas.—R. H. Meares, D. H. McCathie, S. E. Laidley, Kwong War Chong.

2 guineas.—C. O. B. Vickery, Dr. Littlejohn, A. C. Rossell, A. E. Foss, H. Chadwick, E. Gostelow, H. T. Morgan, L. E. Moss, Miss Miller, Byron Ruse, A. B. Russell.

£2.—Mrs. E. Newman, W. J. Miles.

1 guinea.—R. Levy, G. Blair, A. E. Street, A. Foldi, L. Aveyard, E. D. Clark, Mrs Neale, P. R. Hatherell, M. C. Cowdery, E. Garvin, Dr. McCredie, W. H. Rayner, J. S. Brunton, B. Hesslein, E. G. Chaffer, A. E. Cameron, J. S. Davison, J. E. Jackson, A. E. Rook, Kwong Sing, J. E. Meynink, A. Mitchell, D. Larnach, Y. Wing, F. A. Wilkinson, D. A. Robertson, S. Kessler, J. Jagleman, J. Hackett, W. S. Gay, A. S. Garvin, H. McPherson, M. Wallace, A. McIlree, F. Kindon, W. A. Webb, R. C. Swan, C. H. Wickham, L. Moses, L. B. Wilkinson, H. S. Hawkins.

£1.—H. L. Isherwood, T. F. Edgar, Mrs. L. Barnes, A. F. Osborn, Mrs. Langdon, G. Geering, R. H. Bode, J. Orr.

½ guinea.—Asher Hart, A. Lorimore, A. H. Kaleski, H. P. White, C. Bird, W. T. Wait, M. Phillips, Mrs. Harris, Dr. Breitner, J. E. Francis, C. M. Younger, W. Johnstone, G. W. Brain, P. E. Jennings.

10/-.—Prof. Wood, Mrs. Thomson, J. S. Shoppee, E. P. Norrie, C. R. Walsh.

5/-.—Mrs. D. Fraser.

There is a matter in which all have not done their duty honestly. We know that in a large school such as ours we cannot expect every boy to wear his badge always. Yet there should be no reason why he should not do so, for it is an honour to be allowed to wear the badge of the old school. As there still seems to be some doubt as to the school rule governing the wearing of the badge we quote the following: "Boys must wear their badge when travelling to and from school." It does not mean that, when school work has finished for the afternoon, there is no further necessity to wear the badge. The school expects every boy to wear it till he returns to his home. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state here that offenders in this matter will be punished.

There is another matter in which the boys should remember the name of the school. A great amount of smoking has been going on in town during the dinner hour and after school. That is absolutely against school rules. If parents allow their sons to smoke at home or out of school hours we cannot interfere. But during school hours, that is, from the time a boy leaves home in the morning till he goes home at night, smoking is forbidden. While offenders may often escape detection, it is hoped that every boy, who has any respect for the school and all it means, will do the decent thing and abide by this rule.

At Assembly on October 31, Premiership badges were presented to the shooting team and new colours to Wunderlich, Canny, Maitland, Newman i., Newman ii., and Shenstone. And on November 22

All Schools' badges were presented to our four representatives—Wing, Mackerras, Canny and Maitland.

Athletic colours were awarded this year to Langdon, Munro, Hawkins and Zlotkowski. All were truly won.

The doubles tennis championship was won by Vickery—Smith, who beat Langdon—Walker in the final. The same pair won the doubles championship at the Double Bay school's tournament in May.

The Ralston Cup for shooting at the miniature range was won this year by A. K. Osborn.

PATRIOTIC SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM S.G.S. FOR YEAR
ENDING 22nd NOVEMBER, 1918.

	£	s.	d.
War Chest	197	1	6
Red Cross	100	1	3
Hospital Cot	43	6	9
Violet Day	9	10	3
Posting <i>Sydnicians</i> to Old Boys at Front ..	9	19	4
Italian Day	10	0	0
A.I.F. Day	11	6	5
Dependents' Day	11	3	11
Jack's Day	14	4	5
Total	£406	13	10

SUMMARY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS:

	£	s.	d.
1915	498	6	2
1916	422	7	5
1917	525	13	1
1918	406	13	10

Total £1853 0 6

Found correct.

H. A. RITCHIE.

CHAS. J. D. GOLDIE.

Hon. Treasurer.

GAMES COMMITTEE.

Now that this year is drawing to a close, it seems appropriate that some short account should be given of the work of this committee. As there may still be some who are ignorant of its constitution, the following plan of electing members is given:—

The Games Committee consists of two masters, one of whom shall be Chairman; the Captains of the Football, Rowing, Cricket,

and Shooting Clubs, and three pupils of the school; and, in all, the number of pupils to be members of the committee is seven.

It is not necessary to describe here the actual business done at each meeting held this year, but merely to detail a few of the more important proposals that were carried at the several meetings.

Several alterations were made in the House system in the earlier part of the year. In "House" football competitions it very often happened that members of the 1st XV. played against members of the 5th and 6th XV's. Lack of numbers and the difficulty of selecting a XV. from each House were responsible for this. To overcome this difficulty the Games Committee decided that a combination of two of the Houses should play against a combination of the other two. Even then another difficulty arose which finally led to the abolition of House competitions in cricket, football and rowing. It was found that a regular House competition could not be arranged together with the regular outside matches. Lack of time consequently made an abolition of the above three branches of sport necessary. It was agreed, however, to take advantage of the House system for the ground-day sport, and to continue the competitions in shooting, swimming, athletics and tennis.

A new medal, to be presented annually for efficiency in swimming, was introduced this year. It is known as the "Blashki Memorial Medal." The Games Committee, acting on the advice of the Swimming Committee of the school, decided that this medal be awarded each year to the boy who gained most points in a specified number of championship events at the annual carnival.

The award of athletic colours was fixed according to a definite scheme. Any boy who scored six or more points at the G.P.S. meeting, according to the new system of points, was eligible for his athletic colours. It was also agreed that even if a boy did not actually gain points for the school and yet filled one of the first five positions he should still count the points to his own credit.

The rule that a boy must play in two-thirds of the competition matches in football and cricket to receive his colours in those sports, was modified. If in any year the number of colours given in football and cricket was less than fifteen or eleven respectively, it was decided that a boy might be recommended on his merit for colours even if he had not actually played in the required number of matches. In such a case the final judgment was always to be left to the discretion of the Games Committee.

The following new rule of fixing the election of the School's Club Captains was adopted:—In football, cricket, rowing and shooting the captain shall be elected, if necessary, at the end of the respective seasons by the team of that season; if by any chance the captain of any of the above Clubs should leave during the

season, the date of election shall be determined upon by the retiring captain and the master in charge.

At a meeting held on October 18, Barnet resigned from his position of Hon. Secretary, as he was leaving the school. Barnet's work as Secretary was invaluable and was very greatly appreciated by the members of the Committee. He did much to realise the objects for which this Committee was formed, namely, to establish a close relation between the masters and boys on matters connected with the sporting life of the school. As a consequence, the Games Committee as a body has now become incorporated in the school routine, and therein it plays a distinct part.

CRICKET.

1ST XI.

As was anticipated, the team has shown itself to be the possessor of all-round average ability rather than of any special brilliancy. The old members are well accustomed to work together, and Wunderlich has quickly adapted himself to his new surroundings. The general level of the batting has been responsible for one or two surprises; for, if some happen to fail on any occasion, one never knows which of the others will have "a day out." This is an aspect of the proverbial uncertainty of cricket which adds a kind of speculative interest to the doings of the team. Langdon has improved considerably in bowling, and now lets his head give more assistance to his arm; Wunderlich has given useful help; and Wing seems to have got back his old form and command of the ball. We have been known to miss catches and to make other mistakes in the field, but, when we are "strung up to concert pitch," our fielding is no great discredit to our traditions. Gostelow is a good "stand-by" behind the wickets; and though we know he would be the first to admit that he has still something to learn, we are lucky in having the advantage of his experience. Our defeat by Newington leaves us equal in the competition with King's, and we may for the fourth year in succession have to face the ordeal of a final play-off. Time will prove.

The team has been encouraged in its efforts by the kindness of two gentlemen. Mr. Bertie Pratten, an Old Boy, Jacky's brother, and a member of the 1st XI. in 1908, has been present at most of our practices, and given us many useful hints, which we are endeavouring to put into practice. He has offered a bat for the highest individual score before Christmas, and has promised the team all sorts of dissipation if they win the comp. Mr. H. R. Munro, always a generous friend to the school, has also offered a bat for the best bowling average up to Christmas. Such offers

are a great encouragement to the team, not merely for their intrinsic value, but also for the kindly interest they reveal. The members of the team desire to convey their hearty thanks to both gentlemen.

Just at the last moment—as a result of the signing of the Armistice on November 11—comes an invitation from Melbourne Grammar School to resume the annual match. Needless to say, we gladly welcomed the idea, and now it only remains to find dates suitable to both schools. “Old Colours” of both sides will probably read this news with delight—especially as many of them have had a share in making the resumption of the match possible.

— — —
v. T.S.C.—On School Ground, 26/10/18.

This, the first competition match of the season, resulted in a win for us by 465 runs. Scots batted first and made 96. For us, Langdon made 121 by fine driving and hitting. Pratten's 160 (n.o.) was a very vigorous performance, though it was marred by several chances. He is to be heartily congratulated on this, his first big innings for the school; we hope it is the forerunner of many others. Aitken, Gostelow and Osborn all batted well and scored vigorously. Scots fielded up well against our big total. The scores were:—

T.S.C.		S.G.S.	
Bruce, b Langdon	14	Hesslein, l.b.w., b Henderson	13
Morrison, b Langdon	8	Gostelow, l.b.w., b Howard	47
Henderson, b Langdon	0	Langdon, c Howard, b	
Hughes, b Wunderlich	26	Andrews	121
Andrews, b Langdon	4	Osborn, c Kennedy, b Bruce	34
Kennedy, st Gostelow, b		Munro, c Kennedy, b	
Munro	11	Andrews	25
Howard, run out	5	Walker, b Bruce	48
Main, b Pratten	1	Pratten, not out	160
Pilcher, c Langdon, b Pratten	0	Aitken, b Andrews	53
Grayson, not out	7	Gay, b Henderson	10
Clinch, b Wing	11	Wunderlich, not out	2
Sundries	9	Wing, did not bat	—
		Sundries	48
Total	96		
		Total (8 wickets)	561

Bowling.—S.G.S.: Langdon, 11-2-25-4; Wing, 8-2-19-1; Munro, 3-0-24-1; Pratten, 6-2-11-2; Wunderlich, 5-3-8-1. T.S.C.: Henderson, 24-1-117-2; Andrews, 23-1-145-3; Howard, 6-0-35-1; Bruce, 11-1-69-2.

— — —
v. N.C., on School Ground, 2/11/18.

In our last two competition matches against Newington we had exciting finishes, and just managed to get home; this time the tables

were turned, and our last wicket failed to pull the game out of the fire. This result was due almost entirely to the fine performance with both bat and ball of Brown, the Newington Captain. He played a splendid innings of 156, sharing with Newman in a second wicket partnership of 225, and then secured 8 out of our 10 wickets. Both Brown and Newman were missed before they had made double figures, but afterwards they completely mastered the bowling, Brown particularly playing very attractive cricket. Newman's was a patient display and of invaluable assistance to his captain. Once these two were separated the other wickets fell quickly. Still we were set the formidable task of nearly 300 runs to win. Gostelow fell early to a catch at point, but Hesslein, Langdon and Osborn carried on the score rapidly to 200. We were very pleased to see Hesslein once again display some of his old form, and we congratulate him on just reaching the century. Pratten started confidently and looked as if he would go far towards knocking off the required runs. But our hopes were not realised. Stepping out to a wide ball on the off he attempted to cover drive it, but unfortunately pulled it back on to his wicket. When stumps were drawn, the last pair, Aitken and Wing, were in, and we still wanted 46 runs to win. A few overs on Monday sufficed to end the match. After four runs had been added, Aitken was caught in the slips, and we missed what might have been a close and exciting finish. We made one or two costly mistakes in the field, but otherwise our fielding was good. Neither side, however, was quite up to first-class school standard in this respect. The scores were:—

N.C.		S.G.S.	
Pike, c Langdon, b Wing ..	5	Hesslein, c Orchard, b Brown	100
Newman, c & b Munro ..	80	Gostelow, c Pike, b Watling	4
Brown, b Pratten	156	Langdon, b Brown	28
Newton, c Gostelow, b		Osborn, b Brown	44
Pratten	6	Munro, b Brown	7
Judd, b Pratten	6	Woolcott, c Watling, b	
Pratt, b Langdon	1	Brown	8
Simpson, c Gostelow, b Wing	10	Pratten, b Brown	22
Rogers, c Munro, b Langdon	2	Walker, c Newton, b Brown	8
Carter, b Pratten	7	Aitken, c Newman, b Watling	18
Orchard, c Hesslein, b Wing	3	Wunderlich, c Pratt, b	
Watling, not out	6	Brown	0
Sundries	11	Wing, not out	1
	—	Sundries	12
Total	293		—
		Total	252

Bowling—N.C.: Langdon, 14-1-36-2; Wing, 19-2-58-3; Pratten, 21-4-74-4; Munro, 8-0-42-1. S.G.S.: Brown, 29-4-108-8; Watling, 12-1-44-2.

v. T.K.S., at Parramatta, 9/11/18.

A day spent on the pretty King's School ground is always pleasant, and the pleasure is increased if the gods are on our side. The match was sensational in several ways, and the excitement was maintained well on into the afternoon; for the issue hung in the balance till about 4 p.m. Whatever was the cause—and probably, as is usual in cricket, there was a combination of causes, including the bowling—our first eight batsmen did not occupy much more time at the wickets than they took in reaching them. That the innings ended with even so modest a total as 115 was due entirely to the nerve and determination of the other three batsmen. The board read: 8 wickets for 33. Aitken and Munro carried the total to 68, when Munro was bowled; and when Wunderlich came in, the last wicket added 57. Those three deserve great credit for their work; it was one of the factors in the result.

The recollection of our last competition match at Parramatta, in 1916, suggested an evil omen; but this time the auspices were favourable. Langdon and Wing bowled with great accuracy throughout the innings, and the fielding was keen and smart. No pair of batsmen succeeded in making a stand; five were out before luncheon for 29, and the rest fell quickly afterwards. Still it was not yet 2.30, and 74 was not a large margin. There was plenty of time for King's to get us out and make the runs; the fight was by no means over. However, we made a good start, and runs came rapidly; a fine stand by Walker and Munro put the issue beyond a doubt, and Aitken subsequently again hit with great vigour. It was nearly 5.30 when our innings closed, and King's elected not to bat again. The scores were:—

S.G.S.—1st Innings.

Hesslein, b Sheehan	5
Gostelow, b Sheehan	0
Langdon, b Forsayth	1
Osborn, b Sheehan	2
Pratten, c Forsayth, b Bettington	5
Wing, b Forsayth	1
Munro, b Sheehan	23
Woolcott, b Forsayth	4
Walker, b Bettington	5
Aitken, b Bettington	46
Wunderlich, not out	16
Sundries	7

Total 115

S.G.S.—2nd Innings.

b Bettington	26
c Hall, b Bettington	0
c Forsayth, b Bettington ..	29
c Bettington, b Ramsay ..	8
b Forsayth	18
c Forsayth, b Sheehan	13
c Manning, b Forsayth	63
b Sheehan	6
b Bettington	50
not out	54
b Sheehan	0
Sundries	22

Total 289

Aitken, not out 42	Fraser, st Gostelow, b
Woolcott, b Macrae 36	Pratten 4
Walker, not out 6	Mackin, b Wing 0
Wunderlich, did not bat	Bryant, not out 8
Sundries 59	Hogan, c Gostelow, b Pratten 13
—	Leg byes 2
Innings declared closed, 8	No ball 1
wkts. 412	—
	73

Bowling.—S.G.S.: Wing, 6 for 31; Langdon, 0 for 11; Wunderlich, 1 for 3; Pratten, 3 for 26.

NON-COMPETITION MATCHES.

v. St. Joseph's. Won by 9 runs. St. Joseph's, 137 (Pratten, 4 for 24). S.G.S., 146 (Langdon 35, Munro 29).

v. Undergrads. Won by 55 runs and 5 wickets. Undergrads, 161 (Munro, 7 for 72). S.G.S., 216 (for 5 wickets) (Pratten 75, Osborn 36, Gay 28, Munro 50).

v. Mr. Searle's XI. Drawn. S.G.S., 193 (Pratten 23, Woolcott 63 n.o., Aitken 51 n.o.). Mr Searle's XI., 150 for 7 wickets (Wunderlich 3 for 11, Langdon 2 for 44, Wing 2 for 33).

v. S.C.E.G.S. Won by an innings and two runs. S.C.E.G.S., 51 and 65 (Pratten 4 for 11, Munro 3 for 7, Wunderlich 2 for 8, Gostelow 6 for 16). S.G.S., 118 (Gostelow 38, Pratten 20).

v. Callan Park. Drawn. Callan Park, 260 for 7 wickets. S.G.S., 256 for 7 wickets (Aitken 63 n.o., Hesslein 57).

SECOND ELEVEN.

The Second Eleven have carried off their competition with an unbeaten record. They started this term with nine old members. Munro, the captain, had left, and Wunderlich had won his promotion. Horniman took over the task of captain, and has steered his team safely through their hardest matches. Results:—

v. S.J.C. Won by 59 runs. S.G.S., 181 (Garvin 56, Smith 37). S.J.C., 122 (Vickery 5 for 22).

v. Callan Park. Drawn. Callan Park, 269 (Horniman 7 for 67). S.G.S., 6 for 243 (Woolcott 101, Smith 48).

v. N.C. Competition Match. Won by 21 runs on first innings. S.G.S., 124 (Garvin 21, Gay 28, Datson 31), and 165 (Horniman 24, Smith 39, Vickery 27). N.C., 103 (Vickery 4 for 36), and 5 for 63 (Horniman 3 for 28).

v. T.K.S. Competition Match. Won by 180 runs on first innings. S.G.S., 247 (Garvin 129, Smith 41, Gay 36). T.K.S. 67 (Vickery 6 for 22), and 205 (Garvin 2 for 21).

v. S.I.C. Competition Match.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Results:—

v. Trinity Grammar. Lost by 55 runs. S.G.S., 110 (Tait 39 n.o.). T.G.S., 165 (MacKellar 3 for 25, Cozens 2 for 19).

v. N.C. Won by 28 runs. N.C., 116 (Rich 5 for 39). S.G.S., 144 (Newman 49, Alexander 47).

v. T.K.S. Lost by 98 runs. T.K.S., 259 (Rich 3 for 59). S.G.S., 161 (Rich 36, Newman 27).

 COMBINED SCHOOLS' SPORTS.

THE meeting was held on Friday and Saturday, September 20 and 21, at the Cricket Ground. Once more it proved a great struggle between ourselves and North Shore, each school winning one shield. But the standard of athletics was consistently lower than that of last year. Carr, Holcombe and Moore were far ahead of any performances put up this year.

A sweltering heat greeted the starters in the 100 yards' heats. All three races were run in 11 seconds, and two of our representatives won places in the final. The first event to carry points was the broad jump. Scots' College filled first and second places. Except for Carr's brilliant efforts, the jumping was well up to the average of last year. McFadyen's 19ft. 11ins. was quite a good jump from a rotten take-off. Munro was our best, and filled third place with just over 19 feet to his credit. While speaking of the broad jump we would like to know why Mr. Savigny was removed from his position as judge of this event, a position which he has held for 22 years! Surely this is an insult to Mr. Savigny and the school!

Once again we were very strong in hurdlers. Munro and Wilkinson both won their heats, while Hawkins ran second in his—due to the fact that he had to run round one of the hurdles, which was down. However, he won the qualifying heats in the best time of the day. The 440 yards' teams race provided plenty of excitement. Barry was outclassed in the first heat, which Heath won handily in good time. Langdon showed judgment in the second heat and won by a couple of yards. But the next was the greatest race—a fine struggle between Hatherell and Ashton. Three or four yards from home it looked as if Ashton must win, but Hatherell just managed to fall over the tape first. The teams' race was won by Shore, and we were second. The only other open event was the half-mile. As was expected, Newington filled first and second places, while we failed to gain a point. At the end of the first day Newington were leading with 11 points; Shore were second with 9, and we were equal with Scots—8.

On Saturday everyone was so excited that the hand of the

clock seemed to crawl round to two o'clock. Enthusiasts had spent hours on Friday night working out how the points were likely to turn out. Some made us win by a large margin, some by a narrow margin, and some made Shore win—but they were poo-pooed and called pessimists. We heard one critic say that the first race would forecast the result. If Heath won, Shore would win the shield; but, if Langdon won, we were safe. The pistol went, and the race was won by both Langdon *and* Heath. We heard of this later on, for the board told us nothing. Ah! that wretched board, how it worried everyone! It put up the results about three races late, sometimes it did not even put them up at all. The points were very seldom correct and times were an absolutely unknown quantity to it. Could not some more satisfactory management be devised?

Then Hawkins and Munro filled the first two places in the final of the hurdles, and we led in points for the first time. The next open event was the high jump. We had heard no account of good jumping in any of the other schools, and our best effort had been 5 ft. 2 ins., so we expected that some "dark horse" would win—as it happened, that "dark horse" came from Grammar—Zlotkowski jumped in fine style and never looked a loser. The eight points he gained by clearing 5 ft. 4 ins. went a long way towards securing us the shield. Heath again lessened our lead by winning the 220 yds. from Langdon in 23 3-5 secs. Once again Ryan won the putt for St. Joseph's, but only by three inches from Stewart, who increased his own school record to 35 ft. 9 ins. The mile, though slow, provided an excellent race. Hall (King's) made the pace during the last two laps and stuck to it very gamely, but was just beaten by a well-timed sprint by Watling (N.C.). The second division was won by Potts, also from Newington. At the start of the 440 yds. it was still possible for "Shore" to win the shield; but Langdon again ran second to Heath, and we were once more Premiers.

Undoubtedly the best sprinter of the meeting was Heath. He led Langdon by a good yard and a half in both the 220 yds. and quarter-mile, and tied with him in the 100 yds. We expect to see some more good races between these two and Munro next year. Newington College had the best long distance runners in Watling and Orchard, though their times would hardly have gained a place in last year's field.

The struggle for the Junior Shield was almost as keen as that for the Senior. The points ending slightly in favour of Shore just as the others were slightly in our favour. Shore had a very strong team and thoroughly deserved their win; in fact we were very agreeably surprised at being so close. Our improvement from last year was considerable. Though we had no one quite so

brilliant in the flat races as Shore, yet we had more who could do something, so that there was no event in which we did not gain a point. The teams race we won by 15 yards. The only other event in which we gained eight points was the high jump under 14. Joyce surpassed all expectations by clearing 4 ft. 7 ins.—a very good jump. Crawford's tie with Stacy in the hurdles in 14 seconds, was also very creditable. Burge (T.S.C.) was the best jumper under 16. It is some time since the same boy has won both the broad and the high jumps. We must not forget Hickson's finish in the 220 yds. under 16. He seemed to walk past Mackellar and McIntosh with the greatest of ease. We were very glad to see Armidale score so well. Stacy will take a lot of beating in the Juniors next year.

As we expected, the new system of awarding points was very thoroughly tested. But we do not consider that it brought out the respective merits of the athletic teams. Had each school counted points for every place it filled we would have won the Senior Shield by 20 points, while Shore would have won the Junior by 15 points; both of which results are far truer indications of the merits of the teams than the actual results. Munro won, in all, 14 points, three of which only counted to his school—how absurd!

RESULTS:

100 Yards (*open*).—*1st Heat*: 1, F. G. Ryan (S.J.C.); 2, J. L. Cosh (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 11 secs. *2nd Heat*: 1, P. J. Heath (S.C.E.G.S.) and D. G. Munro (S.G.S.), dead heat. Time, 11 secs. *3rd Heat*: 1, N. S. Langdon (S.G.S.); 2, A. Oxenham (S.I.C.). Time, 11 secs.

Final: 1, P. J. Heath (S.C.E.G.S.) and N. S. Langdon (S.G.S.), dead heat; 3, D. G. Munro (S.G.S.); 4, A. Oxenham (S.I.C.); 5, F. G. Ryan (S.J.C.). Time, 10 4-5 secs.

Under 16.—*1st Heat*: 1, B. Burge (T.S.C.); 2, R. G. O. Harris (S.C.E.G.S.); 3, J. R. Mackellar (S.G.S.). Time, 11 3-5 secs. *2nd Heat*: 1, F. D. A'Hickson (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, J. A. Freidman (S.G.S.). Time, 11 4-5 secs. *3rd Heat*: 1, N. D. McIntosh (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, E. W. Crawford (S.G.S.). Time, 11 9-10 secs.

Final: 1, N. D. McIntosh (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, R. G. O. Harris (S.C.E.G.S.); 3, F. D. A'Hickson (S.C.E.G.S.); 4, B. Burge (T.S.C.); 5, J. R. Mackellar (S.G.S.). Time, 11 2-5 secs.

Under 14.—*1st Heat*: 1, B. MacPherson (N.C.); 2, H. Hardy (S.H.S.). Time, 12 4-5 secs. *2nd Heat*: 1, A. H. Beer (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, S. S. Langdon (S.G.S.); 3, G. S. Smith (T.A.S.). Time, 12 3-5 secs. *3rd Heat*: 1, J. McDonough (S.J.C.); 2, H. L. M. Smith (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 12 4-5 secs.

Final: 1, G. S. Smith (T.A.S.); 2, B. Macpherson (N.C.);

3, A. H. Beer (S.C.E.G.S.); 4, H. Hardy (S.H.S.); 5, S. Langdon (S.G.S.). Time, 12½ secs.

220 Yards (open).—1st Heat: 1, P. J. Heath (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, A. Oxenham (S.I.C.). Time, 24 secs. 2nd Heat: 1, F. W. Edwards (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, D. G. Munro (S.G.S.). Time, 24½ secs. 3rd Heat: 1, J. L. Cosh (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, N. S. Langdon (S.G.S.). Time 24 3-5 secs.

Final: 1, P. J. Heath (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, N. S. Langdon (S.G.S.); 3, D. G. Munro (S.G.S.); 4, A. Oxenham (S.I.C.); 5, F. W. Edwards (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 23 3-5 secs.

Under 16.—1st Heat: 1, N. D. McIntosh (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, A. E. C. Stacy (T.A.S.). Time 26 secs. 2nd Heat: 1, B. Burge (T.S.C.); 2, F. D. A'Hickson (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 25 3-5 secs. 3rd Heat: 1, J. R. Mackellar (S.G.S.); 2, R. G. O. Harris (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 26 secs.

Final: 1, F. D. A'Hickson (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, J. R. Mackellar (S.G.S.); 3, N. D. McIntosh (S.C.E.G.S.); 4, A. E. Stacy (T.A.S.); 5, B. Burge (T.S.C.). Time, 25 4-5 secs.

Under 14.—1st Heat: 1, A. H. Beer (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, G. S. Smith (T.A.S.). Time, 28 1-5 secs. 2nd Heat: 1, J. McDonough (S.J.C.); 2, B. MacPherson (N.C.). Time, 28 2-5 secs. 3rd Heat: 1, H. Hardy (S.H.S.); 2, S. S. Langdon (S.G.S.). Time, 28 secs.

Final: 1, A. H. Beer (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, G. S. Smith (T.A.S.); 3, S. S. Langdon (S.G.S.); 4, B. MacPherson (N.C.); 5, H. Hardy (S.H.S.). Time, 28 secs.

440 Yards (open).—1st Division: 1, P. J. Heath (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, J. A. Vote (S.H.S.); 3, A. Oxenham (S.I.C.). Time, 54 1-5 secs. 2nd Division: 1, N. S. Langdon (S.G.S.); 2, W. McFadyen (T.S.C.); 3, F. W. Edwards (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 54 3-5 secs. 3rd Division: 1, W. Hatherell (S.G.S.); 2, J. Ashton (S.C.E.G.S.); 3, D. R. Rylance (T.K.S.). Time, 56 secs. 4th Division: 1, M. Hough (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, E. A. W. Tubman (N.C.); 3, —. Kirkby (T.K.S.). Time, 56 1-5 secs.

Final: 1, P. J. Heath (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, N. S. Langdon (S.G.S.); 3, J. A. Vote (S.H.S.); 4, W. McFadyen (T.S.C.); 5, A. Oxenham (S.I.C.). Time, 54 2-5 secs.

440 Yards Teams Race.—1, S.C.E.G.S.; 2, S.G.S.; 3, N.C.; 4 T.K.S. and S.H.S.

880 Yards (open).—1, G. B. Orchard (N.C.); 2, J. Watling (N.C.); 3, J. A. Vote (S.H.S.); 4, G. B. Hall (T.K.S.); 5, L. O. Rutherford (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 2 mins 10 2-5 secs.

Under 16.—1, A. F. Janes (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, T. Webb (S.G.S.); 3, C. Morrissey (S.I.C.); 4, V. G. Wesche (T.K.S.); 5, E. J. Decent (T.A.S.). Time, 2 mins 17 1-5 secs.

Mile (open).—1st Division: 1, J. Watling (N.C.); 2, G. B. Hall (T.K.S.); 3, S. G. Webb (S.H.S.); 4, G. B. Orchard (N.C.);

5, L. O. Rutherford (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 4 mins 58 1-5 secs. *2nd Division*: 1, R. G. Potts (N.C.); 2, N. T. Nicklin (S.C.E.G.S.); 3, R. Rickard (S.H.S.). Time, 5 mins 8 secs.

Teams Race.—1, N.C.; 2, S.C.E.G.S. and S.H.S.; 4, T.K.S.; 5, S.G.S.

High Jump (open).—1, E. R. I. Zlotkowski (S.G.S.); 2, P. Ireland (S.I.C.); 3, A. Bruce (T.S.C.), A. Little (S.G.S.), and F. A. Ludowici (S.G.S.), tie. Height, 5 ft. 4 ins.

Under 16.—1, B. Burge (T.S.C.); 2, W. Alexander (S.G.S.) and C. Donkin (T.S.C.), tie; 4, K. S. Drummond (T.K.S.). Height, 4 ft. 11¾ ins.

Under 14.—1, C. Joyce (S.G.S.); 2, —. Pottie (T.K.S.); 3, B. MacPherson (N.C.); 4, C. M. G. Friend (T.K.S.). Height, 4 ft. 7 ins.

Broad Jump (open).—1, W. McFadyen (T.S.C.); 2, H. Reid (T.S.C.); 3, D. G. Munro (S.G.S.); 4, N. A. Davidson (T.A.S.); 5, N. S. Langdon (S.G.S.). Distance, 19 ft. 11 inches.

Under 16.—1, B. Burge (T.S.C.); 2, A. F. Janes (S.C.E.G.S.); 3, J. R. Mackellar (S.G.S.); 4, T. E. Roberts (S.G.S.); 5, W. J. McSweeney (S.G.S.). Distance, 18 ft. 0½ ins.

Hurdles, 120 Yards (open).—*1st Heat*: 1, J. Little (T.K.S.); 2, R. C. Jamieson (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 18 1-5 secs. *2nd Heat*: 1, D. G. Munro (S.G.S.); 2, A. A. Forsyth (T.K.S.). Time, 18 secs. *3rd Heat*: 1, F. W. Edwards (S.C.E.G.S.); 2, H. S. Hawkins (S.G.S.). Time, 18 secs. *4th Heat*: 1, G. B. Wilkinson (S.G.S.); 2, T. Linskey (S.J.C.). Time, 19 secs. *Qualifying Heat*: 1, H. S. Hawkins (S.G.S.); 2, A. A. Forsyth (T.K.S.). Time, 17 4-5 secs.

Final: 1, H. S. Hawkins (S.G.S.); 2, D. G. Munro (S.G.S.); 3, F. W. Edwards (S.C.E.G.S.); 4, A. A. Forsyth (T.K.S.); 5, G. B. Wilkinson (S.G.S.). Time, 17 4-5 secs.

90 Yards, (under 16).—*1st Heat*: 1, E. J. Decent (T.A.S.); 2, C. Morrissey (S.I.C.). Time, 14 3-5 secs. *2nd Heat*: 1, A. E. C. Stacy (T.A.S.); 2, S. J. Burt (S.H.S.). Time, 14 2-5 secs. *3rd Heat*: 1, E. W. Crawford (S.G.S.); 2, R. G. Harris (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 14 4-5 secs. *4th Heat*: 1, J. R. Mackellar (S.G.S.); 2, F. D. A'Hickson (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 14 2-5 secs. *Qualifying Heat*: 1, S. J. Burt (S.H.S.); 2, F. D. A'Hickson (S.C.E.G.S.). Time, 14 2-5 secs.

Final: 1, A. E. C. Stacy (T.A.S.) and E. W. Crawford (S.G.S.), dead heat; 3, F. D. A'Hickson (S.C.E.G.S.); 4, E. J. Decent (T.A.S.); 5, J. R. Mackellar (S.G.S.). Time, 14 secs.

Putting the Shot (open).—1, F. G. Ryan (S.J.C.); 2, N. F. Stewart (S.G.S.); 3, H. L. Wilson (S.C.E.G.S.); 4, R. Crammond (S.I.C.); 5, L. McStay (S.I.C.). Distance, 36 feet.

Teams Race (under 16).—1, S.G.S.; 2, S.C.E.G.S.; 3, N.C.; 4, S.H.S.; 5, T.K.S.

Championship Points.—Senior: 1, S.G.S., 46½; 2, S.C.E.G.S., 42½; 3, N.C., 27; 4, S.H.S., 14½; 5, T.K.S., 12½; 6, T.S.C., 12, S.I.C., 12; 8, S.J.C., 9; 9, T.A.S., 2. Junior: 1, S.C.E.G.S., 48; 2, S.G.S., 43; 3, T.S.C., 24; 4, T.A.S., 22; 5, N.C., 13; 6, T.K.S., 8; 7, S.H.S., 5; 8, S.I.C., 3; 9, S.J.C., 0.

RIFLE CLUB.

ONCE more all shooting is over for the School till next Easter, and once more the Premiership Shield remains in the Big School-room. Thanks to consistent practice throughout the year, the shooting improved steadily till it was nearly up to last year's high standard.

Forty boys attended the range regularly during the first half-year. After June the numbers had to be cut down to twenty owing to ammunition troubles. This was a pity in one way, but it undoubtedly improved the shooting of the two teams; for those who were showing any promise at all were selected, and more time could be given to individual coaching.

The weather conditions were not as perfect as last year. During the camp the wind blew from every conceivable direction, so that the coaches had plenty of practice at watching the flags. All the old colours proved themselves well worthy of their places, and, of the new members, Wunderlich improved very rapidly, and shot excellently during the camp week. Osborn and Chaffer were both likely members of the team; both shot very well during the first part of the year—Osborn's scores being especially brilliant—but, as the matches drew closer, they could not hold their places. Another shot who improved greatly was Windeyer, who changed from a very consistently rotten shot to a consistently good shot! Unfortunately he possessed a rifle which had an unaccountable habit of dropping to an outer or a miss on the fourth shot. This could not be avoided in spite of all advice not to fire a fourth shot, or to fire it last.

Much valuable practice was gained from three matches shot before the School's meeting. Two of these matches were shot against the Yorkshire Society and one against the Wunderlich Club. It is practice such as this that improves the shooting more than anything else. If there is one thing that will spoil the shooting of a team, it is nervousness; and it was largely due to this match practice that our team was able to go down in the Schools' matches and shoot without being much troubled by nerves. The following are the scores of the three matches:—

v. YORKSHIRE SOCIETY.—September 14.

500 and 600 yards, max. 70.—Lorking, 31, 32—63; Wing, 32, 29—61; Mackerras, 30, 28—58; Wunderlich, 29, 29—58; Osborn,

32, 25—57; Laidley, 27, 28—57; Maitland, 28, 26—54; Newman ii., 27, 27—54. Total, 460. Yorkshire Society—total, 484.

v. WUNDERLICH CLUB.—September 28.

500 Yards, Max. 50.—Wunderlich, 46; Newman ii., 46; Maitland, 45; Newman i., 45; Mackerras, 45; Wing, 44; Lorking, 44; Laidley, 43. Total, 358. Wunderlich Club—total, 357.

v. YORKSHIRE SOCIETY.—October 5.

200 and 500 Yards, Figure Targets, Max. 70.—Wunderlich, 32, 29—61; Wing, 30, 29—59; Newman ii., 27, 29—56; Lorking, 26, 30—56; Maitland, 27, 29—56; Canny, 26, 29—55; Mackerras, 25, 28—53; Laidley, 27, 24—51. Total, 447. Yorkshire Society—total, 437.

By winning the match against the Wunderlich Club we won a most enjoyable dinner, which was given at the Australia by Mr. Wunderlich. The team offers its very heartiest thanks to Mr. Wunderlich for this excellent ending to the shooting of the year.

The School's meeting was held on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 8 and 9. The first match, on Tuesday morning, was the Rawson Cup. There was a strong wind from the south-west. Again the figure targets caused considerable trouble, most of the team finding it very difficult to hold the bull. After the first range we were leading by nine points, although Wunderlich was the only one who succeeded in scoring 30 for us. At 500 yards there was one brilliant patch—Canny scored 34, a very fine shoot on the day. The shooting at this range was more solid than at 200 yards, and we won the match by 25 points from Newington.

In the afternoon the match for the N.R.A. Shield was shot off. The wind was much the same as in the morning, and required watching; the light was clear and bright, though small clouds caused trouble at times. At 500 yards the average was just below 30, and we led N.C. again by 9 points. At 600 yards, the average kept up well, and we won comfortably from "Shore" by 38 points. Maitland won the Venour Nathan Shield with 65 out of 70; his 33 at 600 yards was very good. Mackerras and Canny were both close to him with 64 each. Two shots from the end Canny looked a certain winner, but he managed to finish up with two "maggies," thus dropping below Maitland's solid finish of five "bulls."

On the Wednesday afternoon the match for the Buchanan Shield was shot at 800 yards. During the practices a couple of days before we had heard that Shore were averaging 45 out of 50, and we ourselves had reached 43, so we were expecting some very hot scores, but the inexplicable happened, and both Shore and ourselves dropped badly. Newington won with 396, and we were second, four points behind. Misses constantly put in an appearance when least expected; and, where they were in the

middle of a shoot, they were always due to elevation, nearly everyone finding it difficult to hold the rifle steady against the wind.

The top scorers of the matches were Maitland and Canny with 165 and 164 respectively out of 190. Both shot solidly at every range, and they were well above anyone else in the aggregate—two very creditable performances for new members of the Club.

Since last year the method of awarding the Premiership had been changed. Any school that wins two matches outright wins the Premiership automatically. If three schools win one match each, the old system of awarding points—1st, 3 points; 2nd, 2 points; 3rd, 1 point—is to be adopted. If this still brings any schools equal they shoot it off at 600 yards. So, by winning the Rawson Cup and the N.R.A. Shield on the first day we kept the Premiership.

SCORES IN THE MATCHES.

	Rawson Cup.	N.R.A. Shield.	Buchanan Shield.	Total.
S.G.S.	553	590	392	1,535
N.C.	528	531	396	1,455
S.C.E.G.S.	511	552	388	1,451
T.K.S.	504	544	381	1,429

INDIVIDUAL SCORES.

	Rawson Cup.		N.R.A. Shield.		Buchanan Shield.	Total
	200 yds.	500 yds.	500 yds	600 yds.	800 yds.	
D. G. Maitland ..	28	29	32	33	43	165
A. J. Canny ..	26	34	33	31	40	164
A. P. Mackerras ..	29	28	32	32	37	158
J. W. S. Laidley ..	24	26	33	28	44	155
I. V. Newman ..	28	29	30	28	40	155
H. W. Lorking ..	27	28	26	32	42	155
F. E. Wunderlich ..	30	29	26	25	44	154
L. W. Wing ..	27	30	29	28	35	149
E. V. Newman ..	28	23	29	28	35	143
W. G. Shenstone ..	25	25	27	28	32	137
	—	—	—	—	—	—
	272	281	297	293	392	1,535
	—	—	—	—	—	—

On the Wednesday morning the second teams' match was held. Our team shot well up to form and won by six points from "Shore." Scores:—Osborn 65, Chaffer 64, Scott-Findlay 63, Earlam 61, Spier 57, Vickery 56, Windeyer 53, Stewart 52. Total, 471. 2nd S.C.E.G.S., 465. The shooting of Osborn, Chaffer, Scott-Findlay and Earlam was very hot for a second team.

On the evening of 23rd of October a very pleasant match was shot against the Wunderlich Club at their miniature range. The School won by 18 points—distance 25 yards, half-inch bull, max. 80—scores: Wing 80, Maitland 79, Mackerras 77, Lorking 75, Canny 71, Laidley 70, Earlam 70, Shenstone 69; total 591. Wunderlich Club—total, 573.

The Combined Schools' Match was shot against the Police Rifle Club on November 6. Our representatives were: Wing, Mackerras, Canny and Maitland. Canny shot best for the Schools.

The Marks Shield was won for the second half-year by L. W. Wing, with a score of 134 out of 140.

At assembly on October 31, new colours were presented to Wunderlich, Canny, Maitland, Newman i., Newman ii., and Shenstone, and Premiership badges to the whole team.

The Club will start next year with only four old colours. Canny has been elected Captain; Maitland, Vice-Captain; and Newman i., Secretary.

Once more we must offer a word of thanks to Mr. Tayler for the invaluable help he has given us during the year. Mr. Tayler has raised the School's shooting from an almost negligible quantity to the first place among the Great Public Schools, which position it held for so long under Sgt. Hagney and Mr. Farrar.

ROWING.

THERE was a large response to the call for rowers again this year; between fifty and sixty boys were given a trial. Sixteen of these have been selected to row in the Trial Fours' race, which will be held at Blackwattle Bay early in December.

Owing to a difficulty in getting boats and the interference caused by examinations, the race is taking place later than was originally intended.

The work of the boys rowing in the crew is characterised by keenness and on the whole good rowing.

For the senior crews we have ten of last year's rowers, three of whom rowed in the eight.

The following are the crews for Trial Fours:—

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Bow:	Parker	Joyce	Backhouse.	Coberoft
2:	McCathie	Street	Gibson	Cowdery
3:	Walker	Ward	Palmer	Crick
Str.:	Moore	Blakemore	Hall	Hilder
Cox:	Doran	Clapin	Bowden	McKenzie

TENNIS.

THE Captaincy of the School, played last quarter, was won by Garvin i. He beat Vickery in the final, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4.

The Doubles Championship of the School was played this term, and Smith and Vickery were the winners. Much of the tennis played in this event was very evenly contested, and, together with the winners, the following pairs—Crossing and Mackellar, Hesslein and Munro, Walker and Langdon—showed very good form. The Singles and Doubles Championship of the School are each contested twice during the year, and every boy who is keen on tennis should enter for both these events.

The following were the scores in the Doubles Championship:—

Crossing and Mackellar beat Osborn and Laidley, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4.

Hesslein and Munro beat Canny and Ross, 6-0, 6-1.

Moore and Vicars beat Buchanan and Cureton, 11-9, 6-4.

Smith and Vickery beat Stewart and Hatherell, 3-6, 6-3, 6-2.

Rossell and Cozens beat Nott and Robertson, 3-6, 6-3, 6-2.

Hesslein and Munro beat Crossing and Mackellar, 6-2, 6-3.

Langdon and Walker beat Rossell and Cozens, 6-3, 6-4.

Smith and Vickery beat Moore and Vicars, 8-6, 6-4.

Smith and Vickery beat Hesslein and Munro, 7-5, 7-5.

Langdon and Walker beat Gostelow and Garvin, 6-4, 4-6, 7-5.

Final—

Smith and Vickery beat Langdon and Walker, 6-2, 10-8.

SENIOR CADETS.

“The uniform ’e wore
Was nothin’ much before,
An’ rather less than ’arf o’ that be’ind;
For a piece o’ twisty rag,
An’ a goat-skin water-bag,
Was all the field-equipment ’e could find.”

—Gunga Din.

THE majority of us are worse off than Gunga Din—we have no uniform at all. There is a legend that in some prehistoric age, possibly in the eocene period, the Department of Defence used to issue uniforms to Senior Cadets. None, says the latest ukase, will be issued until further notice, a command to Area Officers which does not appear to involve much change in their course of action.

Now the war is practically over perhaps things will alter for the better in the treatment of Senior Cadets. If the system is to be continued, so as to be of real use in the training of citizen soldiers, many reforms must take place, amongst which the following are suggested:—

(1) Whole time Area Officers. The present arrangement is a bad one; generally an Area Officer leaves the work of the office to an S.S.M., whose life is overburdened with clerical work, with the result that the records and correspondence get into a muddle. As a rule, there is a poor system in conducting the affairs of an Area.

(2) Proper training and treatment of officers. Officers should be compelled to attend one camp of 14 days a year, at which they should receive pay according to their rank. They should be required to pass the same examinations as all other officers of the Citizen Forces and receive substantive commissions, and the same rate of pay. To-day the rule is that a cadet officer outside the Great Public Schools is badly trained and has little knowledge of his duties.

(3) A tightening up of discipline. With the exception of cadets at the Great Schools, there is a very serious lack of discipline on parade. The movement does not really get hold of the boys, and the present type of Area Officers and Staff Sgt.-Majors are not the men to grasp the problem.

(4) The abolition of the present musketry course, which is useless for training purposes. Cadets who have never before handled a rifle are rushed out to the rifle range, and hurried through the firing without proper coaching or help. The present system is a waste of time and ammunition. Miniature range practice should be substituted for it, allowing full time for thorough instruction in aiming, etc.

(5) A change of administration at Headquarters. The present staff have one object in life—to shift the responsibility for action upon the shoulders of someone else. Little "brass hats" are the same as big "brass hats" in this respect.

(6) The millenium.

W.F.J.

SNAPSHOTS FROM HOME LEAGUE.

For the last six months this League has been doing a very necessary work. The members have been receiving, through the Y.M.C.A., applications from our men in France and Palestine, and the Australian Fleet, for photographs of friends and relatives at home. On receipt of such applications each member has taken charge of those which concerned his own district, called at each address and taken the photographs, copies of which have been sent to the relatives here and to the "boy" at the Front.

At first, many were inclined to regard this work as of very little importance, and the members as busy-bodies who were more nuisance than use to the families visited, but letters from many

sources, and particularly General Birdwood himself, have made it quite evident that the labours of the Snapshot League in Australia have been most successful in meeting a genuine need: that the glimpse of home that many a homesick man has received through the League has meant a great deal to him, both as a soldier and as father, son, or lover. Our small branch has not been in existence long enough to receive many expressions of gratitude, but some of us have already had appreciative letters from the Front.

Our work is by no means ended by the signing of the Armistice, for we can hardly expect all our men back in less than a year, and many will wish for a glimpse of the home folk during that time of weary waiting.

In conclusion, the boys of the School League are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm they have shown and the number of applications they have already dealt with. They may well feel proud to have taken part in a movement that has met a real necessity, and to have "done their bit" in helping to lighten the burden so long borne by our gallant men.

K.B.F.L.

FARRAR PRIZE ENGLISH ESSAY.

WHEN as the result of the Farrar Memorial Fund a Farrar English Prize was established, one of the conditions laid down was that an essay on some literary subject should form part of the work on which the prize was awarded. This condition has always been observed, but hitherto no further notice has been taken of the essay. It is proposed now, subject to the approval of the Editorial Staff, to publish the Prize Essay in the December issue of each year.

This year the subject set was "Poetry and War." The essay was to be limited to a certain length, headed by a motto or *nom-de-plume*, and not written in the author's own handwriting. Eleven essays were sent in. From these the best two were selected, and submitted to Mr. F. G. Phillips, of Chatswood School, at one time English Master at S.G.S., who very kindly undertook to make the final award. His decision was: 1st, "*Litteratus*," *prox acc*, "*Arma Vatesque Cano*," and the authors proved to be—1st, Wing i.; 2nd, Earlam i. The Prize Essay is printed below.

WAR AND POETRY.

If we pay a visit to any lending library and glance along the shelves of the section marked "Poetry," we will see dozens of new, and, for the most part, thin volumes—What are they? They are collections of some of the poems which are flowing from the pens of all sorts and classes of poets, most of whom bear a

military rank—boys fresh from school, men from college, older men with maturer ideas—all expressing their own individual thoughts on the War. War must produce an outbreak such as this! It causes men to think more deeply and stirs their emotions till they are in just the state of mind in which poetry is understood and produced.

This revival of interest in poetry has been one of the marked results of the War. Many who read it little before have been led to read it more, while those who cared for it before the War have found that caring increased and intensified. Poetry acts as a sedative to excited or troubled minds. The War has created in many a state of mind which makes them more hungry for poetry than before.

Several changes have come about which have produced that state of mind. Men have realised that ordinary material aims of life are no longer of prime importance. Their duty to their country and the cause of liberty must stand foremost. The main aim of the ordinary professional man before the War was "advancement in life." Since August, 1914, that has all been knocked out of him. At the same time the work done has vastly increased—surgeons, scientists, munition-workers—all are working at top speed. Any selfish thought prevents the appreciation of poetry, but the thought of service at once raises our ideals, it liberates the spirit and prepares us to receive the highest thoughts expressed in poetry.

This change of outlook has its effect on the minds of poets just as on the readers of poetry. The two sets of people are not different, we all have poetry in us, but the person called a poet also possesses the power to express his thoughts in verse. The great secrets and factors in poetry are passion, sincerity and art. Passion may convert a dull artist into an artist no longer dull, into an artist excited and eager, and at his best; but it cannot make an artist of him who is none at all, nor a little artist into a great artist. It may make him see things more clearly, see them more vividly; it may heighten his power, but it cannot give him the power of expression if he has not got it. Many poets were artists before the War and could produce melodious verse, but they lacked intensity and passion. The War with all the varied emotions it produces has kindled that passion.

War in this way heightens our appreciation for poetry, and causes a fresh outburst. But many of the poems produced at once do not endure the test of time. Poets are the most sensitive of mortals, and in a sudden emotional upheaval they too often mistake fever for inspiration. A man in a fever is never at his best in anything; he is likely to be delirious and extravagant, and he is always unrestrained. Consequently out of the floods of

poetry that flow rapidly from the pens of hundreds of versifiers, few poems have more than a brief life.

The filter of time has separated for us the great poems inspired by past wars. The oldest poem we have, "The Iliad," is also the greatest war poem. The subject of our own early English poetry and the songs of the minstrels was war and the deeds of men in the wars. War is constantly alluded to by Shakespeare—Henry V. before Harfleur—

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends. . . ."

is the outstanding instance; and patriotism in Richard II.—

"This blessed plot of earth, this realm, this England."

Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt" is one of the best known poems in our language. So far the passion of love and war had not blazed side by side in poetry. But perhaps in the whole range of English Lyrics there is no one stanza which has satisfied more minds than the last of Lovelace—

"I would not love thee, dear, so much

Loved I not honour more."

The French Revolution and the Empire that succeeded it jointly brought a new inspiration into English poetry. Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey sang together like the morning stars and shouted for joy when the dawn of Liberty appeared. Campbell's battle-songs—"Ye Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," and "The Battle of the Baltic"—are noble lyrics of patriotism inspired by the same wars. Scott's glorious recital in "Marmion," of the death struggles of Scotland's chivalry around her king at Flodden, burns with the fire of the heroic struggle that was being waged by Britain when he wrote the lines. They make an appeal to the men-at-arms that will never die. As they inspired Wellington's troops behind the lines of Torres Vedras, so more than a century later they have been recited to encourage our soldiers in the trenches of Northern France. "The Burial of Sir John Moore" stands in the public repute like a solitary column, no other poem by Wolfe is read widely now. The Crimea and Mutiny days at once suggest Tennyson. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" are both enduring poems dealing with separate incidents in one campaign. So "The Defence of Lucknow" is an undying record of an event in the other. We see from these instances that the poetry inspired by war is of two kinds—purely narrative poetry dealing with separate incidents, and emotional poems expressing general thoughts aroused by the conflict.

It is impossible to stand off and view in a general way the poetry inspired by the present war. The poet that must arise, the coming great poet, who, to posterity, will stand out above his fellows, may not have written a line yet. He may be playing

on the school grounds of England or France. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and that galaxy of brilliant stars which flamed in the dawn of the nineteenth century, ending in Browning, Tennyson and Arnold, were all youths at the time of the French Revolution. However, the stress of the fight has already called forth poems which we will not easily forget from Hardy, Kipling, Vernède, Binyon, Brooke, Masefield, and others. The declaration of war produced one really adequate poem. Kipling saw at a glance the full meaning of the danger and sounded the alarm—

“For all we have and are,
For all our children’s fate,
Stand up and meet the war,
The Hun is at the gate!

Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?”

Thomas Hardy has been converted from a pessimist to a rampant optimist. His “Song of the Soldier” thrills us with hope, and faith in the ultimate righteousness of things—

“Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.”

Laurence Binyon’s greatest poem, “To the Fallen,” was inspired by the War. His previous poems were feeling for that inspiration but could not reach it—

“With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.”

Rupert Brooke was always an artist, he joined the army and became subject to the emotions aroused by the struggle. Few of his poems written before the war will live; but it is hard to conceive of any generation of Englishmen that will be able to read “The Soldier,” and any other poem in the brief cycle called “1914,” without joy in the sound of the words and pride in the spirit beyond the words. He has enshrined one of the finest thoughts expressed since the War began in the three lines—

“If I should die, think only this of me;
That there’s some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.”

But the direct influence of the War is a very small quantity compared with its indirect influence. We are set thinking, musing, mourning, fearing, hoping, doubting, believing, praying, loving, hating—not the sinner but the sin—as never before. And we look for poetry to tell us something of our feelings and those of others, to purge us, as the ancients said, with pity and fear. We find some of our satisfaction in the old poetry and some in the new.

The emotions which throb in us to-day are but an echo of

the cry that has vibrated down the ages and has been truly coherent only on the lips of the masters of song. Thus we have in Wordsworth far the greatest of all poets of war. He wrote indeed of the struggle with Napoleon, but no writer of to-day has probed so searchingly the spiritual issues involved in the present clash of armies, or has so magnificently interpreted the true significance of nationality. It is difficult to believe that his sonnet entitled, "Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard," written in 1810, was not written about Belgium in 1914. Alarmed at the nearness of the French coast, he wrote—

"Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near;
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood
I think; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters."

If that could be written in 1802, what intensity of meaning has it gained in an age of Zeppelins and submarines? A year later he summoned men of all parties to sink their differences and unite against the common foe—

"Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken all,
Whate'er your temper, at your country's call,
Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
Or save this honoured Land from every Lord
But British reason and the British sword."

The lines might have been addressed to the Unionists and Liberals to-day. The fate of his brother brought home to Wordsworth with peculiar poignancy the pathos and the glory of the fate of the mightier seaman who, in the same year, also died "where his duty stationed him." He combined the highest qualities of Nelson and his sailor brother into the "Character of the Happy Warrior." As national armies more and more replace the professional soldiers of Wordsworth's day this picture bids fair to have an even wider expressiveness. Thus it is always with great literature. It transcends the conditions which gave it birth; it gains with the flight of time new and more pregnant significance.

The literature, not only of our own people, but of the whole world, owes much to war, to the narration of brave deeds, the praise of the heroes, the incitement to patriotism, the lamentation over the "brave who sink to rest," the expression of the sorrow and suffering the war brings to women and children. From the Lament of David over Saul and Jonathan slain in high places, down to the noble speech in which Lincoln consecrated the cemetery at Gettysburg, the death of heroes in battle has moved

men to large and lofty utterance. From the great epic of the Siege of Troy down to the doings of our brave and cheery Anzacs in the trenches, battle and the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the chivalry which war inspires in the breasts of the brave men have been felt to require expression to which prose is inadequate.

 POEMS.

Victory! the fight for freedom won!
 The shell-pocked fields of France grow green,
 Her peasants, battle-scarred, plough clean
 The trenches of the flying Hun.

Justice; for all who blackened time
 With flaming hate that leapt at Heaven,
 And justice—heated seven times seven—
 For him who crowned himself with crime.

Peace! for the living—for our dead
 Surely deep peace beyond our tears,
 Beyond our pride, their glory—and fears
 Lest we should fail to follow where they led.

19.11.'18.

D. O'R.

 PEACE—AND AFTER.

'Twas not in vain! We read with rising pride
 The everlengthening scroll of those that sped
 Where forth the cause of Right and Duty led—
 And some have come back maimed, and some have died!
 Tho' dark the hours have been, the peril dire,
 Our trust was that the stoutness of their hearts
 Must surely triumph o'er the foe's black arts
 And win what all men for the world desire—
 Peace! They have done their work and nobly wrought,
 Without a care for all that might ensue,
 By facing toils surpassing human thought,
 In fullest measure; ours to reap the gain,
 To help the stricken build their life anew,
 And, helping, prove the words—" 'Twas not in vain! "

 THE PIPES OF PAN.

Once in the silence while walking alone in the forest,
 There 'neath the trees, where a rivulet sparkled and flowed,
 Faintly I heard them—faintly—afar in the distance,

Calling me softly in exquisite tones to their side.
 Quickly I hastened, but ever with laughter elusive
 Fainter they sounded and faded away in the distance.
 Soon I could hear but the echoes their sweet notes repeating,
 And at length their melodious music faded away.

And oftentimes now when I'm walking alone in the forest,
 There in the even, when nature is silent and still,
 There in the distance I hear their melodious twinklings
 Of marvellous beauty, and all things around me seem straining—
 Straining to catch but their echoes as round us they ring.
 And quickly I hasten, but never I reach nearer to them;
 Though sometimes I hear a quick footstep and light lilting laughter,
 And know that the god has passed by me, his train at his side.

And I know that some day I shall find him out there in the forest,
 There on a tree-stump, the nymphs sitting round him in wonder,
 Playing his light-hearted pipes in the glory of even,
 Moving all nature to joy with his rapturous song.

“ELONERA.”

WHERE A LIVING FOOT HAS TROD.

Nature's song is every ringing
 Upward—upward to the skies;
 Plain, and hill and sea are singing—
 Hear the melodies arise:
 Lo! the words which, never-ending,
 Swell the music, are the blending
 Of a thousand tongues and cries.
 “Where a living foot has trod,
 There is Life, and *there* is God.”

From the desert, from the mountains,
 From the sea, and from the plain,
 From all rivers, and all fountains
 Mingled sorrow, joy and pain,
 Rise through storm and peaceful weather,
 Blending in that song together—
 Hear the never-ending strain:
 “Where a living foot has trod,
 There is Life, and *there* is God.”

Let the mountains split asunder;
 Let the oceans roar and foam;
 Let the heavens break in thunder;

Storm-fiends make the Earth their home:
 But the tumult's rage can never
 Drown that music, which forever
 Fills the arch'd blue temple dome.

Let the storm be overpowered
 By the One for whom it came,
 And let every joy be showered
 On all places you can name;
 Let the very breath of Heaven
 To the Sons of Earth be given—
 Still the music is the same:
 "Where a living foot has trod,
 There is Life, and *there* is God."
 CRUMA-BOO.

PEACE.

At last the great, grey beast is overthrown,
 That ravaged, slew, and stalked o'er all the earth;
 And Joy and Merriment have now new birth,
 And gentle Peace has come into her own.

Ring out, ye bells! and mark with glad acclaim,
 That from men's minds has fled the lust to kill,
 Henceforward all are brothers, one in will,
 With hearts and minds made pure in fire and flame.

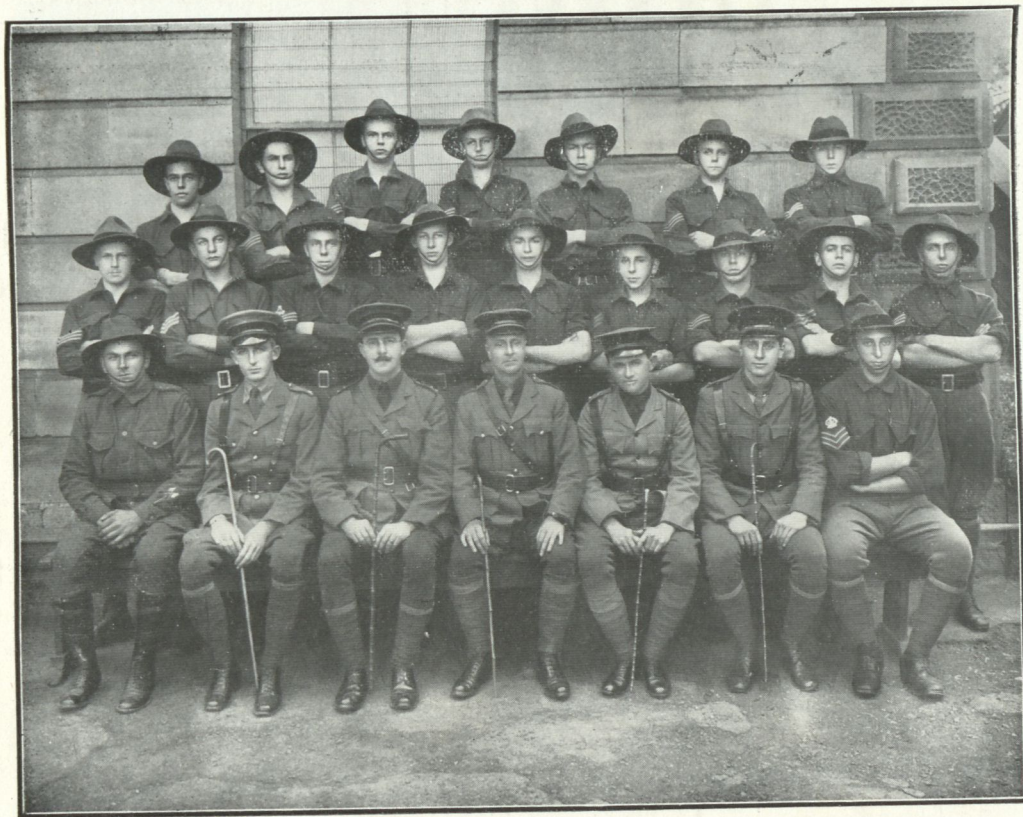
A new, white, dawn is breaking o'er the world,
 The clouds of villainy have roll'd away,
 No longer can the tyrant plot and plan.
 The fresh wind blows, the battle flags are furled,
 The earth is bright with promise of new day,
 And all is ready for the Son of Man.

"ELONERA."

11/11/18.

The night-wind bears the news—and far and wide
 In every quarter grows the joyful roar,
 Till the earth shakes as ne'er it shook before.
 "Vanquished the Dragon lies!" On every side
 The news is altered and diversified;
 What matters that? for victory is sure,
 And back through dark'ning space flies conquered war
 To the fierce hell-home, where his slaves abide.

Officers and Non-Coms., Senior Cadet Corps, 1918.



Back Row—Sgts. G. E. Levic, N. G. Rawson, A. E. Salter, J. R. Mackellar, J. M. Larnach, R. G. Roberts, J. A. Clapin.
Middle Row—Sgts. G. A. Aveyard, L. J. Heron, J. K. Houison, A. R. Nott, R. M. Mackay, P. Sherman, C. E. Street,
A. N. Hall, J. P. O. Backhouse.
Front Row—2nd Lts. R. E. G. Cunningham, H. W. Lorking, Capt. A. R. Mote, Major W. F. Jackson, 1st Lt. W. Crocker,
2nd Lt. G. G. Russell, C.S.M. R. Michaelis.

Senior Athletic Team, 1918-1919.



Standing—A. H. S. Lucas, Esq., G. B. Wilkinson, H. C. Thomson, R. K. Renwick, W. Hatherell, A. K. Osborn,
W. H. Savigny, Esq.
Sitting—F. H. Ludowici, E. R. I. Zlotkowski, N. S. Langdon, D. G. Munro (Capt.), H. S. Hawkins, N. F. Stewart, A. B. Barry.
Front—G. E. Seaton, R. E. Clapin, J. H. Wood, H. F. Ward.

So Peace is smiling on the world again;
 Most dearly bought with that red flood, which flushed
 The shell-torn ground: but think not Freedom then
 Is purchased also, for though war is hushed,
 Freedom comes only when, Race-Hatred crushed,
 Man's Love is perfect for his fellow-men.

CRUMA-BOO.

KIPLING.

Midst dust and heat they England's burdens bore,
 The soldiers of our Empire: no reward
 Or praise they craved, but, from their bounteous store,
 Their talents, lives, and all for her they poured.
 And England knew not what they did, until
 Arose one who, in flaming words of fire,
 Their story told. His ringing ballads still,
 Like bugle calls, our slothful souls inspire.
 Before the wondering gaze of children then,
 Did'st thou unlock the gates of a new heaven
 And lead them into Just So Land, which men
 Know not; for only unto thee is given
 To understand the jungle peoples' speech
 And learn with gods the mystic tales they teach.

"OUTIS."

LIFE.

I sing of the body, untrammel'd and free, exposed to the passing
 breeze,
 And the fierce delight of the game that's nobly played,
 For who has tasted the wine of life that has not drunk of these,
 Our greatest joys since first the world was made.

Oh, the joy of a long, clean track, and the thrill of unhindered
 limbs,

And the joy of the contest striving hard to win.
 The panting breath of the runner beside, as over the ground he
 skims,
 The tape in the distance, the barrackers' breathless din.

Away with the scholar who stays indoors, pouring o'er musty tome,
 Learning the useless lore of days long dead.

Away with the sluggard whose chief delight is to seek repose at
 home,

And whose world is bounded by four posts of a bed.

Life was not made for such trivial things, we were built for the
open air,

Creatures of earth and sea and sun and sky.
Our greatest joy is to feel the wind caressing our face and hair,
And laugh with him as he wantons gaily by.

"ELONERA."

WITHIN THE CAGE.

(A STUDY IN ATAVISM.)

"The animals went in two by two."—(*Nursery Rhyme*).

IN company with the Scientaster and the Pietaster, I stood in front of the monkey cage at Taronga Park and watched Sally, the chimpanzee, array herself in an openwork piece of sacking in divers ways with all the grace of a Tivoli danseuse. Without betraying the fact, she was conscious we were watching her, and posed accordingly. Having the quiet assurance of men who are modestly aware of their intellectual capacity to settle satisfactorily all modern problems ranging from the correct economical method of knitting socks to the latest theories of matter as the product of dematerialised vortices, we had discussed many things, and agreed upon none. "This," said the Scientaster, pointing rather rudely at the lady in the cage, who at that moment had concealed her head in the sacking to hide her blushes, "this is our near relative, the 'Anthropithecus niger.'" Being a purist in language and a polite man to the tongue tip, the Pietaster mildly ventured a correction of gender and suggested "Anthropithecus nigra," an emendation the Scientaster, scornfully waved aside, and proceeded in level tones: "The controversy still continues in scientific circles as to whether the Anthropithecus calvus is a different species or merely a local variety." At this precise moment the lady removed her head from the sacking and solemnly winked at me. I unhesitatingly returned the salute, and requiring no further encouragement, boldly went over the top to storm the entrenchments of my scientific friend.

"Do you assert," said I, in my most Jaggeresque style of cross-examination, "that this elegant female in the cage has the misfortune to be descended from the same ancestor as yourself?"

At this somewhat truculent question I could have sworn that the lady offered me a smile of encouragement; at any rate, she approached the bars of the cage as if to listen to the answer about to fall from the sententious lips of my friend.

"There is no doubt," said the Scientaster (and I heard the Pietaster mutter, as if by force of habit, *non est dubium quin*),

"There is no doubt that the existing anthropoid apes are only a small remnant of a large family of Eastern apes or Catarrhinae, from which man was evolved about the end of the tertiary period."

At this point the lady fell to chattering loudly, showing signs of being under the influence of some uncontrollable emotion. So evident was her anger that the Pietaster—polite man that he is—raised his hat and apologised for the unseemly intrusion into her family history.

As the afternoon was sultry, we discreetly moved away in the direction of the refreshment room. En route I returned to the assault, and being unembarrassed by the lady's presence, felt that I could freely speak my mind.

"Armageddon," said I, "is a fitting conclusion to an age which has adopted as its guiding stars two such theories as the descent of man from the monkey, and the survival of the fittest in the brute struggle of life. We have dreamed of a gladiatorial show and have produced one."

A sickly look of yellow annoyance came over the features of my Scientaster. Behind his spectacles I caught a glimpse of a baleful gleam of resentment at my temerity in attacking the sacrosanct hierarchy of science.

"I would explain to you," he said, "if time permitted, and you could possibly understand."

"*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo: favete linguis,*" murmured the Pietaster, seeing that things were approaching a crisis.

We had, however, reached the refreshment room, and facing the Hebe who dispensed the iced drinks, we tacitly resolved to adjourn the discussion. The Pietaster, who is of the clientele of the Golden Gate and an authority upon mysterious summer beverages, ordered the drinks, and paid for them. Mine was an eclectic syrup, flavoured with *creme de menthe*. It had a green taste of the non-stripe order. As he handed it to me the Scientaster muttered a chemical formula over it. I knew it afterwards to be an incantation or spell, but at the time, as I was subconsciously drawing a comparison between the Hebe of the counter and her of the cage, I did not give it serious attention. Mindful of my table manners, I imbibed the verdant liquid silently and decorously through the grease paper tube, which does duty for the primitive straw of a less refined civilisation. The Scientaster wiped his moustache with a clean handkerchief; a fly buzzed; all became a dreamy silence and faded from my consciousness. The syrup and the spell had done their fell work.

In my dream I had a sense of vast spaces of deep shadow splashed by fierce heat. Gorgeous butterflies flitted by on velvet wings, sometimes pursued by the swift hurtling pinions of birds. With tiny arms I clung to the neck of something warm, furry, and

protecting. We were moving high above the ground, through a mighty forest festooned with creepers. Sometimes the movement was a series of short jerks, sometimes a long, sure swing from tree to tree. We were not alone, for there were other dark, hairy forms swinging with us. Yet I had no fear, the protecting presence was with me and the cool leaves tickled my back pleasantly as we brushed through them in our passage.

At last we came across a clear space in the forest. I knew it must be such, without thinking, for when I closed my eyes the light still gleamed crimson through the flesh of their lids. We came to the edge of the clearing, and for the first time in my life I became aware of an acrid odour which sent a chill of fear through all my veins. The protecting presence uttered strange, harsh noises of anger and alarm. I looked down and saw bluish vapour ascending lazily in spirals through the trees, driven down here and there by slight gusts of wind which swept across the foliage. There ran out of a hiding place on the ground two little figures which remained upright as they moved, and pointed at us. There came a short, sharp noise, such as I had never before heard. The frost of panic seized me as I clung closer to the guarding presence, and fell with it to the earth below us. As I lay clutching wildly, my body was bathed by a hot liquid, and the protecting presence lay still and silent. There came close to me that strange, terrifying smell which sent the fur bristling along my back. I turned, and saw two white, hairless forms with glittering eyes and strange head coverings bending cautiously over me. One put out his hands and laying hold of my arms tried to force them away from that body which now lay stiff, staring and motionless. In my baby rage I bit him. He withdrew his hands and hit me sharply over the nose. The force of the blow awoke me from my dream, from which I was very glad to escape, so real and poignant did it seem to me. I stretched my arms lazily, without opening my eyes; the same fly was buzzing round me as when I had dropped asleep, but there was present the same pungent and unpleasant odour as came from the two white creatures of my dream. I opened my eyes and found myself *inside the cage*; the Scientaster and the Pietaster were both in front of me, but they were outside the bars, and the acrid smell came from them.

Looking back at my terrible experience I now realise quite clearly that I felt no surprise at my position. I was there quite naturally, sitting upon a perch, rubbing my nose which had just been struck by a peanut. Two fellows smaller than myself darted down swiftly for this edible, but I was too quick for them. Curling my tail round the perch I dropped gracefully like a flash of lightning between them and grabbed it. It was a bad one and had no kernel. In disgust I hurled the shells outside the cage, for I perceived that the Scientaster had thrown that worthless nut at me;

a malevolent grin overspread his countenance, his teeth glistened hatefully, and his moustache took an upward Potsdam twirl.

I had several neighbours and friends. Nearest to me on a tree bough sat Mr. and Mrs. Ichibodee, just recovering from one of their daily squabbles over the choice of a name for their new baby. Mr. Ichibodee was something of a philosopher, and passed amongst us for an intellectual. He could discuss with ease anything from the theory of the Lost Ten Tribes to the Transmigration of Souls. He was certainly at times a great bore, especially when he insisted upon giving a public recitation from that great Simian Epic poem, entitled, "Parasite Lost." For my own part I always tell him frankly that for quiet dignity I prefer the sequel, "Parasite Regained."

For a few moments the Scientaster and the Pietaster jabbered incoherently. I have always pitied these degenerate creatures whose only mode of social conversation seems to be the uttering of a disagreeable cackle. No doubt they make a mere pretence of understanding one another by means of this gabble. We, who belong to the true race of the old stock, have subtler means of communication than these *novi homines* possess.

The two humans now turned their backs to go away. It was an evil moment for our peace of mind when Ichibodee slyly descended and abstracted a piece of newspaper from the Pietaster's pocket with a view to its possible edible contents, and with no itch for news. But of such contents there were none, and finding time hang heavy upon his hands, he began to read the paper with that easy-going tolerant contempt for the degenerate human which is so marked amongst the refined intellectuals of our little world. There was no need for jabber or noise; without anything of the kind my brain was *en rapport* with his, and I could follow his thoughts as he read. "Pho," he remarked scornfully, "a nice mess our descendants have got themselves into. Grave wool shortage! Black outlook for the future; possibility of no clothes. Serve them right, the bare, smooth-skinned rascals. Precious ugly some of them will look, to be sure"—and he giggled to himself. "A nice sight that fat, bare-headed old cove who tried to prod me with his stick this morning will make, with not a stitch or a hair to cover him. No wool! Well that doesn't affect us of the pure-breed stock"—and he stroked his fur complacently.

Idly he commenced to tear the sheet into scraps of paper, and amused himself by watching them flutter to the floor of the cage. "Meat shortage! Bah. Tram Strike! Rot. I.W.W. Inquiry! Piffle. Bolshevism in Russia! Hurrah. Civilisation! Humbug. Whatever are the idiots on the other side of the cage doing?" An item caught his eye that made him pause: "Fight to the last man," he muttered, and became suddenly silent and thoughtful. A worried look stole

into his eyes, and he called his wife "Fleetee" to his side. "The Last Man," she repeated in amazement, when he had read the passage to her. "Hubbeh," what does it mean *to us*?"

"By the bones of Hinnewmann, father of all monkeys," he growled, "it looks as if we shall have to begin all over again." She gave a little squeak of alarm, mingled with delight. "But," he went on grimly, "let us take care that the new Darwinian product is more intelligent than the last."

"But were we really to blame?"

"We were careless, my dear," he replied, with immense decision.

"I have always thought Mrs. Hinnewmann rather flighty," she murmured, woman-like.

Here I intervened. Fools rush in. "Why not leave it to the crabs this time," I said, "as they did on Mars, where all is peace? They might be more successful at the game on earth than we have been."

At this remark Mrs. Ichibodee set up a shrill scream of disapproval. Ichibodee himself forgot all politeness and called me an adjective pacifist or pacificist, with no patriotism, and no imperial sentiment, a disgrace to the high traditions of our race. In the twinkling of an eye the whole cage was upon me, chattering, hustling and pinching. I shrank in fear before the storm of my unpopularity. The darkness of annihilation surrounded me. I fell through a million ages of torment and woke up in that accursed refreshment room with my friend the Scientaster shaking me by the shoulders.

"Come," said he, "it is time to catch the boat for Circular Quay."

I thought so too, and together we three passed through the turnstile. On board the ferry-boat I asked the Scientaster for the chemical formula of Crème-de-menthe. He avoided the question. He knew what I suspected. Nevertheless my time will come. I *will* learn that formula and mutter it as a charm over his drink when next we visit Taronga. But with this difference—he shall remain behind the bars. I will never remove the spell.

"POETASTER."

THE MUCH ABUSED SCIENTIST.

It, unfortunately, seems to be almost a platitude now-a-days that "The Scientist is the only person at the present day who has anything worth saying, and he does not know how to say it."

We suppose, then, the world wants this sort of twaddle:—

This morning when I woke, my life felt strangely colourless. There was no sun shining for me, the birds were not singing for me, my heart felt crushed beneath the drab commonplace of the world. Now all is changed, life's charm has returned.

As I have said, this morning, life meant nothing, and my mind

was beleaguered by many and dreadful doubtings. (The despised Scientist calls it liver, but never mind.) Thus it was I rose after breakfast and wandered aimlessly into my laboratory, where my eyes fell by chance on a test-tube, exquisitely blown from the best Jena glass. Nor was this any ordinary test tube; it possessed an international reputation, so magnificently moulded were its sides, and its lip could have been curled by none other than a master hand. Near by stood a burner of very old wrought brass, whose reputation was no less than that of the test tube. Its quaint, old, indecipherable inscription (the despised scientist thinks this is probably "Patented in all European countries") has always been a source of envy to my friends.

Reaching up to the shelf, I took down at random a mysterious bottle of dark powder, with the cryptic inscription FeS on it, and poured some of its contents into the test tube. Acting through some intuition, I then added sparingly, a little of my hydrochloric acid, an heirloom, which had been in the family for generations. No sooner was the acid in the test tube when an indescribable odour, pure, though pungent, sweet and delicious, reached my nostrils. Reminiscent of Attar, it comprised all the perfumes of the East in a breath. Life changed for me from that moment, the sun is shining for me alone, the birds are singing for my benefit.

And the poor, despised scientist is blamed for putting it like this:—

"On the addition of hydrochloric acid to ferrous sulphide, the ferrous sulphide is decomposed, with the liberation of sulphuretted hydrogen."

DE EXAMINATIONE.

BY DIGAMMA.

[DIGAMMA would like it to be clearly understood that everything from his pen is written with a definite purpose in view. The purpose of this article is: (1) To account for the possibility of the name "Digamma, Darcy Bernen" appearing in the newspapers without a fitting number of "H's" after it. (2) To make relentless professors realise that nervous, though intelligent creatures, like the author, cannot do themselves justice in the excitement of an important examination. (3) To bring about the abolition of public examinations, their "auctors" and all similar horrors.]

With quaking heart, knees, and teeth, I eventually forced myself to enter our majestic Department of Education.

"Sir," said I to the lift-driver, "I want to pass the Leaving Certificate!"

"Do you, though?" he asked doubtfully; "mind the step." A moment later we were speeding upwards, even quicker than my spirits were sinking. My details may be rather shaky, but we stopped at either the eighteenth or nineteenth floor. The lift man gently helped me to the door.

"My lad," he whispered tenderly, "I like your face!"

I was not surprised, for I rather like it myself. "I simply adore your left ear," I told him.

"That's quite beside the point," he answered, a smile of pleasure spreading over his grimy features. "I like your face, and here's a bit o' good advice: take my tip, get the next lift down, and clear home—before it's too late." With that, he closed the door with a clang, and consigned himself to the lower regions.

I scorned his cowardly suggestion, staggered to a pair of spring doors, and made five fruitless attempts to open them. For the sixth I summoned all my herculean strength and, with a tremendous heave, perspiration starting out in great beads on my high, intellectual forehead, I forced my way through.

In this great room I found all my fellow-sufferers. Could these be the same cheerful boys I had known a week ago? They stood about in little groups, talking in agitated whispers. Some were listlessly huddled into secluded corners; some were hurriedly trying to fill fountain pens with trembling, inky fingers; some, again, were feverishly "getting up" the "Binomeal Therom."

"Know any maths.?" I shrieked to them in an undertone.

"No!" they hissed.

Suddenly a grave looking gentleman on a platform at the end of the room, blew several unmusical notes on a postman's whistle. We jumped nervously, but ignored him. Doubtless the sudden news of the armistice was affecting him, too. Perhaps—

"Now then, b'ys, take your seats," he ordered in a hurt tone. We gravely shook hands with each other, laid down our math's books with a sigh, and stumbled blindly to our seats. I, and my nearest neighbour helped each other off with our coats, and held hands to the last.

Another shrill on the whistle. "Silence now, b'ys!" and the Bulldogs advanced pompously down the aisles, dealing destruction (in the shape of dangerous, yellow question-papers) right and left.

"Good luck, Grubby," I whispered brokenly to my friend, as our fate drew near.

"Good luck," he hissed through clenched teeth.

Then followed a period of horrible nightmare. Furious writing—labyrinths of figures—nothing ever dividing equally into any other thing—use of logarithmic tables forgotten . . . every thing forgotten.

In the midst of this, strains of "God Save the King" floated

up to us from different parts of the building. Sounds of the destruction of myriads of kerosene tins rose up to us from the thronging streets. Smells—detestable smells—doubtless of the Kaiser burning in effigy, came to us in our torture.

I looked critically at our Bulldogs. The whistle had been resolutely put away. They were absolutely calm, cool, and unexcited. "Why! don't they care that the war is over?" I asked myself. "They must be specially selected neutrals—or Huns—or, worse still, conscientious objectors to war."

"Half an hour to go, b'ys."

After that startling exclamation, the next thing that I remember—I am confident that I was drugged for a large part of the three hours—was a long struggle to force an absurdly thick piece of yellow-silk through a ridiculously small hole which I discovered had been pierced through all the pages I had filled.

Outside the doors I met once more the pitiful remains of our "dull L.C. candidates." Their eyes were half shut, hair-oil streamed unheeded down their inky faces, and the ends of their thumbs and fingers were bitten to shreds.

Suddenly X—broke upon us, his face shining. "Wasn't it a treat paper?" he asked joyfully.

With mad screams of hate we fell upon him, and slapped his wrists. Only the plucky determination of the Bulldogs saved him.

"LE COUP DE FOCH."

ON July 18, as all the world knows, the great German offensive towards Paris was turned. "They shall not pass" had become a strategic fact, and the offensive and initiative of action had passed from Ludendorff to Foch in the greatest battle of the war. It has been described as the greatest battle of the war, not by reason of the vast numbers employed or the territory involved, but because Ludendorff's comprehensive strategy to separate the French armies from the British, rolling the former south and isolating the latter north of the Somme, was in this classical battle turned against himself and his losses in men and material rendered decisive in the war.

Foch's handling of his reserves was the mark of the greatest military genius; by it he imposed a psychological blunder on the Germans from which they have never recovered. He delayed the use of his undoubtedly great reserve striking power so long that the enemy ceased to believe in its existence. Why did he wait for a master stroke until July 18, when, ere that date, he might have at least prevented the enemy's further advance? The answer seems

to lie partly in the desire to see the Germans commit themselves as deeply as possible without endangering Paris, and partly in the minor offensives of the Allies between June 26 and July 18, which cost the Teuton 210,000 men in casualties, 25,000 of whom were prisoners, and strategically prepared the sites where greater and more decisive operations were to take place. Ludendorff firmly believing that Foch had no reserves, allowed the Imperial Crown Prince to plunge into the great Champagne offensive and at the same time to cross the Marne without awaiting the result of the offensive round Rheims—a colossal military mistake, from which the German armies have never recovered.

Now came the coup de Foch—swift and decisive. By August 5 the German 18th, 7th and 1st armies had been driven disastrously from the Marne to the Vesle.

It is immensely interesting to study these and subsequent operations in the light of Foch's own exposition of those fundamental principles of strategy which, according to the great German strategist, Von der Goltz, are unchanging and unchangeable.

About 19 years ago Foch lectured in Paris to probationers for the *Etat Major Général*. In those lectures he condemned all defensive theories of war. "To completely achieve its double object, to be the rational end of strategic operations and the successful means of tactical success, the battle upon which the Commander means to achieve a decisive victory must be an offensive one. Of all faults, only one is infamous—inanition. To break the will of the enemy, this is the first principle which study teaches us; to break it by an unexpected blow of supreme vigour is the first deduction from that principle. For this purpose there must be action, intentional, resolute, sudden and energetic, of masses of troops on a chosen point. Movement is the law of strategy. The great events of war are never accidents. No victory can be achieved without a rigorous command, greedy for responsibilities and ready for bold enterprises."

Who can doubt that it is to Foch's profound knowledge of strategy and tactics that we owe the liberty of democracy from the militarism of the Boche? To be a great general demands intellectual and moral qualities of surpassing excellence. Foch is an erudite historian as well as a profound psychologist. He has applied Napoleon's great principle of warfare "to be victorious it is necessary and sufficient to be stronger against a given point at a given moment." One must add that the discovery of the right point and the right moment is the acid test of military genius.

W.F.J.

THE SCHOOL AND THE OLD BOYS.

DURING the past four years the bond between the School and its Old Boys has been drawn much closer. We have read, in *The Sydneian*, letters from Old Boys serving at the Front, and have seen what a keen interest they still take in the School's doings; we have read of the honours they have gained and called them "our honours"; and, alas, we have read of many who have given their lives for the great cause. The School has come to think more and more about the Old Boys, and we know that the interest of the Old Boys in the School has greatly revived, for we always hear that *The Sydneians* which arrive at the Front are well thumbed before they are cast aside.

The prospect of peace now seems bright. The armistice has been signed, and everyone is earnestly hoping that there will be no more bloodshed and that our men will return home again soon. Consequently we will hear of few more honours, and, we hope, no more deaths of Old Boys. The Old Boys have been brought closer to the School by the war, and we trust that the bond will not become slack again with the advent of peace.

In time there will be an Honour Roll in the Big Schoolroom, but before that we hope to see our men again. Many have returned already, and have visited the Old School once more, but the large majority are still to return. No doubt some great meeting of all Old Sydneians will be organised, but we hope to see many among us again; they can be quite sure that they will be welcome at any assembly. Even if they left the School many years ago their name is sure to be remembered by some, and the word passes round—"You remember, he played with the 1st XI. in 1905; his photo. is out in the passage"; or, "He was a Lieut. in the Artillery, the chap who wrote to us from hospital in England after he was wounded"; or again, "There's his name up as Captain of the School in 19—." We are, indeed, truly proud of every one, and long to see them in the Old Schoolroom once again.

One way in which the connection between past and present boys can be kept up is through *The Sydneian*. The ten or fifteen pages of letters from Old Boys are read as eagerly as any part of the paper. It is to be hoped that the Old Boys' section of the paper will never drop back to its old three or four pages, but will go on increasing. Soon there will be no more letters from the front, all will be returning home again; but there is no reason why the letters should stop. Many Old Boys will be far away from Sydney. We will be interested to hear what they are doing and they will eagerly read what the School and Old Boys are doing here.

The other way is through the sports. During the past few years Old Boys have been coming in hundreds to the football matches and the sports' meetings. This is a great thing, and will keep green the interest in the School if anything will. But we hope that after peace has come again the Old Boys' matches will be revived with renewed keenness. The days of these matches could be made days of reunion. They could be advertised among Old Boys as widely as possible so that a large number would be able to come down to the ground. The masters and boys would willingly join in to make it a great Old Boys' day.

We feel confident that the greater interest we show in the doings of the Old Boys the more they will back us up and help us. The hundreds who have written to us from the Front all show that there is still a very soft spot in their hearts for "the place in College Street." The School cannot carry on efficiently without some help from the Old Boys. If we take no steps to keep up their interest in the School and show that we recognise what they are doing, we cannot expect to receive help when we want it.

THE HEROES OF THE MOTOR CYCLE

IN the west of New South Wales there is an area equal to about one-third of the whole State. It is bounded by the South Australian and Queensland borders, and by a line running east of Cobar and Bourke. It contains most of the Darling River. It is a great sparsely populated territory of long distances and great variety; and working in this land is a little band of three men, originally five, but depleted by war. They are agents of a large organisation; and these men are our Heroes. Their main equipment is a motor car and several cycles, and they are stationed at long distance from one another, with the duty of continually travelling over the wide difficult country.

A couple of months ago the Chief from the city arrived at the headquarters at Cobar. It was four years since he had been on a bike, but yet he set out with one of the Heroes. Due west on the Darling lay Wilcannia, and away on their 150 mile run across they started. Petrol was not to be found at the expected place, and they arrived at Wilcannia at evening of the second day on their last drop of engine-heating kerosene. Then their course lay out through the opal fields of Whitecliffs, right out to the far north-western border of the State, visiting the lonely stations and small townships. All the time they had to contend with bike troubles of every description, brought on largely by the roads. Roads in some places nothing but deep sand; in others,

hard stony ridges. Many were the falls they had, but they arrived at the border in spite of them.

The destination of the return journey was Bourke. At one place the road was so bad that it brought forth the remark from the Chief: "You travel this alone as a rule, and it's not safe; what would happen if you fell and broke your leg?" And it is not an impossible feat with a motor bike and such roads. The Hero replied that it would be quite possible for him to lie there for a week or a fortnight before anyone passed. So that on each of these lonely trips these Heroes actually take their life in their hands. One night, owing to breakdowns, they had to sleep in a dug-out which they made for themselves in a sandy slope, with a fire in front of it, as it was too cold to sleep in the open. Another night they could not find the station they were aiming for, but were found by the manager, who came out in the night with his car because he thought they should have arrived, although he knew nothing for certain. This man, 140 miles from any supply, shared his last tin of petrol with them so that they might get on.

The last night out from Bourke they had to sleep in a black-fellow's hut. They only had a very little dry bread and questionable meat to eat, and then lay down to sleep in the filthy hut, taking elaborate precautions not to disturb the gin in the next room, who was all the time sleeping under a gum tree. With 110 miles to do they started before dawn and soon struck trouble. Forty miles from Bourke the Hero realised he could not get in, as his petrol was going and his bike damaged, so the Chief went on by himself. He got his first meal since the previous evening at 3 o'clock, and got a little petrol. Some way on he had a very bad fall in the middle of a heap of stones, but luckily, was only badly bruised. Dark overtook him 12 miles out, and his petrol went, with still four miles to go. But he got in by 8 o'clock and fulfilled his appointment.

And these Heroes are only ministers of one of the large churches; and the Chief's appointment only required the conducting of a service after that tremendous test of endurance. The trip extended over 900 miles, and was done in ten days on those indescribable roads. And this is the work of these men out there throughout the whole year. E.V.N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Sydneian*.

Dear Sir,—

I wish to avail myself of your magazine to suggest the following to the Sports' Committee.

At present the Athletic Colours are awarded to any boy gaining six points at the G.P.S. Meeting, which is not quite fair. Take, for instance, the Cricket Colours. These are awarded to a boy who gets into the 1st XI.; he only contests with the boys at the School for his colours, while a boy not only has to contest with the boys at the School for a place in the Athletic Team, but when he gets in he then has to contest with the champions from the other G.P. Schools for his colours.

Do you think that six points are quite fair? Take, for instance, the last G.P.S. Meeting (which we won by four points); one boy gained five points for the School. He did not get his colours, but if he had not got those five points we would have lost the Premiership. Don't you think that a boy who is able to gain one point at the G.P.S. Meeting is worth his colours, for that one point might mean the winning or losing of the Shield?

I think, and a lot of others do also, that a boy who can gain a place in the Athletic Team and then score a point for the School, is worth his colours.

Hoping that this may in some way help to gain for the athletes something which they train hard to get, but by just not gaining the specified number of points they just miss getting.

I remain, yours truly, "FAIRPLAY."

15th November.

To the Editor of *The Sydneian*.

Dear Sir,—

I would just like to draw your attention to the disgraceful state of the courts during the last Singles Tournament.

I think arrangements should certainly be made, at least, to cut the grass on the courts, if not around about them.

Hoping this will be a gentle reminder to those controlling the Club.

I am, yours, etc.,

BEALS.

To the Editor of *The Sydneian*.

Dear Sir,—

Are our future First XI.'s worth coaching? It seems a foolish enough question; but any one who attends cricket practice will soon begin to think it is not. Next year five or six of the Second's will have to take their place in the front line of the cricket contest, and as far as the School is concerned they have had practically no coaching throughout this year. The same remark applies to the eight or nine of the Third XI., who will have the task of securing the Second's Shield next year. No one ever sees the Third's play, and so one cannot be certain that the selection is the best. On one occasion the team was posted ac-

ording to the batting list of the previous match, thus omitting one boy who should have been in, and wrongly including another.

With respect to the Fourth XI.: there have been incidents which could easily deprive the School of promising players. On November 9, a team chosen on the form of one practice, although most of the fellows had been practising regularly for four weeks, played Newington. The score was 66, one boy scoring 30 and another 21, while there were seven o's. Next Saturday; for no known reason, these two were dropped, but one eventually played as emergency, while the team included two of those who had not scored and one who had not been to practice this term. Also the captain was one of the opening pair of the Third XI., who had scored 47 a fortnight before in that team.

Now many out of these lower teams will have at some time the responsibility of representing the School in the competitions, and this is hardly the way to prepare them. We also want to keep the School on top in all grades, and show that we are sound from top to bottom. And lastly, it is only right that the boys who play should be given a fair deal and every encouragement to work for the School and develop themselves.

Perhaps I might suggest that an effort be made to find a master who, with the ability to coach, can also combine the time in which to do it. And failing that, could not some boy, or boys, be chosen, with due regard, both to ability and time for such work, to take over the management of these lower teams?

I remain, etc.,

"A WOULD-BE CRICKETER."

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 Armidalian*, *The Hawkesbury Agricultural College Journal*, *Hermes*, *Lux*, *The Newingtonian*, *R.A.N.C. Magazine*, *T.K.S. Magazine*, *Toowoomba Grammar School Magazine*, *The Torchbearer*, *The Record*, *Corian*, *New England Girls' School Magazine*, *The Arts Journal*, *S.J.C. Magazine*.

THE OLD BOYS' UNION.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

LIFE subscription to the Union is now £5 5s. and the annual subscription 5s. From the Life Subscription Fund the Old Boys' Union Scholarship is financed. These subscriptions cover the right to each copy of *The Sydneian*.

Annual subscriptions for the year 1918-19 are now overdue and should be paid forthwith to the Hon. Treasurer, Dr. E. A. Brearley, 141 Macquarie Street, otherwise responsibility for the delivery of *The Sydneian* cannot be assumed by the Union.

J. H. CLAYTON
H. R. R. GRIEVE
T. M. BARNET } Joint Hon. Secretaries.

141 Macquarie Street, Sydney.

UNION NEWS.

At the last meeting of the Committee, T. M. Barnet, the first Old Boys' Union Scholar, was elected Joint Honorary Secretary in the place of G. M. Stewart, who enlisted soon after the annual meeting in June. The Union is fortunate to have secured so able and enthusiastic a young Sydneian as one of its Executive Officers.

The Committee has decided now that the war has virtually ended to proceed with the procurement of a metal badge for members of the Old Boys' Union. A sub-committee is at work arranging a design, and the finished article is expected to be ready early in the new year.

The Committee also has under consideration a design for a blazer to be worn by members of the Old Boys' Union.

A smoke concert and re-union of old Sydneians will be held in the Big Schoolroom on the night of Speech Day, December 17. Members of the Union will be notified by circular and tickets will be distributed in due time. As this function is the first held since the early part of the war, the great record of old Sydneians will be emphasized and a very large gathering is anticipated. This function will, however, in no way take the place of the welcome to returned Sydneians, which will be held when the great body of them return.

WAR MEMORIAL FUND.

The work of organising the means of collection of this fund, which is to be at once our memorial to Old Sydneians in the war, and our recognition of the part the School has played in it, will be very soon completed, and Old Boys will then receive their first appeal. From the way in which the fund has been spoken of, a very

appropriate and satisfactory response is expected to the demands made in the appeal to be issued.

It has been decided to appeal also to returned Sydneians not to subscribe to their own memorial, but to help provide in an Endowment Fund of the amount of over £20,000, named in the last *Sydneian*, this fund being established in recognition of the School's great services to the Nation. In the same way relatives of fallen Sydneians will be given the opportunity of contributing to the endowment of the School in appreciation of its power for past and future good in the country, and in memory of their fallen sons and brothers' regard and love for it.

WAR RECORDS.

The Old Boys' Union has taken in hand the collation of material for permanent war records of the School. The conclusion of the war has enabled this work, which has been carried on during the last four years by one of the Honorary Secretaries as thoroughly as circumstances would permit, to be put on a systematic basis. As the work of collecting this material will occupy some considerable time, if it is to be done thoroughly and completely, the appearance of any volume into which it may be shaped will be correspondingly distant. Since, therefore, the date of distribution of the compact War Records will depend on the time occupied in obtaining them. The Old Boys' Union invites the relatives of the Old Sydneians concerned to return with the least possible delay the papers they will be asked to fill in.

And the Union would earnestly appeal to the relatives of these Old Sydneians and to the Old Sydneians themselves to remember that these will be the only permanent records possessed by the School of the part played by Old Sydneians in the war; for while an enormous amount of energy has been spent during four and a half years on the Roll of Honour, it has never been claimed to be complete.

OLD SYDNEIANS IN THE GREAT WAR. SOME REFLECTIONS.

In August, 1914, there was granted, by the grace of God, to that moiety of the human race, to which we of British blood and mind belong, the privilege, inestimable as it has since proved to be, first of fortifying and defending those principles, which in most civilised countries were held to be the basis of all life and human happiness, and later of producing the downfall of those bestial powers which had set such principles at naught. Like all privileges this one involved capacity of mind to appreciate the issues at stake and willingness to act on them when once appreciated, ability to

understand the vital nature of the menace and greatness of soul to offer even life itself in the overthrow of it. And above all, the acceptance of this privilege demanded loyalty and patriotism—loyalty to the makers of the Empire, the fallen Britons of past wars, patriotism to Australia, patriotism to the Empire, and patriotism to Religion. If ever there was a supreme test of the moral worth and practical greatness of a nation or a body of men, here was one, embodied in the form of a privilege, to be accepted or to be refused. Of the Sydney Grammar School, of Old Sydneians—was there ever any moment of doubt?

For many years the answer had been ready to be given, if the question were to be put. For over forty years a great man had striven to implant qualities of mind and body, which comprising public spirit were ever the producers of public service. Truthfulness, Modesty and Self-Sacrifice, by word and by precept he taught, and, now more than ever it is seen, not in vain. Each boy who left the School left it equipped with moral qualities which would enable him to rise to any crisis of his country's, and left it with a regard for its reputation and its standard, inculcated by those splendid members of its staff, chosen by the Old Chief with the guidance of his unsurpassed wisdom. The stout-hearted builder in a nation's need, joined the great nation of the dead but two years before the World War began. Can it be that he does not now know how true his alumni have been to him?

For what is the record of the School in the War? On the Old Chief's Memorial in the Big Schoolroom is the subscription, "If you seek his monument, look about you." And so it is with the School's Record in the War. Past seventeen hundred Old Sydneians have served in the war. Look around to any theatre of the war and you will find them, or memory of them; look around to any branch of the service and there they have been; look around to any of the Allied armies and there is an Old Sydneian doing his duty in a foreign though no less honourable company. Throughout the future history of the School will it not be the most profound and just source of pride that we are able to say, "They fought in every army and in every theatre of the war"? Of every age they were and of every rank. There is the Head Master inspired, as if by the character of his great predecessor, gaining the Military Cross for deeds of conspicuous bravery, and thereby bringing outstanding honour to the School; here is a lad of fifteen years, fighting like a full-grown man for more than three years, then to resume his work at the School, with a wound for his prize; there is Sir Harry Chauvel, Lieutenant-General, the first Australian of his rank, and famous cavalry leader of Palestine; here another Sydneian of fifty-four years who still can serve his country well as a private of the magnificent infantry. Seventeen

hundred win pride of place for this School in the Rolls of Honour of all the Schools and Universities in the Commonwealth; seven-hundred Old Sydneians with the souls of men who have been faithful in duty; seventeen hundred Old Sydneians, each of the nature of a Happy Warrior—

 the man who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
 Or left unthought of in obscurity,
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won;
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpast.

Such, be it never overlooked, is the Record of the Sydney Grammar School and Old Sydneians in the war.

Of these seventeen hundred some three hundred have consummated their service with the giving of their lives. That is the testimony of the self-sacrifice the School and the Old Chief taught. For all these men were young; some to be "conspicuous objects in a nation's eye," all to be honourable and public-spirited. In the happiness and exuberance of youth they have given the last best gift that man possesses.

 "And the boy-beauty passed from off the face,
 And manly tears made mist upon their eyes.

 And thoughts beyond their thoughts the Spirit lent,
 And to them came a great presentiment
 Of high self-sacrifice."

It is true already that they have not died in vain. Not only have they contributed to the glorious ending of the war, but their influence still exerts itself here in Australia on the boys of the present generation in the School. For certain it is that at the back of these boys' minds, as they represent the School in every sphere, there is the desire to be in some degree worthy of their predecessors who have fallen. Look around again and you will observe on all sides a sincere manifestation of the everlasting honour, and veneration, and reverence with which their names and memories will be regarded. They attained "the top of the fullness of life," and the School will not forget.

What are to be the effects of this imposing record and grand sacrifice on the School and the Old Sydneians? The prestige of the School was never more glorious than it is now. The perform-

ances of the last four years by Old Sydneians have given the name of the School a spirit and a substance far transcending in force and extent the honourable one it had acquired hitherto through the accomplishments of its Old Boys in civil life, and a name, moreover, which will forever constitute it a power for uncommon national good in Australia. And it was because those Old Sydneians possessed the Grammar School spirit that they were enabled to achieve what they did. If there has been one constant feeling in Old Sydneians serving during the war, it has been the feeling of *camaraderie*—they have never forgotten that they were Grammar children all. And the broad, open mind that the School always has moulded in each head within its walls, has allowed that spirit to be exhibited throughout the armies without inciting the invidious criticism of others, and without causing any blindness to the merits of others. In a long and his last letter, an Old Sydneian, cox of the boat in his time, late captain of artillery, and quite recently killed in action, wrote these very modest yet very significant words—“It is really surprising the wonderful bond the old S.G.S. has made throughout the A.I.F., and I feel very proud to have been a humble and ornamental unit there for some years.” This *esprit de corps*, this Grammar spirit, stands out as the predominant characteristic of Old Sydneians in the war. The highest desire, the most enthusiastic effort, and the dearest reward of those who, to their everlasting misfortune, were unable to accept the privilege of service, will be to see to it that those Sydneians, who were comrades in school, comrades in service, and comrades in all the horrors and vicissitudes of war—nay, comrades in the very jaws of death—shall still have the means of being comrades in the atmosphere of that grand old place in College Street, for which, each one of them will be proud to relate, they are for ever bound in gratitude for the development of the soul that during the last four years has fired them with the almost divine force and power to pass those most perfect tests of human virtue that mankind has ever offered—

“Before the mind quaint visions rise and fall,
 Old jokes, old sports, old students dead and gone,
 And some that lead us still, while some toil on,
 As rank and file, but Grammar children all.”

HONOURS AT THE FRONT.

A list of Old Sydneians whose names have not hitherto been published in this column is given now.

The total number of honours won by Old Sydneians thus becomes 144.

D.S.O.—Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Maguire, Major H. R. Hallard, Major J. V. Morse.

M.C.—Captain I. G. C. Brady (now Major), Captain R. C. Winn (now Major), Captain N. M. Gregg, Captain E. N. B. Doëcker, Captain J. H. D. Goldie, Captain G. P. Arnold, Captain S. B. D. Barlow, Captain J. E. Bushelle, Lieut. H. R. McLeod, Lieut. C. R. Morley, Lieut. J. I. B. Dickson, Lieut. L. J. Le Fevre, Capt. H. H. Burne, Capt. C. H. Lloyd, Capt. W. S. Laidley (since killed).

Belgian Croix de Guerre.—Lieut. E. R. Mitchell.

Military Medal.—Gnr. O. E. M. Cohen, Gnr. L. Robertson, Cpl. F. T. Slee.

Bar to Military Cross.—Lieut. R. Doutrebande.

D.C.M.—Sgt. F. W. Coy (now Lieut.).

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

As the war has now for all practical purposes ended, Old Sydneians, and friends and relatives of Old Sydneians who are or have been on active service, are earnestly requested to notify either the Acting Headmaster or the Hon. Secretaries of the Old Boys' Union, of their rank and regiment. During the next few months the Roll of Honour will undergo the final stages of compilation, and it is of extreme importance, both to the School and the individual concerned, that no name should be omitted. For it is from the Roll of Honour that the names to appear on the walls of the Big Schoolroom will be taken.

The Hon. Secretaries of the Old Boys' Union, 141 Macquarie Street, will be pleased to answer any inquiries as to whether certain names appear on the Roll.

The names of Old Sydneians of whose enlistment we have learned since last issue of *The Sydneian* are published below. The Roll of Honour now stands at 1,714.

Allen, S. D.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.	Duke, F. R.; Pte., University Co., A.I.F.
Blumer, P.; Tpr., L.H. Signal Troop, A.I.F.	Dibbs, S. J.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
Barlow, H. B. D.; Capt., M.C.	Day, D.; Gnr., Heavy Art.
Baverstock, W. B.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.	Eyres, E. de M.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
Barnet, J. S. F.; Capt., A.M.C., A.I.F.	Flower, E. D.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
Barnet, T. M.; Cpl., University Co., A.I.F.	Fell, D. A.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
Buswell, H. E.; Gnr., Heavy Art., A.I.F.	Frizell, M.; Capt., A.M.C., A.I.F.
Campbell, S. E.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.	Fairfax-Ross, B.; Lieut., F.A., A.I.F.
Cato, R.; Pte. Inf., A.I.F.	Gregg, H.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
Cabrera, F. W.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.	Glen, E.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
	Gunning, A. P.; Capt., A.M.C., A.I.F.

- Harris, C. I.; Cpl., Inf., A.I.F.
 Hoeben, N. H. R.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Jones, A. S.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Kirkpatrick, R. G.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
 Knox, C. W.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Leadley, J. H.; Pte., University Co., A.I.F.
 Munro, F. E.; Tpr., L.H. Signal Troop, A.I.F.
 Meikle, E.; Capt., A.M.C., A.I.F.
 McWilliam, E. B.; Midshipman, H.M.A.S. "Melbourne."
 Piers-Blundell, W. R.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Pollock, J. A.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Pollock, J. L.; Lieut., R.F.C.
 Russell, H. J.; Spr., Wireless Corps, Mesopotamia.
 Rogers, W. J.; Sgt., Inf., A.I.F.
 Ratcliff, K.; Pte., University Co., A.I.F.
 Stevenson, J. O.; Gnr., **Heavy Art.**, A.I.F.
 Scott, D. M.; Tpr., L.H., A.I.F.
 Veitch, D. A.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Windeyer, W. J. V.; Pte., University Co., A.I.F.
 Wilkinson, G. B.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Wilkinson, W. A. P.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Walker, A. B.; Pte., Inf., A.I.F.
 Pratt, H.; Engine Room Artificer, H.M.S. "Leviathan."
 Donkin, D. S.
 Edwards, K. P.
 Nelson, D. A.
 Russell, G. G.
 Stephen, R. L.
 Hunter, K.

REJECTED VOLUNTEERS.

We print below the names of rejected volunteers notified since last edition, and request that all those whose names do not appear in either this or the last list will notify us of the fact and of the date or dates on which they volunteered.

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| Aitken, L. S. | Humbley, H. R. W. |
| Bennett, R. W. | Knox, T. H. |
| Bayley, M. W. | Reid, W. E. S. |
| Creer, J. N. | Shute, R. B. |
| Chauvel, J. H. A. | Stephen, R. |
| Carpenter, F. W. | Stephen, H. |
| Cormack, D. K. | Tait, A. A. |
| Doyle, J. J. | Taylor, S. J. N. |
| Ferguson, D. C. | Trebeck, E. P. |
| Formby, J. R. | Wild, G. |
| Froggath, J. L. | Wing, L. W. |
| Gale, H. J. | Walker, G. C. |
| Gelling, A. R. | Williams, K. S. |
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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.

Shore and Grammar.

DURING the last three weeks while the terms of the armistice have been in process of fulfilment there has been time and sufficient freedom from the anxiety of the last four years to allow some conception to be formed by us of the work done by the Public Schools in the war, of the losses they have sustained, and of the honours, intrinsic and extrinsic, they have won. But never will it be possible to realize in one definite view the extent to which the part they have played in the war will influence the future of these schools. Think of our own School, which has lost three hundred of its most splendid Old Boys, all of whom, it is safe to say, would have sent their sons to the School. What a tremendous loss that is! And our fellow schools have had proportionate losses. That is the one sad and awful side. The other and opposite shows many hopeful signs, apart altogether from the profound influence the records of each school must exert on the boys of the future within them. One of these signs is the extension of the camaraderie of the Old Boys of all the Public Schools in the war to the boys now occupying their places at home. And there has been no more encouraging result of the war than this, that it has drawn the boys of all the schools together into one united, broad-minded and unjealous band. Anyone sceptical of this effect must have received his conviction on the first day of the Peace celebrations, when hundreds of boys from all the schools, but mainly Shore and Grammar, "crocodiled" and besported themselves together throughout the heart of the city. There was nothing finer in the whole of those joyous times. And may it always be likewise.

On the Death of a Hero.

Though this report of the comradeship of Shore and Grammar is scarcely news or notes of Old Sydneians, it has been placed at the head of this column that Old Boys on the other side may be the gladder for it. Nearer the purpose of this column is the account given a pressman by an Australian padre of the death of an Old Sydneian, **Captain Neville Wallach, M.C.** Pointing to the latest grave in the Australian Cemetery the padre says: "There lies the body of a brave man if ever there was one. He made a great fight for life, and

when he died, he died with a glad spirit. The doctor asked me to break it to him that they must take away a leg in order to try and save him. He said with a bright smile, 'That's all right, padre, tell them to go straight ahead.' Later the doctor came again to ask me to let him know that the other must go. Once again he did not flinch, and when, at the end, I had to prepare him, he never quailed nor blenched. He was still able to smile. He said, 'Padre, I am glad I have lived my life like this, and would not have missed it for anything. It was well worth it!' Of such is the kingdom of men."

And That of His Friend.

There was another Old Sydneian Captain in the 13th Battalion, and he too wore the Military Cross, and was the close friend of Neville Wallach. When Dos was hit, this grand friend stood upon the parapet absolutely fearless of the awful fire about him. "Come down, you fool," said someone, "it's certain death there." "They've killed Dos," said this gallant captain, "and now they can have me if they like." At this moment his subaltern jumped up to pull him into the trench, but there was not the need. He fell into it, lifeless but a hero, and as such deathless. The epic stories of these two Sydneians should be known by every boy in the School and every Old Sydneian, and should live for ever in the School as examples of the most perfect form of manliness, bravery and self-sacrifice to which mankind can aspire. Such men were surely of the Kingdom of God.

An Interesting Career.

Hubert Pratt left the School from the commercial side in 1898, and served an apprenticeship to the Mort's Dock and Engineering Company. Later he went to Newcastle-on-Tyne for further experience. Returning to Sydney he gained his second engineer's certificate, and was for several years with Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co., and G. S. Yuill and Co., as engineer. In 1912 he accepted an appointment with a shipping firm in Hong Kong. In March, 1915, he wrote from India, that he had joined the "Baslyn," a German-owned vessel captured by the British and recommissioned by the Admiralty, and that they were out on secret service, expecting to be in the thick of it. From this point onwards for over three years nothing was heard of him by his relatives. On November 15 last, however, they received a letter from him, dated September 28, in which he said he had been for some time Engine-room Artificer on H.M.S. "Leviathan."

From Beersheba to Jerusalem.

By **George V. Shaw**, Wireless Operator, attached to the Australian Flying Corps, who has been in Egypt nearly two years.

The Opening Phase.

At 3 o'clock on Sunday, 28th October, Chris Wride and myself, attached to 301st Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, set out from Tel-el-Tarar. Everyone knew that the long-looked-for attack was close at hand. Troops and material had been coming up the line for days past, and it was quite evident that we were in for the biggest affair ever attempted in this country. Owing to the great strain put upon the transport services we were unable to obtain riding camels, so began the trek on foot. About two hours' tramping, through clouds of dust, brought us to the Wadi Guzzeh, where we outspanned until 11 p.m. After following the course of the Wadi for another couple of hours, we arrived at a part known as Essani shortly after 2 a.m., and pitched our bivouac for the first time. Our "bivvy" is a splendid tent-shaped little home, six feet square. After a couple of hours' sleep we erected our station so as to get the afternoon press news, and rested the remainder of the day. On Tuesday we dismantled our station, and left Essani at 7.30 p.m. It was a beautiful moon-light night, but fairly cold. Strict silence had to be maintained, and no smoking was allowed on the march. We had all our belongings on a baggage camel, and had considerable trouble in keeping him up with the column, and had considerable trouble we began to hear the crack of the outposts' rifles. At 2 a.m. we came to a halt, with stray bullets whizzing around everywhere. "Snow" and I erected our station behind a small ridge known as Observation Post Ridge, and then got down for a couple of hours' sleep before daylight. Quite a number of men around us were hit by stray bullets before the attack began.

Hill 1070.

The dawn of October 31 broke with glorious weather—slightly cloudy, fairly hot, and not a breath of wind. There was intermittent rifle-fire until 8.15 a.m., and then parachute flares were sent up from O.P. Ridge to signal the opening of the attack. The artillery began a heavy and incessant barrage, and the infantry moved forward. The barrage lasted 15 minutes, and then the wounded and the prisoners commenced to come back. About an hour later we learnt that we had gained all our objectives in the first phase of the action—the chief being Hill 1070. There was desultory firing on both sides until 12.10 p.m., when more flares were sent up,

and the second phase of operations commenced. This time our main objective was the approaches to Beersheeba, which were practically evacuated by the Turks, and so gained without much difficulty. It had been a scorching hot day, and everyone was feeling the want of water. Our small supply of two water-bottles ran out early in the morning, and we were unable to replenish it until late in the day. About 3 p.m. we dismantled our station and rejoined our waggon-line. We were both dog tired, and it was not very long before we were underneath our "bivvy" and asleep.

About Beersheba.

The following day—November 1—we were expecting a move forward, and only erected our station for the press news, and then dismantled again. Leaving the vicinity of O.P. Ridge at 7.30 a.m. on the 2nd, we reached Hill 1070 an hour later and pitched camp for the day. The Turks evidently thought Hill 1070 and the adjoining positions impregnable, as material of all descriptions was lying about in hopeless confusion, indicating a hurried and unexpected withdrawal. Our barrage on the previous Wednesday had played havoc with their trenches, and they were lined with enemy dead. We moved on again early the following morning, and had a couple of hours very dusty tramping against a head-on wind before outspanning two miles east of Beersheba, where we remained until 4 o'clock. Just as we were getting on the move again an enemy aeroplane descended very low and dropped four bombs on the infantry, as well as machine-gunning them. We skirted the town and halted a mile north of it at about 7 p.m. Beersheba appears only slightly larger than El Arish, but is, of course, of more importance on account of the railway which runs into the town.

On Towards Jerusalem.

At about 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, the 4th, we moved on again in a northerly direction, and were tramping along until 5 p.m. Just as we were arriving at our destination two of "Johnnie's" pip squeaks (10 lb. shells) burst dangerously near the column, and it was quite obvious that we were under observation. A couple of minutes later we had topped a small crest and come to a halt in a small waddi behind a hill, and then a third and fourth shot sailed over. The last one landed right in amongst us, horses and men. Our Colonel and his servant were hit in the legs, and the man alongside me in the groin. Six or seven horses were also hit, which was splendid work with so small a shell. As there was no action in progress we turned in for a good night's sleep. Monday, November 5, was a fairly miserable day for us all. We had

been without a wash for six days, and were beginning to feel the pinch. Our water issue had been reduced to a quart a man per day. Food, such as it was—bully and biscuits—was not too plentiful, and there was nothing doing to keep us occupied. We managed to exchange a bottle of water for five cigarettes, and this cheered us up somewhat. The chap we made the bargain with took the water in preference to ten piastres (2/6). We went to sleep soon after sundown and were up and on the move again at midnight. We had a couple of hours' fairly comfortable marching, and then the guns went into position again in readiness for an attack at dawn. A fairly intense artillery bombardment opened up about 5 a.m., and at 11 o'clock we heard the infantry had made progress and captured the Rushdi System of trenches. The guns went forward, but we and the rest of Brigade Headquarters remained in the same position, and our camels went back for water—the first for six instead of three days. About 11 a.m. we witnessed a splendid aerial duel overhead, in which 11 machines participated, but no machines were brought down. Later in the day Suffolk Ridge had fallen into our hands, and the infantry were beyond it. At 5 p.m. we went ahead about five miles and rejoined H.Q. just behind Suffolk Ridge. After a bit of tea we got down to sleep, but were aroused at midnight and had to pack up. After standing for half an hour we unpacked and got down to sleep again. Heard later we were to have gone over to our right to assist another Division. About 9 p.m. a series of terrific explosions occurred on our immediate front, and it was thought Johnnie had blown up an ammunition dump, and this later proved to be correct. At dawn on Wednesday, the 7th, we went back a quarter of a mile as the guns were going into action just where we halted the night before. Headquarters took up a position alongside a six-inch battery who were firing continuously throughout the morning on Sheria. About 10 a.m. we moved forward again to our position of the previous night, and halted for a couple of hours, giving Wride and myself a good opportunity to look over Suffolk Ridge and a Turkish six-gun position behind it. This position had been spotted by our Heavy Artillery, and Johnnie had to leave it in a hurry, leaving two guns and thousands of rounds of ammunition behind. At noon we left Suffolk Ridge and could see Sheria a couple of miles ahead of us. We made direct for it across open country and had a couple of shells at us en route. A couple of hundred yards after passing the railway station we came to the Wadi Sheria and Lel el Sheria (Lebel—hill of), and found the railway bridge across the Wadi had

been blown up. Crossing the Wadi (dry river-bed) we came to a halt under cover of the hill, and a minute later Johnnie started to shell. He sent battery-fire after battery-fire over, but fortunately they were field-guns, so the hill afforded us ample shelter, and the shells fell on the far side of the Wadi and on the flat country beyond it, where a couple of batteries were in action. The guns were limbered up and rushed forward under cover of the hill, and there were guns, camels, teams and men all jumbled up together. After about half an hour's shelling he left us alone for the rest of the afternoon and evening. Had he been using howitzers instead of field-guns he could have slaughtered us like rats in a trap. Earlier in the day he caught another brigade in this same position, and, within fifty yards of where we slept that night, there were the bodies of 7 men and 24 animals. As the weather was fairly hot, the stench was almost unbearable the following morning. On Thursday, November 8, we were up at 3.30 a.m. and standing to, ready for a move. The Cavalry had been out the previous night and now had the enemy on the run. At 7.30 a.m. we were on the move once more and struck N.N.N. from the never-to-be-forgotten Tel-el Sheria. We were moving at a good rate all day, but Johnnie was still on the run, and we did not get within range of him. At 7.30 p.m. we came to a halt two miles west of Huj, where the Warwick Yeomanry (Cavalry) had earlier in the day made their glorious charge against the guns and so avenged themselves for Katia Woods. The following morning, the 9th, we managed to get a very muddy wash and a shave—the first for nine days—and then went over the scene of yesterday's charge. There were 11 guns captured, including two 5.9 inch. They were turned in all directions as if they had been completely surrounded. The cavalry sabred the gunners whilst they were firing at them at point-blank range. It was no doubt a marvellous achievement and on the equal of Balaclava itself. On Saturday, at 9 a.m., the H.Q. moved off from Huj, but as the camels were away for water we remained behind. We were issued with ten cigarettes each, which had been captured from the Turks, and they were more than acceptable. The camels did not arrive back until 7.30 p.m. after doing 20 miles for water, so we decided not to set out until the following morning. Leaving Huj early on Sunday morning we had a very trying ten miles' tramp through clouds of dust. We passed dozens of dead bodies on the way, and the stench was something awful. We were both short of water, and it was a welcome relief when we rejoined our Headquarters in Wadi Jemmami about 1 p.m. After erecting the station we found

no press news was sent out. There were three wells within half a mile of this position, but it was a very hard job to get water over and above the issue for drinking purposes—the wells were guarded by military police. We had a fairly easy time for the next three days. No trekking, and we managed to get a bath and some Bedouin tobacco in the native village of Jemmami. On Thursday, after attending a ceremonial parade at which General Shay presented our Colonel and another officer with D.S.O.'s, we took the road for a couple of hours and arrived at Wadi Hessi about 1 p.m. In the afternoon we paid a visit to a Sergt.-Major of the C.T.C., and were glad to accept his offer of a dinner, which turned out to be better than we had been in the habit of having. We expected to stay at Hesse for a few days, as the other Army Corps were engaging the enemy, and this Division was out of action, but we were to suffer a disappointment. The next morning, Friday, found us on the move once more with ten miles of flat and fairly comfortable marching to two miles north-east of Tel-el-Sheria. On the way we passed through an enormous ammunition dump which had been abandoned by the Turks. There were stacks and stacks of small arms, ammunition, and thousands of shells. Saturday and Sunday we spent without a move, and managed to visit our C.T.C. friends who were always camped somewhere near us. At 7 a.m. on Monday, the 19th, we moved off again in the direction of Gaza, and after a few miles we came into touch with the line Johnnie held in front of Gaza for eight months, and we marched parallel to it to two miles N.E. of the town. We no sooner had our bivouac erected than down came the rain in torrents—the first real shower since last February. Tuesday, the 20th, found us on the move again. Our camels were away at water, so we did not go ahead with the rest of the column. At 3.30 p.m., just as we had finished loading the camels and began to move off, down came the rain in sheets. We attached our camels to the long string on the road and went along with our C.T.C. friends. The ground was wet and slippery and the going very slow. We halted at 8 o'clock and waited for a guide. As he did not turn up after half an hour we made a cup of cocoa, and sat waiting on the wet ground. The wood had run out, so all we could do was to sit and wait. Midnight came and still no guide, and at 1 a.m. the officer in charge of the column decided to move on. At 4.30 a.m., after a very tiring journey, we arrived at Mejdal and found our H.Q. just as they were taking their horses to water at daybreak. Spreading our waterproof-sheets on the ground and rolling up in our blankets, we snatched an hour's sleep before having a cup of hot tea

and loading the camel up again. Shortly after 7 a.m. the brigade was on the move again. We passed through Julis and several other villages, arriving near El Kustine at 3 p.m. Most of that day's march was across ploughed fields of some of the finest chocolate soil I have ever seen; but owing to the rain it was wet and sticky and pounds of it were clinging to our boots when we reached our destination. Walking had long since become just a mere mechanical movement of the legs and body. We managed to erect our "bivvy," and kicking off our boots, crawled inside exhausted. We had covered about 26 miles in under 24 hours, including six hours' halt. We were both dead to the world, and neither of us woke until breakfast time the next morning. At 8 a.m. that day, November 22, we were in column of route again and on a fairly decent road for four hours. We passed the villages of Sofia and Mohammed and came to a halt at noon after covering about seven miles. On the morning of Friday, the 23rd, we set out again on the main road, and passing through Junction Station or Wadi es Surur, we arrived at Latron (Amwas) about noon and outspanned a mile north of the village. Latron is the junction of the Gaza and Jaffa roads to Jerusalem. We remained there for three days and had a good rest, and managed to visit our C.T.C. friends several times. Plenty of beautiful oranges could be bought from the Bedouins, and there was ample water. At 1 p.m. on Tuesday, the 27th, we packed up and started up the long, winding road through the hills. On each side of the road the stony hills rose to a height of several hundred feet, reminding one of the Grand Canyon at Blackheath. It is marvellous how the infantry forced the enemy back from the outskirts of the hills. We arrived at Kuryet-el-Enab about 5 o'clock, and branched off the main road on to the Roman road. As Johnnie was shelling this road we had to wait for an hour or so until it was properly dark, before continuing our uphill journey to El Kubeibeh. The road was little better than a stony track, and we were halting every few minutes. We reached our destination just as the bells of the Latin Hospice were chiming ten. How strange it seemed to hear these notes of civilisation pealing forth in the pitch-black night. Upon waking the following morning we found ourselves right alongside the Hospice—an imposing building of stone, which was good to see after the Bedouin mud-huts. Later on the Nuns and Monks of the Hospice nursed a few of our wounded. We moved back along the Roman road to a part known as Hairpin Bend, and took up a position near Biddu. This was the first time our batteries had been in action since November

8. Wride and I erected our station and stood by for a co-operation shoot which did not eventuate.—(Written at Ain Karim, 16th and 17th December, 1917.)

Into Jerusalem.

On November 29 we were both very glad to see some mail come along—the first for over a month. I received 23 letters and six parcels. The parcels were particularly welcome as we had been on bully and biscuits for more than five weeks. On the 29th and 30th November and 1st December we had machines out to co-operate with our howitzers, but on each occasion the shoot was not a success. One target was out of our range and the other two had to be abandoned owing to the plane having engine trouble. On December 3, to celebrate the anniversary of my landing in Egypt, Johnnie sent over a few 5.9 inch shells—one of which sent our Artificer-Sergeant into hospital with shell-shock. From the hills in front of our position one could see the spires of Jerusalem in the distance. On December 5 our H.Q. moved back along the Roman road, as we were being relieved by another division to enable us to go into another portion of the line. Wride and I stayed behind with one of the batteries, and moved off at 6.30 the following evening. Passing through Enab, we went along the main Jerusalem road, and rejoined our H.Q. at Kuba. We had just time to erect our bivouac when the rain began falling very heavily. It rained all day Friday, the 7th, but this did not stop the concentration of troops, and it was evident an attack on Jerusalem was close at hand. At midnight the Colonel and a couple of signallers went on ahead, and the remainder of H.Q. moved on at 11 a.m., on December 8.

We moved forward a few miles and halted until 4 p.m., whilst the infantry were fighting their way ahead, and then passed through Kulonich, and went into position about 10 p.m., half a mile from the outskirts of Jerusalem. The Turks had put up a good defence, and our infantry had considerable trouble in driving him from the trenches he occupied on the summits of the hills, and which look inaccessible from the front. There was little firing during the night, and we managed to snatch a few hours' sleep. Early the following morning, Sunday, December 9, the O.C. of our howitzer battery went out from the observation post to choose a new position forward, and he was met by a large portion of the population of the town who were cheering and waving flags. They handed the town over to him, and shortly afterwards numbers of the inhabitants of Kulonuh were making back to their homes from Jerusalem, where they had been taken by the Turks. It was a strange scene—they patted us on the backs

and cheered us, and many were the exclamations of "Bravo Ingleese," and so on. These were the first people wearing European clothes that we had met this side of the Canal. Shortly after noon we started off for the town, and everyone was in high spirits. By 2 p.m. Wride and I were fairly in the town, and with a crowd of people around us. "Snowy" has a fair smattering of Arabic, and I found a large percentage of the people could speak French, and quite a few English. One of their chief English sentences was, "Come to my house and have a glass of Cognac." Needless to say the offer was generally accepted with alacrity. The streets of the town soon became congested with columns of troops, all eager for their first glimpse of the Holy City. About dusk it began to drizzle rain, and some French people invited us inside their house and provided us with some supper—brown bread with a mixture of what seemed to be molasses and currants. They told us about the privations the town had been through, and the shortage of food, especially sugar. Were I to write about these things here I am afraid this little account would spin out over many more pages. At 7.30 p.m. our brigade began moving into the town, and the streets became a little less congested. We passed on through the New City, and about 10 p.m., halted two miles west of it. It had rained all the way, and we were all pretty well soaked through, and spent a sleepless night. Early the next morning the batteries went into action where we outspanned the night before. The Turks were holding on to the hills in various points, and sniping on the roads leading from the town. There were two R.F.C. fellows attached to our howitzer battery, and we tossed up to see which one from each station should go on French leave into Jerusalem. I lost. After a couple of hours "Snowy" came back just as we were moving forward. He had had his hair cut, and his pockets were full of cigarettes and bread. The latter we ate dry straight away. It is, I think, what is known as unleaven bread, and was very welcome at 5 piastres (1/-) per pound loaf. At 5 o'clock we moved forward about a mile along the Nablus road, and, passing the native village of Shafat, went into position behind Tel-el-Ful. Johnnie had the road well taped, and pasted anyone moving along it in daylight. He shelled us fairly heavily the following two days, but the hill gave us good shelter, although our Colonel got a slight scratch on the leg. We were very close up to our infantry at this time, and on the 12th, could see our howitzers' shells bursting 1,000 yards away on a Turkish machine-gun crew. There was considerable talk of the brigade going into billets in Jerusalem for a rest, and before daybreak on the

14th we were moving back towards the town. To our disappointment we passed through it and $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond to the village of Ain Karim. On the way we passed an ammunition waggon of Johnnie's, which had been caught by our shell-fire, and 23 dead horses had to be dragged off the road. Ain Karim is one of the prettiest little villages I have ever seen. Nestled in the hills, and with a long winding road down to it, it presents a pleasing picture to the eye. We were billeted in empty houses in the Russian quarter, and were very comfortable. We had eight days in billets, and during that time I washed all my clothes, and did sundry other jobs, incidentally writing the first part of this history. I paid four visits to Jerusalem, chiefly for the purpose of buying eatables. The main things procurable being oranges, figs, vegetables, poultry, eggs and bread. The sale of the latter was prohibited by the Military Governor, but that is not to say it was not procurable. It rained almost every day whilst we were out in rest, and we were very glad of dry blankets and a roof over our heads. On Sunday, December 23, we left our comfortable billets shortly after noon, and, passing through Jerusalem, went along the Nablus road to our old position at Tel-el-Ful, left our Brigade Headquarters, and became attached to our howitzer battery. The two R.F.C. operators were left behind with one of the batteries when we went out to rest, and we were greatly grieved to hear that, in our absence, Muir had been accidentally killed. He was a fine chap and a good soldier, who had been in the field right from the beginning of the war. He was killed by an enemy fuse, which exploded whilst a sergeant was tampering with it. An officer and the sergeant went down the long trail with Sandy on account of this one fuse. It rained fairly heavily during the night of the 23rd but cleared up for long enough the next morning to enable us to make some improvements to our bivouac. The rain came down in torrents that afternoon, and by midnight nearly everyone but us was about washed out of their bivouacs; but this did not prevent the boys from singing carols. Christmas Day dawned wet and miserable, with the rain still pouring down. Up to the present "Snowy" and I, with our belongings, were fairly dry, but nearly everyone else was soaked to the skin. Our rations for the day consisted of half tins of bully between us, two cups of tea, five dates, and a pint of small biscuits each. Fortunately we were not short of tobacco and cigarettes. At five o'clock we had to pack up and withdraw a thousand yards. It rained very heavily on the way back; the night was pitch dark, and we were just about properly fed up when we put our "bivvy" up and crawled inside. None of the gunners

bothered about putting "bivvies" up, as they could not possibly get any wetter than they already were. Up till midnight we could hear them singing as they walked backward and forward on the road, but then the rain proved too much for even their spirits; the singing ceased, and all we could hear was the tramp—squelch—tramp, as they marched up and down in their endeavours to get warm. By midnight, we ourselves were wet through, although we had ten or a dozen thicknesses of canvas underneath us. We dug a trench between our "waterproofs," and did our best to drain the water out, but with little or no avail. I don't think I have ever before or since seen such heavy rain as fell around Jerusalem on Xmas night, 1917. Needless to say, we did not get a wink of sleep all night, and were mighty glad when dawn came and it showed signs of clearing up. But what a scene of desolation! Mud everywhere, and dozens of horses dead on the lines. "Snowy" was walking a chap up and down the road; he had cramps in the stomach, and later went into hospital, making the fourteenth man from the battery to be evacuated that day from exhaustion and exposure. The rain kept off all day, and for a variety, Johnnie shelled our observation post, killing the officer, wounding a signaller, and sending the remaining signaller into hospital as a bad shell-shock case. Half an hour before he was a fine upstanding young fellow, but in a flash was changed into a shivering and whimpering physical wreck. He managed to hold out until he got back to the battery and reported, and then collapsed, lying down in the mud and crying like a little child. A couple of us carried him back to a casualty clearing station, and it was a pitiful sight to see this strapping young fellow with his nerves smashed to atoms.—(Written at Wadi-Auja, Valley of the Jordan, 22nd to 24th March, 1918.)

Towards the Jordan Valley.

On Thursday, December 27, we were awakened about 1.30 a.m. by the noise of our guns pouring hundreds of rounds into the Turks, who were endeavouring to advance along the Nablus Road. After some time the attack was beaten off, only to be followed by two more unsuccessful attacks at noon and at 4.30 p.m. the same day. It transpired later that the enemy was endeavouring to fulfil his promise to retake Jerusalem by the New Year. Simultaneously, attacks were made on our both flanks without success. In the vicinity of Tel-el-Ful, 2½ miles from Jerusalem, the enemy attacked in considerable force, and our artillery, which was massed on the Nablus Road, inflicted heavy casualties. In the afternoon I took a trip into town and found it was improving

wonderfully—shops and restaurants were being opened everywhere, and a hot meal of sorts was obtainable. The next day "Snow" went in and returned about 9 p.m., just as we were about to move forward. Our infantry, supported by artillery, had been hard at it all day, and forced Johnnie back. We moved along the road about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Er Rain. The next morning—Saturday—the Division Norm Moss was attacked to were moving up the Nablus Road, and Norm's battery took up our position. We were sitting together yarning, when a land mine 50 or 60 yards away went up, blowing a young chap to pieces. Upon examination it was found a field alongside the road was thickly sown with other mines. Leaving Norm and his battery behind, we moved on about 4 p.m., and covered a few miles before going into action again. During the day our infantry, after severe fighting, had occupied Beireh and Rain Allah, and on Sunday morning our battery moved up close to the former. It rained very heavy that night and all the following day. New Year's Day dawned wet and miserable, with mud everywhere. Rations were short, and things were exceedingly miserable. Johnnie had retired some distance beyond Beireh, and not a shot was heard all day. On January 4 we handed our position over to another battery, and moved back to Er Rain, and the following day to our previous position at Tel-el-Ful; but instead of firing along the Nablus Road, our guns were turned towards the Valley of the Jordan. We did very little firing in this position, and did not have another move before Wride and I were relieved on 20th January. During those fifteen days it rained more than half the time, and one night we had a slight fall of snow. It was bitterly cold all the time, but there were several caves near the guns, and we all managed to keep comparatively dry. "Snow" and I paid four visits to Jerusalem, and on each occasion managed to get a good meal. Rations were exceedingly short, and we were very glad when a large mail turned up for me, including a dozen parcels of groceries. Our delight knew no bounds when at about noon on January 20, our Wireless Officer arrived with a relief for us. Ten minutes later we were packed up and speeding along towards Jerusalem in one of the squadron's tenders. There were eight of us being relieved, and Norm Moss was amongst the party. We dumped our gear at an Artillery Headquarters in Abraham's Vineyard, where we slept that night. We spent the remainder of the afternoon having a final look around the Holy City, and in the evening Norm, Hec. Johnston and I visited Dr. Halaby—an Assyrian who deserted from the Turkish army on December 9, after serving as a conscript

for over three years. He has been right through the campaign in Sinai and Palestine, and told us some wonderfully interesting things. We left Jerusalem shortly after nine o'clock on Monday, the 21st, passed through Kulonieb Enab and Latron, and on to the squadron at Mejdal. The motor ride covered about 50 miles, and was very interesting and enjoyable. After a quiet ten days at the drome, we set off on the 24 hours' train journey to Cairo, and had a great six days there, forgetting all about the worries and hardships of the previous three months.—(Written at El Tel Azur, Palestine, 19th and 20th April, 1918.)

[It is hoped in a future issue to complete the account of the campaign, with a description of the march from Jerusalem to Constantinople.—Ed. *Sydneian*.]

The "Glorious 8th" of August.

Lieut. R. A. Money, M.C., from France, 3/9/18:—

Must apologise for not writing before this, but for the last three months—ever since we came into the line on June 2, things have been pretty busy—then, of course, since the "Glorious 8th" of August, when our greatest attack came off, we have not had more than a minute here and there in which to get a little sleep! Still no one minds it a bit—it has been a great time; and, although dog-tired, we are quite ready to hold out a bit longer whilst going in the right direction! Every yard further forward brings the end of the war—and home nearer; and, after all, that is what we **all** want!

Have been trying to collect some news other than war, but have given up in despair. At present my brain refuses to think of anything except our doings since August 8, a date which will remain for every one of us as the greatest occasion in the history of the Australian Corps—when our five splendid divisions gave Fritz the biggest hiding of his life. On the first day we advanced nearly seven miles, captured 7,000 prisoners, 104 guns, whilst our total casualties were just over 1,000! Since then we have been slowly but surely advancing, and our divisions are now mere skeletons of what they were; but we have raked in another 6,000 prisoners and over 70 guns. If we only had the men to build up again with we would be right. The reinforcements are all right—quite as good stuff as the 1914 men—but we want more of them! Our fighting efficiency was as high in the attack as ever—in fact, we seem to improve as time goes on. Most of the infantry are old, seasoned veterans now, and have this war-game down to a fine art. I met an officer the other day who has been wounded 10 times; and still he has to come back

again! Simply because we can't get anyone from Australia to take his place. Isn't it awful! Last night was the first quiet night we have had since August 22. I slept solidly for thirteen hours, some of the others for longer. However, at last we really seem to have old Fritz rattled—he is being pushed with very steady pressure from Ypres to Soissons—and if we can only maintain the pressure he will have to give somewhere.

The news of the School was eagerly devoured by many Old Sydneians in the brigade. I think it is truly wonderful how well the Old School has done lately in the sporting line. All Old Sydneians over here eagerly await their *Sydneians*, and the results of the competitions. It is about the best tonic the Old School can send us!

I am feeling very fit indeed, and am eagerly looking forward to my "blighty" leave in about a month's time.

A Budget of News.

From Major G. A. Street, M.C., France, 28/7/18:—

There is very little news I'm afraid, but I will try and tell you what I can.

Here in the Battalion (I am back again with the 1st Battalion) are a few O.S.'s, including **Jacky Mant** and **Alick Mackenzie**, whilst in the 3rd Battalion is **A. F. (Joe) Barrett**. I saw **Eric Barbour** on the leave boat at the end of last month when I was going across, and in England I saw **Johnny (J. B.) Pye**.

It is hard to suddenly call to mind all the O.S.'s one sees, but everywhere one runs into them.

We have had a fairly good time lately, and have been able to get in some sport. We play baseball, cricket and football at every opportunity, and have representative players in all three games. **Kelleway** for cricket, **Stephenson** (of the Wallabies) for football, and **Oram** for baseball. Whilst in London I joined the ranks of the benedicts, so am now a respectable married man.

Yes, I got the March *Sydneian* safely, and was very glad to get it. The old paper is always appreciated by O.S.'s out here, and each copy is always very well-thumbed before it is laid aside.

I was jolly glad to see the School has done so well in every branch. I hope that the football shield now hangs alongside all the others in the Big Schoolroom. The boat race must have been most exciting. I read the accounts of it in all the papers, and it seems to have been a magnificent race.

Our cricket out here is really rather amusing. We select a field with as few bumps and holes in it as possible, and then make a pitch by cutting out the turf, levelling off the surface, and then putting hessian over it all. It makes a fairly good pitch, though the ball comes off at rather unexpected angles and at varying paces. The bowling averages are generally very flattering indeed, and a total of 120 for a side is considered quite good. We have some good cricketers in the Battalion, and are in the middle of a company competition. Kelleway, just back from playing in the Test Match at Lords, opened up by making 105 not out, after being missed at 2. The last few days, however, have been too wet to play.

This is a very short and dull scrawl I'm afraid, but I hope to try and send along some news later on.

Please remember me to all the Masters who were there during my time—Mr. Savigny, Mr. Marks, Mr. Bode, Mr. Corderoy, Mr. McBurney, Mr. Giles, the Chief, and any others. My very best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Wing. Drop me a line when you have time.

News from Everywhere.

Lieut. A. B. Cochrane, from France, 27/7/'18, before the Huns commenced the final series of "Kamerad":—

My silence has been a long one, but the war is at a standstill, and there has been nothing to relate. There is just one little incident. A few days ago I was attached from Headquarters, 1st Division Signalling Company to one of our sections stationed with our M.G.B., and we sat down, four Old Grammarians, to mess—**Major French, D.S.O., M.C., Lieuts. Kent, Mitchell** and myself.

The following day I was at the 1st Field, and met **Capt. Rossell**; one time my sergeant in the old Cadets.

That afternoon he was playing baseball in a field next door, and **Mant** was on the "ground" also; we are thick, are we not?

Major Burrett is now D.S.O.; he always comes in for second look at my *Sydneian*; his own always comes the proverbial "thud" in transit.

From **Lieut. Reg. E. Denison, R.G.A., London, 5/9/'18, to the Hon. Treasurer, O.B.U.**:—

I enclose cheque for £5/10/- as a life sub. to the Union. The extra 5/- should cover the necessary exchange, and any balance might go to the Newspaper Fund.

I am at present a subaltern in the 10th Siege Battery, R.G.A., but have not been fortunate enough to come across

many O.S. during my 18 months in France. However, whilst supporting the Australian Corps at Messines in the early months of this year, I met a few whom I knew—amongst others, **Vic Coppleson**, **Jack Farrar**, and **Len Robson**. Whilst on leave a couple of days ago I also saw **Eric Barbour**, who was playing cricket at Lords—he was very successful in the bowling line, getting 6 for 53, or thereabouts. Wishing the Old School and the Union every success.

From **Spr. Hector Ludowici**, in the Field, 30/7/'18, a very interesting and useful letter:—

My long expected and overdue March *Sydneian* has arrived after I had given up hope almost.

Am now in the 12th Field Company, Engineers, A.I.F., in France, just at present out for a rest.

Have met **Capt. Roy Cormack**, 33rd Battalion, and **Capt. Clarke**, A.D.C.. There does not seem to be many Old Boys in this unit. Also met **Cpl. Slee**, M.M., who is in the Engineers.

I notice in Roll of Honour there are several names with no unit against them, and as I know a few of these, I will give unit. With regard to **Spr. Bloom**, now Railway Unit; his initials are H. M.; he is not an Old Grammar of Sydney, but of Brisbane. He came over on same boat as myself and gave name in in error. **Mason**, T. G., Sapper, Engineers; **Matton**, E., Sapper, Engineers; **Piggott**, R.—I fancy he is in 2nd Field Company, Engineers, and has just been wounded. Have not met him to ask if he comes from the School. **Roy Cormack** was thinking of getting a club, for all O.S., started in London.

At Brightlingsea depot, **Capt. R. S. Scott** was Doctor. I also met one of the **Blakemore's** there, and it was from him I got first news of the result of the boat-race.

Am very glad to see the School is still keeping ahead in sports. There is quite a deal of rivalry between old G.P.S. boys over the various competitions.

Glad **Capt. J. W. Richards** got a decoration. I visited him in hospital just before he left for Australia.

There are a number of Shore boys in the unit, so school sport is often talked about. **Tommy A'Beckett**, half, 1911, I think, was half for depot XV. I came over on the same boat as **Driver Hickey**, A.A.S.C.

Am keeping in touch with **Lieut. Sloman**, M.C., so as to get latest sporting results, if they come by cable. In his last letter he was recovering quite well from wounds, and was attached to an Officers' Cadet School, he thought, till August.

Best wishes to yourself and the School.

And later, on 1/8/'18:—

On returning to camp yesterday I received your letter,

hence this additional page. We moved up close behind the line this morning. Have just finished roofing over a piece of trench, my home for a little while. Fritz has just been over, and brought down three of our observation balloons. Very short of water—about three miles to go for a wash. Heard result of Shore match, and incidentally collected a few francs. I think Miss Durack is lucky to be possessor of a certificate from the School, but the performance justified it.

Glad to hear the young brothers are getting on. I am afraid they will be the last Ludo.'s for some years. Only hope they can stay on a couple of years yet. I hear the coveted pair of oars has at last arrived, and now the discussion is where they should go.

Glad **Dr. Blashki** got on well with the cockneys. Some of the English regiments have a great record.

Was glad to hear that Science is becoming more popular at the Old School. Once more I end with best wishes.

Lieut. G. N. Bennett, in hospital, London, 6/6/'18, to Mr. Lucas:—

A line from hospital, away from shells, gas and other Hunnish horrors. It is a very welcome respite, even though I did get sufficient gas to keep one in bed for over seven weeks. I am just now commencing to read the headlines in the newspapers, but cannot yet face the sun. I regret the dislike of sunshine greatly at present, as we are having such glorious days. This summer has come as a great eye-opener to many Australians, who fondly imagined two days' sunshine was invariably followed by a downpour of rain. We have only had two wet days in the seven weeks I have been here. I am very fortunate to be in this hospital, which is the private home of Lady Ridley, right in the centre of historic London. In front of us, through the windows, we can see what used to be the German Embassy, and is now taken over by the Swiss Legation; the hospital is certainly the finest I have seen. All the magnificent oil paintings—and there are some very famous and valuable ones—still hang on the walls, and are very soothing for sore eyes. It is the kind of hospital Ruskin would have loved, I think.

I was very pleased to have a letter from Mr. Soar a couple of weeks ago, full of School news, but grieved to hear of Mr. McBurney's illness. I trust ere this reaches you he will be well on the road to recovery. **Major "Caesar" Lucas** was in the next bed to me for some weeks at the 3rd London General Hospital, and, as you can well imagine, was the life and soul of the ward. His trouble was also gas, but he is

now well on the way to recovery, and goes to a convalescent home in a day or two.

Things were fairly lively when I left France in April. Our Division were trying to save Amiens, and did exceptionally good work in repelling a strong attack on Villers Bretonneux. We, unfortunately, or fortunately, missed the show by a few days. Still the old saying still holds good: "He who fights and runs away . . ." We did not run, but staggered away blind for the time being.

Everyone is very confident of the final result. The Hun is sacrificing men to an enormous extent, and cannot keep it up long. Ere long, too, the Yanks will be too much for him. They are a magnificent type of soldier, and as keen as razors.

Best wishes to all at the Old School and kindest regards.

And here is one of those sad, sad letters that everyone has had during the war. It is the last letter to the School of **Capt. Charles Doig, M.C.**, who fell in action in the last days in which the Australians were engaged in the war. It is dated 4/8/18, France:—

Yesterday I received the March number of *The Sydneian*, for which many thanks; needless to say I read with interest the doings of the Old School, and I send my congratulations on the splendid successes obtained. In Sydney papers which have come to hand I was indeed pleased to read of the rowing results; Mr. Savigny, always untiring in his efforts, must have been very gratified at the result of his coaching.

Over here I have met several Old Boys, and they are in all branches of the service. **Capt. J. E. W. Bushelle**, who was a brother officer in the 36th Battalion, has gone West. He fell to a sniper on 6th April, and it was a shock to us all, for he was a very popular officer, and we lost a sterling comrade and a cheery pal. Only two days previously (4th April) he did some splendid work during a counter-attack we did, and which won for him the M.C. The official record of his deed is as follows:—"For conspicuous gallantry and determined leadership during a counter-attack by his Battalion at Villers-Bretonneux on 4th April, 1918. He led his company with exceptional dash and determination and succeeded in recapturing a position which had been lost earlier in the afternoon. Throughout the operation, and in the face of heavy machine-gun sniper fire, he showed an utter disregard of danger, and by his fearless leadership and personal action, greatly assisted in the success of the operation by his Battalion. Later, while under heavy and close machine-gun fire, he moved in the open supervising and directing the work of his company in consolidating the position captured."

He, **Major J. B. Buchanan**, and I were at one period in the same company, but when we obtained our Captaincy we each got command of a company, Major Buchanan already having a company. I notice Buchanan's name on your roll of "Fallen Sydneians." He went West on 12th October last during an attack at Passchendaele, and a gamer chap never donned uniform.

Capt. Iceton, who was with the 35th Battalion, is now with the Indian Army. Also in the 35th Battalion is **Capt. H. R. Sayers, M.C.**, an old "Shore" boy, and he and Iceton were great pals.

We have been having a good spell of fine weather lately, and it has been quite hot during the day, and so, whenever we are near the river and get a chance, all hands are in for a swim. Cricket is also played when we have a spell out of the line, a luxury we do not often enjoy, but we did not come here for a picnic.

I am now with the 33rd Battalion, for my old Battalion, the 36th, no longer exists. Reinforcements was the cause, and, needless to say, it hurt to see the Battalion go.

Once again, many thanks for sending *The Sydneian*.

Please remember me to Mr. Lucas, Mr. Savigny, Mr. Goldie, Mr. Bode, Mr. Marks and Mr. McBurney.

Best wishes for continued success of the School.

From **Cpl. D. C. Young**, New Zealand Rifle Brigade, France, 4/9/'18, who has been safely through Gallipoli and France, with four years' service.

I have been very lucky of late on receiving two *Sydneians*, and can assure you that I read them from start to finish, the matter contained in them being of great interest to me. My father, also an Old S.G.S. boy, forwards them to me, but several have gone under the sea, as I have never received them. I must congratulate the School on its great performances in all branches of sport of late years, especially in its great win on the river. I am in the New Zealand Forces, and came away with the Rifle Brigade in December, 1915. I have been very lucky, as I am in a Lewis-Gun Section, which are generally known as the "Suicide Mob." There has been great doings of late, and I think we have got the Hun thinking at last, and shall all be home to see the School win the Football Shield next year. I have met a good number of the Old Boys since my arrival in France, and spent 14 days in Scotland with one. Please give my regards to all, and to success of the Old School.

From **Gunner Keith Forrest ("Bertie")**, a forward of the XV. in 1907, and now on the Huns' track back to the Rhine.

From France, 21/8/'18, he wrote. Will anyone who saw it ever forget the football match he mentions? It was a classic:

I have great pleasure in acknowledging a copy of *The Sydneian*. Although it is a long time since I left the good old School, I saw names that were familiar to me. I've met numerous Old Boys over here, amongst them being **Tim Lamrock**, **Mick Farrar**, **Jack Scott**, **Freddie Pattinson**, poor old **Dos Wallach**, who fell a few months back, and numerous others. It is great to meet Old Boys and talk about old school-days. There is one thing I always like to yarn about, and that is the time when we played St Joseph's in 1907, and beat them 24-10. It was the greatest match ever I played. We don't get much time for sport over here, but I manage to get an occasional game of rugby going. There are two old Grammar boys in this battery—**Mick Coldham** and **Bruce Aitken**. Well, we are right in the middle of a "big push," so haven't much time.

Thanking you once again for *The Sydneian*.

Capt. R. S. Scott, A.M.C., A.I.F., from France, 24/9/'18:—

It's a long time now since I saw you last, and I have been going to write you and also some of the others for some time, but better late than never. For the last two months we have been continually moving, and have had some very lively times. I am a Stretcher-bearer Captain, and our work is evacuating wounded from the line to the advanced dressing station by means of relays of stretcher-bearers. As we have been following the infantry ever since the big advance started, you will see we have been doing plenty of walking lately, and have not been more than two nights in the one place till the present; we are now resting as the division is out of the line, but we probably will be on the move again very soon. It's wonderful how one meets so many old friends over here. A few days ago I met "**Cherry**" **Slade**, and a few hours later met **Geoff Street**, who was looking very well, and is in the 1st Battalion. I have also met **Freddie Pattinson**, **Coppleson**, and a number of others.

The whole stunt has been very interesting; scenery continually changing, although very much the same everywhere—lines of trenches, shell-holes, discarded equipment, munitions, and various kinds of wreckage. The villages and towns we have passed through are nothing more than heaps of broken bricks and timber, with scarcely a wall standing. I received a *Sydneian* some time ago, and was pleased to see that the Old School had won the cricket, and I also heard later from **Ludowici**, who is with the Engineers, that Grammar had won the boat race. The late Capt. Wilson, who was in this am-

bulance, and killed a while back, had a brother at Shore who was to have stroked their crew, but was prevented by his appendix a few days before the race. Capt. Wilson was very popular in the ambulance, and his loss was felt deeply. I hope to get another *Sydneian* shortly.

From **Tpr. H. J. Garlick**, with the Light Horse, Palestine, 19/7/18, before the final rout of the Turk:—

I expect you have forgotten me ere this, but never mind.

Since last writing I have been out at the Front with the above mentioned section, which is my permanent address. Have been through Gaza, Jaffa, Judean Hills, Jerusalem, Jericho, Dead Sea, Jordan River and Valley. Was out on a stunt last May, when I was injured, dysentery following; of course, was sent to hospital, then convalescent at Port Said rest camp; finally landing in Moasian Detail Camp, and now waiting to return to my unit.

Have met several old Grammar boys here—**Eric C. Starkey**, No. 1003, 7th Mobile Vety. Section, 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade, Palestine. We would be very glad if you could arrange to put our address in *The Sydneian*, as we would like to hear from some of the Old Boys. I have only had one *Sydneian* all the time I have been here; it was very much appreciated, too; also could you send us a list of Old Boys and the units they belong to, so that we could look some of them up. I met young "**Slip**" Carr the other day, too; he is just over and waiting to be allotted to his unit. Had a yarn with **Dobbin** some time ago; also **F. E. Munro** (Shrewd), and **P. Blumer**; they are in one of the signal troops.

I have asked my people to keep up my subscriptions to the old magazine, but perhaps they have forgotten; anyhow will you try and see where the mistake is, and send me the magazine along, please.

The heat is terrific out here at present, 118 degrees in the shade the last few days, and a scorching wind blowing off the desert; nevertheless, it is not as bad as the Jordan Valley. It is terrible there—the heat is cruel, not a breath of air, flies galore, blinding, grey, powdery dust, hot misty nights, and an abundance of all crawling livestock and reptiles. The Valley itself is 1,300 feet below sea-level, about 20 miles wide, hemmed in by high, steep hills, the river running down the centre; on the eastern side the hills are 3,000 feet high; on the western or Jerusalem side about 2,500 feet above sea-level. The Jordan River is only about 25 yards wide, but owing to the rapid fall in the ground towards the Dead Sea, it runs about eight miles an hour. Jerusalem has a lovely climate; it is built on seven hills, and is the highest point

in Palestine. It is not a compact place at all, but is made up of small colonies, representing different religions; it is a most interesting place, but would take too much room to describe here. Bethlehem, the Village of Nativity, is a nice place too; there is a church built there, over the place where the manger was in Christ's time. Our men have to keep guard over the church, as there are constant rows and fights between people of different religions, who go there to pray. There is a small portion of the church allotted to each religion.

I have just returned from a trip to Cairo and Alexandria; had a great holiday there—eight days altogether—have not room to write about it here. I thought you would like a brief account of position of present operations, as you said in your last letter: let you know all news.

From **Pte. T. P. Steel**, Australian Flying Corps, 5/9/'18, to Hon. Secretary, O.B.U.:—

Many thanks for copy of *The Sydneian*, which I received some little time ago. I was greatly interested in the doings of the boys of the Old School, and have managed to get into touch with one or two of the Old Boys over here in the corps. One of them, **2nd-Lieut. G. Lees**, who hadn't received the School magazine, was very pleased to read mine: he mentioned that he hadn't had any for a long time.

With best wishes to the School and the Old Boys.

This note, from **Pte. Eric Booth**, will interest Old Melburnians as well as Old Sydneians. Written at sea, 22/8/'18, so that those on board would just about reach the front in time:—

As you asked, so I have written. No news. I have had a good trip so far. I just missed having "**Buddy**" **Stevenson** (Old Sydneian) as a shipmate; he was waiting man for the Siege, but was held back. There are several "Old Melburnians" on board, including **Jack Whitten**, who came over for cricket a couple of years back.

Grammar to the Fore.

Lieut. Jack Mant tells in a recent letter that **Lieut. Ronald Morley** won his M.C. for collecting 36 Fritz's and two machine-guns, with only one non-commissioned officer to back him up; that he met **Sergt. C. G. Lavender**, 13th L.H., who used to sound the assembly of cadets with the silver bugle, shifting about 1,000 prisoners along a road in France like a flock of sheep.; that he met **Victor Coppleson**, who has his majority in the Army Medical Corps, and is very fit.

The correspondent of the Australian Press Association at the front wrote a week or more ago that the last Australian troops to participate in the actual fighting in the war were the 10th and 11th Field Artillery Brigades. It is one of the many sources of pride in the School that one of these units is commanded by an Old Sydneian.

Lieutenant Ernest W. Pearse, writing to his father, Mr. A. W. Pearse, from Palestine, on October 9, says he had been given command of a Company in the London Rifle Brigade, and is now Captain. He joined up as a Private at the outbreak of the war, has been wounded twice, mentioned twice in despatches, and was awarded Croix de Guerre with ——— at Le Gars.

We had intended to publish in this number a reproduction of **Major Eric Barbour** being introduced to the King, at Lords, on the occasion of the test match between English and Dominion cricket elevens. Unfortunately, however, a reproduction could not be secured in time to be included in this edition. Eric Barbour had the high honour of captaining the Dominions' Eleven in the Test Match, and bowled with great success, securing 6 wickets for 53.

The Reunion in Jerusalem.

An Historic Occasion.

Of all the reunions of Old Sydneians ever held, probably the most unique and most historic was that which took place in Jerusalem on July 31, 1918. The function which had been mooted for some considerable time was brought about personally by Sir Harry Chauvel. It was held in the Jerusalem Hotel, and officers from all parts of Palestine, Sinai and Egypt were present.

Amongst the guests were **Lieut.-General Sir Harry Chauvel**, who presided, **Lieut.-Colonel C. D. Fuller**, **Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Storey**, **Major J. D. Richardson**, **Major D. C. Close**, **Major A. G. D. Walker**, **Major Davies**, **Captain K. W. Humphries**, **Capt. R. C. D. Garnock**, **Capt. A. Chauvel**, **Lieuts. J. P. G. Cox** (since killed), **D. F. P. Roth**, **D. M. M. O'Connor**, **N. G. Ducker**, **K. Donkin**, **E. D. Brown**, **Paul, Vyner**.

Sir Harry Chauvel, in a speech to the gathering, paid a fine tribute to the Old School which had sent forth a large number of Old Boys to fight in the armies of the Empire for the freedom of the world. They were on every front of

the far-flung battle line, France, Palestine, Salonica and Mesopotamia. After referring to the work of the Anzac Mounted Division and the Desert Column in the Sinai and Palestine campaigns, he said he felt it an honour, as an Old Grammar School Boy, to command the largest body of Mounted troops in the world. If the Old Chief had lived he would not have been ashamed of the record of the Sydney Grammar School in the war.

In an extract of a letter from **Capt. A. Chauvel**, a younger brother of Sir Harry, thoughtfully sent us, he states that there were three generations of Old Sydneians represented at this dinner.

A Trooper's Tribute to His General.

It is not often that one hears criticisms of military leaders from their juniors, except those that are uncomplimentary. It happens that an extract has come to us from the letter of a trooper in Palestine, in which he speaks in glowing terms of **Lieut.-General Chauvel**, and the extract is therefore of interest to us. It reads: "Yesterday we were inspected by **General Chauvel**, who is just back from his trip to England. We were all pleased to see him, as he is well liked by both officers and men. A chap feels pretty safe with a leader like him. I saw him riding backward and forward under heavy fire at Romani and Bir-el-Abd, and it seemed that he did not know what danger was.

"Now that he is back I don't think it will be long before we are at the Turks again."

So end these notes in happier days than lovers of the School have known for nigh on five years. May the record that the war has created unite Old Sydneians with each other, and the School in manner unprecedented.

Ac/00015