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# THE FORTIAN



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

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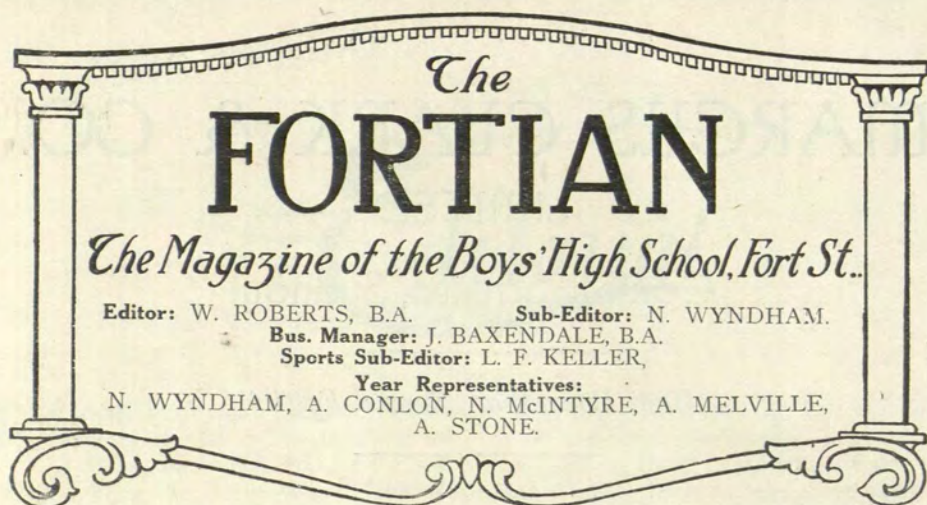
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## Editorial

**T**HE most important event in our school life this year was the opening of the Memorial Hall. The building itself is of a simple, yet stately, design, and is a fitting memorial, constantly before our eyes, of those noble sons of the school who fought in the Great War. They were truly "men whose fathers were men," and in their honour this noble building stands.

Apart from its significance in this respect, the Hall provides us with an Assembly Room in which the whole school may congregate as members of one community—of that little world which we call Fort Street School.

Individual boys know the members of their own class; they know, to a less degree, those boys of their own year; in the playground or on the quadrangle they see the boys of other years.

By coming together, in one great hall, for "general assembly" purposes, for community singing, for addresses of public men, we shall more fully realise that we are all members of the one body—that the First Year boy and the Senior are both factors in forming that great entity that we know as "The School."

In olden days, our Viking ancestors, in their first settlement in Britain, preserved for many years their ancient institution of the Folk Moot—the meeting of the people. They preserved a means for the expression of the spirit of the Anglo Saxons as one people. In like manner, these meetings from time to time in the Hall as one body will strengthen the feeling of common membership of a Great School.

We do not for a moment infer that without such a meeting place this spirit cannot exist. The past history of the school bears ample testimony to the vigour and influence of the school spirit.

The love of the old School is made manifest by the actions of so many of our old boys in hundreds of ways.

But the possession of a Hall such as ours must help to strengthen that spirit of kinship, of common membership of a great institution. The farewell to the Seniors provided a most striking illustration. As the departing Fifth Year students marched through that line of cheering school fellows, the applause that accompanied them came, and could have come only, from the hearts of boys who realised that these were their own kin, another company of that great host who bring honour to the name of Fort Street in all parts of the State.

May that school spirit continue through the ages, and may our Hall be to every boy—firstly, a Memorial to those brave Fortians who fought that we might live in peace and honour, and, secondly, a Hall where he and his fellows assemble as members of one great community.

## OLD BOYS AND THEIR DOINGS.

A Fort Street boy who has obtained a prominent position in journalism, is Eric Cullen Ward. He is to-day assistant managing editor of the San Francisco "Examiner," a very influential paper of Western America. Cullen Ward has the reputation of a first-class journalist, and is highly esteemed by the Hearst press.

Dr. Mervyn Elliott Smith and Dr. Douglas Parker, who have been abroad for the past two years doing post-graduate study in medicine, have gained the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. We heartily congratulate them on gaining such a very high distinction.

The Henry Coulson Scholarship for English II., at the Sydey University, has been won by H. W. Hogbin, one of our boys.

Selby Jenkins, who is now on his way to Europe to continue his studies in French, has been awarded the Jones Memorial Medal for 1924. This award is made annually to the most distinguished student of the Teachers' Training College.

Some of the Fortians who graduated in Engineering recently are engaged as follows:—A. E. Fraser is installing an electric plant at Nowra.

W. H. Stephenson is with the Kandos Cement Works, and is doing very well.

B. R. Newton Tabrett is Engineering Assistant in the Metropolitan Board of Water Supply and Sewerage.

Chas. Asshretton has been appointed to the position of Engineering Assistant to the Medical Officer of Industrial Hygiene.

We offer congratulations to Mr. R. N. McCulloch, who secured a Rhodes Scholarship for 1926.

Mr. McCulloch is a fourth-year student in the Faculty of Agriculture. He was born at Urana, New South Wales, in 1904—the son of Mr. C. H. McCulloch, a grazier of that district. In 1916 he passed the Qualifying Certificate examination from the Albury District School, and gained a bursary tenable at the local High School. He completed the first two years of

his secondary education at this school, passed his Intermediate examination there, and transferred to Fort Street High School early in 1919. In November, 1921, he passed the Leaving Certificate examination with first-class honours in Latin, English B, French A, mathematics I.A, mathematics II.A, history B, and physics B, and on the results of this examination he was awarded an exhibition and a bursary tenable in the Faculty of Agriculture. His record as a student is marked, as the following results show:—First year: Distinction in zoology I., credit in chemistry I., botany I., and geology I. Second year: High distinction in the principles of agriculture, distinction in agricultural chemistry I. and in agricultural geology. Third year: Distinction in genetics and plant breeding and in agricultural botany, credit in botany III. and in agricultural chemistry II. He should graduate this year. Mr. McCulloch played football at school, but when he entered the University he took up rowing. In his first year he rowed in several races, and finally in the 'Varsity eights during this and last year. He is a member of the Sports Union committee, and a delegate to the New South Wales Rowing Association and Olympic Council. This year he is captain of the club and stroke of the University eight. He has proved himself to be a man of character, possessing in a high degree initiative and public spirit. His activities in the boating club bear witness to his public spirit and capacity for leadership, besides showing his excellence in athletics. By reason of his being a cadet in the Department of Agriculture, he intends to devote his studies at Oxford mainly to entomological research in the Poulton School of Zoology. He expects to leave for England about August of next year.

—Extract from S.M.H.

R. N. McCulloch is the present "stroke" of the University eight, and has a very good chance for the stroke seat of the next Interstate crew. He is rowing in great form, and proving himself to be a man of good judgment. Since his first race last year he has been a consistent winner in fours and eights, in every case occupying the stroke seat.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

In the recent French Essay competition, conducted by the "Sunday Times," Arthur Harkness, of 5C, gained a prize as one of the first fourteen; and Eric Rosen, of 5B, received honourable mention. The judges commented on the many excellent essays that were received.

The Field Naturalists' Society held an exhibition last month, and among the exhibits presented a specimen of Iceland Spar, showing double refraction. This specimen was awarded to the school pupil giving the best explanation, and was won by Eric Lohse, of this school.

The annual Athletic meeting was held on August 26th at the Petersham Oval, and provided a very interesting and enjoyable day. The programme was well organised, and the majority of the events keenly contested.

On Friday, August 28th, following on the Athletic Carnival, a Sports Reunion Ball was held at the Audley Palais. This function gave an opportunity for the Old Boys to meet the present athletic champions. There was an excellent attendance of both sexes, and the dance proved a very enjoyable event.

Speech Day this year was held back in order to synchronise with the official opening of the

Memorial Hall on September 8th. An account of the function will be found in this issue.

During the year, as the result of various entertainments and sales of goods, we raised the sum of £70 for donations to hospitals. This sum has been disbursed as follows: Renwick Hospital, maintenance of the Fort Street Cot, £30; Lewisham Hospital, £10; Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, £5; Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children, £25.

The School has now portraits of all the Headmasters of Fort Street since 1852, with the exception of Mr. Harris, 1859-1862. These have been hung in the Library, and form an interesting link with the past.

The Hunter Memorial Tablet is nearing completion. The plaster tablet has been executed by Mr. Rayner Hoff, and will be forwarded to Italy this month, to be cast in bronze.

An excellent Concert was held in the Hall in October, in aid of the Hospital Fund. The items were given entirely by pupils of the School, and some very good talent was revealed. The School Orchestra, consisting of violins, flutes, cornet and drums, made its debut. Part songs were rendered in French and German.

---

 WESTWARD.

The summer day was fading into dusk,  
The shadows lengthened by the sighing trees,  
No sound the stillness of the even broke,  
Save for the rustle of a mournful breeze.  
And, like the splendour of the dying sun,  
The dusty roadway pointed to the west.

Among the shadows on the grassy sward,  
Beneath a gum-tree by the road he lay,  
A ragged figure, with a tattered swag,  
A shade amid the falling twilight gray.  
And like the splendour of the dying sun  
The work of his last day was almost done.

Oft had that dusty roadway called him on  
From hill to hill, across the sunburnt plain;  
Oft had he plodded in the brazen noon,  
And found a haven from the pelting rain.

But this was past; its joys for him were gone,  
And now his soul alone must travel on.

Ah, how he loved those joys that were no more:  
The scent of wattle on the spring winds borne,  
The ringing music of the magpie's call,  
The dewy sweetness of the early dawn;  
But now the crimson sun knelled out his life,  
No more to battle on this earthly strife.

And so, with eyes aglow, he watched the west,  
Where the long roadway mingled with the  
light;

And as the sunset paled in yonder sky,  
His soul departed with the coming night;  
And left the road, the sombre dark, behind,  
And westward floated on the mournful wind.

G. SCRADER, 4C.

## A VISIT TO COLOMBO.

(By COLIN BROWN.)

A MEMBER OF THE YOUNG AUSTRALIA LEAGUE PARTY TOURING EUROPE.

Saturday, 10th January, 1925.

At 4 a.m. I was awakened by some of the boys of our party climbing up on my bunk to look through the portholes. We were quite close to Colombo, and all excitement to set foot on foreign soil. The myriad pin points of lights twinkled along its water-front. The ship's photographer took a flashlight photo of them. A faint glow heralded the approach of dawn, and by its light we could see a pilot boat, with a row boat in tow, coming towards us. It headed a course parallel to ours, and passed close to us at a high speed, and when level it slipped the row boat, which was carried forward by its own momentum, and came alongside. It was of a native style, and manned by six natives dressed in a kind of sailor dress.

There is a big breakwater at Colombo, through which the pilot guided us, and we anchored inside. On the right hand breakwater, on the extreme end, is a big lighthouse. Further in towards the shore is the pilot station. Further, is a huge travelling crane.

Presently the sun rose, and we could see Colombo clearly, and a lovely sight it was. There were many vessels in this artificial harbour. Three, like us, were flying the yellow flag at the mast, showing they had just arrived, and were waiting to be passed by the doctor. We donned our uniforms, and after breakfast boarded a big launch to go ashore. Soon after we had anchored a swarm of native boats and launches surrounded the boat, and a crowd of natives came aboard and started unloading the cargo. One distinguished-looking native gave me a card containing much valuable information about Colombo. Breakfast was soon finished, and at 9.45 our launch threaded its way through the fleet of craft and headed for the shore. We disembarked at a big stone jetty, and marched through the European business quarter, past a park, the shipping offices, and the banks, to the Y.M.C.A. building—a huge grey stone building.

Here we left our capes, and outside boarded a fleet of rickshaws, surrounded by a crowd of gaping natives, who were kept under control by native policemen, who are very smart, and, seemingly, have considerable authority.

We were soon in the native quarter. There seemed to be "shops" everywhere. The street we went down was very ill-kept and narrow, and yet was a sort of main street, as it boasted a tram-line. At frequent intervals we passed narrow side-lanes, which were crowded with peculiar waggons, covered with grass-matting, and drawn by oxen, or crowded with natives passing from one "hole," as one might say, to another. I thought I possessed a pretty good faculty of direction, but in five minutes I was absolutely lost in the maze.

Rickshaws are available for hire at ten or fifteen cents an hour, and as five cents equal rd. it is cheap transport.

At nearly every third shop there stood a girl or boy with a rack of vertical parallel wires, between which were little bundles. It was betelnut, wrapped in green leaves, and the majority of the natives who were actually engaged in work were chewing this red nut. The teeth and mouth of nearly every Ceylonese are dyed red. The habit is practically the same as the American chewing gum, and with it the natives can work hard, and yet only need one meal a day. The "shops" are all very small, consisting only of a three-walled room, the fourth side being open to the street. Each specialises in its own kind of goods, i.e., one shop sells hats only, and nothing else, another pottery, and so on. "Refreshment shops" are very numerous, but the stock of each consists of about three bundles of bananas, a few coconuts, and a basket of grass-green oranges—which last-named, nevertheless, have a lovely flavour—three bottles of cool (?) drinks, the inevitable betelnut, and several jars of native toffee.

These shop-people always ask much higher prices for their wares than they eventually get, at least from those who know their warty ways. You go up to one and ask: "How much?" Say it is a little black ivory elephant, which you consider is worth 2/6, and he says: "Fifteen shillin'," you say quietly: "That's no good to me—no"—"Ten shillin' then"—you say: "No."—"oh, I poor man, but you can have it for seven shillin' sic pen."—"No."—"Oh, I can't give it away, I got big family." "Very well," you say, "I'll go somewhere else," and you walk out. He chases you and says, with real tears in his eyes: "I let you have it for five shillin'." You say: "No."



"Well," now almost crying: "You can have it for two shillin' sic pen." "Righto," you say, pay him, and take the "jumbo."

No two natives were dressed alike, except those of middle and old age, who seemed to have important positions. These were dressed in long white clothes, had their hair done like a European woman's, and wore a circular comb in their hair.

After threading miles of narrow streets, and seeing every phase of native city life, we came to the Kotchana Temple. We first saw a white dome protected by an iron fence. Behind was what looked like an ordinary house with a peculiar pagoda roof. This held many sacred curios and pictures. On the other side of the dome was the Temple, an old stone building, very dilapidated and dusty inside, which also contained sacred objects, such as books, jewels, caskets, and many jewelled statuettes of different sizes of Buddha. Orange-robed priests, with shaven heads, went in and out the place, giving it an old-world atmosphere.

We presently left again in the rickshaws, and

soon came to the European residential quarter. The roads were wide, beautifully kept, and bordered with lovely trees. The houses, built for coolness were set well back from the road, and, in some cases, entirely hidden by trees. The front fence is at most a very low stone wall, about 2 or 3 feet high, without a gate. All the doors and windows are always left open, evidence of trust in native honesty. Every resident has his name on a brass plate on one of the gate posts; there are posts, but no gates. At frequent intervals narrow lanes, bordered by trees, branch off at right angles. They are very pretty, and the whole gives a strong impression of an English countryside. At the more pretentious dwellings a rickshaw stood near the entrance, and here and there were well-dressed native gardeners, and native nurses minding white children. Often washerwomen, balancing huge bundles on their heads, were seen.

Presently we reached the Museum. Near the entrance there was a native conjuror, who promised to stay until we came out of the building. The Museum is a huge building of white stone,



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and is very nice inside. We had to hurry through, however. One very interesting exhibit was a series of perfect little wax models of natives in every stage of the social life of Ceylon. We again met the conjuror at the entrance, and with his crude apparatus, seated on the ground, surrounded by spectators, he did some amazing tricks. One was that of planting a seed in the ground, covering it with a cloth, raising the cloth, and there was a young green mango tree about two feet high.

We passed on, still through the European dwelling district, passing some very beautiful homes. Further on we passed the Slave Island Railway Station, which is similar to one of our country platforms, enclosed by a big black structure of iron and wood. On the other side of the station we turned at right angles to our left, passing the Empire Hotel—another Hotel Australia—on the corner, but instead of cabs and motor cars, it had a fleet of rickshaws in front, and all the men pulling them wore a red turban, khaki shirt, and red pants as a uniform.

We passed along the promenade, a wide red-metalled drive, parallel to the beach, which is spoilt of its swimming facilities by a line of rocks just a few yards out from the water's edge. There were plenty of fishermen, however. Just after the beach we entered the city again, and were soon back at the Y.W.M.C., where we had dinner. It is well worth mentioning the courses. The first was fried eggs, the second fish (about the best I have ever had), the third meat and vegetables, the fourth a big plate of paw-paw, which is very like our rock-melon, the fifth a big plate of pineapple, and lastly, iced lime-juice—the dinkum stuff. Immediately after lunch, having received our pocket money, in rupee notes, we left in motor buses for Mount Levinya, passing through what seemed like jungle, but having European and native dwellings here and there on each side.

At frequent intervals clusters of shops were passed. Generally they consisted of a fruit shop, a butcher's, a kind of ironmongery store, and a "cafe" (?) alongside which, in many cases, was a clump of cocoanut palms, whence the natives got their supply of cocoanuts. After an hour's run we reached our destination. We alighted at the Mount Levinya Hotel, where we were con-

finied by the rain. The hotel proprietor carried on a large store of curios, and many articles splendidly worked in tortoise-shell, which, judging by the number of purchases, despite the high prices, is very profitable. We had tea, the courses being similar to those at dinner. After, the waiters came up and asked for money straightout as their tips.

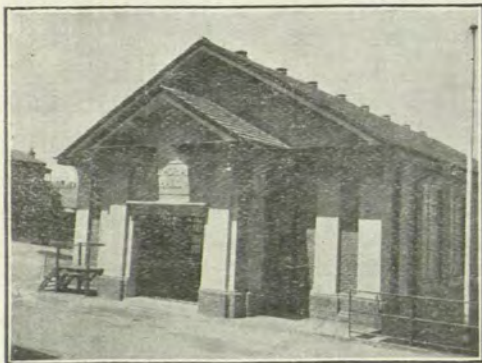
We left at 6 in the buses, and reached the Y.M.C.A. at 7, when we were given leave till 8.40, and dismissed. Our party went along to Chatham Street, the street of curio shops, where some of the boys made purchases. We looked round till 8.30, when we each engaged a rickshaw to the fruit markets, where we made further purchases. I got four and a half dozen beautiful bananas for 1/6 (one rupee), and three large pineapples for thirty cents (2d. each). They don't serve the fruit in paper bags, but in grass-woven sacks, the size of a sugar bag. It was very funny seeing the boys returning to the boat with these slung over their shoulders. As I was going along a street a native offered to tatoo me, saying: "Good tatoo, I put it on you it never come off." But I wasn't having any.

We boarded the rickshaws again, and went on down to the jetty, where we rejoined the main body of our party. At 9 our launch left the jetty with all-aboard, and we stepped on to the "Jervis Bay" at 9.5. Here our time was engaged in putting away our purchases and fixing up our laundry, which had just come aboard, and we were on deck again just in time to see the departure at 10. In a few minutes we were outside the breakwater, and after that the blanket of darkness enveloped all the last glimpses of Colombo. It was hard to sleep that night, because of our multitudinous thoughts, which, set in a new channel by our first day in a foreign land, kept revolving in our minds.

We had read and been told much of Colombo, and drew fancy mental pictures, but what we saw there far exceeded all ideas pictured by us, and all was intensely interesting and instructive, and although we had several other interesting countries in our itinerary yet to be visited, we could not imagine any of them to more keenly interest us than Colombo, and already at our departure we were looking forward to seeing it again on our return.

## OPENING OF MEMORIAL HALL.

The official opening of the Memorial Hall was performed by Mr. S. H. Smith, Director of Education, on September 8th, in the presence of a very large gathering of parents and friends.



The Headmaster presided, and briefly introduced the Director, who then unveiled the Memorial Tablet, on which is inscribed the name of those Old Boys of the School who laid down their lives in the Great War. The large audience of visi-

tors and scholars stood to attention while the Last Post was sounded, and Mr. Smith, with a few well-chosen words, released the flag that veiled the tablet.

The Director then gave a most impressive address, reviewing the progress of the School, its influence in the community and the aims of our educational system. In the course of his remarks Mr. Smith referred to the excellent list of former Headmasters, and laid particular stress upon the great value rendered to the State by Mr. Kilgour during his many years as Headmaster.

Mr. Smith then declared the Hall open, speaking eloquently of the debt that we owe to those old Fortians who gave their services in defence of our liberties, and commending the excellent form which our Memorial has taken.

Speech Day this year was held back to synchronise with the opening of the Memorial Hall. At the conclusion of Mr. Smith's address the Headmaster presented his report on the work of the School for the year 1924.

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## "MEMORIES."

Sitting by the fire one night my thoughts chanced to wander. They carried me back to the days of my childhood.

There, dancing before me in the flames, were the companions of my younger days. How sweet are those days when one is able to drink in the beauties of nature, without having to care about the troubles of the world.

Oh, how the pretty little flowers in the meadows delighted us as we tripped lightheartedly over the greens, gathering the little buttercups and daisies as we went.

How we used to love to sit and watch the little stream dashing its way over the boulders to join the river, which tranquilly wended its course through the valley lower down.

But even in our little days there came dark sorrow. Our little mate, who had sung with us, ran with us, laughed with us, and sometimes cried with us, had gone. They told us (those who were older) that he would be, oh, so happy,

but we were sad, for we had lost a friend. But the wound soon heals in hearts like those, and so we went on our little ways.

Do you remember how we used to love to sit on top of the old hay-cart, as the big horses (and oh what beauties they were) pulled the hay to where the stacks were to be built?

And then, perhaps, sometimes we would go to the blacksmith's to have the horses shod. Didn't we think the blacksmith a grand fellow? What muscles he had! And couldn't he make the sparks fly? What fun it was watching the sparks! Why, this was one of our greatest pleasures.

Then at night, when shadows began to lengthen, and little eyes grew weary, what a sweet joy it was to be sung to sleep by the sweetest voice singing the sweetest song in the world!

The fire has flickered, and once more my thoughts return to reality, but oh those memories.

A. J. BURGESS, 3A.

## veneer.

While visiting Kyogle recently, during school hours, it was my fortune to recognise an old acquaintance, who, wishing that I should see as much of the town as possible, began to point out to me the different places of interest—banks, stores, churches, the post office and other public centres, including the bowling green and tennis courts, which, by the way, are both lit by electricity. After viewing these I was shown the butter factory, and last, but not least the "Veneer" factory.

This immediately arrested my attention, and my friend, seeing that I was deeply interested in the mechanism outside the factory, asked if I would be pleased if he showed the inside machinery to me. I directly accepted the offer, and followed him indoors.

My first impression on the inside was that of finely powdered wood coming in contact with the membranes of the nose, but, becoming accustomed to this, the first part of the process lay before me, and since this is the most interesting and important pursuit carried on in this town, I shall endeavour to describe it briefly.

The logs are cut into six-foot lengths, and soaked in boiling water for twelve hours. They are then fastened singly to a lathe, which revolves and causes them to come in contact with a sharp blade, which peels off the wood, as though unwinding a roll of paper. These wood peelings are run out on to a bench about twenty feet in length, and from there they proceed on a moving chain along another bench, at the end of which is fixed the "guillotine," a sharp, knife-like cutter, through which the peelings pass and are cut into widths as required. The thickness of these peelings can be adjusted from one sixteenth of an inch upwards, according to the use for which they are intended.

From the "guillotine" the strips are placed in racks centrally set in a drying room, having at one end of it hot steam pipes, through which air passes, and is drawn on through the racks by exhaust fans, composed of aeroplane propellers, fixed at the other end. When the peelings are dry they are passed between two circular saws, which trim the sides and ends in readiness for glueing—the sheets are then about five feet by three feet—which is done in the following manner. One full-sized peeling is laid down on a table, and three pieces measuring about three feet long by twenty inches wide, are passed

through rollers, over which a yellow viscous paste is running, and are then taken and placed on the large sheet, so as to be transverse in grain, then another large sheet is placed on top of these peelings. These three peelings then form one layer. A number of these layers are clamped down so as to ensure that each three peelings will be glued together, and are then dried thoroughly and put through the planer, which smooths the surfaces as required. The timber is then ready for distribution.

The paste mentioned above is a special mixture, and is prepared by the "Casein" Manufacturing Co., at Lismore, N.S.W., from the waste milk coming from the dairying company. It is sold in a dry powder at twenty pence a pound in tins holding about fifty pounds. The mixture contains a large amount of caustic soda, necessitating the use of rubber gloves by those handling it.

For ordinary purposes, such as lining for cupboards, wardrobes, and such like, only the three peelings to a layer are necessary. This wood is known as "Three-ply Veneer," but where greater thickness and strength is required, five or more, up to thirteen and fourteen, peelings may be taken to a layer, such as in use in pianos. When over three peelings are used to the layer the wood is called "Ply-wood." The best quality wood is used for the outside pieces, and the inside peelings generally comprise the inferior ones. Furthermore, "Three-ply Veneer" or "Ply-wood" is stronger than ordinary wood of that thickness, as it will not split.

In this factory almost all local soft woods are used, such as cedar, white and red; maple; hoop-pine; rosewood, white ash, and walnut. Of the imported woods, by far the most important is the American oregon. "Veneer" timber is not the sole product of this factory; from the waste material boards for fruit cases are cut out, and the match boxes and sticks for the noted "Bry-mays" matches are made.

Having wended our way back to the station, the rail-motor was seen ready to carry us to further fields. After a little while it commenced the journey with its weary load leaving, twenty-six miles from the Queensland border a neat little town set in the midst of beautiful surroundings, with green-carpeted hills well watered by an ice-cold gently-flowing stream.

T. F. HOWIESON, 3B.

## PLAY DAY.

Our Fifth Annual Play Day was held on September 15th, and was a greater success than ever. In previous years the plays have been presented in the open-air, but this year the fine hall, recently erected as a memorial to the old Fortians that fell in the Great War, served admirably for the exposition of the dramatic ability of our boys. The productions gained considerably when seen from the comfortable rows of chairs in the hall, though there was such a large attendance of parents and friends, that most of the boys had to stand. This, however, speaks well

ham, 5C, McIntyre and Lawrence, 3C, Watkins, 3B, Solomons, 2D, Thompson, 1D, Hamilton and Nicholls, 1C.

The actors themselves acquitted themselves excellently. In all the productions the dialogue was bright, in many instances clever, and preserved well the original characterisation. Quite a large number of our boys exhibited, notably good histrionic ability, and it is difficult to choose outstanding performances. The plays, briefly enumerated, were:—

"Mr. Pickwick in Trouble" (1A players), pro-



for the interest taken in this popular fixture in our school activities.

Twenty-one plays were presented in two sessions, morning and afternoon, each of which extended over three hours.

The plays covered a very wide range—dramas, comedies and scenes from Shakespeare, Thackeray and Dickens. One admirable feature was the number of adaptations by the boys themselves of the works of authors read as part of the school studies. These embryo authors are to be highly commended for their efforts, and we take this opportunity of giving a special word of praise to Cohen, 5B, Hyde and Wynd-

duced by Harman; "The Duke and the Charcoal Burner" (1B players), produced by Scott; "Kraipale," adapted from "The Hill," by Hamilton and Nicholls (1C players), produced by Lane; "Righted Misdemeanours" (1D players), adapted from "The Hill," by K. Thompson; "Orlick's Revenge," from "Great Expectations" (2A players), organised by Partlett; "Don Quixote" (2B players), produced by Keys and Page; "The Keys of Calais" (2C players), produced by Michelson; "Wine for La Guillotine" (2D players), adapted from "The Tale of Two Cities," by Solomons, produced by Martin; "Merchant of Venice" (3A players), produced by

Gorringe; "A Scene from Kenilworth" (3B players), adapted by Watkins, produced by Davis; "Troy Town" (3C players), adapted by McIntyre and Lawrence, produced by Longmuir; "The Grand Chorus Diamond," by J. J. Bell (4A players), produced by Grant; "A Night at an Inn," by Lord Dunsary (4B players), pro-

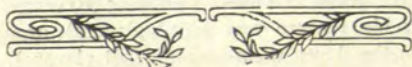
Bors in the Wars," adapted from Morte d' Arthur, by Hyde and Wyndham, produced by Lumsden. This list gives a fair indication of the range of our productions. The one-act plays, such as "Hyacinth Halvey," "The Grand Cham's Diamond," "A Night at an Inn," are pieces which call for a delicate understanding, and a



duced by Dunlop; "L'Enfant Volé," French play (4B players), produced by Howard; "Hyacinth Halvey," Lady Gregory (4C players), produced by Hornibrook; "The Man in the Bowler Hat," A. A. Milne (4C players), produced by Gowthorpe; "Bei Tisch," German play, (4C players); "Coriolanus" (5A players), produced by Isaacs; "Injured Innocence," adapted from "The Newcomers," by Cohen and Blessing (5B players), produced by Cohen; "Nerves," John Farrar (5C players), produced by Martin; "Sir

very high tribute to the skill of the boy actors was given by the tense silence of the audience.

The costumes and make-up of the actors were splendid, and we owe a debt to Mr. Bauer for his untiring services in this respect. The organisation of this large programme of plays in the hands of Mr. Roberts and members of the staff, was excellent in every way. There were no defays, and the audience highly appreciated a very creditable exposition of this valuable branch of Fort Street's school activities.



## FROM GOLD TO WHEAT.

On entering many of our larger towns of the West, we cannot help noticing the large number of mounds of dirt thrown up around old mining shafts. This observation, which is particularly evident in such towns as Young, Grenfell, Temora, and Wyalong, immediately casts one's mind back to the days when these towns were converted from mere quiet and peace-



ful countrysides to busy centres of industry, happiness and wealth, by the sudden discovery of gold.

One can easily imagine the rush that took place to the district where it was rumoured that gold was probably obtainable—Gold! For many thousands of years had it remained dormant in the bowels of Mother Earth, waiting for the ingenuity of man to locate and extract it from its bed of unexplored wealth. But now in the early 'sixties by mere chance it was discovered, and then the rush began. As all roads nowadays, so far as the Mohammedans are concerned, lead to Mecca, so in these early days, all roads led to the goldfields. Vehicles of every sort and description, corresponding to those who travelled in them rushed as quickly as possible along the roads, bearing not only their human freight, but also all conceivable and inconceivable manner of things. Horses, cows, goats, pigs, dogs and poultry, all formed part of this continuous procession.

The enormous influx of people changed the settlement, probably a mere camping place, into a beehive of industry, hundreds of miners working feverishly in their eager quest for that

elusive magnet which has drawn men from the ends of the earth in its quest, which has made men leave lucrative positions in their desire to obtain a nugget which would make them rich beyond their dreams of avarice.

Within probably two years the rush was over. The miners gradually drifted away, some to follow their will-o'-the-wisp in other rushes, some to carry their swag for ever, and others to enter a new course of life.

And now, having pictured all this, one is surprised to notice that perhaps one or two, or probably none, of these old shafts are now worked. The thought necessarily rises in one's mind that the search for that same elusive magnet has left stranded many good men, many to become wreckage on life's ocean, the flotsam and jetsam of the world—such is the lure for gold in a gold rush. It makes some. It breaks some. It saves some. It ruins more, but above all, it has made these country towns what they are—the centres of Australia's great industries. For still, the districts are of golden opportunities. Now it is the golden grain that supports the population, and all around one sees undulating land showing a brown and gold, broken only by paddocks that have been turned to fallow, the red soil standing out with beautiful effects against its framework of crops. Harvesters, strippers and headers hum the song of the wheat, their passage crowned by a thin trail of dust, and their work marked by bags of precious grain waiting to be garnered and stacked. The miners' tents are replaced by the homesteads with their green orchards and gardens, reflecting the comfort and prosperity of the country idyll.

—K. E., 4C.



## THE FRONT LAWN.

With what envy does the small first-year boy regard the seniors! "Lucky fellows," thinks he, "fancy being able to go on the front lawn!" So thought I, when in the days of my long-past boyhood I first regarded them lounging on the lawn. Now, an old, reverent senior, I am completely disillusioned. The lawn is abominable.

At noon on the day following the departure of the fifth-year fellows, I languidly walked down the main steps, lunch in hand, and strolled across the beautiful (?) gravel (??) path to the lawn. (The attentive reader will doubtless notice the marks of interrogation, one after the word "beautiful"—thus—"beautiful(?)," and two after the word "gravel"—thus—"gravel(??)."

These are meant to add to the heavy sarcasm of the words "beautiful gravel path," for the path is neither beautiful nor gravelled—it may have been once.)

Walking up to a group of my mates, I cast round for a suitable place on which to deposit my form. I espied one, and sank down. The next moment the welkin resounded with a piercing shriek. Universal consternation reigned. The traffic halted, passengers craned their necks out of the windows of 'buses; my comrades leapt to their feet, and exclaimed with one voice: "What's all the row about?" Turning to them

with outstretched hands, and with tears running down my face, I moaned, "Prickles!" My heart was broken. I was disillusioned. The front lawn, which I had regarded with envy and pride, was full of prickles!

But we Seniors keep it a dark secret. No junior suspects it—we are still envied. And if any cheeky junior dares to tread the front lawn we quickly drive him away. Why do we drive him away? Because we begrudge him the pleasure of being on the lawn? No! Because we do not wish him to ascertain the real state of affairs, because, in short, we like to be envied. We would much rather be envied than pitied.

So when any presumptuous junior trespasses, we, as said before, drive him away. We throw things at him—not material objects—but deadly words. We say: "Hullo, what class might you be in—sonny?" Then we look at him; that usually suffices. Alas! if we only dared throw a pie.

No more shall our dinner-hour be enlivened by the whizzing of pasties and oranges (partly consumed). No more shall the air resound to the shouts of: "Who's the silly ass that shot that?" No, we are seniors, and we are on the Front Lawn.

—A. R., 4C.





## A DAY DREAM AT THE PYRAMIDS.

Standing on a mound of stone chippings, (numerous heaps of which lie about the base of the pyramid) on the slope above the small and insignificant village of Mena, I felt spellbound by the immensity of this stupendous edifice, which reared up before me like a colossal mountain, its apex thrust 450 feet into the azure of the sky.

Encompassing three sides, and stretching as far as the eye could see, the illimitable heat-tortured sands lay writhing beneath the fierce rays of the sun. Yonder, behind where the lazy Nile meanders beneath a picturesque fringe of stately palms, lies quaint and fantastic Cairo, the city of wonder and of mystery, where the memorable characters of fairy stories leap from the dead, white, pages and live—pulsing and throbbing—in this Eastern city of charm and romance. Held, as if hypnotised, by the majestic grandeur and magnificence of the pyramid, I passed into a bewildering coma.

The crude noises of the present day dissolved; my eyes ceased to function; and I felt myself slowly sink into oblivion.

Waking up with a start, I gazed about, and found, much to my astonishment, that I had been carried back to the time of the Pharaohs—when the world seemed comparatively young, though then the sun flamed as fiercely and the stars shed the same dazzling brilliance as today.

Egypt of centuries ago! Ay! What a scene! Like a slide it flashed before me, leaving me breathless. Kings and queens, soldiers and citizens, passed in stately array. Princes became kings, ascended to the heights of glory, then faded into the mist, and were gone forever, as a star fades in the strengthening glory of a new day.

Tutankhamen, at the height of his power, passes across the sands of time, in a golden, diamond-studded chariot, glittering beneath the sun; whilst under his rule Egypt thrives, his soldiers conquer, and the Nile, full-bosomed with the winter rains, sweeps through the country.

Oh, Egypt, the prolific! Egypt, the luxuriant! The resounding cry sweeps through the land. Suddenly the scene fades—Lady Night gently waves her wand, and the mysterious darkness envelopes all; the desert, stretching into the vast unknown, lies sleeping under the influence of her spell. But to me, standing there solitary in the darkness,

it seems apprehensive and fearful; so quiet beneath the dazzling scintillation of the stars, which seem to hang like myriad, twinkling eyes, peeping through a vast canopy.

With quite a little trepidation, I behold the African night, and am enveloped in its mystery and enchantment.

It is too much. I close my eyes and sigh. Behold, the scene has changed. Egypt lies in mourning—the King has passed into the land of the Scarab—death reigns supreme.

But suddenly the deathly silence is broken; music flows from the harps.

The people sing, and the reverberating boom of the drum rolls across the desert, proclaiming Cheops as King. He mounts the throne, the brass cymbals sound, and holding the rushlight of success high above his head, he maps out the future destiny of the land.

Under his pleasant guidance the Egyptians rejoice, manners change, art and writing are taken up, breathless stories and gallant songs now fill every heart with renewed ambition.

And now it is that the stupendous mind fantasy of Cheops blossoms forth into full maturity. The greatest mathematicians of the land submit to him a plan, and the marvellous pyramid to be named after its triumphant builder is commenced.

Loud were the cries of the slaves employed, and long were the hours they worked—by day beneath the fierce glare of the sun, and at night beneath the star-spangled heavens, while a million tiny eyes blinked encouragement. The river of Time flowed on, and slowly the pyramid took shape.

Thirty years had passed, thirty years of toil and agony, and now the great task was completed; the last huge stone was laid on the lofty summit; whilst Cheops, now old and weary, stood shaking with joyous emotion above the vast multitudes that had come to witness the final scene.

His fairy castle was completed; his life ambition was reached, for he had constructed something that would stand impervious to the devastating powers of centuries—something that would be an everlasting monument to a remote age, showing the unequalled skill and perfection of engineers and designers.

Ay! and an everlasting mark of the tremendous power and eternal hope of himself, the greatest monarch the world had seen.

But with startling suddenness, my dream thread severed, the multitudes vanished into the heated air, leaving me there alone, and I was surprised to find a dirty, ill-kept hand resting on my sleeve. Turning, I beheld a figure, dressed in rags and tatters, his brown, coarse face raised towards mine. I turned away, but I heard a voice whisper close to my ear, "Bucksheesh," Bucksheesh!"

This dirty son of Mahomet! What insolence he had talking to me?

Surely he must have seen the light of battle in my eyes, for with the deftness and speed of an arrow, he disappeared behind a group of weedy, shaggy-coated camels.

Seating myself, I attempted to collect my thoughts, but the Three Sisters had intervened, and despondently I returned to our car, to await the return of my friends, who had gone down to interview the Sphinx.

From the seat of the car I looked once more at Cheops, now classed amongst the seven wonders of the world—a past wonder, a present wonder, and a future wonder—and so it will still stand shrouded in history when you and I are

gone. Nations may change, kin may die, people may perish, the sun may grow cold, and the universe slow down. Even then, the pyramid will stand, erect and beautiful till the last day, when the universe dissolves into the air. Then will it fall, as a tall pine, dead and finished, snaps before the gale—its purpose served.

And so I have come to the conclusion, that there is such a thing as re-incarnation, and that spirits always live, transferring from one body to another as they pass down the ages.

Therefore, perhaps what I saw was not an ordinary dream, but a review of what my spirit has seen.

Six thousand years ago, in the form of an Egyptian soldier, I had watched the pyramid being erected, and so when, 6000 years later, I return to the same site, the spirit, finding itself in familiar surroundings, breathes into my mind the life it led long ago.

Is this feasible? It is a problem which cannot be solved. Therefore, reader, I leave it to your judgment.

—R. G. McCREDIE.

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## ODE TO WATTLE.

Sweet blossoms,  
Gently gliding,  
On the limpid skies of blue,  
Falling from the branches  
When the wind sighs through.  
Gold blossoms,  
Softly lying,  
On the crystal pool,  
And the white clouds flying  
O'er the surface cool.  
Pale blossoms,  
Sadly rustling,  
In the moonlit glade,  
Catching gleams of silver  
Till the moonlight fade.  
Fair flow'rs of spring, gay fairies of the sun,  
Why leave us now? thy time has just begun?  
Ah, mortal!  
Sweet the spring,  
And bright the summer following;  
Our short life is but a day.  
On the winds we float away,

To the damp earth falling;  
The same birds that hailed our bloom,  
Knell us to our dewy tomb,  
In the green woods calling.  
Gold blossoms,  
Borne along,  
On the airy breath of song,  
Whither goest floating free,  
On the wings of melody?  
Far, far,  
To the star,  
On the moonbeams palely bright,  
Far and wide,  
On the tide,  
Like the seafoam gleaming white,  
Dead blossoms,  
Slowly dropping,  
Tell of fragrant summer air,  
For spring is slowly dying,  
With the wattle on her hair.

—G. SCHRADER.

## A MIRAGE.

One of the most charming scenes that may be seen in Australia is the mirage. Beautiful to look at, yet fatal in its nature, the mirage has been the death of many a "new hand" in the vast and empty spaces of our Central Australia.

Along the Broken Hill-White Cliffs main road once were seen two dust-covered, thirsty clergymen. They were on a tour of inspection of a great outback mission. They had a few days previously visited Broken Hill, and were now on their return journey, thankful that a few days would find them home.

Their sturdy Overland motor car was quickly, I say quickly, as compared with the old, fast-disappearing coach, eating up the miles along the never-ending, dust-covered road. On either side of the road, stretched the endless sand plains, carrying no vegetation whatsoever, except for a few stunted salt-bushes. This was an ideal place for a mirage, and it came upon them, but not in the form that they expected. When about twenty miles from White Cliffs, the senior clergyman, Rev. F——, was astounded to see, far ahead on the horizon, snow-capped

mountains. He quickly drew the attention of his other friend, Rev. D——, to the scene. The latter, who had traversed the road several times, was utterly astounded at this new mountain in the centre of New South Wales. But there it was, its jagged snow-capped peaks jutting out into the sky. Truly it was a sight to refresh the tired, hot and thirsty traveller.

They kept this scene in view for some miles, and then it disappeared as quickly as it had come, and it was not till the clergymen were within a few miles of White Cliffs that the mystery was solved.

The stone, from which the precious opal, which made White Cliffs a thriving trade centre, was obtained, was dazzling white in colour. These stones had been carted away from White Cliffs and piled in uneven heaps. The sun's rays, having no heavenly obstacle to hinder them, shone on these heaps in such a manner that the reflected light formed this mirage. The snow-capped peaks of that mysterious mountain were in reality the white uneven white stone heaps of White Cliffs.

—H. THEOBALD.



## BUSH MUSIC.

O'er valleys and gorges of dim misty blue,  
There comes a sound sweetly, a-calling for you.  
'Tis the song of the thrushes by gullies and  
streams,  
Only hushed when the moon sheds its radiant  
beams.

It sings to you blithely of wattle and gum,  
Of myrtles and myalls, where the honeybees hum  
As they gather their store from the dew-laden  
flow'rs,  
And rejoice with the thrush in the morning's still  
hours.

Our valleys and glades resound with the song  
Of the thrush, as he trills the whole summer  
long,  
And the music of bush-birds is sweeter to me  
Than the chords of an organ in grand symphony.

R. M. JONES.

## SERENITY.

A child is listening to a fairy tale,  
A simple story, told in childlike way,  
Of dainty elves and nimble sprites at play  
Amid great sombre woods, of fairies frail:

Of handsome princes decked in glit'ring mail,  
Whom scaly dragons fight in deadly fray,  
Of ugly dwarfs, quaint folk and pixies gay,  
And other flights of fancy that prevail.

Then slowly all these visions, all this throng  
Of fairies, witches, goblins, fade away,  
As drowsy slumber stealthily creeps along,  
To slowly carry off his youthful prey.

How bright with childhood bliss once shone those  
eyes,  
How calm that smile that o'er his features lies.

G. DANCE, 4C.

## INCIDENTS OF THE THIRD YEAR PICNIC.

The alarm-clock rivalled Mr. Fogo's as it whirred at the hour of five. Mille tonnerres! Picnics mean fagging in the cold, grey dawn, when all sons of industry keep to their beds—at least on Saturday morns—and it was with an unfavourable aspect that I engaged Caesar hand-to-hand. I was vanquished in time to have fled to Central by 7.30, where a few more recruits to the Cause of Picnics had gathered to add their names to the ticket-list. Then came the first qualm—the day had dawned cloudy, and though directions as to hour and platform had been concise, some five had appeared at eight o'clock. Most arrived about three minutes before the train went; some arrived three seconds before the train went; T. B. McInerney arrived as the train went, and Fairy arrived after the train went. However, at Loftus all were yet intact, but the sprinters of the party were soon out of sight, so that the last boat away was necessarily select. Here again, Thos. B. was in evidence, for while we brought further provisions on to the weir, he went for a boat.

Now, Gundagai is doubtless a fine place, but boats do not appear to enter into the programme there, for not even its most illustrious sons know the ethics of boats. Thus our representative

reached mid-stream, while we shouted directions. Under his capable guidance, the boat maintained a tendency to rotate in the same place. Some considerable time found us still shouting directions, while the boat was still rotating, some little way closer to shore, but we eventually got away when the other boats were out of sight. For some time we met the bank at frequent intervals, and the boat meanwhile was leaking badly, while the rowlocks kept slipping; but we were so far behind that we had no time to get another, and valorous resolve so speeded us that we arrived to join the others for morning tea.

On the bank a feature was the tameness of the birds: magpies and kookaburras waited around for scraps, and showed no dismay when we approached them. This is a very happy state of affairs, and what with the river scenery, the bush flowers, and other birds, and the steep hills with their tree-tops full of parrots and cockatoos, National Park makes an ideal resort.

'Twas well we had recuperated the energies of the galley-slaves at morning tea, for soon the sandbanks appeared, and they had to get out and tug strenuously to get over them. However, all went well, and dinner-time saw our boat, after many precarious passages, at the head of the



stream. It was with difficulty that we resisted bathing in the cool, deeper parts, for by this the sun was shining strongly.

After dinner we dropped downstream, passing various other boats, until a cloud of smoke filming around a bend made us hurry. It was merely one of our boatloads, seated on the bank enjoying the beauties about them, and, of course, it was necessary to have more refreshment—their poetic souls were of the Omar type. To show our contempt for their slothfulness, we were trimming the boat, preparatory to sweeping past in great style, when Fatty Lambert somehow contrived to enter the water head first, in his clothes. The amusement was all ours; and, of course, it was only just that having fished him out like a drowned rat, we should maroon him to dry, as he was wetting the seats. We had barely pushed off from this bold piracy when John Chalmers clutched despairingly at the side, executed a graceful back somersault, and came up on the other side of the boat. He also was marooned to dry. We lit a fire on the bank, whereby they dried their things, while passing

boats commented variously on their misery and classic beauty.

Meanwhile, music was not lacking to make the scene Venetian. Solling produced a mouth-organ, but soon surrendered it to Lohse—some theorist said because his lips got tangled in it—who dispensed classical selections, variations being provided by the audience. A choir was established in each boatload, and the united effect would have gladdened the heart of Mr. Mote.

On the return journey we beat all-comers in open contest, wherein the chief feature was the splashing. Arriving in advance of many also-rans, our boat was rammed most properly. The cox, with great foresight, was mainly responsible, and throughout displayed great coolness and ability. Waiting for the crucial moment, he timed it beautifully with his crying of "Jump!" This latter made Kirby almost overbalance, but the shout was drowned in the noise of the impact. Anyhow, Chalmers and Lambert averred that "they'd go to the bottom before meeting those chilly depths again," and contrary to all expectations, we developed no leak. Consider-

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ably disappointed, we passed the time of day with the boat, which had hit us as long as our voices would carry, but I believe they had the last word, and so the advantage. No sooner was this escape over than our rudder banged sideways before the nose of the second boat home, but still no casualties were suffered.

As there was yet an hour or two before train time we trimmed our craft and made for the as yet untouched Right Arm. Somehow we missed the bridge piles, but in the race several boats became wedged on the sand, because of cutting the corners too closely. To while away the time till the boats got off, the identity of a water-rat on the bank proved an excellent subject, whose discussion was interrupted by cries for help. All the boats shot valiantly forward, and soon the scene of the tragedy was reached. A young lady's boat was stuck in some mud and bulrushes, and several gallant boatloads of small boys were assisting by calling for assistance. We

fairly made the boats fly, but the honours rested with Archibald Brown and Michael Kopievsky, who effected a chivalrous and daring rescue. By this time darkness had set in, so after seeking in vain further sights, we returned to the wier, and thence to National Park station.

Coming home, the train was packed, so that it was in some cases necessary to travel two-deep—it was found better standing up than sitting three-deep or more. Despite all the fatigues of the day, voices were lifted in joyous discord, while much pity was expressed for the ones who stayed at home. The war-cry meanwhile rent the peaceful night, evoking awe and admiration—dogs barked, and all other forms of suburban life joined in this symbol of our greatness.

Sydney was finally reached amid great cheers, and so Third Year went home to fag for the Intermediate, buoyed up with reflections on this day of days and the resolve for more such when the examination is over.—"PABULA TOR," 3C.

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## SUNSET.

I wandered aimlessly along,  
 Nor chanced to look to left or right,  
 Until the thrush's dying song  
 Forewarned me of approaching night.  
 I raised my head and looked behind;  
 The sight that met my raptured gaze  
 Will be the foremost in my mind  
 Throughout my darkest mortal days.  
 I found myself upon a hill,  
 Where Nature's charms, in wild array,  
 Were wont, I do not doubt, to thrill  
 The hearts of all who passed that way:  
 The sky above was still blood-red,  
 The West was tinged with blue and gold,  
 Where "Sol" still hung his blazing head,  
 His heat decreased a hundredfold.  
 Away to North, blue Oxley's tower,  
 With silent grandeur rose on high,  
 Grim monument of Nature's power,  
 In silhouette against the sky.  
 On every side tall gum trees stand,  
 In wild confusion spread around,  
 As yet unsought by human hand

To raze their glory to the ground;  
 And flowers of every hue and dye  
 Were scattered midst the waving grass;  
 There the wild rose caught the eye,  
 Amidst the tangled sassafras,  
 The poppy showed her tender grace  
 Among the roughest of the weeds;  
 The cactus raised his jealous face  
 To hide the beauty of the meads;  
 And gaudy birds of every hue  
 Were singing from their homely nest  
 To bid the day a last adieu  
 Before they laid their heads to rest.  
 But lo, the sun sank down at length  
 Beneath a neighbouring mountain rim,  
 The flowers stooped with dying strength.  
 The sky above at last grew dim.  
 I stared about in blank dismay,  
 To see this glorious beauty fade;  
 The waning light at length gave way.  
 And darkness gathered o'er the glade.

—D. MORONEY, 1A.

## THE MAN ON THE SEAT.

The shabby individual who occupied the other end of the park bench on which I was sitting had been watching me keenly for some minutes. Apparently completing his ocular examination, he turned away, and his gaze immediately became fixed on some object across the road.

Suddenly he sat upright, indignation and disgust stamped on his face. "Huh," he said, "just look at that." I followed his stare, and found "that" was an imposing picture show, whose expansive facade, plastered with a score of multi-coloured posters announced to the world that the following night a picture of the "Wild West" would be showing. The man who writes those posters must be a reader of Zane Gray, for I have never yet read such a vivid description of the west. "See the thrilling fight between rangers and bandits in the land where men are men," ran one poster; "A man is gauged by his speed on the draw," said another.

"Where men are men," repeated my neighbour, his voice choked with contempt. "Why those cowboys don't know what it is to fight with real bushrangers."

Now I have always hated these American wild-west films, and it was my belief that the deeds of our own pioneers in their struggles against blacks, bushrangers and nature, can easily surpass those of the Americans. So I was quite ready to engage my neighbour in conversation on the subject.

"Do you?" I asked.

He shuffled along until he sat next to me. "Well," he said, "seeing that I was born in the bush and lived there for sixty years, I ought to know a bit about it. Now, if you'd like to hear a story that will beat all those pictures," he paused and looked expectantly at me. "At last," thought I, "I have found a true Australian bushman, and can hear from his own lips some thrilling episode of his life. Go ahead," I answered, and settled myself comfortably.

"Well," he began, "I remember I—by the way—have you got such a thing as a cigarette on you? I can always remember better when I'm smoking. Thanks. Well, I had been prospecting unsuccessfully on the old Turon goldfield, and at last I had collected enough gold to pay my coach fare back to Bathurst. I travelled on one of Cobb and Co.'s coaches, and I had

a seat up on top with the driver, old Jack Sullivan, one of the cleverest men who ever handled a whip. We were carrying a good load of gold in the coach, for some of the diggers had been successful. Suddenly, as we rounded a bend, we came upon six masked horsemen blocking our path, each armed with a rifle. One of them held up his hand as a signal for us to stop, but old Jack Sullivan was brave enough for anything. "Hold tight!" he shouted to me, and whipping up his team, he drove straight at the bushrangers.

They scattered in the face of this wild charge, but fired a volley as we flashed by, and old Jack Sullivan received a bullet in the brain. He fell off the coach, and I grabbed the reins and whipped the horse till my arm ached. The bushrangers were galloping behind the swaying coach and firing bullets and curses at my head. But it is difficult to fire from horseback, so their bullets went wide, and I didn't mind the curses. That ride was a nightmare. Whenever we came to a bend I closed my eyes and left the rest to the horses.

"Glancing behind I saw that one of the pursuers was gaining. He came gradually closer until he was level with me, then drawing his revolver, he took aim at my head. But before he could fire I lashed out with my whip and cut him across the face so hard that he fell from the saddle. Have you got another cigarette? I'll remember better. Thanks. Well, I could see that my horses were tiring, and Nanda, the nearest township, was six miles off. So I grabbed one of the passengers' bags from the roof of the coach and threw it backwards on to the road. It tripped one of the horses, and brought its rider down with a crash. But there were still four bushrangers left, and one of them drew up on my near side. Now the road at this point runs along the top of a cliff, so I carefully manoeuvred the horses over on to the side, and forced the bushranger over the cliff. That left three. But these three were persistent, and a steep hill gave them an opportunity to draw level. However, one of the inside passengers decided to take a hand in the game, and he shot the nearest pursuer. The report of the revolver spurred on my horses, and with a burst of speed they breasted the hill-top, and came in sight of Nanda. The remain-

ing two bushrangers evidently thought they had come too far, for they turned and galloped away.

"I brought the coach to a standstill before Nanda's only pub, and then I collapsed. I heard the passengers recount my exploit to an admiring crowd, and a sensible chap cried out: "The hero is unconscious! Force brandy down his throat until he recovers." Fortunately, I heard what he said, so I remained unconscious for two hours, until the brandy supply was exhausted. Have you got another cigarette? Thanks. I can remember quite clearly now. Well, the people of Nanda made a hero out of me, and presented me with a gold medal. But the best part of it was the brandy—the gurgling, sparkling brandy."

He stopped and regarded me with a pleading look in his eyes.

"Well," I said, "after seeing these American films it is a pleasure to meet a true Aussie bushman. Here, offering him a coin, take this and buy some brandy. If you sip it slowly it may last for two hours."

He pocketed the coin with the speed of a conjurer, saying: "I wouldn't take it but I understand the spirit in which it is given." He disappeared down the path as if the bushrangers were after him again.

I felt a tap on my shoulder, and turning round found myself facing a stranger whose face bore a beaming grin. "How much did he get out of you?" he asked, "Now don't get excited," he added quickly, seeing I resented his interference. "You've been duped well and truly. That old chap you were just talking to, or, at least, who was just talking to you, has worked that dodge for years. He finds a victim and tells him his tale, never forgetting the part about the brandy. He very seldom fails to get some reward from his audience. Well, cheer up, you're only one of many."

"But," I protested, "he must have had experience to be able to tell such tales." The stranger laughed. "He has never been further west than Parramatta," he said; "he gets his experience out of American wild west novels and clothes it in an Australian setting."

I sank back on to the seat amid my shattered delusions. Gone were my dreams of Australian adventure; gone was the romance which my fertile imagination had woven about my country. I found some money in my pockets, and I walked across to the picture show to reserve my seat for that American film of the wild west "where men are men."

—T. E. HORNIBROOK.

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## A BROKEN REVERIE.

(Written A.D., 1950.)

As I strolled through the silent bush—to some oppressively silent and lonely, but to me the best companion, both in my youth and my age—I came across a fallen tree, and there I sat me down to rest. Having made a leisurely repast, I lay back on my tree-trunk to enjoy the autumn sunshine, and gazed lazily up at an immaculate expanse of blue. An ideal place for reminiscences, indeed, as there was not a disturbing noise to jar on the ears.

Reposing thus, mind vacant, eyes focussed on space, I suddenly found myself looking directly at a distant black speck—an eagle-hawk, miles away in the upper aerial regions. Gradually—yet how swiftly—it came closer; grew from a round speck to a distinct bird; then, poised on extended pinions, appeared to hang motionless in the heavens. Swiftly, a mate joined it, appearing as suddenly as the first, and the two, in solemn

majesty, circled once, coming close enough for me to see their awe-inspiring might, and then were lost again beyond the distant horizon.

I sighed, but not with sadness nor weariness. For this sight recalled to my mind a day in my early youth, when I arose with the sun for my first view of an aeroplane. With great eagerness I had awaited that day, for it was but the second time on record that such a machine had been near the district, and it was to land within a few hundred yards of my home. O, what excitement! I smiled to recall it, and the disappointment which it was to meet. I remembered how I took up my stand with other eager boys, and their equally-eager parents, and, after some minutes' restless waiting and watching, there arose a sudden cry of "there it is." Simultaneously almost, I saw a small speck above the horizon, glinting like a tiny diamond in the slanting rays of the rising sun. Then we heard it—heard and



watched it as it approached. Contrary to our expectations, however, it made but one stately and majestic circle above us, and then, like the eagles, gradually disappeared beyond the horizon. Disappointed, and yet pleased, we returned to our waiting breakfast.

From this recollection I passed on to the coming of Ross Smith. What pride we felt because a fellow-countryman was attempting such a feat! With what eagerness we followed each incident of his wonderful journey, and how pleased we all were to find that he was not only going to pass over us, but would actually land! We all welcomed the holiday we were given for the day he was scheduled to arrive, and crowded the thistle-paddock which is now in almost daily use as the official half-way aerodrome between Sydney and Melbourne, and anxiously awaited the arrival of his huge machine.

After this, I remembered, 'plane visits became more frequent. Several months later a man stayed there some days, "stunting" with an Avro, and he almost took me for a ride, for I was one of ten school-children of whom he had promised to take one for a ride. But I was not the lucky

one, and, as an old adage says, "a miss is as good as a mile," for I have never flown yet.

Had it not been for an interruption, I should probably have recounted to myself all my knowledge of the progress of achievement in this science. But here my reverie was broken into by a persistent drone coming from the west, and presently a biplane passed overhead, and was lost to my view beyond the eastern horizon. Five and thirty years ago I would have wondered why a man was flying over these lonely parts. But now it is nothing to wonder at. Probably some out-back squatter on his way to Sydney for the week-end. Are they common? Why, the young folk nowadays think no more of a 'plane than at their age I would have thought of a motor-car.

At this very moment, as I sit here till nearly midnight writing this little reverie, I can hear a well-remembered drone, and, were I to look out, I would only see a rapidly moving point of light in the sky, which marks a Sydney—Adelaide air-liner on her nightly journey.

The young people, I say, think nought of all this; but the age of wonders will never cease, and when they reach my age of retrospection there will be yet marvels for them to consider.

A. J. BREYLEY.

### A POEM.

Beneath the balmy heat of Summer's sun,  
The sluggish Wollondilly creeps along  
Through muddy pools and o'er its slimy bed,  
And twining arms of clammy weeds among;  
And there upon the bank where horses graze,  
Where solemn cows recline in tranquil ease,  
And chew their cud in grave stupidity,  
Is woven a mystic veil of willow trees:  
A fairy screen of flimsy fabric spun,  
Where flittered sunlight slowly oozes down  
Amidst the shaded leaves and hanging ropes  
Of tinted verdure, yellow, green and brown;  
Where nimble breezes stir those rustling folds,  
And up the drowsy river fleetly go;  
We hear a gentle sigh amongst the trees—  
It is the weeping willows sobbing low.

G. DANCE, 4C.

### THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The drowsy scent of wattle-laden air  
Sifts through the trees; the river gliding by  
Seems but to croon a tender melody;  
And I reflect on life whilst lying there.  
Youth, like the noisy brook, is gay and fair,  
Leaping the mossy stone in ecstasy;  
Age, like the solemn stream, draws nigh the sea,  
And sadly shows grey water chill and bare;  
The tumbled course holds oft a placid pond,  
The limpid stream a swirling waterfall.  
The longest life must hear the distant call,  
And vanish in the mighty sea beyond.  
And like the river flowing joyously,  
Fade in the realms of happy memory.

—G. SCHRADER.

## SEDES DEORUM.

Friday, October 16th., 1925, A.D., 1 p.m.

It was my intention to make a tour of the sacred chambers, in which had dwelt the nobility of Fort Street during the Year of Grace, 1925, and which the aforementioned nobility had occupied that morning for the last time as members of the Palace of Learning. It was an hour or so prior to the Fifth Year Farewell, as I entered 5C room. The scholastic atmosphere of the apartment, and the air of supreme dignity, engendered by the arrangement of chairs and desks in soul-inspiring curves and altitudes of remarkable contrast, fired my imagination to an extreme degree; meseemed that the nobility, though absent, probably conducting learned discussions on the verdurous sward of a certain "Front Lawn," protected from the eyes of the plebeian throngs of "Via Parramatta" by a certain illustrious "Front Fence," meseemed, I repeat, the nobility were present with me.

On my right hand, as I entered, Laocoon towered in his great-hearted anguish; on my left . . . Sedes Deorum. I chanced to cast a glance at the floor directly under the Laocoon, and the spectacle there amazed me greatly—a waste-paper basket, void, and round about it, a vast multitude of apple-cores, orange skin and pips, and a still more vast multitude of screwed-up pieces of paper. Upon demanding the reason for this state of affairs, I was informed by three grandees—F. L-v-n-s, I. S-i-h and H. P. C-h-n—that (i) waste-paper baskets were merely articles to indicate an area where rubbish might be deposited, and that (ii) w.-p. bs. were useful as goals in a modified form of basket-ball, played with balls of paper. Thus enlightened, I passed on till I reached a desk, on which was carved M. O-b-r-n; the writing told me that here was an artist. I opened the desk, and took therefrom several large sheets of brown paper, on which I beheld a siren of the surf, a siren of the ski, and certain other sirens which I recollect not. I tarried long at this desk. At length I proceeded, until I reached a desk branded J. W-s-a-t. I glanced therein, and beheld full many a mighty historical volume; e.g., "The Civilisation of X.Y.Z.'s," "The Decline and Fall of the Mark and the Franc." I also noticed a well-used "Carlyle." Having by this time reached the end of one row of "Sedes Deorum," I walked me back to my starting point, and commenced an examination of the

second row. The first seat therein belonged to one, N. M-c-n-o-h. I opened the desk, and behold! an orchard came into my view. Satisfied, I passed on. "Three of a Kind," I muttered as I viewed the next trio of abodes which were labelled A. H-r-n-ss, C. T-w-g, and C. W. F-r-n-r. By chance I lifted up the lid of the middle table, and therein I beheld forceps, drills, pastes and grinning sets of teeth. With an exclamation of horror at the spectacle of these instruments of dire torture, I let the lid drop, and I passed on. At the end of the row I perceived a youth of a mathematical turn of feature diligently examining a sheet of writing paper, on which here and there I saw some Latin (?), but methought the major part of what the youth had written was covered in a host of lines and dashes, likewise in a vast number of f.f.s and f.c.s, and, at the foot of the page, I read remarks which meliketh not to repeat; however, the superscription, A. N-l, satisfied my curiosity; so I returned as tofore to my point of initial departure. The first two abodes of "Sedes Deorum" in the third tier seemed familiar. "A. brace," I cried, for lo! the names carved thereupon were K. S. R-c-a-d-s-n, and G. R. M-r-t-n. In the desk of the former I found a volume entitled, "How to Act"; in that of the latter a box of chalk. Therefrom I passed to the abode of a youth, J. R-e-d-s, in which I beheld diverse things of interest and wonder, for therein was a multitude of L-t-n proses of high percentage; but methinks the most interesting thing was a curious volume, "The Art of Asking Questions." Satisfied, I passed on to a seat and desk in a frightful state of disrepair; across the desk was scrawled J. Mc-M-u-h-n (alias McT-g-g-t), and, looking into the desk, I was amazed to behold a mirror, brush, comb, and a bottle of fixaline. "Good Zyx," I murmured, and, looking into the desk again, I saw a volume of "Poems of Robert Burns." Satisfied, I passed on. However, before I had taken two paces I was accosted by two barbarous ruffians, whose wealth of whiskers was most amazing. In one hand they each carried a scythe blade, in the other a bomb. "Ah, comrade," growled they, "thy last minute has arrived; no longer shalt thou decry the glorious Communists," but, perceiving that the facial adornments, etc., merely served to disguise the cheerful mugs of Messrs. A. E. J-h-n-s and J. Q-r-k, I passed

on as before, back to my point of initial departure, and commenced an examination of the fourth tier. The name of A. J. B-r-y-l-y appeared first; the desk I found to be full of English essays, and, on looking round, I perceived the youth himself vacantly contemplating a volume by the name of "Long's English Literature." Amazed, I passed on; I had barely reached the next desk, which belonged to a robust youth, A. I-v-n-e, when my attention was arrested by a superscription emblazoned across the face of the next abode:

D. H-d-e.

Moruuus est (died) (thank heaven!)

Infectus est (dyed).

The puny nature of this pun (?) warned me of a danger zone. However, I felt fortified by my recent luncheon, and plunged fearlessly into the desk of D. H. Therein I found a copy of the first edition of "The Punster's Review." Horrified, I passed on. The next abode was that of a certain N. W-n-h-m; on the desk were inscribed the names of captains of the school

from 1918 to 1925; but I noticed that the desk was bulging out on every side in a fearful manner. Upon investigation I found the desk packed and overflowing with "eighty and ninety page essays," numerous sheaves of puns, and dozens of copies of "The Punster's Review" were also contributing factors to the sad plight of the desk. As I left I caught sight of a pair of scissors. I passed on to the abode of one, D. L-m-d-n; having noticed the name, and remembering the two previous names, I thought "Three of a Kind," in justification of which I produced a copy of "The Punster's Review" from the last-named of the "Sedes Deorum."

Having spent so much time among the seats of my inhabitants of the apartment known as 5C room, I could but cast a glance upon the seats of the learned youths of 5A and 5B, in the latter of which a red-haired youth, A. F-l-n-g, reigned supreme, before rejoining the nobility on the front lawn.

—G. R. M.

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## ON NATURE.

Few people realise the beauty and freshness in God's creation. It is left to the poet, to the Australian poet, to express for them the soothing melody, the daintiness and frailty of the bird; the beauty in the tall labyrinth of foliage, concealing the brown of the hill and dale, contrasting against the cloudless azure of the heavens.

People traverse the hillsides, professing outwardly a love for this and that, but theirs is a shallow and ephemeral love, enduring as long as they can visualise the object of their passion. They fondle with one hand, and crush with the other. Lighting on a lovely bloom by the wayside they ruthlessly pluck it and deprive the plant of life, merely that they may let the flower fade away in a vase, unseen, with its beauty and purity gone, lamenting the loss of the bees and butterflies who flutter around it when, in full majesty, it arrays its beauty to the bright sunlight.

The gorgeous blend of colours on the hill and in the valley is much more beautiful than the artificial colouring of the garden. A garden can be cultivated so highly that it becomes very pleasing to the eye, but it is not real nature, the flowers are taken away from their own more suitable surroundings, to be placed among others which are suited to totally different surroundings.

The dreamer inhales in deep and invigorating

breaths the odour and atmosphere of the bushland, when stumbling through the dense undergrowth, between the huge brown trunks of forest giants, or when lying under the shade of a laurel he gazes heavenwards through the thick foliage, lost in contemplation.

Nature cannot survive where civilisation stirs. Slowly her huge monuments have been hewn to the ground by the axe of advancing civilisation, slowly the birds have callously been eradicated; but surely this can be remedied; surely there are some who will cry shame!

The tree itself will cry shame when it groans under the sharp, resounding cuts of the axe, and giving forth a last frantic appeal, crashes in desperation to the ground, wrenching off its limbs and those of many other trees great and small. With reckless havoc tree after tree, forest after forest, has been effaced before one can estimate the destruction that has been caused, and the beauty blotted out.

Along with the trees and undergrowth disappear the birds. Where once the tumultuous and varied cries of parrots, of thrushes, of butcher birds and many others reverberated, now hardly a call may be heard. It is not until the mountains westward are reached that one hears the once familiar call of the various birds. The rich and beautiful plumage of the parrots contrasts greatly with the greyish brown of the sparrow, Sydney's typical bird.

## AFTERMATH.

The huge green billows onward rolled,  
And thundered on a sandy shore,  
The foaming waves on coral tolled  
A warning note—an angry roar.  
The tempest comes! The winds arise,  
The thunder rolls, and through the cloud  
Great forked flashings light the skies:  
In wild glee Neptune laughs aloud.  
Then morning dawns, a peaceful morn,  
The sun shines on a lulled lagoon  
Of clearest blue, on which was born  
Small ripples, which a tranquil tune  
Play softly on a sandy shore  
Of dazzling whiteness, and the slow

Billows, foam-tipped, with long, loud roar,  
Break hissing on the reef, and throw  
Showers of spray into the air,  
On which the gilded, brazen sun  
Shines, forming many rainbows there:  
A spray from wondrous colours spun;  
A glorious morn! The crisp, fresh air,  
And sweet scent of bright-coloured flowers  
Are wonderful: and here and there  
Gush tinkling falls in crystal showers.  
The palms are hung with dewdrops clear,  
Which gleam like diamonds in the ray  
Of fiery sun; and like a tear,  
In little time they pass away. —A. W., 4C.

## A LITTLE-KNOWN MOUNTAIN ROAD.

A Little-Known Mountain Road . . . Heading

Few people, probably, are aware of the fact that there is, within easy reach of Sydney, an alternative route across the Blue Mountains, which, for its grand mountain scenery and glorious views, far surpasses the older route through Penrith. This road is reached through Kurrajong Heights, and from there leads across the Mountains to Bell, a small settlement upon the western railway line set in the heart of the mountains.

For the first eight or nine miles the road is bordered by orchards, which are a pretty sight in spring and summer months. The orchards along the roadside continue until the mountain village of Bilpin is reached, some six miles from Kurrajong Heights. It consists of about half a dozen houses, and is a depot for the transport of fruit to Sydney.

After Bilpin is passed the houses become fewer and the bush thicker, until two or three miles out the last house seen for nearly thirty miles is passed. Now, one is in the thick mountain bush on a narrow road, bordered by tall gum-trees, which overhang the road, shutting out the sun for nearly all the day. The road continues climbing over numberless small ranges, until one arrives at the foot of Mount Tomah. Here one climbs for more than a mile, and finally arrives on the top of what seems the highest mountain. This is the best point of the journey, and looking back through the trees, a glorious panorama

is seen which rivals that of Kurrajong. Miles and miles of ranges, stretching from north to south, as far as the eye can see, bordered on the east by a narrow strip of light green, almost lost in the haze. The light green is the coast plain, and is very soon lost in the distance, while a speck or two of red shows where the last settlements were passed. To the north and south the view is the same, a mass of rolling hills finally dissolving into the blue sky, while westward is a deep valley and more ranges.

The next fifteen miles are seemingly a succession of ascents and descents over countless hills, and in as many valleys. The road winds sometimes on the side of a hill, and one climbs a grade of one in eight, with a steep cutting on one side and a thousand foot drop on the other, to turn sharply at the top and go down a steep slope on the other side. At other times it passes through the glades in the valleys, and is lost to sight in foot-high grass, while at very short distances are the channels of mountain streams which have dried up. Fallen trees are also encountered, and it is a wonder that the road is not blocked more frequently.

At length, the junction with the Mount Wilson Road is reached, after which a comparatively good road leads to Bell three miles further on.

The trip is many times better than the more-frequently used route, and is the best route about Sydney for the scenery passed.

—S. WILLIAMS.

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## THE SENIORS' "SEND-OFF."

On Friday, October 16th, the Fifth Year students, who are preparing for the L.C. Examination, were given a send-off by the rest of the School. The School assembled in the Hall with the Seniors in the seats of honour. A short concert made a pleasant prelude to the main functions. Items rendered by individual boys were interspersed with school songs, sung by the assembly. The Headmaster then delivered a most inspiring and eloquent address to the departing Seniors. Mr. Kilgour feelingly referred to the deeds of past Seniors, the history and reputation of the School, and the love and fellowship that

characterised Fortians all over the world. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Mackness supported the remarks of the Headmaster.

Cheers were given for the Fifth Year Scholars, and, to the accompaniment of singing and hand-claps, the Seniors marched through the ranks of their school-fellows. The function was most instructive and elevating. To the onlooker, the occasion will be remembered by the atmosphere of comradeship and unity that was so apparent throughout the proceedings; to the departing Seniors it will remain a cherished memory of their last day at the old School.

## FRIENDSHIP.

*"The best thing we have in life is a true friend."*

In this way one man describes friendship. "What is it then," we ask? "It is a state of perfect understanding between the spiritual part of two persons. It is not founded on selfish desires, or physical attractions, but because perfect harmony exists between those two men's minds and spirits, they are friends. Friendship is not bought nor sold, it consists of giving and receiving. Giving your friend your secrets, ambitions, troubles, joys, and receiving in return perfect understanding and sympathy. Friendship is not often based on common ideals and opinions. Very often two men of entirely different outlooks and ideals are firm friends.

Friendship is a wonderful hurdler of sham, social and racial barriers. The petty, human obstructions are swept aside by the irresistible power of true friendship.

The quotation:—

*"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes,"* may adequately be applied to friendship.

Truly fortunate is he who possesses friends—friends who fulfil all the requirements of a friend, who come forth in time of trouble with help, when others passed unheeding by; who share joys and sorrows with him; in whose company he finds continual pleasure and elevation, and with whom his confidences and emotions are safe. This man has been favoured by Fortune in the highest degree. He will enjoy the pleasures of life, and will drink deep of the cup of pleasure, revelling in the exquisite joy of true companionship.

On the other hand, cursed is he who hath not

a friend, who enjoys no man's company, who finds solace and joy in no man. He is to be pitied. Never will he taste life's greatest pleasures, but will drink deep the cup of bitterness, and will go from this world blessed with no sweet memories of life's greatest treasure—friendship.

"Choose your friend wisely,  
Test your friend well;  
True friends, like rarest gems,  
Prove hard to tell.  
Winter him, summer him,  
Know your friend well."

And to this might be added: "Keep your friends well," for true friends are most difficult to find. Having got your friend, keep him, give him the best of your companionship and receive his confidences, and then in return drink gladly of his benefits to you.

"Go oft to the house of your friends, for weeds choke the unused path," as an old Scandinavian Edda says.

Momentous questions will arise, concerning your friends, your keeping of them, and their place in your life. Should you place them before the honour of your name, your country? Face these with a courageous heart, and estimate the value of his friendship for you.

Man is a gregarious animal, and in the satisfaction of this craving, an indication of the better side in man is friendship.

"Granite may perish, wind and wave destroy,  
Urn shaft or word may perish or decay,  
But friendship shall last for ever."

—A. HULLS, 4B.

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 GROSE VALLEY, BLACKHEATH.

Clear-cut 'gainst skies of deepest blue,  
A burnished Austral roof,  
The mountain cliffs of varied hue  
Stand stately and aloof.

And down in some dim valley glen,  
Remote from noise and crime,  
Far from the haunts of selfish men,  
The Bushland rings its chime.

I hear the tinkling of the fall,  
I see the ferns and flowers,  
While 'neath the eucalyptus tall,  
Are cool and mossy bowers.

And on the fern-fringed rippling pool,  
The sunbeams gleam and play;  
The fairies sleep in fern-dells cool,  
And dream the hours away. A. WICKS

## FICTION AND COMMERCE.

I didn't notice the report of the trial of Smythe in the paper, but I hope he got ten years. If it were not for him, I wouldn't be where I am to-day. Perhaps it might not be quite fair to put all the blame on Smythe, because I've never seen the fellow. If I were not such a kind old soul, it wouldn't have happened. But I will tell you the whole story.

The other morning I was sitting on the front verandah, reading my paper, when the click of the front gate drew my attention to a man struggling up the path with a huge portmanteau in each hand. With a sigh of relief, he dropped his load at my feet and mopped his perspiring brow with a multi-coloured handkerchief.

"Good morning," he murmured; "it's nice weather we're having. I've come to see if you want any hairpins." I told him my wife wasn't at home, and then he offered me some needles. I told him I didn't do much sewing nowadays, and he was preparing to depart when he caught sight of the headlines of a divorce case in my paper. "Strange case, that," he observed, "but

you easily get driven to divorce." I said "Yes" in a surprised tone, because I had not as yet contemplated divorce. "Yes," he went on. "Take my case for example. Until a few weeks ago I was a happy married man. I went to work every morning and returned home punctually each night. I very seldom quarrelled with Rachel, my wife, because I very seldom found her at home. But then, alas, came the blow which changed the whole course of my life—Smythe came to live in our street. The coming of Smythe and his wife didn't seem important at that time, but it was. You know the kind of man they draw to advertise men's clothes? Smythe was one of those, only more so. His Stetson matched the colour of his socks, which in turn matched his brilliant tie, and even his elongated cigarette holder fitted harmoniously into his general colour scheme. He didn't stop there though. Every day he changed his clothes. Beside him, I, with my baggy trousers and black socks, felt like a sparrow beside a bird of Paradise. Not that I

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cared in the least, but it was Rachel. One night when I came home from work I saw my wife waiting at the gate. I knew there was something the matter by the glint in her eye. So I tried to slink by unnoticed, but she grabbed me by the collar and held me back. "Henry," says she, 'you're a disgrace to the lady you call your wife. Why can't you dress like Mr. Smythe? I am ashamed of you. I'll get you some new clothes to-morrow.' That's when it started. It didn't end for weeks. A few mornings later I was dressed in apparel which put Smythe in the shade. Every morning I had ties, socks and shirts on which nearly blinded me. When they saw me coming, lorry drivers rushed out and held their horses' heads. The kids collected every morning on the corner and kept count of the different ties and socks I wore. But one day I was released. The kids on the corner had just reached the ninety-ninth tie when Smythe was arrested for receiving. In his house the police found pounds worth of ties, suits and silk dresses. I heard it while I was in the city, and walked home with a chest expansion of fifteen inches. Scarcely able to conceal the triumph in my voice, I said, 'I hear that Mr. Smythe has

been arrested, m' dear.' 'What of that?' she snapped. 'None of us are perfect. Despite his failings, he was a gentleman. He didn't put all his earnings on his own back and let his wife go almost naked, like you do.' Well, what do you think of that? That night, when she had gone next door, to say 'I thought so' to Mrs. Jones, I packed my trunks and fled.

"And now," he said, opening his cases, "I have here some of my silk ties, socks, shirts and collars. All reduced. This lot, thank God, I never had an opportunity to wear. These socks only 8/6. How many shirts did you say—?"

Well, as I said before, I'm a kind old man. I couldn't turn him away, could I? Not after all he had been through, poor fellow. So I bought his stock. Now, I am a fairly old man. I haven't been able to work these ten years. I have estimated that I haven't got a chance of wearing all those clothes during the rest of my life. I've got to get rid of them somehow. So if you see a little old man with a huge portmanteau coming in your front gate, you know that I'm selling the best line of silk shirts, socks and neckties.

P.H.P.

## A COUNTRY PASTIME.

To many boys who have spent their days in the busy and noisy city, it may seem difficult to find a means of passing joyously a few idle hours, which, to a city lad, pass fleetingly with the latest picture or play. The best pastime comes direct from Nature, and it is from the gifts that Nature has sent that the country lad derives most of his pleasures, not from the inventions of man.

As an example, I may take a very enjoyable day's outing experienced by three boy friends and myself. The sun rose brightly, with all its dazzling rays, from behind the bank of dark clouds, gazing down upon the glassy sea, the ever-rolling waves touched with a silvery hue. We rose with the sun, and, after breakfast, having gathered together our bags and fishing lines, accompanied by every bushman's pal, a faithful dog, we made our way to the beach. The sea was calm, and a light breeze was blowing with the revivifying breath of spring.

Arriving at the beach, we set about finding *lait*. Of this there were two kinds—the seaworm and the pippie. Much skill is required to catch the former, but after about half-an-hour we found we had enough to suit our purpose, though, I admit, we were not professionals at the game. We then walked leisurely along the beach, gathering pretty and uncommon shells washed up by the sea, whose murmur was like the crooning of a nurse beside a sleeping child.

Soon we reached a headland, jutting some 200 yards into the sea, and from the top we could see the foaming waves dashing against its base, and beyond were the numerous lines of rollers, always approaching the shore, yet never seeming to decrease in number. The sea was so clear that we thought we could see through the many fathoms of water to its very bottom, but, since it was our day out, our imagination was perhaps slightly stretched.

At last, however, we arrived at our fishing



spot, where we stayed for some half hour or so, then left in disgust, believing that it was also the fishes' day out; for the most we got from them was a very few half-hungry nibbles, though many good bites were received from troublesome sandflies.

We decided, then, to give up fishing for the day, and instead to follow the creek, in which we had been fishing, for some distance, then to traverse some rather forested country near by in search of flowers or, in fact, any objects that might interest us. After about a half-mile walk, mainly through water, we turned off to the left, with a dense shrub ahead and a sparkling sheet of water behind.

After struggling through brambles for a good while—how far we had travelled we knew not, since so many obstacles came in the way—we were suddenly aroused from our tiresome, though enjoyable, task by a shudder and half-scream from the leading comrade. What was wrong? There was no need for an answer; two sparkling eyes, two slightly curved horns, and a few blue spots were enough to tell us that the blue bull, well known for his fierceness, was not far away, so a hasty and accelerated "bolt from the blue" took place, not one of us daring to look round until we had reached the creek once more.

Again we followed the creek for a good distance, until, quite out of reach of our hastily-deserted old friend, we turned aside a second time. Here few brambles grew, but in many places thick foliage grew in clumps. At one of these clumps the bushes moved, a rustling noise issued forth, and the next thing we knew the four of us were some thirty or forty yards

away, tremblingly looking round to see two more eyes between two dangerous horns. But this was certainly false alarm, for all we saw was our dog yelping after a wallaby, which had a lead of about fifty or one hundred yards. The place seemed infested with wallabies, for before evening we saw no less than six, each producing much the same effect upon us.

Although it was getting rather late, still our spirit for adventure pushed us on until at last there lay before us a sheet of yellow and red—Christmas Bells in abundance. Eager to gather a large bunch we ran on, not noticing where or how far we were going, until we thought we had as many each as we could manage. "Let us go home," I said. "Yes, it's quite late enough," said one; "this is the way." "No, that's the creek back there, come this way," I said. Which was the way? Two said one way, the third another, and myself a different way still. So we decided to follow the way suggested by the two, and after about fifteen minutes' walk, what should appear before us but the very creek itself. We looked at each other, chuckled awhile, until our mirth became uncontrollable. This was certainly the wrong way.

We then knew exactly where we were, so we set off in the direction I had before suggested; and after walking rather quickly for about half-an-hour we reached the main road, which soon enabled each of us to reach our home before it was too late. We arrived home tired though pleased with our day's outing, and rather inclined to do justice to a good tea. Was this not an ideal outing? Anyway it suited us, and few weeks passed before another was spent in the same way.

N. NEAL.

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## ODE TO SPRING.

'Tis morn! the golden sun awakes  
From out the golden glowing East,  
Shines bright and fair upon the budding earth;  
The bird flies from its nest, and breaks  
The quiet of the shining morn  
With its ethereal mirth.

The mighty hills, the misty dales,  
The spreading swarded plains below  
With flowers are clothed, most beautiful and  
fair,

Whose gently bursting blossoms spread  
In glorious colourful array,  
Free perfume to the fragrant air.

For once again 'tis brightsome Spring;  
The bitter winds and driving rain,  
And snow of Winter's cold and cheerless day  
Are fled, and from the warming earth  
The wakening plants spring forth again,  
And birds raise loud their joyful lay.

G. J. TURNBULL.

## COOTAMUNDRA TO EUCHUCA BY CAR.

This trip, which was made during the last Easter holidays, covers 280 miles, through country varying from the rugged hills of Gundagai to the monotonous plains of Urana, some of which is part of the most productive land in the Commonwealth.

We set out from Cootamundra at about 9.30 on Good Friday morning, and after a run of 37 miles, arrived in the famous town of Gundagai.

On our right flowed the Muttama Creek, bordered by rich lucerne flats, which were owned by graziers or dairy farmers, the former pressing their lucerne as an emergency for drought, the latter allowing their herds to graze it off slowly.

Nearer Gundagai, cornfields (samples from which were sent to the British Empire Exhibition last year) held their place with the lucerne plots, and with these appeared piggeries and poultry farms, serving to show how fertile and industrious is this section of our State.

Allowing our gaze to wander to the other side of the road, we saw a continuous line of hills, growing steeper and more rugged at every mile, at whose feet nestled the snug homes of returned soldiers, settled on the land by the Government, and who are, for the most part, engaged in mixed farming.

Although these men are now prospering with their growing flocks and increasing areas of cultivated land, they have all been brought to submission when that hungry fiend drought, in conjunction with that continual menace, the rabbit, has taken its toll, and deprived the landowner of the results of his patient toil.

Leaving Gundagai, we continued to pass through rugged grazing country, whose frequent barren hills denoted the presence of the ever-hungry rabbit, until we reached Tarcutta, where we drew onto the roadside for lunch.

I can assure you that a 55 mile drive on an Autumn morning tends to give one a keen appetite, and at this juncture we were all feeling capable of doing justice to the spread laid out before us.

On resuming our journey after the welcome repast, we traversed some country which certainly gave us some thrills with its hair-pin bends and steep grades for about 15 miles, but gradually decreased in ruggedness as we approached Wagga.

With undulating land came an increase in cultivated fields, which were either being ploughed for fallow or prepared for winter sowing, yet the greater part of the holdings was being used for grazing. Each paddock was carrying a heavy flock of fine, healthy looking sheep, while here and there could be seen a lucerne field supporting a few hundred prime stock, being "topped up" for the Sydney or Albury markets.

Yet although the country in the Wagga district does not, on driving through, seem to be being used to its best advantage, one must remember that some of the holdings contain upwards of 10,000 acres, and in some cases one man may own two or three such stations.

And when one sees the quality and quantity of wool, wheat and lucerne that is produced by this district at the present day, it is impossible to realise the amount of money that will be taken off these holdings in, say, another 50 or 60 years, when, it is to be hoped, the land will be supporting five times as many settlers as it is to-day, for with closer settlement comes more scientific and intense use of land.

But we had now reached Wagga, and although we had not time to stay and see the sights, were surprised to note the number of cars which lined the streets of this prosperous town in the heart of a district of "milk and honey."

Its wide streets, lined with ornamental trees, are well laid out and faced with fine large buildings, which will always be a credit to this future "city of the south."

Our next run, from Wagga to Urana, a distance of 75 miles, was made through undulating country, which gradually merged into the roadless black soil plains of Urana and Jerilderie.

The first section of this run was quite enjoyable, passing through broad acres of wheat land, dotted with farmers' homes and well-built haystacks, but after leaving Lochart, we found ourselves on a trackless waste of black soil and desolation.

The only thing in sight to relieve the monotony of the plains was a telegraph line, miles away to the right, and with the approaching darkness came rain and heavy hearts.

Thus we travelled for 30 miles, silent and forlorn, until, just as the headlights were switched on, a light appeared through the line of trees, now looming large ahead of us.

On arriving at Urana, my father inquired for a hotel at a low, dark building with a lantern hanging on one of its four verandah posts, and was answered thus—"There's only two pubs. in this town, boss, and this one 'ere's the best."

I was glad that we had not stayed at the worse of the two, but suffice it is to say that we left Urana at 7 a.m. the next day with the firm resolution not to call there on our return journey.

After travelling 36 miles along an indistinct and greasy road, with nothing more interesting in sight than numerous carcasses and bleached bones of stock, which had fallen victims to the ravages of starvation on these merciless plains of desolation, we reached Jerilderie.

Here we partook of a substantial breakfast at a hotel, whose backyard was the proud possessor of a bank safe, which had been broken into by the notorious bushranger, Ned Kelly.

The next run of 54 miles between Jerilderie and Deniliquin was made in less than two hours, as the country was fairly level and the road excellent. On nearing Deniliquin, we passed through Wanganella, Boonoke, Bringagee, and several other stations whose wool is amongst the best produced in Australia, and the world, to-day.

We were now well into the Riverina, seeing sheep who grew the wool that brings buyers from all parts of the world to the Sydney wool

sales every year. Yet, as is the case in the Wagga district, this country is far from being fully developed, as there are miles and miles of creek flats bordering branches of the Edward River, which would be producing thousands of tons of lucerne and other fodder every year, as well as supporting a greater number of sheep if the population was there to work them properly.

Having seen Deniliquin, on the Edward River, I am able to say that it cannot approach Wagga in size or industry, yet should, in future years, when its surrounding land is properly developed, be a very much larger and flourishing town.

The next run of 44 miles, completing the trip to Echuca, was broken by our stop for lunch at Mathoura, a small town in the heart of excellent grazing properties.

The plains had now developed into beautiful, undulating slopes, clothed in an abundance of succulent grasses, which fattened large flocks for the Albury and Melbourne markets.

But at length a line of trees ahead denotes the course of the broad Murray; a few more miles and we have entered Moama; we cross the fine, long bridge which joins New South Wales and Victoria, Moama and Echuca, and at last have reached our destination, after almost two days of a most enjoyable and instructive trip.

H.W.D. 4C.

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## THE RIVER.

"The strong sob of the chafing stream  
That seaward fights its way. . . .

—Henry Kendall.

In the dim recess of the mountain range, whose misty tops seem to touch the clouds, it rises—a small trickle of water running from rock to rock, a miniature waterfall. Yet it increases as it leaps down, till fed by numerous "falls" of this type, it flows in one continuous stream. Up in those shadowy heights there are many scenes of rustic beauty, with no human habitation to mar the calm serenity of Nature, save where, as we proceed downwards, a thin column of smoke rises to the heavens. It is the first homestead for miles, in which lives a sturdy son of the Australian bush, a descendant of those rugged pioneers, who lifted the veil from Australia.

Thence the river proceeds, winding sinuously through the countryside, and fed by numerous tributaries, which contribute in the augmenting of this stream into a mighty river which gushes onwards.

Now the homes of settlers become more numerous, and at times the river slides through small villages, which "wayback" are mere collections of log cabins, and which become towns of no mean size and importance as we come near the coast.

Sometimes the river glides through forests of tall, majestic trees, which tower up until they seem to split the blue, and which throw a shade on the hut beneath, lending an air of mystery and enchantment to the dim bush.

Refreshed by other streams, it hastens on more quickly as if to complete its journey.

While it races along the river is, at certain points, bordered by thickly wooded banks, and aided with the surrounding scenery resembles one of those mighty African streams; thus it seems that we are situated in the heart of Africa as we sail by.

At times the river is converted to a waterfall as it hurls itself down the steep incline, to the

level beneath. And now it passes through cool shady banks, with scanty trees, resembling Old England in its state of rustic simplicity.

At last it is nearing the end. . . . Now it is broad, mighty, and it seems as it nears its goal to gather its forces in joyous exultation as it hurls itself forward and pours its waters into the Pacific Ocean. L. MATHIESON, 4C.

## THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A BORN GENIUS.

Hast ever, gentle reader, paused from thy studies to ponder over how much juvenile genius is passed by, unheeded, in this world of daily bustle? True genius, now so rare, is disregarded, ignored, and almost scrapped. What a great loss the world is undergoing by thus neglecting youthful talent. Of all, ah me, that of musical talent is least recognised. This, indulgent reader, is with us musicians a matter of vital importance, for our earnest, though puny, efforts to bring to mankind a fondness for melody, never meet with the success they deserve.

Oft, of late years, have I essayed to elevate the minds of my relatives as regards music. I have striven mightily to impress them with a jew's harp, a tin whistle, a one string fiddle, and a "sports model," or "toy" trumpet, but not having met with the success deserved by my valiant efforts, I have recently adopted one of those sweet-toned, harmonious, melodious, concordant, sonorous, musical instruments yclept by the uninitiated a "mouth organ." It seemed to me best to essay to elevate my family's musical faculties by charming them off to sleep, so, one moonlight night, being esconced in a soft arm-chair, I commenced the salvation of their souls. It is still unknown to me what was the matter with the family, but starting to play "Sweet and Low," I was astonished to hear a discordant row coming from the bedroom. I fondly believed that I had at last awakened their sleeping faculties, but in a pause in my playing, found I had awakened my father, who was roaring something which sounded like, "If you want to play 'Bambalina' on that confounded thing, wait until I go to work to-morrow. Go on, stop it! Get to bed out of that. Confound your row!" It is wonderful how ignorant of music some people are! This lack of encouragement causing me to despair of educating my kin to a fond response

to my sweet concords, I turned my attention to my schoolfellows, one day whilst awaiting the arrival of "Peter the Great." Their faces seemed intelligent, but after watching their absorbed expressions melt into perplexed frowns, I wondered when they explained that the engrossed expressions were due to hard thought and much speculation as to what the time might be, whether I were not at a certain romantic park in the neighbourhood of Sydney, referred to as Gladesville. However, I explained that the tune was "Barney Google," and then, thinking that this classical music was beyond them for a start, I requested them to join in the chorus when I came to the chorus, and starting to render "It ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'," I was horrified to hear them singing "Found a Peanut." Again I pointed out their mistake, and started a solo, but a certain member of the staff entered, and in a most decidedly unappreciative voice demanded the name of the "Perpetrator of those weird noises." Such expression had not been used had Mr. M— heard me.

In consequence of such base ingratitude, lack of appreciation of excellent genius, and ignorance of melody, my beloved "mouth organ" now resides, along with sundry other confiscated property, far from the sight of man, in a certain drawer in a certain desk.

I mourn for the world and for man, especially the soulless gentlemen who should recognise genius as such, all of whom understand not, nor never would love, the elusive charm of his music. Thus another genius on the path to fame has been nipped in the bud, after wasting his sweetness on the desert air. Will you mourn his passing, gentle reader, for lost to the world is the talent of, perhaps, the world's greatest genius, unrecognised and unknown.

R. C. RALPH, 4A.

## MEMORIES.

Memories, those delightful, haunting melodies of the mind. We all have them, and we all cherish them, whether they be sad or gay. They, in return, when old age stiffens our youthful limbs, solace and comfort our last days. I, too, have memories, but being still immature, am apt to forget them. Thus, as I look back over the happenings of my past life, I find that even those that occurred but a few short six months ago are now but misty blurs on the dim horizon of forgetfulness. Yet there is one phase of my life that I will not forget, nay, cannot forget, for it is the root of many of my happy experiences.

This pleasant happening that has so vividly implanted itself in my memory is the incident of an enjoyable holiday spent amid the ranges of the North Coast. For a year before I had looked forward to that holiday, which, owing to a series of regrettable events, had had to be postponed. You can imagine my feelings when the long-awaited day arrived, and the trepidation and exultation with which I began my first train

journey of any considerable length. To one used to the stuffy carriages of our great city this means but little, but to one who enjoys with a fervent and wild delight the carefree and majestic charms of nature, it is a pleasure never to be forgotten. I need not dwell long on that journey, suffice it is to say that on that day I seemed enchanted by a magic spell that turned even the meanest thing into a profusion of glory. The long, drawn-out sigh of the train, as it writhed its elongated back over the iron rails, while I watched with bated breath the dizzying heights above, or the fearsome depths below, gave me a pleasure rare and complete. As I passed the Hawkesbury I thought of the beauty produced by the culture of emulous man, and its insignificance when compared with the serene tranquility of the lofty hills, mirrored in the water and adorned by the rich red rays of the sinking sun.

It was late in the night when I arrived at my destination, and tired from my journey, after paying due respects to my relations I retired, and



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was soon wrapt in slumber. The next morn I awoke early, fully refreshed and ready for any adventure that might come my way. It had so happened that my considerate cousins had mapped out a programme for my stay, and to-day we were to go shooting. The first half of the day was fruitless to me as far as my collection of booty went (not exactly occasioned by lack of game), though thoroughly enjoyable otherwise. Even the one miserable specimen of a parrakeet that I thought I had hit, was claimed as the lawful prize of one of the younger of my cousins. Anyone could see that I aimed too low, or at least my youthful rival could. However, as I was the guest and amid strange surroundings, I was forced to concede the point. At luncheon I thought it advisable to admit that this was the first day I had handled a gun, and that I was a decidedly bad shot. But ah! the power of humility, from that time forth my luck changed. Immediately I was commended for

my fine showing as a beginner and pitied on account of my bad luck; while my rival claimant for the parrakeet was inclined to believe that after all it might have been I who got the lucky shot in. After luncheon fortune must have beamed upon me, for I got a fair reward for my pains. However, I noticed that every time my shots took effect one of my elder cousins happened to be behind me, and that our rifles cracked almost simultaneously. Moreover, when I hit anything he invariably missed. (A mere coincidence, nothing else.) Again, although I was remarkably zealous of my hits, I noticed that my collection of carcasses numbered eight instead of six, as I at first thought it should be. Remarkable how one's memory fails one in excitement. Greatness, however, says little, and I obeyed that maxim.

In these entrancing surroundings I passed perhaps the happiest period of my life.

T.O.B., 4C.

### THE LATIN EXAM.

In the place of ceaseless tramping,  
I could hear the flurried scampering  
Of the fountain-pens and pencils,  
Scratching quickly to and fro.  
But I had no cause to hurry,  
And I had no need to worry;  
All the Latin that I knew of  
Had been written long ago.

As I sat, and thought, and pondered,  
My thoughts, they slowly wandered  
Out to where the sun was shining,  
And the breakers roared and broke.  
Then with a suddenness quite painful,  
And Latin thoughts disdainful,  
By the words: "Pass in your papers,"  
Back to present woes I woke.

BERTIL SUNDSTROM, 4C.

### THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

Its old bark roof has tumbled in, and see,  
All o'er the tott'ring walls from stout logs hewn,  
A verdant mass of clamb'ring vine lies strewn,  
Through which soft sunshine wanders lazily.  
But list! I hear a golden honey bee  
With dull buzz, humming mournfully; but soon  
The droning dies away; and soft winds croon  
And tiny song birds twitter noisily.

Then, as I sit there in the sun, I feel  
A drowsy numbness creeping o'er my soul;  
And in my dreams her smiling face I see  
And hear her sweet voice sound once more.

Relentlessly cold death may take her toll,  
But sweet rememb'rance never can she steal.

G.D., 4C.

### THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

The sea hath its pearls,  
But I have seen at the dawn of day,  
Over the road on the wheel of a dray,  
A fairy's necklace stringed with jewels,  
Glittering and sparkling in the morning sun.  
I went to steal those pearls away,  
But they all dropped off at my feet, and lay

Lost in the grass, I could find not one,  
And the lazy spider crawled along the web he'd  
spun;  
The sea hath its pearls in the great white spray,  
But those of the earth are hidden away.

"MAGOG."

## SUNSET.

## SUNSET

A lone bird clove the peaceful air on high,  
 And wended west its solitary way.  
 The lurid sun embraced, with blood-tipped ray,  
 The stalwart mountains and the azure sky,  
 Within whose bowl the fleeces floated by,  
 But slowly weakened as departing day,  
 With saddened knowledge that it could not  
 stay,

In crooning zephyrs sang a dying sigh.  
 No ripple graced the placid shady lake,  
 Upon whose banks the mournful aspens swayed,  
 And sombre darkness came the earth to take,  
 Upon whose brow the mystic shadows played,  
 Thus, mighty sun, thy grave thou must now  
 make!  
 By dull proud night thy sceptre will be  
 swayed!

## THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

Hark! from the bush comes a melodious song;  
 A chant of beauty, full of mem'ries sweet,  
 Telling of happy days, all, all too fleet,  
 That to the sweet and storied past belong.

It leads the thoughts away from crowded street  
 To rush-fringed pool and happy murmuring  
 stream,

With here and there a splash and silvery  
 gleam  
 Where trout rise high to catch an insect sweet.

It dies and falls, then, like some whisp'ring  
 wind,

In cadence rises, soon to end its lay  
 In joyful trill to welcome new-born day  
 Coming apace, leaving black night behind.

R. M. JONES, 4C.



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## Headmaster's Report for Year 1924

Many signal successes, in both Intermediate and Learning Certificate examinations, were recorded. Of ninety candidates for the Intermediate Examination, eighty-nine passed, gaining an aggregate of 278 "A" passes and an average of eight subjects. This is a record average. G. B. Dance obtained the best pass, with eight A's and one B.

At the L.C. Examination seventy-one candidates were successful, with an average of 6.8 papers. We gained sixteen First Class Honours, forty-four Second Class Honours, ninety-three A passes and 203 B passes. The School gained first place in the State for Latin, first place for French, second place for English, and second place for History. This is certainly a magnificent achievement.

The best pass was that of Guy Howarth, who gained First Class Honours in English, Latin, History and French; first place in the State in Latin, and second place in English.

At the Matriculation Examination in March seven candidates were successful.

As a result of the L.C. Examination six boys gained University Bursaries and twenty-nine University Exhibitions. Since the inauguration of the Secondary School system Fort Street has gained 362 Exhibitions.

In addition to these winners of Exhibitions, at the L.C. and Intermediate Examinations thirty-five boys qualified for admission to the Public

Service, and forty-five were awarded Scholarships in the Teachers' College.

Last year Fort Street was represented at the University by 203 students, i.e., 10 per cent. of the total number of male students.

Forty-six of our ex-students graduated last year in the different faculties: Medicine 19, Law 3, Arts 8, Science 3, Engineering 1, Agriculture 1, Pharmacy 6.

The noteworthy achievements of Old Boys during the year were briefly presented by the Headmaster, who referred feelingly to the untimely death of Professor Hunter, one of the most brilliant scholars that the School has produced.

The report of the activities of the School recorded very gratifying success. Excellent work is being done by the Library, the School Magazine, Debating Classes, Community Singing, School Orchestra, Play Day, First Aid Classes, Life Saving Classes, and Social Functions.

Mr. Kilgour expressed his thanks to the parents for their whole-hearted support of everything that was done to promote the interests of the School, and especially to those ladies who made the social functions of the School so successful. He concluded his report by expressing his deep appreciation of the enthusiastic support given to him by a very able staff.

The Headmaster's report, having been received with acclamation, Mr. S. H. Smith presented the prizes for the year.

---

## THE BELLBIRDS.

## (I.)

From out the forest cool and fresh  
There comes this cheerful song  
Of bell-birds gay, "Ding! Dong!"  
It sends a tingling o'er the flesh.

## (II.)

A joy which only can be found  
In cool and leafy dells,  
Where bell-birds' music swells,  
To fill the welkin with sweet sound.

## (III.)

A melody for gods sublime  
From ferny hollow springs,

Surrounding air then rings  
In harmony with this sweet chime.

## (IV.)

But hush, mid sudden stillness stay  
The songs of such a lute,  
As some incautious foot  
Makes slightest sound upon the way.

## (V.)

To try and view it still more near  
Frights such a timid bird,  
Which, having footsteps heard,  
Makes haste to hide from sight in fear.

L. B. WENHOLZ, 4C.



## THE RAIN.

The trees are shining with a freshened green,  
The leaves drip raindrops on the quivering  
grass;

The bushland through a misty veil is seen,  
A lighter green where trees are few and sparse.

A cricket chirps his unaccompanied song,  
Then from his chant of approbation rests;

But birds, which lately sang the whole day long,  
Are silent, shivering in their dampen'd nests.

The leaves now swaying at the weeping sky,  
And tiny flowers strengthened by the rain,  
The rushing streams where once were ditches dry  
Proclaim that nature has revived again.

V. BENSON.

## THE SEA.

A thing of beauty, wondrous to behold,  
Tyrannical or gentle though it be,  
With cognizance of many a tale untold—  
The sea—the deep-blue, ever-rolling sea!  
In fury, how majestic is the crest  
Which crashes boist'rously upon the shore,  
Frothing with glee, abounding in unrest,  
Delighting in destruction evermore.

The storm abates, the sea becomes serene,  
The billows, azure like the vault of heav'n,  
With lofty crests of foam, afford a scene  
Of grandeur and of highest beauty e'er.  
On human beings the leveller time holds  
sway,  
But seas sweep on forever and a day.

—A. W., 4C.

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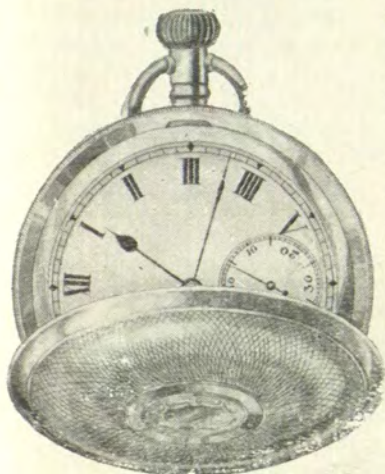
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## FIRST AID CERTIFICATES.

During the year classes in First Aid were formed from the Senior Boys, who were instructed by Dr. J. M. Paling and Dr. F. P. Allen. At the conclusion of the course an examination was held, and the following boys were successful in gaining First Aid Certificates issued by the St. John Ambulance Association:—

M. Allen  
A. Atkin  
R. Baker  
J. Beaumont  
H. Binstead  
C. Blessing  
A. Breyley  
N. Bronger  
C. Broome  
G. Brown  
C. Bryan  
E. Christenson  
L. Cohen  
R. Cox  
T. Cox  
S. Crabbe  
E. Crago  
G. Dance  
A. Date  
H. Davies

D. Hyde  
A. Irvine  
A. Jarvis  
J. Lowe  
G. Martin  
L. Mathieson  
I. McNaught  
C. Morris  
A. Neal  
N. Neal  
T. O'Brien  
E. Osborne  
E. O'Toole  
P. Partridge  
H. Patterson  
R. Penfold  
D. Petterson  
J. Perkins  
J. Pickard  
H. Punter

R. Digby  
R. Dupen  
J. Dunleavy  
P. Dyson  
S. Einfeld  
N. Elbourne  
K. Ellis  
H. Evans  
C. Ferrier  
E. Fleming  
G. Forsythe  
J. Foster  
E. Furzer  
R. Galvin  
G. Gawthorpe  
C. Glass  
W. Glendon  
R. Goodsell  
R. Grant  
C. Hall  
S. Hambrett  
F. Harden  
H. Henderson  
M. Hooke  
T. Hornibrook  
A. Hulls  
W. Humphries  
E. Hutchinson

J. Quirk  
A. Radford  
K. Richardson  
E. Rosen  
G. Schrader  
J. Simmons  
A. Slinn  
I. Smith  
W. Smith-White  
L. Solomon  
C. Sorenson  
B. Sundstrom  
W. Taylor  
H. Theobald  
G. Turnbull  
J. Turner  
C. Twigg  
A. Waddington  
G. Ward  
A. Welsh  
B. Wenzholz  
F. Wilkinson  
L. Williams  
H. Williams  
N. Winters  
J. Wishart  
C. Yum.

## THE OLD SCHOOL.

Can'st find a man who durst proclaim  
One sland'rous word 'gainst her fair name?  
If such there breathe, let him speak forth,  
And he'll incur ten thousands' wrath,  
For lives but one true Fortian  
Who'll hold his peace? I vow there are none!

What noble men have trod yon hill!  
Whom, after, the whole world, athrill,  
Did marvel at, and whence they came,

To set o'erflowing the cup of fame;  
Till land was not, that did not know,  
That proud old name, where'er winds blow.

Fort Street, live on! and, through the years,  
Bear on thy laurel to our peers,  
Until the very scroll of fame  
Is filled with honours to thy name;  
And Fortians, still, unto thy throne  
Bring wond'rous glory yet unknown!

G. D. G., 4C.

## MY GARDEN

Come into my garden fair,  
Beauteous flowers are blooming there,  
Roses sweet of scarlet hue,  
Swaying bells of purest blue,  
Sparkling in the morning dew.

And the songs of birds around  
Through the scented air resound;  
Birds across the heavens winging

In the leafy frondage singing,  
Music to my garden bringing.

Hear the softly crooning breeze  
Whispering gently through the trees,  
Bearing on its gentle way  
Sweet perfume and joyous lay  
From my garden bright and gay.

—GORDON J. TURNBULL.



## GENERAL COMMENTS.

The most notable features in school sport during the year were the increase in the number of boys playing tennis, the outstanding success of our athletes at the C.H.S. meeting, the growing interest in swimming, the victory for the sixth year in succession of the Second Grade Football Team, and the splendid organisation of the sport and control of the finances by the Sportsmaster and Treasurer respectively. Our cricket representatives are reaching a higher standard of play than that of more recent years, and as many of them were members of the Football and Athletic teams, it follows that they will prove worthy of our highest sporting traditions.

It is to be regretted that some of the boys who play Winter Tennis do not play our greatest game, for the defection of two hundred boys makes it difficult for the Grade Football Teams to maintain the high standard required. This disability is felt especially in the higher grades, and during 1925 the First and Second grade teams found themselves, far too frequently, without reserves. The bigger boys in all the years should take this to heart. It should be the aim of their school life to play football for the School, and with this in view they should join up with the class teams next winter. Of course, the others who fear the bumps and never imagine the thrill of speeding for the line, had better keep to the quieter game.

Our athletes deserve a word of congratulation for their splendid achievement in winning both the Senior and Junior Cups against all schools. Such a record appears to have been the reward of our Athletic Club, which, no doubt, will have an increase of strength next year.

As most of the sporting activities are reported in detail by the masters concerned, it is only necessary to draw attention to those reports, and remind boys, where it is necessary, of the obligation they are under to those who give up their time in the interests of school games.

In conclusion, some reference must be made to the general organisation of the sports of the school. From the point of view of both masters and boys, everything has worked smoothly. The material under the careful husbandry of the Sportsmaster has been well preserved, and sports' presses are filled with plentiful supplies. When it is realised how much time and careful attention is required to bring about such a flourishing condition the appreciation of everyone must be accorded Mr. Thompson for his efficient work. The Sports Fund closes with a credit balance of £85—an unprecedented state of affairs. Mr. Stanley reports that five classes have fully paid up, and the others should come into line at once.

—L.F.K.

## FOOTBALL, 1925.

### FIRST-GRADE, 1925.

The following players won the distinction of representing the School in First Grade during the season:—

Backs: Cant (Captain), Chin, Watts, Forsyth, Jarvis, Lowe, M. Smith, Solomon, Furzer.  
Forwards: Blessing (Vice-Captain), J. Smith,

Levings, Wyndham, Cohen, Einfeld, Taylor, Dyson, Keast, Hooke, Beaumont.

Nine games were played, six being won and three lost. The MacManamey Shield, won by our 1924 team without a defeat, was lost this year to Sydney, a good combination, to whom we offer, once more, our congratulations.

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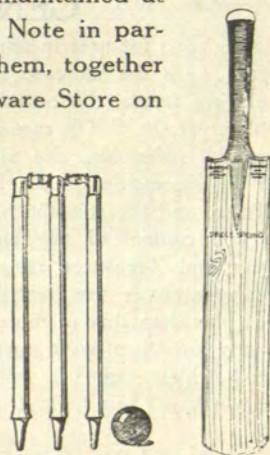
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Despite its failure to win the competition, the team was in every respect worthy of the School: the standard of sportsmanship was high from the outset, and remained so throughout the season; the best of goodfellowship existed among the players, and the team took its defeats with a good grace. Such a state of affairs leaves little to be desired, and the School is rightly proud of the 1925 players.

Much of the good tone of the team is directly due to the influence of the Captain and Vice-Captain. Both players excelled in their game, and gave a fine lead to the rest of the team, both on and off the field. Not often has the School been so fortunate in having such capable leaders.

Cant.—To place on record once more the high standard of Cant's play is unnecessary. It seems sufficient to say that capable judges of school football, both from his own and other schools, hail him as the best schoolboy footballer seen in Sydney for many years: he is recognised, too, as one of the best leaders, and had no competitor for the captaincy of the Combined High School Representative Team.

Blessing's influence on the team was quiet and forceful; his game was always sound, if not brilliant, and he leaves the School with the respect and goodwill of everyone.

Lowe.—Good always, as breakaway, three-quarter and full-back. Excellent in defence.

Chin.—Sound winger; one of the most improved players of the season.

Watts.—A dashing player on his day, weak in defence, but with a sound knowledge of the game.

Forsyth.—An excellent half-back, never rattled; opened up the game well.

Jarvis.—Very fair, but lacks experience; weak in defence, and given too much to cutting in.

M. Smith.—Lacked experience; ground fielding good. A weak defender.

Solomon.—Very capable; should have played throughout the year; a promising full-back.

Furzer.—A promising player, better in attack than defence; should be an outstanding player next year.

Irwin Smith.—One of the hard-workers; excelled in the ruck: a splendid tackler. One of the most useful forwards the School has produced.

Levings.—Very sound, but lacked weight; a good dribbler and reliable tackler.

Cohen.—A good forward, indifferent back; played well when in condition.

Wyndham.—One of the surprises; played well as centre-forward in later matches.

Taylor.—A promising forward, passing through the clumsy stage. Should do well next year.

Keast.—A sound, roving forward; faulty handle; avoided ruck work.



CANT & BLESSING,  
Captain and Vice-Captain.  
First Grade Rugby,  
1925.

Hooke.—An honest worker; lacked pace; well worth his position in the team.

Dyson.—Needed much more training and experience.

Einfeld.—Lacked devil, which probably explained his cheerfulness.

Baumont.—Very fair toward end of season; would have done better with more experience.

At the close of the season the team gave further evidence of its quality by entertaining Mr. Thompson (Sportsmaster), Mr. Keller (Coach), and Galvin (Trainer), with a banquet at Sargent's. A most enjoyable evening was spent, and after-dinner speeches by every member of the team revealed the genuine sympathy existing between the boys and their guests. The occasion was a memorable one.

In addition, autographed photos of the team were presented later to the Sportsmaster and Coach.

It would be a pity to pass over such happenings without a comment. We are all too prone to acclaim our school spirit, and then avoid the responsibilities that we must shoulder if we wish to live up to our boast. This certainly cannot be charged against the First Grade Team, for its members have gone out of their way to give recognition to the work that has been done for them. They have proved that football is more than donning a jersey in an attempt to win a competition, and by making the team a social unit, have set an example to the rest of the School, that is in every way creditable.

—L.F.K.

#### SECOND GRADE RUGBY.

The members of this team proved themselves worthy of the confidence expressed in the last issue of "The Fortian." Their performances in winning the competition show that they formed one of the finest combinations we have ever had representing us in this grade, in which we have been remarkably successful. Led by Solomon, a real sportsman, unassuming and capable, with Dunleavy as vice-captain, they were a very happy family, and, both on and off the field, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The secret of their success was that, by training regularly and hard, they learned to know and respect each other.

Another point worth recording is that of eighteen boys who played in the various games only five were in Fifth Year. This means that we should have strong teams in both Firsts and Seconds next season.

The following table gives a summary of our Second Grade Teams' results since the competition, in its present form, started in 1917.

Year.	Won.	Lost	Drew	Points For.	Points Against.
1917	5	2	2	—	—
1918	4	7	1	—	—
1919	7	2	1	174	15
*1920	7	0	0	167	8
*1921 All except 1	0	1	—	—	—
*1922.—No details available.					
*1923	14	1	0	282	50
*1924	8	0	1	207	28
*1925	8	0	1	204	18

\*Won Competition.

We won the competition for the first time in 1920, and have remained victorious ever since. Unfortunately, there are no official records for 1922, but unless we were defeated in some game that year, we have lost only one game since 1919. This is truly a fine achievement.

—J.B.

#### THIRD GRADE FOOTBALL.

The Third Grade Team repeated the performance of the 1924 Third Grade Team, and finished the competition just behind the winners. The team trained regularly and conscientiously throughout the season, and showed steady improvement as the result of this training. Although the result of the competition was not quite as satisfactory as we hoped for, the team will provide good material for next year's senior grade teams. The loss of the captain, Vernon, early in the season, seriously affected the strength of the team, as Vernon was a good leader, capable of inspiring the team at the critical stages of a game, and also was capable of playing a good game at almost any position in the field. Vice-Captain McGlynn did well as captain for the remainder of the season. McGlynn was a fine forward, being particularly useful in the loose.

The most improved player was Ralph. He will be a star forward in next year's first-grade team. The strength of the team was in its fine lot of forwards. Wolf, Broome and Brown should be mentioned for their forward play.

The backs were not strong, but Cook, Neal, and Haines showed promise, and should improve sufficiently to find a place in the second grade team next season.

—D.D.

#### FOURTH GRADE.

Of the Fourth Grade competition for the season there is not a great deal to say.

With Canterbury we occupied third place to Sydney and North Sydney, both of whose teams were very strong, and too good for ours.

Still, we had a very enjoyable series of games,

played in the true Fortian spirit. There were no complaints and no casualties.

Smith, as the captain, and an outstanding three-quarter, was a tower of strength. Percival, vice-captain, as centre forward, bore the brunt of the heavy scrum work, and in some matches played very well.

Melville and Smith showed combination, which was a valuable example. Of the rest it is enough to say that on the field and off they bore themselves in such a way as to worthily uphold the honour of the "Old School."

As regards the type of play, one might say that the recruits from class football do not come up to our former standard in either numbers or class of players. —A.H.B.

#### FIFTH GRADE.

The Fifth Grade Team failed to retain its hold on the Premiership this year on account

of the fact that the players were not nearly as good, either individually or collectively, as in 1924. A certain number of players were allotted to the team at the beginning of the season, and we had to depend upon these players throughout, as, unlike other seasons, we failed to recruit other players from the "Unknowns." This was probably due to the fact that a strong rival sport, Tennis, was given more attention this year than in the past.

Taking this handicap into account, the team performed fairly creditably, the outstanding player being the captain, Buxton. The "discovery" of the year was probably Crisp, who gave some very good exhibitions in all departments of the game. Probably the most improved player during the season was Jack Brown, who developed an unexpected coolness in defence.

—L.L.

## CRICKET.

### FIRST GRADE CRICKET.

Once again our first grade team has finished the season runners-up to our good sports and able opponents, North Sydney.

The season was a highly successful one, team spirit was displayed at its best. All the players showed a marked unselfishness, each player for Fort Street, not for himself, regardless of the individual cost.

The deeds of 1925 go to show that it is not essential for a team to win the competition to have a successful season; the lessons learnt by the players will be used in future life and treasured to "old age."

The matches against Parramatta, Technical, and Sydney were described in detail in the last "Fortian," so it will suffice to deal now with the all-important North Sydney match, and the game with Central Technical.

With only one day's practice before the match, the team met Norths on their oval. Norths batted the whole of the first day, compiling the respectable score of 235.

Our boys set out with stout hearts, all being confident of victory. When it seemed that we had the game well in hands North's star came into the ascendant, and we were dismissed for 200, and so a good game and hard fight ended with us once more the runners-up.

We congratulate our victors; it is a pleasure to lose to such a fine team.

The good feeling existing between both teams was shown by the scenes in the dressing rooms.

The remaining match against Central Technical was won by the School by ten wickets after the match.

The thanks of the team are due to Mr. C. G. Macartney for his valuable coaching.

The only misfortune in a wonderful season was the illness of Galvin. This player was one of the foremost in the team, but a serious illness prevented him taking his place in the field in the latter part of the season. The sympathy of the team and the whole School goes out to Galvin, and all wish him a speedy recovery.

One very noticeable feature of the season was the lack of enthusiasm displayed by the School in the deeds of their first graders. It is to be hoped that next year this defect will be rectified, and every first grade player will be able to go on the field, knowing he has the support of the School behind him.

We wish all members of the team leaving school every success.

With Cant, Forsyth, Furzer, Hawkins, Smith, Solomon remaining at school next year, these players should inspire the new recruits, and we are confidently looking forward to Fort Street once more winning the coveted shield.

And so a pleasant season becomes a happy memory.

## SECOND GRADE.

The Second Grade competition consisted, so far as we were concerned in three matches, from which we emerged runners-up. Throughout the season the team showed a certain amount of strength in the departments of batting and bowling, but the fielding was, in general, disastrously weak, without a doubt costing us the first place in our division. The most successful with the bat were Yum, Archer, Jarvis, McInerny and Jenner. The former two were most sure and consistent opening batsmen. Of the bowlers, White, Martin, Jenner and Elbourne were most effective, while Seale proved his worth as wicket-keeper. The team was a team of sportsmen, and indeed worthy of Fort Street in every respect.

## THIRD GRADE.

In spite of one or two early reverses, this team showed a remarkable improvement during the latter half of the season, and by defeating Burwood, the winners of the division, filled third place in the competition.

## TENNIS, 1925.

## FIRST GRADE.

The School's First Grade of 1925 was an entirely new team, viz.: B. Sundstrom (captain), B. Clark, H. Cunningham, and L. White.

The team put up a fine performance, winning five matches out of six, being beaten in the deciding match against North Sydney by five sets thirty-eight games, to three sets thirty-nine games, the team actually winning on games, but losing on sets.

The School is fortunate, inasmuch as Sundstrom and Cunningham, if not Clark, will be able to represent Fort Street in the first grade again next year.

## 2A TEAM.

This team, consisting of Richards (captain), Sinclair, Jones and Lee, performed very well during the season, obtaining first place in its division. The team was noted for its steadiness and consistency, and possessed a very good combination, Jones and Lee being the outstanding players. Lee, Jones and Sinclair will be available next year, and are promising aspirants for the next grade teams.

## COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS OF N.S.W.

Fort Street entered eight representatives in the Annual Tennis Championships of the High

The highest batting averages were Morris (25), Sawkins (21.5) and Manning (21.25), while Cunningham secured twenty-two wickets at a cost of 8.3 each, Beaumont and Dunlop ranking next with sixteen each at averages of 9.2 and 9.6 respectively.

The fielding was of a very fair standard, Wenzholz being particularly noticeable behind the stumps. In the last match he did not allow a single sundry.

Of the seven games, four were won, one drawn, and two lost.

Matches: Versus Technical, lost by 24; Fort Street, 31, Technical 55. Against Parramatta Inter., won by 31; Fort Street 58, Parramatta 27. Versus Canterbury, drawn; Canterbury 125, Fort Street one for 46. Versus Petersham, won by seven wickets and eight runs; Petersham 122, Fort Street, three for 130. Against Parramatta, lost; Parramatta 102, Fort Street 55. Versus Drummoyne, won by one run; Drummoyne 77, Fort Street 78. Against Burwood, won by 16; Fort Street 107, Burwood 91.

Schools of New South Wales, viz., B. Sundstrom, B. Clark, H. Cunningham, L. White, K. Ellis, G. Martin, R. Jones, and L. Cox, who competed in both singles and doubles.

Fort Street performed very creditably in both events, Sundstrom and Clark being runners-up in the doubles championship, and Jones advancing to the semi-final of the singles, meeting the ultimate winner in that round.

Martin and Ellis must also be congratulated on their fine showing, defeating several reputable representatives from other High Schools.

Altogether, the outlook for next year's tennis is very bright, and with Ellis, Martin, Jones, Lee and Sinclair remaining from the second grade teams, the task of selecting the aspirants for the first grade vacancies will be a difficult one.

## 2B TEAM.

This team—Ellis (captain), Martin, Tonkin, and Cox—played consistently throughout the season, and by winning seven out of the nine matches, gained third place in its division of the second grade competition. Of the four, Ellis and Martin will be with us next year, and if they practice seriously with the right type of players, should be prominent aspirants for first grade honours.



# After Schooldays—Accountancy

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## M.B.C. LATEST RESULTS.

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1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th places: Final Law  
1st and 3rd places: Final Accounts

MODERATE FEES.

EASY SYSTEM OF PAYMENT.

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SYDNEY

## THIRD GRADE.

This competition was added at the last minute, and so insufficient time was left for the serious elimination of very many candidates for the team. Two teams were entered, and fared only indifferently. But the practice gained was excellent, and helped us to gain a real judgment on the capabilities of the younger players.

Brown and Beattie stand out as lads of promise and enthusiasm.

Note: The season has been remarkable for the number of wet Wednesdays. Despite this handicap, the standard of play has been of a high order, and Tennis has now taken an important place in the sport of the school.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS

The meeting on 26th August, 1925, was a definite attempt to give our School a sports worthy of the place it claims in the School world.

The programme, which would do credit to a district organisation, was well filled and interesting. The events, forty-six in number, were punctual, and the grounds cleared of unnecessary "helpers." This reflects great credit on the

effective marshalling of the entrants.

The winners for the meeting were:—

Senior Cup: H. Chin (5C).

Junior Cup: R. Jenner (3B).

Under 14 Years Medal: A. Hall (1C).

## PENNANTS.

School Pennant: Third Year.

Year Pennants: 1C, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5C.

Individual Pennants: First Year: G. Gee (1B).

Second Year: A. Bissaker (2B) Third

Year, C. Solomon (3A). Fourth Year: C.

Schrader (4C). Fifth Year: I. Smith (5C).

The "Under 14" High Jump record was broken by Farlow (1D), with 4ft. 10in., and the Junior Hurdles by C. Solomon in 15 3/10 secs. An unfavourable wind made an apparent slackness in our running, the real quality of the year's work, however, was shown in the C.H.S. Sports, when our teams brought back the Junior Shield and Senior Cup. We trust that by next year the new spirit will be so developed that not only will our 1926 sports be better than ever before, but that our representative teams will make the third step and return from the Inter. High School meeting with full and complete honours.

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„ with skirt, 16/6



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„ with Fort-st Badge 7/6

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