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THE
FORTIAN



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

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1926

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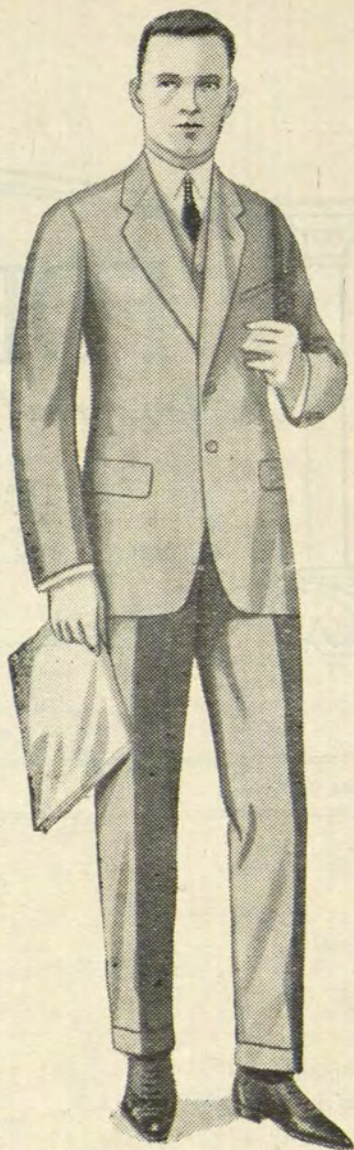
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The word "Editorial" is written in a large, elegant, cursive script. The letter "E" is particularly large and stylized, with a quill pen resting on its top curve. The quill is positioned as if writing the letter. Below the "E", a scroll or ribbon-like element curves under the word, adding to the decorative flourish.

The outstanding event in the life of the school this year is the retirement of our esteemed Headmaster. On May 29th Mr. Kilgour relinquished the Headmastership of Fort Street, and brought to a close an educational career of outstanding brilliance, and of inestimable value to the State. For twenty-one years Mr. Kilgour has guided the destiny of Fort Street, and so impressed his character upon the legion of boys who have passed through the school that the fame of Fort Street has been raised to a position unrivalled in the scholastic world. The gathering in the hall to bid farewell was a striking demonstration of esteem and affection for "the chief." The enthusiasm of the boys, the glowing tributes paid by the speakers, and the presence of so many old boys of the school all gave evidence of the honoured place that Mr. Kilgour has won in the hearts of his boys. On another page will be found a fuller appreciation of his great services. The present school, the great host of pupils, the staff, past and present, unite in the hope that Mr. Kilgour may have many years in which to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" that he has so nobly earned. Mr. J. A. Williams, B.A., who has been Headmaster of the Technical High School since its foundation, in 1911, succeeds Mr. Kilgour as Headmaster. On behalf of the school we extend to him a hearty welcome. Mr. Williams comes to us with a fine reputation. The boys and staff of the Technical High School regard his departure as a very distinct loss. In the comparatively short period of its existence "the Tech." has established a fine reputation for scholarship and sportsmanship. We have no doubt that under the guidance of Mr. Williams Fort Street will lose none of its lustre, but steadily maintain the honour and prestige it now possesses.

WAHOMBEK

THE TURTLE.

The blacks were assembling around the beautiful Cowan Creek, for there were plenty of fish and wallabies among the apple trees and blue gums. The time had come when the boys were to be made men, so all the tribes had camped close to one another, and were hunting together.

As day by day the various tribes arrived they pitched their camps on the several ridges surrounding the level space in which the corroborees were to be held. The Wahns (crows) had one point, the Dummerk (pigeons) another, and so on until all the space surrounding the corroboree ground was dotted with clusters of humpies among the big trees.

By day there was much hunting and feasting, girls were given and promised in marriage. The whole bush re-echoed with the merry laughter of the women and the triumphant shouts of the hunters. In the evening the thin wisps of smoke curled lazily upward through the maze of branches to be wafted away by the soft breeze which gently rocked the treetops. The whole western sky was aglow with the dying beams of the sun, changing from a fleecy grey to ruddy pink, betokening the coming of summer.

Later, as the evening advanced, an undercurrent of excitement would run through the camp, and the women would whisper among themselves—they always have done at the approach of some big event.

The soul of the bush was attuned to the spirit of the camp, for the air was heavy with the scent of the honey-laden gum-blossoms, while Ouyan (the curlew) and other night birds could be heard calling from the deep recesses of the quiet valleys.

Then from behind the huts the men marched in, accompanied by shouting and clanging of boomerangs. Each tribe tried to outdo the other in the brightness of their painting and the quaintness of the designs. Beeleer (the black cockatoo) tribe came with bright splashes of orange-red on their arms, chests and legs; then the Pelicans, as a contrast, almost white, with occasional black spots where the paint had rubbed off; next, the Black Divers, with their skin shining like satin, and a solitary scarlet dash on their foreheads; after them followed

the Bats, with grotesque markings of white and yellow all over their bodies.

When all had marched into the ring a rhythmic chanting began, to which the women beat time with their boomerangs, while the men danced with fantastic motions. In the dancing the stately Brolgahs excelled although their dull, French-grey skins could not be compared to the rose and grey of the Galahs. At first they advanced bowed with great dignity, then retired repeating the actions several times, and each time becoming swifter and changing their bows into pirouettes. As they went through their dance they changed their dignity for grotesqueness, but still retained their solemn air, thus causing much amusement amongst their audience.

After the dancing was finished tales were told of spirits and past corroborees, until at last even the most interested of the children fell asleep to dream of the tales they had heard and what they had seen.

This went on for some nights, then once when the attention of all was taken by an argument between two old men, strange noises were heard in the bush, and the women cowed and whispered in their huts "Gurraymy" (borah devil). Had they not been so frightened, they might have recognised the strange whirring noise as that made by a piece of circular wood being whirled around the head on string. But as they had the fear of spirits in their minds they did not, and so took it as a sign that the boys should be made men.

The next day the camp moved, leaving the silent corroboree ground with its little blackened circles where the fires had been for the larger enclosure which the men had cleared. Around the Borah ground the stately gums towered to reach the sun, and deeper in the bush could be seen masses of orange-tinted Dillwynia, while in the still air the tinkling of the nearby stream, as it tumbled over the mossy rocks, could be clearly heard. The ring itself had been cleared of the scrub, which had been used to make the humpies for the women.

That night the women relations of the young men corroboreed all night, and towards dawn

the younger ones were ordered into the rough huts. The others stayed on until they, too, were ordered into the huts, after saying good-bye to the boys, who had been grasped by the men and carried round the ring on their shoulders. Before the men went boughs were placed over the doors of the humpies, which were removed when the last of the boys had disappeared with their guardians.

But one of the women was very inquisitive, and managed to creep out of the shelter with her little son, Gookork (the iguana). Now, it was said, that if a woman saw a boy between the time of the big Borah and his return to the tribe, the whole party would never die, but live an unhappy, though immortal, life.

Wayambah (the turtle) thought that if she carried a Borah charm no harm could come to her, but still she was not quite sure, and crept on along the track which she knew all the men

would take. For a time she could hear nothing but the low twittering of the birds, as they began to set about their day's work. But at last she heard the occasional cracking of a stick, as though burning, a little way ahead. Grasping the charm firmly, she crept forward with her little son, trying to persuade herself not to be afraid. At last she gained the courage to thrust aside the bushes. There she saw a boy and a man sitting near a small fire, while the man was showing the boy how to skin a paddymelon, which they had caught. Immediately she felt a strange feeling come over her, and there appeared to be a change in the attitude of the two hunters. Attempting to look down at her little son, she could not, and then she knew the story was true. She had changed to stone, and to this day a cluster of strongly human-like boulders may be seen in this part of the bush as a warning to the inquisitive.

—J. BALDOCK, 3C.

AT YASS

Across the great expanse of space, the sun rode on, proud of his position as he poured down the sweltering rays on the unfortunate earth. Far above there seemed to be the fleecy clouds like small rugged isles in a great blue sea. But now, old King Sol was fast sinking, and far away to the west different hues of the rainbow slowly interwove into one another, making fantastic shapes and figures on the multi-coloured horizon, as I made my way along the pretty little Yass River.

The mighty hills, jutting out their steel-coloured rocks, were now enshrouded in a veil of purple and grey. The old town clock struck six, and now and then columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense arising from the red chimneys of the town, were to be seen. While through the streets the "tramp" of many feet were heard as the men made their way to their little dwellings, there to be met by hard-toiling wives and the kisses of their little children.

So I strolled on, wending my way through the trees and shrubs, here and there stealing a look at the little flowers, now closing their petals, for night was blending with twilight, and falling fast.

Now I had come to the large rock known as Hatton's Lookout. I looked up. What was there? Nothing! My imagination was playing tricks on me. But no! There it stood! Dimly through the gloom of the evening loomed the ghostly figure of Hatton himself. His blood-stained face and his long-barreled pistol haunted me. Was I back in the Forties, when bush-rangers were common in New South Wales? Nay! I pinched myself to make sure that I was not in the middle of an eloquent dream. Slowly the pistol was raised and levelled, and I was not ten yards from the barrel. What was I to do? Run or fight? The firearm was now ready to explode, and I jumped to my left quickly, there to fall into a bush of Scotch thistles, and the Ghost then disappeared.

Ha! ha! ha! Then I was greeted by a merry chorus of laughs and giggles. Who were they? My joyous schoolmates.

I went home that night, sore in mind, because of the laughing-stock I had made of myself, and sore also from that bramble bush of prickles. The "ghost" was found to be my schoolmate, Lionel Kelton.

—H. S. WILLIS, 3D.

NOTES AND NEWS

Quite a large number has been added this year to the Fort Street representation at the University. Further, N. Macintosh has been elected Representative of First Year Medicine, and L. Cohen Representative of First Year Dentistry.

Mr. H. W. Hogbin, one of our Old Boys, has been elected President of the Ex-Students' Union, connected with Teachers' College.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. R. Okada, teacher of Japanese at the School, on his recent success in gaining his B.A. Degree.

Harold Hynes, Assistant-Biologist in the Department of Agriculture, has returned from America, where he has been extending his studies for the past two years.

George Sheed, a well-known footballer and athlete while at Fort Street, has been appointed to the position of Engineer Surveyor at Canberra, under the Federal Government. In this capacity he will play an important part in bringing into operation the plans for the roads and streets of the Federal Capital.

Mr. J. S. Taylor, an old Fortian, has returned to Sydney as Secretary of the N.S.W. Branch of the Citizens' Mutual Life Assurance Company.

The Board of Education of the Diocese of Sydney has announced the appointment of Rev. F. A. Walton, M.A., Dip. Ed., as Diocesan Director of Education. Mr. Walton was educated at Fort Street, whence he proceeded to the University. In the year 1918 he graduated B.A., and the following year gained his Diploma in Education, proceeding to his M.A. Degree in 1920. Of late years he has been Curate of Holy Trinity, Dulwich Hill, and Master of the Trinity Grammar School.

Raymond McGrath, the recent winner of the Wentworth Travelling Scholarship, is shortly leaving for Europe. He intends to visit Sweden, Germany and Russia. Mr. McGrath has attracted great attention at the University by his literary and artistic work, in addition to his achievements in architecture. He is already well-known as a poet, and we feel sure that his

artistic talents will be further developed by his trip to the Old World.

Dr. Saxon Crakanthorp, who recently commenced practice at Hurstville, was married last month to Miss V. Roseby, of Roseville. We extend our heartiest congratulations.

One of the Third Year boys of last year, Alan Gorringe, was not content with obtaining a good pass at the Intermediate Examination. He sat for the Matriculation Exam. in the following March examinations, and was very successful. We congratulate Gorringe on his creditable achievement.

F. E. Holt and A. Grainger, both Fortians, gained first and second place respectively in the First Year Dentistry Examination.

At this year's function the University conferred degrees on forty-nine former Fort Street boys.—This constitutes a record. Further, among the prize-winners we may point with no little pride to the following distinguished Fortians:—R. N. McCulloch, B.Sc., Rhodes Scholar for 1926; Raymond McGrath, B.Arch., Wentworth Travelling Fellow; R. W. MacKay, B.Sc., B.E., Walter and Eliza Hall Fellowship in Engineering; G. J. Barwick, B.A., University Medal and Dalley Prize; H. A. Snelling, B.A., LL.B., Dalley Prize, aeq. Barwick; G. F. Armsberg, B.A., LL.B., University Medal and prox. acc. to Dalley Prize.

Clive Evatt, LL.B., was admitted to the Bar this month, and A. J. L. Somerville, B.A., LL.B., was admitted to practice as solicitor.

Rev. W. J. Edwards, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Cambridge) has resigned his church at Bulli to take up the position of Headmaster of the Monara Grammar School, Cooma. Mr. Edwards is one of our Old Boys, who, after his war service, completed a course in Education at Cambridge University.

At the beginning of the year some changes were made in the Staff. Mr. Drake was promoted to Bega, as Headmaster of the District School; Mr. Keller went to East Maitland High School, as Deputy-Headmaster; and Mr. Levy to Broken Hill High School in a similar capacity. All these gentlemen have been very

closely associated with the successes of our boys, both in the scholastic and athletic side of their education. We extend to them our heartiest congratulations on their promotion. In the places of these masters we have Mr. McKiligan, from Armidale High School; Mr. Tierney, from Sydney High School; and Mr. Duncan, from North Sydney High School. Mr. C. Gould has also been appointed to the English Staff. We give these gentlemen a sincere welcome to

the School, and trust that their association with Fort Street will be a long and happy one.

On June 2nd the following Old Boys were admitted to the Supreme Court as solicitors:—

N. J. Bell, B.A., LL.B.

H. R. Booth, LL.B.

A. M. Cunningham.

W. P. Densley, B.A., LL.B.

O. C. Ferns, LL.B.

J. W. Smythe, B.A., LL.B.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

"Mid channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling;
Through breaks of the cedar and sycamore bowers
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers."

—Henry Kendall.

Dawn! The rosebud flush tinges the horizon, and gradually spreads across the sky, while Mother Night is speedily gathering her black cloak, studded with brilliants, about her, and glides away to another part of the world. All the wonderful Australian Bush is alive with musical sounds.

One by one the sunbeams creep above the horizon, playing hide and seek with the big blue gums' leaves' shadows in the dark, mystic, silent pool. Yet again the sunbeams are at work, breaking the dew-drenched flowers with a kiss, and making them sparkle with new life. Gradually the sun appears above the horizon, like a king coming to view his dominions.

Surely the bush is a fairyland! Everything so enchanting, yet silent! The beautiful blue gums stand straight and erect, with their slender, stately branches stretching towards the sky. The dew-drops on the flowers sparkle like so many spangles, but not for long, as the fairies pluck

their treasures away as if they are jealous of the sun seeing them.

The butterflies flitting in and out the trees are like wonderful mystic lights. The silence is broken by birds calling to their mates and the faint hum of the ground insects busy at their work.

The sun had reached its zenith. A hush has spread over the bush, save for the ceaseless droning of the bees as they go from flower to flower getting the honey.

Slowly the sun sinks down below the gum trees; everything is alive; the ceaseless twitter of the birds overhead foretells the approach of night. One single star is faintly seen. Then the azure sky is tinted with orange, and slowly Mother Night again begins to spread out her cloak over the bush, and her brilliants become more numerous.

The bush grows quiet! Silence reigns supreme. That beautiful night lamp, the moon, throws her light over a fairyland, for out of the flowers are creeping fairies to hang the dew-drops and the flowers again, and bedeck the spider's web with these priceless jewels, and after this begin their moonlight revels till morning dawns again.

After night comes dawn, and so on throughout eternity, while our bush becomes more beautiful every day.

J. HARDY, 3B.

ALEXANDER JAMES KILGOUR, B.A., LL.B.

AN APPRECIATION.

The hour, it is said, bringeth forth the man, and in a propitious hour, Alexander James Kilgour was brought forth to control the destinies, present and potential, of more than a generation of young minds, among whom are some of the keenest intellects that are gracing and are to grace the professional and political life of this sunny south land of ours. The annals of our race are filled with the records of the deeds of its heroic souls, heroic, that is true, in the Carlylean sense, men of action, makers of men and makers of history, great souls, "original men," who have even fought for the right, and who have found in their work, often fraught with difficulty and pain, the full measure of their strength. Such a man as these is he who has just laid down his command of Fort Street, a man full of intellectual riches, honoured per maxima cum honore by thousands of those old boys whose characters are but replicas in little of the matrix from which they were struck.

When the sum total of Mr. Kilgour's activity comes to be made up there is one item that will stand conspicuously in the list. With his high sense of public duty, the good of each and every boy was ever his prime interest. A maker of men he has been aptly called—one could go further and call him a saviour of young men, for there are many of these who would never today have been occupying proud and honourable positions in the professional and commercial life of this State had he not urged, nay, almost compelled, their parents, dazzled by the prospect of an immediate good commencing salary, to allow them to stay the extra two years beyond the Intermediate, and so qualify educationally for higher posts.

To those who have had the great privilege of intimate friendship Mr. Kilgour is an educational superman—an inspirational teacher in the truest sense of the term, a spirit intense in his devotion to the highest ideals of good citizenship; a vital personality, who, immune from petty jealousies, and free from all petty motives, has arrived at that summit of educational achievement, the love of his pupils, the admiration of their parents, the respect and devotion of his

entire staff. If in his retirement we may be permitted to express one wish, it is that of Browning:—

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of 'life, for which the first was made."

If, as Shakespeare asserts, "the web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together," in Mr. Kilgour the good has so outcoloured the ill that the fabric appears of quite even texture. With all the purposeful activity and tenacity of the Scot, he has never asked others to undertake a burden he was not prepared to shoulder himself. Never was he known to stand in the way of or oppose a man's promotion, no matter how invaluable at the time his services appeared to be at the school. It was ever "God speed and God bless you in your new sphere of work."

With an astonishing memory for names and faces, the Head knows his boys better than a father his sons. Nay, has he not told you that they were and are all sons to him. Such a knowledge can only come through intimate association with all the pupils of the schools. Particularly has his influence been wielded and reflected through the senior classes, for these he knew far better than any of us. Of his capacity as a teacher of his own great subject there need be no boasting. Few men in this State possess his knowledge and appreciation of the great classics. Fewer, far fewer, can teach them as well. With a capacity for work, he combined the culture of the scholar and the skill of the born teacher, truly a happy combination of rare good qualities.

To be a successful headmaster one of the most outstanding qualifications must be a strict sense of justice. When this is combined with a generosity of heart, and a sympathy for the boyish mind, our conception of what should constitute the ideal headmaster is almost reached. In an inordinate degree Mr. Kilgour is endowed with that primal sympathy, which, generously extended to all his boys, makes him live vividly in their memories as "the dear old Boss." To use



Mr. A. J. KILGOUR, B.A., LL.B.

a phrase, perhaps a little outworn, but none the less appropriate, to have known Mr. Kilgour is in itself a liberal education. Can one say more?

To Mr. Kilgour the boy was ever essentially human, with an infinite capacity for doing good work if one only knew how to stimulate him to real activity. And that capacity he possessed at its maximum. Yet, like Oliver Goldsmith's Schoolmaster, he could on occasion be stern. With him moral delinquency suffered short shrift, but there was never a pupil who could fail to assert that his character had been strengthened, his outlook brightened, and his path illuminated by the kindly and paternal advice so freely tendered him.

With Mr. Kilgour's culture and scholarly attainments his old boys are well acquainted. Cicero was his guide, philosopher and friend. Hours of sleeplessness were solaced by *De Amicitia* or *De Senectute*. Like the Clerk of Oxenford:—

"Hym was levere at his beddes heed,
Twenty bookes clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fithele or gay Santrie."

Nor is his knowledge limited to the classics. His first-hand acquaintance with the masterpieces of our own tongue, and his keen appreciation of their literary merits, makes one wonder whether he would not have been even a greater teacher of English than he is of Latin. Music, too, is to him a delight. To him is due entirely the formation of one of the liveliest of Fort Street corporate activities, the Thursday morning assembly with its community singing, than which nothing has done so much to foster a reverence for the past and present glories of his own great school.

In the love and affection of the army of old boys is to be found the truest test of the lasting excellence and efficiency of Mr. Kilgour's life-work at Fort Street. With the pride of the master artificer he would always point out to visitors the great honour rolls in the corridors, whereon are inscribed the names of the greatest Fortians, those whose establishment in life was largely due to the example set them by this doyen of Australian headmasters. Go where one will throughout Australia, his name is almost a house-

hold word. At the University, thanks to him, the name of Fort Street is reflected in both the academic and the athletic life of that institution. It is more than significant that the closing year of his headmastership should be coincident with the winning of Fort Street's first Rhodes Scholarship. More and more important as the years roll by will be the influence exerted by the scions of the old school, who owe their early inspiration to Mr. Kilgour.

"Live unto the Dignity of thy Nature," said Sir Thomas Brown, a phrase which might truly be applied to him who has just completed his twenty-one years of service at Fort Street. Never did we know him to fall short of the ideals he himself inculcated. His life has been one long application of the creed of practical idealism. At times he could be autocratic, nay, even dictatorial, but always in the interest of the school. With him it ever stood first. Self-ease played no part in his mental make-up. Would we be far wrong in dubbing him the most benevolent of scholastic despots?

In all great schools, in spite of those detractors of the influence of ambiguity, tradition plays a most vital part in the corporate life of their activity. The boys of Eton and Harrow, Winchester and Dundee look back with proud eyes to the honour rolls of their ancestry. Fort Street, founded 1849, is now well on towards its first century. It has built up a tradition second to none in this community. When in 1949 the centenary celebrations take place the name of Alexander James Kilgour will be, nay, must be, emblazoned on the brightest shield within the School's entablature, and may he be there in the flesh to witness the celebrations. Come then, Fortians all, and join in wishing him the happiest of what Charles Lamb aptly calls "retired leisure," for:—

He hath not bowed his honest head
To base occasion; nor, in dread
Of Duty, shunned her eye,
Nor truckled to loud tunes; nor wed
His heart to a lie;
Nor feared to follow, in the offence
Of false opinion, his own sense
Of justice unsubdued;
Nor shrunk from any consequence
Of doing good.

FAIRIES

At the word "fairy" one does not think of the harsh, repulsive ogres and giants who we feared as children, but of the light, gauzy-winged, beautiful creations who were Peter Pan's friends endowed with supernatural powers, invisible to mortal eye, but, nevertheless, sharers of many human whims, such as Oberon's envy and Titania's haughtiness.

And why do we always think of this type? When as children we sat at the knee of father or mother, our pyjama'd figures and ruddy cheeks outlined against the fire, and our little pink toes tucked well underneath us, did we not love Cinderella, the fairies who helped the poor shoemaker, and the fairies who aided the poor and punished the wicked? When children, did we not go to bed to happy dreams, with a smile on our faces after we had heard of the beautiful fairies? They remained as our friends, whereas we tried to dismiss from our thoughts the wicked giant who opposed Jack in his travels up the Beanstalk. And now that we are grown to manhood, and are vainly searching for matter whereon to use a safety razor, now that we are fully sixteen years of age, we laugh at these simple "kids" who love the fairies, but, nevertheless, way down in the bottom of our grown-up hearts we still remember our little elfish friends with tender thoughts, even though we disdain the mere idea of fairies.

One seldom hears of the fairy king; it is nearly always the fairy queen who sways the destiny of her tiny subjects; here, as everywhere, the lady reigns supreme. (I hear one of my dear readers saying: "Yes! Quite right! Woman is doing everything that is man's inheritance, except my hard grind of 44 hours per week.") But why should not the lady reign supreme in such surroundings as the sylvan glades of a fairy kingdom. Why introduce crude, clumsy man into a region where everything is of an unparalleled beauty, where all is a dazzling, magnificent picture of peace and innocence? There is not a member of our renowned Form, who is worth his salt, that would not reject any comparison of a man, with his

belle, with the form of Diana, the wisdom of Minerva, and the beauty of a Venus. And yet he would object to the fairy queen reigning supreme in a land where all the subjects—I say it with trepidation—are equal in beauty and attainments to any of their respective Aphrodites.

With fairies we associate a vision of beautiful, delicate creatures, holding their midnight revels, and dancing with elegant grace around a fairy queen, robes flying gracefully about them, as they perform movements that would make even Pavlova sigh with envy. The scene, of course, is a beautiful bower hidden away from the dust and grime of the city, with a large mountain rising in magnificent grandeur in the background. Frail scents are wafted on the breeze from spicy groves and flowery fields. The queen, arrayed in all the splendour which befits one of her race, her wand in hand, is seated in a buttercup, queen of all she surveys, while nature supplies a rich and rhythmical music to attendant ears in the sighing of the breeze in the trees, the croaking of frogs from a nearby swamp, the chirrup of the cricket, and the language of all the minute denizens of the bush.

The gentle, mellow radiance of the moon throws an air of quietude over all, which might, under other circumstances, be regarded as *cerie*, but here gives tranquility supreme. The royal glow-worm appears to light the queen away; she waves her wand, the picture disappears, and once again we are left alone in the world, with its monotonous daily strife.

To the practical-minded, surrounded by a materialist world, fairies are a useless, nonsensical creation, made by poets for poets, and of no earthly value. To these I have no justification for the writing of these lines, but let them delve into the folk lore of the Celts, or the fairy tales, such as Peter Pan, and they will probably learn a lesson from the fairies' happiness as they scatter health and gifts to the troubled and afflicted.

—A. LOWNDES, 4C.

MIDDLE HARBOUR AND FISH

The time was 7 p.m. on Saturday night during Easter, when the fish are supposed to be biting well. The scene was the Spit Bridge at Middle Harbour and every nook and pile in the structure held a fishing boat, which in turn often held the beverage (soft or otherwise) that maketh glad the heart of man. The light of day had evidently been lonely without the fish, which all day had been conspicuous by their absence, and so was fast following them to fields afar and pastures new.

So much as to the vivacity of the fine specimens of fish-hood tucked away in the corners of Middle Harbour I gathered from the discussions of the different catches. The fishermen who had waited all day with the patience of saints were no longer able to contain themselves, and had to relieve the monotony by discussing their remarkable catches. For instance, two men who had industriously risen with the dawn to dig for worms, after buying prawns and fishing all day, had the excellent luck, combined with skill, to catch one small trumpeter of the length of about three inches. These fish are not found any larger than this, otherwise, of course, it would have been thrown back as under the weight limit, for fishermen are always very considerate of their fellows. Another pair, after fishing and quenching their thirst all day with a considerable quantity of the aforementioned heart—and evidently head—lightener, had felt three mites and ingeniously landed two small fish. One of these men, just to show his contempt of those who acclaim Middle Harbour as a fishing ground, sold for sixpence the line for which he had paid 4s. that very day.

One local resident, however, seemed to know how to catch fish, for, coming out at dark at what he considered just the right time he landed a ten-inch black bream in about half an hour. Of course, eyes opened wide and everyone stood by to beat everyone else to that cherished spot as soon as the one-who-knew-how should give the least sign of moving.

Suddenly in a quiet nook near by a terrible monster (so it seemed) was heard to break the surface of the water and blow like a whale. As was to be expected, excitement ran high and blood ran cold and many startled anglers saw visions of whales and seals and such things. At length, however, it was universally recognised to be a big porpoise. If there were any fish nosing around the ends of the lines that night they must have received rude shocks to see the line suddenly jump. To hear the roar of a porpoise echo eerily across the dull waters from the cliff whilst sitting in the dark leaning over the water with the cold breeze chilling one's veins is enough to put one's nerves on edge. Even so, the sensation caused by the porpoise, or more likely school of porpoises, at least provided some diversity for the night.

I marvel at the patience of the fishermen who can sit all day in a boat hardly feeling a bite, yet still swear by Middle Harbour as a place to spend a good day's fishing. Middle Harbour may have been a good fishing ground in years gone by, but it no longer holds any attraction for me.

—F. KIRBY, 4C.

THE SONG OF THE WILDERNESS.

They pass by your beauties, oh Nature,
They hearken not unto thy voice,
They deafen their ear to thy music,
In thy treasures they cannot rejoice.

But we, who have known and have loved thee,
Thy secrets can never forget;
We heard thy melodious whispers—
They sound in our ears even yet.

How sweet 'twas to wander thro' wattle,
When the perfume was wafted around,
Or thro' ferns in the gullies and gorges,
With carpets of moss on the ground.

Oh, the song of the wilderness calls me,
Where freedom and happiness reign,
And I will return to behold thee,
To hear thy sweet song once again.

A. N. OLD, 3D.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

I.

Drowsy noon lay wrapped in slumber soft,
 a gaily gurgling crystal streamlet spluttered!
 The aroma of masticated katchung and Pivers'
 Paris perfume was strong! strong! strong!

A snappy syncopated jazz tune softly hummed
 from beneath a three and eleven-penny Jap sun-
 shade.

On grassy swards lamb-lets frolicked friskily.

II.

Bewitching thoughts of him.
 Delightfully deliciously day dream . . . ditto.

The brook's low lullaby,
 The balmy heat,
 Incelphalic stupour.

* * *

The sunshade tumbled to the ground.

She slept.

III.

The sun grinned.

Its vapoury visage was not mauve, banana, or
 monkey's breath.

But the congenial colour of tomato sauce and
 spaghetti.

IV.

With sticky, sloppy kiss the sinking sun caressed
 the world,

The crystal streamlet whimpered low.

The lachrymose maiden like a neurotic saxophone
 sobbed hysterically.

On green, grassy swards
 Lamb-lets frolicked friskily

no longer.

By Professor D——, F.M.A.S.P.

(Fellow of the Modern American Society of
 Poetry).



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DAVID JONES'

SEE AUSTRALIA FIRST

A great number of Australians can discourse on the beauties of the "Old World," but know comparatively little of their own country, which is second to none so far as scenic beauties are concerned. Those fortunate enough to own a motor car have many opportunities of visiting most delightful spots almost at their back doors. One of the most beautiful one-day trips that can be made is to the "Cataract Dam," the main source of Sydney's water supply. This can be arranged as a round trip running through Liverpool, Campbelltown and Appin; and home along the beautiful South Coast via Bulli Pass.

On the outward journey one obtains a wonderful conception of the Australian Bush, interspersed with the well-kept orchard farms. Old windmills erected by the pioneers stand out in bold relief, and add a most picturesque and quaint touch. Passing through Appin, one sees the obelisk erected to the memory of the two Australian explorers, Hamilton Hume and Captain Hovell. On approaching the precincts of Cataract, one drives through beautifully-kept grounds. It is now time for lunch, and one feels quite ready for the good things.

After lunch, a short stroll past the pretty homes of the Rangers, set in beautifully laid-out gardens, one approaches the great Cataract Dam. At the head of the spill-way is erected a most elaborate bungalow for the convenience of the members of the Water and Sewerage Board, when they pay visits of inspection. Apparently the members believe in having every comfort. In the centre of the spill-way is the pumping station, which houses the machinery used for pumping the water through to Prospect Dam, from which Sydney is supplied. As far as one can see stretches a huge expanse of water like a lake. It is nearly nine miles in extent. On the borders of it stand the rugged hills, densely covered with a forest of trees. There is a steep and narrow pathway leading down to a platform from which the sluice, through which the water is gravitated, can be seen. The volume of water coming through is tremendous. From this platform the top of the spill-way seems very distant, and is well over one hundred feet in height. The water coming through the sluice makes such a loud noise that one can hardly

make oneself heard. Standing on the spill-way, watching the stream flow towards Prospect, one gains the impression that the water is running uphill, but in reality it is rushing along at a few miles per hour. The only time when it is necessary to pump is when the water is at a very low ebb.

The way home is via Bulli Pass and Sublime Point. The road is bordered by large gum trees, which render it very cool and shady on a hot summer's day. One duly arrives at the Look-out, and parks the car alongside the many others which are there, and there are usually not a few. The view from the Look-out is splendid. Looking south, the Five Islands of Wollongong can be seen very distinctly, whilst vehicles passing along the road beneath appear to be no bigger than toys. Below the Look-out is a tangle of trees, tree-ferns, cabbage tree palms, flowers and undergrowths. Then the prettily laid-out towns, reaching to the sandy ocean beaches strike the eye, the whole panorama being considered one of the most beautiful in the world.

Proceeding towards Sydney, and not far from Bulli Pass, is Sublime Point, which is well and truly named. This spot is one of the most beautiful, and also one of the most dangerous, in the South Coast. There is no protection as at the Look-out; the edge falls away sharply, and it is several hundred feet to the lower-lying coastal strip below.

On leaving Sublime Point, the road traverses through typical Australian bush, and passes through Heathcote and Waterfall, and thence through the famous National Park to Sutherland. From here, there are three avenues of approach to the city, namely Taren Point, Tom Ugly's Point, and Lugarno. The most pleasant drive of the three is across country through Sutherland to Lugarno Ferry crossing. The crossing is negotiated by an antiquated hand-worked ferry. One then passes through Belmore and other townships in the new Illawarra suburbs, and soon arrives at home.

This is only one of the many trips affording a pleasant day as well as an education, and it is hard to understand why so many Australians prefer foreign scenes to those of their native land.

ORANGE—THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST

To those who have not yet had the pleasure of visiting Orange I desire to convey, in small measure, some idea of this splendid country town.

In the first place Orange is situated on the Western railroad, 196 miles from Sydney: those who prefer to motor will find that this distance is diminished by 40 miles.

The first thing that visitors to Orange during the summer notice is the climate. Being situated as it is 3000 feet above sea level, Orange has an ideal climate, the mean summer temperature being 63 degrees. Many station owners, who live out in the "wild and woolly" west, are accustomed to trek to Orange for the summer period. Indeed representatives of practically every western town may be found there during this season. By now doubtless it will have been noticed that I have emphasised the summer season, for if one wishes to really enjoy and appreciate the Orange climate—for it is indeed a climate of its own, I do not advise anybody to visit the town during the winter. The winters are most severe, and several falls of snow are always experienced during even the best of winters. The products of Orange are, like all other western products, of super-quality, the chief being wheat and other cereals and fruit: of the latter, the best is most decidedly cherries. There are very few people that have not heard of the magnificence of Orange cherries, and I can thoroughly endorse any statements concerning their excellence. In the event of a cold snap, any cold-blooded visitor need have no fear, for the electric power system is very reliable, and,

unlike many other country towns, and indeed even the city, can supply his radiator with "juice" at any time, day or night. For the fastidious housewife an excellent gas service is maintained so that she may cook in comfort without having to resort to the fuel stove.

In the line of sport also visitors are well provided for; there being many special sports grounds for each individual sport. At this juncture I might mention that Orange is a very sporting town, the chief branch of sport being tennis, in which Orange-ites seem to excel.

Recently a very fine swimming pool, which is at the disposal of all visitors, was constructed at a cost of several thousands. The pool proves itself very popular amongst young and old in the hot weather. Movie fans are well catered for by two fine motion picture theatres, whilst dancers find much amusement at the cabaret, "Palais Royal" and at the "Wentworth." A small idea of the actual size of Orange may be gained from the fact that the population of Orange and environs amounts to 15,000, while the area of the town itself exceeds two square miles. From these figures it will be seen that Orange is something more than a settlement, and apart from that the rapidity of its growth is amazing, the amount spent on improvements to date being £1,607,806. Thus, if anyone is in need of a really good holiday and is seeking a place of quiet and rest, let me recommend him to pay a visit of two or three months to Orange—"The Queen City of the West."

—C. WILLIAMS.

COMMUNITY SINGING

On Thursday, May 13th, by courtesy of Messrs. Farmer & Co., we were able to broadcast our weekly community singing. From the accounts of listeners-in, we understand that the venture was a complete success, and will be repeated in due course. There was a splendid atmosphere abroad, for the Headmaster, during his sports report, had announced that the School had won an important competition match by its decided victory on the previous day.

The excitement thus caused, together with the consciousness that we were about to sing to the whole continent, set everybody alert and eager.

As a result, the boys and their leader, Mr. L. C. Mote, with his accompanist, Mr. C. Gould, rose to the occasion, and gave us all a magnificent display of community singing. Never did the school song sound so fine, or its message ring so true. The whole programme offered a pleasing contrast, including "Loch Lomond," "Moonlight and Roses," the exultant, "Give Me Youth," and the rollicking "Stockrider's Song." The orchestra, conducted by Mr. R. Fairbairn, though still small, did itself great credit in its interpretation of "The Lost Chord."

EPITAPHS

"Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

—GRAY'S ELEGY.

While Gray's reference was doubtless made in all sincerity, it is certain that since his time, the "uncouth rhyme" has been the source of far more amusement than solemnity, and in many cases has "implored the passing tribute of a smile," rather than a "sigh."

Since this sentiment is now universally recognised, a brief anthology of the more famous of these epitaphs may be written with impunity.

Passing through the old graveyard, casually pausing to read the names of some bygone generation, a Scot one day received a rude shock to find, on a tall imposing stone, the significant information, "Robert Burns." Poor Robert!

Another stone, close by, in memory of a certain Dr. Fuller, was effectively inscribed as "Fuller's Earth," while above the remains of a deceased auctioneer, the single word "Gone" is to be seen.

These, however, while suggestive, bear an element of polish which one can hardly expect to find in a village churchyard. There we might see instead the blunter and more intelligible tribute to some old reveller:

"Here lies the carcase of a cursed sinner,
Doomed to be roasted for the devil's dinner."
Or perhaps, indeed, the more amusing doggerel:

"Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder,
She burst while drinking a seidlitz powder;

Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited till it effervesced."

A more euphemistic rhyme, almost rivalling the one about little Willie and H₂SO₄, is said to have been seen in England:

"Here lies Samantha Proctor,
She had a cold and wouldn't doctor,
She couldn't stay—she had to go—
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

The memory of a bygone Quaker is perpetuated by the line, "James Obadiah, I still live"; but a neighbour, buried near by, requested the following to be placed over him: "David Blunt, Dead, and I owns up to it."

A party of campers were very amused, at seeing this, but on returning to their tent, found it in flames, and all their belongings burnt.

As a result of their inspiration from seeing the tombstone in the morning, the local newspaper received the following interesting record of the incident:—

"TROUSERS.—In loving memory of M. Y. TROUSERS, burnt to ashes in a tent fire, 1917.

"They were my darlings and my pride,
My best new Sunday riches;
Farewell, farewell, I stood and cried,
My breeches, oh my breeches."

BOOTS.—In memory of my N.E.W. BOOTS, who perished by fire, 1917.

"Gone, but not forgotten;
This I truly say,
Those boots were not too rotten—
They'd have lasted till to-day."

—E.W.D., 4C.

SONNET TO A SKYLARK.

'Twas years ago that I the sky-lark heard,
Its joyous song so full of melody
Was as a soothing lullaby to me,
But ne'er to my dull ears will come such bird.

Ah, Hope and Cheer, my hatred hath incurr'd,
To me the world is now a fiery Hell,
No earthly pleasures can my craving quell,
My very soul with bitterness is stirr'd.

Sing on, thou bird of music's art sublime,
Thy melodies are sweeter far than wine,
Such songs! that soar towards a heav'nly clime.

Thou art the saviour of this soul of mine,
The feathered songster of another time,
A gift to mortals' treasury divine!

—M. DINTER, 5B.

NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

Midnight! How many people can realise the beauty of a river, sparkling under the rays of a benevolent moon, at a time, when all is free from the clatter of the world. Nothing is heard, save the tinkling of the water and the intermittent twittering of the birds.

As a jeweller places his finest gems in a dark velvet case to show their radiance, so Nature seems to place the river in a purplish bed of undergrowth, where, at every ripple, it gives forth minute pin-points of mellow light.

A gentle zephyr whispers through the tall gums that, gracefully swaying their arms, answer back with a rustling which seems like a prolonged "hush," as though forbidding the west wind to break the harmony by any stronger movement.

Then, as if ashamed of itself, the wind falls, the birds are strangely silent, and the moon disappears. All is silent and sombre, creating an almost eerie atmosphere. A light pink flush appears in the west, and darkens till it becomes a bright red, which blends wonderfully with the surrounding blue. Then suddenly the dark mantle is lifted from the earth. It is dawn!

Everything is transformed. The tall gums are no longer majestic kings, but trees, and the river is stripped of the beautiful form imagination and the moonbeams gave it, and is now a sluggish stream. Even the silence is gone, for now each nestling is proclaiming by shrill chirping, both to its mother and the universe, that it is hungry.

What a change, indeed!

—J. CLAYTON, 3C.

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THE THREEFOLD TRAGEDY

'Twas on a farm his life began,
A child of lowly birth,
His father toiled from morn till night,
A creature of this earth!

His mother also had to toil,
Such was the day's routine,
Yet 'mid this life of toil and sweat,
There burned a fire unseen!

It might have gleamed and passed away,
But as the years rolled by,
Ambition's fire, the wind had fanned,
Its flames leapt to the sky!

To serve his country was his aim,
For her to die was naught;
Great feats of glory to achieve,
Was all he wished and sought!

Then Time unfurled his ancient scroll,
Wherein was writ the fate
Of nation proud, of tyrant cruel,
Of Strife and Pride and Hate!

From out the morn the bugle's blast
To arms was clearly heard,
The world in war has been engulfed,
Men must obey the word!

From ev'ry corner of the earth,
Like swarms of golden bees,
The men in khaki flocked and sailed
Across the seven seas!

Amid the throng of human life,
A youth undaunted stood,
A lad yet slim but steely built,
With limbs as firm as wood.

And in his eyes there lurk'd a gleam
Of patriotic zeal,
Nor thought he of the folks outback,
How lonely they would feel!

On France's fields they fought and fell,
To save their Motherland;
Like blossoms pluck'd from th' tree of life,
Like grains from a sea of sand!

But others fought and made their name,
They braved the storm and strife,
'Mid these the tall and slim built youth,
Who battled with his life!

'Twas on the field that he was found,
With chest o'er-smear'd with gore,
For three days long Life fought with
Death,
Without Life's very door!

But Life prevailed, the youth awoke,
Next morn the sun shone bright,
And dark clouds drifted far away,
As phantoms drift at night!

The bells toll'd forth a solemn note,
The sexton's head was bent,
A youthful soldier passed that way,
Enquiring what they meant!

The sexton paused, gazed at the man,
"Ah! sadly is it told,
But if you wish to hear the news,
I'll it to you unfold!"

"Upon a farm a family lived,
Of simple peasant class,
They toiled and wrought the whole year
round,
Came then a time to pass!"

"Their son, a soldier wished to be,
To fight and win a name,
And when the war had just began,
The chance was there for fame!"

"He left, and sailed away to France,
The folks bade him farewell—
In loneliness they passed away,
And so I toll this bell!"

"Alas! Too late!" the youth burst forth,
"Those folks my parents were,"
Depress'd by grief, he then collapsed,
And ne'er again did stir!

The aged sexton dropp'd a tear,
"And such is life," quoth he,
"We toil, we yearn, we love and grieve,
And think not what will be!"

—M. DINTER.

THE TUCK SHOP

That edifice of stone, revered by masters and scholars alike, the scene of many a desperate struggle for victuals, the silent witness of numerous delectable repasts; the subject of veneration through years long past, the haunt of happy memories, the scene of many a happy re-union, and drinking of healths, the one place throughout the whole school where one forgets his troubles, his nightmares of Latin, French, and Mathematics, amidst the buzz of happy conversation, and the quaffing of "nectar"—the school tuck shop.

The caretaker, a great man in his way, rushes hither and thither, managing with dexterity and precision the various commands flung at him, like some mechanical toy.

Time, 12.28 p.m.

Several lordly seniors, conversing amiably, stroll casually into the shop, give their orders in the same lackadaisical manner, and then proceed hence.

Time, 12.31 p.m.

A ratfcer diminutive youth precipitates himself headlong through the aperture serving as a doorway, rushes frantically for the counter,

shouting his wants the while. Another and yet another, and then—a seething mass of humanity swarms into the tuck shop. At once pandemonium breaks loose. The air is filled with frenzied shouts, yells and shrieks, until it seems as though charged with electricity.

"Roll! Roll!! Roll!!!" "Frankfurt and Roll!" "Meat Pi-e-e-e!" "Three cakes and roll!" Roll! Roll!! Roll!!! "Bottle o' Ginger Beer!" Pasty and Meat Roll!" "Rol-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l!"

Here and there various promising amateur pugilists have engaged in deadly combat concerning right of position at the counter.

"Pshhhhhhts!! Yar-o-o-o-o-gh!! Gerroff me toe!" "Apple and Orange!" "Pie and Roll!" "Roll! Roll!! Roll!!!" "Three Glasses an' Bottle o' Lemonade, Skinny!" "Frankfurt and Roll, Ilya!" "Chocolate and Roll!" "Rol-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l!"

Anon then sounds the sharp clear blast of a bugle—there is a general stampede for the door. Gradually the mighty throng filters away, and silence descends upon the tuck shop for yet another day.

G. SHIELDS, 4C.

ON THE COMING OF WINTER.

O mornings bleak, O evenings, drear,
And winds that wail that Winter's here!
O scurrying clouds, that swirling sweep
To veil Old Sol's reviving peep—
Why is it that ye make delight
All Summer's joys to chill and blight?

Where once calm beauty charmed the eye
The tearing squalls go rushing by;
The flowers have wilted, trees are gaunt,
Which late were twittering sparrows' haunt.
The bay is turbulent, the sea
Roars loud in tossing agony.

The walks that once were trim and neat
Are cold and wet 'neath freezing feet,
The gutters pour a racing flood,
The roads are blocked with quaggy mud,
And views that would the city grace
The palling winter mists efface.

The lamps that late shed joyous light,
Gleam ghastly through the lowering night,
The silent houses stand aloof,
The very cat has left his roof!
The cowering watch dog shelter seeks,
For 'tis the voice of Winter speaks!

With fury dashing on the pane
In torrents falls the driving rain!
The flick'ring fire scarce breaks the gloom,
And chillness settles on the room,
Till hearts that leaped, and spirits gay,
Depressed, bow down to Winter's sway.

No more, since bleak winds biting whine
Are glossy steeds, or browsing kine,
No more the suff'ring invalid
May brighten when the sunbeams bid—
So pray God speed the glad time when
Life, joy and hope will spring again.

—"PABULA TOR," 4C.

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

Have any of my readers ever had toothache? If so, my sympathy readily and spontaneously flows out to them. Believe me, toothache is the only plague that Egypt didn't get, the worst evidently being withheld till the last.

One fine morning I arose with a feeling that somebody was inside my head, prodding my jaw with a red-hot crochet needle. I therefore hied myself forthwith to the dentist's, and after spending a pleasant (?) half-hour or so in the waiting room, found myself ushered into the Chamber of Horrors.

A white-coated executioner waved me into a chair, and proceeded to lay out on a table an imposing array of cold chisels, hammers, crowbars, pliers and other instruments of dire torture.

After hearing my account of woe, he proceeded to work with much zest. I was requested to "Open wide, please," and the executioner began to dig himself in. After a preliminary inspection he announced that he had found a small cavity. While I eyed him askance he seized a large size in cold chisels and proceeded to demolish the offending tooth.

Presently he desisted from his labours, and I was asked to rinse my mouth, and on doing so several large chunks of ivory were ejected.

The next move in this highly amusing game arrived. I heard a droning noise, and then the drill started in. The noise was bad enough,

but when the infernal instrument touched the nerve I nearly hit the roof.

A conciliatory speech then informed me that it did not hurt, but I was only imagining it did. A torrid blast of air was then directed into the cavity, and the game re-commenced.

When I "came to" I was informed that the tooth had been drilled and was going to be filled. Thereupon he inserted an extension pair of pliers down my throat and clamped a small-size in rabbit traps round my gum.

The "master of ceremonies" then proceeded to fill up my cheek and mouth with wadding, and then inserted a young vacuum cleaner in the front of my mouth. Having done this, and surveyed his handiwork with evident enjoyment, he asked me "if it hurt?"

I made a valiant answer to reply, but succeeded only in producing a choking sort of gurgle. I was then left for a matter of ten hours or so (Norway is not the only place where the days are six months long), while a species of paste was being made up.

The executioner returned to the attack, and succeeded in filling up the drilled out cavity with this preparation. After trimming up, the rabbit trap was released, the wadding and vacuum cleaner removed, and I arose with a taste of medicated wadding and clove oil in my mouth.

—C.W., 4C.

AUSTRALIA.

I love a land of sunburned plains,
Of gloomy mountain ranges,
Of rocky creeks and sunny skies,
Of shimmering heat and summer's rages.

The curlew's call in the still clear night,
The fox's bark and the squirrel's chirp,
The friendly sparrow and the bright parakeet,
The welcome scent of rain-soaked earth.

The dusty stockyards, the rough bush track,
The small bush school-house, the waving wheat;
The flight of swans at dusk, the silver notes

Of bell birds, warbling, hidden by the shady
creek.

The purple of the distant sombre ranges,
The eagles floating in the blue above,
The music of the pattering feet of cattle,
And the slumbrous silence of the noon-day bush.

All these I love to look upon and feel,
For there's a spirit in these sunburned plains,
A spell of fascination in the tree-clothed hills,
A beauty that no Vale of Tempe could surpass.

C.A.B., 5B.

A TRAIN JOURNEY

Train journeys may be divided into two classes—those leading from home and those leading towards it. But these divisions are purely superficial, for the general character of train-journeying is the same whether tinged with elation at home-coming or momentary nostalgia at a home-leaving.

Personally I have always looked forward to a long train journey as a pleasing event. There is a certain atmosphere of excitement and novelty about it as there is about a theatre; a novelty that never wears off. But I do not think that the charm of travelling lies in the interest attaching to the travelling fraternity. No, what I love is to gaze out of the window at anything and everything, at the trees, fantastic and weird-looking on dark nights, but more natural and very beautiful in the moonlight; to gaze on the cold and silent stars, the same stars which looked down on this continent when it was the home of blacks, which saw them dwindle gradually till but a remnant remains.

They have seen, too, the brilliant pageant of the nations from Egypt and Assyria, and who may say what before them, to England and America. Will they forever shine thus, cold, inscrutable, unchanging?

One hears, too, the puffing of the engine as the train negotiates a rise, the louder, steadier clatter as it enters a cutting, and the intenser roar as it goes through a tunnel. Now and then one sees a light shining from a hillside. It shines like Portia's candle visible afar, symbolic of human habitation of life, of warmth, of good cheer. One guesses at the kind of people belonging to that light, pictures them sitting round their log fire after a day's hard work on their holding. And yet disappointment, violence, sorrow may be in that house. Death himself may be present with that solitary light.

But there are few houses and fewer lights between the large stopping places, and the few but serve to make the darkness of the illimitable hills seem more intense. They, too, look in-

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scrutable and sphynx-like, as if guarding the secrets of the natives who a couple of short centuries ago populated the highland parts of Australia in tens of thousands.

A few years ago in one of the caves which are to be found about the Molonglo River, a party of tourists, looking for aboriginal relics, noticed what seemed to be a human skull under a flat rock. With much exertion they levered a broken-off corner of the rock away and discovered beneath it five skeletons of different sizes, and there must have been several more underneath the larger and heavier piece of rock. Presumably, the party was a section of a tribe of blacks who had gone to rest one night, contented, "fill'd with distressful bread," believing themselves secure, never to rise again, some to be crushed on the instant, others to linger on helpless to a painful death. The wide bush holds their secret as it holds many another. Dark and forbidding do these ranges look, but they have a fascination, a lure of their own.

At intervals of half an hour or so, the train stops with a creaking and jerking. There is something characteristic in its very stopping. No humdrum, drab suburban train ever came to rest with that delightful jolting, nor gave just that clear, short burst from the siren; the green light twinkles, and we are off again. And so through the night to sunrise.

West of the mountains it is warm immediately, but on the tablelands and coast the

day breaks cold and grey and cheerless, with mist lying in the hollows.

After daylight the aspect of the journey is altogether changed. Mile after mile, league after league of country

. . . "a sunburned country,

A land of sweeping plains."

The scene continually changes, but there is a never-ending sameness about it which somehow does not become monotonous. Sometimes it is mountainous, sometimes plain, sometimes grassy and sometimes it is drought-stricken, covered with a brown stubble burned by the sun, and giving no nourishment to the thirsty cattle and sheep which wander listlessly about. Later the bones of these cattle may be seen whitening, stark monuments to the destructive power of the drought, often representing the hopes and labours of years, all swept away at one fell swoop.

The wayside halts are different in daylight, too. Instead of simply a stop and a start, the train is greeted by a few selectors, or station hands, ragged of moustache, and with thin sheep dogs and ramshackle sulkies. The blase exquisite from the city dubs them "bush rats," and is satisfied.

And so through the day, till at last you catch sight of the first familiar sight, a hill or a creek or a house. Then the journey is finished, and you are at home again.

—C. A. BRYAN, 5B.

THAT MUSICAL NIGHT

What a night it was! One of my aunts, rejuvenated by the power of music, had invested her savings in a portable gramophone. Mind, I neither demean the savings nor flatter the instrument. One was as good as the other, and each was the reflection of the spirit of an aunt, according to the latest calendar, not quite forty. This relative is just what one would expect an aunt to be—pervaded with the spirit that walks between the prayer book and the primness of the spinster's chair.

However, on that night of nights, she brought her portable. This was carried in state and laid gently on the dining room table. Then with curious fingers I pressed back one of the latches. It swung back with a strong metallic

click. "Sounds good!" I thought. I tried the other catch. Alas, my hopes were dashed. That musical instrument was not to be the subject of prying eyes. In true aunt fashion the key had done its work, and my aunt possessed it.

How tiring are these aunts. I waited a full half hour before she consented to unlock her hidden treasure. With searching eyes I looked over the instrument endeavouring to find just the least fault. It used to be a great pleasure that taunting of aunts. "Looks a bit warped on the far side. Where did you get it? How much did you pay for it?" With slow, ghost-like movements, that aunts mistake for grace—a face unruffled by any smile or laugh was turned on me—a cold, contemptible stare. The lips

moved mechanically. "Sir," and the head turned away. I departed, a penitent look belying a smiling mind. "Now children," came the voice, "sit round in a row." How fastidious old aunts are, especially when one is waiting.

At last everything was ready. There was no cause for delay. The record was placed in position.

"In a Monastery Garden."

"What!"

"At the Monastery's Door, young man."

I groaned. I looked around. A hush had fallen upon the room. A look of profound respect and sanctified innocence was creeping over the faces of the younger members. I tried to look good, but couldn't. My face, according to friends, is naturally comic. That night it was supernaturally so.

The record was over and the machine adjusted. My aunt could not refrain from a lecturette.

"A glorious piece, something to turn our minds above—and yours, too, my man."

I sat up with a jerk. I had been wondering how long aunt's mind had been turned.

"Aunt, haven't you got anything of the 'Lulu' type?"

There was a start, an involuntary shudder. A head was turned towards my father. He, noticing the coming event and torn between paternal affection and the terror of a sister's eye and tongue, quickly discovered that the width of a newspaper was not without its advantages. There was a perceptive straightening of aunt's rigid back, a haughty glare, a low muttering. "On Sundays, too; the boy's incorrigible." A new record bearing close affinity to the first was put on. I muttered an excuse for my departure. Once more I felt the bracing feeling of the

cold night air, and I thought,

Oh, that spirit divine,
You're not for mine.

—T. O'BRIEN.

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4C PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES

Upon our arrival in 4th Year, we were duly informed by our esteemed class master, Mr. XYZ, of the custom from time immemorial of using to advantage last period on Friday in indulging in organised heated arguments. Simultaneously 4A and 4B were informed that their respective presences were humbly requested in Room 6 for precisely the same purpose. Accordingly, upon the first opportunity available we determined to elect a committee which might collect the subjects to be argued out, and decide upon whom the respective subjects might be allowed to descend. Naturally enough, the question of the number in the committee had to be decided. That the number should be an odd one was carried unanimously, since then, should a problem appear upon which the committee might not be thoroughly resolute, "a division might be taken." S—ns and L—ce warmly argued between the numbers of five and seven, while one innocent stranger within our gates answered "three" when his opinion was demanded. This motion was quashed in the subsequent uproar. After the useless expenditure of five and twenty minutes, we were informed by a sage and experienced old-timer among us, who had very likely seen more debates than most of us had seen years, that the orthodox number was "3."

The first committee was composed of S—ns, L—ce and C—rs. Poor John, the latter-named, engaged the class in mortal combat for a period of three or four weeks. He endeavoured to his utmost to collect subjects from the class, and we always looked forward to his little daily rounds—but his industry went for nought. Such a state of affairs could continue no longer. Soon an admirably organised band of gentlemen, working unitedly for the benefit of the class, demanding redress of grievance and having obtained by dire threats the unanimous (?) support of the class, vigorously denounced the unfortunate committee on the grounds of (a) lack of interest in its duties, (b) inability to perform its duties. We were thunderstruck at their temerity. To what issue would their unbridled rashness lead them? S—ns and S—ey were complimented on their supernatural debating abilities, and consequently as a mark of our esteem were requested to form two-thirds of the next committee. Poor old John,

after much remonstrance and expostulation and indignant denial that he refused to become the remaining third on entirely personal grounds, became subsequently reinstated.

The grizzled pioneer had also expounded upon the advantage of the time honoured custom of dividing the class into Government and Opposition Parties, with probably a few Independents. We listened awe-struck and agape with wonder at this revelation of the ages. But we were soon faced with the stern reality of things. The veteran's suggestion soon materialised, and the committee, in its first burst of enthusiasm, attempted to please everybody by asking him nicely which Parliamentary faction he would desire to enter. As may be imagined, no satisfaction was gained by this means. Hence, after a prolonged consultation with Mr. XYZ, we discovered one fine day that the committee had appended to the notice board a document upon which we found evidence of the fact that we had been indiscriminately divided into the three unequal segments previously mentioned. The M's.P. among us more inclined to levity promptly began an earnest discussion on the practicability of forming an Irish Party. During the choice of officers (records, etc.), a law-abiding atom offered to elect himself Sergeant-at-Arms, and hence have the power in times of disorder (which the gods forbid) of arresting unruly members. His application met with rejection, and he evidently cherished bad feeling over the week-end. However, soon after, the House discovered that the committee had once more for no very apparent reason attached to the blackboard a notice which stated that the committee would in future assert its power of punishing frivolous M's.P. Here was the midget's opportunity. He retaliated with a notice to the effect that the committee's notice (appended above) was an open acknowledgment of its incompetence, and was ably backed up by O.S.W., who adjusted certain expressions to the committee's notice bestowing upon it an effect of ridiculousness, and L—ce, who, on a separate notice, announced his refusal to argue on the subsequent Friday on the justest of grounds. In fact, he cast one of the committee's very own laws back into the committee's very own teeth. One ruffian inferred that these notices were introduced for a

very foul purpose, but the least said on this dark and utterly unjust point, the better.

But the committee simply could not allow such an insult to pass. Still another document appeared, in which the trio made reference to the deplorable and lamentable lack of public spirit prevalent in the class, and the egotistical attitude (no one has yet produced a literal translation of this phrase) of some M's.P., and so completely did they over-awe us by means of "regular recurrence of accented syllables," super-nate diction, and other foul practices exercised in prose that for several days no one was courageous enough to gainsay them in their decision to resign. This resignation was considered frivolous, however, and the atmosphere is now commencing to assume tranquility. Of course, during all this party strife, these political struggles, these "wordy bouts of the forum," as our late lamented friend, Ovid, would say, the debates themselves had been transpiring with unqualified success. For example, our fellow M.P., Windy, justified his appellation in a lengthy discourse concerning the superiority of the Evolution Theory over the Biblical Story, while Jock L—— ably assisted by "singing syl-

lables," and other indescribable hissing sounds endeavoured somewhat fruitlessly to convince us that, should the Government take over the 'buses, the said 'buses would fall in the esteem of the general public to such an extent that great gaps would be cut out of the windows, etc. In fact, such talent has been unearthed that it has been decided that we will challenge, firstly, the remainder of Fourth Year, and having defeated it with flying colours, to challenge and defeat united Fifth Year, all of which we shall most assuredly and undoubtedly accomplish.

N.B.—Of course, most of the disagreeable things which we have recorded in this small epistle are due to the fact that our subject for debate has been altered on four occasions from such enticing subjects as "Prohibition" and the "Effects of Horse Racing," etc., to an insignificant subject like "Fairness of Juries."

And P.S.—Should anyone desire further facts concerning this wonderful institution of ours, no one would be more pleased than the "recorder" to grant such an application.

—YEN-VIG.

THE RETURN TO SCHOOL

"All's well that ends well" is the saying that spoils the holidays of each school boy. The vacation may be one of happiness, but it is never a pleasure to reach the end. The end of the holidays, and the return from the country to the city school are things that are never delightfully looked forward to, yet when they do come one feels that fortune has stopped at his door, and has given him an opportunity to get glimpses of his native land—glimpses which many others have never had.

Casting a last glance back at the home farm, and thinking of the seemingly long time that must elapse before I see them again, I set out with my brother at about 12 o'clock in a sulky. We are bound for the railway station, some eight miles distant, whence I am to catch the mail to Sydney. The eight miles of rough roads, guttered by the recent heavy rains, with mountains on one side and valleys on the other, are at last traversed. But it was a pleasure to see the surrounding country of each mile

of that road. The grass was healthy and green after the refreshing rain; cattle, and at times a few sheep, were grazing on the verdant sward, the trees were taking over their autumn colour and blossoms, and from branch to branch resounded the ringing note of bell birds, whilst the shrill voices of green parakeets from overhead produced a perfect harmony.

At last the town was reached. Here I spent about an hour before going to the station, and before seeing my brother set out again for home. The train was due at four o'clock, and it was then 3.30, so I had just enough time to turn over in my mind many things regarding the journey, and spend the remaining time in thoroughly surveying the space in front of the station.

The station was situated about 200 yards from the seaside. On the left was a large jetty, reaching well out into the harbour, and a little further on in that direction lay Muttonbird Island, named from the birds which inhabit it

year in and year out. From this island to the shore is a massive breakwater, which affords shelter to vessels in time of rough weather. Still farther to the left, and about seven miles out to sea, is Solitary Island, on which is a lighthouse which illuminates the harbour by night. To the right the land juts far into the sea, and a little farther out is another island about half a mile from Muttonbird, thus forming an entrance and a rather reliable harbour, sheltered from storms from every direction except the east. At present a second break-water is being built from one island to the other, leaving a small space for ships to enter, and on its completion the harbour should be most reliable, and, it is hoped, will allow oversea boats to enter.

Then, as I watch the steady billows roll constantly shoreward, buffeting against the jetty and break-water, I heard a whistle in the distance, and suddenly the station is all a-move. The train pulls in, and, after waiting about ten minutes, during which time I find a seat, we set off again, bound for Sydney. I took a parting glance at the station, only to see the station-master waving a green flag, and several groups of people, none of whom I knew. My only hope now was that some of my boy friends were catching the same train from other stations. I did not go far before my hope took definite form, and in a few minutes two of my school mates were beside me. We soon exchanged a few opinions as to how each spent his vacation, and threw out a few comments regarding the general discontent at having to return to school so soon. Darkness soon overtook us, so we monopolised

our own seats and those opposite, which were then vacant, by spreading the cushions across from one side to the other, in the schoolboy fashion, and then lay down to sleep.

But, somehow or other, we could not sleep—either because we were travelling or the thought of returning to school, or on account of another traveller, who, in an inebriated condition, persisted in singing all the latest ditties, and at times adding his own version. But at length, however, he seemed to tire, and eventually we went to sleep, to awake again next morning between Newcastle and Sydney.

The Hawkesbury Valley was more beautiful than ever I saw it before. Deep down in the hollows was a heavy fog, and, viewing it from a distance, took the appearance of a white sea in time of a storm; the effect produced when one wave dashes against another was there; the foam in the form of thinner fog above the thicker was present. To add to the beauty of the scene, there were dark mountains in the background, and to cap it all the brilliant sun slowly rose from behind the mountains. As it rose the stormy sea of fog seemed to gradually subside; the billows, melting in its rays, gave the impression of a rough sea slowly calming.

Gradually the valley was left behind, and about an hour later we reached Sydney. Each of us went a different way to our respective homes, but each was troubled with the same thought, "that the holidays were over, and school was not far off."

—"CONCLUSION."

MOONLIGHT

When Phoebe arises at dead of the night
The whole land is bathed in a wonderful light,
And clear in the lake her reflection is seen—
A round sparkling topaz of bright yellow sheen.

As o'er the tall tops of the trees she doth rise,
And mystical shadows diminish in size,
It's then that the fairies steal out from the bush
To dance while they list to the song of the thrush.

The soft silvery light wakes the bushland folk
all,
The birds warble gaily from cosy nests small,
The furry opossum and quaint native bear
Glide hither and thither, and ghastly owls glare.
So bright Phoebe floats through the soft stilly
night
'Till King Sol arises, then melts she in flight
From warm sunbeams scattered afar in the
West,
And 'neath the horizon she sinketh to rest.

—M. ALLEN.

JOHN KEATS AND HIS WORKS

A REVIEW.

John Keats, romanticist, Elizabethan, mediaevalist and classicist, was born on the 31st October, 1795.

Very different was the true character of the poet from that with which we are wont to invest him. From his poems there exudes a subtle influence that formulates an impression of a man of delicate, almost fragile stature, and of feelings so refined and spiritual, that the hard, unsympathetic life of the everyday world could never have been his lot.

We find a vigorous refutation of a theory of this nature in every stage of the poet's brief life; his boyhood is remembered for the fiery, passionate vehemence that made him the leader of his fellows; his medical work is ever thorough and successful, and in his first appearance in the world of art Keat's strong vein of everyday humanity makes Shelley's negation of all accepted creeds and laws, and his intense prose-

lytising zeal repellent to him; under the attacks of the "Blackmore Magazine" and the "Quarterly Review" he remains true to his love for art, persevering and indomitable, and lastly in that period of his life that most gave cause for hopeless despair, when the twin fires of passion and disease united to complete his destruction, it was then that he gave us the true appreciation of his greatness and powers. His ripened poetic gifts, stimulated by his passion, made secondary his irrevocable fate, and in the "twenty months of inspiration" he produced his immortal second volume of poems.

Undaunted by hostile criticism and the misfortunes of life, the steadfast poet was finally conquered by disease, and in Italy, at the age of twenty-six; died a unique genius of English literature.

It is said that Keats' genius was first awakened by Spenser's "Faery Queene," in the maze of

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luxuriant imagery, in the exquisite melody, the lofty imagination, and the stately calm and idealism that made all things beautiful, Keats was enchanted; to this new world, as delightful as it was unexpected, his soul was transported, and inhaling inspiration from the melodious verse of the master, he attempted and succeeded in the imitation of the Spenserian stanza.

His "In Imitation of Spenser" is taken as his earliest work, and although correct and melodious, there is not the uniqueness of diction and the archaic eccentricities of his later true style present in the work; and although his admiration for the Elizabethans surpassed all others, it is on the writers immediately preceding his own age that his earliest attempts are moulded.

But in his first volume of poems the restraining conventions which had fettered art in the previous century are flung aside, the poetry of the volume moves in an atmosphere of release and liberty, and at last the influence of the older Elizabethan poets shows itself in the spirit and essential qualities of these poems, but as yet that vocabulary, enriched with Elizabethan and Miltonian forms that were typical of his later work, had not been adopted.

His imagination is not held in control, the profusion of imagery, passing vision and description carry his thoughts along in a maze from which only occasionally he escapes. But it is here for the first time that his character as a poet of nature is revealed.

Unlike Wordsworth, Keats placed upon his poems a true estimation of their value; and of Endymion, which he produced during his excursion to the Isle of Wight, he had no illusory ideas. He said candidly that from it he expected "to gain only the fruit of experience which he would gather in his next poem."

Already, however, his poetry began to show his creed and philosophy; the ethereal being who hovered over Endymion in dreams is his personification of Beauty itself, and in the quest of the shepherd prince after his love, he symbolises the desire of man for the beautiful.

In the flowery language and luxurious incidental beauty Keats creates the essential and almost chief charm of the poem. The bewildering visions through which Endymion is led in search of his mistress display scenery that becomes phantasmagorical and bewildering. Imagery at once beautiful and tremulous shrouds the whole

poem, but present also is the feeling of immaturity and inexperience that denoted, as Keats said, "a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished."

"Isabella" is typical of Keats' power, in that it illustrated by comparison with Boccaccio's tale his complete command over colourful, descriptive language, his capability of investing his work with tones of sentiment and human tenderness, and of enriching in a northern manner the plain, unvarnished southern tale as Boccaccio told it.

It is here we find a strengthened power of expression, and it is with a now complete control over purely mutual and emotional resources that he mitigates the horror of the tale itself.

Influenced by "Paradise Lost," Keats had long contemplated a blank verse epic, and in "Hyperion" he writes in accordance with his delight in the beauties of the old pagan world.

In the rich northern manner that was his he discerned and wrote with a sure insight into the vital spirit of classic ideas. Keats had not the Greek touch which discarded all that was superfluous, and chose only the essential beauty, but in "Hyperion," with its lofty serenity and elemental majesty, there is something of the restraint that was of the Greeks, as of Milton. He chose a magnificent theme—the overthrow of the Titanic dynasty, and the assumption by Apollo of the kingdom of the sun god Hyperion, but realising his immaturity, the splendid fragment was laid aside.

"As an example of the pure charm of coloured and romantic narrative in English verse, 'The Eye of St. Agnes' is unequalled." Its scenery is that of a vivid painting as its atmosphere; every line is vivified with a richness of poetic suggestion, and tinged with a halo of colourful imagery. To the melody of the Spenserian stanza, in which it was written, Keats gave a "transparent directness of construction," while the element of voluptuous unreality that is always present appeals no less to the mind than to the eye.

Though "St. Agnes' Eve" be regarded as the most perfect of his mediæval poems, it is perhaps almost rivalled by "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," which in its perfect union of sound and sense, its blending of eeriness and tenderness, and its limpid simplicity of construction, is a

masterpiece. Beneath the mediaeval imagery that cloaks the poem, when he speaks of the terrible effect of love which has no prospect of fulfilment, the poet's own soul is revealed.

Of his narrative poems "Lamia" must rank highest, firstly, because of the vigour of narration and the vivid description; secondly, because of the metre that is in keeping with the theme, and lends to the story of the serpent lady a subtle fire of movement and a "lithe and serpentine energy."

Though occasionally unequal, we find here his most vivid, thrilling narrative, as in the transformation of the serpent woman, when all is wrought to fever pitch, or by comparison the agony portrayed in the shattering of Lycius' illusion and dream of love, by the cold-blooded philosophy of Apollonius.

It is when the characteristics of his work are considered that we realise that poetry was to his mind the ideal of all his aspirations, compared with which all else was commonplace and mediocre.

And as he was inspired by, and ever preferred beauty of imagery description and language to the mere interest of narrative, action or passion, so he delighted in Spenser, appreciated Byron, and detested Pope.

But always the greatest appeal came to him from the charm of classic fable and a delight in the beauty of Greek mythology. So his visions of the classic past are perfect, and though the Greek touch is not his, he is Greek, in that his acuteness of perception for beauty in any form whatsoever is intense, swift and true.

It is but to mention his shorter poems, to illustrate the lyric heights to which he attains, and which even approach those of Shelley, nor

yet "Endymion" and "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," to recall the weird musical beauty and suggestion that equals the touch of Coleridge.

As only a poet can, Keats deals with delights that are intuitively divined, and leaves the beauties of nature as we see them; like Shelley, he is ever sensible to "the spiritual and physical spell of moonlight," but as a poet of nature he differs from Wordsworth and Shelley:

Wordsworth interpreted the impression of nature by the workings of his own mind.

Shelley uses the spiritual and ethereal visions which he alone could draw from nature to proclaim his revolutionary ideas for the renovation of the world.

But it is for her own sake and the sake of beauty that Keats loves and interprets nature.

It has been said "that a birth like Keats' presents a striking instance of nature's inscrutability." With other poets of the time some influence can be found to account in some measure for their genius.

Scott is naturally the minstrel of the Scottish clans.

Wordsworth is influenced by the spirit of nature in Cumbrian Hills,

And Byron inherits in literature the same fiery lawlessness and rebellion that marked the lives of his ancestors.

Keats, more purely poetical than any of his contemporaries, forms the paradox; born in an unromantic middle class of city life, and, if inheriting genius, a genius which cannot be traced in his progenitors, he yet outshone the most brilliant spirits of his age, and left an immortal name among our greatest poets.

—N. MACINTOSH.

PEACE.

Of t have I wandered where sweet peace might
be,
And wandering in the dusk at the close of day,
When all the sea and sky was chill and grey,
From out the weeping rain she came to me,
All clad in white and hale as dawn was she,
Pale tresses moistened by the wind-swept spray;
I followed her upon a misty way,
Across the sudden heaving of the sea.

She led me to a land of mellow light
And fragrant airs that lulled to endless dreams,
On soft green meadows by the limpid streams,
And filled the silver silence of the night.
Ah, Peace! thou art the vision of a sleep,
Lost in the clamour of the restless deep.

—G. SCHRADER.

SOME OLD FRIENDS

Kind reader, I do not wish here to pose as a "wise man," or to set myself up in any way as a superior creature that is free from the follies of others. Far from that; to a quiet retiring nature as mine, that shrinks involuntarily from any entrance into the blaze of publicity, such an attitude would be disastrous. For some years now, I have followed my peaceful way of living. Perhaps people have wondered at my seeming aloofness—called it strange or some other unpleasant epithet, or even despised a disposition that is so unorthodox and removed from the general trend of character—but I can assure you that my aloofness (if I must call it such) is not assumed from any motives of snobbishness, but that it is an essential element in my nature.

For five long years I have performed my daily pilgrimage to a place that has become so dear to me. For five years have I occupied the same seat in the clanging jolting carriage, traversed the same stretch of dusty city, and seen the same faces. Now, this daily routine has become part of me too. I could not give it up without

some feelings of remorse, and I would be quite lonely without those familiar faces to greet me every morning.

Probably the most interesting character I have met during my journeying is a young lady of tender age—perhaps little more than three or four years older than myself—who invariably occupies a corner seat at the rear end of our carriage. She has not always occupied that place, though her air of confident ownership would lead one to this conclusion, for I can well remember how nervously she used to wait for a young gentleman, in a seat opposite to me. I first noticed the little romance some six months ago, and as time progressed and the little affair became generally known, the seat opposite me was left vacant until the young gentleman in question came to claim it. Every morning as we neared a certain station the young lady became restless and not a little embarrassed; she would arrange her dress, straighten her hat and make an heroic effort to compose herself, but all to no purpose—she could not overcome her em-

ARE YOU BACKWARD IN ANY SUBJECT?

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barrassment when all eyes seemed turned upon her, and at every effort she became more flurried. It required no mean effort of will to keep our eyes from glancing in her direction. She became more composed, however, when the young fellow entered the carriage and took his seat beside her.

No doubt they formed a curious pair, this lady and gentleman, continually chatting in their aimless way about nothing in particular, but deeply engrossed in their own conversation, and happy as two mating birds.

Thus six months passed by, when one morning I saw that the young lady was not in her usual place. I looked round, with genuine concern, and found her in a corner seat at the end of the compartment, which place she has occupied ever since. She did not glance up as we neared the familiar station, nor did she betray any signs of restlessness or embarrassment, but quietly proceeded with her knitting. I also saw the gentleman enter another carriage with the evident intention of avoiding her, and I knew then that the little love match had not burned to an end.

I can remember another pathetic case, quite

different to this, of an old gentleman who had occasioned me a great amount of interest.

He was of medium stature, his set face, clean shaven with high receding forehead, and blue eyes, that gazed steadily at you from beneath the pall of his eyebrows. He had a quiet habit of glancing over every face with those kindly blue eyes of his that aroused my interest in him; there was something fascinating in the man himself which I can hardly explain. He gave one the impression of very old age, but age that Time had impaired very little. His was a dreamy nature. At times he would seem as if in a sublime abstraction, far removed from the realities of this earth.

I never spoke to the old gentleman, though my heart yearned to seek his acquaintance, and now he has gone from my life; he has not travelled in our carriage for many weeks now; I have heard some say that he is dead, but I can hardly believe that. Somewhere, within the span of this mighty universe, he exists, in what form I cannot say, but surely he is not dead.

—ORPHEUS, 5B.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER

The bright song of the birds does not greet us; no sun wakes with us, the blossoms were not as they were but a few hours ago, the grass has lost its greenness. We long to go out into the sunshine, but it is not there. The atmosphere has an extra chill, a stiff south-westerly reminds us of the need of further attire. The solemn brown leaves flutter noiselessly where yesterday gay-coloured fairy bowers were haunted with bright chirping, chattering spirits. These blithesome creatures have now flown away to warmer kingdoms that they may avoid the thunderous gales which their frail bodies are not able to withstand. They have left us but a memory of fleeting moments which we spent in their company. This surely is a cheerless place now.

In former times we sat in twilight hours watching the pale, grey moon cast its shadows among the dark, eerie trees and creep silently through our back yard. Now it is but a spectre of its former self. It leads a gloomy existence, and is often overcast with great hulks of greyish-black clouds ever threatening to send down tor-

rents of moisture upon us poor defenceless humans below. Often too have we sat with the small creatures perched on our shoulders or nibbling crumbs from our hands and have awakened on a sunny December morning to find our little friends chirping on the window sill.

Now we have little prospect before us. No beautiful twilight, no early morning visitors, no beautiful blossoms nor "scentless bright flowers." We already feel chilly, dreary days. No sunshine shall enter our lives. Moodily shall we sit before the dismal hearth, watching the glowing embers and seeking what warmth we may. Outside the forceful breezes tell their silent message. The stricken trees wail mournfully as they meet the fierce onslaught of the growling wind. A mist envelops our homestead, sleet falls everywhere. Where are the moonlight, the stars, the green treetops playing gleefully with the midnight sephyras? Is it not their time. It is but the change of seasons—the coming of winter.

—FELIX.

LE CARNIVAL DE NICE

In this and the following article I would like to describe to you two entirely different scenes; the first, beautiful in its brightness and gaiety; the second, beautiful in its natural splendour and grandeur.

The journey from Marseilles to Nice was made through some of the finest scenery in the world—the *paysage* of the Riviera—passing



through Cannes with all its orchards and gardens in full bloom.

On the following day there was to be the *Jour de Carnaval*, of which I wish to speak. The Carnival lasts for one week, and is held annually. It is perhaps the greatest gala week in the world.

At 14.30 (2.30 p.m.) the parade in connection with the Carnival commenced. Men with huge comic heads riding and walking, lorries overflowing with great scenes and figures in papier-mache, inside of which were men and girls dressed in fantastic costumes hurling showers of plaster pellets (*confetti*). Everyone, and everything was decorated with flowers and fancy costumes, and every building was covered with flowers and streamers. And all this on a brilliantly sunny day made one of the strangest and prettiest scenes I have ever witnessed. There were dense crowds everywhere, and woe betide the one who lost his mask, for there were showers of "confetti" flying all the time (making the wire masks essential).

The picture shows one of the many quaint

carriages. The figures represent passengers looking out of the tram windows.

The following day was to be the last day of the Carnival, when, at night, King Carnival was to be burnt. At 20.30 the fireworks were scheduled to begin, but thousands upon thousands of people thronging the *Place Massena* and the water front made it almost impossible to get within hundreds of yards of the promenade at 20 o'clock. Everyone was masked, and in fancy dress, and the infectious gaiety of the French which reigned everywhere made the scene seem like Fairyland.

At 20.30 all the lights were extinguished, and the fireworks commenced. What followed defies description. The colours, designs, shapes, and forms of the rockets and other pieces were magnificent.

There were six main set-pieces, which were the most wonderful items of the program, both for scenic beauty and perfect technique.

A spark would appear in the (temporary) blackness, and instantly a most beautiful design would be traced out in a blaze of light and stars—golden, red, blue and green. Plumes of smoke, tinselled with gold, blue and red spangles, huge whirling catherine-wheels, fountains of multi-coloured flame, and cascades of stars, made the whole night beautiful.

The designs had previously been affixed to huge trellised screens, so the whole piece, when ablaze, showed a crest, or coat-of-arms. One was that of the *Roi du Carnaval*, as it was called. Another, the Prince of Wales' plumes.

Amidst all this, there were countless boats, covered with flags, streamers and Chinese lanterns moving about the bay under a canopy of red, gold, blue and green cascades of stars.

I will never forget this evening, and when poor old *Roi du Carnaval*, stuffed with fireworks, was burnt, and the homeward movement began, I was indeed sorry it was all over, but felt very glad that I had been able to witness this perhaps most unique spectacle in the world.

THE GRINDELWALD GLACIER

Switzerland, with its splendid hospitable people, its quaint houses and wonderful scenery, is perhaps the most beautiful little country in Europe.

I made the journey to Berne from Milan (Italy) via the Simplon-Loetschberg route, passing through the Simplon tunnel, which is about 14 kilometres long, and absolutely straight. On the Italian side we rushed towards a huge mountain clothed in dense forests of evergreens, with a bright sun shining overhead; on the Swiss side we crawled out into a world of white. There was a snow-storm in progress as we emerged high on the mountain-side, looking along a vast valley with steep rocky sides, on which many hardy firs clung tenaciously. Along the floor of the valley were clusters of houses, half-submerged, that seemed like black dots. From that moment till the time I left Switzerland I was left gasping with the grandeur and wonderful beauty of everything: the magnificent scenery, the quaint chalets, the perfectly-kept streets and buildings of Berne—with its wonderful old clocks and fountains—the spotlessly-clean dairies, and the hospitable people.

In Berne I stayed at *Gotthelfstrasse 32 Spitalacker*—which, when translated, is 32 Gotthelf Street, Spitalacker—but had to dine at the Restaurant *Gfeller-Rindlisbacher, Barenplatz 21*—which latter is really 21 Baren Place. (I give these names to give you an idea of the language, which is, in the canton of Berne, mostly German.)

Next day I made a trip by car to *Zollikofen* and *Rutti*, where there are two main cheese depots. I was shown the whole process of cheese-making, grading, and storing, and could not help admiring the perfect cleanliness of everything. A visit was also made to the famous Tobler chocolate factory.

I would like to add that there was a bright sun shining, which made the snow sparkle crisply as it lay thick everywhere. All around were the tiny farms, the size of which may be judged from the picture, marked out by black, lines or black dots (the top rails or the post-tops of the fences). Each farm had its quaint little chalet, made of wood, with long, sloping, over-hanging roofs, and a motto carved in the wood across the top of the facade, or painted in black or

gold letters. Some of these mottoes are very quaint—old Swiss proverbs or sayings; such things as: "*This chalet is unto the family of X*—". *There are no locks. Neither be there bolts upon the doors unto strangers;*" or "*The little brown chalet near the Black Wood.*"

Trees lined the roadway, groaning under their white burdens, and in the distance stood towering, snow-covered peaks silhouetted against a sky of azure blue. The keen air cut like a knife, and coloured glasses were necessary to protect



the eyes from the dazzling white. Here and there one could see "dots" gliding over the snow on their skis.

It is of the following day I wish to speak, however, for then I made an all-day trip to *Grindelwald*.

All the railways in Switzerland are electric, and so I made a very fast and comfortable run from Berne to *Interlaken*, where a change was made into a mountain train, which, after leaving *Interlaken*, began to climb steadily. Very soon it was using the cogs (what might be termed a third set of wheels, which were cogged, however, and gripped into a heavy chain arrangement running down the centre of the track). At last we arrived at *Grindelwald*, 3,460 feet up.

I forthwith proceeded to hire a *luge*, a kind of tiny toboggan, as will be seen from the picture, and commenced the arduous walk up to the famous glacier, which is another thousand feet or more higher than the village.

There was a snow-storm raging, making the travelling through the already deep snow so laborious that in a very short time I had loaded my luge with all the clothing (that could be spared) without decreasing the perspiration. The road (and frequently one could but guess

its course) wound up and up for five miles along the mountain-side, and the scenery became wilder. I was sinking knee-deep in the snow (having forgotten the snow-shoes or skis), and soon my legs were a mass of icicles. But it was worth the walk when I reached the top, for the panorama was absolutely magnificent. The wild, rugged mountain sides, further down, snow-laden trees and little mountain chalets, and then the long beautiful valley a thousand feet below—all seen through a curtain of drifting snow-flakes that brushed the cheek as lightly and tenderly as little balls of down, made a scene that is really beyond description—that can never be forgotten.

Turning off the road for about fifty yards I had to leap across a chasm (whose depth has never yet been fathomed), and crossing a wooden swing-bridge, which swayed precariously over another chasm, I entered the glacier. This, *Gleischer mit Eisgrotte*, as it is called, is from 150 to 200 feet thick, and moves about four to six inches a year. There is a grotto, or tunnel, through the base of it, and passing through this was a most weird experience. The whole tun-

nel was lighted with an eerie green light. The walls were smooth and green, and seemed to be lighted from some mysterious hidden source behind. It became intensely cold; one could feel the chill eating into one's bones. At the centre of the grotto (or end of the tunnel) a small shaft running up through the ice gave one a view of the stars (which were quite visible). Looking up through the 200 feet of solid ice, one wondered what would happen if the tunnel should become blocked—and shivered.

The real fun came, however, on the homeward journey. There was a run of five descending miles, and the light little iron-shod *luge* attained a terrific speed. After some practice, one learned to guide by just touching the ground with the heel, and the *luge* responded as readily as any motor-car.

After a really thrilling run (or glide, I should say) back to Grindelwald, I caught the train back to Interlaken and Berne "at the end of a perfect day."

Next day I went on to Bruxelles, via Basle and Mulhouse. But of that, anon.

—COLIN M. BROWN.

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THE FIRST DEBATE WITH THE FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

On Friday, April 23rd, yet another link was forged in the strong chain of friendship which binds the two schools together. Although many may not have realised it, this first debate with our sister school is an epoch-making event in our school history. The precedent has been established and it remains for our successors to carry on the good work. This event serves to show how the two schools are being brought together more and more each year. This is only right, for in the mind of every true Fortian, the two schools are one; the same traditions are honoured, and the same well-known motto graces the walls of each.

The President of the Fort Street Girls' Literary and Debating Society, Miss Packard, occupied the chair, and opened the proceedings by welcoming the visitors. The motion was then announced, which was, "That this House supports the Principle, 'My Country, Right or Wrong.'" and the President introduced the speakers, who were:—For the Government, Messrs. Pickard (leader), Hornibrook and Partridge, representing the Boys' School; for the opposition, Miss Bannen (leader), Miss Cohen and Miss Evans, representing the Girls' School.

The supporters of the Government argued mainly on the following lines: That the development of the world from its creation has taken place subject to the observance of the principle, "My Country, Right or Wrong." Reference was made to Generals Botha and Smuts, who were our enemies in the Boer War, but very effective allies in the Great War; they observed this principle. The unanimous support of the White Australia policy by Australians

although it was against the laws of humanity, was quoted as an example of the necessity of this principle.

In his reply, the leader of the Government said that the arguments put forward by the Opposition were based on ideal conditions, and were only practicable under those conditions.

Those opposing the motion based their arguments chiefly on the degradation which the observance of the principle has brought about in the past. They declared that the League of Nations would perish if the principle were followed, and that loyalty to one's country may often be opposed to loyalty to the brotherhood of man. It was a principle of progress by force. The economist, John Stuart Mill, was quoted, and it was asserted that the principle of self-preservation was predominant.

In awarding the victory to the supporters of the motion, the adjudicators said that the honours were almost even, but the supporters of the Government had caught the "debating spirit," and were brighter and more entertaining than the opposers, who were rather too serious, although they showed that great efforts had been made in the preparation of their speeches.

At the close of the debate votes of thanks were proposed by the President and the leader of the Government, and were carried by acclamation. Refreshments were then provided for the visitors. Miss Cohen, the captain of our sister school, proposed the toast, "The School," which was heartily carried.

The proceedings closed with a tour of the old school, and thus ended a most enjoyable afternoon.

EXCELSIOR

When "the toil and stress are o'er,"
 And we "view the victory won,"
 Are our hearts for evermore
 Soothed by "duty nobly done?"
 Do we find that calm repose
 Which we pictured from below,
 As we struggled and we rose,
 Though the way was hard to go?
 Does the goal attained give
 All the joys that we had thought,
 And more blithely do we live
 When remote success is bought?
 Do we hear now tales of love

From the minstrels of the trees—
 A new message from above
 In the whisper of the breeze?
 Does the sun more brightly shine—
 Does the bay more brightly gleam,
 When deserved repose is thine,
 And you've leisure time to dream?
 No! It is the lot of man
 As each goal in turn's passed by,
 Still to climb another span
 To rewards beyond the sky.

—"PABULAR TOR," 4C.

THE HEADMASTER'S REPORT

Mr. Kilgour presented a brief report of the work of the school for the past year, which has been of a very satisfactory character, surpassing in some respects that of any preceding year.

At both the L.C. and Intermediate Examinations, the school was represented by 157 pupils, of whom 153 were successful.

For the Intermediate Exam., 98 candidates were presented, and 96 passed, i.e., practically 98 per cent., which constitutes a record percentage. The average number of papers in which each candidate passed was 7.8. This constitutes another record. The total number of A passes was 302, and of B passes 447; this gives an average of 40 per cent. of A passes, a number never approached since this examination was instituted. The best passes were those of the following boys:—

- A. H. Wicks, 9 A's, 1 B.
- N. H. McIntyre, 9 A's.
- J. L. Chalmers, 8 A's, 1 B.
- A. G. Lowndes, 8 A's, 1 B.
- W. B. Lawrence, 8 A's, 1 B.
- W. Sawkins, 8 A's, 1 B.
- K. Johnson, 7 A's, 2 B's.

In addition, two boys gained 7 A's, nine boys gained 6 A's, and seven boys gained 5 A's. In all, twenty-five boys gained a pass of 5 A's or more—this is truly a remarkable success.

At the Leaving Certificate Examination, 59 candidates were presented, and 57 passed; 14 gained First Class Honours and 22 Second Class. The average number of papers in which each was successful was 6. The best pass was that of T. F. Tonkin, who gained First Class Honours in English, French and Latin. Other excellent passes were those of Hyde, Richards, McNaught, Morris, Wyndham, Wishart, McGlynn, Macintosh, Crighton, Smith-White, Levings, Harkness and Lumsden.

The complete list of Honours is shown in this edition.

As a result of the Leaving Certificate Examination eight boys were awarded University Bursaries, and Exhibitions were gained by 25 of our boys, admitting them to the following Faculties: Medicine 9, Law 7, Arts 1, Dentistry 4, Science 2, Agriculture 1, Architecture 1. The number of Exhibitions gained by the school since their inception now totals 387. As a further result

of these examinations, 15 pupils gained scholarships admitting them to The Teachers' College, and 28 qualified for appointment to the Public Service.

Prizes.—The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize was awarded this year for the best essay on the Life and Work of Sir Henry Parkes, and was won by N. R. Wyndham. The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prizes for the best pass in Geography at the L.C. and Intermediate Examinations were won by J. L. Jenkins and J. S. Chalmers respectively. The Gardiner Prize for the best aggregate pass at the Intermediate Examination was awarded to K. O. Johnson. The J. M. Hooke Prize for the best pass at the Leaving Certificate Exam. was awarded to T. F. Tonkin, and for the best pass in Mathematics to C. L. Morris. T. F. Tonkin has also been recommended for the Killeen Memorial Prize. This prize was founded in 1924 by a gift of £100 from the Limbless and Maimed Soldiers' Association at the request of Mrs. F. P. Killeen, who selected this form of memorial for her late husband, Lieutenant Killeen, first President of the Association. The Headmaster's Prizes for the best passes at the Intermediate Exam. were gained by N. McIntyre, A. H. Wicks and K. Johnson. The Headmaster's Prizes were awarded to M. Allen, Dux of Fourth Year; A. Old, Dux of Second Year; D. Hamilton and L. Barber, equal for Dux of First Year. The achievements of old Fortians at the University are given in detail elsewhere. The Headmaster referred to the pleasure this record gave him, and especially mentioned the success of R. N. McCulloch in gaining the Rhodes Scholarship for this year. McCulloch was one of our leading boys, and has had an excellent career at the University. He expects to leave for England very soon, and will devote his studies at Oxford, mainly to entomological research.

School Activities.—The school continues its many activities—social, literary and sporting—with gratifying success. Among these mention may be made of the following:—

1. *Dramatics and Play Day.*—This branch of the work has been taken up with enthusiasm by every class, the extent of which may be judged by the fact that on our Play Day last

year no less than 22 plays and playlets were performed by the boys.

Debating Society.—Every class spends one period a week in some form of debate. The boys take a keen interest in this activity and deliver which reflect great credit upon their zeal. This applies particularly to the senior boys. Further, in each class every boy has to deliver at least one lecture to his fellows during the year. This forms an admirable training, and is the main reason why debates are so successful.

Class Magazines.—Another noticeable feature of the school is the number of class magazines that appear regularly. These contain leaders, essays, stories, illustrations and quite a quantity of verse.

Community Singing.—The Memorial Hall has proved a great boon to the school, and good use of it in developing the corporate life of the school. Every Thursday morning we hold an assembly of all the pupils, when everything of interest in sport or the work of the previous week is brought before them. At the same time the opportunity is taken of indulging in Community Singing, which has now reached a high standard. The orchestra gives promise of reaching a satisfactory state of proficiency. For this part of the school work great credit is due to Messrs. Mote, Gould and Fairbairn, who are most self-denying and enthusiastic in their efforts to cultivate an appreciation of music.

SPEECH DAY

An exceptionally large number of old boys, parents and friends attended our Annual Speech Day on April 22nd. At the first available moment, the class rooms were invaded by eager scholars carrying numberless rolls of multi-coloured decorative paper. Every one, from the small first year boy, revelling in the wonders of his first Speech Day, to the dignified senior, somewhat sadly enjoying his last Speech Day, was determined that his room should outshine all others. Long before the appointed time, our guests began to arrive, and were escorted to their seats in the Hall by the prefects in a manner that brought forth many favourable comments by the ladies.

The Memorial Hall was taxed to its fullest capacity, and the proceedings were marked throughout by the greatest enthusiasm.

The Hall, itself, was a revelation to those who beheld it for the first time. The walls were adorned by a valuable collection of Australian landscapes, recently presented to the school by the well known artist, Eric Langker, who is himself an old Fortian. The recently installed proscenium gave an artistic touch of colour to the stage, and evoked much admiration from the visitors. The front of the stage was dominated by an imposing array of silver cups and trophies, scintillating with light, while the large

table was completely covered by an array of books and scholastic prizes.

Mr. S. H. Smith, Director of Education, presided, supported by Mr. Kilgour. Mr. Willis, a former headmaster of the school, and Miss Partridge, late headmistress of Fort Street Girls' High School, were also present on the platform.

The Headmaster's report, presenting such a remarkable list of successes, both scholastic and athletic, was one to fill with gladness the heart of every Fortian, and, as he read it, Mr. Kilgour's voice was tinged with justifiable pride. Before presenting the prizes, Mr. Smith spoke of the great work accomplished by Fort Street, and laid particular stress on the energy and zeal of the Headmaster.

The prize winners were greeted with well-merited applause as they came forward to receive their guerdons.

After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the Staff Room, where refreshments were served. The efforts of the potential artists in the class rooms were then inspected, and received full praise from the visitors. Every Fortian will reflect with a glow of pride on this Speech Day, with its almost unprecedented list of successes, the inspiring address of the Director, and the feeling of harmony and enjoyment that permeated the whole proceedings.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

The following is the list of those scholars who were successful at the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Examinations. The results at both Examinations were very gratifying, and we are proud to record so many signal successes:—

LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Maths. I., 6 Maths. II., 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 10 Physics, 14 Geography, 18 Economics.

The letter H signifies honours, A first-class pass, B second class, L a pass at the lower standard. The sign X denotes those who have gained honours in Mathematics:—

Anderson, Colin, 1B 2B 5B 6A 8B 10A.
 Beaumont, John, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
 Benson, Victor, 1B 2H 3A 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Binsted, Hubert, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 10H.
 Blessing, Clinton, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
 Breyley, Alexander, 1B 2B 3A 5A 6A 10A.
 Brown, Gordon, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Chin, Harold, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10L.
 Côté, Louis, 1H 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Cox, William, 2B 3B 5B 6B 10L.
 Crichton, John, 1H 5B 6A 8H 14A 18B.
 Digby, Richard, 1B 5B 6B 14L.
 Ebburn, Norman, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 10B.
 Ferrier, Colin, 1B 5B 6B 14B 18B.
 Firth, Peter, 1B 5B 6A 10L 14A.
 Fleming, Ernest, 1B 5B 6A 8B 10L 14B 18B.
 Furner, Curzon, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6A 8B 10B.
 Hall, Edwin, 1A 2B 3A 5B 6B.
 Harden, Frederick, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 10L.
 Harkness, Arthur, 1B 2A 3A 5A 6A 8H.
 Hooke, Murray, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 8H 10B.
 Hyde, Vernon, 1H 2H 3A 5A 6A 8H 10B.
 Irvine, Arthur, 1B 2B 3H 5B 10B.
 Isaacs, Donald, 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B.
 Jarvis, Albert, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B.
 Jenkins, Jack, 1B 5B 6B 8B 10B 14A 18B.
 Johns, Austyn, 1B 2A 3B 5B 6A 8A 10B.
 Levings, Francis, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6A 8H 10B.
 Löwe, Jack, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 10B.
 Lumden, Andrew, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6A 8H 10B.
 Macintosh, Neil, 1H 2A 3B 5B 6B 8H 10B.
 McGlynn, Leonard, 1H 2A 3A 5A 6B 8H.
 McNaught, Ian, 1H 2H 3B 5B 6A 8H 10A.
 Morris, Clifford, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6A (x) 7A 10H.
 Neal, Alan, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x) 8B 10B.
 Osborn, Ernest, 1H 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 10B.

Paterson, Hugh, 1A 2A 3A 5B 8B.
 Pile, Charles, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B.
 Quirk, John, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B 10L.
 Redshaw, Olive, 1B 3B 5B 8A.
 Richards, John, 1A 2H 3H 5A 6A 8A 10A.
 Richardson, Kenneth, 1B 2A 3A 5B 6B 8B 10B.
 Rosen, Eric, 1B 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Smith, Irwin, 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A 7B 10B.
 Smith-White, William 1B 3A 5A 6A (x) 7B 10H.
 Solomon, Lewis, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B.
 Tonkin, Thomas, 1H 2H 3H 5A 6A 8A 10B.
 Turner, John, 1B 2A 3A 5B 6B 8A 10B.
 Twigg, Clarence, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A.
 Ward, George, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10B.
 Watts, Aubrey, 1B 5B 6B 14B 25A.
 White, Lancelot, 1B 5B 6A 8B 14B 16B.
 Williams, Herbert, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 8B.
 Williams, Leonard, 1B 3B 5B 6A 10B 14A 25H.
 Wishart, John, 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A 8H 10A.
 Wolfe, Herbert, 1B 2A 3H 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Wyndham, Norman, 1H 2A 3A 5B 6B 8H 10A.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

The subjects of examinations are arranged in 28 sections, and the numbers in the list of successful candidates refer to the following sections:—1, English; 2, History; 3, Geography; 4, Mathematics I.; 5, Mathematics II.; 6, Latin; 7, French; 8, German; 9, Physics; 10, Chemistry; 11, Elementary Science (Physics and Chemistry); 12, Botany; 13, Geology; 14, Business Principles; 15, Shorthand; 16, Woodwork; 17, Metalwork; 18, Art; 19, Music; 20, Needlework; 21, Greek; 22, Physiology and Hygiene; 23, Technical Drawing; 24, Agriculture I.; 25, Agriculture II.; 26, Agricultural Botany; 27, Practical Agriculture; 28, Japanese.

In each subject there are two grades of pass, A and B, the A pass being the higher.

Andrews, Ronald, 1A 4A 5A 6B 7B 10A.
 Barton, Cecil 1A 3B 4A 5A 8A 9A 10A 14B 15B.
 Beaumont, Alan, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B.
 Berry, Bernard, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 9B 10B.
 Bosley, William, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 9A 10B.
 Brown, Archibald, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Brown, Norman, 1A 2A 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A 9A 10B.

- Burgess, Arthur, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 10B 14B 15B 19B.
 Burley, Edmund, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7A 9B 10A.
 Buxton, Adrian, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 9B 10B.
 Chalmers, John, 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6B 7A 9A 10A.
 Clark, Bruce, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A 9B.
 Cole, Rhoderic, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A.
 Connolly, Bruce, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6A 7B 9B 10B.
 Copes, John, 1B 4B 5B 7B.
 Crisp, Albert, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 10B.
 Davis, Isadore, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7B 9B.
 Dodd, Arthur, 1A 3B 4B 5B 7A 9B 14B 15B.
 Eather, Walter, 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6B 9A 10B.
 Evans, Norman, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A.
 Ferranti, Maurice, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.
 Fripp, Alfred, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B.
 Funnell, Frank, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5A 6A 7A 9B 10A.
 Gates, Walter, 1A 4A 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Gay, Francis, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5A 6A 7A 9A 10A.
 Gibson, Alfred, 1B 2B 3B, 4A 7A 10B 15B.
 Givney, Edwin, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 8A 9B 10B.
 Gorringe, Alan, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 9B.
 Harkness, Stuart, 1B 4B 5B 9B.
 Hawkins, Ronald, 1B 4B 5B 7B 9B.
 Heazlett, Marshall, 1B 4B 5B 6B 11A.
 Hely, William, 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 7A 9A 10B 14B 15B.
 Henderson, Alan, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 8A 9B 10A.
 Horsley, Boyce, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.
 Howieson, Thomas, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 9B 10A.
 Hudson, Ian, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Jenner, Robert, 1A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Johnson, Kenneth, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9A 10A.
 Karpin, Louis, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 9A 10A.
 Keast, Wemyss, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 9A 10B.
 Kirby, Frederick, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.
 Kopievsky, Michael, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B 10B.
 Lambert, Eric, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 10B.
 Lawrence, Wallace, 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9A 10A.
 Lee, John, 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 10A.
 Lohse, Eric, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 9B 10A.
 Long, William, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 9B 10B 14B 15B.
 Longmuir, Hervey Rae, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A 9B 10A.
 Lowndes, Arthur, 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10A.
 Macaulay, Colin, 1A 2B 3B 4B 7B.
 MacInnes, Ian, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.
 Manning, Henry, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 10A.
 M'Coll, Gordon, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7B 9B 10B.
 McInerney, Thomas, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 9A 10A.
 M'Intyre, Neil, 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 9A 10A.
 M'Taggart, Edwin, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.
 Mitchell, William, 1A 2B 3B 4B 6B 7B.
 Morris, Kenneth, 1B 2B 4A 6B 7A 10B.
 Morrison, Robert, 1B 2B 3B 4B 7A 14B.
 Moxham, George, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.
 Murphy, Arthur, 1A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 9B 10A.
 Murphy, Reginald, 1A 2A 3B 4A 5B 6A 7B 9B 10A.
 Naughton, Laurence, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 9B 10A.
 Newell, Roy, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 7A 9B 10A 28A.
 Owen, Stanley, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 7A 9B 10B.
 Penman, Donald, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 6A 7A 10B.
 Percival, John, 1A 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 9B.
 Rathborne, John, 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 7A 9B 10B 14B.
 Roach, William, 1B 2B 4B 5B.
 Ross, Raymond, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 8A 9B 10B.
 Rudd, Norman, 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 9B.
 Saunders, John, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B.
 Sawkins, Wilbur, 1A 2A 3A 4B 5A 6A 7A 9A 10A.
 Schofield, Donald, 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Scott, Jack, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 10B.
 Seale, Herbert, 1B 2B 3B 6B 7B.
 Shields, George, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9A 10A.
 Small, Frank, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 9B 10B.
 Smith, George, 1A 2A 3B 4B 7B 10B 14B.
 Smith, Leonard, 1A 2A 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.
 Solling, Allan, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 10A.
 Solomon, Cyril, 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B.
 Spinks, Kenneth, 1A 2B 3A 4A 5B 6B 7A 9A 10B.

Springthorpe, William, 1B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.

Stevens, Alexander, 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7B 9B 10B.

Swadling, Jack, 1A 2B 3A 4A 5B 6A 7B 9B.

Sweeney, John, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.

Vignes, John, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.

Wadsworth, Arthur, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 10B.

Wallace, Ian, 1A 3B 4B 5B 7B 9B 10B.

Watkins, Charles, 1A 3B 4B 5B 6B 9B 10A.

Webb, Richard, 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B 9B 10A.

White, Charles, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 9A 10A.

Wicks, Alfred, 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 7A 9A 10A 14A 15A.

Williams, Sidney, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 9A 10A.

Wood, Keith, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 10B.

UNIVERSITY BURSARIES AND EXHIBITIONS.

As a result of the Leaving Certificate Examination the following boys have been awarded University Bursaries:—

T. F. Tonkin	I. McNaught
C. L. Morris	J. Wishart
V. D. Hyde	N. Wyndham
L. McGlynn	A. Lumsden

In addition, Exhibitions were gained by twenty-five of our boys, who have entered the following Faculties at the University:—

Arts.—J. Wishart.

Law.—V. Benson, A. C. Harkness, M. Hooke, V. Hyde, G. Levings, A. Lumsden, L. McGlynn.

Medicine.—I. McNaught, C. W. Furner, A. H. Neal, N. Macintosh, J. W. Richards, I. L. Smith, K. Richardson, T. F. Tonkin, N. Wyndham.

Dentistry.—H. P. Chin, L. Cohen, A. E. Johns.

Science.—C. L. Morris, A. J. Breyley.

Agriculture.—W. Smith-White.

Architecture.—E. M. Osborn.

The number of Exhibitions gained by the Schools since their inception now totals 387.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following students have been awarded Scholarships at the Teachers' College, University:—

J. W. Richards	I. L. Smith
V. D. Hyde	A. H. Neal
L. W. McGlynn	L. White
J. F. Crighton	J. Lowe
N. Macintosh	N. Elbourn
A. J. Breyley	G. D. Brown
A. E. Johns	J. A. Quirk

PUBLIC SERVICE.

The Public Service Board has announced that the following Fortians have passed the examinations for admission to the Public Service, and are eligible for appointment:—

Leaving Certificate.—J. L. Jenkins, P. J. Firth, C. E. Ferrier, C. L. Morris, L. McGlynn, M. Hooke, N. Macintosh, L. W. Williams, L. H. White, D. Isaacs, A. I. Watts.

Intermediate Certificate.—A. H. Wicks, C. Barton, W. Hely, I. D. Macinnis, W. Springthorpe, A. H. Dodd, G. McColl, A. K. Buxton, H. J. Manning, A. J. Solling, L. Naughton, G. W. Smith, W. A. Long, A. E. Crisp, A. J. Burgess, B. H. Connolly, K. A. Wood.

UNIVERSITY FINAL EXAMINATIONS

At the recent examinations no less than 49 Fortians succeeded in passing their final examinations in the following Faculties:—Law 9, Medicine 13, Arts 9, Science 4, Architecture 2, Engineering 3, Dentistry 2, Agriculture 3, Vet. Science 3, Economics 1.

Thus the school was represented in every Faculty, and, further, obtained high positions in each. Our Old Boys obtained 9 First Class

Honours, 8 Second Class Honours, 4 Medals, 2 Prizes and 2 Travelling Scholarships.

LAW. LL.B.

G. J. Barwick: University Medal, John George Dally Prize, and First Class Honours.

G. F. Amsberg: University Medal, Prox. Acc. to Dally Prize, First Class Honours.

H. A. Snelling: First Class Honours, Dally Prize shared with Barwick.

D. R. Sharpe: Second Class Honours.
 N. J. Bell: B.A.
 H. R. Booth.
 W. P. Densley: B.A.
 C. R. Evatt.
 O. C. Ferns.

MEDICINE, M.B., Ch.M.

A. C. Culey: Second Class Honours.
 E. W. Levings: Second Class Honours.
 L. S. Loewenthal: Second Class Honours.
 A. C. Armstrong.
 F. H. Callow.
 K. J. Davis.
 C. J. Goode.
 E. J. Howe.
 G. L. Howe.
 S. O'Donoghue.
 A. V. Price.
 A. F. Quayle.
 K. I. Sillar.

ARTS, B.A.

T. A. Byrne: First Class Honours and University Medal for History.
 W. E. Gollan: Second Class Honours in English, Second Class Honours in History.
 C. McClelland: First Class Honours Psychology.
 W. E. Black: Second Class Honours Psychology, Second Class Honours History.
 H. W. Hogbin: Second Class Honours in English.
 G. R. Vincent.
 M. A. Kirkpatrick.

W. J. Hardy.
 D. W. Reed.

SCIENCE, B.Sc.

A. J. Higgs: First Class Honours in Physics.
 O. S. Potter: First Class Honours in Mathematics.
 J. F. Bingham.
 H. J. Hamnett.

ECONOMICS, B.Ec.

N. H. Routley.

ARCHITECTURE, B. Arch.

R. H. McGrath: First Class Honours and University Medal, Wentworth Travelling Scholarship.
 F. K. Manderson: First Class Honours.

ENGINEERING, B.E.

A. L. James.
 K. Jordan.
 J. H. Wilson.

VETERINARY SCIENCE, B.V.Sc.

E. N. Larkin.
 J. K. Hawthorne.
 C. L. Mulhearn.

DENTISTRY, B.D.S.

J. W. Skinner: Second Class Honours.
 D. J. Shaw.

AGRICULTURE, B.Sc (Agric.).

R. N. McCulloch: Second Class Honours.
 S. E. Bentivoglio.
 L. F. Mandelson.

OLD BOYS AT THE UNIVERSITY

We congratulate the Old Boys now at the University on their successes at the recent examinations. At the Intermediate L.L.B. Examination, George Wright gained Prox. Acc. to the Wigrani-Allen Scholarship for General Proficiency, and also Prox. Acc. to the Pitt Cobbett Prize for Constitutional Law. In Subjects of Section II, H. R. Woodward gained the Nolan Prize for Political Science and Prox. Acc. to the Harris Prize for International Law. A. D. Hope shared with another student the Josiah Symon Scholarship for English Language and Literature, and also the McCallum Prize for Literature. John Bates: Distinction in Latin, Greek and English.

E. R. Walker: High Distinction in Economics III. and the Wilfrid Johnson Prize.

H. D. Black: High Distinction in Economics III., Distinction in Economic History, and Distinction in Commercial Law.

G. A. Patterson: High Distinction in Education and History.

Jack Dingle: High Distinction Philosophy I.

R. J. McKeivitt: Distinction History I.

O. W. Hunt: Distinction English I.

A. D. Edwards: Distinction History II, Credit English II.

W. J. Weedon: High Distinction Psychology II and Distinction History II.

E. R. Stock: Credit Philosophy I.

G. J. Oslington: Credit Maths. I.

P. S. Wolfe: Credit Maths. I.

In the final L.L.B. Examination the following Fortians passed in individual subjects:—

SECTION II.

G. Champion, W. Hancock, N. Landers, A. C. Magnus, P. Akhurst, R. E. Tebbutt.

SECTION I.

A. W. Higgins, G. P. Storey, C. E. Griffin, F. Hodgson, N. Jenkyn, H. B. Dickinson, A. R. McLelland, A. C. Hake, J. H. McDougall, H. W. Shaw.

INTERMEDIATE L.L.B. EXAM.

Section I. Pass: G. L. Wright, C. McLelland, W. S. Godfrey, W. G. Cassidy, G. R. Vincent.

SCHOOL OF ARTS SCHOLARSHIPS.

Fifteen scholarships, entitling the holders to all the privileges of the Sydney School of Arts Library, have been awarded to

N. McIntyre	L. Karpin
J. Chalmers	W. Eather
A. Lowndes	W. Sawkins
F. Gay	W. Lawrence
A. Stevens	K. Johnson
T. McInerney	G. Shields
F. Funnell	C. White
E. Givney.	

HONOURS AT L.C. EXAMINATION.

The list of Honours gained by our boys at the Leaving Certificate Examination is as follows:—

T. F. Tonkin: I. English, I. Latin, I. French.
 I. McNaught: I. English, II. Latin, II. History.
 V. Hyde: I. History, II. Latin, II. English.
 J. F. Crighton: I. History (1st place), I. English.
 N. Macintosh: I. History, II. English.
 N. Wyndham: I. History, II. English.
 C. L. Morris: I. Maths., II. Physics.
 W. Smith White: I. Physics, II. Maths.
 L. McGlynn: II. English, II. History.
 J. W. Richards: II. Latin, II. French.
 F. Levings: I. History.
 J. R. Wishart: I. History.
 H. Binsted: II. Physics.
 V. Benson: II. Latin.
 L. Cohen: II. English.
 A. C. Harkness: II. History.
 M. M. Hooke: II. History.
 A. H. Irvine: II. French.
 A. D. Lumsden: II. History.
 A. H. Neal: II. Maths.
 E. M. Osborn: II. English.
 L. Williams: II. Japanese.
 H. Wolfe: II. French.

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE

One of the most beautiful scenes I have ever been fortunate enough to admire was in the bush, near the sea.

I had decided to go for a day's walking tour in the vacation, and, for a ramble, had selected Australia's most beautiful showground, the bush. As I tramped on, I passed sylvan dells, gushing waterfalls—the tiny cascades, as they struck the rocks below, tinkled like bells—and the wild bush flowers, which had never looked so beautiful before.

I was enjoying myself immensely—jumping across tiny hollows, bedecked with moss and fern, wading in crystal-clear streams, and chasing the wild bush animals as they scuttled across my path.

Then, through the tall gums, standing like sentinels over the smaller plant life, I caught a glimpse of the sea. I rushed on and came to a small hill. I clambered up it hurriedly, slip-

ping on the moss and cutting my legs on the sharp rocks.

Oh! but I was well repaid when I reached the top. At my feet was a carpet of verdant green, dotted here and there with shy flowers, holding their dainty heads up before the breeze, and as my gaze travelled further, then—framed between the tall gums—then I saw the sea.

Only Nature, the master, could have painted that picture. The bush, the golden sand and the sea, scintillating in the sunlight like a million diamonds; the stately ships sailing by—surely there could be nothing better than this in the whole world!

I gazed in awe. I heard nothing, all my thoughts were concentrated on that scene. Surely there is no need to be dissatisfied with life when one can come to a place like this! As I wondered, the sun began to sink, and loath, I was forced to return.

R. NICHOLLS, 2C.

MARK FOY'S

"Target" Underwear

for Men and Boys

BOYS' LIGHT WEIGHT ALL-WOOL UNDERWEAR, "Target" brand. Each garment carries our guarantee.

	Sizes (inches)	20	22	24	26	28	30	32
SHIRTS—Short Sleeves	4/2	4/9	5/3	5/9	6/4	7/2	7/9	
Long Sleeves, 9d. extra.								
TRUNK DRAWERS	4/4	4/10	5/4	5/10	6/7	7/3	7/11	
COMBINATIONS—Short Sleeves ..	5/6	6/3	7/2	7/11	8/8	9/6	10/3	
Long Sleeves ..	5/9	6/9	7/6	8/-	8/9	9/9	10/9	

The "Piazza" Store, Sydney

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

D.A. (2D), "Running Late"—Lacks "point."
K.T. (2D), "Science in Prison Escapes"—good, but is it quite original?

G.O. (2A), "Sid's First Case"—Fair story, but too long for what you have to say.

E.A.B. (2B), "Fig"—Fair description, but you make too much of a catalogue of it.

C.B. (2A), "Trip to Bald Head"—Good, but it needs much pruning.

— (2A), "How Jimmy Lake Learned to Ride a Bike"—Too much like a mere chapter of accidents.

"Fleur-de-Lis," "A Motor Accident"—You do not give it sufficient interest.

R.I. (2D), "The Adventures of Pat"—Not bad, but that sort of thing has been overdone long since.

E.S. (2D), "Ole Manga Mu"—Fair, but one can read that anywhere: Give us something new.

G.M.Y. (2D), "A Stormy Night"—Can you put no fresh terrors into a storm?

G.R.H. (2D), "Dee Why"—Fair, but it should be a clear and vivid picture.

H.B.R. (2B), "Examination"—Very nearly, but it wants in "finish."

H.R. (2A), "Experience Counts"—The story needs strengthening.

M.K. (2A), "Piece of Good Advice"—Promising work, but too loosely arranged.

K. McL. (2C), "Cacti"—Quite good, but it is not of general interest.

R. McC. (2C), "Romantic India"—You can make most interesting that which you see and know best.

F.H. (2C), "Views on Homework"—Good, but make it more vigorous.

G.W. (2C), "Sunset"—Fair attempt, but sunsets require very skilful handling.

"Scouter" (2C), "Daily Experience of H.S. Pupil"—Tells nothing in a new way.

W.P. (2A), "Visit to Burrenjuck"—Fair, but the style and arrangement kill its chances.

D.K. (2B), "The Village Burglar"—Too unfair to the late H. Longfellow.

W.S.C. (2B), "Ballina"—Contains some fine descriptive touches, but is not ready for printing.

E. McC. (2B), "A Country Road"—A trifle rough, but try again.

A.H. (2B), "The Spider"—Ideas fine, but the verses are faulty.

"Foolish," "Shakespeare" and "Latin Fags"—Not quite up.

J. (2D), "Ophir"—Interesting enough, but the dead goldfield asks for more tender treatment still.

L.B. (2D), "A Ride Through the Bush"—Good, but it fails to strike any new note.

N.B. (2A), "Soldier Crabs"—Fails in vivid description. "A Crowded Bus"—Excellent in parts, but somewhat long.

G.L. (2A), "Treasure Trove"—Why don't you spin a yarn from your own experiences?

J.C. (2A), "A Trip to the Moon"—Almost. Try a little harder next time.

R. McL. (4B),—You would have the Editor arrested for infringing copyright.

T. O'B. (5B), "Some Men We Know"—Interesting, but too personal for publication.

L. Scott—"The Duel" is good—what there is of it!

SUNSET

With tints of pink, and streaks of gold,
With clouds of white, and azure sky,
A thing of beauty to behold—
I stand and see the sunset die.

With crown of yellow, shining bright
It lights up all this wintry scene,

As I've oft seen it, so you might—
And seeing, know that God has been.

The colours fail, the glory fades,
The elves of night their fancies spin;
But Dawn will banish phantom shades
When soft lights shine the morning in.
—P. LANE, 2D.

KANDY MUSEUM

I had the good luck some time ago to visit a quaint little museum at Kandy, the one-time capital of Ceylon, which is, perhaps, without rival in its charm of sylvan beauty.

The building, which was built in 1774, overlooks a lake, and is on the edge of a large primary jungle untouched by the devastating hand of civilisation.

The doorstep at the entrance to the museum is a beautiful moonstone, in the shape of a semi-circle, and about 9ft. in diameter.

These moonstones are found adorning the entrances to many fine buildings, and are a feature of Cingalese architecture.

This stone is divided into nine concentric bands, on which are richly carved scrolls of lilies, processions of animals (which contain, strange to say, lions, which are not found in Ceylon, and probably never were), and processions of hansas, or sacred geese, while in the middle is a lotus flower.

These moonstones are probably 2000 years old.

On either side of the doorway is a lion, these being emblematic of the former Kandyan dynasty.

Upon entering the first thing one notices is a number of old cannon, while close by is a collection of coins of the old Kings of Kandy, dating back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Further on is a noteworthy collection of fine earthenware turned out by the potteries of ancient Ceylon, the articles ranging from household utensils to statues.

A fine group of ancient Kandyan weapons is

shown—curiously-shaped knives, daggers, beautifully-worked spears, and an execution knife used many years ago.

A notable exhibit is a row of bells hanging from a beam across the room. They are of wondrous shapes, and some are made of wood.

There are, in another exhibit, several examples of the exquisitely-carved Kandyan doorways. A peculiar sight is the native artificers in the courtyard surrounding the museum at work producing the far-famed Kandyan brass and silver work.

After going through the museum, I went across a narrow street and entered the "Temple of the Sacred Tooth." This is the stronghold of Buddhism in Ceylon, and it contains the sacred tooth of Gautama, which is very jealously guarded, and is kept in a shrine of the greatest splendour.

This sacred relic is 2500 years old, and, according to legend, many attempts have been made to destroy it, but phoenix-like, it has arisen.

The former throne-room of the Kings is situated in this building.

It is now the Oriental Library, and contains many sacred books, or olas. These books are written on thin strips of palyra leaf, which are strung together between two boards, which form the cover of the book.

These boards are frequently inlaid with gold and jewels.

Kandy is a very interesting and picturesque place.

L. PATERSON, 4B.

JOYS.

In shaded vales of tender green,
I love to roam 'neath azure skies,
Or by some stream of dazzling sheen,
Where mingled sighs and joys arise.

To stand upon a mountain crag,
And breathe in joy the fragrant air,
The sweeping stretch of purple haze
To view such art of Nature fair.

Adown a river swift to glide,
'Neath canopies of twisted vines,

While bushbirds flit from tree to tree,
And overhead the great sun shines.

I love to sit on lonely peak,
And see the ocean, wild and free,
It seems to call my very soul,
To break its bars for Liberty.

For me the life of Joy and Bliss,
Of Freedom, Love, that soars on high!
Away! all grief and pain, away!
Let Joy be nigh! Let Joy be nigh!

M. DINTER, 5B.

TRAGEDY

The very air tingled with adventure and excitement, but our ardour was not a little dampened by a distinct consciousness of some unseen presence. First one heard the ululations of the wind perpetually flapping to and fro the ghastly white tent fly, which we had in our haste loosely fixed on the end of the verandah of an old house on which we had sought repose. Then there was the moon shining through a thin mist of cloud, sending fitful beams, forming uncertain shadows that seemed to extend immeasurable distances, until lost in the greater gloom beyond. A deathly rattle in the dry reeds and grasses at our head made one feel his hair standing on end at the ghastly whisperings that seemed to come from human throats, exchanged by the skeleton trees and grasses.

Peeping under the awning, over on the hill one could discern a dark, crouching pile of rocks, and in the sickening, uncertain light, the imagination plainly saw the gnomish figures traversing the inner recesses of this cavernous mass. Below, curling round sodden trunks and slimy rocks, was a sluggish stream of black bottomless water, from which came the hoarse forbidding cry of a warning frog or the screech of a water hen. A foot set in the midst of the rank thin grass started a host of ugly hisses, and sudden terrors behind.

The strident call of an owl warned that danger was alarmingly near, and the softer call of the "mo-poke" in the black recesses of the mountain told it was in some sinister and silent form. Voices in the shadow down the road, the vivid imagination pictured as those of some villains with a murderous purpose; they could be no harmless stockmen, or any early "cocky." They had presumably watched the camp all night, and knowing money would be in evidence there had decided to finish off the occupants of the canvas square and promptly appropriate our lucrative (?) wallets (a matter in all of about £3 10s.).

It was a situation now that required no imagination to fill in the details of the horror; speech forbade itself, the tongue clave hopelessly to the mouth and cold perspiration hung in beads on the paled forehead. The now thoroughly inflamed vision could see in this a place of dreadful tragedies, death in all its horrible

forms, and could almost read in outstanding headlines in the papers, "Unprecedented Attack on a Camp," or "Lonely Road Tragedy," etc., and horror was emblazoned in letters of fire on the horizon of one's thought.

Shaking myself from this horrid torpor, I arose and decided to get a drink. I seized the "billy," and went round to the side of the old house to get to the tank. I got through the fence and stumbled towards the tank. I had not accounted for the presence of an old well, and was not aware of it till I had placed one leg in its icy depths. I grabbed wildly at the grasses on the bank and pulled myself out; it was then that all the horrors of the preceding hours returned, and seized me with redoubled vigour. I drank as quickly as possible, and returned to bed, decided this time on real sleep. I slept but not for long; something moved in the baggage and packs near my feet, I, after about five minutes' groping under my pillow (which consisted of a kit bag full of pots and pans, etc.), secured my knife, and decided to die gamely, or preferably not at all.

Then with sudden determination I gripped the knife firmly, and muttering some drawing room expression, flung back the blankets, and launched heavily with my military boots on the verandah. The shape rushed out and I followed. I ran, catching his heels and tripping him up, at the same time launching a deadly kick at his rear as he beat a hasty retreat. Round and round the house we went, up and down the old verandah, trying to get in the deadly stroke, or kick that would finish him, the intruder and thief.

Ah! I had him, but only for an instant. He slipped away. Again on his heels, and another kick home; on the verge of victory. Another second, and I would have settled him, but, no, the last time up the verandah I stepped on the wrong edge of a loose board, which promptly whacked me on the forehead, and I found myself sitting on the edge of the verandah, and the blue spotted dog, the thief, the intruder, vanishing up the road in the timber.

Smithy here rolled over and mumbled something about breakfast in bed. I felt like giving it to him, too—with a capital B.

—J.M.D., 5A.

THE DEBATE WITH SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL

On Friday, May 7th, the return debate with Sydney High School took place in our Memorial Hall, the Fourth and Fifth Year boys being present. Mr. Roberts occupied the chair.

The subject under discussion was, "That the Trade Unions of Australia are Detrimental to Industrial Progress," the visitors affirming the motion. The speakers for the Government were: Messrs. Jones (leader), Clay and McGuinness, representing Sydney High School, and for the Opposition, representing Fort Street High School, were: Messrs. Pickard (leader), Hornibrook and Partridge.

Our visitors argued chiefly on the following lines: That when the old trade unions had attained their ideal they became stagnant, and a new type of trade union appeared, which was working against society, and for the aggrandisement of its own officials. It was said that the trade unions decreased the efficiency of the worker by limiting the output, and apprentices; and also that they made no distinction between a good worker and a less capable one. They encourage enmity between the capitalists and the workers; they caused the recent seamen's strike, and were especially detrimental to industrial progress by bringing into existence the uniform working wage.

The Opposition asserted that the trade unions have brought happiness and contentment to the worker, and are continually striving to better his

conditions. They have banished the deplorable conditions of the "hungry forties." They also provide men with a necessary education, and some of our greatest statesmen have risen from the trade unions. The capitalists cause all the strikes, and the trade unions are the only offset against their tyranny. The trade unions have always been, and are still, fighting for the "brotherhood of man."

Mr. Grose (the adjudicator), after giving a constructive criticism of each speaker, awarded the verdict to Fort Street, the points gained out of 400 being 348, as against 327 by the visitors. The adjudicator stated that the points had been gained by the Opposition chiefly for the manner in which their matter was delivered, and a special reference was made to the leader of the Opposition.

After the debate was concluded, the chairman welcomed the visitors on behalf of the society, to which Mr. Gibson replied for the visitors. A vote of thanks to Mr. Grose for his kindness in adjudicating the debate was proposed by the leader of the Opposition, and seconded by the leader of the Government, and was carried by acclamation, as was also a vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Mr. Gibson.

The debate was most successful, and gave still further evidence of the friendly relations existing between the two schools.

A WALKING TOUR.

This journey was undertaken one week-end last year to the South Coast. Setting out from Waterfall Station we commenced our walk towards the coast, via beautiful National Park. It was a bright day, and in the solitude of the park, amidst the cool green boughs, and in hearing of twitterings of the birds and the hum of insects, it was delightful.

We made our way along the road, and at length came to the Falls. Here we rested a while and had our fill. We once more continued, and just before leaving the Park boundaries we espied within a few moments of each other, first, a grey wallaby leaping across our path and disappearing into the bush, secondly, a lyre bird,

which ran along the road for about forty yards before taking to the bush.

Leaving the Park the country grew more rugged and hilly. The path was covered with many stones, which made travelling difficult.

After traversing this kind of country for a while we finally came to a bubbling runnel. Here we rested, but decided to push on immediately. On restarting it was slightly more rocky, and contained more trees. Occasionally we saw hidden among the rocks dainty flannel flowers and other indescribable bush flowers. At one place we saw six or seven crows circling about something, but as it was off our track we pushed on.

Eventually we came to a great long hill, which

proved to be the last. Stretching before us when we reached the summit we saw a wonderful picture. Rolling down towards the golden beach were seen immense billows of green sward, intermingled with clumps of bushes, and backed by the blue waters of the mighty Pacific gleaming in the sun. It was a remarkable spectre.

Continuing, we at length arrived at Eyrie Beach—our destination. Here we stripped off and plunged into the surf. We selected our camping site about two hundred yards from the beach, and remained here for a day in glorious peacefulness and solitude. But the best part of the journey was to come. Our first task the next day was an immense one. We started out to get to the mountain tops. We had to climb 1000ft. within half a mile. This left us con-

siderably out of breath. We now started on the last stage of our journey along the mountain tops to Stanwell Park.

The scenery on this portion of the way is almost indescribable. One thousand feet below us stretched the Pacific, on the other side lay the verdant bush, ahead we saw the gleam of villages, and finally Stanwell Park. We arrived there tired, but happy, and straightaway entered the surf. After having tea we made our way to the station, and then home. Thus ended that beautiful tour of a still more beautiful portion of the wonderful South Coast. The various scenes remain imprinted on my mind as if it were only yesterday.

—G. ARTHUR, 4B.

A WARNING

It has been noticed, not without great dismay and perturbation on my part, that the youth of to-day is dominated by an effeminate influence, which, unless checked, will result in its ultimate downfall. Consequently, I consider that I am under a moral obligation to inform the growing generation that such is the case, and that it is at present rushing to destruction. Thus I am what might be termed a public benefactor. Perhaps some day you will see my name in a history book, or even a statue erected to my memory—one never knows. This pestilent influence of which I speak, like a mighty tree has its roots sunk deep into humanity, and, woe betide us, has found suitable ground to sustain it at that illustrious seat of enlightenment, commonly termed Fort Street Boys' High School, Peter-sham. Ye gods and little fishes, my heart is ruptured with excessive sorrow, at the monstrous thought. But, alas! 'tis true. At the ninth hour after midnight, or thereabouts, on a certain day in the month of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, an individual was observed to have attended the aforementioned place for the purpose of mental edification, with his lower limbs clothed in garments of undue proportions, strongly suggestive of feminine attire, the colour thereof being that which is known as mauve, which I understand is rivalling salmon as the fashionable colour for such articles of clothing

this coming autumn. This audacious and unprincipled youth, however, was but the forerunner of a multitude of such beings, and now at the present day his disciples are many. The symptoms of this mania do not, of course, confine themselves to the abovementioned peculiar species of leg vestment, vulgarly known by the slang expression, "Oxford bags," but, indeed, the disease (for such is the appellation that I connect with this influence) is revealed in divers manners, amongst which I perhaps may mention, vividly coloured hose and ties, elaborately dressed hair, combs, mirrors, etc., etc.

Especially do I remember one case, with the greatest horror, of a member of the senior class of the school, who with supreme audacity and presumption ventured to attend school, displaying a tie of such grotesque and barbaric design, so well typifying the spirit I have been speaking about, that his class mates were forced to apply to this celebrated necktie the awful epithet, "jazz."

Thus you see, Mr. Editor, that unhappily for Fort Street this effeminate tendency exists. Of course, it is quite evident that persons who dress and conduct themselves like women, cannot but lose some of their manly spirit, and a nation that is wanting in sturdy manhood goes down. So beware!

—KALBYKATS.

SPORT

FIRST GRADE CRICKET.

The 1926 season has so far been very disappointing; with five players still available from the 1925 team, it was thought that the eleven would go very close to winning the competition. The first match of the season, against Sydney High School, was lost outright, although the school had a commanding lead at the end of the first day's play. This was a very serious and unexpected reverse. The second match against Central Technical was won by the school on the first innings. On both days of the North Sydney match the ground was under water, no play being possible at all, consequently the match was drawn. This was unfortunate, as we are now too far behind the leaders to have any chance of winning the Shield. The team should have done much better. The batting was strong, but the bowling lamentably weak, and the fielding of some members left much to be desired. The cricketers are unanimously appreciative of the way they have been catered for by the Sports Union.

SECOND GRADE.

The Second Grade team so far has been successful. Four matches have been played, Fort Street beating Petersham and North Sydney on the first innings, and drawing with Burwood and Central Technical. There was no play at all in the Burwood match on account of the rain—and in the Central Technical match time alone saved Central Technical. It was, however, only a one day match, due to the rain. Clark in the first match against Petersham compiled 78 and 23, top scoring in both innings. After this fine performance he was promoted to the first eleven and is doing well there. Sawkins, Martin, Cunningham, and Morris batted well throughout the season, and it is to be hoped that they keep up their performances. Arthur, Winning, and Cunningham proved to be the best bowlers. Higgs shows great promise as a bowler, and also as a batsman, but is apt to be nervous. The remainder of the team are all fair players and are sure to improve with experience.

THIRD GRADE.

Third Grade team should stand a good chance of winning the competition. The success of Hulls as captain and the team's loyal support have been very pleasing features. The best batting averages were secured by Willis (24.75),

Rose (21.2), and Hulls (20.5), while Hulls made the greatest aggregate for the matches played—185 runs. Schrader and Farlow put up the best bowling averages, the former taking 28 wickets at 6.7 runs each, and the latter 21 wickets for 5 runs each. The fielding throughout was uniformly good, though Buxton, Lee and Rose fielded brilliantly. The following are the matches played up to the present:—

Lost to Burwood, by 8 runs.

Draw with Petersham—Fort Street, 136 closed; Petersham, 8 for 108.

Beat Parramatta by 18 runs on first innings.

Beat Parramatta Inter. by 47 runs on first innings.

Beat Parramatta by 3 wickets and 4 runs on first innings.

Beat Burwood by 83 runs on first innings.

Beat Canterbury by 19 runs on first innings.

Drew with Petersham, on account of rain.

TENNIS.

Tennis is proving as popular as ever with the boys of Fort Street, which would seem to the unbiassed to dispose of the whole controversy as regards its worth.

This year there will be only two grades in the competition, and we are entering two teams in each division. Unfortunately, owing to the impracticable nature of the Third Grade competition that division has been abandoned. This is a pity, as it was an excellent recruiting ground for the higher ranks. In the First Grade, Clarke, Cunningham, Lee and Jones form the first team, and Martin, Ellis, Glass and Sinclair the second. In the Second Grade, Benson, Sherring, Scott and Storey compose the first team, and Easton, H. Davies, T. Davies and Rose the second.

We are having some difficulty in getting sufficient courts this season, but we are hopeful of obtaining another six shortly.

SWIMMING—RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

After nine years' absence the Senior Swimming Shield found its way back to Fort Street, mainly through the splendid swimming of A. Waddington and N. Macintosh. A. Waddington won the 880 yards, 440 yards and 220 yards championships at the Combined High School Carnival in December, 1925, and N. Macintosh broke his own C.H.S. record in the back stroke championship, a race in which we gained first, second,

and third places, McCoy and Wolfe respectively occupying the minor places.

The C.H.S. Relay Race was also closely contested, our school being beaten by a touch.

At our own Carnival, M. Stevenson, although a junior, and still eligible for Junior Cup contests, won the Senior Cup after a close contest with the Senior Cup winner of the previous year—A. Waddington. Stevenson excelled in the sprints and Waddington in the long distance events, and the pair of them make a very good combination for the future.

We were genuinely sorry to lose a very promising swimmer in Harman, the winner of this year's Junior Cup. We expect him to make a name for himself in club swimming in the near future.

W. Backhouse, runner-up in the Junior Division, showed excellent form in the sprint races, and promises to bring credit to himself and to his school.

E. Gray, still only thirteen, also did well to win the Under 14 Cup. He, too, should make his presence felt at next C.H.S. Carnival. Others to show good form in the season's swimming were H. Roulston, L. Schmidt, and N. Rose. We know that there are many other boys in the school whose modesty and unsympathetic practice prevent them from entering and winning races. We earnestly invite these to take their swimming seriously, and begin early next season to eliminate their faults. Let these boys get their swimming criticised by the present champions, and then practise assiduously to perfect their strokes, to increase their stamina, and so add to their swimming proficiency. Let it be the aim of all the school swimmers to have strong teams in all three grades representing the school at the next December Carnival. We do not want the swimming name of Fort Street now being re-established to be upheld by half a dozen boys.

A VISIT TO AN ORANGERY

Buddah is one of the four stations in the district of Narromine, situated about ten miles from Narromine on the road to Warren.

The road passes through a district rich in wheat, especially in one place, where, although there may be drought in the surrounding countryside, some rain is sure to fall. It was a very beautiful sight to see the rippling expanses of half-grown wheat.

Arrived at Buddah gates there is a short drive up to the house, with the Macquarie River on one side, and lightly-timbered country on the other. As the track turns the corner of the timber one can see rows of dark green orange trees, plentifully speckled, with luscious golden fruit. It is indeed very beautiful to see this patchwork of gold and green.

In all, the orangery does not employ more than a dozen men—half a dozen pickers, three packers and three lorry drivers, who also make the cases.

The oranges are picked by six men, who have long canvas bags, into which they drop the fruit. Canvas is used largely at the orangery, as it minimises bruising the fruit. When the bag is full the picker empties it into a box at the packing shed. One of the packers empties this box into a canvas-bottomed bin. A man seated

at this bin does the first sorting into four grades (a) the hard, (b) the soft, (c) those about half-way between these two, and (d) the under-sized and speckled with acid. The sorter puts the fourth grade into a bin opposite him, from where they are put into sacks.

Grades (a), (b) and (c) are put onto three endless belts, in which are shallow holes to keep the fruit from rolling off. At right angles to these belts are revolving bands, at decreasing heights, which knock the fruit into bins if they are too large to pass below the belt. From these bins the fruit is packed into cases holding one bushel each. The packer stamps the box with the class of orange and the number, and then he passes it on to the sealer.

The sealer puts a lid on the box, and binds it at each end with wire. The machine that binds the box was invented by a Melbourne man. It is so made that it twists the wire to a tightness which prevents it from being slipped off the box. Many fruit cases had been robbed in the days before the advent of this machine.

The cases are assembled at Buddah from Canadian oregon, and in this way they minimise outside expenses.

—D. BERRY, 4B.

A CONTRAST

During the recent holidays I had the opportunity of viewing and also admiring two very old Anglican churches, situated at Port Macquarie and Stroud. There is, broadly speaking, not much difference in the age of the churches—a matter of a few years.

Looking at the exterior from afar, when one is entering the town, or even from a few 'hundred yards' distance, one cannot be persuaded that this is the old church about which we have heard so much. With its slate roof, the church seems to have been only erected for a few years, instead of standing in state upon the hill overlooking and guarding the town for more than a century. On closer inspection, cracks may be seen in the walls, but the exterior is in good condition to the eye, and shows to only a slight extent the ravages of the weather. Walking up to the front the first thing that seems peculiar to us, indeed, foreign to our conception of an old church, is the absence of a grave-yard. On entering the gate one sees the acetylene gas lamps above, and one is surprised that the vicarage should be still, for it is, to put it mildly, in a state of disrepair, that is, from the outside. The verandah seems to be very old, and is in bad need of some new boards.

Entering the vestry, the first thing to attract the attention is numerous photos and sketches of the different ministers who have been in charge of the church. Nearby can be read the history of the church from the foundation till practically the present day, and also a notice which appeals to visitors to refrain from writing on the walls of the church.

We are instantly drawn to inspect, as soon as we enter the church, the pews. These are closed in on all four sides with a door leading into them. These steps were taken, I suppose, to prevent intercourse between the convicts, but would be abominably hot in summer.

Near the pulpit may be seen a concrete communion, erected by a band of workers for the church, and immediately above this is a most beautiful stained-glass window, which I cannot recall to mind.

At the back of the church is the gallery, which in the older days was a look-out for the warders who were in charge of the convicts. Now

we begin to notice the disgraceful habit of putting one's name on the walls.

Whilst we were there visitors were cautioned against ascending the tower, as it was being repaired, but on arrival at the top what a compensation is gained for risking the climb! On all sides of the tower wonderful panoramic views are seen; especially worthy of mention is the one looking north along the coast.

Upon leaving the church the thought uppermost in my mind was one of wonder that the work of the convicts could be so permanent. By that I means that the outside was in a comparatively good condition, while the interior needed very much repair. But on second thoughts my first impression was shaken, and my mind was filled with the thought of the wonderful efforts given by the convicts to construct a church such as it undoubtedly is.

Later I visited the Stroud Church, which was not at all different to most other country churches, except for the graveyard. Looking over the inscriptions we see the wonderful part the old A.A. Co. had in establishing Stroud as a town. The majority of the tombstones bear inscriptions to the effect that ———, Esq. occupied some honourable position in the A.A. Co. Inside the small grave-yard are all classes of tombstones, from the plain to others of a most ornate character, from the the very old to some put there within the last two or three decades.

Inside the church the pews do not resemble those of Port Macquarie. They are old-fashioned forms. We notice at the back of the church the font and a similar gallery to that as at Port Macquarie, in which are the organ and the choir seats. Looking down upon the small church one sees at the other end a stained glass window just above the communion.

This is very small in comparison with the one at Port Macquarie, and when a closer inspection is made from the gallery two more windows are seen which were hidden by the pulpit and the reading desk. Curious to note, the reading desk and the pulpit are exactly similar. Looking over the walls, one sees a very fine marble honour-roll, and also numerous plates in memory of managers and servants of the renowned A.A. Co. A curiosity is the bell-tower, which has evi-

dently been put on top of the roof more because it was the original rather than for utility.

Going outside, one catches a glimpse, through the trees, of the vicarage, which seems to be of an uncertain age, and contains the old underground cellars.

Home again, I let my thoughts run at random over the two churches, and the most vivid impression was of the remarkable contrast in every

manner except age, condition, surroundings, manner of building, how one is a very popular tourist resort, while the other is a small country town, and I might add, extremely dead. The one church is in need of repairs, whereas the other does not show any marked sign of age; then one was a busy shipping centre, and the other a convict settlement.

FROM GOLD TO WOOL

Nestled in a valley between two chains of rather rugged hills in the Cootamundra district lies a small but prosperous village, whose career has been, in the last fifty years, very varied, for its old identities now relate stirring tales of the mining days to their sons whose occupation is sheep-raising, and to their grandsons, who prepare more land for wheat-growing each year.

Back in the seventies the village of to-day was a busy town possessing a thousand inhabitants, and boasting fifteen hotels and several dance halls, but just as with many other old mining towns, the population diminished as did the gold, and at present about 250 people and one hotel replace the animated gold town.

The rush to "The Reefs" took place about 1875, but the rich seams, yielding heavily when first opened up, soon gave out, and now numerous shafts, the chimney of the crushing mill, and several old prospectors remind us of the days that were. These prospectors firmly believe that fortunes are still to be found in the vicinity, and so they live in the hills, chipping here, digging there, but never striking the hidden millions.

These are the men who tell of the roaring nights in the gold camp, of fights, of rich finds, and of how, on occasions, a man, who had been lost in the hills for days, would enter the town riding a stick, mad through hunger and solitude.

But as the gold was worked out the majority of the miners moved on, while a few stayed and took up the industry which thrives in that district, that of sheep-raising.

Many were the adversities and hardships suffered by these staunch old pioneers, who were compelled to clear the dense timbered hills before an appreciable area of grazing land could be obtained, and when the land was partially

cleared, not sheep but brumbies consumed the greater part of the grasses produced by the improved land. Their eradication was imperative before grazing could be carried on with any measure of success, so gangs of men, well-mounted, used to yard the brumbies in the hills, then ride in amongst them, striking them down with axes, and judging by the yarns told by the old-timers, such rides as that of "The Man from Snowy River" were quite every day occurrences during the musters.

But, after years of hard riding, during which many fatalities occurred, the brumbies were totally destroyed, and then the graziers began to prosper.

Larger areas were cleared and sub-divided, and with the introduction of lucerne and sudan grass much of the dread of drought, "the red marauder," fled.

But still another menace, the rabbit, found its way to the fine pasture land, and there wrought its havoc. Thousands of pounds were spent on the eradication of the rabbit, small landowners went down beneath the financial, mental and physical strain of their brave battle against this foreign curse, but at last men have won through, almost completely destroying this hungry ravager.

Meanwhile, through their struggles with these primary curses, desolating drought and bush fires have in their turn helped to crush the patient, hard-working sheepmen, and now a new menace, that of noxious weeds, has entered their land, bringing with it more toil and worry. Yet, the grit of the graziers has won through; their increasing areas of lucerne along the fertile creek flats, the large, healthy flocks of big-framed and fine-woolled sheep denotes prosperity, and the country surrounding the old mining town is producing some of the finest mutton and wool on the Australian market to-day.



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