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THE
FORTIAN



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

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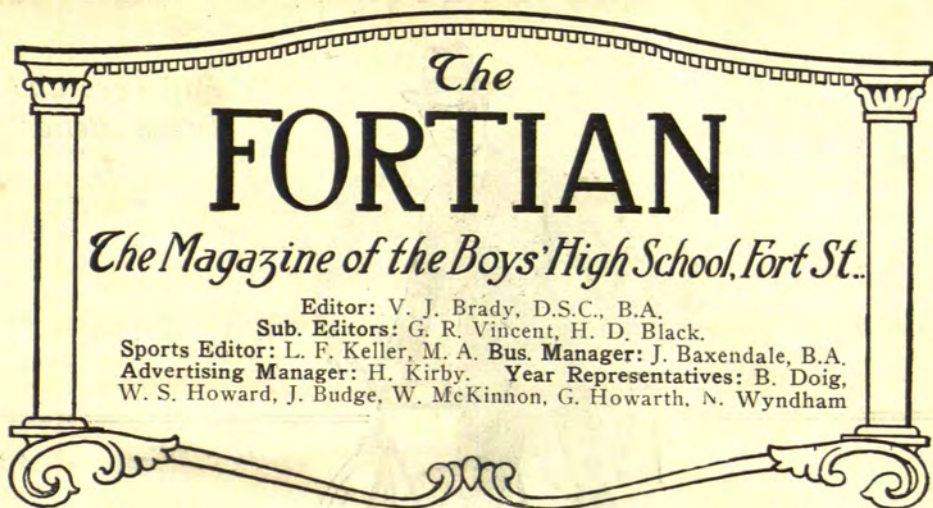
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The
FORTIAN

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

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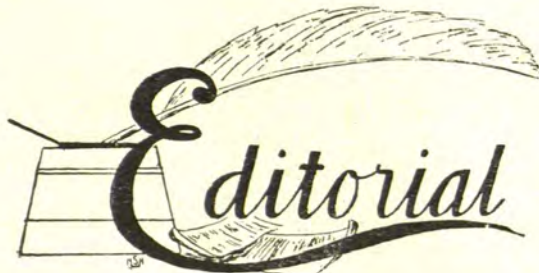
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Editorial



THE drawing to a close of another year brings to our minds thoughts of students who are about to pass from the school to the World. We take this opportunity of farewelling those whose High School career is now to end, bid God speed on the journey through life.

To us it is always a pride to watch from afar the course of those who have passed from the old school, and the pages of our magazine are ever ready to do duty in keeping alive the spirit we know has been kindled in the hearts of all who have been with us.

It has recently been remarked that never before in the history of Fort Street has such a spirit existed. We have had ample evidence of this throughout the year—the football teams, athletics, etc., have made us realize what a wonderful thing that which we term spirit really is. It is a spirit which conquers when all else fails—in the field of sport, or the arena of learning. Every great movement or institution has depended on the intangible something which gave to it a soul to act as one individual soul might act.

When one remembers the Australian Army as it was in 1918—an army which was invincible because of a spirit throughout, which almost as one voice said: We are invincible. It was this spirit which won Glory.

Now, with those who are about to enter the world of action, we can give no better advice than: Carry with you into your new life—I am a Fortian. Remember it always, and with the application of that spirit of the old school, your success is assured.

It is remarkable how easily one may let slip that spirit and interest in one's "Alma Mater" which plays so prominent a part in one's life. Why not preserve this wonderful spirit and let it be demonstrated by an interest in all that concerns the welfare of our own school? When one looks back on 70 years of scholastic life, and when one considers those thousands who have gone forth owing much to what the old school has done for them, we marvel that the school cannot in some material way produce more pronounced evidence of the spirit it has sent forth. Like ether it has apparently diffused in the atmosphere of life to which it is exposed. This vanishing of what we have so proudly created is to be lamented. To you who are about to go forth we would say: Remember in the day of your success what you owe to the old school, and perhaps one day we might behold a Fort Street able to present to the world tangible evidence of what it has done in the community and how it has been remembered. At present the Old Boys' Union is making an appeal for funds sufficient to erect a fitting memorial to those old boys who paid the great price in the war. Here is an opportunity for those who wish to do something for the old school, and at the same time honor those, who, by their sacrifice, did so much for us.

OLD BOYS' UNION

Notes

A Smoke Concert will be held towards the end of October. A Picnic and Moonlight Excursion has also been mooted. Many of the young "fry" are wildly enthusiastic over the latter suggestion.

A Cricket Match will be played before the end of the year, and those desiring a game can forward their names to the Secretaries.

The Old Boys' Union are supplying their footballers with a pair of bellows, some ginger and "send-'em" next year.

The membership of the O.B.U. is gradually increasing. Have you paid yours? Why not? The address of the Secretaries is on the front page of this issue.

Barney Allen has developed a delightful "waddle" of late. Why not do some exercise, Barney?

The dance was a magnificent success. About 1.30 a.m. "Hector" let go some red and

white streamers, amid great enthusiasm.

A tram-guard in evening dress! Hector did well on a railway-bound tram, and is thinking about taking the game on. Derek Welsch looked after the Quay tram, with the result that the funds of the War Memorial were raised.

A suggestion, that the Old Boys' Union should open a few rooms in the city, has been freely discussed. This is not impossible if you support the Union in every possible manner.

The Secretaries were severely handicapped at the commencement of this year owing to the paucity of addresses of Old Boys. If you know of any Old Boys, please send along their addresses, and also Union subscription, if possible. Help like this is greatly appreciated by the Secretaries.

Dr. Hubert Porter, M.B., Ch.M.

We have much pleasure in congratulating Dr. Porter on the distinction recently gained in being appointed to succeed Dr. W. Perry as Superintendent of Sydney Hospital.

He is one of our brilliant old boys, and during his University course did excellent work, passing out with honours.

He graduated about 2½ years ago, and became resident at Sydney Hospital, later being appointed assistant to the Medical Superintendent.

Besides being a student, Dr. Porter is well known in sporting circles as a footballer (Association), in which game he captained N.S.W. against Queensland.

The appointment of Dr. Porter now secures for Fort Street the distinction of having one of its old boys as Superintendent at each of the great Medical Institutions. Prince Alfred is in the hands of Dr. Archie Collins.

Old Fortians' Ball.

The first ball organised by the "Old Girls" and "Old Boys'" Unions was held at Paddington Town Hall on Tuesday, 30th August. The proceeds of the ball are to be divided between Fort Street War Memorial and Ada Partridge Prize Funds.

The decorations were artistically carried out; large white shades garlanded with red streamers, which veiled the electric light, appropriately carried out the school's colours.

The Headmaster (Mr. A. J. Kilgour) and Miss Ada Partridge, former Headmistress of the Girls' School, were present.

About 500 were present; amongst them the following Old Boys could be noticed:—Messrs. "Donga" Golding, Reg. Quigley, Bert Furness, Herb Winkworth, Jock Fearnley, Dally Freeborn, Walter York, Jack Storey, Adrian Twigg, Drs. "Fuzz" Porter, Ivan McLean, Tom Connolly, Bill Jacobs, and many others.

It was a huge success, both socially and financially. The War Memorial will be substantially benefited.

It was the unanimous wish of all that the ball should become an annual function.

Annual Dinner.

The Annual Dinner was held at Sargent's, Market Street, on 21st June. Mr. H. V. Evatt occupied the chair. Speeches were made by Mr. Lasker, Sir Joseph Carruthers and Mr. Kilgour.

The War Memorial was officially opened,

with the result that £95 was subscribed.

About 110 were present, including our old friend, Mr. Q. L. Deloitte.

Musical items were rendered, and in all a happy and most enjoyable evening was spent.

Etiquette for the Uninitiated.

As everyone knows, the Old Boys recently held a dinner. It was surprising to see the number present at the function who were totally ignorant of the things that simply are not done. So we have culled excerpts from various books on etiquette in the hope that some of our readers will meet with the advice they so urgently need for the next O.B.U. dinner.

First of all we must insist that the knives, forks and spoons provided are to be used for eating purposes only, and not as souvenirs or as toothpicks. The head waiter confided to this paper after the last function that several of the fish-knives would be of no further use as anything but breadsaws, since the gold teeth of some of those present were harder than knife metal.

Next, we can assert with certainty that fitting garb must be worn by Old Boys. It is most decidedly not suitable to appear without a coat. Nor is it befitting to wear boots

through which more than three toes protrude. Finally, that bifurcated garment constructed to conceal the nether limbs, known in the vulgar as "trousers," is absolutely indispensable.

To those who are willing to heed the important points mentioned above, may we add another word of advice concerning next dinner. Have no midday meal on the fatal day. If possible, have no breakfast as well. But this is not entirely necessary. If you do without your lunch, then you should be able to do justice to the dinner and prove yourselves true representatives of your breed. Arrive early, very early, and leave late. If you do not arrive well beforehand, you will miss all the anticipatory gustatory delights which enthral the true diner. You must eat your dinner many times. You may do so in retrospect; but the best way is to do it in anticipation—you may be sick afterwards.—So arrive early.
NAITROF.

Fort Street Old Boys' Union.

Fort Street Boys' High School,
Petersham.

WAR MEMORIAL FUND.

It has been unanimously decided by the Old Boys of Fort Street School to perpetuate the memory of those Fortians who fell and those who served in the Great War.

This letter is addressed to you in the belief that you will assist towards this end.

It is proposed that there should be erected a memorial in bronze, incorporating the names of all those Fort Street boys who made the supreme sacrifice, in a form worthy of their names and of the old school. In addition, it is proposed to record in permanent form the names and record of service of all Fortians who enlisted.

You will readily agree that in order to carry out this scheme in a fitting manner, it is necessary that a considerable sum of money be raised, and we would, therefore, earnestly appeal to you for your support in making a success of this most worthy object.

We are, yours faithfully,

- A. J. KILGOUR (Headmaster), Fort Street High School, Petersham;
F. A. COGHLAN, 2 Castlereagh Street, Sydney;
F. O. STEEL, "Falmouth Chambers," 117 Pitt Street, Sydney.
Hon. Treasurers,
War Memorial Fund.
H. V. EVATT, President.

Honours at the University, 1921.

We heartily congratulate the following Old Boys on their success:—

To be Demonstrator in Anatomy (part time):
Mr. J. McKee, M.B., Ch.M.

Medicine, 5th Year, M.B. and Ch.M.:

- A. G. S. Gilchrist.
B. R. Overend.
A. B. S. Owen.
G. L. Saunders.
F. T. Willard.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Medicine, 5th Degree (Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health):

- S. Asher.
A. L. Bryant.
W. B. Firth.
A. S. Furness.
T. Hamilton.
S. Harper.
A. N. Magnus.
O. W. Mater.

- A. H. Murphy.
J. A. Parkes.
W. J. Rundle.
G. S. Thompson.
H. J. West.
N. A. Lawler.

4th Degree Examination in Operative Surgery and Surgical Anatomy (Pass, Alphabetical):

- H. L. Ashby.
H. Barnett.
E. B. Buckland.
R. K. Burnett.
D. G. Carruthers.
C. G. Champion.
N. M. Cuthbert.
W. Freeborn.
W. H. Golding.

4th Degree Examination—Pathology, Operative Surgery and Surgical Anatomy:

- R. G. Ponton, High Distinction.
S. Shinaberg, High Distinction.
W. A. Bye, Distinction.



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□ □ □

Interviews daily with parents or students — 9 to 5 — 6 to 8

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 S. R. Dawes, Credit.
 J. Morgan, Credit.
 W. L. T. Hotten, Credit.
 L. Opit, Credit.
 C. A. Frew, Credit.
 E. M. Steel, Credit.
 R. G. Kirkpatrick.
 H. E. Moran.
 D. W. L. Parker.
 E. G. Schwartz.
 R. F. Shepherdson.
 R. B. Shute.
 B. A. Stephen.
 A. J. H. Stobo.
 G. Thompson.

3rd Degree Examination—Anatomy, Physiology and Pharmacology:

R. J. C. Kristenson, Credit.
 E. C. Egan, Credit.
 G. W. Ashby, Credit.
 A. J. Blackburne, Credit.
 G. W. Downey, Pass.
 G. T. Hunter, Pass.
 K. A. M. Kilgour, Pass.
 T. B. Law, Pass.
 J. F. McCulloch, Pass.
 C. C. Morgan, Pass.
 F. V. Munro, Pass.
 H. M. Owen, Pass.
 H. Pearlman, Pass.

Faculty of Engineering—4th Year (Railway Engineering):

W. G. Furness.
 F. L. Kirby.
 W. L. Price.
 T. M. Shanahan, B.Sc.
 H. E. Steel.

Third Year—Materials and Structures:

V. T. England.
 F. M. Jefferson.
 L. H. Nutter.
 D. H. Sky, B.Sc.

Surveying, I.:

V. T. England.
 L. H. Nutter.

Drawing and Design:

V. T. England.
 L. H. Nutter.
 D. H. Sky, B.Sc.

Harbour and Dock Engineering:

W. L. Price, B.Sc., Pass.
 H. E. Steel.

4th Year Examination—Surveying, II.:

W. L. Price, B.Sc.

Faculties of Engineering and Economics:

4th Year Examination—Economics of Railway Transport:

W. L. Price, B.Sc.
 H. E. Steel.

3rd Year Examination—Electrical Engineering:

L. H. Nutter, Pass.
 D. H. Sky, B.Sc., Pass.

Mechanical Engineering, II.:

L. H. Nutter.

2nd Year Examination—Mechanical Engineering, I.:

C. F. Assheton, Pass.
 A. E. Fraser, Pass.
 J. H. Mould, Pass.
 B. R. Newton-Tabrett, Pass.
 W. H. Stephinson, Pass.
 G. H. Warlters, Pass.

Physics, II.:

W. H. Stephinson.

1st Year Examinations—Descriptive Geometry and Drawing:

F. M. Mathews, Pass.
 T. A. Pearson, Pass.

Law—Articled Clerks (Final Law Examination):

G. S. Reichenbach, Section IV.
 J. S. Kennedy, Section V.

Intermediate Law Examination:

L. W. Scotter.

4th Year Examination—Faculty of Dentistry—Pathology:

J. Arnott, Distinction.
 A. J. Goodman, Credit.
 R. Q. M. Cloutier, Pass.
 H. E. Morphew, Pass.
 A. A. Slocombe, Pass.

4th Year Examination—Surgery:

A. A. Slocombe, Credit.
 H. E. Morphew, Credit.
 A. J. Goodman, Credit.
 R. Q. M. Cloutier, Pass.

Congratulations.

The "Fortian" congratulates Mr. A. V. Langker, B.A., B.Sc., LL.B., an Old Boy, who has been appointed General Secretary of the Commonwealth Public Service.

We have also to congratulate Dr. R. J. Silvertown, another Old Boy, who has been

appointed honorary Urologist to the Coast Hospital.

We must also congratulate Mr. Walter Robert York, LL.B., who has been admitted to practice at the Supreme Court as a Solicitor.

The Library.

The librarians have pleasure in reporting a considerable increase in membership for the second half-year. The buying of new fiction is probably responsible; or perhaps it is the approach of examinations that has caused the increased thirst for knowledge.

The bas-relief of our dear friend smiles down upon us now; but, strong and lasting as it is, we who knew and loved him have enshrined way down in our hearts "monumentum aere perennius"—the ever-loving memory of his face, smile, twinkling eye and fast step; have, too, the faint echo of his voice in our ears; and these will never leave us.

Here are a few hints to juniors and seniors alike:—

- (1) After having returned books signed off, put them in their proper places.
- (2) Choose your books as soon as possible, and have them signed on immediately.
- (3) Leave your hats outside.

(4) Homework is "taboo." If you have forgotten it at home, use your own room, and—watch out for "Teddy."

(5) When time is up, put away all books you have been reading and vamoose "sur-le-champ."

When you have Mr. Gale for 5th period you'll understand.

We have to thank Mr. J. M. Hooke, of Taree, who has kindly donated the sum of £3/3/- to the school library. We should like to receive gifts of a similar nature from other parents and boys. It is the custom in most of the big English schools for each boy, when leaving, to present to the school some volume in appreciation of the work of the school. It would be a good idea if something of the same kind were done here.

The late Mr. Joseph Taylor.

On Monday, 12th September, the members of the staff and the senior members of the school assembled in the library to witness the unveiling of the handsome memorial in bronze erected to the memory of our late beloved master and friend, Mr. John Taylor. Mr. Kilgour, in a little speech, paid a fitting tribute to one who was not only a master in the school, but also his dearest friend. It was unnecessary to remind them of his good qualities—those who knew him loved him. He

unveiled the memorial, and they beheld the bronze portrait.

The memorial was carried out by his old friend, Mr. C. Bauer, of whom we must say a few words in appreciation of his workmanship and the expense to which he went to pay a tribute to his old friend. It stands as a fitting monument to an old friend, and will always remain a treasure for the school as a work of art and a tribute to a man beloved by all, whether master or student.

Fear not, dear friend,
That 'midst the heat and clamour of our day,
Athrob with clash of things material,
The memory of one so dear be dull'd—
The sad occasion of our loss forgot.
In sooth, unto our minds is ever borne
Remembrance sweet of our dear fellowship
With thee, now gracing the society
Of those more worthy of thy noble soul.
Around thy portrait, mem'ry e'er will cling

Of sweet affiance and of happy days
(Spent ere He called thee in thy mellow'd
hour),
Of hope inspired and duty nobly done.

And over those of other days, when we
Are far beyond the bourne of time and space,
May thy fair spirit shine adown the years,
Illumining the path to greatest good.

L.F.K.

A Fort Street Dramatist.

Among the plays that Messrs. J. and N. Tait propose to stage at the Repertory Theatre is "The Traitor," a socialistic drama, with a powerful ending, by Leslie Woollacott, an Old Boy of Fort Street, who, though only 35 years of age, has been constructing plays and playlets since his schoolboy days. For some years he has been making a close study of the suburban life of Sydney, and his stories and plays are all set in suburbia. A series of

eight of his short one-act plays was published in the "Lone Hand," and several of his stories in the "Sunday Times." He is now Associate Editor of the Australian monthly, "Aussie," of which, by the way, the founder and present Editor is an old Fort Street boy, Philip Harris, who, in the early days, when the "Fortian" was printed and published at the school, did the lion's part of the setting and printing. We wish them both well.

Our New Prefects.

It being now near the time for electing the new prefects, I would suggest some probable office-holders.

Of course, to start with, Snooks will be made a prefect. You all know that Snooks is our great Maths. Genius. He will be so useful in the tuckshop to give change, correct change, and also to calculate how much butter may be put on a roll so as to sell it for 2d., and to make a gain of 1d.; also, how much drink to put in a glass to sell for 1d. Of course, we don't care about the two last, but as for the first—well, some prefects don't know how much change to give if 3d. is tendered for a roll costing 2d. Why, I can even hear the first year laughing.

We must devise some system to catch those who will keep in the rooms. So we'll give the top floor prefectship to Smith, because of his large feet, which will give warning to those who are in the rooms, causing them to bolt for the stairs, where they will run into the arms of Smithers and Smithson, who will obtain their names and addresses. [NOTE.—This system is copyrighted, and may only be used by Fort Street.]

For the line we need some stalwart youths, youths who are all muscle, of course. We'll have to have a Sergeant because of his beautiful writing, and Jenks because of his fondness for his dinner, which accomplishment will aggravate the punishment of those poor individuals who grace the line. And, of course, H. A. Ksyé must also be appointed to catch sight of suspicious crumbs around the mouths of the delinquents.

While we are talking of the line, here is a question for our Mathematical geniuses:—If it takes two prefects (average height, 6ft.) to keep two inoffensive first year boys (average height, 4ft.) on the line for 10 minutes, how many such prefects will it take to keep four hardened criminals of second year (average height, 5ft.) on the line for 20 minutes, if one boy be on for one week and the rest for three days? Give the answer to the nearest prefect.

[NOTE.—If any third year boy answers this correctly, he will be made Prefect of the Gate. See "Prefect of the Gate."]

No one cares very much for Montgomery, so he will be made Prefect of the Gate, where he will cease to be an annoyance to his class-

mates, and also save a better man for a better job.

Under the present system only about 4/5ths of the fourth year are prefects, and to make up for this I would suggest a few more titles, e.g.:

Prefect of the Dustbins.—He will of necessity have to possess a large nose, and his duty will be to see that all the boys put their papers in the dustbins, and that the first year eat all their crusts so as to make their hair curl. Any boy not having curly hair after due warning, to be put on the line, and to be made to purchase curling pins.

Prefect of the Common Room.—This person has to regulate the various smells which come from out those smoky depths about 4th period. He would, say, regulate the order in which the different articles should be cooked, so that the smells would harmonise; he would prevent such a sequence as—burnt chops, burnt toast, and burnt steak and onions.

Prefect of the Front Fence.—His is the important duty of upholding one of the school's most famous "wonders"—the front fence. He must see that no one leans against, pushes or lends in any way to precipitate it on to the footpath. We really need that beautiful fence to hide our ugly school.

Prefect of the Wash Tub.—Another important person. Must not be frightened of using soap—on others. His duty is to see that all the juniors of the school properly wash behind their ears and remove all high-water traces of the last tide.

Now, out of all the prefects we have to choose the skipper of the school. Well, we can't choose Binks, because he has flat feet, and can't skip. Therefore, the choice will naturally fall, by process of elimination (first getting rid of all the classic side of the prefects and all the sports) to M.A.Y. Be, who won the first prize in the Sydney Scrumming Skipping Society last year by keeping up to 46. His "Magister Equitum" (this is revenge on the commercials, who don't know what it means, and I advise the classics not to tell them) will be Marmaduke Montmorency Montgomery, who was runner-up in the same competition, attaining 45.

Of course, I oughtn't to have told you all this, and you mayn't think it's true, but as Kipling says—

"Wait and See."

DICKY.

Sydney Harbour.

The wind o'er the harbour is gliding,
The white sailing yachts break the foam,
The dark sullen rocks are deriding
The waves, that would wrench them from
home.
The gulls overhead are a-wheeling,
Now touching the crystal blue sea.
Ah! this is the life that I long for,
Life untrammelled, all open and free.

Oh! harbour, the queen of all beauty,
Ah! city, the city of grace,
If a lover has left thee for duty,
Has gone out of sight of thy face,
His thoughts to the city are turning,
The city so far o'er the foam
And his heart for the harbour is yearning,
The harbour his own, dear, sweet home.

Walking Tours.

(M. Thompson, 3A.)

It is, perhaps, rather unusual for one who knows little about them to attempt an essay on walking tours, but as I have still less experience of motoring or cycling, walking will be my subject.

There is no doubt that walking is a very fine exercise, especially when the walker is carrying his spare clothing, food, tent, and a few other odds and ends. These few items on the pedestrian's back discourage undue haste, so giving him ample time to enjoy the scenery.

As for the scenery—well, as he goes blithely along he does not miss the sight of a single gum tree or a single post-and-rail fence; in short, he does not miss anything, not even the dust of the road, or, if the weather happens to be damp, the mud.

Sometimes, as the traveller passes a thick clump of trees, he pauses to listen to the songs of the birds hidden among the leaves, but more often to curse the numberless flies which descend in swarms upon him.

Again, as he trudges up a portion of the landscape which an all-wise Providence has seen fit to stand on end, he is forced to stop in sheer wonder at the beauties of Nature, as well as in exhaustion resultant on his exertions. And as he stands mopping his moist brow he gives a sigh of content, perhaps be-

cause of what he sees about him, but more likely because he is near the top.

And what opportunities the walker has for profound meditation as he goes on his way. He can speculate as to whether he is likely to find water within the next few miles, or if it will rain before he can reach shelter. He can think of all the pleasant things he will do when he reaches his destination, and also of all the unpleasant things he has to do.

If our pedestrian be of a studious turn of mind he can carry a small book of verse along with him, and forget the world in the delights of Kubla Khan or some kindred work.

If, however, he forgets the world too completely, and trips over some obstruction in his path, he may regard his mishap as one of the petty obstacles which great minds encounter so often on the road of life.

As he jumps out of the way of a speeding motor car he eyes its occupants with scorn. They know nothing of the delights of walking; they are ruining their health as they sit slothfully back on those comfortable seats. They cannot enjoy the scenery; they have no time for peaceful meditation. How he pities them! Yet, as they slow down and hail him, he readily accepts their offer of a lift.

I wonder why?

Our Street.

(F. J. Kearns.)

Ours is a blind street. Not that it has no eyes, for there are a good many sharp ones in the street; in fact, Mrs. Ambrey, the gossip, once alleged that there were too many sharp eyes about. But we must excuse Mrs. Ambrey—she owns the street loquat tree. However, lets get back to the point. Our street is said to be blind, because it is blocked at one end.

Use is made of this last fact when the boys of our street play cricket on Sunday mornings. Only one is needed to keep "Nitz." The boy who draws the paper marked with an X sits at the open end of the street (commonly known as the "eye") on the lookout for P.C. 49.

The population of our street is mixed. There are good boys, wicked boys, tolerable boys and intolerable girls. There is also a dandy. His name is Hector A. Ambrey. He always signs his name in the American fashion since "A" stands for "Agamemnon." Sunday afternoons he can generally be seen talking to six or more girls at the grocer's corner, on which occasions he is quite a typical "knut," wearing tan shoes, purple-topped socks, baggy knickerbockers, and a gaudy bow tie; occasionally he raises his hat to show his greasy brushback.

There is a dairy in our street. It supplies the street with a mystery. "I wonder," said Snowy Mitchell, a very prominent streetian, "how Daisy, the solitary cow, supplies the

whole street with milk?" Perhaps Snowy's question could be answered by reading the water-meter.

One day a canary strayed into our street. Con Stanton saw it first and claimed it, but his claim was not considered valid, for very soon several other lads claimed to have seen it before him. One dashed to get a dipper, another to get some horsehair snares, while yet another began to creep upon it, hat in hand. But before they got far the flick of a shanghai was heard, and the canary was scared away by a pebble which took away a few of its feathers. It lodged in the street loquat tree. All crept to the fence, and were just in time to see the bird called into a trap belonging to Hector A.

Snowy Mitchell, ever first in deeds of daring, hit upon a bright idea. He stalked boldly up to the side door and inquired of Mrs. Ambrey had she seen his pet canary, which had escaped while he was feeding it. The knight of the brushback reluctantly surrendered his catch, and watched Snowy stroke the bird and scold it for flying away.

But despite the sins of its inhabitants, such as obtaining canaries under false pretences, and the ambitious design of 49 to arrest one of our streetians in the hope of getting a stripe, and despite the facts that the lassos are thrown at bunches of loquats and the throwers drink watery milk, "Our Street" lives on, if not in peace, then in harmony.

Lives of Great Men.

Oscar Emery was born about 1904 in the forests of Berry Mountains, in N.S.W., and was educated at the Public School in that locality, where he showed all signs of developing a large head, long hair and brains. Passed Qualifying Certificate with flying colours, and came to Fort Street School, where his superfluous and abundant knowledge surprised all. Re-bribed the examiners and got 7 A's in the Intermediate. Won Parkes' Prize, and was given Webster's Dictionary as a prize. Little known of his boyhood and early manhood. He possessed several eccentricities, and was slightly nervous. He was a great football player, and scored a magnificent try for his school. Pro. R. G. Fenn, in his "LIVES," says:—"Of all the magnificent products of Fort Street, Oscar

Emery is, perhaps, the greatest, earning for himself a reputation only surpassed by that of the front fence." He shone at cricket, and often scored centuries against express and googly bowlers. N. A. Jenkyn, one-time International Cricketer, in his memoirs writes:—"It was a great treat on Wednesday afternoon to see Emery drive King to the pickets." He passed the Leaving Certificate with honours, but little is known of his University life, but he obtained his degree and studied law. Some years later he became famous for his sterling defence in the Gunther Divorce Case of 1941, and won the case for defendant. After a long and successful career he retired to his residence in Berry, where he died in 1980 at the age of 74.

Jottings from Fort Street, 1940.

N.B.—Lady Teachers now constitute the Teaching Staff.

At the last meeting of the Sports Union, a warm discussion arose concerning the sport which should be played during the forthcoming season. Miss Flipper, who strongly advocated Basket Ball, made a fine speech in favour of that sport. She said that vigoro was too rough altogether, and that serious injuries were liable to result from the hardness of the ball. On the other hand, Mrs. Henpeck, a vigoro supporter, cited a case against basket ball. When she was teaching at the Wayback High School, at the commencement of her High School career, basket ball was the sport then played. One afternoon, in the process of a game, one of the opposing team had pushed over a Wayback player out of pure spite, because the Waybackite had scored. The latter severely grazed his knee, and, of course, the game was stopped. Mrs. Henpeck concluded by saying that this incident could easily be repeated, as the game is of such an exciting nature that the boys do not realise what they are doing.

After consideration of these facts it was decided that the boys should remain at school

on Wednesday afternoons and take sewing lessons, in order to prepare them for married life.

It is now a well-known fact that the military athletic uniform formerly supplied to the cadets only has to be worn by the officers also.

At last Monday's parade, Miss Shrilstone, who has charge of C Company, caused quite a sensation by appearing in her outfit. It suited her admirably, although she somewhat spoilt the effect by wearing hatpins. For some unaccountable reason the boys were restless during the parade, and it was some time before they could be induced to drill.

Many complaints have been received lately by some of the younger boys in the senior years, who state that a great deal of favouritism has been going on in the school. The headmistress has inquired into the matter in detail, and has decided to prevent the seniors from taking the teachers to the pictures on Wednesday afternoons, and also decided to appoint the younger teachers to the first and remove years.

"Midsummer Night."

Tiptoe! tiptoe! dance the fairies row by row,
Light as thistledown.
Heigho! Heigho! Sing them in their voices low,
Tinkle, tinkle, hear the chime
Of fairy bells in summer-time!
Pitter, patter, hear the beat
Of the dainty fairies' feet,
Feet with moonbeams shod.

Tiptoe, tiptoe, skip the brownies to and fro,
Like jolly autumn leaves.
Heigh, heigho, hear them trilling as they go
Ever here and there.
Running, running never stop,
The skipping, tripping brownies' hop.
In and out the trees.

Tiptoe! tiptoe, elves with lanterns all aglow
Flit around the flowers.
Heigho! heigho, they chatter as they come and
go,
Like shadows of the hours.
Flitter, flitter, o'er the green,
Where the fairy rings are seen;
Twinkle, twinkle, go their heels,
As they dance in fairy reels,
O'er the velvet sward.

All the woodland wakes from sleep,
To see the fays their revels keep
And from their nests the squirrels peer
To view the fairy revels here.

(G. Gillard 3B.)

One Day.

(C. McLelland.)

This day was one which came about after I had broken my mirror and walked under half-a-dozen ladders on the night before. It really started at about 8.35 a.m., that being the time when I catch a train at Sydney after a journey in a tram. For after catching my train a series of misfortunes began with the advent of a ticket collector when the train had left the station about 100 yards away. This rude man actually wanted to see my ticket, and when I had turned all my pockets inside out in a vain endeavour to find it, coolly wrote out an excess fare ticket form and kindly presented it to me, while I collected my spare cash and paid for it. On recovering from this blow I determined to look over my Livy, and on opening my bag found that I had left it in the tram, where I had begun to look over it, and that a red thing which was peering from under one of my books was the ticket case which held the ticket the collector had asked for some minutes previously.

My day of misfortunes had begun with a vengeance.

I actually arrived at school without breaking my neck, however; but, alas! the spell of those six ladders was still in existence. The first period was English, as all first periods are; and, of course, the lesson was Poetica, although I had carted my Long to school. This was easily remedied by looking on someone else's book, but it took some time before the faintness had passed away which I felt when I calculated the amount of work wasted in carrying one Long's literature (weight about 6½lb.) from home to school (formula, $W = F.S.$).

Next came Latin, and seemingly the spell continued, for I was the boy "who had not done any for some time," thereby relieving Phillips of his regular burden and receiving to translate the piece which I would have known if my Livy had not gone down to the

Quay instead of coming to school. I close this scene of trouble.

After 10.30 that most important of lessons came—Physics, practical physics—and in keeping with the first part of the day, I and my neighbour got a most interesting and exciting experiment on momentum. After spending about half an hour in adjusting about eight strings in an attempt to make a particularly dense block of wood swing correctly, and another half in watching a leaden bob hit this block of wood, which in turn hit a piece of straw whose distance from a certain point was measured (a pastime almost as exciting as bowls), I was informed that all my attempts to go back to my childhood's days—to crawl on the floor—were in vain; in other words, that my results were worthless. I fainted, but lunch time was nigh, and I soon revived. Lunch time was uneventful in so far as the only way in which the spell worked was that I collected on my anatomy the only two cricket balls which were hit within twenty yards of me.

I could not possibly have had any more misfortune on such an afternoon as Thursday, this being my afternoon of rest, Maths.—French—Maths.; but at 3.30 they started again.

Being kept late in an endeavour to pick my lock and get out some books, I suddenly discovered, or thought I discovered, that I was late for my train. Instantly I began to run the mile down Palace-street in record time, and, flustered and out of breath, I arrived on Petersham Station with a good three minutes to spare—a run for nothing.

I entered the train and sat back in my seat resting. I saw the ticket collector coming, and, of course, put my hand in my pocket confidently, and, horrors of horrors, I had left it at school. The spell was broken, however, by my neighbour, who handed it to me with the words, "I found it on your desk." And my day of misfortune was over.

Evening.

(W.S.H., 4A.)

The sun, a ball of molten lead, at last
Sinks to his rest; a single virgin cloud,
Flushed by the ardour of his love, too proud
To suffer his embraces, wanders past
Into the blue beyond; and black and vast
Descends the cloak of night, the sombre
shroud
Of yet another day. Wild, clear and loud

The chant of feathered choristers is cast
Unto the winds. . . . But now a silver
band,
A white, cold flame lights up the eastern sky.
Long uncouth shadows dance, and all the land
Bewitch'd by this moon-magic, with a sigh
For poor departed day, and gently fanned
By whispering breezes, worships her on high.

Exchanges.

"The Koala," "The Magpie," "The Shuttle,"
"The Lens," "The Endeavour," "The Clarion,"
"Hermes," "The Record," "The Novocastrian,"

"The Royal Blue," "The Quondong," "The
Babbler," "Falcon," "T.H.S. Journal," "The
Burr," "The Chronicle," "Maitland Magazine."

An Old Problem Solved

Allegations about too much homework and too much sport are prominent in the daily papers just at present. So the "Fortian" decided to secure expert opinion on these questions, and decide them once and for all. Accordingly, Professor Naitrof was appointed a special private Royal Commissioner to investigate. He went into every fact thoroughly, ruthlessly pursuing every clue to its conclusion. The results obtained by his keen, unerring instinct are so intrinsically interesting, of such vital importance, and of such far-reaching consequence, that it has been decided to submit them to a larger audience than was originally intended. The Professor's report amounts in effect to the following:—

He finds, as matters of fact, firstly, that school pupils **have** too much homework (he estimates that they have so much to do that at least one hour is wasted every week); secondly, that school pupils have too much work. His recommendations in regard to homework are—

- (1) That it should be reduced in quantity.
- (2) That it should be made more interesting.
- (3) That it should be abolished.

With regard to the second point of his investigation, he finds that school hours do seriously interfere with sport. But he realises that the time-honoured method of solving this problem by abolishing school hours will not be acceptable to the majority of young Australians, since they will have their little joke even if they have to endure a Maths. lesson to get it. So this scheme is proposed. As many lessons as practicable are to be given

on the sports grounds. In the cricket season for instance, when a team is having its innings, the nine men who are not batting should have, say, their Latin lesson in the dressing-room; while the fieldsmen could spend their vacant minutes in memorising the Shakespearean play set for the year. In winter, a number of French words and their English equivalents could be printed on footballs, so that Rugbyites, instead of uselessly tucking the pigskin under their arms as they do at present when making a dash, could learn some of the words inscribed thereon. In this way one French lesson per week could be done away with in the classroom. For tennis players, Pythagora's theorem could be printed on the net in glaring colours. Similarly with all sports. If all lessons could not be got rid of by applying this principle, then sports that could synchronise with lessons should be introduced, to replace those that could not so harmonise. That strenuous sport known to the initiated as Noughts and Crosses could be made compulsory. At present, as we all know, it is left voluntary; consequently, many who might be proficient in it never fulfil their magnificent promise because of their over-diligence in lesson-hours. If everyone were forced to play during each lesson at least twenty games of Noughts and Crosses, think what a world of champions Australia would produce in no time. Moreover, the problem of reconciling sport and work would be largely solved.

Professor Naitrof submits the report that is outlined above, to the general public in the trust that it will receive the favourable endorsement he feels sure it merits.

Spooks.

Last night I woke in terror,
A wailing in my ears,
I shivered once, then twice, then thrice,
And tried to calm my fears.
The awful shrieks continued,
I flung the bed-clothes wide,
And crept towards the window,
My air-gun by my side.

Was this a case for Conan Doyle?
Some re-awakened ghost?
Or just some drunken reveller
A-seeking for a post?

Maybe some hapless traveller,
Garrotted well and true
Was giving vent to death-cries,
Before his spirit flew.

A million other tragedies
Before my vision passed;
I steeled my nerves, and with one hand
I grasped the window-clasp.
I drew the sash up slowly,
And gazed upon the lawn,
It was only my old Tom-cat
A-howling at the dawn.



"There's No Place Like Home"

A Complete Story.

(From "Vox Populi.")

"I really fail to understand those people down there," remarked Professor Starzstruc, of the Planet-World Research Laboratories of Mars, as, attired in his customary pyjamas, he sat enjoying the sunlight. "Time after time we have sent them messages. When we throw boulders, they think hard, and wisely call them 'meteors.' Whenever we throw our bath-water over, they retire indoors, and call it 'rain.' When we drop bombs conveying messages, they shiver and call the explosion 'thunder,' and the message in fire 'lightning.' Good heavens! Here we are trying to establish communication, and they, like fools, misinterpret everything we do! Truly, it is discouraging!"

He was alone in the tower of the laboratories. In every direction below him extended the smiling landscape—beautiful plains of grass, and gorgeous Martian forests, with delightful little towns and villages scattered around. Truly, the scene would inspire any ordinary inhabitant of Mars with love of his planet, and desire never to leave it, but the wise old professor's thoughts continually wandered elsewhere, far away down to that small sphere which he had learned was the Earth. It was the desire of his heart to be able to communicate with the other planet, and to this end he carried out endless experiments, all to no avail.

Now, having failed once again, he sat disconsolately up in the tower, sipping at intervals a test-tube containing sweetened and distilled mercury.

Deep in these reflections, he did not notice his son, an ingenious youth of forty-five, busily engaged with his latest invention below. However, a startling yell roused him suddenly, and, elevating his eyes, he observed his son attached to a large pair of wings, far above him.

"Come down, you young rascal! Come down at once!"

"I'm afraid I can't, father," bleated the son. "You see, I've discovered a new power which attracts everything to the earth! Wait a minute, father; press Key 1036 in my room. I'll be with you then."

The professor jumped.

"Got it!" he said to himself in wild excitement.

A few seconds later he confronted his son. "My boy, I am going to make you a special resisting suit, and by the power of your invention you can visit the earth!"

"Yes, father," replied the boy, obediently.

It had been arranged between them that when young Starzstruc wished to return, he would send a wireless message, on receipt of which the professor would manipulate Key 1036.

Thus, happening to seat himself one day absentmindedly on an electrical bench, the old man was suddenly precipitated several feet into the air. On reaching terra firma once more, the professor dashed to his instrument. This was no ordinary message. Clash! Bang! Thump! Crash! Evidently it was his son in a hurry to return.

His face aglow with expectation, the professor hurried to Key 1036 and pressed it.

Some hours later, a terrific noise proceeded from the tower, and, rushing up, Starzstruc beheld his son, very battered as to features, attached by the slack of his trousers to the spire. However, the power of Key 1036 was too strong, and a sudden r-r-r-r-r-rip rent the air, whilst Starzstruc Junior hurtled down on top of his parent.

They were both breathless for some little while, then the son spoke.

"Father," he shouted, "you leave that darned infernal earth alone! Look at me! They're fiends down there, and this is what they have done!" He pointed excitedly at his two black eyes and features very much out of shape.

"Great Jupiter!" ejaculated Professor Starzstruc. "What has happened to you?"

"I'll tell you, father. But listen to this: you've got to leave that place of human demons alone. Get me?"

"I really fail to understand. How can I get you?"

"Oh, don't waste time talking nonsense. That's only an expression I learnt from the King of England." He choked down his indignation, and continued calmly: "Well, I soon reached the Earth. (My, but it's cold down there!) I came to earth in a place called, I think, Holl-land. Once there, I found my pyjamas not at all adapted to the climate, so, putting aside my wings, I entered a big house and found some garments. After travelling for a while I came to a lot of water! nevertheless, I got into a strange thing called a 'boat,' and soon reached dry land again.

"Now comes the strange part of my adventures. As soon as I reached this place, which is called England, I saw people looking at me with curiosity, many with open hostility. However, after stopping to twirl my moustache, and arrange my clothes, I went out into the street. Everywhere I went I observed looks of anger and dislike.

"At length I interrogated a man, but he could not understand our language. But as soon as I spoke he started back affrighted, and called out something that sounded like this:

"The Kaiser! Kaiser Bill!"

"Immediately a crowd began to gather round, all shouting at me. And although I could understand them, they could not understand me.

"It's Kaiser Bill, orlright, escaped from 'Olland," I heard someone say. Vainly I tried to tell them I was from Mars. They jeered, and their threatening looks increased, till at last I was seized and tossed about among the crowd.

"Oh, it was awful! I was knocked about all over the town, tossed in a blanket, and then they tied me to a post to be a target for everything handy.

"This went on for some time, till at last I

remembered my pocket wireless. Just as someone was shouting, 'Tar and feather him! Down with the Kaiser!' I vanished from among them, and here I am. Oh, they are devils, demons incarnate, those Earth dwellers! What had I done? Why did they set on me?"

But the professor only tapped his head sadly, pointed in the direction of the earth, and murmured, "Mad."

Vaucluse House

It was a crisp, sparkling spring day, when, alighting from the ferry, I wended my way towards what is one day destined to become the "Mecca of Australian Hero-worship," the stately old home of Vaucluse.

Within the grounds a delightful calm reigned over all, broken only by the occasional twitter of the birds—a scene of tranquility and grandeur. The neat flower beds, the well-kept lawns, the sparkling fountain sending forth shimmering showers of spray that sparkled like diamonds in the noonday sun, and, in the background, the picturesque old home, with its turreted roof nestling in a sea of green verdure and lending an air of bewitching antiquity to the scene. Such is the place where dwelt one of Australia's noblest patriots—William Charles Wentworth.

He was not the first owner of this ideally beautiful property, nor is the present-day building as it was a hundred years ago, for the turreted towers were added, partly by Wentworth, partly by the Vaucluse Trustees, and he also built portion at the rear.

The first owner was an Irishman from Cork, Sir Henry Browne Hayes, who was transported for abducting Miss Mary Pike, a beautiful and high-spirited Quakeress, heiress to a fortune of over £20,000. At the time of the abduction she was residing with the Penroses, a few miles out of Cork. Sir Henry paid several visits there, and ultimately decided to steal Miss Pike and, incidentally, the title deeds of her estate. A bogus letter sufficed to cause her to drive between 1 and 2 on a rainy morning, in the Penroses' carriage, to a supposed sick mother in Cork. On the way four armed men, one of whom was Sir Henry, stopped her carriage, cut the traces, and conveyed Miss Pike to Sir Henry's house, where a priest conducted the marriage service. The young lady openly protested, flinging away the wedding ring, and was only pacified when Sir Henry threatened to shoot himself. The result of this way he was outlawed and a reward of £1,000 offered for his apprehension. Two years later he was tried and sentenced to death, which was commuted to transportation for life.

On taking up residence at Vaucluse he sent a large order home for garden accessories and seeds, and included in the list were hedgehogs and snails; so next cold, wet night, dear reader, you are forced to mount guard over

your tender young plants, you will know whom to blame. Also, tradition relates Sir Henry planted a ring of Irish bog around the house to keep the snakes away, and, strange to say, no snake was afterwards found within the magic circle. Opinion as to how the house received its name varied, but it has now been confirmed that it was called after his father's house, "Vaucluse," in Cork.

Samuel Breakwell, Lieutenant-Governor O'Connell, and Captain Piper were the following tenants of the house, and in the late twenties it became the property of Wentworth.

There to-day it stands, a stately, awe-inspiring structure, one which is so closely associated with romance and the early life of this State, a veritable gem of historic interest.

Camera in hand, I approached the side entrance and pulled the old bell rope. How many in years long gone by had rung that self-same bell, had stood where I now stood; how often had it been the herald of joy and sorrow, of visitors welcome and unwelcome.

The heavy old door was opened, and I was admitted into the famous courtyard paved with the tiles of Pompeii. The sun streamed brilliantly down on these historic relics, bathing the place in a flood of radiant sunshine. Off the courtyard is the Constitution Room, once Wentworth's library, the only furnished room in the old residence. Within these walls he often invited, and discussed politics with, his fellow-statesmen, and it was in this room the Constitution giving Australia representative government was first drawn up. In the front portion of the building is found the ball-room. Here had gathered the society of that day—one could almost hear the rustle of the crinolines and the stately music of the minuet. And so from room to room I passed, up curiously winding stairs and across Pompeian tiled floors, till once again I stood without those ancient walls.

There silent and decayed you stand, O noble pile, within whose walls a people's liberator dwelt! A relic of the past, an inspiration to Australia of to-day. Still the years shall roll on, even as they did of yore; still shall you stand a national monument, stirring to nobler ideals a nation, and a nation's rulers! So shall you stand for all time a noble inspiration, O Shrine of Patriotism!

"SUNDOWNER."

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"Atlantis"

Author's Note:—The following poem does not purport to be a faithful account of the destruction of the iniquitous, legendary continent of Atlantis, for the verity of which event, indeed, there is no historical proof. It must, therefore, be regarded purely as an effort of the imagination.

Redly glows the orb of morning in the stormy
cloud-swept skies,
Bathed in his lurid rays Atlantis the Unholy
lies,
Dazzling 'mid the foam-flecked waters of the
sullen tossing main,
Like a gem of evil beauty, gorgeous with an
awful bane.
Oh! thou child of all corruption, heedless of
impending doom,
See, the red clouds burst asunder—see the
shapes of terror loom,
Hear the dreadful voices pealing through the
tempest's howling breath—
"Daughter of ten thousand evils, expiate thy
sin in death!"

In the city, seeking pleasure, all her idle
thousands stray,
Those whose lives of dissipation look their
last upon the day.
One alone of all the surging, splendour-mad-
dened crowd that throngs
Hears the warning, sees the portents, knows
his country's awful wrongs.
He, an ancient, hoary elder, who by orison
and prayer
Learned the secrets of the ages, all their
mysteries laid bare.

Through the city drunk with madness, hear
this Holy Prophet cry:
"Woe upon Atlantis' glory; in this hour the
race shall die."
No one heeds—the lust of Evil clouds the
mind with madness o'er,
Wild and wilder grows their frenzy—madder
yet than e'er before.
Sad at heart the man inspired climbs the
temple's lofty stair,
From its soaring dizzy summit gazes on the
city fair.

On to noonday grows the morning. Now the
skies are overcast,
Presage of their doom impending dawns upon
the crowd at last.
....Now 'tis eve....no star shines brilliant
on the velvet pall of night,
But the darkness now is torn with dreadful
beams of Hellish Light.
Round the city's lofty turrets howl the voices
of the blast,
Shrieks the tempest—on the rampart leaden
waves are rolling fast.

Sober now with terror smitten, seeking to
escape their fate,
Rage the people, wailing wildly, but repent-
ance comes too late.
Now the Heav'ns with thunder rattle—on the
deep, and on the strand
Boom the ocean's heavy rollers, crashing o'er
the smitten land.
Far amid the verdant valleys tongues of flame
are flaring forth,
Surely all the hosts of Death appease the
Father's holy wrath!

Shaken in a dread convulsion buildings totter
to their fall:
Wreathed in smoke their shattered fragments
in the havoc bury all.
Battered by the seething torrent, down the
seaside fortress goes!
Now o'er all the boiling fury of the flood
destroyed flows,
One last crash the heavens thunder: one last
blaze of fiendish light:
One last wave—then all is over—quiet rules
the peaceful night.

The Past is gathered to the Past: the name
alone remains,
Yet can the Tide of Time suffice to cleanse
her deathless stains,
The wages that she paid for Sin were those
of Death and Shame,
But can the crystal water wash the venom
from her name?
Ah! she from grace has fallen low, and ever-
more must be
A Link in God's Unending Chain, which is
Eternity.

I'm Thinking and Thinking

"I'm thinking and thinking," said old Sam
Shore,
"Twere somebody knocking I heard at the
door.
It may be the landlord, seeking his rent,
Or even my uncle, a peppery gent;
Or p'r'aps it's the bailiff, that wicked old man

Who wishes to see me put out, if he can;
Or, horror of horrors could it possibly be
That it's Ole Nick himself who's come to see
me?
So I'm thinking and thinking," said old Sam
Shore,
"Twould be better I did not open my door."

Revised Ancient History

Prof. Vergillivy writes:—
Dear Editor,—

During recent research work in that most interesting and fascinating book of Livy xxii., I came to the conclusion that the youths of our time are by no means the first to use the scooter. I have proof that the Roman youths were given to the practise of riding on scooters. The spelling of their machine was, of course, slightly different to ours—they spelled theirs S-C-U-T-A. Doubtless the scuta was a cumbersome but strong machine, with but imperfectly rounded wheels, and I doubt much whether the brake was then employed. This absence of a brake would provide a very unpleasant sensation when riding downhill. However, some of the more daring spirits among the Romans would enjoy it.

From the same source I have also discovered that the Romans were wont to use motors (M-O-T-A). Of course, they had no luxurious limousines like the fortunate profiteers nowadays. Seeing that the Romans knew something about motors, I doubt whether the testudo was the ordinary man-power affair that we are asked to believe was used. I think it was a high-powered [Have doubts about this.—Editor] motor, such as the armed motors employed nowadays.

Yours studiously,

Prof. CAESAR VERGILLIVY,

M.A., LL.B., A.S.S., etc.

A.N.

Salvage

The water looked cold
As he gazed from above;
He was not very bold,
And the water looked cold.
But the story is old—
Someone gave him a shove.
The water looked cold
As he gazed from above.

They went out in a boat
On the harbour to row;
They went out in a boat;
They were not very long afloat
When some silly old goat
Tipped the boat to their woe.
They went out in a boat
On the harbour to row.

The daisy was sweet,
Its petals were open,
It fell in the street;
The daisy was sweet,
'Neath somebody's feet
Its stem is now broken.
The daisy was sweet,
Its petals were open.

The form of the 'let
Is an intricate thing,
A scratch of the tete,
For I'm caught in a net
About this triolet,
Still, I'm having a fling
At the form of the 'let—
'Tis an intricate thing.

The silence was long,
His courageousness grew;
Do you think it was wrong?
The silence was long,
The temptation was strong,
Her eyes were so blue;
The silence was long,
His courageousness grew.

Under the sun
There's nothing new,
From stalest bun
To saddest nun,
From saddest nun
To bark canoe.
Under the sun
There's nothing new.

Teeth

I wonder why the fates bequeath
To each of us a set of teeth—
Those anti-painless chewing tools,
That grace our facial vesticules?

They crack and crumble and decay,
And slowly wear themselves away;
Anon, with cavities and breaks,
They bring up pains and divers aches.

We see the doc., and, one by one,
Have costly jobs of plumbing done;
He plugs the holes with zinc, but then
They soon commence to ache again.

I needs must wonder why the fates
Inserted teeth in human pates,
To bring up pain and toothsome ills,
And worries, aches and dentist's bills.
"MOLAR."

L'AVENIR

twiStences



POPULAR SCIENCE

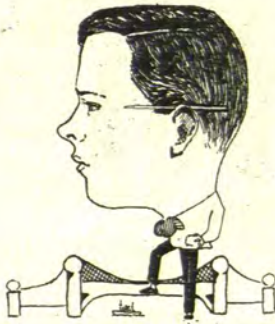
3-8-1950
A great achievement is the completion of North Shore Bridge, SYDNEY.
MR. A. T. HIGGS IS TO BE congratulated on.....



REFEREE

AUGUST 10 1932

CABLEGRAM
LANGFORD HALF BACK PLAYED MAGNIFICENT GAME AGAINST ENGLAND CANN.



Jan 24 1974
Smith's Daily
..... and amongst those who went round this morning was M^r. L. Langworth M.L.C.
.....

TRIAD

Mr. W.S. HOWARD, the eminent critic in an interview, recently stated that.....



The Arrow

3-6-64
C.R. MILNE announces the completion of his latest book "The Life of Warren Bardsley"

AMUSEMENTS

HER MAJESTY'S
8 P.M. SHARP
"HAMLET"
with H.W.G. SPENCER in title role

Church News

6-5-42
..... and we are very pleased to note that Rev Bentivoglio will open the bazaar at.....

ARMIDALE COURT

7-10-28
Armidale Old Girls Dance
..... and M^r. G.E. Mockney officiated ably as M.C.



Vets Journal

2-8-46
The operation on Fureiros was successfully performed by Dr. E.N. LARKIN.....



THE WORKER PERSONAGES OF THE WEEK

MR. W.M.R. CRISP
Our photo by MONTE-FALK



Typical Young Men's Attire, from Farmer's, for school or ordinary wear.

FARMER'S are specialists in Young Men's apparel, whether it be for school, ordinary, or Sports wear. Stocks are infinite in their variety and though strictly conforming to the canons of good taste, permit of those indulgences which differentiate Youth from Maturity.

Smart Ready-to-wear Suits.

Youth's ready-to-wear Sac Suit; long trousers; to fit youths up to 17 years; cut on smart, youthful lines, with two-button coat, seam at back, no vent; outside breast pocket; vest nicely shaped; trousers have side and hip pockets, cuff bottoms. In a large variety of textures and patterns. Prices, from 70/- to 115/-

Young men's Two-button Model, with smart peaked lapels and neat roll; vest has medium opening; trousers have side and hip pockets, cuff bottoms. In all popular fabrics and exclusive patterns. Prices, from 115/- to 147/-



Blazers and Tennis Shirts.

In plain navy Flannel with red, pale blue, royal blue, white, or gold cord edges; smartly cut. Price, ea., 35/- With bindings of same colours. 37/6

Fine white Cotton Tennis Shirts, with collar and pocket attached. All sizes. Prices, each, 10/6; three for 30/-

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Farmer's stock, or make to order, all sports apparel, together with the various insignia—club colours, badges, pennants, etc.

**Farmer's,
Sydney.**

Box 497, G.P.O.

We Pay Carriage.



Easy-fitting Tennis Shoes.

Buckskin one-piece Tennis Shoes, with $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch red rubber soles for Tennis or deck wear. Price, per pair 42/- Same style, tan calf, with toe-cap. 39/6

White Canvas Yachting Shoes, Canadian make; white rubber soles. 8/11

A Tragedy of To-Day

She was apparently quite young, yet on her face tragedy was plainly written. Her pretty red lips were turned down at the corners, and her blue eyes ever and anon gleaming with a tear-drop. She walked with bent head and stooping shoulders; her hands hung listlessly by her side.

Then, turning a corner, the soft tones of an organ struck her. She looked furtively about her, and saw a church. The door stood invitingly open.

Surely a world-weary soul could find solace within. Stealthily she crept up the steps, and sank with a sigh into a back seat.

The organ ceased and the echoes died. The minister rose and began to pray aloud for the sick at heart, and to give words of comfort for those that were afflicted in mind, body and soul. Surely none could more need it than this poor girl.

She thought of the morning before—of that very morning when she had left her home, to return—who could say when? She thought

of the time when she had not a care in the world. But all that seemed years ago. Her great trouble seemed all the heavier, and she burst into hysterical sobs.

The congregation stood up to sing the last hymn. The poor girl's anxiety and worry made her pale and flushed by turns as she toyed heedlessly with her book. Would those old days ever return? she thought. Would she ever have a light heart and be free again as she had been one short hour ago? She doubted it. The minister pronounced the Benediction. Wildly she clutched the seat and bit her lip to keep back the tears that she knew must come. In another minute she would have to go out and resume her terrible journey through the streets. The first people were already leaving the church.

Let your prayers go with her, gentle reader, for she needed them. You see, she thought her feet smaller than they were, and consequently her new shoes were too tight.

(H. Hogbin.)

The Senior Cadet: Spring Model, 1921

Those dinky little uniforms are now the scholars' craze.

We wear them in all weathers to the drill; Though the passers-by stop, gaping, and stand stock-still in amaze,

We laugh and wear our gorgeous raiment still.

Though in jerseys large we're swimming, and in trousers flapping round,

Like the topsail lying loose around the mast,

Though the shoes make way for corn-cure, as our footsteps shake the ground,

We must wear them, thus the die of Fate is cast!

With the hats that speak of childhood, and the days of long ago,

And a pretty badge to perch upon the top.

We're as fine a lot of soldiers as you'll find in any show,

We'll be more complete with little guns that pop!

How we love our little uniforms! How perfectly they fit!

How we swagger when we wear them down the street!

For we're gallant war-like soldiers—ah! the throats that we could slit,

And all the girls must think we're awfully sweet!

Oh, our outfit is most beautiful, to wear it is a joy!

In soldiering there is for us great scope; With open exultation, two hours' drill we oft enjoy,

For are we not Australia's last hope?

(From "Vox Populi.")

Old Tom and the Rat

One day as I, old Tom, the cat,
Was peeping through the door,
I saw a little slinking rat
Come creeping o'er the floor.

But little thought that sneaking rat,
Who walked the floor so bold,
That soon upon the kitchen mat
He would be lying cold.

For close behind with cautious tread
I, Tom, the cat, did steal,
And thought how soon he would be dead,
For I with him would deal.

The cupboard door lay very near,
Behind it lay the cheese;

"Ah, ha!" thought Mr. Rat "I fear
That cheese I'll have to seize."

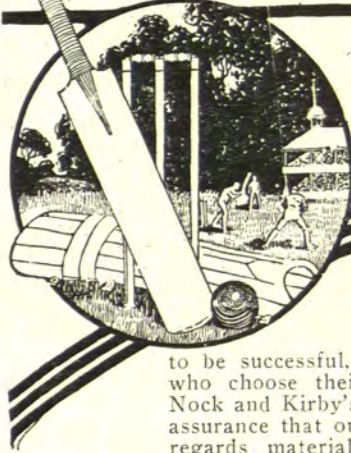
A jump, a squeak, and, sad to say,
Upon that floor so white,
The fearless rat so still did lay—
It was a gruesome sight.

And ever since that awful day,
When I killed my first rat,
My only wish is that I may
On rats live and grow fat.

For I have found it noble sport
To guard the cupboard's store.
And many a fearless rat I've fought
When slinking o'er the floor.

(D. Hyde, 1C.)

CRICKET



Materials of Quality
and Genuine Good Value
at NOCK & KIRBYS

One's desire of getting into the School's First Eleven, or one of the other teams can only be accomplished by hard practise, and hard practise, to be successful, calls for use of good materials. Lads who choose their Bats, Balls, and other equipment at Nock and Kirby's, the Big Store near the Quay, have the assurance that our stocks have been carefully selected as regards materials, and that prices are moderate and reasonable.

NOCK & KIRBY LIMITED

GEORGE STREET :: Near Circular Quay



GET THAT MOWER

Now. Prices are low and the machines good. They have big driving wheels and five keen blades, and quickly mow the stiffest lawns into a condition of trim neatness.

The Regina, 10in., 55/-; 12in., 57/6; 14in., 60/-

The Sheffield, 10in., 64/-; 12in., 66/-; 14in., 68/-; 16in., 70/-

The Ball Bearing Britannia, 12in., 78/6; 16in., 84/6

Come in and inspect them — also Garden Tools.

JOHN DANKS & SON PTY. LTD.

324 PITT STREET (near Liverpool Street), SYDNEY
And at 391 Bourke St., Melbourne

My Pig.

(J. Gilbert, 1C.)

I have a pig,
He likes to dig
About his little yard;
His nose is blunt,
I hear a grunt
When'er the ground is hard.

The hair is black
Upon his back,
But, where his ziff should be,

Strange to relate,
Beneath his pate
There's not a hair to see.

One sunny day
He went to play
Beside the pig-sty wall;
Upon a nail
He hitch'd his tail,
Now tail—he's none at all!

The Surf

When Summer's heat is beating down
Upon the dried-up land,
When even weeds are painted brown
By heat's unerring hand;

When "westerlies" are blowing warm,
No chance there seems to be
Of cool, refreshing thunderstorms—
The surf's the place for me.

To breathe the keen, fresh, salted air
That comes from off the sea;
To feel no sorrow, doubt, or care;
To feel that I am free.

To sport among the waves that curl
And sweep along the shore;
To fight against their heading swirl
That carries all before.

To harness me some breaker great
A merry white-topped steed,
That bears me like a featherweight
With unabated speed.

To sit and dream upon the sands
And gaze far out to sea;
To sit and dream of other lands,
Of lands unknown to me.

When "westerlies" are blowing warm,
No chance there seems to be
Of cool, refreshing thunderstorms—
Then the surf's the place for me.

C. McLelland.

The Magic Ring. (H. S. English, 3C.)

I met a sailor on the sands,
A silver ring wore he;
He held a staff in both his hands
Support for his bad knee.

I asked him why the jewel he wore
Did scintillate and gleam,
While yet the sun shone on the shore,
Like moone's silv'ry beam.

"This ring," said he, "of magic fire
I found within a fish,
It is the slave of my desire,
And bears me where I wish.

"Around the world in one brief hour,
To Everest's snowy top,
Up to the pole with swifter power
And back without a stop.

"Or through the starry firmament
We rush at headlong pace,
Through endless spaces permanent,
Then homewards bound we race.

"Or p'r'aps we fly up to the moon,
And glide through liquid light;
Around the jewel beset in gloom,
The beaming orb of night."

An Extract

Away, away, the fairies play,
Young Puck's awake from sleep;
The night's birth marks the death of day,
The ground begins to weep.
We'll form a merry magic ring
Around the toadstool stems,

And while we dance about and sing,
We'll splash the dewy gems.
But when the sun comes up, you know,
We'll have to disappear,
For then about the world we go,
The hearts of men to cheer.



FOOTBALL.

The football season just concluded constitutes the most successful in the history of the school. Never before has so much enthusiasm for the game been displayed by masters and boys, nor so fine a standard of play been reached by grade teams generally. Regular practice was the order from the outset, and owing to the Sportsmaster's foresight in securing Leichhardt Oval as an additional training ground, our teams fulfilled their opening engagements with gratifying success.

The First, Second and Third Grade teams established the unique record of winning their respective competitions against worthy opposition; while the quality of football exhibited by the lower grades—4th A, 4th B, 5th A and 5th B—was commendably high. Perhaps the teams most remarkable for spectacular football were 4th A and 5th A. The master of the latter attributes this to the fine assistance he received from the First Grade players, who, despite their own arduous training, found time to assist and encourage their midget playmates.

An interesting class Rugby competition was carried out under the direction of Mr. Bauer, assisted by other masters, and the value of the training thus given was fully realised when grade teams drew upon class teams for help. Kerr, Gallagher and Tyson, of 11nd Grade, were noted recruits from the Class Team ranks.

In accordance with our annual practice, visits to the country were made by the First and Second Grade teams. Orange High lost to our First Graders, while the Second Grade team defeated Tamworth H.S., but lost to Armidale. The Tamworth-Armidale tour also embraced Tennis and Athletics, in which our representatives were singularly successful. These trips constituted the most enjoyable part of the season, and boys look forward to repaying the courtesy and kindness experienced on tour when the teams concerned visit us next season.

In reviewing the season's achievements on the football field, we would say that not only have the best sporting traditions of the school been upheld, but higher standards have been set up than were ever before reached.

Players were models of neatness in their equipment, in all grades; showed a high stan-

dard of conduct on and off the field; and played the game. It is pleasing to note that the quality of a boy's football was generally the hallmark of his intellect, for many of our star footballers also grace our intellectual firmament.

Turning to our Athletic meeting—details of which are published elsewhere—we are pleased to record a further success. Events were well patronised, and, despite the fact that Bentivoglio annexed the Senior Cup with ease, close contests marked the senior championship events. The Junior Cup was won by Watts, of 3C; while the performances of Waddington, McClelland, Croke, Redmond, Preston, Connolly, Britton and others make our athletic prospects bright for next season.

Fort Street representatives in the Combined High Schools Carnival were not as successful as was expected, yet it must be conceded that we were unfortunate in not gaining more points. Goulburn's victory was highly popular and well merited, for their representatives were phenomenal. Bentivoglio, therefore, did well to run into third place in the important events. Again, King's remarkable high jump of 5ft. 5in.—never before equalled—was beaten by the more remarkable record jump of 5ft. 6in.

In conclusion, on behalf of masters and boys, we would congratulate the Sportsmaster wholeheartedly upon the very effective organisation which has brought so much success and pleasure to all, and has laid such a fine foundation for the future. Rugbyites, particularly, offer him their gratitude and congratulations.

Appended are brief accounts of each team's activities by the masters concerned:—

Rugby: First Grade. Mr. Gale and Mr. Gallagher.

The First Grade Football Season has been one of the most successful in the history of the school. The fact of the team winning 14 matches out of 16 played quite justifies this opinion.

The team scored 265 points, as compared with 91 scored against them.

The chief scorers were:—Larkin, 6 tries, 10 goals; Langsworth, 12 tries, 1 goal; King, 9 tries, 5 goals.

During this season the team visited Orange, winning a match against the Orange High School by 42 points to 2. Taree High School was also defeated, at Petersham, by 6 points to 3. The team gratefully acknowledges the assistance of our school in the entertainment of the Taree Boys.

In the C.H.S. games Fort Street supplied eight representatives, viz., Lane, Langsworth, Larkin, Pearce, Phillips, Spencer, Waddington, Woodward.

The Annual Old Boys' Match attracted a good deal of attention from the fact that many well-known First Grade (Seniors) took part in the game. The School won by 19 points to 9, and displayed a high standard of football.

First Grade.

LANGFORD: The popular and capable Captain, although rather small, played a fine forward game. His tackling was very resolute.

LANGSWORTH: Captain of the school, was one of the most improved forwards on the side, and attained representative honours. His general work in the interests of the team apart from the games, was very pleasing.

LARKIN: Vice-Captain. Displayed fine form at centre three-quarter, particularly in attack. His selection for representative honours was well deserved.

LANE: Half-back. Strong in defence and attack, and had a good general knowledge of the game. He was thoroughly entitled to the representative honours.

SPENCER: Five-eighth. Very versatile and nippy. Particularly strong in attack. He also gained rep. honours.

BENTIVOGLIO: Began his football career during the season. He developed into a very good player, and in the latter part of the season used his pace to advantage.

KING: Three-quarter. One of our best scoring men. His backing-up and running resulted in many points.

BLACK: Three-quarter. Probably the strongest tackler in the three-quarter line. He displayed much grit and judgment in his play.

PHILLIPS.—Full-back. Played very finely at all times. The play of Phillips was a tribute to the Sportsmaster's judgment. Attained rep. honours.

PEARCE: Probably our best all-round forward. Displayed fine form in every branch of forward play, and fully earned his representative honours.

WADDINGTON: Another fine all-round forward, with a good general knowledge of the game. He also obtained rep. honours.

WOODWARD: A strong, vigorous forward, with a solid tackle; particularly good in the ruck. Another representative.

GOLLAN and MILNE: Two good all-round forwards, particularly in the ruck work.

HAWTHORNE and DAVIES: Two of our best and fastest forwards in the loose work.

Their dribbling rushes were particularly good.

HOPMAN: A recruit from the Soccer ranks. He displayed good judgment in learning the essentials of the Rugby game, and was fast developing into a fine three-quarter.

CHOWICK and HARMAN: Two recruits from the Second Grade team. Both showed very good form in the matches in which they played.

Second Grade. Mr. Keller.

For two seasons in succession the Second Grade team has won the competition without defeat, the closest call being a drawn game this year, in which we scored two unconverted tries to two goals by Sydney High.

This record was largely the result of close attention to training, capped by a very fine team spirit. Individual players of undoubted merit there were, but fine co-operative efforts in attack and defence were the features of most games.

Harman, appointed Captain on Lane's return to First Grade, played excellently in the full-back position and, if possible, did better work later in the season when moved to five-eights. It is regretted that he will not be available next year. Severe misfortune was suffered by Taylor and Shorrock, who each broke a leg when they were playing splendid football. Taylor is one of our most prominent sports—a gritty boxer, an excellent cricketer, and very sound footballer—and we hope to see him quite recovered for next season. Shorrock has figured as a prominent Second Grader for several seasons, and we were delighted when he gained his "blue" this year. He is a boxer, too, but scarcely adopts the close-cropped poll of the boxing fraternity. School football will certainly be the poorer for the loss of this popular player. Other backs who showed promise were Hunter, Crowe and Johnstone; all should do well next season.

Among the forwards, Mulhearn's play was of the highest order. Weight alone prevented him from playing First Grade, for in tackling, dribbling and good tactics he was hardly equalled by any boy in the school. Sender, who, like McLelland, shines as well at scholastics as at football, should prove an excellent First Grade hooker next season, while Buckley and Quinn showed good promise. It was pleasing, indeed to find our friends, Snelling, Simmatt and Brereton, combining dignity and intellect with a high standard of football, and one regrets that we did not avail ourselves earlier of so much latent talent.

Finally, Tyson showed greatest promise among the youngsters, and our review draws to a conclusion with an expression of thanks to the Third Graders—High, Gildea, McClelland and Lumley—who helped us when our casualty list was high.

The season was a very happy one, finishing as it did with a most enjoyable Northern tour, and members will, we believe, carry away many happy recollections of 1921.

FORT ST. HIGH SCHOOL. 1st XV. PREMIERS, 1921.

Winners of the McManamey Shield.



Back Row.—Mr. J. V. Gallagher (Sports Master), W. E. Davies, R. Waddington, H. Pearce, H. M. Lippman, J. King, W. E. Gollan, H. R. Woodward, Mr. C. A. Gale (Coach).

Second Row.—R. Shorrock, C. R. Milne, S. E. Bentivoglio, L. A. Langsworth, R. G. Langford (Capt.), E. N. Larkin (Vice-Capt.), J. K. Hawthorne, G. Harman, J. D. Black.

Sitting.—R. H. Phillips, A. S. Lane, H. W. G. Spencer, J. Hopman.

Third Grade. Mr. Brady.

After a most interesting and strenuous season of football the Third Grade team emerged victorious, adding one more laurel to Fort Street's brow.

Throughout we held our own in defiance of some fairly strong opposition, and despite the fact that the two Senior teams were sometimes compelled to tap our team for new material. However, we were fortunate in being able to draw from a little surplus material, which only required a little knocking into shape.

The new conditions of Third Grade—no weight limit—was a great boon to members who would have been outside the pale because of the barrier. There was a fair amount of new material unearthed. Lumley, Bill High, McKinnon and Landers proved their worth, and by the end of the season had learnt something of the game. Lumley's work was excellent, especially his running in full-back position. Bill High's altitude was a tower of strength in line-out, whilst McKinnon's Scotch tenacity and earnestness speaks well for the future. Landers brought into play his Soccer tactics, which stood him good. Of others, Gildea, who Captained throughout, is deserving of praise for his heady play and manner in which he held together the team. The loss of our sturdy little Gash as half-back through an injury received against Tingira left a weak spot in the team. However, Jenkins' discovery proved a windfall to us. He was a team in himself. (Why don't you grow, Squib? The First could do with you next year.) Taylor proved a very able runner, and Sharpe, Sloane and Carroll completed an excellent three-quarter line. Of forwards, McLelland is to be commended for his excellent work as breakaway—wherever the ball was Mc was in its wake. Shaw did very finely as breakaway, giving him scope for play which seemed to suit him. Boorman as hook played most consistent football, as did also Mendelson. The rugged Sandy Phillips was also in the fray, and made matters willing. Connolly also played well, and gave valuable assistance to the team.

Our only defeat was inflicted by Hurlstone, 8—6, but in the final match of the season we completely turned the tables, and after a most strenuous game the competition was ours with a margin of 3 points—Hurlstone being runners-up.

The success of the season is, no doubt, due to the earnestness with which every lad did his training, and the grit and spirit displayed on the field. All vote it a season of excellent sport, and one full of happy associations.

Fourth Grade. Mr. Maclardy.

The 4A team were runners-up in the competition.

The defeat of North Sydney A team in the first match of the competition raised hopes that the team would go through undefeated, especially as this initial success was followed by cricket scores against Parramatta, Canterbury, Sydney B and Drummoyne. Unfortunately,

when we met Sydney A five good players were absent owing to flu and injuries, and Sydney A won after a hard game. The remaining matches were won comfortably. Out of a total of 11 matches, Fort Street A won ten and lost one.

As North Sydney A had only one defeat, a final had to be played. Fort Street was defeated by 9 to nil after a hard game.

Many members of this team should rise to eminence in higher grades. The most outstanding back was certainly Jenkyn, as the Third Grade knows. Collins kicked 36 goals in the season. All the backs were speedy and resourceful. The forwards fed their backs well, and shone in dribbling rushes, especially Scutt, Black and Laphorne.

4B. Mr. Thompson.

During the season this team was defeated on three occasions, Technical High, North Sydney A and Fort Street A teams proving too much for us.

The members of the team are to be complimented on this improvement of play, and the spirit in which they played a losing game.

The best football of the season was seen in the game against N.S. A, the game in which the team suffered the heaviest defeat.

The outstanding players of the team were:—Britton—as full-back. He was, perhaps, the finest in this grade. A sure tackle and very fast.

Watson—a veritable tower of strength. Always in the thick of the game.

Bonthorne—a speedy three-quarter, who generally puzzled his opponents. A trifle over-anxious.

Others showing greatest improvement were Sillar, Crouch, Jacobs and Ebert.

Many of these players should be available for Fourth Grade next year, when their experience of the present season will be invaluable.

5A Team. Mr. Baxendale.

Full-back, Hale; three-quarters, Watts, Duckworth, Burrows, Rigden; five-eighth, Jackson (Vice-Captain); half, Stewart; forwards, Forshall, Hudson, Bonthorne, Owen, Wolfe (Captain), Hollands, Clayton Edwards, Emergency: O'Bryne.

Score for season: For, 260; against, 16.

From the beginning to the end of the season this team proved itself a combination of which any school might be proud. Its motto throughout was that each member should do his best to uphold the honour of his team. It followed that on no occasion did a single boy fail to put in an appearance at practice, nor on the field was one thought given to self—every movement was performed for the credit of the whole team. Travelling to and from the games the conduct was exceptionally good.

Such being the case, it would not be right to single out individuals for special praise. The backs were sure and fast, and their combination was at times excellent, while the forwards always fought a clean, hard game.

There was no holding back; each realised that he was more than an onlooker, and so followed on well and tackled hard.

The team was only beaten for the premiership by a fine team from Hurlstone, by 5 to 3, after such a game as one loves to see when two equally matched opponents fight it out in true sporting spirit.

In conclusion, it is only just to refer to the very great assistance given by members of the First Grade team, especially Langford and Lane, whose untiring zeal and great football ability made the younger boys anxious to emulate such worthy Seniors.

5B. Mr. Baldock.

This team started full of enthusiasm which was fanned by a number of successes and not

dashed by a series of defeats, when the best teams in the competition were met towards the end.

A most gratifying feature was the way in which all were willing to go wherever required, and to stand down if the interests of the team were thought to require it.

Our forwards were especially keen, holding their own throughout. The back division, in spite of individual good pieces of play, never developed into a smoothly working machine. Campbell, the Captain, was a tower of strength, and we are satisfied that many members of this team will develop into useful players for our higher grade teams, and that the experience in and love for the old game generated here will carry them far.

The Class Football Competitions

Football, to those whose thoughts run in seasons, is a thing of the past. Nevertheless, one might be forgiven for perpetrating a brief review of play and players, confining one's remarks to the class competitions alone.

The 2D and 2C warriors managed to carry off the premiership, with 16 points, Newnham, Rosenblum, and McPheil being the outstanding performers. This team went through the whole season without suffering a single defeat, which is indeed very much to their credit.

Next on the list comes CR, 12 pts., with Thompson, Hannan, Smith.

Lack of space forbids a lengthy discussion of the merits and demerits of each team. How-

ever, one cannot overlook the performances of other teams, and their many good players.

Briefly: DR, 10 pts., Mangan, Walker, Grainger; 3C + 3B + 2B, 9 pts., Buckle, Dickenson, Higgins; AR, 6 pts., Aitchison, Cooper; BR, 5 pts., Muter, Johnston, Druce; 2B + 1D, 4 pts., Deasey, Benjamin, Cohen; 2B, 2 pts., Lavery.

There is much good material among the class teams for the Grade predominance of next season, e.g., our worthy Dingle. The abolition of Soccer has had the effect of making the stand of Rugby doubly strong, and we can safely say that the season has been very successful all round.

The Armidale Trip

The crowd on platform gaped mildly at the wild roar concerning the merits of one "Ricky Dick" which went up as the Northern train pulled out. Alas, for ignorance! It was only Fort Street Second XV, bidding farewell to Sydney for a few days.

For the first few hours the roar of the train was drowned, in one compartment, by the unmelodious shriek of voices, which occasionally merged into what could be vaguely recognised as a popular song. What a contrast to the atmosphere of scholarly refinement and culture prevailing in the other group. Here Pistol puffed threats, Nym growled, Mistress Quickly pleaded in a squeaky voice slightly marred by the occasional drop into the natural basso profundo of its own, Hamlet soliloquised, while Ophelia, duly impressed, wept salt tears over the floor of the carriage. The audience of four was singularly responsive; in fact, its enthusiasm carried it too far, and it laughed in the wrong places.

About 1 a.m. the excitement died down, and everybody endeavoured to sleep. But the artistic and poetic element of the actors' compartment (probably brought about by Mr. Keller's presence) was too strong, and about 3 o'clock a seeker after beauty arose (as he said) to see the sun rise. He only had to wait three hours, while in the meantime a con-

tinuous and icy draught swept over the other occupants.

Everybody was waiting anxiously to sight Tamworth—and breakfast. At last the town was reached, and, after having eaten to repletion, a pilgrimage was made to the tennis courts. Southwick and Telfer were representing the school, and after a fine display of tennis they won for us by a narrow margin. The Tamworth players showed fine form, and at one point in the match it was very doubtful as to which side victory would fall.

The athletics and football took place after dinner. Robinson won the hundred yards, while Harman, Robinson, Hunter and Sender carried off the relay. Although the Reds won the football by many points, Tamworth, in view of their lighter team, put up a fine fight, and provided a game well worth watching.

The events of the day formed a fitting prelude for the night which was to follow. The elite of the High School turned out to entertain the visitors at a social and dance. Everyone had a gay time fox-trotting and jazzing (or pretending to), but the enjoyment came to a climax when the speeches were delivered. Rising to thank our hosts for the excellent time they had given us, Harman, in a generous moment, gave expression to a truly noble sentiment, assuring our entertainers heartily

that he was sure no boy had any complaints to make. High, chivalrous souls, they had buried their grievances deep in their hearts and had foreborne from criticising. Every Fort Street representative waited to see a Tamworth orator spring up, and in the same forgiving and condescending spirit say that they had nothing to complain of, either; but the country scholars missed the great opportunity. After the dance only one or two managed to get lost (how?), but in spite of the late hour at which bed was reached, nobody was missing at the station next morning. As a parting gift we were presented with a turnip—carved.

Armidale was reached about dinner-time. It was remarkable how the end of the journeys corresponded with some meal or other. Remarkable and gratifying.

As at Tamworth, the first thing to be decided was the tennis. Here, again, Southwick and Telfer had to fight hard to win. In fact, the standard of tennis in these two country High Schools was very high.

The civic reception and dance at which the visitors were entertained that night was a great success, and interest was heightened by the ballet and chorus given by the girls. Fort Street gave an item, consisting of the war-cry and school song.

The acting was done away with. Hamlet and Ophelia had appeared at Tamworth and all had gone well at first. Hamlet had declaimed "To be or not to be" to a rapt audi-

ence, but towards the end Ophelia concentrated her attention so much upon tears and sobs and pathos that she forgot her lines. The performance ended with her behind the scenes confiding to a downcast Hamlet that she was "completely up the spout." So the dramatic (?) performance was denied to Armidale.

The following morning two cars were commissioned by the Mayor, who personally conducted a tour around the outskirts of the town.

It had been decided to postpone the athletics until the afternoon, before the match. Robinson again won the hundred. The relay was also gained, but Armidale won the 220 and high jump. West ran a good second in the 220, and Robinson carried off the broad jump, this meaning that the country had lost by four points.

But they made up for this in football, finally defeating the visitors 14—3.

Where the team scattered to between the end of the match and midnight is a profound mystery, but all arrived in time for the train. Only one cut it rather fine, embarking about two minutes before the bell went.

Sydney was reached on the Sunday afternoon. As the train drew in some bold spirit called for three hearty cheers for Sydney. They were given with wonderful force and precision, and the company broke up, each one heading for home and—wonderful coincidence—a meal.

W.S.H.

The Tour of Our First XV. to Orange

The first incident of any importance on the way was our luncheon at Mt. Victoria. Our blazers were the pronounced high lights of the refreshment room as we partook of that midday meal. More important still, perhaps, was the loss of our comedian's hat, which was left behind in his hurry to further appease his hunger on roast lamb and potatoes.

At last a shrill whistle from our steam horse warned our approach to our destination. It was dusk. The lights were twinkling in the ways. A group of High School students, our hosts-to-be, welcomed our arrival.

Soon we had separated, and were at the various homes of the generous lads, enjoying a delightful dinner. Strange we felt, but our welcome was soon confirmed by the hospitality of these genial people. Tea over, we soon assembled at the school hall, where a social and dance was to be our formal welcome. Mr. Armstrong, the Headmaster, in his opening address, assured us that our arrival had been anxiously awaited, and that a happy time was in store for us. Mr. Gale, whom we shall never forget on account of his return to boyhood with us throughout the trip, replied impressively, thanking Mr. Armstrong and the Orange students for their hearty welcome, and wishing that our own great school would in the next season be able to reciprocate all that Orange had given and were about to give us. Then came the signal, "On with the dance."

We truly had a most enjoyable evening. Interspersed with the dancing were pianoforte solos, recitations, and competitions taken part in by both guests and hosts. Magic and mystery provided quite "a source of innocent merriment."

It was reluctantly that we departed from the school hall at 10.30 p.m., to make a trip to dreamland, even though we were tired.

However, Thursday morning saw us all gathered at the school, muffled up in scarves and overcoats, prepared for our trip to Mount Canobelas. It was not long before we had left the municipality, and in our six-in-hand were speeding along the road winding towards the often snow-capped peak at a fast trot. The weather was ideal, not a zephyr disturbing the clusters of wattle that decked the wayside.

When about six miles from Orange, we all left the coach and walked along the road leisurely for some two miles, enjoying the refreshing atmosphere and the impressive scenery. Time, however, was our ever-evasive enemy, and we in vain tried to prevent his fleeting footsteps. We were thus obliged to shorten our walk and return to the waiting driver.

Soon, after a fast spin downhill into Orange, we were again at the High School gates. Once more we separated, each homeward-bound to appease his hunger by a splendid

meal, and to strengthen himself for the football battle.

It was not long before a string of maroon and white colours filed out of the dressing-room on to the grounds, preceded by one of orange and black.

Our Captain, Norman Larkin, won the toss, and chose his running. Nevertheless, our team was at a disadvantage having to play League, since the O.H.S. does not play the Union game.

However, when Orange kicked off, and into the hands of our forwards, the latter immediately adopted a rapid offensive, and as a result of several passing rushes, with an unerring handling of the ball, scores were inevitable, J. Hawthorne, Davies, Gollan, Lane and Spencer all crossing the line. When the whistle was blown at half-time the scores stood at 28-0. The goal-kicking was the best I have yet seen on the part of our team, only one having gone outside the posts.

On resumption, Fort Street again pursued their invincible attack, and tries came again, Woodward, Milne, Davies, Lane, Langsworth, Spencer and Hawthorne all increasing the margin. The scores ended at 47-2, Orange having gained by a penalty.

Nevertheless, the Orange team fought hard, even unto the last, with defeat ever staring them in the face. It was a clean game throughout, and smiles from men of both teams were not at all absent as they left the field.

Of those deserving special mention are N. Larkin and Albert Lane. The latter, as usual, played a magnificent game, and the way in which he defeated a full field, finishing with a splendid try, will not be forgotten by those who witnessed the match.

An interesting point during the game was Mr. James' applause at every success of our lads. He afterwards remarked that the same spirit and tactics of Fort Street footballers, while he was a master here, was demonstrated by the present premiers. He also remarked that he could not help but cheer them, for he was reminded of the happy days he had spent among the same lads.

Having dressed, we all trudged home for our final meal in Orange, for in five hours we were to depart once more for the "Big Smoke."

Well, at 7.30 p.m. we had deposited our luggage at the railway, and were bent on trying a little flat-wash upon Primmer Street

with one of our school colours. Soon we were assembled about a chocolate wheel, each trying his fortune. The Dame did not ride on every neck, but one of our members came away plus one or two presents for his sister.

The High School girls showered us with confetti, and when at 9.30, after a little dancing, we entered the restaurant where we were to be farewelled, a passing stranger might well have asked which Fortian had tied the knot.

Silence prevailed as we partook of our last refreshment, and though one called for "And Soda," a warm cup of coffee was deemed best to stay us for our journey. Mr. Armstrong rose and spoke very warmly of the impression that the Fortians had made. He commented that he felt sure that his school's team would profit by the display of football given by the visiting team.

That the Orange students, both boys and girls, had enjoyed our company, was the one fact that he now wished to convey to us.

Our School Captain replied, very sincerely thanking Mr. Armstrong for his kind remarks, and thanking the whole school for the good-hearted welcome that had been extended to him and his comrades. He further remarked that our team had thoroughly enjoyed the football match, and that he, in consideration, had left the field portion of his lip as a souvenir.

Then we all departed sluggishly to the station, and when at last we had entered our compartments, our response to the appeals four our "war cry" was unanimous. Hearty handshakes came innumerable. We sent up hearty cheers for the Orange blossoms and the school. And then we were silent, for we had drawn out of the platform, and our stay at Orange was ended.

It is here, as I conclude, that I would like to thank the parents of the boys, whose homes were made to welcome us, on behalf of my comrades. I, myself, shall never forget the people with whom I stayed, and am sure that the others entertain the same thoughts of their hosts.

We had a royal time, and to the Orange High School we are each and everyone more than grateful. WM. R. CRISP.

[The athletics were cancelled owing to the fact that the school's champion sprinter had sprained his ankle, and was accordingly unable to compete.]

Tennis (Mr. Newling)

The Tennis teams had a fairly successful year. The First Grade A representatives, Southwick, Telfer, Goodsir and Turner, played excellent tennis winning all their matches but two, the victors in each case being North Sydney. The First Grade B team, consisting of Little, Gibson, Foy and Dymock, also did well.

The Second Graders, Howard, Emmett, Scotter and Rabe (A team), Mackney, McLeland, Bagnall, Forsythe and Pollack, although winning no competition, had a most enjoyable season.

Telfer and Southwick accompanied Mr. Keller's football team on its Northern tour, and played singles and doubles matches against Tamworth and Armidale. They had some of the most strenuous tennis of their careers and, although closely pressed on each occasion, they managed by sheer grit to run out winners by narrow margins.

A pleasing feature of the tennis outlook is the large number of promising players in the lower years. Such boys as Rabe, Storey, Stack and Kirkpatrick should, with practice, prove equal to any of their predecessors.

Results of Annual Sports

First Year Handicap.—1, M. Osborn; 2, C. Twigg; 3, V. Howe. Time, 11½ secs.
 Remove Year Handicap.—1, R. Britton; 2, D. Aitchison; 3, I. Smith. Time, 11 secs.
 Second Year Handicap.—1, W. Rowlands; 2, H. Pearce; 3, —. Time, 10.3-5 secs.
 Third Year Handicap.—1, H. Hunter; 2, J. Wilson; 3, W. Pfeiffer. Time, 10.4-5 secs.
 Fourth Year Handicap.—1, L. Mandleson; 2, M. Kirkpatrick; 3, G. West. Time, 10.3-5 secs.
 12 Years' Championship.—1, O. Hankinson; 2, B. Jarvis; 3, N. Cussie. Time, 12.2-5 secs.
 13 Years' Championship.—1, M. Osborn; 2, L. Kemis; 3, K. Richardson. Time 11.4-5 secs.
 14 Years' Championship.—1, I. Smith; 2, M. Osborn; 3, J. Jamieson. Time, 11.2-5 secs.
 15 Years' Championship.—1, W. Kerr; 2, R. King; 3, H. Crowe. Time, —.
 16 Years' Championship.—1, H. Black; 2, N. Breden; 3, G. Harman. Time, 11 secs.
 17 Years' Championship.—1, H. Hunter; 2, J. Wilson; 3, D. Sharpe. Time, 10.4-5 secs.
 100 yds. Senior Championship.—1, S. Bentivoglio; 2, N. Breden; 3, A. Robinson. Time, 10.2-5 secs.
 220 yds. Senior Championship.—1, S. Bentivoglio; 2, N. Breden; 3, A. Robinson. Time, 25.1-5 secs.



S. BENTIVOGLIO

Winner of the Senior Cup this year.

440 yds. Senior Championship.—1, S. Bentivoglio; 2, G. Harman; 3, L. Langsworth.
 880 yds. Senior Championship.—1, C. McLelland; 2, J. King; 3, G. Harman. Time 2 mins. 19.3-5 secs.

1 Mile Senior Championship.—1, C. McLelland; 2, K. Buchannan; 3, F. Quinn. Time, 5 mins. 16 secs.
 Broad Jump (Senior).—1, S. Bentivoglio, 18 ft. 7 in.; 2, H. Spencer, 18 ft. 6 in.; 3, K. Foy, 18 ft. 5½ in.
 High Jump (Senior).—1, J. King, 5 ft. 0½ in.; 2, J. Conolly 4 ft. 11½ in., and H. Spencer, 4 ft. 11½ in., dead heat.
 Pole Vault (Senior).—1, H. Spencer, 8 ft. 6 in.; 2, J. Conolly, 8 ft. 3 in.; 3, —, Gibson, 8 ft.
 Senior Hurdles.—1, H. Spencer; 2, L. Langsworth; 3, N. Larkin. Time, —.
 Senior Relay.—1, 4A; 2, 4B; 3, C3. Time 41 secs.
 100 yds. Junior Championship.—1, M. Watts; 2, W. Kerr; 3, R. Waddington. Time, 11 secs.
 220 yds. Junior Championship.—1, M. Watts; 2, R. Waddington; 3, I. Sender. Time, 26.4-5 secs.
 440 yds. Junior Championship.—1, H. Crowe; 2, R. King; 3, A. Taylor. Time, 61.1-3 secs.
 Broad Jump (Junior).—1, M. McPhail, 16 ft. 4¼ in.; 2, M. Watts, 16 ft. 4½ in.; 3, 15 ft. 11½ in.
 High Jump (Junior).—1, M. Watts and A. Preston, dead heat, 4 ft. 10½ in.; 3, L. Forsyth, 4 ft. 9½ in.
 Pole Vault (Junior).—1, Shortridge, 7 ft. 3 in.; 2, Rosenblum, 6 ft. 3 in.; 3, M. Watts.
 Hurdles (Junior).—1, Waddington; 2, Rosenblum; 3, —.
 Junior Relay.—, 2D; 2, 2C; 3, 2A. Time, 47.4-5 secs.
 1 Mile Walk.—1, L. Crouch; 2, B. Brock; 3, J. Hollands. Time, 9 mins. 24.3-5 secs.
 ½ Mile Walk.—1, D. Payne; 2, F. Hodgson; 3, —. Time, 4 mins. 26 secs.
 Old Boys' Handicap.—1, G. Campbell; 2, J. Hedley; 3, A. Garrett. Time, 10.2-5 secs.
 Sack Race.—1, S. Hale; 2, T. Lipscombe; 3, T. Redmond.
 Tug-o'-War.—1, 2C; 2, 1D; 3, —.
 Three-legged Race.—1, K. Stewart and A. Cooper; 2, Preston and Forsyth; 3, J. Moroney and A. Wilson.
 Obstacle Race.—1, T. Redmond; 2, M. Gildea; 3, R. Britton.

S. Bentivoglio won the Senior Cup with 12 points H. Spencer being second with 9 points and McLelland was third with 6 points.
 M. Watts won the Junior Cup with 11½ points, R. Waddington being second with 6 points and Rosenblum third with 4 points.

Claude. A Reminiscence. (With apologies to Kipling)

Come into the Tuckshop, Claude,
 For the door hath open flown;
 Come into the Tuckshop, Claude,
 I dare not go in alone.
 And the fragrant odours are wafted abroad—
 "How can I get in?" I moan.
 For a line of boys doth move,
 And the prefect on duty is nigh,

And I faint for the want of the rolls that I love,
 And the taste of a good meat pie,
 To faint for the pies and the rolls that I love,
 To faint, to grow thin, and to die.
 Come into the Tuckshop, Claude,
 For the door hath open flown;
 Come into the Tuckshop, Claude,
 I dare not go in alone.

Old Boys Football Match

The Old Boys' football match took place at Petersham Oval on Friday, 12th August. The following team represented the Old Boys:—Backs, Percy Spender, Jack Allison, George Shead, Jack Morgan, "Fuzz" Porter, Hal Kinninmont and Hector Spencer; forwards, Ivan McLean, "Chook" McIntyre, Jock Fearnley, F. Callow, N. Brewster, H. Weston, J. Ridley, E. Kilpatrick.

With a strong westerly wind and a glaring sun behind them, the Old Boys started hot favourites. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Kilgour, Mr. Mackaness was persuaded to set the ball rolling. The school attacked, but Kinna relieved with an old-time kick, and Ridley following on fast picked the ball up

and passed to Fuzz, who fell over the line. Jack Morgan failed to convert. Immediately afterwards the school were penalised, and Jack Morgan made sure of it. Old Boys 6, School 0. Before long, however, the School equalised the scores, and at half-time whistle the scores were 6 all. Upon resuming, the School had everything their own way. Their passing and running displays were brilliant, and they completely demoralised the old lads. Both forwards and backs played excellently, and threw the ball about in the good old-fashioned way. When the final whistle blew the scoring board registered—School 19, Old Boys 9. Mr. MacKay ably officiated as referee. Barney Allen was present, but was short of a run, so he could not play.

To Fort Street

The son who from his father's house departs
And seeks the world, who lingers long upon
The threshold ere he says farewell and takes
The road, longtime has dreamed upon his
going,

Has seen the garlands he shall win, the goal
Before him, not the path thereto; but now
The time is come, the carrier is seen
Upon the hill-crest, whence his horse plods
on,

Alas, too fast, he sees his people through
His dimming tears; and as a dream that fills
With life and stirring strife long years in
length

The moment of awak'ning in the dark
Cold hours of morning, so his boyhood dreams,
Deep-dipped in gold and purple, at the time
Of his forth-going flee in space amain.

Great Spirit of our school! Thou mighty
Force
That guidest unto good, that urgest on
Thy sons where'er the molten orb of heav'n
Fast-rushing through the soundless sea of
Night,

Has pierced with his darts the furthest nooks
And crannies of our spinning globe, e'en
where

The ice-waves grind their cold resistless way—
Be Thou still with us. Though it be our lot
To labour as the ants, unseen, be by
Our side. And those who from the lower
depths

As bubbles from the dim-lit ocean floor
Shoot upward to the heights, arise to lead
The nation, these are they who need Thee
most.

Dear school, kind friends, farewell. Our
time is come.

Rest, rest sharp sorrow; for, the hill-crest
passed,

The dawning lies before us, and the way
Is bright with blossoms, while the birds
around

And high above us sing their matins shrill,
And on that morn—the happiest of all time—
When from the hills the faithful shepherds
came

And gazed in awe, far off in Bethlehem.
BEN. C. DOIG, 18/9/21.

My White Cockatoo

I have a big white cockatoo,
Whose hobby is to copy:
He says to me, "Oh, how are you?"
But mostly, "Hullo, Cocky."

Of course, to ask him is in vain
Why men play golf or hockey;
To all your queries you obtain
The answer, "Hullo, Cocky."

Or if you ask him, "What's the game?"
How's Clyde Cooke in 'The Jockey'?"
He looks at you with eyes aflame,
And drones out, "Hullo, Cocky."

Or if you talk geography,
If Queensland's flat or rocky,
He looks again in sympathy
And rolls out "Hullo, Cocky."

"My Friend Bert"

(R. Laphorne, 3C.)

Sliding down the bannisters, knocking o'er the
chairs,

Licking out the jampots, stealing all the pears,
Hiding under tables, always in the dirt,
Getting spanked and all that—my friend Bert.

Letting out the chickens, pulling up the peas,
Always with a dirty face, and very dirty knees,
Always making mud pies always getting hurt,
Never cries, but always laughs—my friend
Bert.

Pulling up the oilcloth, looking under floors,
Finding hidden treasures with danger to the
doors,

Being scolded every day, with his language
pert,

"Run away and play," he says—my friend
Bert.

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