ARTHUR SYDNEY WATERER, B.A.

Shortly after the beginning of the last Christmas vacation occurred the death of Arthur Waterer a member of the School staff. The bald statement gives little indication of the School's sense of loss, which was great, because some men are loved more than others, and Arthur Waterer was one of these.

An Englishman, he commenced his teaching career in London. In 1911 he came to Australia to Technical High School, and remained on the staff of that school until 1928, except for the years he was at the war. In 1928 he was appointed to Newcastle, and from there he came to Fort Street in 1932, where he remained until his death, except for the year 1935, when he was lecturer in manual training at the Teachers' College.

In all his work he was conscientious and diligent, but it is little known that in one of his chosen subjects he was not only a master craftsman, but an artist, and had he lived in other days than these of machine-made furniture, it is possible that his name would have ranked with those of Chippendale and Sheraton. Like a surgeon he had genius in his fingers.

But it was not for what he could do that Arthur Waterer was loved, but—without belittling his manhood, one can say it—for the sweetness of his nature. His war service was long, and its length was the price he paid for being unwounded, but it left no mark on him that others could see, for his equanimity was unbroken and his geniality was unimpaired. He quarrelled with no one because he was in no way conscious of self-importance, and his good fellowship with men was something they valued.

One remembers that Lamb counted but few of his fifty years, considering himself but a young man, if only the years he had lived for himself were reckoned. So could the tally of Arthur's years have been lessened, because he gave of himself generously to everybody. If there were anything he could do for anyone, he did it, nor marked the time of the doing.

Nil nisi bonum de mortuis? No. Rather there is nothing but good to say of the dead. Everyone who knew him regrets his passing, for

"Who hath not lost a friend"? F.F.

A PUPIL'S APPRECIATION.

"I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought."

Tennyson.

At the very close of yet another year of conscientious labour and of fond devotion to his pupils, in deep regret and sadness, our friend and teacher, Mr. Waterer, passed from us.

The news came to us soon after the commencement of our last year's Christmas vacation. We were scattered far and wide, and yet with one accord, in hushed stillness, we bowed our heads in memory of our honourable friend.

I am able to call to mind even now that bright, smiling face, which I saw so frequently in the course of my wanderings about the School. Always did he greet us with a kindly nod, which inevitably bespoke his fond affection and friendly interest towards us. He cheered us when our spirits were dampened. Mr. Waterer helped us more on those occasions than he perhaps realised.

He would often stop in his work to help, and even at times to confide in his pupils. Never

shall I forget those little heart-to-heart talks which he and I had on several occasions—so friendly, so encouraging and helpful.

He taught us history, and was particularly concerned with the study of modern diplomatic relations. He encouraged us to think about and discuss them amongst ourselves, realising, undoubtedly, that it was these events that would have a direct influence on our future lives.

Several of the history periods, which are now most vivid in my memory, took the form of these discussions. He himself joined in, in his friendly way, intervening at intervals to add some suggestion, or to express some words of appreciation on the respective abilities of his pupils. In bestowing praise Mr. Waterer was never sparing. He observed and encouraged every sign of talent which his pupils displayed.

Every lesson with Mr. Waterer was a delight. He possessed some unexplainable fascination of personality in keeping all his pupils genuinely interested in their work. His periods were rich in historic matter and concisely stated facts, and yet every lesson had its spice of humour.

The School will miss more than Mr. Waterer's teaching abilities now that he has gone from us; as a helper on Play Days and at School socials he was ever willing to do all that he could. It was this cheery willingness which Mr. Waterer always displayed, that so won our hearts to him.

H. J. FALLDING, 4A.

THE WARRIGAL.

For twelve years now the old tan dog had lived and hunted. And twelve years are long in the life of a dog. But those years had been good years, and strength still flowed inside the tawny hide. Besides, the old dog was lucky, very lucky. Had he not a half-bred kelpie bitch as a mate, and four strong, healthy pups to hunt with him? Frequently the pack came down from the mountains, filling the night air with long-drawn, mournful howls. The farmers would hear and curse. In the morning they would find twenty or thirty of their fattest sheep dead, lying with their throats horribly torn and gashed and bleeding, but not eaten. That is what annoyed them. If the brutes would only kill for food it would not seem so horrible. But they killed to satisfy a craving for blood and death, and then slunk guiltily back into the mountains. Throughout all those twelve years, the warrigal had evaded the guns and traps and poison of man. The old dingo was too wary. He came down to kill only on the blackest of nights. And on these nights the men went out with torches and guns and hoping hearts, but of what avail! Occasionally they saw a grey form flit through the sheep. They would fire. It only vanished as a ghost among the huddled, frightened, baa-ing animals. And so the warrigal led a charmed existence, and found life easy, but——

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The ground lay parched and cracked and dry and bare. The sun beat down mercilessly; the heat hovered in little wavy lines over everything, and in the distance appeared great expanses of shining water, false water, that vanishes as one approaches, and it is not hard to imagine that it vanishes with a mocking, jeering laugh. Far up on the mountain-side a gaunt figure dragged itself from the black mouth of a cave. The yellow hair was no longer sleek and glossy. It was dull and mangy, and there were many scars on which no hair grew at all. The large round ribs protruded from the flesh like barrel hoops, and the flanks had withered away so that now they resembled a leaf that has dried and crinkled in the sun. The left ear, or what was left of it, was tattered and torn, and he limped painfully on feet that were bleeding from pacing over jagged rocks. He lifted a long thin nose in the air and smelled—rotting bodies and death, but no water; and what good was dead and putrid flesh when there was not any water. Then he howled, a howl that echoed and re-echoed on the barren rocks, and then carried far down into the valleys. The farmers heard, but cursed no longer. What harm could a lone dingo do when all the stock was dead! The warrigal crawled back into the cave and lay down. He was now alone, quite alone. When the drought came on, the bitch, weakened by starvation and the birth of a new litter of pups, had died, and the new-born whelps had died whimpering beside her, their eyes never opening to the brassy heavens and the ceaseless glare of the lifeless ground. The young dogs, hunger eating at their stomachs, and with madness and desperation gleaming in their eyes, had attacked their father, and for hours, with fast-failing strength, he fought them, and won. A strange whimper came from the cave, and then the dingo fell into a deep sleep.