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THE
FORTIAN



THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF FORT ST.
BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, PETERSHAM, N.S.W.

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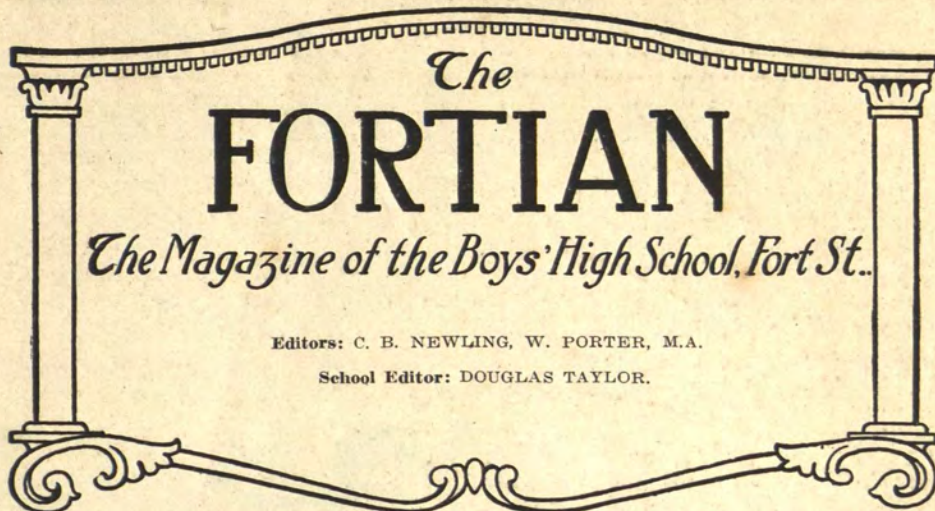
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The FORTIAN

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Fort St.

Editors: C. B. NEWLING, W. PORTER, M.A.

School Editor: DOUGLAS TAYLOR.

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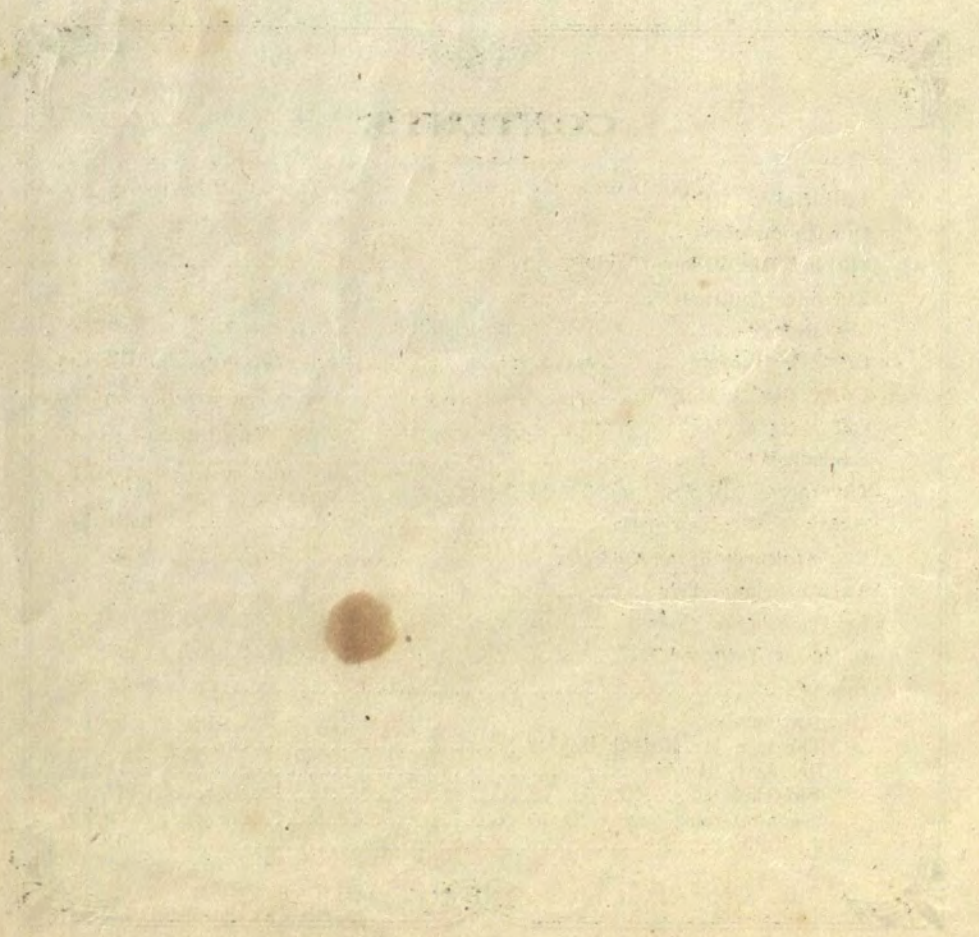
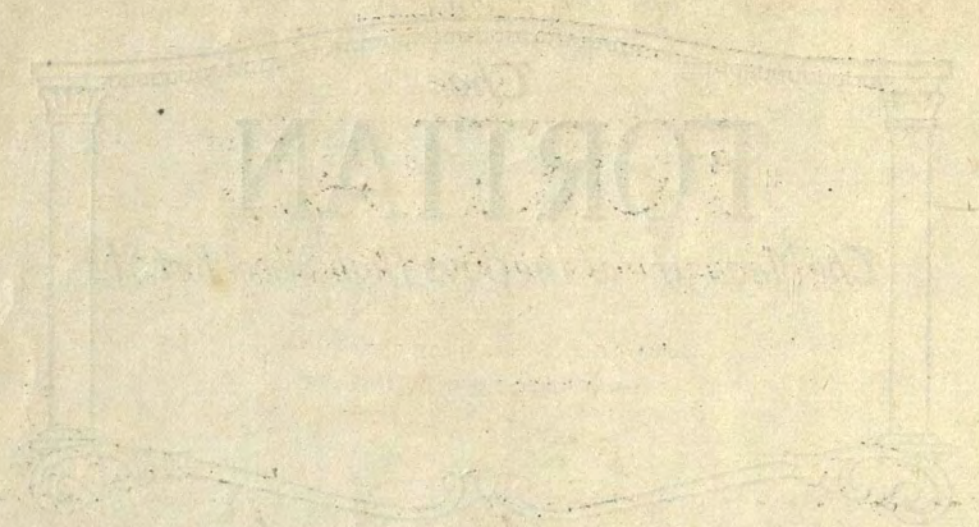
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SEPTEMBER, 1920.

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This is our Spring issue.

The season's inspiration is with us. We do not mean that many poems have been sent in, though that is true, but that the re-birth of the year has been felt throughout the School, in sport, in study, and in social life.

This number of *The Fortian*, then, goes forth in a spirit of cheerful optimism. We desire it to inspire every boy with energy, hope, and a determination to do the best that is in him, and prove himself a worthy successor of the sterling fellows that have gone before him. "What man can do, I dare" is no bad motto with which to see the year out, and with it we bid our readers

ADIEU.

The Crown Studios
1530 George Street, Sydney

OUR SONNETEERS.

Some weeks ago the Third Year students engaged in the study of sonnet forms were asked to try their hands at an original sonnet. Great interest was aroused in some family circles, and the father of one of the lads tried his 'prentice hand with the following result, which we publish with his permission—

THE SCHOOLBOY'S LAMENT.

"Scorn not the sonnet" wrote a master
 once
 Of Sonnet form, but little did he guess
 That after hopeless striving, and the stress
 Of dismal failure, some poor High School
 dunce
 In later days would sigh and groan, and
 curse
 The poets one and all, who chose such
 schemes
 For setting down their wild and silly
 dreams.
 Could any fate for modern youth be
 worse?
 To spend his nights at such a dreary fag,
 Those precious moments, when he longs to
 go

And taste the rapture of a Picture Show!
 Behold! the villain does the maiden gag
 And bind, and threaten with most dread-
 ful fate,
 When lo! the Hero comes—and not too
 late!

By DAD.

ON VIEWING THE CITY FROM AFAR.

"There is the city! See the widespread
 bank
 Of gloomy smoke as it diffuses through
 The purity above, to soil the blue
 Celestian, and tinge the snowy flank
 Of gleaming clouds with its own black-
 ness, rank
 As the soot of hell-fire. O! happy few
 Whose lot it is their fortunes to pursue
 Far from the city's filth and dwellings
 dank.
 But here is Nature, wide and unadorn'd
 Except by hands immortal. Here the bee
 Sips of ambrosia from the musky rose;
 Drones the long day mid briars much
 bethorn'd;
 Darts like swift lightning's flash, and
 merrily
 Sports with the breeze; and nightly seeks
 repose."

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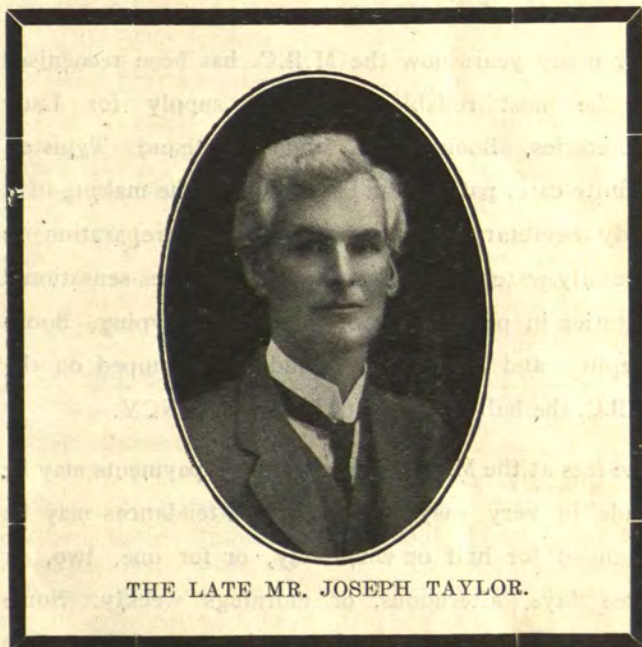
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THE LATE MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death on 15th June last of our loved friend and colleague, Mr. Joseph Taylor. His demise has left a void in our school life which can never be filled. During his fifteen years' service at Fort Street his charming personality endeared him to the hearts of all, masters and boys equally.

masters' meeting a discussion arose over a boy who was considered unsatisfactory by the Head or other masters, Mr. Taylor would almost invariably be ready to point to some redeeming feature in the lad's work.

Mr. Taylor had a genius for teaching. His methods were entirely his own, unorthodox often, but wonderfully effective. He possessed the



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR.

With hair prematurely grey, but with mind and spirit perennially youthful, he possessed a wonderful sympathy for, and understanding of, the boy nature. He seemed able intuitively to recognise the nobler traits in every lad, and his appeal to the finer feelings was never in vain. It is a remarkable tribute to his power in this direction that he never had to punish a boy. During ten years at old Fort Street, Mr. Taylor was never known to send anyone to "the kindergarten"; and the "Quad Squad" at our present home, never received recruits from the Geography classes. Whenever at a

art of investing his subject with interest and of presenting it in a most attractive form. During the fifteen years he was teaching Geography at this school he had the unique distinction of never having had a single failure at any examination, and in the time of the old "Junior," the medal was frequently won by one of his pupils, while others filled the highest places. It was remarked, too, that in examinations a boy who stood very low in several other subjects would occupy a high position in Geography.

In the social life of the school Mr. Taylor took an active and energetic

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Prospectus on Application.

interest. At all "send-offs" to Seniors and Juniors, to Intermediate and Leaving Certificate candidates his cheery words of sterling advice formed a prominent and impressive feature of the proceedings.

A man of high ideals with a wonderful love for his fellow men, his life was well spent for the good of others, and not without appreciation. No man was more honoured, and no master more truly loved by the thousands of boys who passed through this school during his stay. And now he has joined

"the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence,
live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
like stars
And with their mild persistence urge
men's search
To vaster issues."

"JOE" TAYLOR

An Appreciation.

When Joe Taylor died Fort Street and Fortians lost their staunchest and best loved friend. Joe was, more than all else, the big hearted elder brother of masters and boys alike, a teacher and a mate—a mate in the fullest and very best meaning of the word.

I first met him many years ago. I was a boy at High School then, and used to travel across on the same North Shore boat as a grey-haired man whom I admired. How I wished to make a chance to speak to him!

I got my chance one windy morning. I dropped my school bag and chased that gentleman's hat. I could never forget his big, hearty "Thank you, my lord!"

I walked on air for days after. And what Fort Street boy doesn't understand why?

Your late master was a native of

the Braidwood district. I have heard Mr. Kilgour tell how, on his first afternoon in Braidwood, he sat at his hotel window watching a strapping, black-haired young fellow riding about the town on one of those high-wheeled bicycles you boys have probably seen only in pictures. Joe was the champion of the district, and, on occasions, rode the machine to Sydney at week-ends. With the advent of the safety bicycle Joe maintained his championship honours, and another of your masters, Mr. Gale, can tell stories of going, as a boy, to Goulburn races to see Joe Taylor win the programme.

Joe was also a crack rifle shot, and, true Australian, a great lover of a good horse. On the outbreak of the Boer war, he enlisted and served throughout the campaign with the New South Wales Bushmen's Contingent.

When, in the Masters' Common Room, Joe could be induced to tell of his experiences with those Bushmen, the masters gathered round to enjoy a treat. Joe was a perfect master of anecdote, lending always the little human touch that betrayed the great soft heart that was in him.

About thirty years ago, then, "a big, shy country youngster," to use his own words, he was appointed to Gordon Public School. Mr. Fry, the Headmaster, took pity on him, and offered to board him till he should feel more at home. Who wonders that Mr. and Mrs. Fry refused ever to part with him? He lived with them, as their adopted son, till his death.

It was one of the greatest charms of his character that he refused to grow up. The dear old head whitened, but the great, big, boyish heart refused to grow old. Here lay, I think, the secret of his teaching success—that with all his years of experience of men and of the world, he could still always see eye to eye with his boys. And not a boy but was made to feel this! The most noted scamp of the school was al-

ways certain that at least *one* master knew and appreciated the good that was in him.

I cannot bring myself to try to enumerate his virtues—so very foreign to his nature was anything savouring of parade—so modestly perfect was the man. He was so unobtrusive, so positively devoid of all affectations and vanities, that he made one and all whom he met feel they were his equals. And the better men therefor. He made men and boys, no matter how conscious of his nobler worth, admit him to a place as one of themselves. So it is that each and every one whose good fortune it was to know Joe Taylor feels that he has lost a dear, best friend.

Memorial.

The masters and pupils, both present and past, are establishing a fund to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Taylor. The proposal is that a prize should be given for the best passes in Geography at the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations. An endeavour is being made to raise an amount which, on being invested in Peace Bonds, will provide an income sufficient to cover the cost of prizes. Already over £40 is in hand. Anyone desirous of contributing will please communicate with Mr. Mackaness.

EVENING CONTRASTS.

A dull grey twilight hangs restfully over the picturesque, undulating landscape of the Somme valley. On the fertile slopes of its ridges the ripening harvest offers a vivid contrast to the dull, almost leaden, grey of an overcast sky. It is one of those evenings such as would delight a word artist, as a Gray or Collins. Its soft and undisturbed atmosphere invites us to emerge and enjoy a little of its refreshing zephyrs at the entrance of our dug-out, constructed for purposes not otherwise provided for in the great scheme of universe.

One's thoughts turn to scenes of a similar character in a far-off homeland, where Nature's hand has not yet taken on the more peaceful and ordered scheme of things, and eyes gaze across stretches of open plain land, where, on an evening such as this, the golden glory of an Australian sunset would vie in its beauty with the golden stretch of wheatland, or the sombre hue of an Australian bush on the rugged slopes of a mountain side.

Again, on the barren wastes of an Egyptian desert, where an Eastern sunset with its wondrous splendour—a splendour only one who has lived in the East can fully appreciate—dazzling in a glorious combination of softest tints of pink and yellow set in the spotless azure of a cloudless sky.

These are some of the scenes which pass fleetingly through my mind—the scenes of evenings such as these when one's thoughts are apt to turn to the more peaceful things of life.

I listen to the ceaseless whirring and throbbing of a watermill, where man's handiwork has chained the force of a nearby river to assist him in his labours.

A compact little village lies snug and half-concealed in the folds of the sloping ridges and the tall trees skirting the banks of the river. The spire of its ancient church peers across the cluster of tiled and slate-roofed cottages which nestle close to it, and, with the surroundings, present a picture of peace and pros-

perity—a solace to the eye which has so recently been accustomed to gaze on scenes where a grim and rude god has bereft Nature of its beauty and entirely effaced the peaceful handiwork of man.

A breathless stillness holds the air, and here one might be justified in believing that at last we had found a haven of rest. We are not unappreciative of the beauty which surrounds us.

A flock of wild duck move in their crescent-like formation across the dark bank of cloud, which partially conceals a faint moon. Someone remarks on the fact of their presence—but conversation suddenly ceases.

The hidden stillness which overhung all throws off its mantle of camouflage and the scene changes. "The Dogs of War" are unloosed and we are brought back to the reality of all.

A 'plane has darted from a bank of cloud. Two balloons still hang in the sky, straining their eye to catch the flash of some incautious enemy battery. The wily enemy 'plane is upon one of them, for a whitish streak spurts from the aeroplane and the two occupants are soon observed suspended from their parachutes, and then the balloon is in flames. The neighbouring sausage is aware of its imminent danger and its two observers follow suit. A

sharp turn of the 'plane and it too has suffered the fate of its fellow balloon.

The venturesome airman does not escape unmolested. The air, but a few moments before breathlessly still, now pulsates with the fiendish rattle of machine guns and the pooping of Archie's, making the return of the Hun more hazardous than his stealthy approach.

A drowsy R.E.8 moves lazily some hundreds of feet above us, unmindful of all. Higher up, fighting 'planes pursue the Hun and soon they have disappeared in dimness across the enemy lines and the little incident has closed.

* * *

The World of Darkness has now gained its ascendancy and gradually the grim landscape throbs with the thundering roar of cannon, whose garish flashes intermittently illumine the night. A swishing like the roll of breakers fills the air and the rattletattle of machine guns comes from the line, almost continuously lighted by grand white flares like the electric hanging lights of a great city.

A crump nearby and the swish of metal in close proximity to our little party, and we decide that after all a dugout has some advantages and "we leave the World to darkness and to Mars."

V.J.B.

My Refuge.

Ah! love nook, deep in the shaded dell,
Thou fortress of my childhood, sacred,
 dear
To each long train of memories, I would
 hear
Once more thy song; the notes I knew so
 well,
Sung by thy feather'd inmates, upward
 swell
To find their home in heaven. Night
draws near,
The West is bathed in flame; the last long
spear

Of day sinks o'er the hills—and all is
well.
Now, in the dim grey twilight's shadowed
gloom,
The breeze stirs ever gently, through the
leaves,
And on its wings the scent of wattle
bloom
Is carried. Thicker grows the swirling
mist.
Here shall I make my chapel, of this
moss
An altar, daily by the sunbeams kissed.
W.S.H.

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DR. J. I. HUNTER.

We are very pleased that one of our most distinguished Old Boys, Dr. J. I. Hunter, has been appointed Associate Professor of Anatomy at the Sydney University. We offer him our cordial congratulations. We publish herewith an extract from the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 13th August:—



Photo by Cruden.

Photo. of DR. J. I. HUNTER.

Block kindly lent by "Daily Telegraph."

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY.

New University Position.

Dr. John I. Hunter, of the Sydney University, has been offered the position of Associate Professor of Anatomy at the University.

On account of the extra amount of work entailed by the large increase of students in the Faculty of Medicine, it has been found that there is more work in the department of anatomy than the one man who hitherto has been the only lec-

turer in the department can do, and it is due to this and the fact that additional money is at the disposal of the University that the Senate has decided to establish an Associate Professorship.

Although Dr. Hunter has given no official answer, it is understood that he is practically certain to accept the position.

The actual Professorship of Anatomy—that is, a successor of Professor Wilson—has yet to be filled.

Dr. Hunter is considered one of the most brilliant University men in the Commonwealth. He was born in Bendigo in January, 1898, but received his early education at the Albury District School. At Fort Street High School he gained an excellent pass in the leaving certificate examination, and as a result he was awarded a bursary tenable at the Sydney University.

It was there that he entered the Faculty of Medicine and began a brilliant career. In the first year he gained a scholarship for general proficiency and the Renwick scholarship prizes in Zoology and Botany. In the second and third years of the course he was awarded the John Harris scholarships for Physics and Anatomy, gaining first place among the whole of the students in both years. Following this, Dr. Hunter gained first place in the fourth year, and added to his list the Caird scholarship for Pathology and Operative Surgery. As a result of the final degree examination, he topped the list of the candidates, and thus secured the University medal and first-class honours at graduation, the Hinder Memorial Prize for Chemical Surgery, and the Sandes surgical essay prize. He graduated M.B., Ch.M.

For two years prior to graduation he was connected with demonstrating in the Department of Anatomy, and he continued this work to the present time.

Dr. Hunter's record is one of outstanding merit, and it has never been equalled by any other student of the University.

Dr. Hunter is to be granted one year's leave of absence to travel abroad as soon as the exigencies of the department will allow.

UNIVERSITY LETTER.

We are very pleased that our old friend, Professor Naitrof, has consented to send us a University Letter for each issue, of which this is the first:—

No letter such as this would be complete without mention of an old Fortian at present very much in the public eye. Hunter, newly graduated medico, has just been appointed Associate Professor of Anatomy, at 22 years of age. Winner of practically every prize worth winning in his Faculty, he at the same time attained a popularity that is rarely given to students distinguished by exceptional intellectual abilities. No one grudges him his success, no one dissents from the general admiration and gratification.

But Dr. Hunter is only one Fortian of the many that crowd the Medical School. If Fort Street has earned renown in the past as the home of aquatic prodigies, assuredly in times to come it will be distinguished by the droves of men it has sent forth to struggle—or rather to storm—through the Medical School. Last year's seniors have had no finals as yet in which to win their spurs, but, according to the quantity of very solid work some of them have been indulging in, the old school has nothing to fear from their performances. In Medicine, at the first year exams., Ashby, with Distinctions in Physics and Botany. Credits in Chemistry and Zoology put up a performance which at its worst can be called "fine." Besides this, Egan, Porter, Morgan, Kilgour and Kristenson collected a couple of honours apiece. At the second year exam., Bye headed the list; Lewis,

Dawes and Shineberg were also well up among the also-rans. Behind them the rest of the field was well studded with Fortians too.

In Arts, Head and Lester still preserve the old partnership, Head securing High Distinction in English II., Lester Distinction. Aubrey, too, collected a Distinction in Philosophy II. In Economics, also, the school is well represented—Pickering and Jennings, now in second year, Spencer and Crum, now in third, all did well last year. In Law, Samuelson, Wang and Biggs, and in Science, Lambert, McIntyre, Machin and Poole distinguished themselves. In Agriculture, Judd, a solitary voice crying in the wilderness, the representative of the school in a Faculty of which few people have heard, carried off the Belmore scholarship.

Of course, these aren't all the results in which Fortians have figured, but they are the most important secured by those who will still be remembered by readers of *The Fortian*.

There is one point I would like to mention to those who will be at the Uni. next year. Most people, of course, decide long before they leave school what course they intend taking up. It is surprising, however, the number of people who don't do this. One cheerful irresponsible of my acquaintance belongs to this number. Consequently, at the beginning of his first term he didn't know what he intended doing. Thus he wasted a year on Science, which he has now turned in for Medicine. Don't you be in his company.

NAITROF.

Old Boys at the University,

We desire to congratulate the following Old Boys on their success at the recent University Examinations:—

Faculty of Medicine.

SECOND DEGREE.

Anatomy and Physiology—Order of merit.

Kristenson, R. J.
Owen, H. M.
Ashby, G. W.
Porter, N. A.
Kilgour, K. A. M.
McIntosh, J. J.
Pearlman, H.
Hughes, N. W. M.
Egan, E. C.
Downey, G. W.
McCulloch, J. F.
Macdonald, W. L.
Smith, A. V.
Mealey, A. R. (M.M.)

THIRD DEGREE.

Anatomy, Physiology and Pharmacology—
John Harris Scholarship for General
Proficiency in the subjects of the
Third Degree Examination.

Bye, W. A.
High Distinction.
Bye, W. A.
Distinction.
Ponton, R. G.
Dawes, S. R.
Credit.
Shineberg, S.
Frew, C. A.
Burnett, R. K.
Lewis, B. H.
Carruthers, D. G.
Morgan, J. (B.A.)
Hotton, W. I. T.
Steel, R. S.

Pass.

Armstrong, H. G.
Ashby, H. L.
Baker, J. A.
Champion, C. G.
Cuthbert, N. M. (M.C.)
Freeborn, W. (M.M.)
Kirkpatrick, E. R. G.
Moran, H. E.
Opit, L.
Parker, D. W. L.
Shepherdson, R. F.
Steel, E. M.
Stephen, B. A.
Thompson, J. G.
Thompson, R. W.
Walker, W. J. O.

FOURTH DEGREE.

Bryant, A. L.
Firth, W. B.
Hamilton, T.
Harper, H. S.
West, H. J.

Fifth Year Medicine.

Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health
—Pass.

Allison, J. R.
Chapman, W. J.
Fraser, M. B.
Gallagher, W. P.
Gilchrist, A. G. S.
Hales, G. M. B.
Jacobs, W. V.
Little, D. W.
Logan, C. J.
McLean, I. A.
Mulhearn, N. St. C.
Overend, B. R.
Owen, A. B. S.
Saunders, G. L.
Willard, F. T.
Yum, W.

Faculty of Engineering.

First Year—Pass.

Asherton, C. F.
Fraser, A. E.
Stephinson, W. H.
Preece, L. J.
Quigley, R. A., B.Sc.

Faculty of Dentistry.

Third Year—Credit Passes.

Arnott, A. J.
Sloccombe, A. A.

Pass.

Cloutier, R. Q. M.
Morphew, H. E.

Fourth Year—Distinction.

Haggett, E. W.

Articled Clerks.

Final Law—Section 2.

Kennedy, J. S.
Tebbutt, W. A.

Section 6.

Bechag, F. W.

We desire to congratulate Bye for coming top of his year for the second time, and winning the John Harris Scholarship.

Exchanges.

The Fortian acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:—

The Graftonian, The Novocastrian,
The Technical High School Journal,
The Bindyite, The Koala, The Log
(Hobart High School), Excelsior, The
Alburian, Blue and Gold.



TAVERNER'S HILL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO.

(Charles McLamb.)

WITH NOTES BY RICHMOND MATTHEWS, M.A., GREAT GRANDSON OF
SIR HAROLD MATTHEWS.

(2097.)

Editor's Note:—

This essay was never published during the author's lifetime. It first appeared in a collected edition as one of the "Essays of Vealia" in 1998. In "Taverner's Hill Five and Thirty years ago," McLamb set out with the deliberate intention of mystifying his readers. Many of the dates have been changed and the names disguised, but most of these mystifications have long since ceased to exist. The desire to shield McLamb or his friends from the world's curiosity, is no longer felt for one who has lain these hundred years in the "Field of Mars" Churchyard.

I was born and have passed the greater part of my life in G[adesv]-ille.* Its gardens, its streets, its paddocks, its ponds, its fountain, these are of my oldest recollections. The glory of that place where I have spent so many years, *Magnas inter opes inops*† is still upon me. What a stern aspect had the fine old Elizabethan fountain,‡ where I have quenched my thirst how many times! What an air of vanished antiquity had the old park sun-dial! (Glorious antiques.) When I returned thither after many years the quaint, though time-worn, lines of the life-true inscription were still upon it.

"Time wastes us, or money, and our wits,
We waste time, so time and we are quits."

* Gladesville was apparently a semi-rural district at the time of McLamb's birth. It would be hard to recognise the squalid factory districts along the Parramatta of to-day as the "paddocks and ponds" of which McLamb speaks. All natural objects have long since been absorbed by the on-sweep of civilization.

† McLamb's meaning is here a little obscure. His parents were not poor. Jenkin Summerville, the great scholar of 21st century literature, says of this quotation: "McLamb constantly bewailed the fact that, in his own opinion, he was unworthy of the glories of nature he saw constantly about him. 'I am devoid of powers of appreciation,' he declares, 'in the midst of wealth of which I am unworthy.'"

‡ The fountain of which McLamb speaks actually remained until 2048, when it was removed through the construction of a railway cutting to Kungai iron works.

From G. in 1916 I went to Taverner's.* What a transition from the humble day-school to that classic pile, with its venerable, collegiate aspect and sweet garden scenes. The laurel of the muses crowned its dome and the odour of past merits had left a Vergilian fragrance in the grateful halls of this "Alma Mater." The quadrangle which once echoed with the laughter of my school-mates is now noisy with another generation. They have shut it in with other buildings. What has become of the old "rostrum" and who has removed the quaint wooden fence that lent an air of cheery antiquity to the whole structure? The stone stairway under the square portal and the high hall with its Grecian statues and polished steps (the Grecians have long since passed hence) alone remain. They, indeed, have survived, but seem no longer familiar.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert, comrades of those happy schooldays. How often do I picture you, one by one, amid laughter and tears, the fire of juvenility burning in your hearts as in those vanished times.

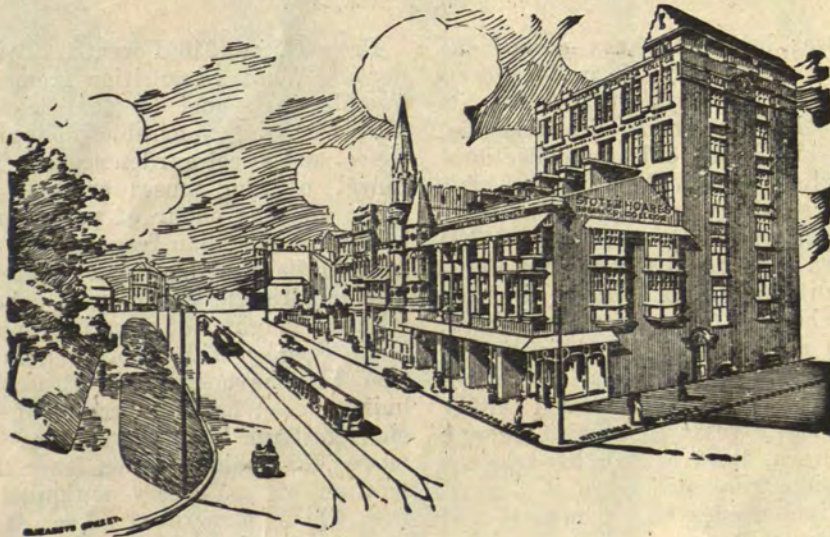
It is hard when one cannot remain concealed, who affecteth obscurity

* In 1916 McLamb went to Fort-street High School on Taverner's Hill, where he spent five years. The building was altered considerably after McLamb's time, and was in use until 2050, when it was demolished.

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with greater avidity than most do seek to have their good deeds brought to light—to have a prying, inquisitive finger (to the danger of its own scorching) busied in removing the little peck measure (scripturally a bushel) under which one has hoped to bury his small candle. The receipt of fern-seed, I think, in this curious age, would scarce help man to walk invisible. Thou thyself must no less be dragged to light. Thy slender anatomy and tuneful genealogy deduced, thy idiosyncrasy revealed.

Yes! good P[erk]ins, I am a rogue if I can recollect what manner of face thou didst carry. Was the hair white? Didst thou wear glasses? If I remember thou didst not dimly resemble a prophet—a ponderous and a trivial fanatic of science. Were you not forever inventing? Did you not carry thousands in your pocket, and, if Vealia mistake thee not, a revolver oft-times? Yet I think I should shake hands with thee, if I met thee!

L[ambor]ne is a green figure in my memory. A veritable "Fidus Achates". An Englishman he was indeed, but an Australian, a radical and a true comrade *au fond*. He was a character I learned to love slowly. It grew upon me, yearly, monthly, daily. What a chasm his going left in affection.

Vade mecum! and to memory recall other faces out of the mould of the years. Frank M[at]he[ws]! *Verbum sat sapienti*. His word was enough. M. was a tall, heavy, lofty youth—imposing to a degree. Always wore grey, the trousers creased with a painful accuracy, the which desecrated him a mathematician and, he believed, a gentleman's son. *Quod superest*, he was possessed of a violent aversion to humility and commality and a prepossessing love of geology, the which, to my one-instanced remembrance, led him to pronounce the white interior of an aniseed ball as a calcated-silicate of silicious marble, much to the edification of those who produced it. Na-

turally his propounded theories were latterly unappreciated. Incidentally he was something of a gourmand, a worshipper of the *mundus edibilis*. In the latter believe Vealie his friend, but in the former condemn him not. A very fiend he was for soft drinks. He had been going to turn sober, but his clock had not yet struck; meantime he poured down glass after glass, the second to see where the first had gone, the third to see no harm happened to the second, a fourth to say there was another coming, and a fifth to say he was not sure he was the last.

C.R[ya]n, the great atheist, went down "by Water to Eternal Fire" full five and half score years ago. At Taverner's, with one exception I have known no more genuine Burke. R. was incorrigible in his weaknesses, ingenuous to a fault in his speech, a supreme Ulysses in the presence of surreptitious practice. Albeit he was an unshorn figure with something bizarre about his make up. He smiled continuously with the infection of a momus. His jokes too (for he had his jokes) are now long ended; but they were old trusty perennials, staples that pleased after *decies repetita*, and were always as good as new. In him seem almost to have died the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Think well of him with Vealia! for in him he has a loss which the world cannot make up.

I have just read S[ulla]'s "Semi-ramis." What an elaborate piece of alliteration and antithesis! It stands out like the first idea of a church, before parishioners were thought of, "nothing but birds for its congregation." It is magnificent, and as an old Taverner-Hiller I was particularly refresh'd with his eulogy on our L[]s. S. was one of the last year boys; that last year when we battened on Livy (*Magnum bonum*) under the paternal eye of that great Roman, A. J. K[ilgou]r. A kind friend and a firm master, I doubt not he has left no small space for a tender remembrance in the

hearts of those who, like Vealia, were once his pupils.

Under G. M[ackanes]s we roamed through the pleasant fields of literature. To Vealia, then as now, were such studies a pleasure and a refuge. M. I see to-day as plainly as when he spoke with enthusiasm of the Ballad or leaning back on his tilted chair told us some droll tale, with a merry twinkle in his eye. A good master he was and a fair, from whose lips I am sure never issued one hard word which he meant or one kind that he did not. J. M[urra]y was a true *bon homme* To my unworthy self hath the beauty of the tongue of the French ever imparted a joy. It is so full of the *vis vitæ!* One might say:

“Its magic sound

Commands a sudden silence all around.”

M. was universally loved. His manner was firm, mild and unassuming, his speech never bitter, nor his eye ever hateful; for such we admired him. Vealia was never a mathematician, nor is he now. It is so cramp'd and binding that the spirit of freedom revolts and rears at its somnolent charms. C. A. G[al]e and the persevering but transported N. J[ame]s drove that science into our dull heads. G.'s lessons were enjoyable for their sarcasms. He was a master of the art. A Sardis! G. was a kind and judicious master nevertheless.

L. R[os]e was the Historian. He had ta'en to Clio as others had ta'en to Bacchus or the Golden Pegasus. I, in my time, have beheld him gather the script of her storied centuries upon the intellectual hill, and marvelled at his patience. Clio has indeed a devoted slave. So, too, had W. F. H[atfiel]d wooed the fair Urania. Under that happy scientist Vealia learned to unravel the romance of nature, so beautiful and entrancing, into hard cold fact.

From the hands of such men have come brilliant benefactors. B[lanchar]d, I remember well, had a Livingstonian, nay a Wilberforceian hat-

red of oppression. Bacchus he abhorred. That *Monstrum horrendum informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*. Little thought I then that he was to free this benighted country from his hands. In those days he was by leisure a musician, revelling in operatic glories, devouring ponderous volumes of his beloved science. Incidentally he was a connoisseur of the “fleeting shadows. All the more vivid is his memory; for his locks burnt with the glory of Phoebus!

L[eving]s was in those days a leader. He was an impassioned orator and a close scholar. Humour he lacked, but he was manly to a fault. O! Areopagus! Now follow L. S. L[oe]wen[tha]l and A. C[ule]y. Mathematicians! L.—jovial, self-possessed, impulsive; C.—quiet, sober and genial. B[es]t I liked well. He smiled twixt serious moods and spoke at times with the cynicism of a Swift. G. R[ya]n, I recollect, sat beside him, shy and anticipative of insult. G. was satirical when he addressed him.

J. R[idle]y was a good fellow and fine sport. He had the courage of a Quartermain and the warm-heartedness of a Pinch. He hath since earned and deserved fame. There follows A. S[ommervail]e—a tall youth he was, with the air of a critic. He was genial and had brains, but Latin he loved not. J. H[aga]n was pertinacious and argumentative. Q[ua]yl[e] sat next him, king of the *Chemin de Fer*, scholar of *les trains*. Under A. J. K. were many good and sound scholars bred. First Roman of my time was H. Roy B[oot]h.* To poor Vealia, but a Barbarian in the tongue of the sages, he presented somewhat of the aspect of Olympus.

“As if Olympus to a mole-hill should

In supplication nod.”

Than this B. no finer friend ever lived. *Ecce homo!* Be he what he

*Booth afterwards became Chief Justice. He was McLamb's lifelong friend and companion.

may, he is first and foremost the musician. Music is his religion. How oft has the "vocal frame" stirred with the strains of his own-created melody? How oft has he brought tears to the eyes of divine Cecelia? How oft have I seen the hush'd air light about him, as though with the wings of Earth-drawn angels? He was one "even to mine own heart." Another Roman was D[unlo]p. Many happy days we spent together—a kind, happy-natured companion he ever was; a sympathetic mind! Nor shalt thou, good Harold* of the cordial smile, be quickly forgotten. You and your *confrère* I remember well. Methinks it was thee that likened Vealia to Mona Lisa, poor Vealia who has been libelled as a person aiming at wit. Were you not a cynic and a

hieroglyphic king? Yet you were a fine fellow withal, albeit an aesthetic! And Douglas.† Ah! that golden smile, that dulcid voice! They haunt me after five and thirty years. But here Vealia's catalogue must close, here he must quell his *furor scribendi*. He cometh from his excursion into the years as one who has been to a funeral and made a pun to the consternation of the mourners. And so Kirjath-sepher, farewell!

CHARLES McLAMB, 1955.

Autrement, Raymond McGrath.

[The foregoing article by Raymond McGrath was done as a class essay, but as it is such a fine effort we have much pleasure in publishing it.—Ed.]

* Harold Matthews.

† Douglas Taylor.

HENRY V. AT NEWCASTLE.

Many and various were the cures for seasickness advocated by the members of the happy but apprehensive crowd which assembled on the decks of the S.S. "Hunter" on the night of 12th August last. But all fears were groundless—the sea was like the proverbial sheet of glass—and nobody suffered.

After leaving the Heads, most of the company retired, but a select party adjourned to the promenade deck for supper. At about the fourth slice of cake we were interrupted by the news that one of the members had had his wallet stolen. About half an hour later we were summoned to witness the apprehension of the thief. He was a little man, volubly protesting his innocence and finally bursting into tears; and his captors certainly did not need the assistance of the whole company, which had pushed and squeezed itself into the second saloon, to arrest him.

The company again retired, with the exception of a few amateur policemen, who patrolled the decks all night, looking for more thieves.

It is really very annoying to find that one's cabin mates have all gone to sleep, when one is not the least inclined that way. But it is much worse when one is feeling very tired and one's cabin mates are possessed with a demoniacal desire to sing all night. The occupants of some cabins settled either to slumber or at least to rest, while yet others after retiring talked on divers subjects far into the wee sma' hours.

We tied up at about 6 a.m. Two policemen came on board and arrested the thief, who was tried at Newcastle Police Court that morning, receiving the sentence of three months' "hard." After breakfast, we made our way to the theatre and deposited our luggage; then proceeded to explore Newcastle. One party investigated the Broken Hill

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Pty. steel works, while yet another played Newcastle High School a game of Rugby. The local team won, 9—3. Individual play was of a high standard among the actors, but combination was lacking. Larkin scored for the visitors. Lunch was served at the theatre, to be followed by the usual round of dressing and "making-up."

The afternoon performance was a great success; the "house" was good and the actors in excellent form.

We had dinner at Way's, the Sergeants of Newcastle, then back again for the evening performance. By this time everybody was tired and the fire and enthusiasm of the afternoon were lacking. Several of the actors did not appear and the sleeping scene in the English camp was the real thing. It was a strange sight to see some of the cast, between their scenes, stretch out on the floor, with the parting injunction to awaken them in time for their next appearance on stage. All the actors were glad when "God Save the King" sounded and there was a rush for the dressing rooms, as the boat was due to sail in forty minutes.

A midnight supper was quickly disposed of on the promenade deck. It proved the downfall of many would-be good sailors, for when we

passed Nobby's the sea began to make itself felt. The decks were cleared like magic; it was certainly exceedingly choppy. The ship would rise high on a big wave, then suddenly drop from under one's feet; the nose would plunge through some mountainous wave and the lower decks ran scuppers deep.

While at the rail in the throes of the malady, I was accosted by an inquisitive little idiot, who asked whether I was sick. Very little was said, but thought —! Such people deserve to be kicked.

Abreast of Norah Head, at about 2 a.m., we hove to. Two other vessels were there, assisting in the salvage of a launch, containing two men, which had been adrift for three days. The S.S. "Coolebar" picked them up and took them to Newcastle.

We were about two hours late in arriving at Sydney. It has been ascertained that considerably less than twenty of the cast escaped seasickness. On landing, the ground seemed to imitate the heaving deck, and many of the performers were rolling like regular Jack Tars.

Altogether, the trip was most happily successful, and we all must thank Mr. Warwick for his splendid suggestion.

"MACGUN."

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD 'UN.

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

So sang the rippling brook to Alfred Tennyson. So Fort Street proclaims to the world to-day. The brook gurgles, with defiant mirth, its refrain of never-fading youth, a careless, happy song. Not such the voice of our Alma Mater; each succeeding year lends prestige to her name and makes her voice more impressive. Not careless—for she follows her children through life, sharing their burdens and rejoicing in their achievements. Not defiant—

for she is one with the men who come and go.

With unerring regularity for over half a century, the passing stream has continued. Year after year, some come while others go. The ordinary changes of time are magnified in the memories of Fortians because the stay of four or five years is so short. Still, through it all, the old school remains the same in name and spirit.

And it is the leaving which we "old 'uns" remember best. The breaking of a tie, at the end of a

few short years, yet so full of significance to all, is an important event. But the broken tie leaves the heart vary much the same. New relationships are created, new activities undertaken, new fields explored, but Old Boys are Fortians still. The grim humour and pseudo-cynicism of the University song, which all undergraduates learn to shout, expresses the feelings of all true Fortians—

“We shall soon be scattered,
Friendships may be shattered,
Some or all may grope and fall
And get up very knocked about
and battered;
Some are hung and some are married,
Some for years in gaol have tarried.”

Then, with a hearty, friendly shout, the undergrads proclaim the brotherhood of all 'Varsity men. This is the shout of all true Fortians. Midst all life's vicissitudes, in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, in all the varied phases of human activity, the same bond of unity and fraternity, created years ago in the atmosphere of a great public school, remains unbroken.

It is a remarkable phenomenon of human experience that despite all the testimony of history and ethics, the eyes of the present look back on the past with an exaggerated view of the dignity of those “good old days.” If we trust our feelings, we shall believe in a continuous degradation of the world. The ancients had this experience and expressed it in their epics and their cries for the freedom and equality of Nature. Villon had it when he wrote, *Où sont les neiges d'antan*. Rousseau knew it; politicians knew it; all the world knows it, and, most of all, old Fortians. Indeed, they never cease to talk of the fine old days when “I was at the school.” For in those times, all boys were giants, all masters were genuine and brilliant, jolly-good-fellows, footballers were all budding internationals, cricketers were born with bats

in their hands, athletes were sons of the lightning and the wind. Those were the days when life was worth the living, when earth smiled and maidens, too, when masters taught and boys were boys. Then to be young (and a boy at Fort Street) was very heaven.

But now—hear the “old 'uns” growl!—all this splendour has vanished. How are the mighty fallen! The old spirit is gone, for the school has degenerated into a mere public school. The earth has ceased to smile; the maidens—alas! where are they? Time was when Fort Street could boast of uninterrupted victories on the field—now she is but one of the common ruck.

R. L. Stevenson was an “old 'un” once; he could say of his old University—“Decline, in spite of all seeming embellishments, it does; and what is perhaps more singular, began to do so when I ceased to be a student. Thus by an odd chance, I had the very last of the very best of Alma Mater; the same thing, I hear (which makes it the more strange) had previously happened to my father.” But he proceeds to admit that—“Of the specific points of change of advantage in the past, of shortcoming in the present, I must own that, on a near examination, they look wondrous cloudy.”

Now, old Fortians stubbornly refuse to make this admission, maintaining, against all, that their view of things is unbiassed and sound. Any fool, they argue, can see the difference. They are sticklers for tradition and are ready to champion the past against the present.

And if former boys refuse to compromise, what of present boys? They are ready to vindicate the name of the old school, even as she is and no one is more anxious than the “Old 'Un” to see that vindication. Still the never-ending duel continues, Tradition versus Fact. To all Old Boys we say—“Hold fast your tradition, proclaim it before the world, but take care so to live that *you* do not lower the standard and dis-

honour the name of your old school." To present boys, we say, "Make the most out of the present, so that it, when it becomes part of the traditional past, will be worthy of a place alongside the former days."

A few days ago, the duel of Past v. Present was brought into actuality in the form of the Old Boys Match, which is, however, for ob-

vious reasons, not a fair trial. The Old Boys congratulate the school fifteen on the plucky performance against a heavier and more experienced team. That contest will justify the present boys of to-day who are to be the Old Boys of to-morrow when they, too, join in the universal cry for the "good old days when I was at the school."

R.L.H.

AN AEROPLANE TRIP.

To tell how or why I decided to take an aeroplane trip is unnecessary; it is sufficient to begin at the Saturday afternoon when I arrived at the Mascot aerodrome by car. My anxiety for the flight had been lessening all the way out, as my friends insisted upon regaling me with tales of the many perils of an airman's life, so I was in a somewhat despondent condition, which had not been heightened by the fact that a dog had met a sudden end beneath the car on the way.

Arrived at the 'drome, we disembarked. It was a great field, about a mile square, covered with thin grass and sand. In one corner stood a shed, with a stationary aeroplane before it, and several rods from this stood another 'plane. As we watched, this latter 'plane gave a short cough, and broke into a deep roar. The mechanics round it ran for safety, as it glided over the ground, gradually increasing its speed until it rose into the air and soared away to the north. Somewhat comforted by the fact that someone else was taking the same risks as we intended to take, we made our way to the hangar.

There we were presented with an airman's helmet and a pair of goggles, which we donned. Then, wrapped in thick coats, be-gloved and goggled, we made our way across the field to where the 'plane which was now flying had "taken

off." In a few minutes this 'plane, labelled "Avro" on the wings and body, volplaned to earth, and the pilot, Captain Nigel Love, was introduced. After a few words on the right way to enter a 'plane, we took our seats—Captain Love in the fore cockpit, my fellow passenger and myself in the after cockpit, in which I had the back seat. A mechanic swung the propellor round—it hesitated, then swung swiftly round, the roar of the engine coming dimly through the leather helmet. Then we were in motion, doing 50 miles per hour against the wind, in a straight line towards the other 'plane. I looked away for a moment to adjust my goggles, and looked back again over the side. To my surprise, the grass was dropping away beneath us—the grounded 'plane, surrounded by people, was straight below, looking ridiculously small.

Then I gave a gasp, dropped my camera between my knees, and hung on tight to both sides. The 'plane had turned on one side and was ascending in great spirals. When we were again on an even keel, I ventured to let go my hold and look over the side. The hangar was but a black square, the 'drome a great green one. Two shining silver ribbons met, formed one, and flowed into a vast pool of water. They looked like nothing I had ever seen, but I conjectured that it was

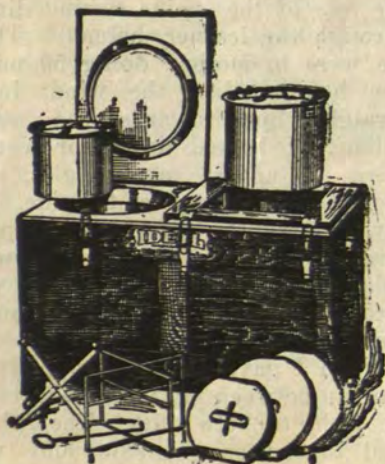
Cook's Riwer and Shea's Creek flowing into Botany Bay. In this I was right.

We headed out over Botany Bay, till below me I could see the beach, and the sandy bottom through the clear water. Then we turned, and flew over Mosecot, out towards the city. Below, the country lay spread out like a map. Thin white lines that were roads cut the country into green geometrical figures, dotted with tiny red squares that were the roofs of houses. Immediately below, a small green oval with a red border marked Rosebery Racecourse. Behind was Botany Bay, and miles ahead was another thin silver ribbon of irregular shape that was the harbour. To the east, the sea met the coast, while the west rolled away into mistiness.

As we approached, the harbour took a more definite shape, and on its silver-grey surface deeper shadows became apparent. The largest of these, splendidly isolated, on closer view, became H.M.S. "Re-

nown." Then we zoomed up about a thousand feet, and turned. Zooming, to the novice, is not a pleasant experience. Briefly, it consists of turning the 'plane at an angle of about 85 degrees from the horizontal, and keeping in that position for some time. When the zoom was over, I let go the tight hold I had taken of the side, breathed a sigh of relief, and began to take an intelligent interest in things. About half a mile (2,500 feet) below lay Randwick Racecourse, a black splotch marking a great crowd of people; a tiny splash of white spray in the sea marked the rocky islet outside Coogee.

Then we turned south again, and I watched the chequer-board suburbs fly past beneath us. Kensington, Randwick, Botany and Mascot we passed, until at length the Chinese gardens adjacent to the 'drome appeared, a regular succession of different coloured squares. I took one last look round—at the silver-grey harbour to the north, at the blue sea



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to the east, at the glittering waters of Botany Bay almost below—as, with engine shut off, we volplaned sharply to the earth. Before I had time to recover from the dizzy whirling, we were gliding over the grass, and being brought into position by the mechanics.

With the experience of years crammed into a short twenty minutes, I still was somewhat disap-

pointed with the brevity of the flight; for I felt that a day in the air could not be too long. I was assured, however, that it is best to begin short flights, so therefore I was very satisfied—more so than I can say; and when I left the 'drome, I was the proud possessor of a brooch in the form of a pair of wings on a rising sun—a souvenir of my first aeroplane trip.

La Chanson Du Rouet.

O mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine,
Je vous aime mieux que l'or et l'argent!
Vous me donnez tout, lait, beurre et
farine,

Et le gai logis, et le vêtement.
Je vous aime mieux que l'or et l'argent,
O mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine!

O mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine,
Vous chantez dès l'aube avec les oiseaux;
Été comme l'hiver, chanvre ou laine fine,
Par vous, jusqu'au soir, charge les fus-

eaux.
Vous chantez dès l'aube avec les oiseaux,
O mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine!

O mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine,
Vous me filerez mon suaire étroit,
Quand, près de mourir, et courbant
l'échine,

Je ferai mon lit éternel et froid.
Vous me filerez mon suaire étroit,
O mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine!

LECONTE DE LISLE.

Rendered in English Verse by Sinjcoorg,
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O spinning wheel, dear spinning wheel,
And thou, my bobbin white!

For worldly wealth less love I feel;
My home, my dress, my every meal
You give, my fire and light.

For worldly wealth less joy I feel,
Dear bobbin, and good spinning wheel!

O spinning wheel, dear spinning wheel,
And thou, my bobbin white!

From dawn resounds your happy peal;
Fine lawn or hemp still fills the reel,
Into the dusky night.

From dawn resounds your happy peal,
Dear bobbin, and good spinning wheel!

O spinning wheel, dear spinning wheel,
And thou, my bobbin white!

You'll spin my shroud with equal zest,
When to the bright "Land o' the leal"
My spirit takes its flight.

You'll spin my shroud with equal zest,
Dear bobbin, and good spinning wheel!

Dulce et Decorum.

(Aug. 4, 1920.)

Proudly she rears her head
Above the ancient hill;
She broodeth o'er her dead,
Whose ghosts her spaces fill.
The School becomes a living thing to-
day,
As those return who here were wont to
play.

Some on Gallipoli,
Where Anzac's rocky shore
Received them from the sea,
And holds them evermore,
Gave proof of metal tempered in our
halls,
And hearts that answer "Yes" when
honour calls.

Others in lovely France
Trode the historic ground;
'Mid scenes of old romance
The path of duty found;
Blithely re-taught the lessons here they
learned,
And for the School a deathless glory
earned.

No land that knows them not,
No sea but feels their might;
Shall they then be forgot
Where once their voices bright
Rang with loud laughter or with cheering
strong,
Joined in the jest, or echoed to the song?

Nor less their meed of praise
Who have returned to tell
The story of those days
When mingled heaven and hell.
Glad 'midst our sorrow these we now
acclaim,
Worthy upholders of the old School's
name.

Honour to all she gives,
Rejoicing through her tears;
In them her glory lives,
Who watched their early years,
Yearned o'er them with a mother's fos-
tering care,
Cherished them here, nor will forget them
there.



THE FORTIANS OUT WEST.

On Wednesday night, August 18, the second-grade Rugby team, together with tennis-players, debaters and athletes, numbering in all 21, under the guardianship of Mr. Keller, set out for Dubbo and Bathurst, to engage the country schools' team in their various sports. The night was fine, and at the worst only cool, so that our warm rugs were hardly needed. The night was passed pleasantly in card playing, fagging up "Prohibition," and singing. Spencer's tongue went the whole night long; no wonder the rest of the occupants of the compartment looked a bit "done up" by the time Dubbo came in sight!

Once there we were shown to the school, and preparations were made for the tennis playing. The town courts were used, it being said of them that they were the best chip courts outside Sydney in the State. Dubbo won the doubles and drew in the singles; our representatives were Lane, Snelling, Turner and Kirby.

Next followed the athletics, in which Spencer made up for his behaviour during the night. He cleared 4ft. 10in., jumping prettily. Stan. Shaw, Dubbo's popular captain, who is not long recovered from a leg injury, came next with 4ft. 9in.

Langsworth and Spencer cleared 18ft. 3in. in the broad jump, Shaw (D) and Palmer (D) coming very close to them. The 100 yards resulted: (1) Langsworth, (2) Lane, (3) Shaw (D), and Garratt. Fort Street won the relay by a very narrow margin.

In the debate, which followed, Doig led off with the moral aspect of Prohibition; Shaw replied for Dubbo, but unfortunately his argument had been for the most part intercepted; Langsworth dealt with the economic advantages of the stopping of the liquor traffic; Miss M. Burkitt read a delightful piece of English against the motion, but her sex did not exempt her from severe criticism by Byrne, our third speaker. The third speaker on the Opposition set out to be humorous and in this he was successful.

The adjudicator, Mr. McManamey, an ex-master of Fort Street, summed up in our favour and finally put it to the vote. We won.

After lunch, at the homes of those lads to whom we were billeted, came the event of the day—the Rugby match. The ground was certainly harder than the Petersham Oval, and grass would certainly have improved it, but the weather was fine and the country lads were sports,, and this compensated the bareness of the field. The Rev. Lavers refereed, and the play was fast. Gollan was the first to get over, the attempt at goal failing. The other nine points which went to make the 12 to nil final result were scored by Ritchie, whose kicking was magnificent. There were no scores in the second half, although the determined efforts of two of the countrymen in particular, Shaw and Palmer, looked like being successful.

A social and dance was held at the school hall at night, and we had a tip-top time. Then followed bed, and train for Bathurst at 6.40 next morning. We left the town with the impression that nowhere in New South Wales was to be found such a body of kindly, hospitable people and such a lot of good sports.

Many of us saw snow for the first time on the top of a mountain near Orange. At Bathurst we were allotted our mates as before, and were taken home for dinner. In the afternoon came the athletics and the match. Bathurst won the sprint, but we scored in the relay race. The country forwards were heavier than ours and very fast. There were no scores in the first half, but just before the whistle Bathurst scored twice in succession. One of the tries was converted.

On Saturday morning the tennis was played off, the results being similar to those at Dubbo, a draw in the singles, and a win for the home team in the doubles.

The Friday night's social had been most enjoyable, but nevertheless we were not sorry to get aboard again next day for Sydney. Byrne was conspicuous by his absence, when the train steamed out, but he left safely at 12.15 Sunday morning!

The day trip over the mountains was something to be remembered, for the country on all sides was looking its best after the long awaited rains.

Arrived Sydney 6.50 Saturday evening, and voted the trip an undoubted success.

If it has done no more, the trip has served to show us city lads what a wealth of generosity lies over the mountains. While at Bathurst we could not have been better treated, and on our departure we were cordially invited to be sure to make a call if ever we again came west.

B. C. DOIG.

VISIT TO TAREE AND NEWCASTLE.

A tour was arranged and an opportunity given to a team from this school to try out its strength against that of two big country centres—Newcastle and Taree. It was decided to send the First XV., a Tennis Team, Athletes, a Line Umpire, a Reporter, and last, but not least, a Master-in-charge.

To Mr. Murray fell that responsible position, and he told the boys what was expected of them and consequently he was going to put the responsibility as much as possible on their shoulders. Be it said to the school's credit, that the behaviour of all was commented upon favourably by many with whom we came in contact.

We left Sydney by the 8.15 train on Thursday morning, not without the usual bustle and excitement nor without the usual latecomers. We had the pleasure of the Company of the C.H.S. Soccer team also Newcastle-bound. The long trip was whiled away with music. Several bullock teams were seen this side of the coal-town, to our surprise.

About 11.30 the train ran into the "Big Smoke"; the mines, coal-trucks, dust, whistles and Griffith Bros.' tea signs warning us of the proximity of the "Dusty City."

Soon after we were welcomed by the Newcastle boys, and introduced, for the first time for many of us, to their home town. They showed us the sights, the baths, Nobby's, the surf, the High School, the park, ships, sea, smoke and the road to the restaurant where they entertained us at an elaborate dinner, to which we did justice.

Fort Street v. Newcastle.

The local showground, where the match was played, is several miles from the town. We boarded a tram and paid our humble threepence. When half way there, a loud cheer, a buzz and a wave of colour dashed by us.

Several members of the team had clubbed together and had hired a motor car. With a toot and "Excuse my dust," they were off like a shot, leaving us dazed

and bewildered with the wonder of it all.

The game was hard. The ground was harder. Levings (capt.) won the toss for the second time this season. Centre field play followed the kick-off.

Bill Waddington's fame had travelled before him and consequently a great deal of attention was paid to him.

Forward play pushed the game down field, enabling Pearce to score the first try. Ridley was the means of scoring our second try. He dived, but the ball slipped from his hands. Larkin touched down. Waddington converted just on time.

The game was not an exposition of good football. Fort Street, 8—nil.

Newcastle beat us in the tennis by 5 sets to 3. The accurate lobbing of Cassidy and Sneddon outclassed the superior driving of Southwick and Telfer. The match was played on the fine courts of Wickham.

After the contests we wended our way back to the town and had tea. We put in the time until the fatal hour of 7.30, when we met together and were escorted to a hall on the top of a hill. Once here the time flew quickly. We were soon made at home by the hospitality of the High School girls. The piano soon started up and after a series of discreet games and competitions, supper was served by the above mentioned girls, and it was time to catch the train. Some of us were escorted to the station by the aforesaid young ladies.

The night journey from Newcastle to Taree was uneventful, and was rendered monotonous by the tardy-gaited train and hideous wailings of a certain glee quartet learning a new song, not unaccompanied by an abstruse musical instrument not entirely unconnected with cotton plantations.

The pitiful wailing was kept up the whole five hours of the journey.

Arrival at Taree.

We hit Taree at 4 a.m. on Friday and were heartily welcomed by the Taree boys and Mr. Drake, the sports master. We knew by that welcome at that unearthly hour how we were bound to enjoy the hospitality not only the boys themselves could shower on us, but their parents and the district, and we were not mistaken.

We were distributed amongst the different homes and thankfully crawled to our respective beds. The same morning, only after breakfast, the town was inspected, approved of, and passed as a progressive centre of a rich district, made beautiful and fertile by the Manning, a fine river that flows within a stone's throw of the main street.

On every side prosperity gleamed veridantly from the green fields and the shriek and wail of the sawmill made music to the lumberer.

We feasted our eyes on the beautiful scenery, with the mountains looming in the background and the more materialistic part of our bodies on the fresh mandarins and oranges, straight from the tree, think of it!

Fort Street v. Taree.

A fair crowd had collected that afternoon to see the local team win. They were disappointed in this, but were treated with one of the cleanest and hardest matches of the season.

The fame of Taree as a football town is widespread. Only once has its school team been beaten in five years.

At half-time the score was 3-0 in our favour, and the match did not look too promising. After the interval, Levings encouraged the team into its pre-tour vigour. Within the next quarter as good a display of football as you could wish to see gave us the lead. Ridley and Shorrock scored a try each, while McDougall played his best match to date, bringing home three tries, each one particularly fine.

Final scores, Fort Street 15-3.

Taree scored their three on a penalty kick. Waddington saved cleverly on several occasions.

After the match we were treated to a magnificent banquet by the Taree Parents and Citizens' Association. The table groaned beneath the weight of the good things.

Toasts to the King, the victors, the defenders, the President of the P. & C. Association, and the masters were drunk with musical honours, and a very merry party adjourned to hear the Salvation Army and then to go to bed, tired out by travel and football.

Athletics and Tennis.

In the field events Fort Street did ample justice to tradition. Briefly the results were:—

100 yds.—Ridley, Lane. 11 2-5sec.

880 yds.—Mathews, Godfrey, w.o.

High Jump.—McEwan (T.), 5ft. 5in.; Ridley, 5ft. 4½in.

440 yds.—Armstrong, Larkin, 50.

Broad Jump.—Wynter (T.), 19ft. 1in.; Ridley, 18ft. 5in.

220 yds.—Lane, Ridley. 25 1-5sec.

Relay.—Fort Street: McDougall, Lane, Armstrong, Ridley.

Fort Street carried off all the events except the jumps, and won the day 16-4.

The tennis won also, 5-1. The hard concrete courts threw our boys out at first, but after the first set they got going and ran through.

Saturday afternoon was auspicious. We were taken by our hosts in a fast launch to the Manning Heads, about ten miles away.

After a beautiful trip we arrived at the long sandy beach, and amused ourselves,

masters and all, in throwing stones, jumping, and snaring the elusive sand worm. In connection with the masters throwing stones, several photos were taken.

The voyage back was set to music.

After tea several of the leading members of the team appeared on the main street with some juveniles. It appears that they were asked to take care of the children while the fond parents washed up the dishes. A few of the boys kindly consented to amuse them and instead of foolishly spending money on lollies and rattles, took the kiddies to the picture show.

A certain hat caused considerable excitement throughout the length and breadth of the district.

Several boys filled in the time by singing part songs on the punt, to the consternation of the village constabulary. You should have heard the balconies call for more.

At 12 o'clock on Saturday night, we were forced to break the newly formed ties; and we did so reluctantly. All our boys were enthusiastic regarding the kindness and hospitality of our Taree friends and left their town with the fervent wish they would be able to renew the friendships at a later date.

“DYNAMO.”

RUGBY.

First Grade.

The following boys represented the School in First Grade Rugby matches during the season:—Levings, W. Waddington, R. Waddington, Ridley, Pearce, Pearson, Godfrey, Woodward, McAlpine, Callow, Matthews, Fountain, Lane, Larkin, Armstrong, McDougall, Langsworth, Black, Ritchie, Spencer, and Nicholson.

The team finished as runners-up in the High Schools competition, being beaten by North Sydney in the Challenge Match.

This result is very creditable, considering the weakness of the team at the beginning of the season. Its first four matches were two defeats and two draws; after that it defeated all teams in the competition in succession.

The success is due to the grit and determination of the players and to the regular training indulged in. All members deserve congratulation upon their sportsmanship and spirit, especially during the dark days early in the season. During those days the burden fell upon Levings and Ridley, who did yeoman service; but as the combination and football knowledge grew each member did excellent work. W. Waddington as full back, although a tardy arrival in the ranks, was undoubtedly the best full back in the competition. Lane, Larkin and Armstrong developed into clever backs, and though

very light against hefty opponents, acquitted themselves generally very well. Of the forwards, Ridley stood out, and is perhaps as good a forward as we have had at the School. McAlpine, Pearce, Levings, and latterly Pearson and Godfrey were perhaps the best of a hard-working pack of forwards. Results:—

Technical High.—Draw, 8—8.
 Technical High.—Draw, 6—6.
 Parramatta High.—Lost.
 Parramatta High.—Won, 13—0.
 Sydney High.—Won, 8—3.
 Sydney High.—Won, 20—6.
 North Sydney High.—Lost, 8—21.
 North Sydney High.—Won, 8—3.
 North Sydney High.—Lost, 6—16.

Second Grade.

We Win the Competition.

It is with much pleasure that we record the victory of Fort Street in the above competition. Under the captaincy of Langford our boys scored approximately 200 points to 8, and hold the fine record of being undefeated during the season.

Our most formidable opponents were North Sydney, and this team, with characteristic grit, put up a very fine game during our second meeting at North Sydney Oval. The result, 9—5 in our favour, was a contrast to that of our former meet-

ing, when we defeated them at Petersham, 19—0.

That we possessed some splendid individual players was very evident, but what is more to our credit is the fact that team work of the highest order was displayed in every department of the game. Particularly fine and effective was the forward play, but only in slight measure did it exceed the combination of the back division, directed and inspired by Spencer. This brings us to personalities.

The appointment of Langford to the captaincy, besides being highly justified by his play of last season, was probably as happy a choice as that of Levings in the First Grade. In every match grit and leadership made him the envy, as well as the pride of his team. Despite the presence of numerous black eyes the dignity of his role was sustained with the ease of a master, and to his influence may be attributed the cordial relationship which was the keynote of the team's spirit.

Spencer's splendid half-back play enabled him to share Langford's honour, for his play throughout the season was consistently brilliant and if all promises are fulfilled it seems quite evident that he will surpass the high standard of football established by his brother a few seasons ago, as well as win distinction in the academic records of our School.

Of the Fourth Year boys who were mem-



Fort Street Second Grade Rugby Team—Premiers, 1920.

bers of the team—Garratt, Best, Culey, Nicholson, and McDougall—all played high-class football. McDougall won a place in our First Grade, and although this honour did not come to the others, they may leave us with the feeling that it was their light weight and not quality of play which precluded them.

Third Year was represented by Langford, Spencer, Mulhearn, Byrne, Hawthorne, Milne, Shorroek, and on occasions by Sharpe and Shaw. Everybody acquitted himself creditably.

Shorroek has won distinction as a sport and his position in the higher grade seems assured for next season.

Meers and Carroll were the two honest Second Year players, and Remove Year were represented by Ritchie and Harman. Harman's standard of play developed during the season; next year should see him doing good work for Second Grade. Ritchie's play at five-eight was well worthy of his partner, Spencer. His defence during our first match against Sydney High, when wet weather conditions of the worst order obtained, really saved the side from a reverse; his splendid drop-kicking throughout the season was of very great assistance to us. It is a matter for regret that he is unlikely to be present next year.

Finally, mention must be made of the great assistance rendered us on occasions by Wilcox—the redoubtable third grade full-back—Phillips, third grade captain, and McDowall, one of the stalwarts of the same team. We congratulate Mr. Gallagher on their high standard of play.

In conclusion, after considering the outstanding features of the team—its fine esprit de corps; positive absence of what the boy terms "swelled head"; the high quality of play; that "infinite" regard for personal appearances, even to the length of polished football boots; and, what is without doubt finer than all these, a high reputation for gentlemanly conduct, sustained on all occasions, one is almost led to say:

"We shall not look on its like again."

SOCCKER.

The First Grade "A" team was some time in striking form. They were beaten in the first two matches by Technical and Petersham, but thereafter won every match to the end of the season, coming level with Technical High School. In the play off they were defeated 2 to nil, and the best team won. It is only fair to say, however, that we were without Davies and Kirkpatrick.

On Saturday, 28th August, the team had an enjoyable trip to the Hawkesbury Agricultural College, where, as usual, they were very well entertained, though losing the match to a heavier team by 5 to 1.

Hopman and King showed excellent form throughout, McDermott and McPhail have improved out of sight, and Freeman (of the "B" team) was the discovery of the season.

The team as a whole worked together harmoniously; every member sparing no effort to play his best.

Our match against the "B" team revealed that this combination contained some good players; all played well, but Cordiner, Freeman and McGilchrist proved veritable thorns in the side of the "A's."

There is much searching of heart in some quarters regarding the effect of the two codes of football upon one another. It appears to us that the Soccer practice in earlier years is of great value to a Rugby player, and that there is plenty of room in the later years for both games. At all events, a game that has so firmly enthroned itself in the affections of the British people is not likely to lose its appeal to their descendants overseas.

A game that was played by 90 per cent. of the "Contemptibles" is worth playing.

TENNIS.

This year Fort Street has had better tennis teams than ever before, the style of play being exceptionally fine. Splendid team work with brilliant individual play combined to make a very high standard.

The serving and driving of the first grade was excellent, Lane with his fast kick serve and Southwick with his steady forehand drive making the team practically invincible. Telfer has a clever backhand cut, which is very demoralising, but his forehand strokes need practice. Howe at times is brilliant, but erratic; his drive when it goes in is untakable, but his net and backhand play very uncertain. A new feature was introduced in the match against North Sydney—the American net position, where the man at the net stays on the left side of the court instead of changing from left to right as the server. This style of play seemed to demoralise Norths, who played excellently and helped materially towards victory. Our standard of play on the whole is far superior to the other competing teams, and we have so far gone through the competition undefeated.

The Second Grade was ably represented by two very steady teams. They are about equal in their play, but the "A's" have the advantage of size.

The "A's" have all fast, American serves and fair drives, which, developed with practice, will be a great help to win the first grade competition next year. Bentivoglio and Snelling have both fine net smashes, while Little and Dymock are very steady at the drive. Now and again Dymock tries to outshine himself and the other side consequently wins a few games,

but he invariably pulls up with a fine exhibition, and wins his set.

The "B's" were scarcely below the standard, all the little chaps in the team playing splendidly. Catterel, for his size, has an extraordinary developed style. Turner and Emmet are both very steady and will become excellent with practice. Emmet at the net is very tricky, but would do better to hit harder. On the whole it is a more reliable but slower team than the "A's." They have done exceptionally well during the season, beating all teams but North Sydney, and then only losing by games.

The "A's" and "B's" in the Second Grade tie so far for second place in the competition, and have a good chance of winning it if they keep up to their present standard.

Therefore, summing up, we are doing better this year than ever previously, our Firsts having practically won the competition, and both Seconds having very good chances.

BASEBALL.

That Game was never thought worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Can possibly find its way.

A. L. GORDON.

In spite of the fact that many boys scorned the game of baseball, yet it has all the qualifications to make it popular, and it is a game like golf or cricket, requiring skill. It has one advantage over football, hockey and such like games, inasmuch as it is open and every movement of the game can be seen, whereas in football, especially Rugby, one cannot see all movements in the rucks.

At the present time, baseball is rising in popular favour in New South Wales. The School, during the last few years, has not been able to place as strong a team in the field as previously. In 1916, our First Grade team reached a very high standard and we won the competition. In 1917 the second team romped home. These two teams had to face very sturdy opponents, and their play has not been surpassed or equalled since.

The last few years have seen the departure of the ablest players the School has ever seen—such boys as Ellis, Munro, Frank Hallmyre, Jimmie Searle, Alan Hart, Billie Firth, Billie Ford, many of whom are now among the best ball players in the State to-day. Ford pitched ably in the two games New South Wales won against Victoria in the recent Interstate Carnival.

Since Alexander injured his shoulder and consequently has been unable to pitch, the School has failed to get another pitcher

to take his place on the slab. Byrne, Goddard, Waddington, senior, have all tried manfully to fill the breach, but it remains to the future to bring a boy to replace him. Again baseball has surrendered many players to the football. Both have an equal claim on them. There is no doubt that if we could have fielded our strongest team we would have won the competition.

ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

On Wednesday, September 8, we held one of our most successful meetings to



J. RIDLEY,

Champion Athlete of the School.

Winner of the Senior Cup.

Block kindly lent by "Sydney Mail."

date at Petersham Oval. A highly enthusiastic crowd attended. We were pleased to note among the visitors, Prof. Hunter,

Major Shillington, M.L.A., and Mr. T. Hoskins, M.L.A. A large number of Fort Street girls also occupied a prominent "place in the sun," Do the boys return the compliment at their sports?

A well conducted refreshment stall added further lustre to the afternoon's enjoyment.

J. Ridley was the star athlete of the afternoon. He showed very pleasing form and versatility, winning the Senior Cup comfortably, and the £2/2/- trophy donated by Mr. Mackaness for the School

Championship. Ridley won five out of the six events he competed in, and occupied second place in the sixth.

The Junior Cup went to D. Lane, who stood alone in the junior running events.

New records are:—

Senior High Jump: J. Ridley, 5ft. 0½in.

Junior 100 yds: D. Lane, 11 4-5sec.

Junior 220 yds.: D. Lane, 26 2-5sec.

Fast times were prevented by the strong headwind blowing against the competitors, otherwise we expected many of our best times to be broken.

A Talk to Fort St. Boys
ON
CRICKET
BY
J. SEARLE.

Space will not allow for introductory remarks.

PART I.—Discipline in all things, so in Cricket.

SECTION II.—System also plays an important part at the nets, as well as in a match. I well remember Dr. L. O. S. Poidevin as a student at the University. His motto was "While at cricket, think of cricket; play it hard; don't loaf around; and, when finished, back to study." So, Fort St. Boys, I would say map out your practice for a session. Each boy to be as regular as in the class. All to be kept in active play in some part of the game, and no one to leave the ground until the whistle blows or the bell rings, and then home to study.

PART II. in next issue.

**On the Cricket Field
On the Bowling Green
On the Golf Links**

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