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Hutchins School Magazine

HUTCHINS SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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Editorial

Several noteworthy additions and improvements to the School premises have been completed or commenced since our last issue, which will add considerably to the general appearance as well as the efficiency of the School.

The most important of these is the Gymnasium, which is now completed, and only requires furnishing. Built of brick, and roofed with Marseilles tiles, it presents an appearance of solidity and dignity that harmonises well with the rest of the School buildings. At the same time it effectually hides from view the group of incongruous and dilapidated erections which till recently greeted the eye of Macquarie-street pedestrians with the vague suggestion, especially on washing day, of a Chinese suburb. Washing day comes only once a week, but the gymnasium we shall have always with us.

Well ventilated, well lighted, and with a good floor, the new room suggests many possibilities. Apart from its obvious use for physical exercises, it would make a capital assembly-hall, and could be used for lectures, dances, or concerts. With the necessary furniture and fittings it would be well adapted for old boys' reunions, and for speech days. The boarders, especially, will appreciate the consideration of the Board of Management in providing them with ample space for ex-

ercising lungs and limbs in wet weather. No doubt they will show their appreciation by treating the new room and its fittings with due respect.

Another new and valuable asset is the Tennis Court, which will soon be ready for use. For this boon the School is indebted to the Council of Christ's College. Tennis is a fine game, and with a new court on the grounds should become very popular. No doubt the Sports Committee will revive the Tennis Championships, which used to be so popular in the days when we had champions like Howard Giblin, who could hold his own in inter-State matches. With the eye of faith we can see future Wildings bringing honour and glory to the School on international courts. Even the Davis Cup might not be beyond our reach.

The building of the tennis court entailed the construction of a stone retaining wall along the Barrack-street end of the playground. Eventually, it is hoped, this will be continued to the corner and along Collins-street. This will have the effect of enlarging and levelling the playground, and removing the unsightly and rather dangerous bank of earth and rubbish, on which the very small boys sometimes carry on a sanguinary trench warfare against imperceptible Turks.

The Macquarie-street boundary has also recently undergone a transformation. The old stone parapet and picket fence have disap-

peared, and so have the gates. In their place there is a new stone parapet, surmounted by a low iron railing, running to the Barrack-street corner, curving gracefully round it, and continuing to the main entrance to Christ's College. The gates are not to be replaced, but the gateways guarded by solid stone pillars. The object of this is to give an unimpeded view of the front of the building and the lawns, and presumably of the going out and coming in of boys and masters. So it behoves us to be more than ever circumspect and demure in our behaviour in order to avoid giving occasion for criticism to those who are without.

The appearance of the grounds in the front is being gradually improved. The lawn between the two front gates has come on well, and with proper attention should preserve its verdant appearance through the summer. The old corner which used to belong to the Corporation has been levelled and dug, and sewn with grass seed, and a few ornamental shrubs have been planted. When these become well established, and all signs of work removed, we shall have an exterior of which we can feel proud. The dignified appearance of the premises ought to be reflected in the bearing of its inmates, so, we repeat there is, more than ever, a necessity for a sober and temperate demeanour to be displayed by those who have occasion to show themselves in the front of the building. We commend this suggestion to the elegant individuals who are frequently seen lounging gracefully about the gateway, or endeavouring, with their manly shoulders, to prevent the front of the old building from falling forward.—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

There have been several changes in the Staff since last issue. Mr. G. A. Gurney, late Housemaster, and formerly acting Headmaster, has severed his connection with the School to join the Expeditionary Force, and is now in camp at Claremont. The boarders are now under Mr. Smith's supervision. The position of Bursar, which Mr. Gurney also held, is now occupied by Mr. Isherwood.

Mr. S. L. Hughes has resigned, with the intention of going to the Front. Mr. L. Stutterd, who was with us for a short time last year, has rejoined, and the staff has recently been strengthened by the appointment of Mr. H. S. Champion. The boarders should have nothing to complain about with four Masters in residence. We have also had a welcome addition to our teaching strength in the Rev. E. Bean, formerly Headmaster of All Saints, Bathurst, and of Sir Anthony Browne's School, Brentwood. Mr. Bean visits the School to take Scripture and History classes.

The Rev. J. V. Buckland, whom our readers have to thank for the interesting articles recently published dealing with the early history of the School, says, in a letter dated June 9th:—"If I can find time I will try and put some more details together from letters, etc., that I have, as I think they ought to be preserved for after ages. I do hope the old Hutchins is kept distinct as a school, although amalgamated with Christ's College. It held the field when the other collapsed, and did fine work for the Colony, so it would be a shame, especially after the splendid rally of the Old Boys to maintain it, if we should fall into the background. I shall be glad to hear any news of the Staff and doings of my old birthplace, home, and workshop for 42 years."

To another of our past Headmasters, the Rev. H. H. Anderson, and to his family, the School tenders its sincere sympathy in the loss sustained by the death of Lieutenant Kenneth Anderson, one of six old Hutchins Boys who have laid down their lives for the Empire.

On the last afternoon of the second term, School assembled at 3.30 for the presentation of the sports trophies and medals won during the half-year.

Mrs. Lindon kindly undertook to present the prizes, and in doing so congratulated the winners on their performances.

The coveted Championship Cup, presented each year by the Staff, fell to L. Payne, who also, as captain of the swimming team, took delivery of the handsome bowl presented by

Mr. J. Sharp for competition among the Associated Schools at the annual swimming sports. In presenting this trophy Mrs. Lindon congratulated the School on having an unbroken succession of victories in swimming. She urged the boys to make an effort to regain the Athletic Championship Shield, which we had to relinquish this year in favour of St. Virgil's College.

The medals won in the School running and swimming sports were then presented.

Mrs. Lindon afterwards addressed the boys on the subject of Red Cross work, in which she takes an active interest. After congratulating them on their efforts for the Belgian Fund, she appealed for assistance in providing comforts for the troops on active service, suggesting that each boy might save three-pence during the holidays, and hand it in to the prefects at the beginning of the term. This amount could be sent through her as a gift from the Hutchins School, and would be greatly appreciated by Old Boys and others at the Front.

After three cheers for Mrs. Lindon had been given and acknowledged, School was dismissed.

During the third term the School subscriptions for Patriotic Funds have been augmented by the sum of £6 9s. 6d. Of this amount £2 15s. 4d. has been forwarded to the Belgian Relief Fund. The remaining £3 14s. 2d. has been collected to provide comforts for our troops, so that the School will have the satisfaction of knowing that it has added slightly to the comfort of the boys who are fighting so bravely for us. The latter amount includes £1 5s. 6d. resulting from Mrs. Lindon's appeal. The work of collecting has been carried out by the prefects, with P. R. B. Oldmeadow as treasurer.

Roll of Honour

KILLED.

Anderson, Kenneth H.
Benson, John Errol.
Bethune, Alexander Douglas.
Brown, William John Alder.
Giblin, Eric Lewis.
Rex, Percival Hugh.

WOUNDED.

Butler, G. T.	O'Kelly, A. R.
Butler, H. N.	Richard, R. N. B.
Davies, G. G.	Richard, N.
Foster, J. A.	Salier, E. L.
Kelly, H. G.	Snowden, R. E.
Marshall, N.	Wylly, G. G.
Moore, K. F.	

The Empire's Call

This list, with additions and corrections where necessary, will be published in each issue of the Magazine while the War lasts. The Editor will be grateful to any of our readers who will supply us with any names or other details not included below.

Abbott, Paul, Corp., A.A.M.C.
Abbott, Percy, Lieut.-Col., Lt. Horse, N.S.W.
Abel, W. T., Gunner, R.F.A. Reinforcements.
Adams, Waynflete, N.S.W.
Anderson, Donald, Pvte., 2nd. Batt. Infantry.
Anderson, G. H., Signalling Corps, Vic.
Anderson, K. H., Lieut., 15th Batt. Killed.
Atkins, C. N., Capt., Aust. Clearing Hospital.
Bailey, Alan, Pvte., A.S.C. Sick.
Bailey, Guy, Capt., A.A.M.C.
Bailey, Roy, Pvte.
Barclay, David.
Benson, J. E., Corp., 11th Batt. Died of wounds.
Bethune, A. D. B., Corp., 8th Lt. Horse. Killed.
Bethune, F. P., Sergt.
Bisdee, G. S.
Bisdee, J. H., V.C., Capt. Lt. Horse.
Boyer, Charles.
Boyes, John.
Brown, W. J. A., Pvte., 14th Batt. Killed.
Butler, Angus, Sergt., Nigerian Forces. Promoted to Lieut.
Butler, Bryan, Pvte.
Butler, C. T., Lieut., Dorset Yeomanry.
Butler, G. T., Lieut., R.F.A. Wounded.
Butler, H. N., Maj., 3rd Field Ambulance. Wounded.
Butler, J., Trooper, Lt. Horse, Queensland.
Butler, L. A., Sergeant.

Butler, L. T., 10th Infantry Reinforcements.
 Butler, Hedley.
 Cameron, D., Lieut., King Edward's Lt. Horse, Machine-gun Section.
 Cameron, C.
 Chalmers, R. H.
 Charlesworth, J.
 Clark, C. I.
 Clark, A. I.
 Colbourn, F. R., Pvte., 4th Co., A.S.C.
 Colbourn, K., Pvte., A.A.M.C.
 Cox, Guy, Lieut., Somerset Lt. Infantry.
 Crick, A. T., A.S.C., Eng.
 Crisp, A. P., Lieut., A.F.A. Promoted to Capt.
 Crosby, A. W., Sergt., Lt. Horse.
 Crosby, W. M., Pvte.
 Davies, G. G., Bombardier. Wounded.
 D'Emden, Max, Pvte., A.S.C.
 Douglas, Bruce, Pvte., A.A.M.C.
 Elliston, C. W., Trooper, Lt. Horse.
 Elliston, V. G., Trooper, Lt. Horse.
 Farmer, B. C.
 Farmer, C. G., Lieut., 4th Co., A.S.C.
 Farmer, I.
 Foster, J. A., Lieut., 12th Batt. Infantry. Wounded.
 Fitzgerald, G.
 Giblin, E. L., Capt., A.M.C. Killed.
 Giblin, W. W., Lieut.-Col., A. Clearing Hospital. Mentioned in Despatches.
 Hardy, A. W., Pvte., 4th Co., A.S.C.
 Harris, J. R. O., Capt., 4th Batt. Infantry Reinforcements.
 Hill, T. A., Lieut., Royal Sussex.
 Jones, K.
 Kelly, H. G., Pvte. Wounded. Invalided to England. Returned to Front.
 King, C. S., Lieut., Battery 96, R.F.A.
 Lindley, Trevor.
 Lines, E. W. L., Lieut.
 Lucas, C. D.
 Lucas, R.
 Maxwell, D. S., Trooper, C. Squad, 3rd Lt. Horse.
 Mathers, Keith.
 Marshall, Norman. Wounded.
 McIntyre, F., Capt., A.A.M.C.
 McIntyre, G. L.
 McIntyre, W. K.
 McLeod, L. B., Sergt., Lt. Horse.

McLeod, T. B., Lieut., 3rd Lt. Horse. In Hospital, Malta.
 Moore, B. R., Corp. Invalided to England.
 Moore, K. F., Pvte., 3rd Field Amb. Wounded.
 Moore, T. C. B., Lieut., Lt. Horse Reinforcements.
 Morriss, Dudley.
 Morton, K., Pvte., 3rd Batt.
 Murdoch, John, 3rd Lt. Horse.
 Nicholas, H. C., 3rd Lt. Horse.
 O'Doherty, J.
 O'Kelly, A. R., C Squad, 3rd Lt. Horse. Wounded.
 Page, L. F.
 Peacock, J. E., A.A.M.C. Reinforcements.
 Perkins, Colin, Lieut.
 Pritchard, N.
 Ramsay, P. M.
 Radcliffe, B., Trooper, Lt. Horse, Queensland.
 Rayner, C. S. W., Lieut., Oxford and Bucks Lt. Infantry.
 Read, C. H., Lieut.
 Reid, J. A., Pvte., 3rd Field Ambulance. In Hospital.
 Reid, F. W., Sergt., Pay Corps.
 Rex, P. H., Pvte. Killed.
 Richard, R. N. B., Pvte., 12th Batt. Wounded. Invalided Home.
 Richard, N., Pvte., 12th Batt. In Hospital, London.
 Salier, E. L., Lieut., Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. Wounded.
 Sams, J. C.
 Sargent, D.
 Snowden, R. E., Maj., 15th Batt. Wounded. Returned to Front.
 Steinbach, R., Royal Aviation Corps.
 Swan, Raymond.
 Thirkell, G. L. A., Lieut., 3rd Field Engineers. In Hospital, Alexandria.
 Thirkell, R. W., Lieut., 8th Infantry Reinforcements.
 Todd, R., Pvte., A.A.M.C.
 Tressider, L., N.Z. Exped. Force.
 Uren, H., Sergt.
 Uren, L., Corp.
 Walch, J. C., Maj., 68th Battery, R.F.A. Mentioned in Despatches.
 Walker, Huon, Corp., A.A.M.C.

Williams, C. E.
 Wood, Robert.
 Weaver, R. N., Trooper, Lt. Horse.
 Webster, A. A.
 Wylly, G. C., Capt., V.C., Indian Cavalry. Wounded.
 Youl, J., Pvte., 12th Infantry Batt.

The Battle of Gaba Tepe

(By Lieut. I. S. Margetts.)

"A" Company, of which my platoon formed part, disembarked from the s.s. Devahna on the evening of Saturday, at midnight, on to a destroyer, H.M.S. Rattle, at the Island of Imbros. The night was cloudy, although there was almost a full moon. We had six life boats from the Devahna, and the men were arranged in two tows, with about thirty-six men in each boat. The men in the first tow were arranged in boat loads on the deck of the destroyer, and the second tow was stacked away in the fore-castle and mess-decks. It was a wonderful sight to see the men quietly smoking and joking with one another, perfectly cool, and ready for whatever lay before them.

As we neared the Peninsula of Gallipoli, the captain of the destroyer gave the order for silence, and for the men to stop smoking, and thus, in darkness and in silence, were we carried towards the land which was either to make or mar the name of Australia. On either side of us we could dimly see other destroyers bearing the rest of the Third Brigade. I am quite sure that none of us realised that at last we were actually bound for our baptism of fire, for it seemed as though we were just out on one of our night's manœuvres; but very soon we realised that it was neither a surprise party nor a moon-light picnic.

At about 4 a.m. we heard the first sounds of firing, and at 4.10 a.m. we first came under fire, at about 200 yards from the beach. The captain of the destroyer gave the order, "Man the boats, men," and, without the slightest hesitation, the first tow filled their boats, took up their oars, and started to row for the beach amid a perfect hail of bul-

lets and shrapnel, and the rattle of machine-guns. Colonel Clarke, Colonel Hawley, Captain Northcott, Major Elliott, Captain Burt, Lieutenant Patterson, Lieutenant Room, Lieutenant Jorgenson, and Lieutenant Rafferty were all in the first tow. There was some little delay in the steam pinnace picking up the tow ropes of these boats, but eventually they started for the shore. I turned to get the second tow ready, when a man just in front of me dropped, hit in the head. This was the first casualty, but very soon there were several others hit. There was some little difficulty in getting the second tow ready, but eventually, when a naval cutter came alongside, we got in and started for the beach. Three men were hit before the boat struck the shore. When she touched the beach, I gave the word to get out, and out the men got at once in water up to their necks; in some cases men had actually to swim several strokes before they got their footing. It was almost impossible to walk with full marching orders, absolutely drenched to the skin, and I fell twice before I got to the dry beach, where I scrambled up under cover of a sand ridge. I ordered the men to dump their packs off and load their rifles, and waited a few seconds for them to get their breath.

It was just breaking dawn, and as we looked towards the sound of the firing, we were faced by almost perpendicular cliffs, about 200 feet above sea level, and as we were of opinion that most of the fire was coming from this quarter it was evident that this was the direction of our attack. Therefore, after a minute or two, having gained our breath, we started. Soon I came upon Colonel Clarke and Lieutenant Patterson, and together, on our hands and knees, we climbed to the top of the first ridge. Up to this time I had not seen a sign of a Turk, but as we moved a little to our left we discovered a trench overlooking the beach, and fixing bayonets, we received the order to go for it. But, unfortunately, the Turks had no desire to wait for us; when they saw the bayonet they cleared out in great disorder, leaving much ammunition and some equipment. Our men opened fire on them, and

several of the enemy were wounded. They retired on to the forward slope of a rise, about 1,000 yards to the rear and to the left, and here took up a position in the scrub. We pursued them, and opened fire at about 350 yards. The Colonel, who was about 20 yards to my right, called for a signaller, and commenced to write a report for Brigade Headquarters, but was shot through the heart, and died at once. Private Davis was also killed here, and Major Elliott, going to the rescue of the Colonel, was shot through the shoulder and elbow, fracturing his arm. Lieutenant Patterson now took charge of the party, and gave orders to hold on until more men came to hand. Very shortly after this a patrol sent out reported that the enemy had retired over the hill. Captain Burt then came up with more men. We were reinforced, but, as we were mixed up with men of other battalions, Captain Burt decided that, owing to a slight lull in the fighting, it would be better to reform. When this was completed, we moved up a little in advance of our first position, and Captain Lalor, who had just come up, decided to hold the position, and dig in, but afterwards decided to advance to the ridge over which the enemy had retired, so we pushed on. It was soon discovered that the enemy were in strong force, and were attempting to get round on our left flank. Subsequently that flank retired, and we had to follow suit; but yet again we pushed up when reinforcements arrived from the Second Battalion. I was then ordered to line the ridge overlooking the deep ravine running up from the beach, but soon afterwards was sent up to reinforce the front again. When I got up I found ammunition was short, so went back to try and see if I could get some sent up, and also to find out where the rest of my men were. I joined Lieutenant Patterson, and told him I was exhausted, but after resting a few minutes under shrapnel, I again joined the firing line, doubling forward through the scrub, and frequently falling, owing to the thickness of the undergrowth. The fire came very hot from the ridge on our left flank, and a party of the second battalion occupied it. I believe they had a machine-gun. We could see people

moving on our left flank, but did not shoot at them, as we were informed that Indian troops were on our left. This we afterwards found out must have been a ruse of the enemy. The Second Battalion, on our left, were having rather a bad time, and Lieutenant Patterson took part of his men to reinforce them. I believe he lost his life on this ridge, as the last I saw of him, he was leading and encouraging his men to reinforce the Second Battalion. Captain Lalor afterwards went up on this ridge with part of his company. He sent me down to the beach with a bugler for reinforcements and stretcher bearers. I rolled down into the gully, sniped at all the way, and made my way towards the beach; it was just as much as I could do to get back, as in places the mud was up to our knees, and I was thoroughly exhausted before I left the firing line. I met some stretcher bearers, and sent them up, and reported to some Colonel that Captain Lalor wanted reinforcements, and then went along to Divisional Headquarters, and reported myself. I then went back to a place where a few slightly wounded and exhausted men of the 12th had collected, and here met Mr. Green, who had received orders to collect stragglers. There I lay down utterly finished, for a while I was too stiff and sore to move. Later on the Provost Marshal told me to form my men up, and report to Major Glasgow. He ordered me to get ready to move out to the fight, but afterwards told me to stand by for orders. We were later sent off to the right, but met Captain Ross, who ordered us back for the night.

In the morning we were ordered to reinforce the New Zealanders behind the first ridge overlooking the beach, and, under a heavy shrapnel fire, we dug ourselves in. In the afternoon we again moved up into the firing line to support them; the losses were fairly heavy.

On Tuesday the Turks made a very determined attack against our left flank, and we were standing to arms all day, with bayonets fixed, awaiting the charge that never came. At night the Turks did everything imaginable to raise their courage, blowing bugles and shouting "Allah." We naturally

expected every minute to be called upon to get to work with the bayonet. Every few minutes the cry rang out, "Supports ready to charge," and up we rushed, revolvers drawn and bayonets gleaming in the moonlight, amid one continuous rattle of musketry and machine-guns. It was a nerve-racking night, the tension broken every now and then by the orders "Stretcher bearers wanted on the right," or "Another machine-gun man wanted." But the longest night of all must come to an end, and every man seemed to heave a sigh of relief when the grey dawn spread over the sky, and showed us that, although faced by a hot fire, we had held our position; the still forms of Australia's manhood, and the stream of stretchers making for the Clearing Hospital on the beach, showed us that our name had been made with heavy casualties.

Nor was our work finished, for with the dawn came a fresh danger. It was soon evident that under cover of the darkness several snipers had taken up a position on the ridge at the rear of our position, and were firing across "Shrapnel Valley" into our backs. All the available tools were requisitioned, and digging commenced, but in an hour and twenty minutes we had lost five men, some very seriously, others only slightly wounded. I myself had one or two very narrow escapes. On one occasion I was standing supervising some digging; five minutes afterwards a man was shot dead on the same spot. There was no need to encourage our men to dig, as every man knew that he was digging for his life, and very soon they were safely entrenched. Major Smith then came up with the order that the 12th Battalion were to be relieved, and were to reorganise on the beach. No message was more gratifying, as hardly any of us had had any sleep since the previous Friday night; we all had beards, no one had washed, and we had suffered much in other ways. I think in another 24 hours most of our nerves would have been absolutely ruined. For my own part, I had no overcoat, my trousers were torn to ribbons, and my boots were laden with mud, but, nevertheless, dirty, weary, and cold though we were,

we had the satisfaction of knowing we had done what was asked of us.

I must say a word about the way we were provided for in the firing line. Everything possible was done for us; water was in chief demand. It is wonderful how, under the greatest difficulties, the Supply Department performed their part of the work. We had plenty to eat, plenty of ammunition, and a plentiful supply of water.

It was, indeed, a weary and bedraggled battalion which wended its way down the steep gully towards the beach, but as for being downhearted, not a bit of it. It was almost pathetic to see how one man would greet a pal who had been separated from him in the fight, and who he thought was either wounded or killed.

We assembled on the beach to the right of the Naval Pier, and we were all surprised to see each other. Only six officers out of a total of 30 who landed turned up. These were Major Smith, Captain Kayser, Captain Burt, Lieutenant Rafferty, Lieutenant Vowles, and myself; and a very small percentage of the men. We proceeded to get a roll call, and to organise again. I was put in charge of "B" company, and our strength was about 84 men out of a total of 213 who landed. Then we proceeded to eat, and we were well fed, and had our first drink of tea; it was glorious.

We had rather an exciting afternoon, as the Navy were observed shelling a low ridge on the left, and word was passed along that the enemy were putting in a battery which would enfilade the whole beach. But a few shells from the warship simply ploughed up the hill, and the enemy thought it wiser to cease operations, and we were left in peace. We had a wash and a rest, and we were then moved to a bivouac about 600 yards up a valley to our right, where, having dug our little holes to protect us from fire and shrapnel, we lay down for the night.

In the morning we had a battalion parade; it was rather a skeleton of the old 12th.

On Friday morning we received word that we were to go into the firing line again, and we moved up at about 9.30 a.m.

The road up was very steep, and when we

got to the top all were glad of a breathe. We moved in and relieved the 4th Battalion, who said what we had to fear most was snipers. They had lost a few men, but nothing to speak of. I was put in charge of the left of the section allotted to the Battalion. Unfortunately, one man was hit coming in; otherwise, we had no casualties that day.

On my left was a battalion of Marines, who really were the most amusing soldiers I have ever seen. The Subaltern in charge of the party on my left was about 18 years, and a typical Sub. Every time a big gun fired, either our guns or the enemy's, he bobbed his head; and once he remarked, "They pop some."

We improved the trenches here a great deal, and had a quiet day on Saturday. Mr. Orbell, who joined us on Thursday, was with us. Sunday was also spent in improving the trenches, and on Sunday night I thought I would have a little rest. At about 1 a.m. I heard a lot of shooting, and turned out to see what was doing, and found that the Turks were making a very determined attack on our left front, and we could see them in droves. By burst of controlled rapid fire we very soon upset the order of the advancing line. Again we had the bugles, and the cries of "Allah" and the advance of the Turks, and again the rapid fire of our troops and machine guns swept the attack back. It was a pleasure to see how steady our men were, and as I walked along the line I could see that Section Commanders had their men well under control. I saw one man fall back into the trench, and I went to him and felt his pulse, but he was quite dead, so I pulled him out of the road and took his ammunition and distributed it along the line. That was our only loss. In the morning we counted about 37 dead Turks in front of our small portion of the trench. This little scrap put great heart into our men, and proved yet again that no attack has a chance against rapid, accurate, well-controlled fire.

One little incident should be noted here to portray the casual nature of the Australian. When the firing started, the Marines

on our left passed the word for an Australian officer to identify an Australian who had wandered into their lines. I came along and asked who he was, and he said he was on Div. Headquarters, and things were very slow there, so he had strolled up to the firing line to have a shot, and had run into the Marines. As several spies had been caught in our lines, dressed in our uniform, they naturally wondered how he came to be wandering into their section of the trench.

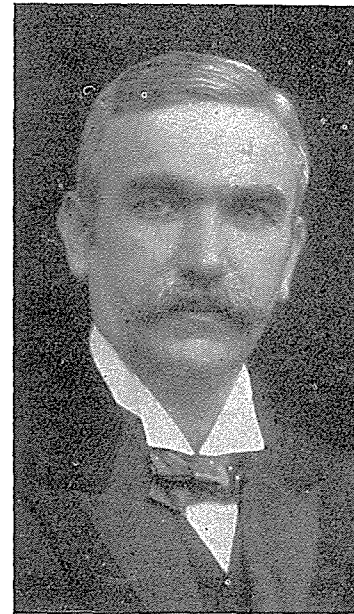
We were relieved at 8.30 p.m. by the 1st Battalion, and moved down the beach, where we had a wash and a good rest, and bivouacked for the night.

At 6 p.m. next day we received orders that we were to proceed up in the rear of the 11th Battalion, and to be ready to support them if required, but we passed a quiet night.

On Wednesday morning we occupied the trenches, and relieved the 11th Battalion. The trenches were very shallow, in fact they were only about 4ft. deep, and there were practically no support trenches. This meant that again we were to dig and improve for others, but very soon we were informed that this was to be our permanent home for a few days, and naturally the men worked better. Relief was again organised, and everything was arranged for our comfort. Reinforcements arrived, and we were able to organise into our four platoons again. We have had a very quiet time here, our chief work being improvement of our trenches, and avoiding shrapnel, which at times has been very frequent and close to our position.

The Death of Judge Dobbie

By the death of Mr. Justice Dobbie, I.S.O., the School loses one of its most distinguished and loyal Old Boys, and the State one of the most learned and high-principled lawyers who have occupied the honourable position of Judge of the Supreme Court. Of Mr. Dobbie's private life and moral character it is impossible to speak too highly. Probably none but the members of his family could know fully the nobility of his ideals, the breadth of his charity, and his



unswerving devotion to duty. We tender to them our sincere sympathy in their irreparable loss.

To show the opinion held of him by his colleagues on the Bench we cannot do better than quote the words of the Chief Justice on the first occasion on which the Court sat after Mr. Dobbie's death:—"Since the Court last sat death has taken Mr. Justice Dobbie, and ended a career which, had it lasted longer, would, I am sure, have made a mark upon the judicial work of this State, for His Honor had already had time to show that in intellect, character, and moral strength he was well worthy to be trusted by the profession and the public generally as an industrious and learned lawyer, and also as a superlatively honest man. Mr. Justice Dobbie was of the scholarly type, whose love of exactness prohibits display, and does not lead to dramatic doings or sayings. Truth and accuracy were his aim, and as a result his strong intellect came to safe conclusions upon many subjects. As is well-known to members of the bar, he was a lawyer's lawyer, loving the science of the law, under-

standing and enjoying the study and application of legal principles, and knowing that he was dealing, not with disconnected points, but with the living growth of the customs and rules by which the law-abiding British race manifests its great capacity for self-regulation. He also had the lawyer's gift of knowing what was material, and the ability to decide questions of fact quickly and accurately. Further, he was free from the tendency of many scrupulously accurate men to pay too much attention to the letter, and so forget the spirit of a rule—he knew when to put the blind eye to the telescope. These are words of high praise, but I do not think that they exaggerate. Speaking of our late colleague as a man, I knew him for many years, and had many dealings with him, from games up to questions of life and death, and I was always impressed with the perfect rightness of his motives in questions of right and wrong, for he was always completely and recklessly on the side of right. I never knew and never can know a man with a stronger sense of duty. In the subject of Crown law he was probably the most learned lawyer this State has ever possessed. Though of a very sociable disposition, his health for some years prevented him enjoying that lighter side of life which is the proper relief to responsible brain workers, and thus to some extent deprived his friends of the pleasure of his conversational powers, which he was able to brilliantly display in the discussion of many subjects; and for a long time he had to pay a close though unwilling attention to all sorts of trifles which might have affected his very delicate health. He had fine, admirable qualities, and bore with fortitude much discomfort and pain, always, if possible, concealing his sufferings, which were frequent, and by no means light. His life was one of labour from early youth to the end, and he always aimed at some object worthy of his toil. His place in Tasmania will be difficult to fill; but those who mourn him, when they sigh to think that his life has ended, may place upon the other side of the account the recollection that no life could have been more honourably or faithfully lived."

Old Boys' Column

BIRTHS.

CHESTERMAN. — At Larnoo, Murray-street, Malvern, Victoria, on May 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Sydney A. Chesterman: a son (Sydney Noel).

CHAMBERS.—On June 23, at 30 Adelaide-street, Hobart, the wife of Vere Isham Chambers: a son.

HENRY. — On the 1st September, at "Cornhill," Ulverstone, the wife of F. Henry: a son.

SNOWDEN.—On July 20, the wife of Ernest N. Snowden, of New Cavendish-street, London W.: a son.

WATCHORN.—On August 8, at Sunbury, Macquarie Plains, the wife of A. Stanley Watchorn: a son.

MARRIAGES.

BAILEY—DOUGLAS. — On April 3, at All Saints' Church, by the Venerable Archdeacon Whittington, Guy Brooke, second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bailey, Logan, New Town, to Ida Constance, third daughter of the late Sir Adye Douglas and Lady Douglas, Hobart.

REID—UREN.—On July 17, 1915, at St. George's Church, Hobart, by the Rev. F. H. Foster, Francis W., third son of Alexander Reid, Sandy Bay, Hobart, to Beatrice, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Uren, of 60 St. George's-terrace, Hobart.

LORD—BATT. — On April 28, at St. George's Church, by the Rector, the Rev. Donald Baker, B.A., David, eldest son of the late Hon. Alfred Edwin Lord and Mrs. Lord, Athlone, Bellerive, to Hilda Florence Clara, fourth daughter of the late William Batt and Mrs. Batt, Queenborough.

CRUICKSHANK—TERRY. — On September 11, at St. Paul's Church, Glenorchy, by the Rev. W. J. Dodson, Captain Alan La Touche Cruickshank, youngest son of Colonel Cruickshank, R.E., of "Burnside" Glenorchy, to Constance, daughter of Mr. J. J. Terry, of Park Cottage, Glenorchy.

DEATHS.

ANDERSON.—On May 9, at "Quinn's Post," Gallipoli, killed in action, Lieutenant Kenneth H. Anderson, third son of Rev. H. H. Anderson, Rector of Stanley, and formerly Headmaster of the Hutchins School.

BENSON.—Died of wounds at the Dardanelles on September 3, Private Jack Erol Benson, beloved youngest son of Lucy C. Benson, of Riverton, Derwent Valley, and the late William Benson, of Bellerive, in his 18th year.

BETHUNE.—Killed in action at the Dardanelles, Corporal Alexander Douglas Bethune, 8th Light Horse, eldest son of the late J. R. Douglas Bethune, of Tasmania, aged 35 years.

GIBLIN.—Eric Lewis, Captain R.A.M.C., 24th London Regt., only son of Mrs. W. F. Pretymann, Lodington, Glenorchy, and the late Lewis V. Giblin, of Hobart. Killed in France, September 28, 1915.

DOBBIE.—On August 23, at his late residence, Edward David Dobbie, Senior Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Tasmania, aged 58 years.

WALCH. — On August 29, at his residence, Wentworth-street, Richard Crosby Walch, fourth son of the late J. H. B. Walch, of Hobart, in his 50th year.

Lieutenant K. Anderson was born at the Hutchins School in 1894, and spent his early years at the school. On leaving school he went to Zeehan, and was for a time a clerk in the A.M.P. Society. At the time of his enlistment he was employed in the office of the Rosebery tin mine. He obtained a commission in the 15th Battalion, 3rd Reinforcements, and left for the front in February. He left Egypt on April 30, and spent some days at Lemnos, so must have been killed very soon after landing on the peninsula. He was struck by a shell in the trenches at Quinn's Post, and died in a few minutes. His last words were, "Good-bye, Fifteenth. Play the game, boys!" Major Snowden, referring to his death, says:—"On the 9th our Battalion was in a tight corner

at a place called Quinn's Post, the worst part of the whole line. The reinforcements were hurried into the trenches the moment they landed. One end of a trench was enfiladed by artillery. Somebody had to go to this end, so Kenneth did, and the first shell that came in wounded him mortally." At the time of his enlistment he had just commenced reading for Holy Orders.

Corporal A. D. Bethune was a son of Mr. Douglas Bethune, and grandson of the late Mr. Walter Angus Bethune, 11 of whose descendants are in the Army or Navy. Mr. A. D. Bethune fought all through the Boer War, and was sent to London with the Australian Forces to assist in the Coronation. Immediately on the outbreak of the War he volunteered to serve as a Private, and with his brother, Norman Bethune, went to the Dardanelles with the Victorian Light Horse.

Private Jack Erol Benson, who died of wounds at Gallipoli on September 3, was born at Bellerive on November 21, 1897. He was a pupil at the Hutchins School. At the age of 13 he risked his life to save a boy from drowning at Kingston Beach, and was presented with a gold watch in recognition of his bravery. Last year he started farming with his brother, Mr. Chas. Benson, at Dromedary, Derwent Valley, and enlisted at the beginning of this year.

A cablegram has been received announcing the death in France, on September 28, of Captain E. L. Giblin, son of the late Mr. Lewis Vincent Giblin and Mrs. W. F. Pretymann, Lodington, Glenorchy. The deceased, who was unmarried, was a native of Hobart, and about 35 years of age. He left Hobart five or six years ago to study medicine at the Sydney University, and obtained his M.D. degree. About twelve months ago he went to London, and spent about six months in the Queen's Hospital, when he volunteered for the front, and received a commission in the R.A.M.C., 24th London Territorials. Prior to going to the front he trained the stretcher-bearers belonging to his regiment. The regiment won many honours in France,

and Captain Giblin, in his letters, said he was proud to belong to it. He was killed while tending the wounded in the trenches in the recent big battle.

Mr. Richard Crosby Walch, who was in his fiftieth year, was a son of Mr. J. H. B. Walch, and was educated at the Hutchins School. Upon leaving school he entered his uncle's business, where his ability and industry soon made him invaluable. This was especially the case in regard to the printing and manufacturing departments, which he gradually established as large and flourishing concerns. On the death of Mr. C. E. Walch he became managing director, and, in spite of great suffering from an incurable malady, kept to his work until the last. Mr. Walch, who twice visited England in the interests of his firm, was a member of the board of management of the Hobart Savings Bank. Although not a public man in the ordinary sense of the word, he had a very large number of friends and acquaintances, among whom his kindly manner and attractive personality rendered him extremely popular. He leaves a widow and four children, three boys and one girl.

Among those who are doing good work at the front is Mr. Rupert Steinbach-Meeling, second son of the late Mr. H. M. Steinbach, of Hobart. Although quite a boy when he came to England with his mother and sister, he will be remembered by many young men who were at Hutchins School with him. His education was continued in England at Dulwich College, and, after spending some time in a merchant's office in London, and later starting to prepare for a medical career, his love for mechanics gained the mastery, and he decided to take up aviation. About 18 months ago he went to the Brooklands Flying School to learn the art of flying under Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, and in about six weeks got his flying certificate, No. 809. Incidentally it may be stated that the latest certificate from the same school would now be numbered about 2,000, as since the outbreak of war so many young men have adopted flying as a career. Lieut. Steinbach-Meeling, on leaving the Brooklands School,

tried to get into the Royal Naval Air Service, but, not succeeding, he applied for a commission in the Royal Flying Corps last November, and was gazetted second lieutenant on probation, and sent to Brooklands in January last for a few weeks. Later on he was ordered to the Central Flying School at Upavon (Salisbury Plain), and on May 1 was sent to the front, having previously been confirmed in his rank. Up to the end of July, when he was granted a few days' leave, he has been flying daily in Flanders, using an Aero machine, and, for minor work, a Caudron, but he is hoping soon to get a Morane. He finds the work very exacting, as the enemy's anti-aircraft guns are very numerous, of great range, and their shooting is very expert. The Germans, he states, have much faster flying machines than the Allies, but they seldom venture beyond their own lines.

A private cablegram has been received in Hobart stating that Captain Guy Wylly, an old Hutchins School boy, who, with Captain J. H. Bisdee, of this State, won the Victoria Cross in the South African War, has been wounded in the mouth, while fighting with the Indian Cavalry in Flanders.

Captain Bisdee, who is now on his way to the front, was the first Australian who received the V.C. in the Boer War.

Lieutenant Geoffrey Butler, R.F.A., has been wounded in the leg at Pcppringhe, near Ypres. When last heard of he was in Lady Carnarvon's Hospital at Newbury.

Major H. N. Butler was on board H.M.S. Triumph when she was torpedoed at the Dardanelles. He was taken off by a torpedo-boat, and has since been wounded.

Mr. G. Bisdee, of Sand Banks, has recently leased that property and Kewstoke, and contemplates leaving shortly to reside in the Old Land, where he hopes to get a commission in the Army. It is generally understood that Mrs. Bisdee and family follow him at the end of the year. Mr. Bisdee will be missed in many ways, and especially in the church, being the secretary of the parish council, also lay reader.

Captain C. N. Atkins, who returned from the Dardanelles in charge of the wounded

on the s.s. Ballarat, has returned to duty, after a well-earned rest. He took part in the now historic landing at Gaba Tepe, where he was frequently under fire. Lieut.-Colonel Cameron says Captain Atkins did magnificent work. He signalled his homecoming by becoming engaged, rather appropriately, to the "Queen of the Dardanelles," Miss Marjorie Walker.

Mr. R. N. Butler, architect and draughtsman, has taken into partnership an old schoolmate, Mr. Syd. Rodway.

The Editor recently received an interesting letter from Lieutenant T. A. Hill, 7th Royal Sussex, in which he describes the very thorough training recruits are subjected to at Home. His regiment had been decimated in the early stages of the War. Unfortunately space prevents us from quoting his letter.

Mr. R. S. Ellis has been appointed secretary of the Queensland Insurance Co. Ltd. at Launceston. He has been identified with the company for the past few years, and has held positions at Hobart and on the North-West Coast.

Bombardier H. R. Dobbie, son of the late Mr. Justice Dobbie, has qualified for a commission in the 13th A.G.A.

Lieutenants S. L. Hughes and E. M. Dollery, Senior Cadets, have passed for captains rank, and K. M. Hickman for that of first lieutenant.

The following Old Boys went through the No. 2 Camp of Instruction at Claremont:—Lieutenants E. M. Dollery, A. F. Payne, J. S. Piesse, E. J. Bowden; Sergeants F. P. Bethune and A. W. Crosby.

Duntroon

On arriving at the R.M.C., the first thing that strikes one is the general smartness of the cadets on parade. To one coming straight from the Senior Cadet training this is specially noticeable. No half measures are permitted, everything must be the very best. Consequently, the Corps has attained a very high standard of proficiency.

The College is situated about two miles from the site of the future Federal capital, the nature of the surrounding country making it specially adaptable to the requirements of a military college. The open plains adjoining the College are most suitable for Light Horse and Artillery work, while the wooded slopes of Mount Pleasant, combined with the open country, give every advantage to Infantry work. The Molonglo River, which flows through the plain, quite near the College, can also be utilised for bridge building purposes, etc.

The one maxim of the College is "work." Reveille is at 6.15 a.m. every morning, except Sunday. The day's work commences at 8.30 a.m., when we have the first morning parade, either Infantry Drill, Signalling, Physical Training, etc. The rest of the morning is taken up with lectures on civil subjects, 9.45 a.m.—12.50 p.m.

In the afternoon we have another hour's drill, etc., and from 3 to 4 o'clock a lecture. The rest of the afternoon is given up to recreation.

Evening study is from 7.30 till 9.30, and lights out, 10.15.

Thus, it can be seen that the life of a Staff Cadet is by no means a lazy one.

Practically all athletic games have a recognised place at the College. Football (both Rugby and Australian rules), cricket, tennis, hockey, and golf, all have their followers. Perhaps the favourite game here is tennis; altogether, we have seven courts.

We have a very fine gymnasium, and a great deal of attention is paid to physical training. The Cadets not only have to learn to do things themselves, but how to instruct others. A shield has been presented for bayonet fighting, and each year the championships are fought in the third class, the winner having his name inscribed on the shield.

The Cadets' quarters are divided into blocks, each block consisting of 16 rooms. Each Cadet has to look after his own room,

sweep and dust, etc., and keep it extremely clean and tidy. The rooms are inspected periodically, and if any fault is found, the poor Staff Cadet has a few extra drills to his credit. These are done in full marching order, from 6.30 to 7 a.m. Naturally, they don't possess a very high place in our estimation.

Up till now the College has sent out three classes, about 120 Cadets. They all received their commissions, and 80 of them are now at the front; the other 40 of them are in camp, waiting to get away. Of the first two classes who graduated, about fifteen have been killed, and many more wounded. All their officers have spoken very highly of them, praising the good work they have done. One way in which they are superior to the ordinary subaltern is that they have received a fairly thorough training in not only one, but every branch of modern warfare.

At present there are only two classes (4th and 3rd), about 80 Cadets, at the College. All of these hope that before the War ends they will be commissioned, and have their chance at the front. In all probability the present 3rd Class will graduate early next year, while the 4th Class hope to graduate the following year.

In the normal course of events, the term of instruction is four years. The first two years are devoted principally to civil work, with a certain amount of military training, while the last two years are devoted mainly to military subjects. Owing to the War, however, this scheme has been altered, and the course has been shortened down. The lack of officers has made this imperative, and it is probable that while the War lasts the College will be sending out forty trained officers annually.

Only a few weeks ago, General Bridges (G.O.C. 1st Australian Division, and late Commandant of the College) was laid in his last resting-place, on a hill overlooking the College. Such an example as he set will surely be an inspiration to the present Cadets, and to those of future generations.

In his lifetime he set an example of supreme devotion to duty, and one could not do better than follow such an example.

Finally, there are those gallant fellows, graduates of Duntroon, who have laid down their lives for their country. The College is only a young one, but it already has great traditions to live up to in the deaths of these brave fellows.

Thus, there is a duty to be performed by the Staff Cadets of the future. Traditions must be lived up to, and fresh ones won, that in the years to come the Royal Military College of Australia may possess just as splendid traditions as the great Military Colleges of England.

G. R. L. A.

Football

SENIORS.

The Senior team this quarter have by no means disgraced themselves, although in their first match, against Friends', all players could have done with a little more practice, as everyone was "flat out," as the saying goes, at the end of the match. However, in the matches against St. Virgil's and Leslie House no one was lacking in form, and although St. Virgil's won their match, they must have felt that they had been "going some," and had by no means had it all their own way. Against Leslie House the team showed great form.

Roy Barnett had the misfortune to rick his hip against Friends', so the team lost his services for the other two matches. Payne (captain) played first-class football all through the season, and ranks as one of the best footballers in the secondary schools. Cumming and Croft played prominently, the latter showing much improved form since last season. Of the others, Robertson, Hay, D. Allison, and Wiggins played well. Results:—

V. Friends' High School. Scores:—Hut-

chins, 7.6 (48 pts.); Friends', 7.6 (48 pts.). Goal-kickers: Richardson (3), Wiggins (3), and Read.

V. St. Virgil's. Scores:—H.S., 4 behinds; St. V.C., 8 goals 12 behinds.

V. Leslie House. Scores:—H.S., 13.22; L.H.S., 2.7. Goal-kickers: Wiggins (7), Richardson (2), Cumming, Payne, D. Allison, and Hay.

Wiggins heads the goal-kicking list with 12 goals, seven of which he scored in the last match.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors played four matches this quarter, being twice successful, and only narrowly defeated on both the other occasions. Results:—

July 31, v. St. Virgil's. Hutchins won easily. Scores:—H.S., 9.4 (58 pts.); St. V.C., 3.4 (22 pts.). The best players for Hutchins were W. Allison, R. McCreary, Longley, and Upcher.

August 14, v. State High School. After an exciting game, State High School won by 1 goal. Scores:—S.H.S., 7.6 (48 pts.); H.S., 6.6 (42 pts.). For Hutchins, McCreary, Freeman, Crouch, and Sharp played well.

August 21, v. St. Virgil's. After an exciting struggle St. Virgil's emerged victors with 2 goals to spare. Scores:—St. V.C., 6.3 (39 pts.); H.S., 3.9 (27 pts.). The most prominent players for Hutchins were Upcher, Longley, A. Henry, Standaloft, and Goodfellow.

August 28, v. Battery Point S.S. Hutchins won easily, after an uninteresting game. Scores:—H.S., 15.21 (111 pts.); Battery Pt., 2.1 (13 pts.). The whole team played well, especially some of the younger boys. Evans and McCreary played wonderfully well.

THIRDS.

The Thirds have done well this quarter, having won two, and drawn the third match against State High School. Evans, Bisdee, and Templeman played consistently for us.

Sixth Form Spasms

As the third term put in its toil-laden appearance, many and sundry were the comments made by various members of the Sixth with regard to their respective modes of spending the mid-winter vacation. One blase youth declared, to a group of admiring juniors, that he "had been leading the strenuous life of a man about town." Subsequent events during the term have proved that his romantic career has received no rigid check by the resumption of his work. Indeed, he has of late been enacting the unenviable role of the bold villain, and, although he has not actually carried off the beautiful and virtuous heroine in the customary stage knapsack, still he has caused the handsome hero to turn emerald with envy and purple with passion by constantly being in the environment of the lady in question.

Our military friend finds it a fearful bore having to come to school, and has lessened, as far as possible, the inconvenience it causes him, by arriving every day very fashionably late. Moreover, he has considerably facilitated this practice by bringing a "standing excuse," so that now we no longer hear wild tales of missed trams, punctured bicycles, and detaining errands. But, then, the noble Bruiser sports wrist watches, scarlet shoes, purple socks, and felt hats, so that we more ordinary boys can only sit and gasp, "What will be the end?"

Whatever time that can be spared from his all-absorbing mathematical work, Possum has of late been spending in a keen and observant study of insect life. The time set apart for his pet hobby is 1.55 p.m., when he will stroll up Macquarie-street, deeply engrossed in his interesting subject. He says his favourite insects are gentle Ladybirds and Cross bees. However, little incidents crop up, which considerably Mar Possum's enjoyment.

It is with extreme satisfaction that we announce that the blasphemous and seditious libel, displayed in the

last issue, against the sacred tone of the Sixth, and perpetrated by certain precocious members of the Fifth Form, has been effectively avenged. Not many days after the recommencement of school, the ardour of these disrespectful little boys received no small "Chiller," when heavy blows were inflicted on their stalwart (?) representative at a most Waugh-like Rate in the old gymnasium.

And here's a whole bunch of pre-digested news:—

The only way Bundle's easily-roused temper can be mollified is to mention foreign confectionery, French tarts in particular. Exit L.F.M. from favour of the Berties, and enter L.B.T. Selwyn's recent dashing conduct seems to prophesy that, one of these days, he will be ringing his own knell. No sooner do revolvers lose their novelty than marbles become the rage. Over the realm of French the miserly figure of Harpagon reigns supreme. Charles Chaplin and Ford Sterling are completely outdone by the screaming antics of the one and only Cahn. Enter Masterman as a mathematical genius and skilful exponent of the oratorical art, and exit Read, who is to make his debut in the architectural world. Beaugarde is said to have a decided aversion to closed doors, after the incident of "the face at the window." Bill still insists on keeping the Door ajar during Prep. We wonder why?

T. K. C.

Paroxysms from Va

Everybody has worked hard during this term, especially Hugh, who has been putting his enormous supply of beef into it.

Skinny is willing to swallow in good faith the fishy tale of the Forsaken Merman.

Chunky says that the Gordon Riots were agitations in Manchester, performed by Lord Gordon and Co. in London.

General von Schuter gave an exhibition of rifle drill a few weeks ago. He thought it was a splendid joke.

One of our scientific lads engaged in a sparring exhibition with a deadly rival. Defeat, however, put a chiller on his keenness.

A secret gang of criminals has been at work decorating the Va. room door with an invisible "A," which probably means "Anarchists."

Worthless Wilhelm Wouldn't Wet his Whistle With Water,
But Begg for a Bottle of Boag's Best Beer,
Because His Hohenzollern Household Hasn't Had a Happy Holiday,
Since the War began.

Try Dr. Gobbo's Patent Imagination Fertiliser.
Highly successful; 25 Ananias power.

Kaiser Wilhelm and s(H)uns,
(late Ariovistus and Co.);
Experts in Chemical Manufactures, also in
Removal of Furniture.
Iron Crosses liberally supplied.

Boarders' Notes

What's all the excitement about? Don't be alarmed, the third term is over, and we are about to pack up for home, and rest our weary brains for a whole week, in order to recover from the scarlet fever scare.

What was all that excitement about in the middle of the term? Methinks it was a real live "Otter," now known as Bottler.

What's the matter with Jerry, did you say? Well, he has fallen, like most of us, to the gaze of the fair sex; the only thing is, we fear he is doomed to disappointment; however, he is very young, and has plenty of time to change his mind.

Fatty is getting thin. I wonder what's the matter? Surely he can't be pining for Ross?

What's that funny looking red thing in the bike shed? It looks like a toy motor-cycle; but no, it is the genuine article, and if you wait long enough, you will see

volumes of smoke and hear funny noises. It's the captain, trying to start it; but the "juice" has run out, and she won't spark.

Look at that large room with the red roof; that's the long-thought-about Gym. I expect we shall be performing deeds of wondrous valour inside its walls before long. We all hope everyone will respect the furniture, and not start playing football inside.

As we could not venture among the public during quarantine, the chief took us up the mountain, but when we assembled at the Springs two were missing, but, thanks to the guiding of a Y.M. Scout, they turned up 2½ hours later.

Why is Bill wearing that "D on Khaki"? Several remarks have been made about it; but, don't get "fussy," he backs the "Queen of the Dardanelles," and she is a sure winner. Anyone wishing to buy votes, apply to Percy, R.B.O., and you can get as many as required.

Well, boarders, I hope you all have a pleasant holiday, and don't forget to come back to school. Don't forget to behave yourselves during your hours of recreation.

B. P.

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Exchanges

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