



THE  
FORTIAN



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

# SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1924



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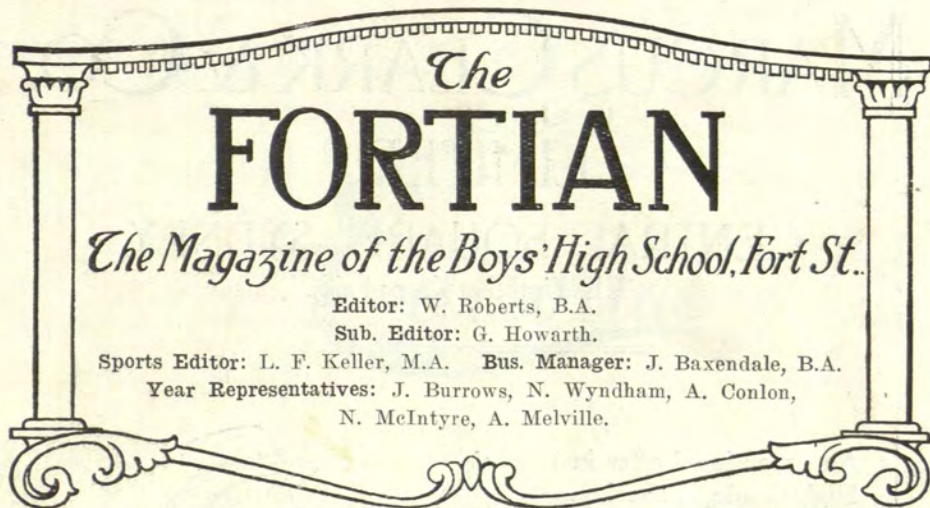
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“**A**NOTHER year has detached itself from the chain of the ages and fallen into the abyss of time.” So spoke the philosopher in contemplation of the endless progress of the years. But he might have chosen a better metaphor. It is we who are climbing the great heights of endless time. It is humanity that is moving forward, stirring and struggling with hopes and fears, ever mounting peak after peak, urged by the very spirit of creation, to attain and finally emerge into the fullness of his manhood and maybe his godhead.

And on the long trail he surveys in retrospect the way he has come. What scenes meet his gaze? How wide is the plain that he thought so narrow! How the lower tortuous tracks and forbidding ledges straighten and dwindle into easy gentle paths that seem to know just where to guide his feet to make the ascent.

Such reflections rise as we recall that our school is closing the 75th year of her existence. Built in 1815 by Governor Macquarie, what a story is hers! What sights she has witnessed, standing, like sentinel, on that historic Observatory Hill, watching every step of the quickening pageant of the city's life and growth! To-day she keeps another post, another hill, but her spirit is one with the past. The pillars of Greece, the arches of Rome are crumbling; yet Greece and Rome live on in poem and story. The Jew has no continuing city but his lofty religion has been a light to the world. So hath it been with our school. What life is hers: a tree of life whose roots have penetrated all soils, rich and poor, far and near, to feed her great trunk, to extend her leafy branches, to swell her luscious fruit. The winds have scattered her seed to the uttermost parts of the world, and these in their turn have taken root and after their kind, borne fruit, some sixty, some a hundred fold.

How much we owe her! How much we love and revere her, we who are born of her!

Let us ever be proud to plough and water and feed her soil, to tend her growth and keep her leaves green, that the years may see her ever standing, serene, majestic, beneficent!

## Old Boys' and Their Doings

We have received a most interesting letter from an old Fortian at the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area. Among other things he states that of the officers of the Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission, stationed at the Murrumbidgee Area, the following seven are old Fortians:—

- C. J. Watt, Assistant-Engineer, Griffith.
- G. S. Stannard, Costing Branch, Griffith.
- W. Lyon, Assistant Examining Officer, Griffith.
- B. A. Hannaford, Construction Branch, Griffith.
- F. Gordon, Treasury Branch, Leeton.
- A. Steele, Drawing Office, Leeton.
- R. Blackburn, Records Branch, Leeton.

\* \* \*

Cecil Gostelow, F.I.A., recently paid a visit to Sydney, on a short holiday from N.Z. He now holds the important post of Actuary to the New Zealand Government and was responsible for a valuable report in connection with the Triennial Investigation, Government Insurance Department. Mr. Gostelow wished to be remembered to his old school mates and masters.

\* \* \*

Frank Watts, B.E., is at present in Burma, as Engineer with the Austral and Malay Tin Company. He is thoroughly enjoying the novelties of this little-known part of the world.

\* \* \*

Frank C. Jefferson, B.E., has accepted a position with the B.H.P. at Broken Hill.

\* \* \*

We have just received word that Dr. Gordon Pfeiffer has been awarded the distinction of F.R.C.S. (Eng.) in London. This is the highest distinction obtainable in the medical profession.

\* \* \*

Dr. Frank Hansman, who has been studying abroad for about three years, has gained the diploma of M.R.C.P. He has now returned to Sydney and will enter into practice.

\* \* \*

We receive news of old Fortians from all parts of the world. Dr. Hyam Owen writes from Las Palmas, Canary Isles, and sends good wishes to his old school. Dr. Owen is ship's surgeon on S.S. Port Melbourne, from Sydney to London, via Antwerp. He has seen a good

deal of Uruguay and Argentine, and regards his trip as a wonderful education. He states that he can never forget "the old school on the hill which made possible this wonderful trip around Cape Horn."

\* \* \*

Two of our old boys are now living at Bega. J. R. Mitchell, M.P.S., is established in a pharmacy business, and Dr. John McKee is a medical practitioner there. Mr. Mitchell recently paid a flying visit to Sydney and found time to run out to the school for a short chat with the Headmaster.

\* \* \*

On Aug. 29th last the Full Court admitted a number of solicitors to practice in the Supreme Court of the State. Among them were two old boys—John W. Milne, B.A., LL.B., and Michael Roddy, B.A., LL.B. We wish them every success in their profession.

\* \* \*

Mr. Charles E. Beilby, one of our old boys, has been elected as the settlers' representative on the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area Commission of Inquiry into the position of soldier settlers on the Yanco and Mirrool areas. After leaving school, Mr. Beilby spent some time as a clerk with a wool firm, until going on to a sheep station in Western Queensland. Upon the outbreak of war, he enlisted for active service and served for over three years in Egypt and France. On his return to Australia, Mr. Beilby took up a farm on the irrigation area and soon took an active part in the activities of the local Soldiers' League. He was recently elected chairman of the Central Executive of the soldier organisations of that area, and possesses the full confidence of his fellows on the soldier settlement.

\* \* \*

Dr. H. K. Porter (Fuzz.) has relinquished his position as Superintendent of Sydney Hospital and has entered upon private practice in Balmain.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Dr. Eldon Moran on his recent marriage.

A. Stobo, M.B., Ch.M. (Sydney) has been appointed House Physician to the Hampstead General and North-West London Hospital.

\* \* \*

C. F. Assheton, B.E., assistant hon. sec. of the Old Boys' Union, has recently been appointed to the position of Engineer to the Department of Public Health. Charlie has always been an active worker for his old school. We

congratulate him very cordially on his advancement.

\* \* \*

Charles Crane has been articled to Boyce and Boyce, Solicitors, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

\* \* \*

Dr. Noel Cuthbert, who has been in W.A. for some time, has entered into practice at Bassendean, near Guildford, W.A.

## A LITTLE GREY HUT IN THE WEST.

Out on the southern slopes of the Blue Mountains where the summers are extremely hot and the winters bitterly cold there is situated a thriving township called Grenfell, two hundred and seventy-five miles away from Sydney. The town lies in a glen formed by a chain of hills of which the Weddin Range to the southwest is the most conspicuous.

Grenfell was at one time a great gold-mining town and had a population of at least seven thousand Chinamen, as well as a great number of Europeans. Consequently much gold was sent along in the old coaches under police escort, but, despite the great precautions taken, daring bushrangers swooped down like birds of prey on the armed caravans and very often carried off the gold.

Many of the old inhabitants have strange stories to tell about these outlaws. One old man will lead you to a cave high up in the Weddin Range, from which a splendid view of the roads leading into the town can be seen. The roads seem to wind like great brown snakes in and out among the hills. Then he will proceed to tell you that in that very cave Ben Hall and his followers camped for many nights. It is a fact that about five years ago an American was digging up the earth just in front of the cave and found a pickle bottle filled with sovereigns, which the inhabitants avow had once been buried there by the notable bushranger.

Another man will lead you to a hill on his station and say: "That was the meeting place of a band of desperate outlaws." He will then tell you stories that make one thrill with excitement, and the next moment make one's hair stand on end.

On the gold fields of such a town, was born on June 17th, the year 1867, the unappointed poet-laureate of a new nation, the first articulate voice of our nationhood.

"For poetry is a strange plant, and often grows best in the most unlikely soil and answers strongly to the urge of the queerest stimulants."

There this quiet, reflective boy was educated for the first, sixteen, impressionable years by the bush. The mining fields, the bush, the plains beyond the hills, the life out yonder and the drought of this new, yet in one sense, old continent burnt into him their "deep impress," and though in time he came to the city, his heart never strayed from his mother, the bush.

Not far from a great mound of sand, reaching to a height of perhaps a dozen or more feet and covering an area of two or three acres, there stands surrounded by a garden, a humble log cottage one side of which is completely overgrown with a beautiful creeper. It is said by the inhabitants of the town that there dwelt in this hut, humble, yet beautiful in its surroundings, one named Peter Hertzberg Larsen, the father of Henry Hertzberg Lawson.

Often have I sat on those sandhills and watched, with a feeling akin to sadness and loneliness, the golden sun sinking in the west as it painted the sky now with crimson, now with some beautiful, delicate tint that cannot be described. Lawson saw it, too, for he wrote:

"Now in the west the colours change  
The blue with crimson blending;  
Behind the far Dividing Range  
The sun is fast descending."

On either hand could be heard the distant mellow tinkle of the bells on the cattle, a

they wandered here and there at will. The very air seemed languid and loaded with sweet perfumes. A lull spread over the countryside, only broken now and then when, from afar, a curlew's cry echoed eerily. Now the purple shadows of eventide stole softly over the land-

scape and from out of the west there sprang a glowing light, "The Evening Star." The day was done. The beautiful scene vanished from the sight, but as the man who dwelt there, not from memory.

C. TWIGG, 4C.

---

### FROM MY WINDOW.

---

The early morning carol of the magpie, wafted on the "wings of the morning" pierces the thick fog, and the rich notes break my slumber. I arise and, peering from my window toward the heavens, I observe the twinkling stars as they grow gradually smaller, and finally depart from the all-embracing sky.

I can scarcely see ten yards in front of me. Everything is enshrouded in the seeming impenetrable white mist. The grass does not move; it is paralysed by the powerful Winter cold, and clothed with icy frost. Mother Nature has wearied of tinting the Autumn leaves with varied colours, and now paints everything within her vast territories with magic white.

But now old Father Sun comes out to view the sleeping scene, and as he stares his fiery eyes seem to condemn this piece of art, and the heated gleams from his angry countenance cause the foggy mist to rise from the earth, and betake itself to the mountain side, where

it still rises and becomes less dense until evaporated by the warming sunshine.

One is now enabled to see the trees, among whose branches the birds begin to twitter as they hop about amid the dewy leaves. The sunbeams shoot their shining arrows at the veins of the moistened leaves, and at the numerous spiders' webs, which hang suspended to the limbs of trees and the rails of fences, giving to the scene an unsurpassable radiance.

The white, never-ceasing white that covered the ground as far as the eye could see, disappears, but at the same time dew takes its place, and as the cattle roam o'er the acres they leave a distinct trail behind them.

Such as this are the scenes which may be witnessed during the Winter months in New South Wales, and "dull would he be of soul who could pass by" such a sight without pausing, and reflecting upon the arts and cunning of Nature.

R. GALVIN.

---

### SUNSET IN THE SUBURBS.

---

A sea of red, a light that shines divine,  
The ruddy smoke arising from a fire,  
A sight celestial—all, all, aye all, are mine  
As now I view the Heaven's parting sire.  
He goes but to give place to peace and calm  
As clearer now there shines the placid moon,  
Who gently spreads around her soothing balm,  
A gift from Heaven, Nature's nightly boon.  
All things must change. E'en now the dream  
has fled.

Instead I gaze upon this metallated way—  
A row of houses—roofs that once were red—  
All works of man built but to last a day.  
Ah! Sons of men! Your work will never stay  
Impressive as this gleam of parting day.

D. HYDE, 4c.

---

### MOONBEAMS.

---

Moonbeams glistening on the ground,  
On the trees, the grass, the hills,  
Moonbeams everywhere are found,  
On the hedges, in the rills.  
On the silver-speckled strand,  
On the palms which quaintly lean,  
On the placid tropic sand,  
So the moonbeams still are seen.  
On Sahara's sandy leas,  
On the slopes of Everest,  
On Antarctica's icy seas,  
Still one finds the moonbeams rest.  
They are silent rays of beauty,  
They are tokens from the sky,  
They are messages for duty,  
Once to see them, then to sigh.

M. GUILLIER.



## A BIRD FANCIER'S SHOP.

I had nothing much to do and all the morning to do it in, and so, perceiving a crowd of people evidently intent on watching some wondrous show, I directed my steps in the same direction, and found that this scene of attraction was nothing more nor less than a bird-fancier's shop. But as such it was a shop that had always had a fascination for me. From earliest childhood to the present time I have always eagerly sought after and devoured with my eyes this apparently commonplace sight.

Clearly, the first point of attraction was a handful of puppies, each one different from his fellows, and yet all met together in unison to enact their modified drama of life. Two, of more ferocious tendencies, were waging a trivial battle over a more trivial subject which I suppose both had forgotten by now; the rest of this canine world were living on the fat of the land, or rather, the milk-and-bread-and-water which they seemed to be devouring so eagerly, quite careless of those two stupid fellows who were squabbling to their hearts' content. Soon the group of bystanders broke up and some turned their attention to a League-of-Nations conference which they carried on with all seriousness and sincerity; whilst others, no doubt, representing the unemployed, sat idly studying space or failing that, a bowl of gold-fish. And thus they acted their drama of life.

Nobody seemed to pay much attention to anything else, and yet there were other sights that held my gaze. In the centre of the stage, or rather the floor of sawdust, stood a bowl of gold-fish who spent their whole lives circumnavigating their tiny world. On the surrounding shelves were smaller bowls in which were curious creatures whose names no one ever knew but everyone always wanted to know, but who were all, no doubt, extinct by this time.

Being naturally inquisitive, I pressed further, but was instantly repelled by the odour of the abode and the ear-splitting chorus of all

“The delicate bird-life and bee-life  
piping and humming around me.”

Summoning fresh courage, I made a desperate dash, and passed in safety those two white cockatoos, whose sombre countenances brought to my mind a picture of tragedy and misery. Once inside, the round that greeted me was

scarcely a plaintive melody, nor yet the louder harmony of a jazz-band; there was neither method nor harmony in these wild songs, and yet they were all fascinating. In their little cages the thousands of birds were crowded like sheep in the pens, ready to be sold, yet each found time to send forth his own peculiar note of praise. The larger birds, couped in separate cages, were symbolical of all that is morose and cheerless, and when they gave way to song it resolved into a dirge, a cry of despair or of wild longing.

I soon found time to break away from these and found myself intently gazing at another row of cages beneath the birds in which more dogs appeared, also guineapigs, rabbits, ferrets and an occasional monkey. All seemed to be indifferent to the world around them; the guineapigs were quietly, perhaps doggedly eating away the time, the ferrets crept round and did likewise, whilst the monkey sat and swung himself into a mournful state of mind of which the main outward indication seemed to be a sombre countenance. One could not wonder at the tragedy depicted nor help thinking what a scene of joy it would be if the cages were flung open in their natural surroundings.

These were my thoughts as I left; and as the last note of that indescribable Babel, that confusion of songs, died away, I wondered what was the attraction exerted by this motley assembly; for I was sure that practically everybody had at some time fallen under this spell. 'Tis not its beauty or odour or music—much more beautiful is the scene in a lolly-shop where the lolly pigs, fish and birds are wonderful though inanimate, or the scene of beautiful ladies illustrating the value of ladder-proof hosiery, in shop windows; much more sweet-smelling is the odour of newly-baked cakes; much more sweet-sounding the music to be heard at a hundred places in the town; and yet, spite of all this, nothing has such an attraction for me as this bird-fancier's shop. Methinks it must be the natural attraction of one kind of life towards another. If those lolly pigs and fish were animated or those beautiful artificial ladies breathed the breath of life, they perhaps would exercise this fascination, but, as it is, there is nothing lovelier to me than this simple scene.

## A TRUE STORY—WITH ADDITIONS, SUBTRACTIONS AND SUNDRY ALTERATIONS.

It was five by the office clock. Already the employees were hurrying homewards, when Mr. Wilkins, the manager of the Southern Transportation Co., received an urgent telegram from the United Concrete Construction Corporation at Camden, stating that the Stax River was rising rapidly; and that unless the final consignment of cement, which we were under contract to supply, was delivered within twelve hours, the almost-completed dam across the river would be totally wrecked, thus involving the outright loss of some million and a half pounds.

We were donning overcoats and leggings preparatory to leaving the office, when Mr. Wilkins stepped up to us and said: "Will you and Clive undertake to man our most powerful Leyland (a type of motor truck) and transport the remaining load of cement to Camden (100 miles distant) by dawn to-morrow?" He had made this remark in a calm, determined manner which indicated fully the gravity of the situation.

Although aware of the improbability of accomplishing the task, we had promised either to fulfil the mission, or prove its impossibility. Thus, within the hour, we had reached the open country, and I was mercilessly urging on the over-burdened truck through the driving rain.

Already the shades of night had settled like a gloomy mantle over the wind-swept hills, when we stopped a moment, lit the lamps and inspected the load; then once more sped onward through the night. I crouched still lower over the wheel which guided us, and grasped it even tighter. The huge indomitable truck beneath us swayed and moaned in apparent agony; yet faster, faster it rushed, as if impelled toward destruction by some avenging, relentless force.

At the foot of a long slope, a turbulent stream—the result of torrential rains—was thrust aside with scornful indifference. Then commenced a precipitous gradient of some one in five (that is, for every five feet of advance a rise of one foot was experienced). I swiftly manoeuvred the gear-shift lever, thus diminishing our speed to four miles per hour.

Silhouetted in dim outline against the dark grey sky, appeared the crest of the mountain, jutting forth in all its unsurpassable ruggedness from the monotonous line of surrounding hills. Would this mighty mass of rocks, interposed by Nature between us and our destination, prove to be the insuperable barrier, which would prevent the fruition of our hopes; or would the good fortune which had thus far frowned on our struggles now lend assistance for the conquering of all obstacles? The gears roared with deafening incessancy. Our eyes strained to distinguish the road indistinctly illumined by the meagre rays from the flickering head-lamps. Now the labouring wheels were barely turning, held by the viscous clay, as if in the tentacles of some sea monster. A lurch—a plunge—an almost imperceptible increase of speed, and our formidable enemy, the mountain, had been overcome!

Now, like the sombre shadow of impending doom, the huge truck hurtled across the rain-soaked plains; then, like a mortally wounded animal, it swayed from side to side of the narrow track; again, where the made road merged into a quagmire of mud, progress was made by slow inches. An eternity was lived between the hours; the mile-posts were league-posts. Could we do it? Would it be too late when we arrived?

The insufferable similarity of the scenery, rendered only partially visible by the cloud-obscured moon, formed an endless torture, ever reminding us of our slow headway. Gusts of wind drove the rain like a whip-lash across our smarting faces; yet onward we fought our way. At times the hours passed faster than the miles; yet with persevering endurance we "stood by the ship."

Two miles to go, and ten more minutes! The road was improving, so there was a slight chance of achieving the seemingly impossible.

The dawn was already commencing to brighten the eastern horizon when we rolled lamely into Camden. Several hundred labourers, employed by the Concrete Construction Corporation, were waiting to receive the load which was to save

the exigent situation. Without the loss of a second it was conveyed to the required position, and the men, en masse, began to work furiously to complete the final section of the huge structure across the river before the arrival of the oncoming cataclysm.

Although hungry, cold, and worn out by exposure, we were more than satisfied; for we had accomplished our task and done our duty. The dam had been saved; the faith of our firm vindicated.

J. RICHARDS, 4C.

---

### THE CLOUD.

A wind arose from near the setting sun  
And, wafting melody of bells  
Low-tolled, as if from fairy shells,  
It swept the sky, but ere its course was run  
To fitting air a form was given,  
And lo, across the face of Heaven  
A lissome cloud was blown,—the only one.

Just as the torrent shows at brink of fall  
Most wonder ere it whirls below  
In starry brilliance flashing, so  
The sun in setting careless scattered all  
His splendour; and the rush of light  
O'erspread the cloud ere coming night  
Could blot the matchless tint beyond recall.

But flying time ends all, as night and day,  
With silent gloom of mystic might,  
And hurrying wings in quicker flight,  
Return to seize again in wilful play  
The toy the other claims. Now hue  
Of gold was banished and the blue  
Around the cloud was driven quite away.

Across the sky a filmy figure passed  
And, as death does one moment hide  
The light of faith, the cloud denied  
The glowing stars to view. But flight too fast  
Did slip. The cloud fell to the sea  
As souls pass to eternity,  
A hurried fleeting life to quit at last.

T. TONKIN.

---

### THE STORM.

A crimson flush arose behind the hills,  
And slowly to the westward crept,  
Whilst on the rippling waters in the rills  
Its beams did shine and scintillate.

The sun had scarce attained an altitude,  
When scorching did the beams become;  
Now clouds are gathering in an angry mood  
From where those gleaming rays had shone.

A deeper grey soon spreads across the sky,  
And soon the orb is quite obscured;  
A moment's hush!—low rumblings start and  
die;

A louder shriek—then the storm.

The vivid lightning clove the clouds apart,  
And thunder rolled from hill to hill;  
Their fury shook the trees and left their mark,  
As powerful gums were rent apart.

Around the coast the savage sea did rage,  
The bright, blue, waves were tossed to foam,  
And beat the rocks that had from age to age  
Seen storms of great intensity.

At sea the captain's gaze upon that swell  
Bespoke of his anxiety;  
Amid such pelting rain his thoughts did dwell  
Upon the safety of his crew.

For two, long, days the sea raced mountains  
high,

And then the blue appeared above;  
Once more the crimson flush showed in the sky  
And joy and peace reigned all supreme.

HALF-VOLLEY.

---

### OBITUARY.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of Mrs. Kilgour, beloved wife of our esteemed headmaster. The deceased lady had been an invalid for many years, and passed away suddenly at her residence, on October 24th. We extend our sincerest sympathy to Mr. Kilgour and his family in their sad bereavement.

## :: NOTES AND NEWS ::

The Parkes Bursary Prize for this year will be awarded to the candidate who obtains at the Intermediate Examination the highest marks for English, History, and either French or Latin.

The election of Captain and Prefects of the school for 1925 resulted as follows:—

Captain of School.—G. R. Martin.

Senior Prefect.—L. Cohen.

Prefects.—J. W. Richard, K. Richardson, N. Wyndham, V. Benson, D. Hyde, L. McGlynn, F. Levings, A. Irvine, A. J. Breyley, C. R. Pile, A. Watts, C. Blessing, J. Wishart.

We heartily congratulate these scholars on their elevation to these positions of honor and responsibility. We know that they will fully maintain the high standard of their predecessors.

\* \* \*

In connection with the Educational Section of broadcasting news to schools by wireless, Mr. Reay, who has charge of that work, recently requested the services of three of our boys who have shown exceptional poetic ability. Howarth, Burrows and Schrader attended at the studio and recited some of their own compositions. These poems were transmitted throughout the State and were heartily appreciated.

\* \* \*

A Fortians' Dance and Social Evening will be held on Friday, December 5th, at the Audley

Palais de Luxe, Petersham. Mr. Reid, the proprietor has very kindly given the use of his excellent hall for the function. The boys are requested to wear white, but of course, no restriction may be imposed upon their lady friends. We trust that every boy at the school and a goodly number of Old Boys will attend. It is intended to establish this as an annual function, to be held in the winter months.

\* \* \*

The Evatt Memorial Prize was won this year by Guy. Howarth, Captain of the School, who wrote an excellent essay on the subject of "Australia, as a Member of the League of Nations."

\* \* \*

We are pleased to record that, as the result of various activities during the year, we have been able to give the following donations to hospitals:—

Renwick Hospital for Infants, for the upkeep of the Fort Street Cot for the year.—£30.

New Hospital for Women and Children, Surry Hills.—£20.

Lewisham Hospital.—£10.

Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.—£5.

The boys and staff of the school are to be very heartily commended for their efforts in this noble cause of charity.

### A DISTINGUISHED FORTIAN.

Major Edgar H. Booth, M.C., B.Sc., has been elected President of the Sydney University Union for the third successive time. He was educated at the Fort St. Model School, and shortly after war was declared, enlisted in the A.I.F. and sailed with the First Reinforcements Heavy Trench Batteries. He served with the Trench Mortars till 1917, being awarded the Military Cross at Frezenburg Ridge, on Sept. 6, 1917, after which

he was transferred to the Fifth Division Field Artillery as Reconnaissance Officer. Major Booth was mentioned in General Haig's despatches, 1918. In 1919 Major Booth returned to Australia and resumed his duties as lecturer in Physics at the Sydney University. At the present time he is senior lecturer in Physics and regarded as one of the leaders in the community life of the University.

## TO THE AMERICAN AIRMEN.

(Written on the occasion of their successful flight round the world.)

The world is won! A Path of Fame  
 Is blazoned round the sphere,  
 I see the conquering heroes come,  
 I hear the people cheer.  
 Though far away on Austral shores,  
 I know—I see it all.  
 Across the width of spreading seas  
 The welcomes rise and fall.  
 The harsher notes and louder shouts  
 Are softened by the wind,  
 Instead I hear a melody  
 A music of sweet kind.  
 A fairy boon this music is  
 And now I hear her say:  
 "Come, fly with me where Fancy reigns;  
 Come now with me, and stay."  
 A subtle charm, which knows no bounds,  
 Has drugged my powers of mind.  
 I only know she leads me far,  
 This fairy sweet and kind.  
 And now I gain a new-found pride,

A pride which thrills my heart—  
 Ye men are sons of Britain too,  
 In spite of seas that part.  
 'Twas English sires who gave you birth,  
 Whose blood runs through your veins,  
 Who sailed the seas and weathered storms,  
 Who toiled through griefs and pains,  
 Who gave their lives that you might live.  
 Who tilled your wealthy soil,  
 Who kept your land from foreign foes,  
 And spared nor wealth nor toil.  
 So now I know your victory won  
 Deserves my greatest praise,  
 For you and I in tongue and birth  
 Are linked for endless days.  
 My gladsome spirit now can sing  
 Your praise in louder tone;  
 In spite of foreign name and land,  
 Your soul is England's own.

D. HYDE. 4C.



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## UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

We extend our congratulations to the following old boys who have been successful in the various examinations connected with their University career:—

**Faculty of Medicine. Final Degree. M.B., Ch.M.**

J. S. Crakanthorp	C. C. Morgan
E. C. Egan	A. V. Smith
H. M. Hollingworth	J. C. Thompson
W. L. Macdonald	W. J. O. Walker

Dr. Crakanthorp and Dr. Allan Smith were very prominent in the sporting activities of our school; the former was our champion swimmer, the latter captain of the cricket team and vice-captain of the football team.

**Fifth Degree Examination.**

J. K. Alexander	W. F. Machin
H. D. Ashton	J. J. McIntosh
W. L. Davies	F. L. Nicholl
J. A. Holt	S. Pearlman.
E. J. Howe	R. R. Perkins
R. T. Hughes	A. V. Price
W. W. King	

**Faculty of Medicine. Fourth Degree Examination.**

F. H. Callow	E. W. Levings
A. C. Culey	L. S. Loewenthal
K. J. Davis	F. M. O'Donoghue
C. J. Goode	A. F. Quayle
G. L. Howe	K. L. Sillar

**Faculty of Medicine. Pre-Registration Exams.**

C. C. Edwards	C. E. Nicholas
O. W. Emery	A. Owen
R. T. Kennedy	D. B. Sillar
S. H. Lovell	H. Turnbull
M. C. McKinnon	C. F. Bernard

**Faculty of Engineering. Third Year Exam.**

J. H. G. Wilson	A. L. James
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**Land Surveyors' Examination.**

George Shead

**Pharmacy Board. Final Exam.**

W. Condie	R. H. Laverty
R. D. Gibson	C. L. McDonald
F. S. Harman	W. O. Taaffe

## A PLEA FOR PEACE.

And all that day the battle thunder echoed,  
While fields all green were crimson-stained  
with blood,  
And man killed man with fierce devouring  
hatred—  
Man, who was made in image of his God!  
But when the evening fell, the gentle showers  
Wept o'er the corpses of th' unburied slain,  
While hushed and low the requiem masses  
chanted  
From the dim chapel raised their solemn strain  
Then, as the sun shone with a fleeting radiance,  
A linnet burst into full throated song,  
And Peace, who through all that drear day had  
slumbered,  
Awoke and closed the combat, lingering long  
But ever, while that pride and quick defiance  
Usurp dominion over man's poor soul,  
Must be these awful slayings, grim, revolting,  
Till Peace shall be our common goal.

J. BATES.

## LLOYD GEORGE.

Ah! mighty statesman of a mighty empire!  
Did'st thou shine mightiest in thine hour of  
power?  
Or were the eyes of plebian throng that hour  
So dazzled by the sight of power, that higher  
And nobler aims were lost to them? Nay!  
Prior  
To this, oh! hapless hour! when thou did'st  
tower  
Above the common clay, as the proud flower  
Of England's glory—all wished power entire  
To crown their Empire—fickle as the light  
That plays on dancing waves—now light, now  
dark.  
Such is power. Now in the brightest height  
Of fair renown—a name, a fame more bright  
Than England's own, ne'er lift its honoured  
mark.  
Alas! Thou, too, pass to forgotten night!

“THE TROUBADOUR.”

## THE MAN, CHARLES DICKENS.

In studying a writer, the two main subjects for thought are the actual works and the man himself; of these it is difficult to say which is the more interesting. To Shakespeare's character it is more or less a hard matter to give a certain decision, but Milton, Dryden, Swift, Scott, Byron and Stevenson, and many others, afford a study no less interesting than that which their works present. To this statement Dickens is no exception.

This novelist in his time was the idol of England, and one of the main reasons was, that he was thoroughly English, and the most notable feature of his character was his profound sincerity. The first evident example of this was his grit and determination. His was a beginning, taken from a social, moral or intellectual point of view, which was without a single advantage but which was overcrowded with drawbacks.

First with little or no education he decided to be a reporter, and taught himself a laborious shorthand in vogue at the time, and indeed gave himself, by reading in the British Museum, all the education he gained. From that point he started out on his literary career, and from that time his life was one of success after success. He could work day after day—the kind of work which demanded patience, an assiduity, a self-control unintelligible to the mass of mankind.

His strong character made him sincere in everything he did. He had generally written several chapters of the novel upon which he was working before most of the world had risen out of bed. His sincerity gave to a frame weakened in childhood for the rest of his life, an energy sufficient for several men. He kept so true to his simple rules of life that his views hardly changed with his rise in society. He observed in a spirit of lively criticism the class so rapidly achieving wealth and power. He lived to become, in all externals, a characteristic member of this privileged society; but his criticism of its foibles and of its grave shortcomings never ceased. The landed proprietor of Gadshill could not forget a miserable childhood imprisoned in the heart of squalid London. His second last book still denounced the existence of the slums and the pitiful lives

led by the infant inhabitants. He could not have changed. At his death he was still the idol, not of the aristocratic class but of the middle and lower classes. The wonder is that Dickens was spoiled so little. In a day when there is no national writer of prominence, we cannot realise what his popularity meant. For at least twenty-five years of his life there was not an English-speaking household, above his class, where his name was not as familiar as that of any personal acquaintance and where an allusion to characters of his creating could fail to be understood. Part of his aim was to make himself popular with the people. To aid himself in reaching his goal he started his public readings. Not without reason he felt that all who knew him in his books were as personal friends to him, and he to them; he delighted in standing before those vast audiences and moving them to laughter and in the next second to tears. As a reader the public thought him unsurpassable. This was his nearest approach to being another of his ideals—a famous actor. At first his readings were for a charitable purpose, and afterwards gained profit from them to the extent of £40,000. His position obliged him to give a great deal of his time to social and public engagements. He was always ready to take the chair at a charitable meeting. His life was one of ceaseless activity, mental and physical. He thought nothing of a twenty-mile walk in odd hours before dinner. His readings, writings and travels wore him out. He knew it, but his sincerity and energy would not allow him to desist. Thirteen years before his death, Dickens wrote to Forster: "I have now no relief but action. I am become incapable of rest. I am quite confident I should rust, break and die if I spared myself. Much better to die, going. What I am in that way nature made me first, and my way of life, has of late, alas, confirmed."

This same earnestness and sincerity made him an optimist and it also was a vulnerable point for the opposing critics of the day. Dickens was very sensitive. Every word of the critics was listened to and answered by him when most writers would have realised that they were merely being baited by the critics.

Before I deal with that saving sense which first assured his popularity and which is the most evident and appealing characteristic to the young, I must first touch on Dickens' control over pathos.

"The great Irish statesman, Daniel O'Connell, was reading 'The Old Curiosity Shop' one day, when a visitor entered the room. At the same moment O'Connell rose from his chair and hurled the volume to the other end of the room.

"'Whatever is the matter?' asked the visitor.

"'Matter!' roared O'Connell with tears in his eyes, 'Why that villain of a Dickens has killed Little Nell.'"

That serves to show how Dickens' pathos was realistic. But Stevenson's criticism is that he "wallows in pathos." This is rather unjust, but it is not the most attractive and pleasant side to his works. It is his humour that secured his fame.

He made his life bearable by his humour. Dickens' life was simple—and greatly amusing. From his point of view how easily all could be set right if the wealthy and the powerful and the poor and downhearted were reasonably good-natured—with an adequate sense of humour. The most striking and clear example of this is

the importance he places on Christmas and the love he has for it. His works must have had a great part in promoting that Christmas joviality which of later years is manifestly on the decline. Not only in festival time did Dickens live with extraordinary gusto. Even at his desk he was often in the highest spirits. He enjoyed his own humorous characters more than anyone. Such a man merited a peaceful end. He had a premonition of the end before it came. To his last audience he said: "In but two short weeks from this time, I hope you may enter, in your homes, on a new series of readings, at which my assistance will be indispensable, but from these garish scenes I now vanish for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, affectionate farewell." In "Edwin Drood" there are forebodings of the end which left the book incomplete. There broods over this interrupted writing a shadow of mortality; "a shadow as of the summer eventide, descending with a peaceful hush." Carlyle's opinion of him was this:

"The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man." My concluding remark is that he was one of England's most noble Englishmen.

N. WYNDHAM.

### THE SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Mightier than the tide that surges on the sand,  
Prouder than the chief who mounts his Arab  
steed,  
Dearer than the wine that gives life unto the  
weak,  
Thou art to me, old school; thy spirit's all I  
need.  
Blind with the dust of caravans of life,  
Faint with the pain that's fatal to us all,  
Crushed like the flower that blows amid the  
pathway,  
Oh that I could rise and conquer e'er I fall!  
Hark! in the dusk I see a light in heaven;  
Yon burns the beacon which guides the weary  
bands,  
Take I my sword and forge a little onward,  
Great spirit of my school—oasis in the desert  
sands!

YAMADA SAN, 4A.

### THE SONG OF THE FOREST.

Now the camp fire's a-flickering,  
All red flames a-bickering  
With little drops of water  
Adown the hilly side.  
Wisps of smoke go billowing,  
The hot sparks pillowing,  
To where the wind, a-whistling,  
Makes the mopoke hide.

All the broad trunks are hiding by  
The soft blackness, lingering nigh  
To where the shining white tent fly  
Is made a playmate shy  
'Tween bright flames spluttering  
And swift shadows fluttering,  
Whilst 'twixt the leaves a-peeping,  
The stars go by.

L. McGLYNN.



## PLAY DAY.

Our fourth Annual Play Day was held on Friday, September 5th, and proved in every way a pronounced success. The plays selected were excellent in range and variety; the acting was quite remarkably good in the main. The weather was excellent in the morning, but towards evening a storm came up and threatened to spoil the proceedings. Fortunately the clouds changed their course and beyond a few drops did not interfere with our performances. The large attendance of parents and friends was a marked feature of the day. Usually only a few come in the morning, but this year the seats were all filled early in the day, and a very large audience assembled in the afternoon, augmented by practically all the scholars from Petersham Girls' Intermediate High School. Another pleasing feature was the presence among the spectators of teachers and students

from other schools, who were evidently desirous of seeing how this somewhat novel part of our education was carried out. The arrangements for producing the plays were all that could be desired. The whole programme of twenty plays went through without any delay or confusion. In this connection much praise must be given to Mr. Roberts for his excellent organisation. A word of especial praise is due to Mr. Bauer, who placed his artistic abilities at our disposal and spent the whole day in the make-up room, adorning scores of boys with moustaches and grease paints.

The provision of facilities for refreshments and luncheon made it possible for many parents and friends to spend the whole day at the school. Mr. Levy and a committee of ladies associated with the school catered for the visitors in a most efficient manner.

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## IMPRESSIONS OF PLAY DAY.

It has been noticed each play-day that the range and scope of the plays themselves has been ever increasing. This year the subjects ranged from a Grecian topic like "The Return of Ulysses" to A. A. Milne's "The Boy Comes Home," from "Julius Caesar" to "Bardell v. Pickwick," from "The Fortunate and Invincible Armada" to Galsworthy's "The Little Man."

The product of 1C, "The Engagement of Sam Weller," was a very creditable performance, and this seemed due to the interest and appreciation of the subject which the actors displayed. Michelson had no easy part as Pickwick, but he acquitted himself very well, his one fault being that stiffness and awkwardness which can only be overcome by experience. Shortridge as Sam Weller displayed promising talent, and was perhaps a strifle superior to his fellow actors. Halpin threw himself into his part but was inclined to overdo it.

2A players in their humorous little play "Snorkins" supplied the audience with that ever-essential humour. It was by no means perfect, and yet it was one that was appreciated by the audience to a great extent. Some of the

actors were rather artificial, but all seemed desirous of making the most of their parts and all showed promise of future acting capacity. These qualities, combined with the spirit of the play, provided an enjoyable fifteen minutes.

"Henry V," as produced by the 3B players, was a success. Moorhead as Fluellen was inclined to be too stodgy, but the general standard of the acting was good.

"General John Regan" was not a sufficiently polished production. The acting was quite good, but the play did not proceed with a good swing from beginning to end. Brock as Blakeney was entertaining, but was inclined to substitute original passages in lieu of those in the play. The substitutions were not as good as the original passages. The band music was rather feeble.

One of the most spirited plays of the morning was "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by the 2B players. The ease and gusto in Hawkins's acting was the main attraction. He played his part excellently. Thisbe, too, was played very well. Her voice and actions were admirable. Lysander's voice was rather shrill for the part. As a whole the production was a success.

"The Return of Ulysses" was a new departure in the way of subject matter. The main incident, as furnished by Greek stories, was dramatised, but details were lacking. This seemed to be one weakness in this production, and another was that the expected climax was not as impressive as it might have been. This may have been due to lack of experience on the part of the acting. Unfortunately, one of the arrows, which were unnecessarily badly shaped, became stuck in the wall. This was a piece of pure bad luck.

The 2C players had ample scope to display their talents in "The Merchant of Venice." This opportunity was taken by some of the actors. Shylock and Portia were parts well acted, but in each case neither Davis nor Owen displayed enough spirit in the case of the one, and action in the case of the other.

The audience were perhaps rather biased by the fact that "Bardell v. Pickwick," the production of 1B, had been performed before. However this performance was very creditable, the counsel for Mrs. Bardell being the most outstanding character. The stage was rather crowded and hampered the actors. The scene appeared to be very long to the audience.

The most outstanding fault in "The Fortunate and Invincible Armada" was the lack of dramatic action and movement on the part of the players. The scene itself was interesting, especially in the probability of Franky Drake being a good bowls player.

The production of "Macbeth" by the 5B players showed intensive study. Redmond as Lady Macbeth was very fine and displayed great feeling. Ebert was good, but Harward as Macduff was too wooden. Spencer was very entertaining.

"The Little Man" was one of the most

successful plays of the day. All the principals were excellent. Watts was the outstanding actor. Bray, Pitcher and Sundstrom also displayed excellent talent. The play ran very smoothly and the whole production must be applauded.

"The Three Minstrels" would have been a very successful piece if the different actors had enunciated their words more distinctly. Some of the actions of the players seemed artificial.

"The Pot Boiler" was a most interesting production, most of the actors being experienced. The success depended on the ease, assurance and experience of the actors. These necessary qualities were possessed by the actors, most of whom displayed exceptionally good histrionic ability. Great praise must be awarded to Dingle for the thoroughness which he displayed in preparing this modern play.

Much of the interest displayed in "Pistol's Dream" lay in the fact that it was the product of one of our own boys. The scene was a dramatic success. Moulton as the Demon was good, but it was hard to distinguish outstanding actors because the standard was so high.

The French play, although dramatically weak in parts, was a decidedly popular item even to the ignorant. The actors displayed a freedom of action which was sufficient to make the piece a success.

"The Boy Comes Home" was a very polished production in which Richardson as Uncle James and Cohen as Phillip were outstanding. The standard of acting was very high. Mary and Mrs. Higgins were practically inaudible, and the latter at a crucial point began to sweep the room. The play as a whole was a success.

A play with a small caste, but excellently acted, was "The Three Musketeers" by 2D. Sawkins as D'Artagnan gave one of the



"The Merchant of Venice." (2B.)

best interpretations of character that we have seen. This play was full of action and presented features especially enjoyable to small boys. The costumes were remarkably good, and gave us a true idea of the characteristics of that brave period. Sawkins gives promise of becoming an exceptionally fine actor.

"The Dear Departed," produced by 5A players, was very pleasing—especially to the adults who were able to appreciate the satire of the writer. Hefren seemed quite in his element as the irascible old man who is supposed to have died. Graham as the scheming daughter was particularly good, and a number of young ladies in the audience were quite

sure that Cornish was a "really true" girl. His acting of Victoria was a fine piece of work. Baines was not quite convincing as Mrs. Jordan. "Tommy" Armstrong as the genial Mr. Jordon, whose spirits were not to be repressed even though father-in-law was dead, gave a good interpretation.

The burlesque on "Julius Caesar," written and produced by McNaught of 4C, was a very creditable piece of work, and caused much merriment. Altogether Play Day was a great success, and provided a splendid exhibition of what our boys can do.

N. WYNDHAM.

### AN ABORIGINAL BURIAL-GROUND.

Near the mouth of the Tweed River is a small seaside resort known as "The Caves," on account of some great cracks in a cliff near Fingal lighthouse which have evidently been closed at some time by volcanic action. This little spot is very pretty, having various lagoons near by, and is celebrated in a small way for its coral pools, beautiful with anemones and other sea beauties, and its Giants' Causeway, which, though small, bears a close resemblance to its more well-known namesake, and which gives the lighthouse its name. Near the seashore is a spot which is shunned by the kanaka, who has supplanted the aboriginal, and which is not altogether devoid of interest, although only a group of shifting sand-dunes. It is, or rather was, an aboriginal burying-ground.

There are evidences of many battles with the Clarence River blacks on the Tweed in the shape of groups of tomahawks and bones at a little depth in various places. Legend has it that The Caves blacks would carry their "noble dead" for miles to inter them, with tribal ceremony, in this place. After much ritual the body was placed there, and would in a very short time be covered by the shifting sand. This, of course, appeared to the superstitious tribesman as the work of protecting "debil-debils," and no doubt the high priests would find much opportunity for intriguing their fellows to their own advancement in the occurrence. A curious thing is that the body would always sink to a depth instead of being uncovered as the sand shifted, and it is only comparatively recently that skeletons and odd bones

began to appear. Either they were not buried with their tomahawks, or the weapons are too heavy to reach the surface, for no trace of them is seen save a shattered skull or splintered arm-bone or some such evidence of the fierce fights that used to be. It is said that only warriors were buried here—at any rate, each skull that I have seen has been minus a front tooth. On a rough, rocky hill perhaps a quarter of a mile away are found at times unusual snakes, which old aboriginals have asserted to be the spirits of the dead.

Further along the beach is a basin about a quarter of an acre in area, and the wind sweeps through in such a way as to keep the sides perfectly smooth, the depression being like a shallow cone, and the depth about twenty feet. Should the sand be disturbed by the irreverent white—for no black would do so—in a short time it resumes its smoothness. This is reputed to be the resting-place of the chiefs. I have seen there several perfect skeletons of unusual size, and on one occasion near one a small skeleton, both with the skull smashed, and in the case of the larger the bones of one shoulder broken and scattered. In this spot I found a tarnished shilling, dated 1874, which I think I am justified in assuming is a relic of the entrance of the white. Settlement was first made there about 1864.

The Tweed is rich in legend and evidence of our native predecessors; and, piecing together scraps of information as regards early history from such a source, forms a hobby both interesting and instructive.

"AGRICOLA."



**"General John Reagel,"** (HB)



**"Pickwick v. Bardell,"** (HB)



**"General John Reagel,"** (HB)



**"Pickwick v. Bardell,"** (HB)

WHY THE EAGLE FLIES NATION IN THE SWAN IS BLACK.

This and much more Bunji heard and then...

A few years ago there was a fire which...

And there also on the cleared, grassy, level...

ON THE MOUNTAIN...

There was a hole in the verandah roof to and over the ridge...

held together with paper glued on, and are...

with only its holding-shirts across the passage...

with a sapling fence, is full of weeds and plants...

traversed by twisted tracks to gates which...

come to play at housekeeping, at school, at...

the garlands and flowers from the rooms...

half playfully and half seriously...

inside, a troop of dancing goblins to wake...

memories of those walls.

One day as Bunji, the eagle, was sailing lazily...

Half-a-mile east of Bunji's the ground slopes...

down to the valley on the other side. There...

On the other side of the school, for thus they...

still speak of the chimney, in a deserted house...

found it, on the top of that mountain. Murtrie...

talks much; he has been on all the goldfields...

of New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland.

There is nothing like it, he will say, and I...

once you go after the dirt and pan a good...

dishes, you will never have one like it.

When he started to work, he had a...

but Smith does not say much; he is a...

While Murtrie still talks on, the sun sinks...

below the mountain to the west, and soon...

shade, passing us, is climbing the high...

## WHY THE EAGLE FLIES HIGH AND THE SWAN IS BLACK.

One day as Bunjil, the eagle, was sailing lazily through the ether, he saw, far below, Koonithe, the jackass, arguing with Lipkil, the porcupine. Bunjil became interested, glided down to see what was going on, and heard an animated conversation taking place after this style:—

"I tell you I shall not fetch the red flower," thus quoth Koonithe. Lipkil answered and said, "Did you not draw the shortest feather from the tail of Dulum, the black duck?" "Yes, truly," said Koonithe, "but you can escape detection more easily than I."

"You can fly in the night and seize the flower," said Lipkil. "But," said Koonithe, "you can roll up like a stone."

This and much more Bunjil heard, and then saw them both depart together to get the flower.

As they reached the kanakas', or blackfellows', camp, Bunjil saw Kunawar, the swan, who was then white, come out of the bush and argue with them. This caused a fight, and Kunawar was tipped into the fire.

Bunjil flew down to his assistance and attacked Lipkil, but Lipkil rolled over, and the spikes stuck into Bunjil, causing him to fly off in pain.

That is why the eagle flies high up in the air, for the quills still hurt him and he does not trust the earth. The swan is black, because the fire burnt him.

N. TURNBULL, 1D.

## MY LONGING.

I am weary of the trouble and the bustle of to-day,  
 No longer can I take a part in life;  
 I would like to be with Nature, to feel her mystic sway;  
 The troubles of to-day are greed and strife.  
 I would like to climb the ranges in the glow of setting sun;  
 I cannot do it now in this cramped place.  
 I would like to go ariding, on some far distant run,  
 Or chase the snorting steer in frenzied race.  
 I would like to go adroving and bring the fat stock down  
 From the distant cattle station to the sales,  
 I would like to go atramping away from noisy town,  
 To see again the woods and flower'd dales.  
 To see the winding rivers, to feel the summer's wind,  
 I long with all my heart to live once more,  
 To hear the joyous note of the birds, so sweet and kind,  
 To bring to mind the stories dim of yore.  
 But some must bear the burden of the daily round of life;  
 Not all can do the work they would set apart,  
 And all must battle onward through the rage of hate and strife,  
 To make the world a better place at heart.

M. GUILLIER,

## ON THE LANE COVE AT NIGHT.

Soft night has bent the river 'neath her will;  
 No sounds of nature now the valley fill;  
 With our hearts alight with joy we glide along,  
 And the music of our voices raised in song,  
 Echoes still—echoes still.  
 On each bank in stately silence sleep the trees  
 With leaves unfluttered now by playful breeze,  
 And the guide-posts in the water coldly stand—  
 Grim beacons of deep beds of hidden sand.  
 See ahead the river's bosom lies asleep  
 And rippleless the mirror'd stars doth keep,  
 While the shadows that on banks and water fall  
 Make more deep the gentle calm that lies on all.  
 See behind upon the river we have passed,  
 Shadows waver—wriggle—glisten, then at last,  
 As the ripples we have waken'd die away,  
 Are again received within night's slumbrous sway,  
 Now the moon in pallid glory lights the scene,  
 Clothes the trees and turns their black to sickly green,  
 Rises higher to deny the stars their place,  
 And on the water casts his cold, clear face.  
 Soft night has bent the river 'neath her will;  
 No sounds of nature now the valley fill;  
 With our hearts alight with joy we glide along,  
 And the music of our voices rais'd in song,  
 Echoes still—echoes still.

C. McLELLAND.

## A COUNTRY GATHERING.

I always think that one of the country's greatest advantages over the city is the admirable camaraderie of the residents of each little district, as, quite naturally, everyone knows everybody, it follows that all should be equally willing to combine for purposes of pleasure or otherwise, and this is always done with such goodwill that no matter whether the function be a coming-of-age celebration or a working-bee to assist someone in need, it is invariably most successful. Of course in the city one has theatres and such amusements, but somehow there is not the feeling of real enjoyment and comradeship which always distinguishes the meetings of the residents of those places where such things are rare. Perhaps the very reason is the infrequency of these diversions, but however that may be I have seldom enjoyed myself as much as I did last holidays at the party given to celebrate the attainment of his majority by a rather well known youthful identity of our little North Coast district. Although only a local storekeeper's assistant, he has distinguished himself from time to time at football, cricket and tennis against city representatives, and being otherwise popular, it was not surprising that the residents gathered from all directions that night.

Three of us set out on the two-mile drive, and arrived in time for the commencement of the evening. The M.C. was the son of the honoured guest's employer, who, after waiting in vain for the minister to arrive, had quite completed the opening when that worthy's Ford rattled up. Then it had to be done again, and finally, after the customary eulogy, the minister sat down, and it became the "orchestra's" turn to display its worth. Although a trifle limited in size, this part of the programme justified its existence by its sublime devotion and goodwill—under the most celebrated local motor-bike fiend, who transmitted his temperament to it, the solitary old piano's notes rang far into the night, and caused the coloured uninvited population to be so far carried away as to assemble in a neighbouring paddock to trip the light fantastic to the celebrated strains of "Horsey"—from a distance. It did not matter that they danced the wrong step—the kanaka is not hard to please.

Inside the hall the celebrations waxed furious. After a long and continuous turn the pianist was at last compelled to desist from sheer exhaustion, but there were fifty who would take his place to keep the ball rolling. The minister, whose bulk was hardly suggestive of the dance, rose with determination when the old "Lancers" were announced, but thought better of it. This item passed as it usually does, but the saddest incident was the collision of the honoured guest's mother, dancing with the storekeeper's wife, with some unseen obstacle which laid the couple low. Perhaps the floor was too slippery. The confusion was covered by the serving of refreshments, after which we waited. The minister had gone up on to the platform, and had been asked to try the cake before speaking. This he did with such relish that little was left when he remembered his duty with a start, and guiltily apologised for the delay. After his "few well-chosen words" and his wife's presentation of various suitable gifts, several speeches were made by rather embarrassed gentlemen. I was rather amused when one of the storekeeper's sons, with many qualifying "ah's" and "ers," declared that for some years the guest of the evening had done more than his share for the firm, which was as high a qualification as could be conceived, finishing with a rather foolish guffaw at his own speech. Though also a distinguished footballer, as evidenced in Country Football Week in Sydney recently, he is not fluent, to say the least.

Songs, dialogues and "orchestra" solos gave some respite before the dancing recommenced, to be continued till near morning. The kanakas, though willing, had become exhausted on the green, and so their shining black countenances were to be seen clustered around the doors and windows, where they jabbered enthusiastically whenever any of the elder dancers happened to lose their feet. These blacks, originally imported for the sugar plantations, would have been killed by their tribes had they returned to the islands, and they have become so numerous as to be quite a menace to White Australia on the rivers, it is said.

Towards morning the party broke up, and leaving before the rest, we could hear the reverberations of the brave old piano, showing the stamina of some of the completely happy

dancers to be still unexhausted by distance as we drove along the moonlit road, bordered by prosperous farms, to enter the great bush and fields with the perfume of early spring in the air, and the thoroughfare; but who would not be happy to take the minister's place to keep the ball rolling. The minister, suggestive of the dance, rose with determination when the old "lancers" John and Harry, wearing their winter holiday suits, were spending this winter holiday with his cousin and schoolmate Harry. One evening, Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers, and Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers. Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers. Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

But arguments seemed of no avail on either side, so at length Jack went off to bed with a final "All right. You'll find out all about him soon. I'll be bound. Don't be too cocksure yet, old boy."

And sure enough Harry was not to find out anything about him, as he went to bed and did not sleep a wink, his mind occupied with what a fool he felt he had made of himself when they were in bed. He thought that he did not do so well, for just before he fell asleep he found the window was open and the wind was blowing to shut it, but looking out, he saw a light figure beckoning to him. "What is it, like, or what is it like when you see it?" Harry would never remember. He started back, looking to see if his cousin was awake, to see if he was perhaps a joke to him. But he was asleep, and Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers.

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participating in a bush evening and, fanned by a light breeze off the sea, driving by moonlight over the hills, through the sleeping bush and fields with the perfume of early spring in the air, and the thoroughfare; but who would not be happy to take the minister's place to keep the ball rolling. The minister, suggestive of the dance, rose with determination when the old "lancers" John and Harry, wearing their winter holiday suits, were spending this winter holiday with his cousin and schoolmate Harry. One evening, Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers, and Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers. Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers. Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers.

After all these had passed, came a few years of all ages, poorly dressed, faces worn and shrunken, as they passed down the street. It was the old "lancers" John and Harry, wearing their winter holiday suits, were spending this winter holiday with his cousin and schoolmate Harry. One evening, Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers, and Harry, who had been to the school, returned with a bundle of papers.

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THE FORTIAN

step—the Kankas is not hard to please.



# NATIONAL CONDITIONS BEST SUITED TO AN OUTBURST OF GREAT POETRY

We must take this question to History. No great outburst of poetry (and poetry does seem to come round at certain seasons like spring) is ever attended with quite the same circumstances. The general impression, however, that one glean from any recurrence of this poetic cycle is that the poets of that period have all a vague common tone. Wide as may be their views, their subjects, their interests, they cannot help uttering the same general cry as their whole generation. It is this alone that leads us to conclude that their inspiration has one deep fundamental cause, that the peculiar conditions under which they lived had something to do with their arrival on earth. O'Shaughnessy is of the opinion that poets make their own conditions, and rule the kingdoms of the earth. Perhaps he is right. But the times must first mould the poet, shape him and teach him before he turns round and returns the compliment.

## THE OCEAN

A poet is an invaluable creature. He will flourish anywhere and sing of anything. Nothing is more damnable to him. He is as much at home in the interstellar spaces, "along the Uranian sod's" as in the flower alleys, or the opivinity of his garden. He is as ubiquitous as his art. From his reason you will find every variety of him in every age and under all conditions. It seems impossible that the same society and times should have fostered Francis Thompson and Lord Penryson. That the same national conditions should account for both seems a paradox if not an absolute anomaly. The question arises! Do national conditions have any positive effect in producing poets? Or does poetry pass, as we hinted, the test of panoptic revolution, a returning season with conditions and circumstances changed and added to? Of course the last statement must be modified. The invasion of barbarians stops the progress of poetry definitely and effectually for several hundreds of years. The burning of the books under a Chinese tyrant definitely retarded the poetry of that country for a short dynasty. Moreover, being an asset of civilisation, it is affected by every wind and vagary of its master. It rises and falls as the state of society. That society need not be highly "civilised," but it must be

responsive and appreciative. However, being to barbarian people, but a people who had actually raised themselves from the "Hutes, Tapines, who had overcome the centaurs" culture does not always spell refinement for there is primitive indiffernt culture that demands ahabliss, courage and beauty. This is the osedbedroobipeds. Only when this heaven is reaching does society fail to produce them. And when society is most fermented with this spirit we should look for our great poets who "speak like angels, trumpet-tongued" to the generations and make their age famous, a golden age we like to call it. The Jews have always been a sturdy, emotional people. Their wars and trials have kept them constantly in touch with the realities, the naked sorrows and the naked beauties of life. Their poetry, great poetry, throughout their long and varied history. From David onward the Jews is almost continuous.

## THE DEAD OF NATION

The greatest age of Greek poetry coincided with the age when thought and philosophy flourished most. When humanity ceased to be abstract and became the concrete expression of the minds of men. The age of Schiller and Goethe on the other hand was one of materialism of the more deluding kind. That is Helmsism. It was the age of "genius" when excesses were pardoned in the name of "genius" on the plea that such an one was not bound by the ordinary laws of mankind. It behoves us to look to our own literature. What is responsible for the great poetry of Spencer, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Jonson and others? Why did the great Romantic revival break out at a time such as this? Why did that poetic movement increase and culminate in the Victorian period which some writers would call the highest pinnacle of our literature reached or is likely to reach? The Elizabethan Period was marked—this is true repeating—by an intoxication in new and curious things, a heady wine of the Renaissance, a maturity, a period of intense nationalism and great individual force. It was an age of great

attempts and fine new appreciation of beauty. Their writers attempted everything and borrowed from everywhere. They tried to make fairy-land of England and nearly succeeded.

This period, then, was strongly infused with that free, high-souled courage and adoration of beauty which we expected would be the foster parent of poets.

On the other hand when this great catholic view of life departed so did the poetry. The Restoration said poetry is sentimentalism, the Classic epoch said poetry is simply and solely an art. Neither succeeded. Mark that England was all the time debased and commercial.

Then with the returning tide there came the renaissance of wonder and appreciation. The eternal discovery was rediscovered. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Another great age of progress began. Spirits freed from bondage roused incessant strife in society from the

French Revolution to the Industrial revolution. Old institutions tottered or were threatened and sometimes fell. The movement and change gathered momentum right into the nineteenth century. Men were forced to reconstruct their beliefs, to rely more and more on themselves. The poets had learned beauty, and now they were able to apply this to life and find courage.

That is why the greatest are philosophic—Tennyson, Browning, and their followers.

It is only the period of social and moral apathy that have not produced great poets. The self-content of society stifles poetry, which must have a free, open air struggle for its existence. Is it not the language of passions and unrests? No really great poem has ever been based on the idea of perfection assured. Most really great poems show us the struggles and set-backs on the road to perfection and give the weary strivers a new glimpse of their goal.

### AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

Darkly up the staircase,  
Stealthily and slow,  
Pausing on the landing,  
Searching now as though

He would find some weapon  
For a dreadful deed,  
Scowling in the darkness,  
Then he must proceed.

Silence deep, and deathly,  
Darkness dead and dumb,  
Such a time when evil  
Sees its servant come.

Then he reached the summit,  
Stole within a room,  
Found the thing he sought for—  
Death and terror loom!

Swift, he raised his weapon,  
Struck! O horrid crime  
Done in deadly darkness,  
Murder's proper time!

Straight there flared a small light,  
Triumph filled the room—  
He had found the matches,  
Murdered was the gloom!

G. HOWARTH.

### THE OCEAN.

The world of waters heaving lazily;  
The calm serene of shifting, azure, deep;  
The seldom gleam of white-foam'd broken,  
crest;

The dimpled curves and sun-kiss'd waves that  
shine

And linger, just to hear the wind's sweet song;  
The flimsy, flitting fairies of the sun,  
That dance on waves that gaily dance with  
them;

And all the splendour of the summer calm,  
All these I saw; and what I saw lives sweet  
In memory; 'twas on a sun-kiss'd day;  
And yet I love to hear, 'neath covered sky,  
The hideous screech of terror-strick'n gull;  
The rumbling roar and crash of breakers near;  
The surging foam and seething billowy crest;  
The charging rollers, ranged in bright array,  
Like horses wild, unfetter'd, in their flight;  
The whistling of the wild and wintry wind,  
And furies raging o'er the boist'rous sea;  
The frequent crash of waters to the west;  
The mingl'd moans of gull and wind aloft;  
The rumble of the waters to the east;  
The dying murmur of the ocean's breath,  
And then the twinkling beacons of the night,  
And calm tranquillity.

L. COHEN, 4C.

## PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

Luna, Queen of the Night, reigns supreme o'er a world where all bustle has ceased. Gliding with royal dignity across the illimitable expanse of the heavens, her starry fays clustered round her as if to keep her from all harm on her never-ending journey. She contemplates a scene of perfect peace. Looking down from her ethereal palace, she peeps round the curtain of the verandah of a solitary house, and spies a sleeper, breathing quietly, an expression of utter peace on his handsome countenance, unconscious that Royalty's gaze is focussed on him.

One of Queen Mab's elfin messengers, sent to report on the welfare of the dormant human, brushes with his wing the youth's slumber-bathed eyelids, and passes on, unwittingly having roused him. Gently the eyelids are raised, disclosing two deep blue orbs. Still scarcely realising that he has quit the Lethan realm, our friend silently contemplates the slightly wavering shadow of a pepper tree, whose leaves languidly flutter in an almost negligible zephyr. Suddenly, he sits erect, ears pricked, staring towards a garden, whence his keen ears have detected a sound of disturbance. A shadow passes noiselessly along the fence—is it a fox? If so,—but no; a prowling dog lopes lazily across the road, disappearing among the pines beyond. So he resumes his position of peaceful meditation, and the far-seeing queen smiles down,

amused at his sudden, groundless apprehensions.

Soothing silence settles again over the land when "Sstelek!"—the meditator starts violently, then smiles at himself, realising it is only a "deathwatch" up under the eaves, sounding its sinister, nocturnal plaint. A second of silence, then "sstelck!"—"sstelck!"—"sstelck!"—which continues at regular intervals of about a second. The youth shudders involuntarily, for what sound can be more ominous, inauspicious, or "creepy" than that of a deathwatch, which always makes itself more pronounced by choosing this hour of silent peace in which to vent its eerie plaint.

The tinkle of a distant bell, wafted through the mallee on a faint, summer breeze, reaches his ear; he slightly raises himself on an elbow to listen more attentively. Now another—a third—and a fourth bell chime in. Tempered and mellowed by distance, accompanied by a soft sighing of pine leaves, the music of the bells seems a perfect harmony to the listener. As though in shame, the deathwatch above him ceases its unearthly ticking; and, lulled by the distant melody, which resembles the production of some unseen, intangible, fairy choir, singing a lullaby over the cradle of their sleeping princess, the youth gradually sinks again into the realms of slumber.



## SPEED.

Ahead, the plains seem to widen out suddenly, the trees flash up and pass, the grass beneath the horses' feet is blurred, the holes in the ground jump into sight and disappear, the grasshopper rising from the earth strikes the face with the sting of the lash and the wind tears the open shirt. Suddenly a tree looms up, the rider ducks with graceful ease, a twig scratches his face, but who would mind a mere scratch when he can enjoy a mad gallop over the plains with a horse tugging to go faster?

The land is clearer and the horse leaps the logs in his stride; the rider senses rather than

sees every move of his mount. All his nerves are on the alert and his supple body moves in unison with every action of the flying horse as if he and it were one. But the ground becomes uneven, the horse props, the rider grips the saddle with his knees, straightens his back and lifts his head erect; the speed slackens, for the grip on the reins is gently but firmly bringing the fleet-footed beast to rest. At last he halts and, with quivering nostrils, foaming flanks and plunging forelegs, listens to the voice of the rider.

"Woa, old chap, that's enough for one time."

"KOOKABURRA."

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE. A FIRST YEAR BOY'S IMPRESSION OF PLAY DAY.

Play Day dawned bright and clear, and I set out early laden with parcels containing my costume, safety pins and the general paraphernalia of an amateur actor. On reaching school, I began to dress, but was arrested by a voice from the next room, singing. "Ho! ho! for the life of a hactor. But I heard no more. Probably someone had told the singer that hectors were wanted to live the lives of heroes, and not to sing about themselves.

I may say that I was far too nervous at the prospect of being the first to face the large audience expected to even think of singing. I quickly finished my dressing and proceeded to the make-up room, where I was met by musicians, pirates, policemen, the old heroes, and a number of strange individuals. Grizzled sea-dogs of Elizabethan times rubbed shoulders with stately white-robed Greeks, whilst heroes and villains waged fierce battles against one another for the privilege of kissing the powdered hactor's rouged lips.

I was seized and had my face plastered with vaseline, grease, paint and it seemed to me, everything calculated to make an already shabby actor hot and uncomfortable.

Then our play began.

I started badly by making a noise behind the scenes and being severely reprimanded. I felt myself being pushed forward, and before I knew it, was gazing into a multitude of upturned faces, many of them familiar, but all ready to laugh if I forgot my part. Although very nervous, I look to wondering what would happen if I did forget it. Those boys who were not acting were there to cheer on mates who were stricken with stage-fright and to discuss loudly the faults and merits of other plays.

I felt very nervous at first, but soon my shyness left me, and I lived my part. I was back in the olden time; I was Pickwick, I was Gulliver, I was my insignificant self, and in the bustle of photographing and undressing I forgot my brief sojourn in the forms of Pickwick. I returned downstairs to review and discuss other class plays.

During the day some fine representations of historic and fictitious characters were given. The boys congregated in much wider conception of literature than they had had before. Besides which, they gained confidence in themselves; and some, perhaps, after impersonating or seeing impersonated some great character, set him before themselves as an ideal and worked ever towards the pinnacle upon which that character stood.



The Invincible Armada. (1D) "KOOKABURRA."



THE MEETING OF PARALLEL STRAIGHT LINES

of had toward... calculate or state, the mathematician... to two perfectly quibbling gentlemen... friends and acquaintances... and gnomonok as a... all beneath the... throats, and, anon, grappling with... Two... and... to... what... ones, carotides... 'Mathematics, it is said, is the... 'Beauty,' spluttered the tall Bleer... must be the supreme end of one's existence.'

And before you knew where you were, if you happened to be present, you would find yourself taking sides against yourself, as either Jubbins or Bleer expounded their creeds unto your long-suffering ears.

JANUARY COMES IN ITS TURN

But now, though I am abrupt, let me tell you... with... Believing... in... was... that they began... a conspiracy... either...

Therefore, on a certain day was Jubbins in... he... to... in... Blue Mountains. He'll go with... when you react... A... What does he mean? What harm does he... intend on the person of Bleer, whose crime... after all, is so slight? Fear not; at the same... time Bleer has in his heart a like thread inten-

'Friend,' said he, wearily and quite art- lessly, one day, 'I cannot convince you. You are a personified refusal, save to those detestable figures and symbols with which you weave your existence.' Can I do nothing to show you the truth? Will you not let me illustrate my ideas and show you beauty in its beauty? Jubbins... Now, the other was feeling very anxious... of the success of his plan... was... consorted... purpose of viewing beauty... Jubbins, 'Bleer would not be so engrossed in such things if he knew what he is about to experience!' You see, reader, something terrible is going to happen. Can you not sense the tragedy in these few words of mine, wherein besides I have shown exceedingly well the character... their ideas, and their doings?

But hark! the... spirit... There was nothing for it, then, but for Jubbins and Bleer to meet... your... This is the... illogically developing before the first... Nevertheless, as next morning Bleer was sitting in the sun on his lawn, there arrived a young man, whose eyes had a wild look of wonder and whose speech plumbed out in scarcely articulate praises.

'The home of beauty!' cried Bleer, starting up, 'but surely where—where is it? What is

it like! Tell me, tell me! I have dreamed of it for years and years!"

Breathlessly the "mutual friend" recounted the glories of a place he had unearthed in a corner of his imagination; and when he had finished, Bleer was already hastening him to a car, so that they were gone towards the fabulous place in a trice.

Hark! 'tis the groan of the key as the door closes behind the beauty-seeker, and he finds himself fast in the stronghold of the figure-fiend, there to stay for one week, watched over by one careful mathematician. So each of these two, Bleer and Jubbins, could imagine no worse thing for the other than subjection to something utterly foreign to his tastes.

Let us gloat over the two fanatics in their

unique positions. The beauty-follower had to calculate or starve, the mathematician to write poems, sing and appreciate pictures, or die of hunger. During that week Bleer came to love the figure ten, because it is easy of manipulation, while Jubbins used to long for something as ugly as sin, sick unto death of unalterable, eternal beauty.

Reader, may I end my story? I am tired of writing this; besides, I have some homework to do. Be satisfied with what your imagination may supply as conclusion, and with the joyful sight of two humble, repentant sinners at the X Club, Sydney, the one teaching the other the elements of logarithms, learning, himself, in the meantime, the rudiments of poetical expression.

G. HOWARTH.

## JANUARY, COMES IN ITS TURN.

Two hours of the afternoon had passed. The great and powerful Sun had reached that pinnacle of his ethereal throne from which he can look directly down upon those vast unbounded territories o'er which he rules conjointly with his sleeping partner, Night.

Everything in the universe except the insect life seems worn out and weary. The leaves on the surrounding trees are drooping. They do not move. The bushes are parched, and dry. Life has left them. One can hear the brittle straw of grass breaking under foot as he walks. The cattle with their shining coats lie in the shade of the trees near the river. From the shades an irregular single file of thirsty beasts saunters leisurely towards the water, and after moistening their throats they go back with a tired gait to the spreading apple trees where their companions with eyes alternately half opening and closing placidly chew the cud. The horses—with only their forequarters sheltered from the blazing heat—are sweating profusely, and white foam gathers steadily about their flanks which are unceasingly swished by tails which strive to resist the invasion of the various species of flies which appear during the summer months.

The insects are making merry. Myriads of grasshoppers give vent to their feelings as

their huge jaws, quite out of proportion to the size of their bodies, devour the tasteless grasses. The larger members of this family clang their wings together; and now imagine the music which is produced when to these noises is added the chir-r-r-rup of the cricket, the humming of the Christmas beetles' wings, the droning of the honey-gatherers, and the drumming buzz of the cicada.

Now a hot breeze, bearing with it the smell of burnt ferns, stirs the sleeping leaves, but so slightly that, having swayed with the zephyr, they return once more to rest.

Another puff of the stifling heat-wind, with a stronger scent of smouldering leaves, causes the branches to sway. Now the wind begins to increase, the horses stamp their feet, and as their ears rise up slowly they take a somewhat suspecting look towards the direction whence the wind came.

A spark has by chance been carried from a train engine, by the breeze, and deposited amid waiting grass. What has happened?

A bush fire has broken out, and within a short space of time the expanse of dry grass and brown shrubbery will be the unadorned black background of a painting until spring returns, when it will be tinted with buttercups and daisies and flowers of different hues.

## OUR PICNIC—IMPRESSIONS OF A PARTICIPANT.

Central at 8.20, blazers and whites well in evidence everywhere, the natives staring. The train is full, very—we start: "Rick, rick . . . and Horsie begins a tiring day by keeping his tail up.

Mandolin and ukuleles twanging on the beach of Waikiki. Mr. Humphries conducts the choir. Dingle tries to point out the beauties of Mar-rickville when that salubrious district heaves on the horizon—beautiful Cook's River.

"I loved her best of all . . . "

"W——, get your mo cut!"

We arrive at Loftus:

"Yes, we've never seen Winnie,

But Gibbsie has brought her to-day."

Our select party jumps into the 'bus, Guy and Johnny actually entrust their musical (?) instruments and food to us; we beguile the time between the more exciting parts of the descent by learning to play. We get into a boat, and away we go, merrily displaying our missing technique. Ray begins libelling my character. The royal party arrives—we hand over the instruments of torture—(only one ukulele string broken).

We pull up on the shore opposite the wonderful party (Gibbs having given us twenty minutes in which to become married men). We row across, and Ray commences one of his marvellous explanations to the young ladies, Alec and I giving him moral support . . .

Then—tragedy—that deep-dyed villain Mr. P——, assisted by Wally Spencer and a few chaps like him, steals our boats . . . "You absolute idiots" (this from Gibbs to the triumvirate).

However, we rescue the boats while the base brigands double themselves up with laughter. We jump into the boat with Toti dal Monte and the rest—we row, they sing to us: "Oh, Gosh, Oh Golly, I'm in love!"

"Beneath thy window . . . "

Excerpts from Grand Opera by Alec and me: "O mia vermicelli carissima, Steaka da Oyst—mia spaghetti."

"Barney Google . . . "

"Doodle-do-do . . . "

But what I like best is "Doodle-do-do,"

"Horsie, keep your tail up!"

Tea arrives. Ray takes me aside.

"Cas, which one do you like best?"

"The same as you, Ray!"

"Oh, Cas, isn't she wonderful—Viola—Viola—?"

"Too true, the one who looks like Louie Lovely isn't bad."

"Yes, you must admit there are only two in the bunch."

"Now boys, come and learn how to wash up" (this from L.L.). Despite protests we learn and are now seeking admission to the Henpecked Husbands' League.

The parting hour draws on apace. "Farewell, good-bye, farewell, good-bye!" The darkness softly covers all— We gather together for some community singing, unrestrained by the narrow limits of the quad. The eyes of the little fourth year boys begin to open wider.

"For the last time let us gather

And back to memory call

The times we've had together."

"For I'm a jolly good fellow."

"Join the army, make no delay."

"Rick, rick . . . "

To describe that scene transcends the power of man. During some part of it Hope was trying to recite some of Wordsworth's poems to me; therefore I will not attempt the task. Suffice to say, the eyes of the fourth year infants became as saucers.

Spencer entertained us with an imitation of Melba and reached a few octaves higher than a mortal has ever reached before. Johnny Dingle then gave a sinuous and seductive Egyptian dance. Tommy Armstrong formed a one-man jazz band, and the whole company started on the "light fantastic." Suddenly a cry of "Fire!" arose; we rushed to it; danced around it and tossed it about. Then somebody discovered that the train left in a short time; we tumbled into our boats and set off:

"My vessel from the shore is swiftly sailing"

"With the goo-goo-googly eyes."

"I loved her best of all."

We arrived at the station and bundled into the train—fourth year sat down in a state of chronic bewilderment—the train started—lights out.

Where was Spencer when the light went out?

"Rick, rick, ricketty Diek."

"For I'm a jolly good fellow,

And so say... Johnny D. astonished us all and recalled the sports by commencing a Shaking episode —

Violoncello—Violoncello!  
 "Ah mia vermicelli carissima!"  
 "Yes, you must admit there are only two We arrive at the bay and she looks like a  
 malted milks—fourth year looks disappointed as  
 it is nothing stronger; and Dingo indignantly  
 exclaims: "Hilliers, the only place that makes  
 heart and are now seeking admission to the  
 Henpecked Husband's League."

The party hour draws on apace. "Far- well, good-bye, farewell, good-bye!" The dark- We gather together for  
 MOONLIGHT  
 some, community singing, interrupted by the  
 The beautiful moon, golden and full, sailing  
 in a cloudless sky, with the stars twinkling and  
 glittering like myriad jewels, shines serenely  
 on the tranquil waters of our beautiful harbour,  
 and presents an entralling sight to my  
 enraptured gaze.

Far up the harbour stretches a shimmering sheet of silver, broken near this shore by the gloomy outline of a huge wharf, and bounded by the dark silhouette of the farther shore.  
 The moon, in its fullness, sends a shimmering light on the water, and the stars, in their twinkling, scatter their light like diamonds on the dark sea.  
 The moonlight searches the dark shadow east by the wharf.

The moonlight searches the dark shadow east by the wharf.  
 The moonlight searches the dark shadow east by the wharf.  
 The moonlight searches the dark shadow east by the wharf.  
 The moonlight searches the dark shadow east by the wharf.  
 The moonlight searches the dark shadow east by the wharf.

apple soda.  
 And so home, as Popsy would say, and of  
 Central at 230, blatters and wails well in  
 evidence everywhere. The natives strain  
 W. get your mo cut!  
 "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 and Harkie begin a time, day by keeping his  
 An never brought to mind."  
 tail up.

Mandolin and ukuleles fwanging on the beach  
 We'll all sing a right jolly waltz  
 The ukuleles conduct the choir.  
 For auld lang syne, for auld lang  
 Dingo tries to point out the beauties of Mar-  
 tickville when that "epidemic" disaster leaves  
 GEO. B. CASSIDY 5C  
 on the horizon—beautiful Cook's River.

"I loved her best of all . . ."  
 "W—, get your mo cut!"  
 We arrive at Lofus:  
 "Yes, we've never seen Winnie,"  
 But Gippie has brought her to-day.  
 moon gimming  
 the great party  
 glow, and  
 its sombreness with a dazzling radiance.

Bedecked with lamps as a prince's diadem, is  
 with gems, a ferry glides across the silver  
 as noiseless as its own reflection, its wake making  
 a dark ribbon through the silver.  
 The ferry has passed; all is still, the silence  
 of the night is broken only by the low moan  
 of a liner's whistle as she wends her way seaward.

How far from you  
 seems this glowing  
 dark shadows  
 rising and  
 tiating  
 in all its haste  
 The S. H. HALL  
 Mr. S. H. HALL  
 P—, assisted by Wally Spencer and a few  
 chaps like him, stands our posts . . .  
 absolute idiots" (this from Gippie to the trium-  
 virate).



"Henry V." (3B.)  
 "I'm a jolly good fellow."

However, we rescue the boats while the  
 brigands double back up the beach  
 We jump into the boat with the  
 and the rest—  
 Gosh, Oh Golly,  
 "Beneath the  
 Excerpt from  
 me: "O mia  
 Yst—mis sp  
 "Barney G  
 "Doodle-do-  
 But what I h  
 "Horsie, keep  
 Tea arrives.  
 "Gas, which one do you like best?"



IN NATURE'S REALM.

THE

Sea, and sky, and sunshine, and silvery beaches, and ferns and fenny bells and trickling rills, and frowning battlements—this is the Barrenjoey Peninsula. It is a wonderful little gem set in our great Australia; it is a wondrous land of sweet repose and soothing solitudes, where the green of beauty holds her sway and Prince Gum is lord of the forest. Lulled by the ripples of Pittwater, and washed by the long Pacific rollers, this finger of land is a veritable paradise.

ling cherubims of the court lavish upon the monster all the untold wealth of the realm. About him they place delicious verdurs, and bestow his path with nodding blooms.

But the wild north calls, and we must away. The air is heavy and sullen, but our hearts are light and gay; and we fight up hills to rest at the tops, half of "delicious pains." The path grows broader, and away in the hazy distance looms the serpent's head. It is a vast pile of living granite. It is Barrenjoey Head.

It was morning, and Newport lay asleep. In the half-grey of a coming dawn, this old, historic village seemed but to be a child, and swathed in swaddling clothes of dewy verdure. The cool, crystal waters of the bay lapped her rosy feet. The morning wind sported with her scanty tresses, and she slumbered on.

With burning anticipation we scramble up this massive crag, which is, we feel, "half as old as time." Our breath comes short and fast. Our muscles torture us; we are falling; we have won the peak; and—"oh fulness of delight"—we are gazing upon the richest province in Nature's realm.

Away in the distance floated Scotland Isle, an emerald set in sapphire. Before us lay the Queen's Parade, leading to Newport Beach. Ere we trod the strand the sun shot up, a giant breathing fire. The scene was deliciously beautiful. On either hand swept the golden sand to form one huge embrace to meet the foaming sea. The breakers, tipped with the flush of dawn, thundered on the strand.

To the northward sweeps a rugged, iron-bound coast, against which the Pacific rollers hur themselves with unrelenting, unceasing fury. To the westward lie "the sapphire-misted mountains," pouring their silvery life-blood, the Hawkesbury, into a wondrous sea. Here was a picture beautiful, with "all the calmness and the colour, all the splendour and repose."

"The shoreward billows merging each in each, To sunder yet again, fold, and unfold; The shining curve of far-receptive beach; The silvery wash on the gladdened gold."

And away in the misty orient lay the "leagues of sleepless teams."

Like a great serpent guarding a fabled main, the road to Barrenjoey climbed the sullen crags. Up hill and down dale it wound, and wined its huge length along. At times it curled about some tiny hamlet, where, perhaps, the "sad sweet music of humanity" has ne'er been heard; and then, with a wild rebellious sweeping grandeur, it hurled itself to the very side of beeding cliffs.

It was a wondrous draught of nature, pure serene; and, like the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus, was immortal and gave immortality. It was the very inner of the inner shrines of Nature's Queen; and too sacred and too lovely for the unchaste presence of humanity.

Wooded by the sweet and (at times) bitter Nature, the sullen highway lends itself to her royal pleasure. Her Majesty and all the dar-

In the dusk we crept away with a sad, sweet longing for something—we knew not what. We must go back and dance to the "music of humanity." We were wondrously sorrowed with some sweet mysterious adieu. We must return ere long to where—

"The sea, in darts, make, and words, the gay with light and laughter, As the sun, and the waves are mingled milk and fire."

D. McDONALD

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## THE SENIORS' PICNIC.

The Annual Seniors' Picnic took place on Saturday, the 18th of October, at National Park. The weather was ideal, and the picnic was a great success, being, through the capable and energetic organisation of Howarth and his assistants, a decided improvement on the previous one.

The party was in particularly sportive mood, and the newly-appointed prefects took this opportunity of celebrating their rise to fame. As the train began to move from Central Station bystanders were filled with astonishment at hearing something referring to one "Ricketty Dick," shouted lustily in an apparently foreign language. Our fellow passengers were treated to a variegated selection of songs during the journey, Armstrong filling the role of accompanist, but the effect of the concert was somewhat marred because everybody could not be prevailed upon to sing the same song at the same time, so that, whilst some declared that they would "like to roll to Rio" others loudly proclaimed their experiences on the back porch on the preceding evening.

Having alighted at Loftus Junction we soon reached the boatshed, and the party then broke up into small groups until lunch time. Lunch was enjoyed in the shade of some trees a short distance up the river, and intruders were kept away by seeing what they took to be the flag of the Quarantine Station (in reality the flag of the Fifth Year) flying from a tree hard by.

Laughter filled the air, masters and students alike enjoying themselves to the full.

After lunch a keenly-contested boat race was held on the short arm of the river, Spencer's crew winning the final by a remarkably small margin. The boat race was a highly popular event, and served to show the competitive spirit which is noticeable in all branches of the School's sport. After the boat race the various crews separated and amused themselves in various ways, some navigating the upper reaches of the river (and incidentally, exposing themselves to the ravages of particularly ferocious mosquitoes), until approaching darkness gave the signal for a final gathering before returning to the boatshed. Finally the boats gathered in the river and, after making the welkin ring with the time-honoured "war cry," went back to the boatshed in the gathering dusk.

Of the homeward journey I can say nothing definite, since I was at rest in the arms of Morpheus until the train reached Sydney, where we took leave of one another and went our various ways.

It was noticed that the third year did not, as previously, participate in the festivities, but their absence is possibly accounted for by their disposition to "scorn delights and live laborious days" in view of their coming examination.

"RACONTEUR."

## NELSON'S COLUMN.

Cold, grey remembrance of the distant past!

Thou wert not made to pass in just a day;

But fashioned wert for countless years to last,

A monument which passeth not away.

Thy beauty was not wrought by tyro's hands,

But by a man whose skill makes England proud;

And on thy height the mighty Nelson stands,

And gazes down upon the passing crowd.

So thus our noble hero lives—though dead—

Upon his lofty pedestal of fame;

He fills with awe and makes to softly tread

The men who know what valour made his name.

Let this impel us all toward braver deeds;

To do the right where'er grim Fortune leads.

J.W.R.

## NIGHT.

Oh! pale Hecate, mistress of the night,

Thy softly beaming radiance, wan and white,

Comes like a soothing balm to life's dull pain,

As this parched earth is cooled by summer's rain.

The myriad diamonds set around thy light

Look down on human passions from their height;

The nightingale's voice sings divinely sweet,

Which fall like dew from high Olympus' seat.

That velvet sky of thine o'erspreads the land

And softens oft rough corners with kind hand.

A cloak of peace falls gently o'er the world,

And in it all the cares of life are furled.

Oh! Angel merciful, come soon again

And banish all the weariness and pain.

A. L. HEFREN.

“—AND THE BUSH CALLS BACK HER OWN.”

Slowly up the little cattle track he wound his way; old, weather-beaten, bronzed by the suns of many summers, cradled in the mighty arms of the bush, nursed by nature, hardened in the forge of life where man fights for his very existence, fights for the men to come and for the land he loves so well.

The sky was darkened over and the trees along the track looked weird and grotesque as they lowered their shaggy heads as the forlorn traveller passed. They bowed perhaps in recognition of a friend, perhaps in respect to an invincible enemy. The sun had sunk wearily to rest and the last tint of its golden rays had faded and the world around was plunged into a melancholy gloom; still stately, yet obscuring even the smallest flower that bloomed by the way.

Suddenly a little golden shaft of light cut through the darkness and changed from gold to red, and the smoke from the fire curled upwards to gradually disappear on the right.

The old man had eaten his meal—what little he had—and had lain down to rest.

Silently, save for the gentle sighing of the trees, the rain came on, and the fire, hissing

in protest, finally gave up the struggle, and the rain swept on, victorious.

The weather-beaten wayfarer felt it not; his eyes were closed, his heart bounded at the thoughts of youth, days spent in roaming through the bush, and he seemed to find pleasure as the scene changed, in tracing the weary miles over one after the other, through the never-ending tracks he had followed. Even the days he had tramped in the scorching sun, and had fought against thirst and hunger, seemed pleasures, gems dear in the heart of an old-timer, gems such as the bush gives only to her own kin.

Then slowly the plains came full in view, gorgeous in their coat of spring; resplendent in the blooming verdure and the gifts of Nature's own. The everlastings and the daisies stretched for many a mile, and a wild poppy here and there. Oh, God, what a land to love.

They found him in the morning, a smile upon his lips; and the placid look upon his brow showed that he had gone to join his mates with a happy heart. He had rolled his swag for the last time and the bush had called back its own.



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## REVERIES.

There is what some may term "happiness," but none can give the meaning—what it implies. Some say that a merry day, a nice and dainty meal, a dance, or any such is happiness. Certainly the thing itself is a joy for the time, lasting a few hours. Then there are the thoughts of this day, of the dance, looking forward, a week, two days, to-night, and looking back—'twas last night, a week ago.

There is the memory of the companionship and company which curbs those morbid, sullen, moody, spasms and moves man from himself lest he despise this existence and brood too much; or put himself on a pedestal and have no fault, thereby despising others, sickening of work, and losing himself in fond imaginings and vain fancies. But the thought is not all; most important is the company, the communion with his fellows, for with the thought only, brooding and vainglorious self-esteem would result, since comparisons must be made and memory would ever round off square corners.

Yet the best happiness really lies in thoughts. But even these are different, yet all germane, and, above all, are one's own thoughts. First, however, fence self about with high impassable barriers, and then let yourself roam unchecked through all the fields of the mind. Be not alone lest the bounds of self prove weak, but stimulate and tend your ramblings with the company of a quiet, pensive friend, sitting on the oppo-

site side of the fire. Then gaze into that glowing, attractive mass, which surely is one of the symbols of home; gaze long, with far-seeing eyes and loosed imagination. When now you have begun this journey, it will seem that that self of your friend's, which is really with your own self pervading the room, is like your self outside the body; and each self is the harmoniser and fellow of the other; so that in the room there is peace. Meanwhile the fire throws open the gate in the fence which keeps us in this narrow fold, our bodies and the world, against which we are always chafing save when the spirit fails and expends itself in idle gossip. That gate is easily closed, even by the foot slipping of itself from the fender.

Others find delight in the thought that they may wear the cloak of darkness and follow people as at a play, but even more closely since they may read these persons' thoughts. And some revel in them as riddles, subtly stated and combined, with part of the answer here and more of the hypothesis there—the whole a woven cloth of pattern. As with the cloth, it may be well or clumsily woven with crude, simple, or perhaps intricate design; so with books. Still others find interest in books, others' thoughts, that they may thresh out the grain and plant it in their fields, or perchance add new fields which have lain fallow, and so better cultivate the mind.

## MR. THOMAS FURBER.

Mr. Thomas Frederick Furber, one of the Fortians of many years ago, died on October 7 of this year. Mr. Furber was a well known figure in surveying circles for many years and did much to uplift the standard of surveying in Australia. After leaving Fort St. School, he entered the Survey Branch of the Lands Department in 1869 and passed the licensed surveyors' examination in 1875. Displaying great mathematical ability, he became a member of the Surveyors' Examination Board when he was about 26 years of age. In 1890 he became chief

computer of the Trigonometrical Branch, and in 1904 he was appointed Metropolitan District Surveyor and Director of Trigonometrical Surveys, which positions he filled up to the date of his retirement in 1914. He was a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and for many years was the lecturer in geodesy and astronomy at the Sydney University. Mr. Furber was one of the founders of the Institute of Surveyors of N.S.W., of which he was for many years hon. secretary, and on five occasions president.

## ROMANCE.

One could hardly say the place was suited for romance or romantic tendencies—a dozen such spots could be found in the suburbs. On one side stretched the railway track, along which shrieked the monsters of night with all their disconcerting sights and sounds; whilst elsewhere there extended the seemingly interminable rows and rows of houses, fences, roadways, and asphalt footpaths; to make affairs less promising some gentleman had seen fit to supply the scene with a glaring, dazzling picture show from which there issued the loud tones of an orchestra of some sort, and now and again the peals of laughter or loud applause—and yet, in spite of all, there was romance in the air that night.

Above me spread the heavens, the stars, the moon—a sight of rapture. 'Twas a sight I could have seen any night I chose, but still it had never attracted me in this manner before. What was the fascination, subtle and glorious in those myriad lights. Why was it that I stopped and, with bated breath, gazed at those same twinkling stars? I knew not then but still I gazed. All these offspring of their placid mother Moon were twinkling their tiny eyes with sheer joy and delight, and they were—yes, they were talking in eager tones, in voices free from care with notes as clear as the voice of the chimes and as light-hearted as the song of the blithe canary. What had they to be joyful over? What had they to talk about so eagerly? Perhaps each was regarding the

world below and wondering why that puny mortal was so fascinated by them; or were they discussing the advent of new-born stars who had come to rejoice and mingle with these happy souls?

A sudden flash illumined the heavens with its marvellous brilliancy! From the midst of this a meteor shot, and as it raced across the dome of the heavens it left behind it a path of wondrous light, a path such as is left by the speed-boat as it ploughs its rapid course through the waves. It flashed and as the light waned and the path of glory dimmed, I was left alone with my thoughts and the ever-twinkling stars. This, then, was the answer to my questioning. This was the reason for that suppressed tone of excitement in the voices of the stars. All had assembled to bid God-speed to their parting playmate who had vanished as swiftly and as silently as he had come; he had vanished but where he had gone God alone knew. The God who controlled the earth and sky had seen fit to send this fleeting, glorious scene of fascination. These and more were my thoughts as I wended my way home, still moving in an atmosphere of fantasy, an atmosphere which enveloped me until sleep had come with a new atmosphere of Dreamland.

Romance! Romance! Always intangible, indescribable, yet ever present, ever fascinating—this was Romance.

D. HYDE, 4C.



The Engagement of Sam Weller. (1C.)

## PETER'S PICNIC.

My tale goes up, my tale goes down,  
 'Tis humorous, or dry;  
 Pertaining to a certain clown  
 My tale goes up, my tale goes down,  
 A fortune's smile or fortune's frown  
 My story twists awry,  
 The tale goes up, the tale goes down,  
 'Tis humidous or dry!

A youth by the name of Peter  
 In joy was awaiting a day  
 When he should fare outwards and meet her—  
 Bold youth by the name of Peter!—  
 With others, then what could be sweeter  
 Than a picnic, afloat on the bay?  
 A youth by the name of Peter  
 In joy was awaiting that day.

But then the fateful morning broke,  
 Alas! all rainy, sun-bereft,  
 And Peter softly cursing woke  
 When that drear dreadful morning broke.  
 Now O, ye Muse, put sorrow's spoke  
 Within his wheel of joy all cleft—  
 The fearful, fateful morning broke,  
 Alas! all rainy, sun-bereft.

Sorrowing hung his trousers white,  
 His shirt, and his sand-shoes twain;  
 As the rain swam down from the gloomy  
 height,  
 Sorrowing hung his trousers white.  
 To think that his joy had faded quite,  
 And all because of the rain—  
 Sorrowing hung his trousers white,  
 His shirt, and his sand-shoes twain.

Suddenly the sun shot through,  
 Swift the rain stopped, all was fine,  
 Peter donned his raiment too  
 When he saw the sun shoot through,  
 Then to start without ado,  
 Thought, but ah, what Fates combine!  
 Suddenly the sun fled through,  
 Swift the rain fell, nought was fine!

Maledictions and dark predictions  
 Peter breathed on the sulky world,  
 But it took them as benedictions,  
 Maledictions and dark predictions!  
 Anger's frictions and baseless fictions  
 These and others he swirled and hurled—  
 Maledictions and dark predictions  
 Peter breathed on the sulky world.

As if by chance  
 They had brought result,  
 The clouds far dance;  
 As if by chance  
 The "sunbeams" prance—  
 Peter's words consult,  
 Look you, by chance  
 They had brought result.

Then Peter sallied forth, and the morn was  
 fair and shining,  
 And his mind feasted on the ripples of the  
 bay,  
 The clouds had vanished north, and his heart  
 held on repining,  
 When Peter sallied forth, and the morn was  
 fair and shining.  
 And he thought the sun and earth all aright  
 were now combining,  
 While his thoughts in joy had fastened on  
 more gladness as their prey;  
 Then Peter sallied forth, and the morn was  
 fair and shining,  
 And his mind already feasted on the ripples  
 of the bay!  
 But when he had reached the rendezvous,  
 Ye gods! there was no one there!  
 The breath of despair upon him blew  
 When he had reached the rendezvous;  
 No others there—what was more to rue,  
 Not Jess with the golden hair—  
 Oh, when he had reached the rendezvous,  
 Ye gods! there was no one there!

Peter waited many hours,  
 Still the sun was shining;  
 Sprouted grass and opened flowers—  
 Peter waited many hours.  
 One by one his Spanish towers  
 Topped down; dark-dreaming  
 Peter waited many hours,  
 While the sun was beaming.

Then at last they came,  
 Sorry at their lateness,  
 Peter forgot to blame  
 When at last they came.  
 Joys began to claim,  
 Lost was his irateness,  
 When at last they came,  
 Sorry at their lateness.

But O be sorrowful, scarce a yard  
 Had they gone when rain poured down—

'Tis true that fortune is always hard!  
 Oh, O, be sorrowful, scarce a yard,  
 And the warlike clouds began to bombard  
 The party, their rising hopes to drown—  
 So oh, be sorrowful, scarce a yard  
 Had they gone when the rain came down.

\* \* \* \*

“Well,” said Peter, “to think such things

May spoil my day to-morrow,  
 Let rainy thoughts from me take wings—  
 “Bosh!” said Peter, “To think such things!  
 I hope to-morrow all sunshine brings;  
 Now I’ll from the sleep-Jew borrow—  
 Yes,” said Peter, “to think such things  
 May spoil my day to-morrow!”

J. HOWARTH.



## THE TWEED RIVER.

(By N. H. McIntyre).

With each story that tells of the charms and  
 the spells

Of the beauty-spots far o’er the sea,  
 We are like to forget that there still can be  
 met

Many nearer, which fairer may be.  
 So should we not then, as becomes loyal men,  
 Give attention to where, near at hand,  
 Mother Nature has walked and to song-birds has  
 talked,

While with flowers made lavish the land.

And so let us turn from the fell and the burn  
 To the mountain, which Cook said of old,  
 “Standing back from the shore, would remain  
 evermore

A warning” to mariners bold.  
 In this manner, has passed, where oft ships  
 thrice as fast

Have been warned from the reefs round the  
 bay,

While ashore, yet supreme in his happy re-  
 game,

The native alone held full sway.

Then time brought the white to commence the  
 great fight

For existence, which must be upheld,  
 E’en in those long-gone days would the pioneer  
 gaze

On the beauty of trees which he felled;  
 But the cedar and beech, wrested from Nature’s  
 reach,

Must maintain for the settler those dear,  
 And Nature receded, to be superseded  
 By Australian bush-homes and good cheer.

With us little is left from Progress’ theft,  
 Save the remnants especially reserved,  
 But one still there can find true delight of the  
 mind

(By journey from Cities deserved).  
 In these few spots alone is preserved the rich  
 tone

Of the bush’s rare songsters so shy,  
 Of the creepers and trees, of the true Austral  
 breeze,

Of our animals—destined to die!

The cool, shaded spring has its tall, select ring  
 Of treeferns, to safeguard its worth,  
 While the sparkling cascade, flashing down syl-  
 van glade,

Babbling music, sun-diamonds gives birth.  
 The orchids peep out, wee shrubs flower about,  
 Russet leaves cover long-fallen pines,  
 Bright rock-lilies blaze, while a blue-distant haze  
 Marks the range that this sweet spot confines.

Matchless beauty remains—’though in face of  
 the pains

Caused by urgent, relentless Advance,  
 ‘Though a smoke pall comes down on the fast-  
 growing town,

The butterflies still near can dance.  
 And so as we go through this life’s weal and  
 woe,

We might still keep the beauties of morning,  
 By taking the press of this sordid life’s stress,  
 As does Nature round famous Mount Warning.

“AGRICOLA.”



## HALF-YEARLY EXAMINATION.

The following lists indicate the scholars who obtained the best passes at the Half-yearly Examinations:—

### FIFTH YEAR.

Dux.—Farlow.  
 English.—1, Howarth; 2, Dingle, Macintosh.  
 History.—1, Hefren; 2, Wright.  
 Latin.—1, Gallagher; 2, Egan.  
 French.—1, Paull; 2, Howarth.  
 Maths. I.—1, Hancock; 2, Wolfe, Farlow.  
 Maths. II.—1, Sheath; 2, Wolfe, Storey.  
 Science.—1, Starr; 2, Farlow.  
 Economics.—1, Armstrong; 2, Vivian.  
 Geography.—1, Paull.

### FOURTH YEAR.

Dux.—Hyde.  
 English.—1, Hyde; 2, Hornibrook.  
 History.—1, Richards; 2, Lumsden, Gee.  
 Latin.—1, Richards; 2, Breyley.  
 French.—1, Milne; 2, Irvine, Perrin.  
 Maths. I.—Neal; Levings, Harkness.  
 Maths. II.—Levings, Richards.  
 Science.—Hyde, Neal.  
 Economics.—Crighton, Firth.  
 Geography.—Gee, Isaacs.

### THIRD YEAR.

Dux of the Year.—Hook.  
 English.—1, Browne; 2, Harper.  
 History.—1, Wardley; 2, Hook.  
 Geography.—1, Beileiter; 2, Woods.  
 Maths. I.—Harper, Winters.  
 Maths. II.—Gawthrope, Woods.

Latin.—1, Allen; 2, Norris.  
 French.—Atkins, Norris.  
 German.—Dinter, Allen.  
 Science.—Harper, Hook.  
 Business Principles.—1, Broome; 2, Woodcock.  
 Shorthand.—1, Broome; 2, Dale.

### SECOND YEAR.

Dux.—Wicks.  
 English.—1, Wicks; 2, Owen.  
 History.—1, Smith; 2, Lohse.  
 Geog.—1, Chambers, Wicks.  
 Maths. I.—1, Murphy; 2, Wicks, Owen.  
 Maths. II.—1, Rathborne; 2, Barton.  
 Latin.—1, White; 2, Shields, Gay.  
 French.—1, Wicks; 2, Spinks.  
 German.—1, Henderson; 2, Barton.  
 Science.—1, Johnson, Wicks; 2, Neville, White.  
 Business Principles.—1, Wicks; 2, Smith.  
 Shorthand.—1, Wicks; 2, Gibson.

### FIRST YEAR.

Dux.—Old.  
 English.—1, Beattie; 2, Old.  
 History.—1, Peters; 2, Archer, Old.  
 Geograph.—1, Leggett; 2, Beattie.  
 Maths. I.—1, Old; 2, Brown.  
 Maths. II.—1, Leek; 2, Melville.  
 Business Principles.—1, Wicks; 2, Smith.  
 Shorthand.—1, Wicks; 2, Gibson.  
 Latin.—1, Burns; 2, Clark, Craft, Compagnoni.  
 French.—1, Peters; 2, Wheeler, Quiney.  
 German.—1, Craft; 2, Old.  
 Science.—1, Old, Carter.  
 Shorthand.—1, Hudson; 2, Crawford.



"A Midsummer Night's Dream." (2B.)

## A MOUNTAIN STREAM—A FRAGMENT.

A little trickle on the mountain top,  
Scarce seen 'midst mosses or the light-green  
fern,  
Grows more in volume at each quickening turn—  
A laughing water, save where boulders stern  
Cast o'er their shade. And then it starts and  
stops,  
Then, shooting out a long and feath'ry arm,  
And falling slow thro' long, long lines of space.  
It strikes a ledge upon the mountain face,  
A shower of diamonds, quickening their pace,  
Fall far and wide; then to a lake of calm  
They, hissing, plunge into its icy deep.  
The water from this basin wends its way  
Once more into the warm and sunny day.  
It laughs and glitters where the wagtails play,  
Or dreams and dozes where the brown snakes  
sleep.

N. WYNDHAM.

## HIS FIRST SHAVE.

With fevered haste he raised his arm,  
The razor touched his face;  
He scraped his cheek with vague alarm,  
With fevered haste he raised his arm,  
But fearful lest it do him harm,  
He placed the razor in its case.  
With fevered haste he raised his arm,  
The razor touched his face.

It seems as if there's nothing there.'  
The razor's sharp," he said,  
"My face will be devoid of hair;  
It seems to me as if there's nothing there."  
His face now shaved shone out so fair,  
All trace of hair had fled.  
"It seems as if there's nothing there,  
The razor's sharp," he said.

L. GRAHAM, 4A.

# BOYS.

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## DICKY—THE POSTMAN'S MESSAGE.

Dicky, the postman, was a funny old aboriginal, who got his name because he used to carry the mails in the early days. One day the post and telegraph master at the "A" called Dicky and said to him: "I want you to go to-morrow to 'B' and bring me the mail-bag. I have just had word that there are letters waiting there for us." "How do you know? Who bin tellum?" asked Dicky. So Mr. Smith took him to the telegraph office and tried to tell how he had received the message over the wires; and, taking him outside, showed him the telegraph posts and wires, saying: "That is how the message came to me, along the wires." The next morning Dicky set off early for "B," intending to bring the mail-bag to Mr. Smith before dark. He reached "B," was given a meal, and then set off again to "A" with the mail

bag. A violent thunderstorm came up that afternoon, and Dicky was obliged to seek shelter in some hollow log on the wayside. It was almost dark before the storm cleared. Blacks, you know, will not travel in the dark because of the "debbil-debbils," so Dicky decided to stay the night. Early next morning he started for "A" and delivered the mail-bag to Mr. Smith. "Why did you not come last night? expected you would," said the postmaster. Dicky seemed very surprised at his questions. "I sent you word baal me come," said Dicky. "Me bin climb up big fellow stick and yabber 'long wires, 'Dicky no come till morning.'" Mr. Smith laughed heartily at Dicky, the postman's, explanation.

HOBOE.

## A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

The moon, as yet a golden ball, was rising slowly over the mountain top, gleaming through the tall trees. The twinkling stars were coming gradually from their homes in the lofty sky, and I was wondering how to spend the evening. Not indoors, surely! If I could but delve my brother from the depths of his novel, we would go riding. With this object in view I departed on my mission of excavation.

After the expenditure of much eloquence on my part, the literary one was eventually persuaded to come, and we departed to catch the horses. But alas for our fond hopes! The horses decided not to be caught. First we ejected them, then we chased them, and finally we cursed them; but we could not catch them. But, luckily, we remembered that the way to the heart is through the stomach, and with the aid of a little lucerne from a neighbouring paddock we eventually secured our chargers.

Rather sore from collisions with sundry logs and stones in our exciting chase for the horses we mounted and soon forgot our troubles in the beauty which lay before us.

The moon had by now risen clear of the mountain, the night was still and clear, and the

stars fairly blazed from the sky. As we cantered easily through the paddocks, the giant gums seemed asleep, they stood so silent and still; the bright moonlight added a soft sheen to their stately grandeur. The stumps and logs, blackened by fires of long ago, seemed to lose their rugged shapes, and they, too, melted into the softness of the beautiful night.

As we rode on we passed a neighbouring farm. How beautiful it looked under the silver moon! The sheds and outhouses clustered round the farmhouse like young birds round their mother, and from the hospitable kitchen gleamed a solitary beam of light from the lamp, like the eye of the protecting mother bird.

All was mellow and soft; the moon had a romantic influence on us which made our cold, everyday world seem beautiful and unreal.

How long we would have gone on dreaming thus I do not know, had not my girth suddenly slipped and precipitated me on the ground. None the worse, I readjusted the refractor member, and at a brisk gallop we returned home.

S. HALL, 4B.

## ON RISING IN WINTER.

The shivering birds may have been attempting to lift their voices in praise for some benefit of which they alone were cognizant; the sun may have been shining with its wonted brilliancy—not heat; in short, it may have been what some hardened Esquimau would term a pleasant morning. I, however, being an ordinary human, entirely disagreed. The very thought of dragging myself out of a warm bed was repulsive. I longed to shut my eyes to the cold realities of morning and await the more temperate noon-day hours which would make existence enjoyable.

Mother's call to breakfast aroused me momentarily from my lethargic condition, but I paid no heed whatever. How delightful—even exciting—to ignore the early summons! How suggestive of the leisured rich, to slip once more into dreams so harshly interrupted. Two or three groans, then a snore, and I began to complete my unfinished dream-serial:

The scene of activities was the Domain Baths. The season was just commencing—in fact, it was Easter. With several taunting "fellows" regarding me, I was inwardly debating—with additional outward evidences—as to whether or not I should take the decisive plunge, the

first dive of the year. . . . when suddenly some base trickster gently assisted me from the surf. With muttered imprecations (and nothing else), I struggled to regain my balance; but alas! my waving hands only found the air, and I plunged headlong toward the hideous green waters, with bated breath, awaiting the inevitable . . . .

Quivering and unnerved, I awakened, feeling exactly as if I had just taken my morning shower without doffing my pyjamas. I sprang hurriedly from the bed, noticing at the same time an empty bucket on the nearby table. Retreating footsteps and unbridled laughter brought an end to the story and my temper as well.

No budding Sherlock Holmes was necessary to solve the mystery. Indeed, if anyone had appeared at the moment it would have been extremely difficult for me to treat him civilly. Fortunately for all concerned, no one did; so I had an opportunity, firstly, of removing those excessively damp pyjamas, and secondly, of resolving to obey implicitly all future invitations to breakfast, dinner, or tea.

T. RICHARDS, 4C.

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 THE SINKING OF THE AUSTRALIA.

The morning mists had scarcely cleared away  
From off the level waters of our bay,  
When, as some monster robbed of all his might,  
His strength exhausted in a weary fight,  
Is pulled by dwarfs, small sprites on mischief  
bent,  
The old "Australia" to her wet grave went.

The tugs are pulling and the rope is taut,  
The hulk, with memories of the fights she  
fought,  
Rears her proud head, and answers to the wheel.  
What! Does the nation patriotism feel?  
If so, where is the mourning crowd?  
Where are the tears, the hearts that beat aloud  
In sympathy? "Australia" sees the blue,  
Gathers more speed and throbs with life anew.  
Did I say life? 'Tis nothing but the sound

Made by Drake's drum. For prophecies abound  
Foretelling that which often has occurred,  
By look, by writing, or a spoken word.  
Far out, fair, blushing Eos paints the sky,  
The last time e'er this veteran will die.  
The dainty tints and flashes bid farewell  
In manner never tongues nor pen can tell.  
The lonely sea-bird wails aloud its cry—  
A mournful protest to the heav'ns on high.  
The iron hero like some living thing  
Quivers. Below the lovely mermaids sing,  
Calling the ship to unknown realms beneath,  
Which they in love and pity shall bequeath.  
Slowly she sinks, the sun aflames the sky—  
A parting handshake when the end is nigh.  
She struggles hard, with noble head in air—  
A last, quick ripple—and the sea is bare.

N. WYNDHAM.

### PRAWNING.

I have no doubt that of the hundreds of people who, on their way home, buy sixpenn'orth of "fresh cooked prawns" from the street vendors, few have bothered to think of the sport they could derive in catching these funny looking animals of the crustacean species. It is one of the most interesting and delightful pastimes which one could wish for.

The apparatus is not complicated, nor are much brains necessary to use it skilfully. This apparatus consists of a broom handle, a piece of wire and some mosquito-net, a keen eye and a kerosene flare. Our most bountiful nature will grant us the rest, a dark night and a running-out tide.

I will try, inadequate though I know my words will be, to describe one of many pleasurable evenings I have passed beguiling the leaden feet of time. Most hours spent in fishing are to the majority of us tedious unless, of course, we are literally catching fish by the bucketful; prawning is an exception. The major part of scenes of fishing which I have seen have been anything but beautiful or vivacious; prawning is an exception. I have seen as many as fifty boats in four hundred yards, their occupants bending, often very tired backs, for it is very tiring on one's back, straining eyes, and waving bright torches which send their flickering light o'er the calm black water.

"There is just a ripple  
Where the water breaks,  
All the lamps reflected  
Show like golden snakes."

This verse approaches what I would like to say, but

"I cannot with my feeble feet  
Climb after my desire."

Catching prawns is itself a very simple pastime, yet though simplicity it may be it is a thing—or I should say a pleasure—which excels most amusements I have tried. A picture, a theatre in parts becomes boring, but prawning seldom does. The prawns are attracted by the light and, borne down by the current, comes a white body with two long bright eyes peering through the darkness. Sometimes the catcher may get a bull-rout in his net, and on retrieving a prawn from his net is stung. The result is that a bluish tint is added to the scene.

Naturally the prawn vendors do not procure them in this way. Sometimes it will take one as long as five hours to procure a kerosene tin full—it takes many prawns to fill a tin. Vendors have a finely meshed net which is cast as a fishing-net.

There are many things which we can procure for a few pence, but if we would only trouble our lazy selves we would gain one hundred times as much amusement and relish.

M. HOOKE.

### THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCIENCE.

Undoubtedly, dear reader, you have at some time been struck (as popular phraesology will have it) by the theory of waves, those vibratory undulations produced in a medium by some external agitation. The very classification of the diversities in form assumed by these intriguing curves, requires in itself more discerning knowledge than is at my disposal, sad to say; and as I am not of an intensely scientific frame of mind, my steps must be allowed a little latitude as I wander.

However, as one form of wave is well-known even to the most inexperienced and unobservant eye, I naturally must mention it "in the van," as a minor poet called Virgil would have said;

and this is the famous Marcelle wave.

This remarkable, oscillatory, form is usually classified as permanent (I don't believe it is, so don't take my word for it). I have often endeavoured—and, I must admit, without marked success—to ascertain a correct description of this dainty device in terms befitting the subject; but, like a fellow literary giant, knowing little Latin and less French, I can merely repeat what I heard a Frenchman say about the shingle (so it should be right): "C'est une mode nouvelle de dresser les cheveux"—now you know the grand secret. I've let the cat out of the bag when I really should have nipped him in the bud.

Then, also, there are waves in ether, waves in water, waves in tresses, waving treetops, waving lasses . . . but 'tain't poetry, is it? as Samivel thought; so let's get back to prose. You know, this subject is so big that it nearly sweeps me off my feet—dash near dumped that time; anyhow, I'll watch the next one.

“Waves of feeling breaking o'er me,  
Play around me, leap before me.”

(I made these lines up myself, but the quotation marks make them look ever so much better.)

Still, as I was saying before, that wave interrupted me and displayed such beastly bad form, the extensiveness of this field of thought is almost without limit. In it wireless waves, light waves, heat waves, X waves, etc., ad infinitum (or to x factors), lose their romance to the tune of  $v$  equals  $n$   $y$  (inverted) where—(but never mind where; the field is so big you couldn't find the place; I can't, anyway).

This—being intended as a serious, academical and analytical, dissertation—would be most incomplete without the mention of another very important wave, to wit, when she waves her hanky in the distance—or the doorway. I'm still tossing up to find which I prefer. To date, however, no definite decision has been attained.

Then, again, like algebra, or square roots, or some other branch of Higher Maths., waves may be real or imaginary. The most real waves I know of are heat waves (painfully so) and sad sea waves (the sadness is extremely problematical, but still, opinions must be waived before popular usage).

Now, to the imaginary, equate this to  $i$  sin  $O$  and we obtain brain waves and other extremely improbable occurrences which, however, have a very interesting appearance in the abstract.

Of course, hosts of other waves come between these extremities; these are the possibilities, with strained probabilities, which, however, may be successfully treated by the pigeonhole method, or their present worth may be calculated by means of graphs.

It is at this juncture that we begin to lose track of waves, and so we call to our aid a few, old, science, cranks who expound miles of formulae scattered over acres of paper; gradually we begin to feel dizzy following the movements of Jupiter's satellites, and, in fact, of the whole solar system, and finally we are compelled to seek support and grant there must be something in waves after all, even if it is only imagination, for, after this you can't tell me that scientists are prosaic.

B. FARLOW.

## POETIC EVOLUTION.

Two  
In a glade—  
If you  
Are afraid  
They are what you expect,  
You are wrong.  
I would not select  
For your intellect  
The tale of a youth and a maiden that might  
be too **trite**, and certainly would be too  
long.

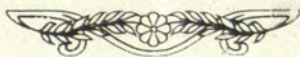
Two in a glade,  
And the night-shadows fade,  
And the sunbeams descend  
In a gleaming cascade;  
While the joyous trees bend,  
Feathered voices send  
A warbled commelody, blithe unrehearsed,

Out on the quivering air of the morning.  
That is **background**.  
At first,  
You saw **but** the sylvan twain,  
Knots in a tangled skein,  
Twining around.  
The lordly **old** sun only gave them a glance,  
And I **doubt** if the birds had a hint of **romance**,  
And as for the snakes and the insects and  
**spiders**,  
Except **there** was danger, they never were  
**hiders**:  
Each **wandered** on gaily  
In search of its daily,  
Small, sustenance.  
Two in a glade  
Made no one afraid—  
What were they? I ask you;

I know not myself.  
 (For a little of pelf,  
 I would make them whatever you wish.)  
 A poem evolving,  
 And bad rhymes revolving  
 Around and around in the mind of the poet,  
 You must let him descend,  
 When he comes to the end,  
 To telling you what it's about.  
 The secret is out—  
 I thank you, my friend.  
 Now to get closer.  
 The ants, as you know, sir,  
 Meander along on the ground;  
 And one or two bold ones  
 Found something foreign:  
 The young ones, the old ones,  
 Without any sound,  
 Agreed it was strange,  
 And back to the warren,  
 At once should be brought;

When a brother  
 Discovered another,  
 And so it was thought  
 'Twas the same as the other.  
 Two in a glade!  
 Romancing is shattered,  
 And mystery battered,  
 And poetry spattered  
 With life, and betrayed;  
 And our curiosity,  
 Prolonged by verbosity,  
 Sees but two objects slow moving away  
 'Mid the conquering chants  
 Of a body of ants,  
 Who look to a sweet dejeuner.  
 No history tells  
 Of what happened next to those two little, too  
 little, important and worthless small pea-  
 nut shells!

G. HOWARTH.



### A PRAYER.

O I'm sick to death of city ways,  
 The noisy, dusty ways, the blurred sky,  
 The clustered ugliness of roofs, the dry  
 Hot, fevered, whirling, vast, close, wheel of  
 days.

O I'm mad for flaunting signs that blaze  
 Meaningless, putting out the stars on high;  
 For little souls and babbled words that fly  
 To sully loveliness and stifle praise.

You far, blue hills—I pray—I see you there  
 Far off, and know you clean and robed in trees,  
 Deep valleyed, comely, full of purity—  
 I pray to cast my garments off, to wear  
 Your unsoiled sun and wind, so best shall these  
 Restore their great, lost, simple, faith to me.

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## SPORTING REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of the school. In football, our teams won the First, Second and Fifth Grade Competitions, and were runners-up in the third and fourth grades; while a successful class football competition, conducted by Mr. Bauer, was carried out, despite difficulties regarding a suitable playing area.

For the first time, our athletes won the Senior Cup presented for the Combined High Schools' Meeting, defeating the runners-up by a clear margin of 7 points. This performance ranks as highly meritorious when one remembers that two of our representatives, Britton and Armstrong, were very sick boys who should have been in bed.

Our Tennis representatives under the able direction of Messrs. Fairbairn, Dunne and Stanley, carried off the honours in A grade. This excellent game attracts more players every year and we look forward to the time when a Fort Street Old Boy will be selected for Davis Cup contests.

In swimming the School is gradually reaching the standard of former years. Our carnival

was the most successful for quite a long time, and all interested in the School look forward to the results of the C.H.S. meeting during the month. To Mr. Rose, credit must be given for the re-awakened interest in this healthy sport.

The cricket competitions—first and third grades—were lost, but our second grade team hopes to be successful. Despite their losses, teams have shown a fine spirit, and had we played for the competition and not the game the first grade result might have been in our favour.

There is another matter that interests everybody. For some years past great difficulty has been experienced in the collecting of Sports Union subscriptions, but it is gratifying to report that there are very few defaulters for 1924. The Fifth year—with one exception—have met their obligations; Fourth year has a clean sheet (happy omen!); and the Juniors have, as usual, responded well.

In conclusion, masters and boys offer their thanks to Mr. Thompson for his care and tact in the management of our most popular school activity.

## FOOTBALL.

### FIRST GRADE.

The First Grade team, by winning the whole of the nine competition games of the season, captured the MacManemy Shield for 1924-1925. The season was, in every respect, a highly successful one, and it is questionable whether the record established has ever been equalled by Fort Street First Graders. Every game was played in fine spirit against worthy opponents; team spirit and organisation were shown at their best; victory was ours. Consequently we have every reason to be proud of the achievements of our representatives, and they, in the years to come, will look back to 1924 and tell

the story of their doings with pleasure and advantage.

### SECOND GRADE.

For the fifth year in succession we have won the Second Grade competition. This fine record is in the main due to the fact that our teams now realise that all members of the School, from our headmaster to the smallest First Year boy, are keenly interested in their success. So at the beginning of each season there is the greatest rivalry for places in the grade teams, and the selectors are able to pick boys of known integrity and capacity. These fine fellows are therefore not likely to abuse the trust

placed in them either on or off the playing fields.

The School has every reason to be proud of its 1924 Second Grade representatives. A more sincere and capable team would be hard to find. Off the field they were a band of brothers, laughing and joking as only footballers can; on the field they played a clean, manly, unselfish game that commanded the respect of friend and foe alike. The completeness of their victory is revealed in the scores—207 to 28 (games played, 9; won 8, drew 1).

Boys who played in the team during the season were: A. Watts (captain), F. Levings (vice-captain), J. Beaumont, N. Wyndham, E. Hayward, J. Backhouse, C. Ebert, K. Chin, A. Weir, P. Wolfe, G. Forsyth, J. Lowe, G. Hooke, M. Hooke, C. Furner, S. Gilmore, W. Keast, L. Hunt, B. Brock, M. Dunleavy, G. Howarth, R. Grant.

The School is proud of these boys and wishes each and every one of them as great success in the future as the team had in the past football season.

### THIRD GRADE.

The Third Grade team finished in second position, defeating all teams in both rounds with the exception of North Sydney, the winners of the competition. The team showed consistent improvement throughout the season, and was just a little unfortunate in being defeated in the second North Sydney match by a very narrow margin, after the most strenuously contested match of the season. All players are deserving of commendation for their conscientious attention to training and for their play. Redmond (captain), McNaught, Neal, Hancock and Shortridge among the forwards, and Jarvis, Solomon and Hannaford of the backs, were perhaps the best of a team of very uniform standard.

The Third Grade team of 1924 were worthy representatives of their School, and on and off the field acted the part of gentlemen and sports. It was gratifying to those connected with the team to hear representatives of opponent schools speak always in terms of highest praise concerning the manly conduct of the team and of their fine sportsmanship and appearance on the field of play. Although the team did not win the competition, it added a little more to Fort Street's honour and reputation.

### FOURTH GRADE.

This team finished as "runner-up" to Parramatta, whose team we had beaten in the second round of the competition.

Our draws in the first round against North Sydney, Chatswood and Sydney High lost us the first place. Two at least of these matches were altogether in our favour at half-time, but lack of condition let the opposing team catch up in the second half. The obvious lesson for next season is, "Get into condition before competition matches start."

As is general among Fortians, all the matches were played in the true sporting spirit, even if sometimes raucous noises came from the depths of the scrums. There were no unpleasant incidents except the accident—quite a simple one—which caused our only casualty—the breaking of Crighton's leg.

Brown and Wales, as captain and vice-captain, were of great value to the team. The latter's goal kicking was a feature of the play. Beaumont also did fine work in that direction. Blanksby showed some magnificent dodging runs, and was the most frequent scorer throughout the season. His play shows very high promise. Partridge, as full-back, was much improved and scarcely failed his side once. Cook also showed much promise and played with great determination. Of the rest, it need only be said that one and all loyally supported their team on the practice ground and on the playing field—or off it.

With the year's experience and extra strength they should form the nucleus of a Third Grade team worthy of the old School's traditions.

### FIFTH GRADE.

This team is to be congratulated upon winning the competition. The victory was really achieved when North Sydney was defeated by 11 to 9, the result of a fine piece of work on the part of Peters and Melville in the final five minutes of the game.

The team was only defeated once, and scored 72 points to 27 scored against.

The outstanding players were Peters at half-back, Melville at centre, and McClure and Cummins in the forwards. Peters and Melville give promise of developing into worthy School representatives.

## CRICKET.

**FIRST GRADE.**

After uninterrupted successes throughout the season, the First Grade were very unfortunate to be beaten in the final match by North Sydney, thus losing the competition by one point. This defeat, however, was taken in true sporting spirit, a feature characteristic of the team throughout the year.

Results show that the team met with great success. Of the four matches played, three were won outright, the School winning by an innings in each case. The total number of runs scored by Fort Street were 834 for the loss of 38 wickets, whilst its opponents scored 602 runs for 70 wickets.

The season was notable for the production of outstanding individual performances. Britton topped the batting average at 93, his best effort resulting in 112 n.o. Godfrey, as well as being a valuable bowler, was second to Britton in the batting average, his best score being 47, scored at a time when runs were badly needed.

Carew's bowling showed great possibilities, whilst Smith proved a bowler to be reckoned with, gaining 7 wickets for 3 runs against Technical High. Cant batted with advantage to his side, whilst McKeivitt, the captain, proved an able leader and a good all-rounder.

The splendid fielding was perhaps the most pleasing feature of the season and attained a very high standard throughout.

Whilst the School regrets the loss of such a fine lot of fellows, there is a consolation in the fact that it will still have the services of Smith, Cant, Watts and Cohen. The experience gained by these players during this season should prove valuable to the First XI. of 1925.

**SECOND GRADE.**

Johns has proved himself to be the most reliable batsman in the team. He has batted consistently throughout the season, failing only once to reach double figures. He is also a useful change bowler.

Henry has performed creditably with bat and ball. His best effort to date was his good all-round play in the game against Randwick.

Wolfe seems to have been haunted by bad luck for the greater part of the season, but his not-out score against Central Technical revealed him in his true form. His score might have been considerably greater had he not been quite so casual in his methods.

Paul commenced the season well, batting and bowling with equal success; but since the re-opening of the competition he has not struck form.

Vernon gave great promise at the beginning of the year, but until the time of writing has failed to fulfil the expectations he evoked.

Moulton, a recruit from the Third Grade—promoted on account of his bowling—has fully justified his inclusion in the team.

Forsythe has proved that his early play was unreliable proof of his ability. He is an attractive batsman, and his recent bowling performances mark him as one of the stars of 1925. All the Central Technical batsmen were at sea when facing him.

Ferrier has filled the position of wicket-keeper, left vacant by Day, and has been very successful.

Oslington's bowling average would have been extraordinary had he remained in the team and bowled with the same success as he did in the match versus Petersham. At the end of that game he had taken 10 wickets for 30 runs.

The Second Grade competition is at a very interesting stage. Fort Street and Petersham Inter. High are leading with 17 points each, so that the results of the final matches will be awaited with considerable interest.

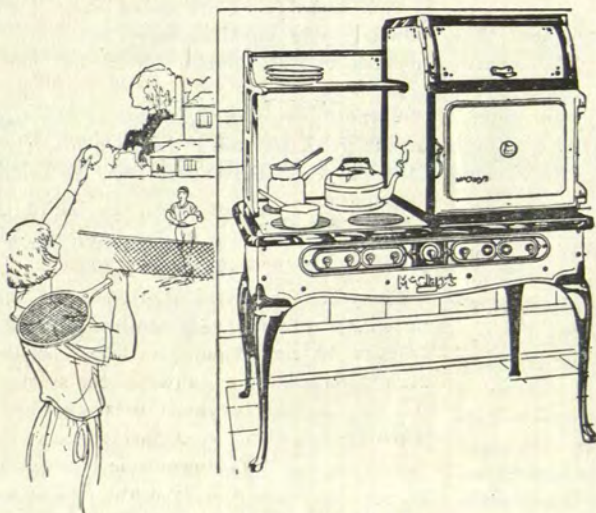
**THIRD GRADE.**

The Third Grade Eleven was most unfortunate in being eliminated from the semi-final round of the competition. The team had been leading up to the last match, when it yielded place to Burwood I.H.S.

Our failure seems to be due to the loss of bowlers who were urgently needed for senior teams. The system of draining one team for another is usual but unfortunate, and may next year be overcome by selecting, at the beginning of the season, a number of emergency players for each team.

Nevertheless the Thirds did very well, and the players gained good experience. Jarvis proved a fine captain and got good support from Solomon, Jenner, Tracy and other players whom we hope to see promoted to higher grades next year.

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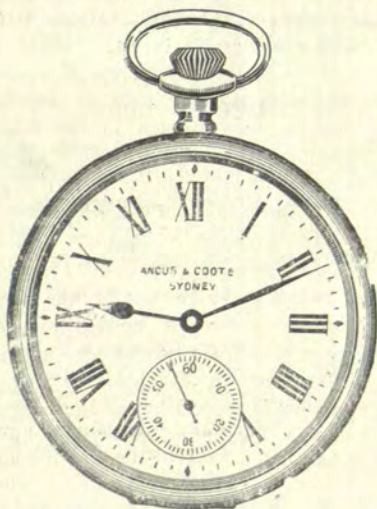
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## TENNIS.

The School won the A Grade by consistent good play. In fact, the only match to thoroughly test out our four was that against Central Technical. During the competition the team won 56 sets out of a possible of 64.

J. Horton won the High Schools' Championship Singles. He is possessed of excellent match temperament, fighting best when down and apparently beaten. He was the hero of the Central Technical match mentioned above. Then he, with G. Webb, were just beaten in the final of the High Schools' Doubles Championship by 8-7.

Horton and Webb were a little superior to their mates, in that they were rather more consistent. Horton's coolness was a big asset throughout. There is a possibility of the offer of a year's membership to the White City courts, and if he avails himself of this privilege he will go far in the game.

Both Rishworth and Hodge played very fine tennis in the competition. We are glad that we will retain the services of Hodge next year.

Of course, the 1B team were overshadowed by the prowess of the 1A, but they put up some very good performances. In two matches they

were handicapped by the absence of Clark, who is a remarkably steady player. Clark will also be with us next year. It seems a pity that out of the eight First Grade players only two will be available next year.

Both Second Grade teams played well during the season, and four or five of them should be able to play for the School again next year. Of these, Sundstrom is certainly the most promising, and with consistent practice with players of the right standard should be ready for the top grade.

Then a reserve team was kept fairly busy playing friendly games, and had a successful season. Altogether tennis has made remarkable progress during the year. Between 130 and 150 were engaged each week during the winter, and in this way we have been able to encourage the promising player and give him the opportunity as it occurred to represent the School. Cunningham, Clayton, Sinclair, Benson, Witheford, Beattie, Middleton and Hatfield are players from the First Year who have displayed some merit. Hickson and Gulliford are two others who should make big efforts to reach grade standard.

## ATHLETICS.

The Annual Sports Meeting was, from every point of view, a highly enjoyable and successful function, well in keeping with the general traditions of the School.

From the point of view of athletics, some fine performances were put up by individual competitors, and several new School records were made. Those deserving of special mention are:—

R. Britton, winner of Senior Cup.

G. Martin, winner of Junior Cup.

R. Hawkins, winner of "Under 14" Medal.

New records were as under:—

Senior Broad Jump, 19ft. 10in.—T. Armstrong.

Junior Broad Jump, 17ft. 7in.—G. Martin.

100 Yards School Championship, 10 1-5secs.—

R. Britton.

Senior High Jump, 5ft. 5in.—C. Ebert.

440 Yards Junior Championship, 58 1-5secs.—

G. Martin.

440 Yards Senior Championship, 55 4-5secs.—

R. Britton.

The general interest of the School in the sports as shown by the entries, which were

nearly treble those of last year, is very commendable.

The gathering of parents and friends, numbering well over a thousand, was highly satisfactory, and gave the organisers the feeling that at least the attendance at our sports is being looked upon as something more than a mere duty call.

Amongst the spectators was a big squad from our sister school—it is to be hoped that this will become a precedent for future years.

Financially the meeting leaves our Treasurer smiling. Starting out with the desire merely to have a sports meeting, of which we need not be ashamed, the Union was able also to place £30 in the bank as a result of its efforts.

This year the Committee introduced new features which have hitherto been lacking—for instance, whilst a band discoursed classical pieces which should have rejoiced the heart and ears of our School "masters," a refreshment tent, where goods were practically given away, developed social activities in which most of the non-runners were good starters.

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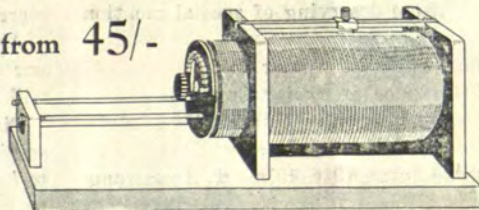
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