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THE  
FORTIAN



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



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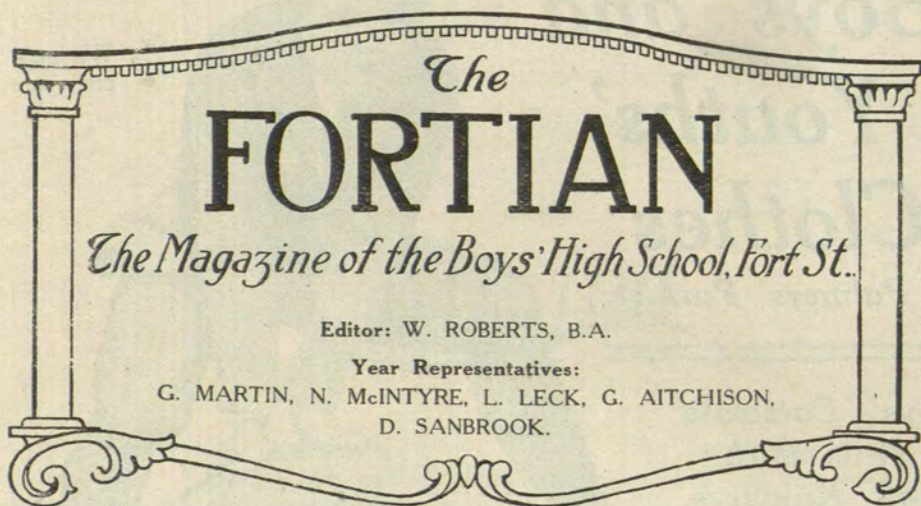
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November, 1926

THE FORNIAN.



A certain blacksmith earned and enjoyed his rest after "something attempted, something done." A certain poet envied that blacksmith, envied him his work, and his success. For the man of the forge was rendering a definite, important, useful service, into which he put his whole heart and all the best that was in him. This gave him the right to something of happiness and content, and raised his toil far above drudgery—for no real work is that; no real work is humble. If the heart of a man be in it, all work is exalted and noble.

Too often is the odious distinction made between "brain-work" and "manual labour," between "remuneration" and "wages," between "stiff collars" and "bow-yangs." Such distinction would rob humanity of a grand and common purpose. It would even suggest that certain work is of no importance, or, at least, that only inferior beings should pursue it. Because this view is not uncommon, the "professions" are being overcrowded; but the real "professions" embrace all classes of work, and in them is room for all.

Too widespread is the idea that the High School leads to an easy avenue of escape from undesired toil, and opens a golden road to "something higher"—in the way of remuneration. Let us seek, by all means, for the position that pays best, but let us not lose all sense of proportion in our striving—or in our success. For, after all, the first function of the High School is to provide a liberal education; and liberal education means "decent fellows"—men who have developed to its best whatever there is in them of sense of honour, sense of humour, sense of responsibility; and of strength, too, of refinement, of tolerance; men who view work not merely in the light of personal gain, but also from the standpoint of community service. For the salvation of man lies in his work—in the soul that goes into his work—and damnation lies in laziness or soul-less drudgery.

The "dignity of labour" is no empty phrase; and that dignity cannot be measured in pounds per annum; cannot be gauged by style of tailoring or "make" of motor car. It is merely this: This task must be done, and it remains for my doing. I do it with a will, conscious of its high purpose, happy in its first and best reward—faithful performance.



## NOTES AND NEWS

Fred. Manderson, one of our Old Boys who has taken up architecture, has been awarded a Travelling Scholarship to the value of £400 by the Faculty of Architecture and the Board of Architects. He leaves for Europe shortly and will visit England, Italy, France and Holland.

As a result of their success at the University two Fortians have gained important positions in the commercial world. Ben Doig has been appointed Industrial Psychologist at Bond's Ltd., a factory that has a large number of employees. R. Simmat has a somewhat similar position as Assistant Staff Superintendent at Anthony Hordern's Ltd. These two appointments are another indication of the growing appreciation of industrial concerns, of psychology in connection with the management of large staffs of employees.



Mr. C. E. Butchart, who has been appointed Deputy-Registrar of Probates.

Mr. Butchart is an ex-pupil of Fort Street High School who, after leaving school, joined the Lands Department in 1907. At the end of 1913 he was transferred to the Probate Office, and after a few years was advanced to the position of Chief Clerk in Probate. His present appointment is one of high importance, and is popular with the legal profession of

Sydney. The school congratulates Mr. Butchart, another from the long list of successful "Fortians," on his promotion.

Fort Street Girls' High School sent its representatives—the members of the Debating Club—to engage our Seniors in debate. The subject, Art versus Science, provided plenty of material for both sides, and the speakers presented their arguments very forcibly. The adjudicator—Mr. Grose, of the Y.M.C.A. Debating Society—awarded the victory to our boys, and congratulated both sides on their ability. The Fourth Year debaters are looking forward to the next round of these inter-school debates.

We have received a very fine portrait of Henry Lawson, presented to the school by his nephew, an old Fortian.

We extend our congratulations to Fred G. Myers, LL.B., who has been admitted to the Bar, and to W. A. Cram and R. S. Hicks, who have been admitted as solicitors.

During the year we received a very interesting document—a copy of Vol. 1, No. 1, of "The Fortian"—issued August 7th, 1899. The editor states that the little pamphlet of six pages comes both as a scholar and teacher, and exhorts the scholars to "sharpen their literary wits, get their pens ready, and help the editor to maintain an interesting and creditable journal." He concludes with the wish that it may be happy and prosperous (*Quod felix faustumque sit*). We hope that the editor of that little pamphlet may read to-day the present "Fortian," and see to what proportions his modest beginning has grown. We are extremely obliged to Mr. Wheaton, of Strathfield, who was attending the old school at the time, for his interesting memento.

A most enjoyable social evening was held on September 15. This was tendered to the committee of ladies connected with the school, who have given us valuable assistance on Play Day and at the Annual Sports. These ladies were made the guests of the staff and school, and thoroughly enjoyed an excellent programme of music and dancing.

The school term dance on September 22 was another social function that will be remembered as a most successful and enjoyable evening.



The attendance was large, the music excellent, and the spirit of enjoyment and goodwill most manifest. Judging by the small number of male "wallflowers," the ability to "trip it on the light fantastic toe" is becoming more common among our boys.

Our thanks are due to Miss Skillen, of the Teachers' Training College, for two very instructive and enjoyable addresses. Miss Skillen is known very widely for her enthusiasm and love for English literature. To the Fifth Year boys she gave a most inspiring lecture on J. M. Barrie and his works, while her address to Fourth Year on Rupert Brooke was equally charming and valuable.

As we go to press, the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Certificate Examinations are in full swing. Fort Street is represented by 73 candidates at the former and 126 at the latter. This last constitutes the greatest number that has so far been presented for that examination. May their results also make a record!

We were assisted in our observance of Armistice Day this year by the presence of Major

C. E. W. Bean, Official Historian of the Commonwealth. Major Bean gave a most interesting resume of the salient facts of the Great War, and the object of the League of Nations. These facts, presented to the school, in front of the Memorial Hall, added appreciably to the significance of the ceremony.

Among the traditional customs that have been established at the school, one of the most impressive is that of the Farewell to the Seniors. This year the whole school assembled in the Hall to give our Fifth Year lads a hearty send-off. Mr. Williams, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Porter gave short addresses to the Seniors, expressing on behalf of the staff and pupils their best wishes for their success, both at examinations and in their future careers. Martin, Pickard and Hornibrook responded in a most creditable manner. After the singing of the school song, the Fifth Year lads marched out in single file, to the accompaniment of acclamation and the time-honoured "Jolly Good Fellows." As many of the Seniors remarked, this last day of their school life will never be effaced from their memories.

---

## SUCH IS LIFE

Magpies were about the only common birds not represented on the farm and in the bush immediately around, when we first went there, so magpies we accordingly determined to have. Thus it was agreed upon to encourage any of the species which might chance that way—but many months of moral support brought no "throaty carolling at dawn," so we decided to use strategy.

"Just wait till there comes a drought, and you'll get all you want!" cried various authorities, knowingly. However, though the farmers bemoaned the weather, it could never have amounted to a drought, for not a solitary magpie appeared. Matters grew desperate as scheme after scheme proved unsuccessful. Now, all true bush people "remember the birds," but of what avail to feed them where their natural food abounds? Nevertheless, we made such displays as might tempt the most epicurean bird—displays which were much appreciated by the crows, which even tore themselves away from

the young corn to honour the feast! Although a perfect hail of artillery finally discouraged these scavengers, of magpies there were none. Yet we met with many more failures before we finally abandoned hope, after at least four years' trying.

You may imagine how pleased I was to find, on arriving home for last holidays, that a pair of magpies had taken possession of a tall box-tree about fifty yards from the house. Their preparations had been interesting. Having built the high, rough nest, they had assured themselves of a constant food supply by expelling the guinea-fowls from a strip of ploughed ground about a hundred yards away. Now, guinea-fowls rule an ordinary farmyard, and should take some expelling; but ours always ran swiftly across this particular patch, even if there were no magpies to be seen.

Every day the newcomers followed the furrows—no peewit dared invade their domain—and I hoped to see the family flying before I



came away. The old birds made a pleasing picture at the nest—fluttering about, or else perched on a high branch of the gaunt old box, in the centre of whose solitary patch of green the cradle could be made out, with now and then a wide beak showing, to be instantly filled with some tasty grub. I saw one or two crows come to explore—*venerunt, viderunt, confugerunt*—and so the happiest omens seemed to attend the family up aloft, outlined against bluest skies, fanned by softest bush breezes, and far removed from the cares of the world. The pioneers around had the bush, it is true, but the happy existence of themselves and families was often menaced by the bush being not cultivated land. Surely the magpies were to be envied . . . . .

One morning, just before the end of the holidays, in a distant part of the farm, we heard a call. Long before we reached the house we knew that the magpies were in trouble. Cries came from magpies, peewits, kookaburras and red-breasted kingfishers, as they swooped and fluttered about the nest. The members of the household not proficient in the use of firearms had hurried over when the first calls went out, and had done all they could to help from the ground. Meanwhile, a league of birds, all their petty differences settled in a common

cause, had come posting to assist, but the fatal "goanna" advanced slowly, inexorably, despite all their efforts. When I arrived the birds were clamouring at the nest itself, over whose edge a foot of cord-like tail had swayed for a minute or so.

When a bullet had torn through the nest, the sated thing appeared, and leisurely paused to review the position, entirely disregarding the frenzied birds. Too gorged for speed, it proceeded to put a branch between itself and the rifle, but a second bullet made the "goanna's" subsequent descent rather more hurried, if uncontrolled. . . . .

As silently as they had come noisily, the peewits and kingfishers went; the jackasses gathered on a limb to chuckle at the fall of the enemy—cheerful philosophers are the jackasses; and the magpies perched on the topmost limbs, to remain there silent the whole day, where previously their songs had been sung.

Next day I saw the birds again fluttering at the foot of the tree, and soon Mrs. "Goanna" went to join her lord. And during the afternoon the magpies disappeared.

It almost seems that we are not destined to have magpies on the farm.

—"PABULA TOR," 4C.

## PAGES OF SCIENCE

Surely scientists are the most interesting of all men. How exciting it is to watch them! They fiddle with acids, bunsen burners, test tubes. They mix awful concoctions of evil liquids. They finish their labours by blowing themselves and the laboratory to the skies, while we ordinary folks stand by lost in admiration. The discoverer of gunpowder must have been an interesting man to meet—that is, before the discovery. His name is not known, for, alas! they could not collect enough of him for the ordinary requirements of identification.

Archi Medes—dear old Archi, father of all scientists, to thee our praises! Archi was a Greek, and, of course, at times had his bath—his Tub. On one of these rare occasions, so History tells, he filled the tub, and when he got in half the water splashed on to the floor and dripped through into the parlour below. We

all know, too, how, clad in a bath towel, he was chased down the street by his wife, who cried out loudly, "You reeka! You reeka! Y-o-u REEKA!" This was an old but potent Greek swearword.

Now, Newton was another clever man. After years of patient research he discovered that if a body was still it didn't move, *and*, conversely, if it wasn't still—it moved. He wrote three laws about it, and also several letters to an evening paper. Another of his famous discoveries was: Two things cannot be in the same place at the same time. He published this law from the floor of the stretcher which conveyed him to hospital after his collision with a horse tram.

Still he was not satisfied. He must do more, and, brave man! he did. He showed that things "fall downwards, and not upwards"—or some-



thing to that effect. He discovered this law the day the family moved. He was carrying the piano downstairs; something happened, and Newton touched only the first, ninth and twenty-sixth steps before he again came into contact with the piano, which had reached the bottom a small fraction of a second before him.

Just as we combine bacon with eggs, and bully beef with biscuits, so must we combine Galileo with the Leaning Tower of Pisa. This tower we know has a slant of 150 degrees, or something in that direction, and many theories are brought forward to explain this. The soundest, without doubt, is that Galileo deliberately caused this slope, since from its top he everlastingly amused himself by dropping stones and bottles, etc., on the passers-by beneath. On one occasion, so History states, he dropped, at one and the same time, a bottle and half a brick, and was delighted to notice that, though the brick was twice as heavy as the bottle, it struck the unfortunate policeman at the same time as the bottle did. Galileo was overjoyed at his new discovery, but when he proposed carrying all his furniture and personal belongings to the

Leaning Tower and dropping them two at a time on to the street below, the Mayor and Aldermen of Pisa thought he was getting past a joke, so they excommunicated him.

Although few of our railway commissioners know it, they are indebted to George Stevenson for their salaries, for the simple reason that if this wonderful scientist had not discovered that steam drives things round, we would not have the present day steam locomotive.

The popular story is that one day George (if I may take the liberty) was making his wife a cup of tea. Much to his astonishment he noticed that the lid of the kettle was behaving very much as if it were intoxicated, or else trying to dance the Charleston. George was indeed very interested, and looked down the kettle's nose to see if anything was pushing the lid from inside, and, strange to say, he immediately started to imitate the antics of the lid by dancing round the room, with his hands over his right optic. Another martyr to the cause of science!

And so Science unrolls "her ample page."

---

## DEATH IN DANGER

There is an American doctor of philosophy who predicts that Death will one day die. The time is close at hand, he says, when men will commence to live for ever. Well, if that is true, the world will be confronted with the most serious problem of the Ages. To be deprived of Death! To be compelled to continue without a break! Never to be able to say "Finis!" To know no night, and consequently no dawn!

It is not a prospect to be contemplated with equanimity. It is indeed one that might well oppress the thoughtful mind.

Death has been with us from the beginning. It has served the beneficent purposes of progress. It has made room for the development of higher forms of life. It has swept away evils that otherwise would have resisted all the attacks of living men.

It has put an end to tyrants and their tyrannies. It has made foul places clean. Superstitions have perished at its hands. It has fertilised existence with decay, and sweetened the soil for a fresh growth.

It is the gardener of the world, clearing away that which is decrepit and devitalised, and sowing the seed for more brilliant generations.

It is the supreme champion of freedom, to which all slaves look for liberation.

It is the great uplifter. It is the cure of weariness and the guarantee of peace.

And we are told that the end of his reign is near. Let us pray that it may not be so, for, should death be taken from us, life, alas! would become an eternal insomnia, and humanity would never know the exquisite delight of awakening to a new day and a world re-born.

—"THE CYNIC," 4C.



## PLAY DAY

Our annual dramatic festival—Play Day—was held this year on August 27th in the Memorial Hall and proved a most enjoyable and instructive function. Nineteen plays, representative of almost every period from Shakespeare to Bernard Shaw, were presented. A feature of the programme, as in former years, was the number of adaptations of plays and novels that form part of the school work. The acting and dramatic ability of our boys evoked much favourable comment. This was especially marked in some of the modern one-act plays, presented by the senior boys. "Campbell of Kilmhor," a drama of the Jacobite Rebellion; "The Monkey's Paw," a somewhat macabre play of modern days; "The King's Waistcoat," presenting a forcible picture of Cavaliers and Roundheads; "Votes for Women," a Shavian comedy—these were particularly well done. From nine o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon the Hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience of boys' parents and friends. The innovation of an evening performance for the benefit of parents was highly appreciated. Many parents who had heard of Play Day, but had not been able to see the actual performances of their boys, were loud in their praise of the excellence of the acting and the interest taken by the boys in this branch of their school work. The arrangements for producing the plays were all that could be desired. The whole programme of 19 plays was presented without any delay or confusion; this reflects great credit on the organisation.

A committee of ladies, associated with the school, provided luncheon and refreshments, and assisted to swell the receipts for the day.

There were so many really good actors that it would be invidious to single out any for special mention, but a special word of praise is due to those boys who dramatised or adapted scenes from books. In every case the work was very well done.

The following list of the plays will give an idea of the range of dramatic study:—

IA.—"The Lower School Festival," adapted by Gledhill from "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's."

IB.—"Beaumont Greene's Lesson," adapted from "The Hill," by M. Ruddock.

IC.—"William Tell," by Sheridan Knowles.

ID.—"Mr. Squeers' School," adapted from "Nicholas Nickleby."

2A.—"Trouble at Windell's," adapted by Wade and Aitchison from Wodehouse's novel, "The Girls on the Boat."

2B.—Scene from "Richard III."—Shakespeare.

2C.—Scene from "Twelfth Night"—Shakespeare.

2D.—"Boy Wanted," adapted by K. Thompson.

3A.—"The Dethronement of Richard II."—Shakespeare.

3B.—"The Death of Richard II."—Shakespeare.

3C.—"Checkmate," adapted by Partridge and Burn from Scott's "Quentin Durward."

3D.—"The Sword of Alan," adapted by Myers and Old from Stevenson's "Kidnapped."

4A.—"The Master of the House"—a one-act play by Stanley Houghton.

4B.—"Votes for Women," adapted by Higgs and Burley from G. B. Shaw's "Press Cuttings."

4C.—"The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight," by John Masefield.

4C.—"The Engagement of Dr. Trench," from G. B. Shaw's "Widowers' Houses."

5A.—"Campbell of Kilmhor," by J. A. Ferguson.

5B.—"The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs.

5B.—"The King's Waistcoat," by Olive Conway.

The receipts from donations of a silver coin for admission, together with profits from catering, amounted to £58. Of this £30 has been forwarded to Renwick Hospital for the maintenance of the Fort Street Cot, and the remainder distributed among other hospitals.

## EVENING.

The summer sun sinks down below the hill,  
The fleecy clouds are tinged with shades of red,  
The farmer downward bends his weary head  
And stoops to drink beside the tumbling rill.  
The black swans wing from out behind the hill,  
The cattle slowly string across the meads,  
The night wind sighs among the swaying reeds

That whisper soft beside the silent mill.  
The beauteous moon, the mistress of the sky,  
Across the starry heavens wanders slow.  
The winged insects flutter round the light  
Of lamps that hang from cottage rafters high.  
The twilight passes—workers home do go;  
The evening has departed—it is Night.

—B.R.H., 4C.



## THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRES

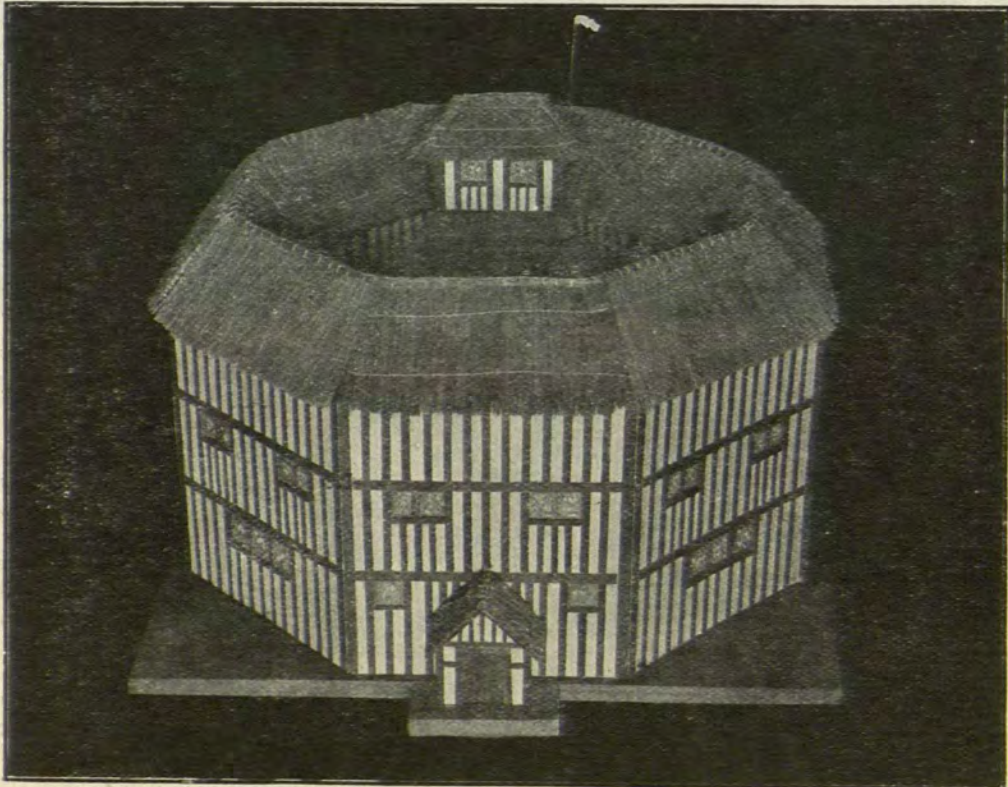
The importance of the Tudor period with regard to the development of the English stage is practically unrivalled in our history, for, not only did the drama itself find its birth, and Shakespeare live and work therein, but the first English theatre was built by James Burbage. It is with this last development that we propose to deal.

Burbage obtained, in 1574, a license to erect a playhouse, and two years later the first public theatre in London arose amidst what were then the green fields of Holywell Lane, which is now in Shoreditch. It was not actually within the City area, for the City Corporation, before Burbage's day, had waged intermittent warfare with the theatrical profession and had always refused to allow it the slightest encouragement. So Burbage found it necessary to go outside its jurisdiction, and "The Theatre" of Holywell Lane was the outcome. Constructed al-

most wholly of timber and termed by a certain John Stockwood in a sermon antagonistic to the stage, as "the gorgeous playing place erected in the fields," it was demolished in 1598.

Just after the erection of "The Theatre" another little edifice appeared in Shoreditch, "The Curtain" by name, built on a plot of ground known as "The Curten," from which it derived its name. Shakespeare is said to have played there at one time. Holywell Street was later renamed Curtain Road in honour of the famous playhouse, and in this street James Burbage, who was also the owner of "The Curtain," carried on his life work.

In 1599, as the result of further efforts on the part of Burbage, the famous old "Globe" theatre was built, in erecting which he is said to have used a great portion of the materials which had once been utilised for the construction of "The Theatre." This new venture ap-



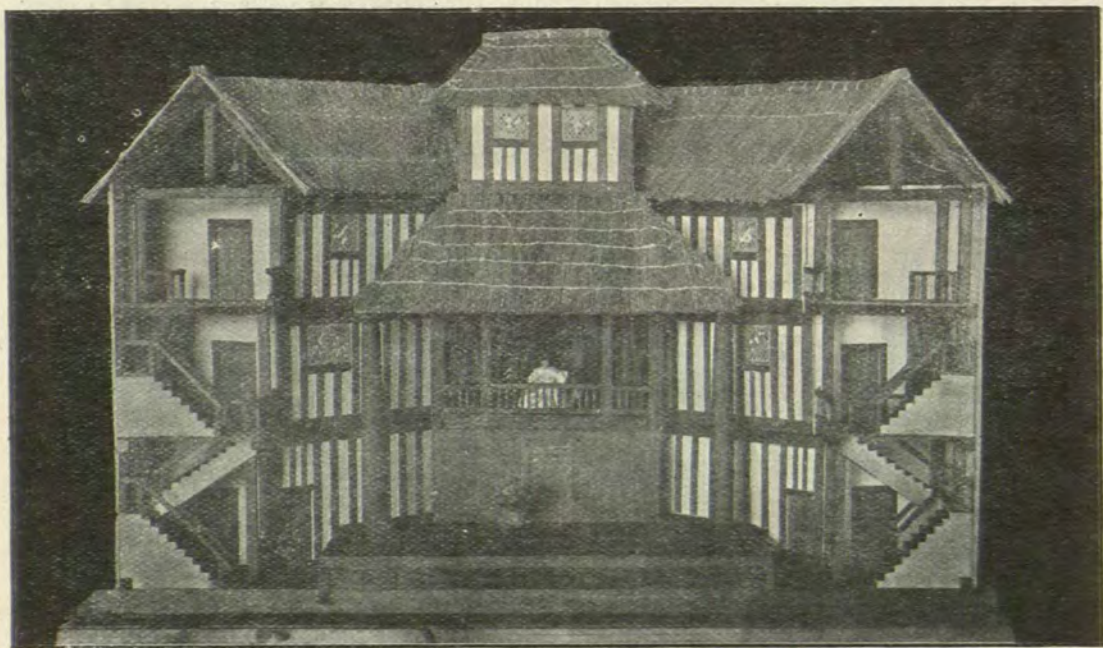
THE GLOBE THEATRE



peared at Bankside, near the "Bear Gardens," Southwark. It was octagonal in shape, and the chief features about its construction were that the walls were frameworks of wood, with lath and plaster between, while the roof was of thatch. Of this old "Globe," Shakespeare himself is said to have been part owner, and in 1603 was granted a licence to act there with his company. In 1613 the theatre's thatched roof was the cause of its complete destruction by fire, for, during a performance of "Henry VIII."

playhouse was far better appointed than the first, which was quite crude in comparison. Perhaps the fact that the funds necessary for its construction came from the pockets of James I. and his nobles had something to do with this.

In connection with the roofing of the Elizabethan theatres, it should be realised that they were not roofed entirely over, but only over the auditorium and the retiring rooms and offices near the stage; the stage itself and the



INTERIOR OF THE GLOBE

on June 29th, in a part of which the playwright had ordained that there should be a discharge of cannon, the producer, overwhelmed, no doubt, with a desire to give the best effect possible, caused real cannon to be placed, as some think, in the turret house at the top. The effect was gained. But a far more spectacular scene soon presented itself, for a spark from one of the cannon fell on the dry thatching of the roof, and the building was soon a mass of flames. It was completely gutted and all that remained of the old "Globe" were the huge charred uprights.

Soon from the ruins there rose a second "Globe," and from certain letters which are still extant, we have reason to believe that this new

central part of the theatre, known as the pit, being left open to the weather.

There was, also, apart from, but contemporaneous with Burbage, a certain astute man of business, Philip Henslowe, pawnbroker and moneylender to needy dramatists, who also was a builder of theatres and a producer of plays. "The Hope" and "The Fortune" were both built by Henslowe, in conjunction with his son-in-law, Edward Alleyn, an actor, and the founder of Dulwich College.

"The Fortune" was built at the same time as "The Globe," at a total cost of £1320, including the ground on which it stood, and it is a tribute to the thoroughness of its builder, Peter Streete, that it lasted to so late a date as 1819.



This theatre differed from its contemporary, "The Globe," in one important aspect—it was rectangular, not octagonal, but, like "The Globe," its walls were of lath and plaster, although the main frameworks were composed of timbers more massive, and its roof was tiled, not thatched, and possessed a lead guttering.

Among the playhouses co-existent with "The Globe" were "The Hope" or "Paris Garden," which was sometimes used for bear-baiting, "The Rose" and "The Swan," a small theatre octagonal like "The Globe," and erected at a cost of £660, "The Whitefriars," "Salisbury Court," "Newington," and "The Red Bull," which is singularly interesting, as it is considered by some to have been originally the galleried courtyard of an inn. It is worth noting that the galleried inn-yards were frequently used as playhouses and were the direct antecedents of the Elizabethan theatres. The ancient George Inn, of Southwark, near London Bridge, still possesses intact a very well preserved part of its old galleried yard.

Apart from the public buildings, there existed also the smaller private theatres; "The Blackfriars," built by Burbage and his son, the actor Richard, being the best known among these; and which differed from public playhouses inasmuch as they were completely roofed over and,

socially, were considered more select. This "privacy" was preserved by charging sixpence, instead of one penny admission, which was the groundling's price in the public theatres, for sixpence in those days was a great sum to pay.

There was another point of difference between the public and private theatres; in the latter there existed the peculiar habit of allowing a part of the audience to seat themselves on the stage on either side of the actors, who were very generously allowed the centre of the stage in which to carry on the play.

The Blackfriars Theatre was in an old hall of the Dominican Monastery of Blackfriars, and was 66ft. long and 46ft. wide. In this particular playhouse the parts, both male and female, were taken by the choir boys, and, indeed, it was not till the time of Davenant and Dryden that women appeared on the English stage at all.

And so it may be seen that the contribution of the Tudor period to the development of the theatre was of no small importance, for it really laid a solid foundation for the Stuart and later periods to build on, and, besides, in the drama itself, did not this period produce that great man whose name still lives to-day as the greatest of all dramatists—Shakespeare?

—H. B. CARTER, 3D.

## A FABLE

(From *Stories of Martian Mythology*.)

A citizen from Mars, invisible to the earthly eye, stood a moment before an imposing edifice in Parramatta Road. He watched some youthful figures creep, with joyous if surreptitious manifestations, from out the portals. He heard a "voice ring through the startled air," and, interested at the transformation from hope to despair writ on their countenances, followed the despondents back through the gates; the infants disappeared, shuddering, within; he wandered on to a green expanse to the right.

"On Mars," he soliloquised, "we would dance and sing on such verdant tracts; perhaps I shall see the first signs of happiness since my arrival on Earth." As he spoke, he stumbled over a figure lying resupinate, intensely regarding a "book" (I must employ the word, for there is no apt Martian equivalent), and jumped in

amaze as a surly bellow reverberated, at the impact, amongst the traffic, "Who heaved that? Cut out acting the nanny, carcher?" One despairing glance he cast about him—more recumbent forms, more books. "O Mars, accord me at least men of character!" he wept, as he turned sadly to the left.

He was devout, was our Martian; but—"Fate, why persecutest thou me?" he sighed, as he passed 'neath a rustic lattice, stepped over a mound of dirt, and tripped on a tuft of grass. "When fairest swards hold but inanimate clay, shall these rugged wastes produce men—?"

Then his soul expanded. He gazed, enraptured, on the spectacle before him; and the air was thick with many sounds (and, incidentally, foodstuffs). "Surely, Mars, these are men of thine own heart!" he cried, being given to platitudes; but his attention was diverted by the



sight of scattered groups, indifferent if not impervious to the bombardment that fell with startling monotony in their midst. Marvelling, he approached the first group, surrounded one rubicund youth, the light of whose countenance was in no wise diminished by the smears of over-done fruit which obscured his cheek, nor the crumbs which stuck to his eyebrow.

"Y'see, bo, 'slike this!" ("Mercy!" breathed our hero, and "Cut it out!" implored the one addressed.) "You wind a rope round the fly-wheel, line her up to the wharf, give the rope a pull, and hop in before she bolts, an' you can balance a 'zack' edgeways on the gadget, an the engine's only fastened by two half-inch bolts, an' you spin her round and she nearly goes right over, an' she raises a wash . . ."

The dots represent the gradual fading of the words as our friend moved to the next group.

It was remarkable that these next folk smote their brows as frequently as did the missiles projected thereat (but to which they appeared indifferent, as from long experience). One there was who read, "The 4th year debating team defeated on Friday last a team representing the rest of the year, the subject being, 'That Christianity is . . .'" "Let the dead past bury its dead!" came the cry in polished parliamentary tones. "Under existing conditions —" "Such a movement would mean nothing short of a massacre!" cut in another, nasally but convincingly.

Our Martian sidestepped one attired in a modest sports coat, who had detached himself hurriedly from the group, brandishing a piece of elastic and muttering strange, aboriginal sounds, as he stung a listener in the next group on the ear. Thither came our hero.

"Yairs, and Scragger Puggs comes from Dully —born at 41A Colwolpin Avenue!" The Martian recoiled, for, with all his *joie de vivre*, his was a timid soul, and, despite his travels, it passed his understanding that so much noise should have such a microscopic source.

"Now, George, do keep cool!" enjoined a dark youth, in stage-like tones. "I'm not going to have your temperature affected by these —!"

"Who said 'George'?" roared the belligerent diminutive. "I'm telling you that George Longmuir comes from Dully—or near there! Hey, Sid, doesn't George come from —?"

"You've got wheels, little boy!" cut in a voice of Erse intonations. "We're talking about Royal George for the Cup. Hefty says Royal —"

"Yes, Royal Enfield's a pretty good job—spe-

cial 1925 model de luxe did fastest time at Brooklands last week!" interrupted a golden-haired enthusiast. "I reckon Royal —"

"What about Royalty?" piped a curly-haired member. "Civilisation may totter, but Royalty (strictly speaking, he said "Woyalty") will triumph, will redeem the world, when republics are a thing of the past, though the balance may now be narrow?"

"Hey, Mac!" called one of the audience, as if he had caught the proper cue. "What's 'to have a narrow escape'?"

"I don't know. How about *avoir a narrow fuite'?*" came the answer, evoking vast disgust in the questioner, not to mention some pleasure. "No-o-o! '*L'echapper belle*'—I told you only this morning —!"

"I'll *echapper* you!" said the curly one menacingly. "As I was saying—Royalty —!"

"Royal Tea hasn't a hope!" pronounced an atom. "Now, if you said Windbag —"

"Here, you wait till Saturday if you want to talk horses!" ordered a dark, bespectacled youth, evidently weighed down with new-found authority. "But what's up with X?" (X represents a trouble of the Martian's, though fairly proficient in our ordinary vocabulary, when it came to proper names—well, on hearing the curly-haired one addressed as "S—g," he catalogued him as "a sibilant fish," or X for short).

"Leave him alone," cried someone. "He's got a —"

"Burning Loyalty!" thought the Martian.

"Rat!" yelled a Fortian.

"Debate next Friday," finished the speaker. These rapid salvos of argument had left our Martian somewhat dazed and awe-stricken. "Such sterling men!" he enthused. "But, Mars, show, I pray, how silence could be made to reign amongst them!" Blared a bugle on the instant, and in a trice the "lawn" (!) was bare. Following the departed ones, file after file of stiffly attentive figures burst upon his view as he rounded the corner.

"Truly has it been written, 'marvellous are the ways of Earth,'" cried he, in his excitement speaking aloud. "What wondrous tales will I have to tell on my return, if only I can remain unsuspected a little longer —!"

But of themselves his limbs were quaking. "I don't want to make an example of the cause of that noise near the steps," he heard. "Discovered!" he wailed, and, shrinking back the way he had come, he fled—PABULA TOR, 4C



## THE SENIOR DINNER

On Friday evening, November 5th, a very pleasant function, in the form of a farewell dinner to the departing Fifth Year, took place at Sargent's Banquet Room. Between eighty and ninety were present, including several of the masters and a fair sprinkling of the Fourth Year. The evening was marked by a spirit of comradeship and good-feeling. The toasts were given and received in an excellent fashion—a noticeable feature being the quality of the speeches by Martin, McIntyre, Hornibrook, Neal and Sawkins. Several musical and elocutionary items were presented, assisted by Messrs. Mote and Gould. The company arrived in various conveyances, from "Blues" and "Yellows" to palatial seven-seaters, and adjourned to the banquet room, where they were dazzled by the splendid array of white shirt fronts and gleaming silver. For the guidance of future seniors, one of our prefects will be pleased to give lessons on the handling of the varied assort-

ment of knives, forks and spoons that accompanies a banquet. It has been confidently asserted that the enjoyment of the evening was marred in some cases by the necessity of looking "cock-eyed" to see how others made use of three knives, four forks and two spoons.

One item on the menu was "olives," which also seemed to present problems to the uninitiated. However, none were left over, so one presumes that the risk of the unknown was braved.

During the evening "Tutti" rendered several items. This performer was slightly overworked and would certainly have been a failure but for the assistance of the tra-la-las and diddle-dee-dees of the masters.

The programme concluded with "Auld Lang Syne," and the company dispersed with many wishes of good luck for the Seniors, in the forthcoming Monday's examination.

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## FOOLISH CLYTIE

For once in the myths of Greece I read  
Of a heart that loved and a heart that bled,  
And there in the field lies the lovely head  
Of Foolish Clytie.

Once in the forest 'neath the snowy cloud  
Stood gaunt old trees with their heads all bowed,  
And they seemed to say to each other aloud:  
"Foolish Clytie."

And Clytie stood with her skirt of green,  
And her hair tossed out with its golden sheen,  
The flowers were wond'ring what could she mean  
This Foolish Clytie.

Then out from the East came a warrior bold,  
Lighting the earth with shafts of gold,  
And the Sun God called to the mountains old,  
Called: "Foolish Clytie."

But there she watched from the peep of day  
As he crossed the sky in his great array;  
And she watched till the sky turned "evening  
gray"—  
Oh, Foolish Clytie!

And the brook sang a song as it hurried by;  
The flowers took part in the wind's sad cry,  
And the sheep on the hills heard the passionate  
sigh  
Of Foolish Clytie.

A heart with the pangs of love was fired  
When the Great Sun God to the West retired;  
Her lips were parched and her eyes were tired—  
This Foolish Clytie.

The earth rang dole in every bower,  
And, in the hush of the midnight hour,  
Pan of the Fields, to a gold sunflower,  
Changed Foolish Clytie.

And you may see at the dawn of day,  
When Apollo rides forth in his chariot gay—  
You may see the sunflower turn his way  
And bask its love in his golden ray . . .  
Yet the trees still nod to each other and say:  
"Foolish Clytie."

—MAGOG.

(One of the Old Ones.)



## IMPRESSIONS OF THE C.H.S.

"Street! Street!! Street!!!" "Rick-Rick-Ricketty!" "Street! Stre-e-et!"

"Hurrah-h-h-h-h-h-h . . . ."

"Fort Street! Fort Street!! Yah-Yah-Yah-h-h-h-h-h!"

This conglomeration of discordant sounds struck my ear drum with appalling vigour and, temporarily deaf, I wended my weary way, midst flying hats, sprawling legs, frenzied shouts, shrieks and groans, to a seat whereon I might rest my weary limbs.

Upon inquiring what the mild show of excitement meant, I was met by a glare of withering contempt: "Don't yer know? Street just won the medley relay in record time!" On receipt of this news I began to act like a

lunatic. I shouted and shrieked, and tossed my hat into the air, danced and cheered and howled. This show of feeling established my popularity. The next thrill was the Mile. As long as I live never will I forget that Mile. Who does not know how "good ol' Click" came round the arena like a "champ.," entered the straight like a whirlwind, and finished a dead-heat with one of our rivals from North Sydney; and, incidentally, created a record? Time, 4min. 52.2-5sec. The cheers were deafening, and North Sydney did their best to outdo us in this respect, but all to no avail—the Street was not to be denied.

The afternoon was a feast of victories, interspersed with many humorous incidents. Harold P. Chin, of monocle fame, created a stir on appearing with a mascot on a stick.

The events were keenly contested, but the old school was all conquering. Georgie Sythe carried off the Hurdles in great style, and finished second in the Hundred Yards amidst universal acclamation.

"Rick! Rick!! Ricketty!!! Dick! Hoosta-Hoosta-Hey!"

"Three cheers for Georgie!" "Huprah! Huprah! Huprah!!!"

"Fort St.! Fort St!! Yah-Yah-Yah-h-h!!!"

Then "Basil" Wenholz carried off the 440 Yards, making hacks of the field, and the Street went mad, figuratively speaking—and literally.

"Good boy, Basil" "Rick! Rick!! Ricketty!!! Dick! . . ."

A slight diversion was created at this moment by one, William Taylor, who, holding aloft a perfect specimen of prehistoric egg, containing excess sulphuretted hydrogen, began the well-known, "Oh, Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick, Chicken, lay another little egg for me . . ."

However, all such frivolities ceased when the stage was cleared for the pole vault. In this event also the school did well, McMullen tying for first place.

"Rick! Rick!! Ricketty!!! Dick!"

"Good boy, Mac—Our full-back . . ."

At this juncture the points were posted up on the score board, a procedure which caused instant discontent, for the school had not been credited with a cool 8½ points.

"Fix up the score board!! . . . . .  
FIX THAT BOARD!!!"

Order was obtained when the necessary alteration had been made and the Street continued its career of success.

North Sydney was gradually drawing up, and the atmosphere between the two parties was so thick that you could cut it. Our fears were all put aside, however, when good old Bobbie Jenner, Danny Morgan, Basil (the 440 merchant) and Georgie Sythe, "the flying angel," landed the Circular Relay, which gave us 16 points.

So for the third successive time the good old school had won the "Senior Shield," and with it the name of the "Champion School of New South Wales." Good old Street!

"Hupray-Hupray-Hupray!!!" "Rick! Rick!! Rick! . . . . . Fort St.! Fort St!! . . . . .  
Yah- Yah-YAH-H-H-H-H-H!!!"

At this period my throat was beginning to feel like a secondhand trumpet lined with sandpaper, but, remember, it was for a good cause.

Accompanied by several of the lads I capped the day by hailing a "Blue" and riding in state to celebrate the victory in true schoolboy style.

—G. H. SHIELDS, 4C.



## THE KING'S DREAM

A wind had arisen from under the setting sun's canopy of tinted clouds. It passed the mountain range and stole over the fertile plains below, whispering, in its dreamy passage, of things long dead and gone, of days when the moon was young; bearing on its wings scents of the mountain pine, of flowering bush and shrub from the valleys below, till it came to Tollan, city of the Toltecs and Queen of Ancient Mexico—fair, in its splendour and beauty, as a city of the gods.

The wind passed through the city, bearing to the tired slaves on the streets a breath of peace and quiet, an elfin caress of pity. It cooled for a moment the hot cheeks of lord and lady, flushed from shameful revels; it rustled the trees in the Royal garden, bearing to King Acxiti, seated on his throne by a stream that rippled through the palace grounds, and surrounded by revellers, the many sounds of the city, cries of slave and overseer alike, shouts of feasters, hymns of those who tended the sacred fire on a nearby temple-pyramid, songs of birds in the

neighbouring trees. But through all this came the voice of the wind, soft and low, yet pregnant with dire foreboding. It troubled the mind of Acxiti the king, so that presently he arose and departed, and with him went the revellers, leaving the garden to its accustomed quiet.

Yet the wind murmured on. And when, that night, Acxiti slept, the wind stole through the flower-entwined lattices of the royal chamber and whispered once more unto the king. And strange dreams troubled the sleeper's mind, so that he tossed on the golden bed.

It seemed that, in his dream, he stood on a wide and desolate plain, in a terrible gloom. Around him loomed monstrous shapes, terrifying in their suggestion of limitless power; and these, somehow, he knew were gods, the gods of the barbaric Chichimecs, who for many years had sought the overthrow of his people.

At what seemed an infinite distance beyond and below him, he saw the cities of his people, Tollan, Teotihuacan, and many another, bright in that dreadful gloom, and fair to his eyes as



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cities of the gods; and, still beyond these, he saw the mountains that bounded the valley, peaceful no more, but now flaming torches that lit with a ruddy glow the whole strange scene.

As he looked closer every detail of the picture stood out clearer and more distinct, till, tiny as seemed the figures, he could distinguish them all—the streets of the cities thronged with drunken revellers, the sacred fires on the pyramids untended, even the great Pyramid of the Sun in Teotihuacan without its attendant priests.

Then over the cities a great shape formed, a figure majestic and yet kindly, with long white locks and beard, who watched for a moment the feasters in the cities, a look of pity, and yet of contempt, on his ancient face.

Acxiti knew the figure as Quetzalcoatl (from the long white robes, and the cross it carried), and his heart sank in him as he saw the god turn. Thrice Quetzalcoatl waved his wand over the valley, and the flowering shrubs and trees became thorny cacti, the singing birds vanished; the cities were reft of all their gold and jewels.

Then he turned again and went, striding away till the gloom swallowed him.

And upon the stricken cities marched the hostile gods of War, while the Toltecs, sobered now by the understanding of their doom, marched forth, too. And, when the opposing forces met, though gods aided the Chichimecs, yet the Toltecs withstood the Barbarians' attack and drove them back.

And it seemed to Acxiti that the forces fought for many days, and the Toltecs were slowly driven back; for, though men may conquer gods once, yet in the end shall the gods prevail. And at last, in a place where stands a single peak, the Toltecs were defeated, and fleeing with all their women, they passed into the marshes of Lake Tezcuco. And, as they fled, a voice, mournful as the cry of a child in a desert, wailed after them a soundless requiem to a people deserted by their gods.

And when Acxiti awoke he hid his dream, nor asked the meaning from the priests.

For, watching one evening, he saw a mighty figure show against the glowing sky, striding across the valley till twilight came down. And in the figure's hand was the Cross of the Winds, and he was clothed in white.

H. R. QUINEY, 3C.

## THE STORM SECRET

There is wailing on the waters!  
Through the wild night the long surges  
Of the weary, weary ocean  
Roll upon the chill, grey shore!  
There is mist around the headlands;  
O! the wild winds are in motion;  
There's an eerie light on the rocks and sands  
As it has been oft of yore!

What is abroad on the wind to-night?  
Why are the white gulls crying  
Aloud as they drift thro' the rain and the mist  
And the feathery white spray flying?  
There is something abroad on the wind to-night,  
Abroad on the wind that is rising and dying!

From the shadowy rocks jutting out in the sea—  
Hark! If you list ere the crash of a wave  
Or while for a moment the wind is asleep,  
Cradled low in a rocky cliff cave—  
You will hear a sound like a harp wail mourn-  
fully,  
Rise and die away!

(Awhile e'en the cry of the deep  
In anger, is laid to sleep.)  
What spirit of wind or ocean conceived that  
lay?

The fisher-folk tell, who live by the shore,  
That out on rocks in the wrath of the spray,  
When the winds are ungirdled and loud the  
waves roar,

The sorrowing form of a man sits alone.  
Wild are his locks and his beautiful face,  
And his harp all of pearl,  
And his sea-born grace,

And wild his song o'er the waters blown!

And after the notes have melted away  
An eerie light appears on high,  
Encircling a shadowy maiden form—  
And the gale dies down to a sigh!  
Shadowy white gleam the robes that fall  
With the long black hair to her feet;  
She's fair as one that doth hear the call



From enchanted isles of the folk so small—  
The elves as the breezes fleet!

For awhile she looks down at the sorrowing man,  
Then opens her mouth as to speak;  
Or ever one word may pass her lips  
The glow has fled from her cheek,  
And back she has faded into the night—  
O! the winds are wild and bleak!

And bleak and wild is the rain,  
And chill the gathering mist;  
But the desolate man still lonely sits  
And wails to the night again.

Whence do they come?  
Are they born of the mist or the foam that  
flies from the wave?  
What is their home?  
Is it high in the clouds, or deep in a lone  
sea-cave?

Is he the king of the lowering storm  
And the wonders hid deep, deep under the  
sea?

And she the mild queen of rest and the warm  
Rose-gardens upon an enchanted lea?  
Ye gods of the night! is there no way of know-  
ing?

Maybe of old they had plighted their troth,  
And lightly had tripped o'er life's path,  
But the hag who dwells in the mountain-side,  
Stirring her pot on a peaty hearth,  
Blighted their love in its pride!  
And the spell bids him dwell 'neath the running  
tide,

The broken heart of the desolate sea;  
But his lost lady glides where the wind-spirits  
glide,  
As the wandering wind and the wind-spirits,  
free;  
But silent forever and ever must be!  
And no one will know it forever and ever!

Tell me, O wind, howling over the cliff!  
Tell me, O wave, by the cold rock flowing!  
Tell me, O night, ere the morning light!  
Ah! there's no knowing, no knowing!

—F. BURN.

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## AN ANCIENT CODE

(From a Translation of The Talmud.)

From time to time we hear of rare antiques being found—lost codes and customs—by archaeologists in their searches among the ruins of ancient cities. Little by little, the history of some forgotten civilisation is reclaimed from the secret vaults of Time, and when we compare its laws with our modern English laws we realise the vast difference.

But how many know of a code that existed about three thousand years ago, and is still intact? A system of laws that has influence even in our law courts of to-day, belonging to a people who saw the rise and fall of many great and powerful nations; who were civilised and a nation while Rome was yet unheard of, and before even Babylon rose to power?

I will endeavour to convey some idea of the proceedings of the Jewish Court in the days of Temple in Jerusalem.

The Law Council or Court was known as a Sanhedrin, derived from two Greek words, meaning "a sitting together" or "meeting." There were really two Sanhedrin, one called the "Great

Beth Din" (House of Judgment), which dealt with religious matters, and the other known as the Court of Justice, which decided all matters connected with the governing of the country.

The total number of members in each of these two Courts was seventy-one, including the President, or "Nasi," and the Vice-President. Each town had a minor Sanhedrin of twenty-three members. Cases that could not be tried by the minor courts were referred to the higher ones.

The President was seated at the head of the Court, the Vice-President just in front of him, while on either side of the former were two scribes. The other sixty-nine members were divided into three groups of twenty-three, each having a captain, or "speaker," the most important group being nearest to the President. A third scribe was seated in another part of the Court, while two judges, who took no part in the actual proceedings, were near the Vice-President.

Every member of the Sanhedrin had to be a father, for it is said that the possession of children makes a man gentler and more merciful in



judgment. But at the same time they had to be careful to give a decision on the merits of the case only. Furthermore, they had to be well versed in the Law, while three members at least were required to know a number of languages, so as to act as interpreters.

The Chief Judge was not permitted to hear any evidence unless in the presence of all concerned in the case. If he had received any favour from either party, he could not sit in judgment lest he would not be impartial.

Suppose a man was committed for murder—a criminal case. There must be at least two eye-witnesses of the crime; no circumstantial evidence could be accepted. Relations, very intimate friends, enemies, gamblers or usurers were barred from giving evidence. A wife could not do so against her husband, nor a husband against his wife. The judges of modern courts say: "You are not required nor compelled to give evidence against your husband (or wife)."

The two judges, who did not take a part in the actual proceedings, left the court to examine the witnesses in an ante-chamber. Seven identical questions were always put to them, dealing mainly with the time and place of the crime. Before giving any evidence, they were warned to tell the truth, for, if they were found guilty of perjury, they suffered the same punishment as for murder. If the witnesses satisfied the two judges, they were permitted to deliver their testimonies in court.

The accused was then asked whether he had anything to say in his favour, for he was not allowed to plead guilty. Civil cases began with discussion in favour of or against the prisoner, but criminal cases always commenced with arguments in favour of the convicted person.

When they had delivered their evidence, the witnesses were removed from the court, and discussions took place. The accused was allowed to say anything that might influence the decision in his favour. When the discussion had finished, the "speaker" of the lowest group of twenty-three gave the decision of his members; then the leaders of the two other divisions, and finally the President. The lowest judge must give his verdict first, lest he might be influenced by the opinion of the highest judge. This is exactly what happens at the proceedings of a proper court-martial, namely, that the lowest judge gives his opinion first.

Next the votes were taken. If thirty-five voted for the prisoner and thirty-four against him, he was acquitted. But if only thirty-four said he was innocent, and thirty-five he was guilty, he still could not be condemned, for there must at least be a majority of two. Further arguments then followed, during which the accused was asked if he had anything more to say to his advantage, and the votes were again taken. Nevertheless, if any member voted for the prisoner the first time, he could not change his vote. But if any member said the prisoner was guilty the first time he could change his opinion. If no satisfactory conclusion had been obtained by sunset the Court adjourned until the following day.

If the convicted person were found guilty, then sentence was not passed until the next day, and the President had to fast all day.

The condemned man was immediately led to the place of execution. He could still add anything further on his behalf, and had the privilege of returning to the Court as often as he pleased with new points, a herald preceding him, crying aloud:—

"This man is being led to execution, and this is his crime. . . . These are the witnesses against him. . . . If anyone knows aught in his favour let him come forth and speak."

A man also stood at the entrance of the Court with a flag, and if any point was raised in favour of the prisoner he signalled to another man on horseback, who galloped to the place of execution and brought the condemned man back to Court.

Now, these are just a few matters I would like to draw attention to. In the Jewish Law, once a man was acquitted he could not be tried again on the same charge, and this is identical with our English law of to-day. Secondly, about a hundred years ago any slight theft or other deed was punishable by transportation, and in some cases death, but to-day those same crimes are punishable by fines only or by a short time in prison. Yet we see how cautious the Jewish law is, so as not to be too harsh and unfair.

So we realise that, in many ways, the Jewish law of three thousand years ago is gradually being drawn closer to that of our modern laws, the welding of one more link in the long chain that bridges the dim gap that separates our modern days from antiquity.

—S. SOLOMONS, 3D.



## WHEN TWO MINDS THINK ALIKE

It needed but one hour to sunset as I strolled, thoughtfully and at peace with the entire world, along a narrow sheep track, which wound its way beneath tall, gaunt gums in the Burragorang Valley. The twitterings of little birds nestling 'neath the mother parent were borne down to me from the high tree-tops on the wings of the slight breeze which blew softly up the valley; the bubbling and gurgling of a chattering mountain brook sounded dimly in my ears; the "baa" of a lost lamb floated down the hillside, dying away with the distance.

Oh! what a beautiful time to be alone with one's self and one's thoughts in the glorious Australian bush!

As I wandered on in this blissful solitude, I looked about me and espied at no great distance a little slab hut, deeper down in the valley than the point on which I was standing.

"Another outcast from civilisation," I thought; but what occasioned me to think that I do not know. At any rate, my footsteps followed a little path which led to the hut. When within twenty yards of that quaint little slab dwelling, set in such idyllic surroundings, however, I paused, for to my ear came the sweet, mellow strains of a piano. Breathlessly I listened, fearing to move lest I should break a wonderful spell. But soon the music concluded with a strange but catching little trill. Still I did not move—I was spellbound!

Shortly after the cessation of that bewitching air, a young man of about twenty-five came out with a pail clutched in his right hand, and strode behind a bush, the next moment to reappear with water splashing from the bucket.

And then, as he swung on to the verandah, his eyes met mine.

"Bert!"

"Harry!"

Mutely we grasped hands.

Neither spoke, both too full of emotion for speech.

My friend, my dear old pal of schoolboy days, unnerved by the silence, led me inside his comfortable little hut. Gently he pushed me into the only easy chair in the place, and seated himself on the piano stool. Silently we gazed at each other for a few moments, then Bert, unable to control some emotion of his, turned to-

wards the highly polished "Baby Grand" and began to strum absently on it.

Gradually he broke into a definite tune; then all at once he started to play a wildly fascinating air with unbounded fluency—"William Tell."

The opening bars, a crescendo of chords, said little, but effected much; they made one's blood race—they made one's mind dwell on what was to come!

*"This is the luxury of Music.—It touches every key of memory and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy—"*

As on and on he played, in a wild ecstasy of forgetfulness, lost to the world of realities, wandering as magnificently as a supreme monarch in the Land of Myth, came two visitors from the long line of "Magic Shadow Shapes"—William Tell and his little son, roaming 'midst the fastnesses of their mountain home in search of food.

All the more earnestly I gazed at his broad back, wondering and marvelling, whilst his long living fingers rapt lightly over the ivory keys.

Vividly and with all the finality and accuracy of a motion picture, were depicted the outstanding features of the musically immortalised story he was playing.

A few bars of lightly played music, which seemed to be different from any preceding them, heralded the Governor's order that all must bow to HIM. Soon a chill silence began to pervade the room, as the music gradually died away to scarcely audible sound, and, as Bert played on with all the feverishness and sympathy of a genius, William Tell drew back his bow in order to let fly the arrow that would either kill his son or split the apple on his head.

The breathless crowd, the squat, fat governor, and the gently swaying foliage of the big elm tree were all noted with the utmost accuracy and vividness. Unnoticed the arrow sped through the air and the apple, pierced in twain, fell on either side of the motionless child.

How true to life the sigh of relief that burst from the crowd as William Tell scored his great victory!

That there could be such magic in music puzzled, aye, startled me.

Tearing my gaze from Bert to his long, thin hands, I noticed them to be white and trembling.



Again my eyes centred on his back, and there —'neath the old willow tree, in the old school hours, wandering up the village street, munching apples, unlawfully obtained, and amid other such memories of the past I saw myself.

Oh! Music! Music! Music! "I love it for what it makes me forget, and for what it makes me remember."

Although Bert was still playing, William Tell had vanished. What new mystery was this?

And then I knew. With his music as his magic wand, Bert had made me think as he. The piano had now ceased and the strange spell had gone, and I had only my own thoughts to dwell on.

The realisation of the depth of the feelings of my mate for me was dawning, dawning on me, as sure as the sun was now setting through the western windows of the hut, dying my hot face, which was flushed with the thoughts recalled, a deep, deep crimson.

—HENRY W. KEYS.

### TO THE EAGLE.

Well did imperial Rome her standard choose  
When as the emblem of her royal might,  
She took thee, spirit of the stately peaks,  
To bruit her name from the green leaves of  
    Ardenes,  
To the cedar groves that clothe the heights  
Of Lebanon; from the rude monuments  
Of Celtic tribes to that mysterious land  
Of Pyramid and Sphinx.

Regal and stately is thy easy flight,  
As soaring, floating in the ethereal blue,  
Thou lookest upon Earth and see-st Man  
In all his puniness.  
His temples and his buildings are but pawns,  
His industry less busy than the ants,  
Himself a swarm of little hurrying creatures  
That, prideful, live and die, but know'st not  
The secrets of their own small universe.

—C.A.B., 5B.

## A CHRISTMAS PARTY

The time when parents are most fond, I think, is upon Christmas Day—or perhaps we might extend it to a birthday. I don't know whether it is that parents are misguided in their conception of fondness or that they are hopelessly old-fashioned, but somehow their treats upon Christmas Day are hardly to be considered entertaining to us children. Last Christmas "to uphold the joyous festivity of that unique occasion" (as my father gently put it), my parents decided to give the children a surprise party. Surprise parties at any time are particularly embarrassing and distasteful, but when one has to remain clean all day, with a stiff collar and polished boots, upon one's very best behaviour, and paraded before a crowd of uncles and aunts and cousins, it is beyond all human endurance. It was quite beyond mine, anyhow.

The day dawned bright and clear, with a dismal set of carollers at the street corner, and church bells ringing for dear life everywhere.

Morning passed blithely enough, and dinner was greatly appreciated, but at about two-thirty our agony began with a violent ring at the front door bell, and in walked Uncle Jim and Aunt Eliza. Now, I can tolerate Uncle Jim at any other time; he is always jolly and has some very good yarns to tell, but on Christmas Day he is hopeless. He is one of those persons who always insists upon keeping up the merry traditions of Christmas—in fact, he is boisterous about it. He slaps you on the back till your teeth rattle, shakes your hand until it is quite paralysed, and then gives you a vigorous push against the wall, or any other object that is near. I can bear the slap on the back. I can endure the torture of the handshake, but I positively cannot and will not suffer the added injury; it is the last straw, and I feel bad tempered for the rest of the day.

Aunt Eliza is less forceful. She is prim; she always is prim—one of those unfortunate per-



sons who, under all circumstances, is composed and—and—*Prim*. She will always be prim. Indeed, I solemnly believe that she will be prim in her coffin. She has a glassy eye, too, with a horrible habit of fixing it upon you when you least expect it, and it makes you feel quite uncomfortable—as if you had done something wrong, and *SHE* knew all about it. If I were at all of a brooding nature, I would steal upon her in her sleep and pluck out the offending eye, like that fellow in one of Poe's stories. I would like to do it only I fear she would know all about it—she is that sort.

Then came Harry. He is really an uncle, but he is too young to merit any such title. A University graduate he is, and he delights to air his knowledge upon every conceivable subject—and, what is worse, he loves to contrast my ignorance with his own supreme wisdom, to my extreme mortification. I can't stand that sort of thing; it makes my blood boil every time I see his sleek hair, his self-contented expression, and thin form. I hate thin persons worse than anything. I quite uphold Caesar's preference, and acclaim him a wise man when he said,

"I like him not:

Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;  
Give me men about me that are fat."

I can well remember how he asked me with his superior condescending air, "Say, kid, what does 'a bolt from the blue' mean?"

I faltered, but a happy thought struck me and I answered knowingly, "Oh, I suppose it means something like a boy running away from a policeman," at which everybody laughed—he louder than them all, and I ran angrily upstairs, with tears in my eyes. It was only by endless entreaties, threats and the like that I was finally prevailed upon to come downstairs to dinner; then I was not in the best of tempers, and, of course, everybody said I was an ill-natured boy to behave in such a manner, especially on Christmas Day. Only Uncle Jim stood my friend, and he gave me one of his horrible "pats" on the back and told me to "cheer up," and to make it worse he insisted upon my trying every dish that was served, as if I had as large a space to fill as he, until I was completely sick of turkey and roast potatoes and rich plum pudding.

However, I managed to recover my good temper, and by the time everything was cleared

up I was in my usual spirits. Then the evening began. You know the sort of "musical evenings" that are the delight of grown-ups. I never like them, and I usually go to bed, but on this occasion everybody insisted upon my staying up, as it was the season of Christmas.

Aunt Eliza played one of her odious sonatas on the piano, and she was moderately applauded for her effort, and Uncle Jim sang a rollicking sea song about some admiral's broom, in a voice calculated to shatter the house and disturb all our more peaceful neighbours. Uncle Horace, with his squeaky, timid little voice, made an attempt at a humorous song, but he broke down miserably in the middle and couldn't go on. I pitied him greatly, for his wife gave him such a stony stare that the poor man never quite recovered and spoke no other word all night. I, for my part contrived to get through the "Inchcape Rock" without a slip by gazing steadfastly at a picture of the saints at the other end of the room, although I knew full well that Harry would have loved to see me falter.

After that the evening proceeded fairly well, until the time came for the Christmas Tree, a time which we children had been awaiting with not a little impatience. Of course all was excitement, and in the bustle I noticed Harry slip cautiously out the door, and I conjectured that he was to play the all-important role of Father Christmas. Uncle Jim had volunteered for the part, but I had heard father say that he couldn't get an "outfit" big enough for him.

There stood the Christmas Tree at the end of the room, resplendent with a thousand glittering topaz lights and coloured glass, with candles fastened at intervals on its branches and everywhere some mysterious brown parcels of all sizes and shapes. We waited some minutes in suspense, when a loud knock sounded at the back door, and, after that, sounds of a violent struggle reached our astounded ears. There were growls and yells and much scuffling and scraping, as if two persons were fighting for very life, and the company hurried to the door. It burst open, and in flew Harry in his disguise and after him our fox terrier, and for some time there was consternation, until the dog was induced to go away. And there was Harry, trembling from head to foot, his clothes in tatters and the perspiration running down his face.



Needless to say, there was no more Father Christmas that night. Harry said some nice things to the company about our dog, and a few more things under his breath. But I am sure Nip is a peacefully minded dog. I can never

get the idea out of my head that Harry provoked him or perhaps dear old Nip took it into his head to protect our house, which was a very laudable motive, after all.

—N. EVERITT, 5th Year.

### SUNSET.

The watchdog's howling echoes in the breeze  
That whisp'ring, rustling, moans among the trees;  
Comes peewit's long and lonely welling cry  
As o'er the swamp he wings his way on high.  
The long and flickering shadows hurl their spears,  
Grey bush or rock now spectre-like appears,  
And creekside, shadows sink in pools of red—  
The last bright drops the dying sun has shed;

The dusty, winding river of the road  
Snakes up the hillside, up to the abode  
Of Farmer Jones, where twinkling lights will  
shine  
Upon the road and bordering scrub and pine;  
The toad lends chorus to the watchdog's bay  
And sends the traveller hast'ning on his way.

—G. AITCHISON, 2A.

### IN OLDEN TIMES

When Grandpapa a-courting went, and lost his heart to Grandmama in olden times, then was the world a delicate, fragile, drawing room.

Oft have I wished to be a beau like Grandpapa in his youthful days. That double-breasted swallow-tailed coat, that finely tailored waistcoat, that quaint old belltopper came back to me in a rush of fragrant memories—memories of the games that my imagination delighted to play.

I was the youngest son of Lord —. Immaculately fashionable, winning, graceful, I was one of the lions of the London drawing rooms. The sparkling wit of my brilliant conversation, the indolent ease of my garden flirtations, and the suave diplomacy of my dealings with the mammas made me one of the most popular men about town. Why, even now I am driving to the exclusive salon of the Dowager Duchess—.

That memory soon gives place to a more beautiful one. A greater asset than its brilliant society, that Mid-Victorianism can offer to the ages, is its spinsters—those gentle, delicate, slightly austere Dresden china ladies, with their rustling silks and faint perfumes. Why, here I am already on Aunt Harriet's snow-white doorstep, 66 Grosvenor Street. I have not seen that beloved, white-haired old lady for quite two months, and really, the pattern on her delicate Royal Doulton china teacups is worth studying. Dong!

The well-polished brass door knocker responds to my gentle shove with a chord from Handel, and the prim, neat little maid ushers me with a fluttering celerity into the sitting room. I can imagine her flying to her mistress with a breathless "Ma'am, a gentleman to see you." For gentlemen always cause a temporary flutter in the well-ordered household of a Mid-Victorian spinster aunt.

Ah! but that sitting room! How many times have I longed to enter its tranquil, far away from the world, methodical atmosphere. Here is a kingdom of well-preserved order. The polished spinet in one corner; the china-case in another; the luxurious carpet of old roses; sweet aromas, and those occasional fallen petals of flowers in the beautiful vases—flowers which tone perfectly with the room; the well-polished table; the slender, spindle-legged chairs with their delightful brocades! This is an ensemble of quaint, delicate serenity, and oh! that we could but order our modern kingdoms like this sitting room is ordered! Oh, that we could but banish social parasites with the same determination that has forbidden dust to enter this room! I sometimes feel that I could be reconciled to votes for women if an Aunt Harriet became Prime Minister—or, rather, Prime Mistress.



The panorama of olden times is a wonderful one, and if the imagination can furnish a man with such a one as the thoughts of Mid-Victorianism produce in a Barrie, then this panorama becomes an asset. It stays in the mind like a fount of aromatic beauty, ready to purify and distil the thoughts at a moment's notice.

The meeting of the two young lovers of crinoline days in the orchard at sunset! Here is another beautiful olden time thought worthy of

development, and myriad others that the active imagination can call up, should prove to the modern materialist that the philosophy of olden times is not to be ridiculed; that the old-fashioned conservative notions of Aunt Harriet are not to be despised because they clash with our own. No! Rather should they be a means of tempering the rather harsh, unrestrained, perhaps ugly, philosophy of the modern world.

—J. PICKARD, 5B.

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## THE REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR

I am thoughtful. Profoundly, pensively thoughtful, for do I not lead a life of constant reflection? Do I not see many things to ponder over?

I come from a line of noble Venetian ancestry, and, am at present in the possession of a young man who lives in a flat, which is the utmost extreme of opulence. His mother and father are very wealthy.

Here he comes now. He is evidently going out to-night, for look at the way he carefully chooses sundry garments. How carefully he dresses! How carefully he arranges his necktie! Now, upon his auburn locks, he pours some liquid from a bottle labelled "Stickaline." After this young fellow has artistically draped about a foot of gaudy silk from his breast coat pocket, he takes a fifty-two shilling Stetson from a hat-box, brushes it and dons it. Then he makes his exit. After perhaps a fortnight of observation on such careful toilets as these, I have decided that he is in love.

"A curse on love," I cry. "Love, which brings strong men to their knees. Love, which turns sensible young men into hopeless idiots, forces them into the death-trap of matrimony. The curse of mankind"—I strive to articulate. "A bane of men. Have I not seen its devastating effects? Men surrounded by bills from florists, confectioners and tailors! Bills for money spent on their 'beloveds'!"

But why disapprove? Is it not a necessary evil? I moralise. But you who know can bear me out. I speak not to you, but to the inexperienced. It softens and purges, or tortures and begrimes. If you do not wish to risk a broken heart, keep clear of love.

But enough! Go, leave me to my thoughts and reflections. Some day I may tell you more of what I have seen and learnt. Experience is often hard, but is it not good? Who knows?"

—F. FLATT, 1st Year.

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## DAYBREAK.

I love to stand and view afar  
The rising of the sun—  
Apollo harnessing his steeds,  
His journey now begun.

He sends before his heralds bright  
To see the path is clear;  
To tell the waking world below  
That dawn will soon be here.

These golden beams of light divine  
Turn skies from grey to blue;  
They paint the fairy, fleecy clouds  
In ev'ry wond'rous hue.

Then like a flash these heralds pass,  
And now the colours fade;  
Their master comes, all clad in gold,  
Triumphantly arrayed.

—C. F. JAMIESON, 2D.



## "LIVING LIKE THE LILIES"

Often in my sunny dreams have I realised the virtue of "living like the lilies." There is no formula about the business, no hectic smothering of unwarranted temper, no one to hate and only one to admire. In fact, it is the greatest existence that has ever been evolved, or perhaps the greatest work of art that Adam, the unfeeling brute, ever dissolved.

When faintly sick with dire foreboding of the unending strife of examinations to come, I lay my weary head upon the pillow, lo! I find the scene all changed. No more is there the hated lines of gasping Virgil, no more the sickening thud of perpendiculars falling on lines, but the reserved serenity of a far distant vale. Vague, because it is endless in its creation, but vivid in the joy it imparts. A vale of wonder it is, compared to which Eden, with all its glories, was but a murky dream of base reality. On the left and on the right stood two great mountains. Rising sheer out of the level plains, they lost their distant peaks in the frolics of the gambolling clouds. The azure canopy was lit like a gem of purest crystal. The deep blue of the centre verged to the purple of the mountain peaks; and bursting with beauty were those slopes, fading imperceptibly from the airy tops, streaked with long jags of exquisite brown to the tender green of sparkling fields. While dappled here and there were trees of russet hues. And, rising in the silent bracken of the summit, and descending in long cascades of unending beauty, ran the ceaseless torrents of crystal waters. Then, as they calmed into the soft peace of the level brook, the nymphs of the

trees would bend down their tender foliage to protect the waters from the prying sun.

I saw one of these nymphs once, and how fair she was! Pure, pure as the mountain snow was her skin and far softer than the new-born babe's. No dull blight of olive had any claim to those cheeks of ruddy pink. Lithe and graceful were the movements of her slim body, and her golden tresses played impishly with the rays of the glistening sun.

She was standing beneath a bough overhanging the murmuring brook when first I met her. She was idly singing to the little birds nestled against their mothers, and how they listened till their tiny eyes dropped beneath the pall of sleep!

I watched her through the sunset and through the night as she sang, charming the forest with her splendid song, and I remained there till dawn.

Then, with the brightening sun, my land of lilies seemed to rise and float away. Sometimes they were clearer, but ever they became more and more distant. Then for the day the land of lilies was to be changed for the land of toil, but soon I would return with night's helpful aid in the quest of my vanished ideal.

The land of the lilies and the land of the world! Is that Paradise of bloom our just reward for a life of good behaviour on this "our mother earth"? Was He who first turned out thoughts to the lilies thinking then of His heavenly abode, or is that land a Kingdom of the mind, a quiet retreat from the turmoil of life?

—T. O'BRIEN, 5th Year.

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## THE INTRUDER.

It was a Friday, and the 13th day of the month—at least, I think so.

She had gone to bed late that night and did not sleep too soundly, being a little superstitious. The night was dark and all the world slept.

Nothing could be seen, but a sixth sense told her that something was about to happen; slowly the grandfather clock struck twelve and simultaneously two green lamps shone through the golden bars of her bedroom window.

It was inexplicable, as nothing like it had ever occurred before, and she wished she might die.

Then slowly, as if by magic, the door opened, the lamps came closer, and then—

"BANG!"

Which was followed by a loud squeal, accompanied by the vanishing of the lamps and a pure white light filled her room . . .

"It's all right, mum," said a voice. "Brown's cat was after the canary, so I shot it!"

—A. MILLS, 2C.



## A REALLY GOOD BOY

"A really good boy! You say he is 'goody-goody.' I suppose you mean a milksop, a spineless jelly fish with no push or vim. "I know him! I detest his kind!"

But *do* you know him, or are you only imagining what a really good boy is? Let me try to paint him in words.

First of all he is a boy right from his toes, that are always poking through his stockings, to the tips of his unruly hair, which lies down only for the first half-minute after a plentiful application of water and hair brush. He may be neat and clean when he starts for 'school; but that is his misfortune—not his fault.

His face may not always be clean. But he can look you straight in the face with honesty and truth in his eyes, and also with a good deal of keen judgment and mischief. He may have a turn-up, inquisitive nose. But when he finds someone in trouble he always gives a helping hand or word.

His mouth may not be shapely, but no falsehood or indecent language ever comes from it. His chin perhaps is square and prominent, looking as if the owner were quite capable of looking after himself, though he would look after the other fellow first, especially if younger or weaker than himself. His body is fit through work, cleanliness, exercise and play. His voice may generally be heard all over the house in fun and nonsense, but with sickness in the house none could be quieter. He is always first there when help is needed, and most in the background when praise is given.

He can do anything at home; he is keen and clean at sport, straight and thorough at school, a jolly comrade, a faithful friend, a good all-round lad. "Goody-goody!"—Not a bit of it—but a really good boy.

—E. SIBREE, 2D.

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## A CHARABANC TOUR

*The following is a letter written by a chum who is at present visiting England and the Continent:—*

Strand Palace Hotel,  
Strand, London, W.C.2.  
23rd June, 1926.

My dear Tom,—

This is some life, believe me! We have just returned from a wonderful trip through Devon, Cornwall, Somerset and Dorset in a charabanc. It lasted six days, and we enjoyed every second of it. If it won't bore you too much, I'll give you a little description of it. If you get tired halfway through you can light the fire with this—the paper burns wonderfully.

Well, we left London on the 13th—last Sunday week—by train for Bournemouth, a three-hour journey. Here we spent Sunday night and pushed off by the "charra" sharp at 9 a.m. on Monday. We did one hundred miles the first day, and spent the night at Torquay. We stopped at Exeter for luncheon, and, of course, had a look at the cathedral, which wasn't bad and all that, but, after St. Peter's in Rome and

the Milan Cathedral, it was pretty "flat." The hotel at which we lunched was much more interesting. The proprietor is a collector of historical antiques, and really he has a wonderful collection. One of the many hundreds of curios is the mace wielded at one time by Richard Coeur de Lion (perhaps!) Torquay, where we spent the night, is a swaggering seaside holiday resort. Very nice, of course, but rather overpopulated for a holiday, I think.

We left Torquay the following morning and, after crossing Dartmoor, arrived at about six o'clock at Falmouth, our destination for the day. Here we visited a wonderful old fortress, built by Henry VIII. to guard the Harbour, which, by the way, is supposed to be one of the finest in the world. This is not true.

We shoved off from Falmouth and, after a two hours' run, reached St. Ives, a wonderful little fishing village with crazy little streets about two yards wide, and quaint little tumble-down houses that would make you weep. After lunching, we moved on to Land's End. Here we saw the rock on which John Wesley com-



posed his famous hymn—I forget its name, but you'll probably know it. At Land's End there's a hole right through the rocks. The guide grabs your feet, and you stretch right out and look through the Atlantic to the English Channel. They call this "Looking through England." Well, at about four o'clock we pushed off again and got back to Falmouth at about 6 p.m. Our day's run was 79 miles.

Next day we moved on to Ilfracombe. On the way we spent an hour at Clovelly, a little village with only one street, which, unlike ordinary streets, consists of hundreds of steps. These steps stretch from the beach to the main road, from where one descends to the village a la donkey. Unfortunately, these wretched little animals were only permitted to carry ten stone, so yours truly must needs walk. And a walk it was, believe me. Especially back.

On Friday we got as far as Taunton. Here is an ancient church—12th century I think. Of course we must go up the tower, another walk of about a million (?) steep steps. I'm going to sit for a steeplejack's exam shortly—I'll get an A.

Leaving Taunton at 8.30 a.m. on Saturday we passed through the field of Sedgemoor, and also saw the place on which stood the shanty in which my respected namesake, Alfred the Great, had the misfortune to burn his hostess' cakes?? Poor Alfred!

Next along the line were the Cheddar Caves. These caves are billed as being the most wonderful caves in the world," and "the only caves

in the world electrically lighted." Personally, I think it's a shocking waste of electricity to light the wretched things. There is one cave only, about a quarter of a mile long and dotted here and there with a few miserable little stalactites and stalagmites. All I can say is that the proprietors of them can never have even heard of Jenolan, or they would never tell such fibs about their own. At Wells we lunched, and, of course, looked over the Cathedral. Lord! I've seen so many cathedrals I'm beginning to look like one.

Well, we reached Bournemouth at about 5.43 p.m. and had the good fortune to catch the 5.5 p.m. train back to London by the "skin of our teeth." Despite a little inclemency on the part of the weather, we had enjoyed ourselves thoroughly—at least I did. Heavens, Tom! we haven't any scenery in Aussie to touch the English scenery, believe me. Of course our Aussie scenery is much grander and more extensive, but for quiet, regular scenery give me England every time. Then the roads! We went about 500 miles last week and every inch of the road was excellent—most of it was asphalted and concreted. It'd be worth having a car here.

Glory, Tom! If you've struggled through all this you deserve the V.C. I won't bother you with any more just now, so good-night for the present.

So long, Tom!

I remain,

Your ever affect. pal,  
ALF.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Roll on! thou mighty stream of Blood,  
Roll on! let all the world be thine;  
Man drags his freedom from the mire and mud  
And flings it to thy tide of crimson wine,  
The stainless plaything of thy sweeping flood.

Roll on! Man sees in thee the light,  
The shrouded dawning of a golden day;  
Gone are the shadows of the fearful night,  
Thy bloody course is but a dream-paved way  
To shining seas and realms of pure delight.  
And that far bell that tolls the doom and strife  
Hails but the birth of Freedom, Love and Life.

—G. SCHRADER, 5th Year.

## TEN LITTLE TARTLETS.

Ten little tartlets, all in a line,  
One caught father's eye, then there were nine.

Nine little tartlets, awaiting their fate,  
One discovered what it was, then there were eight.

Eight little tartlets, looking fit for Heaven,  
At least, Betty thought so, then there were seven.

Seven little tartlets, lovely in the sun,  
Bobby brought a mate home—then there was none.

—R. G. HENDERSON, 2D.



## GARDENING

Mother was fond of quoting from Kipling, "The Glory of the Garden, it shall never pass away," and would tell us that Lord Bacon's verdict of a garden was that "It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man." She looked wistfully meanwhile at our backyard wilderness, where marshmallows (not to be confused with the sweet, white variety seen in confectioners' windows), dandelions and paspalum strove vigorously for mastery.

Father said: "I don't see why you boys couldn't dig up that piece of ground and grow vegetables." Mother agreed to buy our vegetables when grown, also to provide us with plants for a start; so we put our backs into it and started, eager with discussions about that new bike that was to be ours at the end of the vegetable season.

Other things started, too. The hard, clayey soil we struck started the prongs of the fork turning alternately to the opposite points of the compass, making them look like the arms of a dilapidated windmill; it bisected the spade handle very neatly. It started the long-suffering gardeners on a weary course of aching backs, very much like those depicted in the "every picture tells a story" advertisement, accompanied by blistered hands and uncertain tempers.

Nevertheless the garden flourished, and when we surveyed neat rows of cabbage and lettuce

plants, diminutive seedlings of our own growing of carrots, beans and peas, we felt life was still worth living, and gardening to be all that the poets sang of it. *BUT*—and here comes the wet blanket on the flame of hope—we had reckoned without our host—or I might say hosts—of slugs and snails, and other devastating hordes of similar usefulness, not to mention frosts in their season (and out of it).

Nightly hunts with jantins and salt water in the dim light of a smoky lantern made no difference, and the few hardy seedlings, strong enough to withstand the depredations of the stealthy enemies, were mostly ruthlessly beheaded by stray inhabitants of the poultry run, or unrooted by an inquisitive fox terrier. There still remained our last—almost dying—hopes, in the shape of a dozen doubtful broad bean plants, and about the same number of feeble carrots, which with patient (almost passive) conscientiousness we wearily watered.

The tale of our gardening woes, like our faces at the time, is long. To cut it short, suffice it to say that after dreary months of vanishing hopes and vegetables, we each had six tiny bean-lets at one meal, while the product of our carrot crop was the decoration of our soup at the next meal.

This was our only proof of the "*Glory of the Garden.*"

—E. SIBREE, 2D.

## BLOWING UP A FOOTBALL.

(With Apologies to Tom Hood)

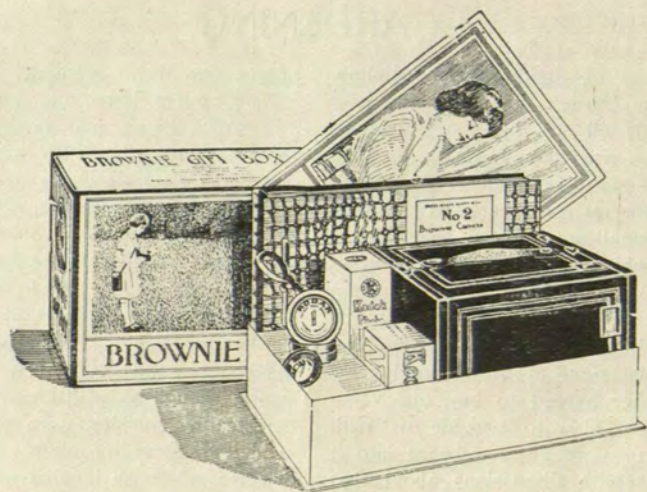
Take it up tenderly,  
Lift it with care;  
Fashioned not slenderly,  
Hissing with air!  
Pump it up merrily,  
Whistling the while,  
Soon we shall verily  
Kick it in style!

See, it lies shabbily  
All in a lump;  
Shapelessly, flabbily—  
Hand me that pump!  
Vim and vitality  
Conquer, no doubt;  
But, oh! sad reality,  
Wind rushes out!

"Blow it up forcefully!"  
Someone then said;  
But I'm remorsefully  
Shaking my head.  
Still there's no life in it,  
Limply it lies;  
Who stuck a knife in it?  
See, it won't rise!

"Pump away furiously!"  
Another one yells.  
Soon I smile curiously—  
See how it swells!  
Round as the universe  
It grows at first;  
Here ends my puny verse—  
Bang!! The ball's burst!





# BROWNIE GIFT BOX

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## GOLD MINING AT COPELAND

Early in 1870 a party of cedar cutters found gold, by happy chance, in the creek at Copeland. A great "rush" set in, and soon hundreds of diggers were searching for the metal. Both alluvial and reef gold were mixed.

Alluvial gold was carried from its parent reef in ages past by streams, and the gold mixed with the gravel or "wash." It is generally necessary to sink shafts to strike these ancient stream beds, and then drive after the "wash-dirt." This is treated with water in a "cradle" or sluice, the gold being separated from the gravel by gravitation.

Reef mining is quite different. A reef shows as an "outcrop" of quartz. An experienced miner can tell whether it is a good or poor prospect. If testing shows payable gold shafts are sunk and tunnels branch out to tap the reef.

The reef may vary in width from a few inches to many feet. The gold runs in chutes—that is, there may be little gold for many yards, while the next few feet of rock may be just studded with gold. Again, in some reefs the gold is evenly distributed.

The quartz is carried from the mine in small trucks and placed in a tip. When a sufficient quantity is obtained, it is crushed in a battery. This battery is generally placed on the bank

of a creek or river, and may be driven by steam or by a water wheel. The foundations are solid and a "table" is carved out of the slope on which to stand the battery.

The quartz is placed in a large iron box and the stampers are set going, breaking the quartz into small pieces, like fine sand or dust. Water is then rushed through the box to wash away the sand. The coarse gold remains in the box and is mixed with mercury, with which it forms an amalgam. The finer gold goes on to copper plates, where it is also amalgamated. This amalgam is taken off the plates and from the box, and placed in an airtight retort, from which a pipe leads into a vessel of water. The retort is heated, and the quicksilver evaporates, to be condensed as it passes through the water. The retorted gold is left behind. The gold is then put into a strong earthenware crucible, and some borax is mixed with it to remove impurities. The gold is smelted, poured into a mould, and is then ready for sale.

The standard price of gold is about £4 an ounce.

Very little gold is won now at Copeland, and the busy town of former times has scarcely anything to show of the excitement of the good old "Roaring Days."

—A. HARRIS, 2B.

## ABERCROMBIE.

The pool is half in the shadows  
Of gaunt old guardian trees,  
And half with its faint stars shining  
Like lights on the misty seas,  
While the long, flagged reeds of the margin  
Complain to the evening breeze.

There's a hut on the little clearing,  
A-tumbling down and decayed,  
And the ghost of a track leads homeward  
That the feet of a digger made;  
But the long, dank thistles have covered  
The spot where the children played.

The diggers have long departed,  
The fossickers' days are done;  
The quartz gleams frost in the moonlight,  
Or glares in the noonday sun;  
And the wash from a hundred "cradles"  
Has gone where the waters run.

The memories, too, are fading,  
But one can remember still  
The lonely hut on the clearing,  
The moon just over the hill,  
And the pool that is half in shadow  
And half in the moon-mist chill.

—L.J.



## TERRIGAL: A POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORT

Terrigal, situated within fifty miles of Sydney or Newcastle, on the Pacific Ocean, lies in the midst of a rich citrus-growing district, and, with its wonderful attractions, forms the centre of the most popular holiday resort in New South Wales.

There are beaches of golden sand; there are three lakes with their attendant fascinations of bathing, boating and fishing. There are shady walks and lovely bush scenery, to give unrivalled charms to this paradise of the lover of out-of-doors.

The Terrigal-Wamberal beach is several miles in length, and is considered to be the safest for surf-bathing on the coast.

Visitors find excellent accommodation at the well-known, up-to-date boarding houses.

Perhaps the best-known point about Terrigal is the Skillion, which is a bluff headland capped with verdant green. An interesting feature is

the face which can be seen on the eastern side of the cliff. The rocks are weathered in such a manner that if they are reviewed from a certain position the resemblance to a man's eyes, nose and mouth is a striking one.

There are three lakes in the district—Terrigal, Avoca and Wamberal. The Terrigal Lake is famed for its fine opportunities for boating, and has several boatsheds.

There is an up-to-date service of motor 'buses plying between Gosford and Terrigal, a distance of about seven miles. Together with a fleet of motor cars, the 'buses provide a speedy transit to and from the railway.

It is a pleasant journey from Gosford to Terrigal. The road traverses picturesque country and one is struck by the sight of the great number of citrus orchards.

—P. R. HEYDON, 2D.

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## THE BEAUTIFUL BURRAGORANG

Having heard so much about this wonderful sunken valley and wanting a good camping spot, our party decided to visit Burragorang. So one fine morning we loaded the car with all necessary luggage and set out about 10 a.m. We made our journey through Campbelltown, Camden and the Oaks, and about 4.30 p.m. we started to descend the valley road.

The valley itself could not be seen owing to the dense bush surrounding the road, and the only evidence we got of our descent was the steepness of the route. After about a quarter of an hour's run we rounded a bend, and the beauty and grandeur of this wonderful valley burst upon us.

Straight ahead of us and on all sides were the gaunt grey rocks, surmounted by luxuriant verdure, and at their feet stretched gently sloping masses of green foliage like great green carpets, here and there broken by some clearing showing an emerald green boldly against the darker colour of the trees. In front of us the valleys joined to form the Lower Burragorang. The left branch hid its upper part from our eyes, in a bend, but the right branch extended as far as the eye could reach, giving

in my opinion one of the most glorious views in all New South Wales; the gently sloping banks of dark-green verdure were flanked by the grey rocks, standing out bold and solid like ramparts. These, again, were tipped with a mass of trees, one here and there standing out conspicuous among its fellows. Right at the bottom of the valley wound the silver river, like some bright weal across the everlasting green. In the distance rose a little column of smoke, betraying the presence of some cottage. At our feet was a drop of hundreds of feet. Below lay a perfect tangle of ferns, trees and vines. To the right nestled a little grey farmhouse, no bigger in size than that little model at the Royal Easter Show. One ploughed field stood pre-eminent among its green comrades, and here and there a tiny dot represented a cow or horse. To the left of this tiny home wound the road, like some long brown snake wriggling in and out of the never-ending mass of trees.

Having feasted our eyes on this scene, we again began to descend. The road was cut out of the living rock. On one side of us towered the cliff, hundreds of feet high, and on the other, separated from us only by a very



antiquated and rickety fence, was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to the ferny masses below.

We arrived at the bottom after about a quarter of an hour's very rocky riding, and continuing along this route we came to the farmhouse that we had seen from above. How all its beauty had gone! Now we saw only a dirty grey building, surrounded by dirty brown paddocks and hundreds of dirty brown fowls. We were informed by the farmer that a good camping ground could be had on the junction of the two rivers, Wollondilly and Nattai, and that it could be reached by going through his property. So, with joyous shouts and the scattering and cackling of the dirty brown fowls, we drove through.

After dodging among big boulders, that were in abundance in the paddocks, and evading sundry fences, we arrived at our destination, tired but happy. We chose our camping ground and soon had our tent up, fixed our beds of dry bracken, which was growing in abundance nearby, and had a good fire roaring.

It was the beginning of the swimming season, and the river water was fresh. We stripped and dived in. Oh! how delicious was that first dive! To feel the cool waters swirling around our hot bodies! After our refresher we decided to have our tea.

Gradually old "mother night" drew her dark cloak around us, and one by one all things were blotted out from our view, until nothing was visible except those objects lit up by the ruddy glow of our campfire. A rippling laughter rang through the valley! Only someone from a neighbouring camping party—but how strange it had sounded in the dead calm and silence!

Slowly the trees on the horizon were silhouetted against the skyline by a silver glow, tinting their edges with an unseen brush. Behind us the same silver glow was lighting up those gaunt grey rocks, playing hide and seek among the crevices and darkening each little cave. Oh! what a queer sensation it was to us, who had always been used to seeing the moon when it tinted any objects around us! We felt as though we were cooped up in the bowels of the earth.

At last the tip of the great silver orb appeared among the silhouetted trees, and by degrees drew itself out, as of a forest, flooding the valley with its glow and making it look more beautiful in this soft, mellow light than in the warm rays of old King Sol.

And so, settling ourselves on our bracken beds, we prepared for a good night's rest.

—"MORDAUNT."

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## OLD FORT STREET

What though no spire, nor colonnaded dome  
Compel the public gaze to thy great part;  
A thousand youths for lowly learning's home  
Have built a worthy palace in the heart!

This modest edifice of studious brown  
With happy faces excellently decked  
Hath, year by year, established her renown  
The nursery of a nation's intellect.

Within these hallowed walls what joys are found?  
What chords responsive to the Muses sound?  
Uplifting all, the teacher and the taught,  
In one grand, quiet harmony of thought.

These very walls, like some old violin,  
Echo the music of a bygone day.

Wright, Bridges, Turner, Kilgour, are within  
Recorded on their discs of sacred clay.

Though half thy stock hath wandered from the  
hill,

Such noble voices reach them on the breeze,  
Howe'er transplanted, thou art Fort Street still,  
Greece lives again in her colonies.

Eye hath not seen a nobler vision; nay  
A golden sunbeam, in the even cool,  
Slow leaves the solemn surface of the bay  
And, loving, lingers o'er the grand old school.

(With acknowledgments to *Sydney Morning Herald* and Dr. P. R. COLE.)



## FROM BULLI PASS

What a wonderful view! When I stood on the platform of Bulli Pass Lookout, I marvelled, as I gazed. Forgetting all other things, I stood as one in a dream, dazed and with eyes half-closed. This was well worth walking up Bulli Pass to see! For I, with a party of boys, had walked, or rather climbed, up the steep mountain road called the Bulli Pass Road.

Winter had gone with its rains and storms, and spring had blossomed forth with her sunshine. The sun shone brightly on this particular day, making the dew on the leaves and flowers gleam iridescently. Because the sun was high in the heavens, I was dazzled by the reflection of its rays on the heaving bosom of the ocean. The mighty Pacific stretched in front of me as far as the eye could see, and, as I stood on the platform, I thought of the treacherous rocks which lie hidden beneath the seemingly serenity of the ocean wave.

A smudge of blackness could be seen on the horizon. Was it —? Yes, it was—yes, a ship. For a moment two masts were thrown into relief against the sky, then they were gone. My conclusion was correct—it was a small steamer.

A cloud slowly and lazily wended its way across the blue sky, then sank gradually behind the sea. Here the sky seemed to join with the sea and make one large expanse of blue.

The surf frolicked and played on the sand, its creamy crests laughing in the sunlight as they rippled on the shore.

A train wound its way along the flat country looking like a huge dragon, spouting smoke from its nostrils. Faintly borne upon the breeze came its distant roar, like the roar of far-away howitzers.

Beneath me I could see the treetops, and now and again the weak wind shifted the shining leaves and a bluish-grey trunk would come into view. These great "Australians" towered above the ferns like "Silent Sentinels," and from them hung numerous vines and creepers. The bracken grew in profusion among the moss-covered rocks.

At last I realised that old "Sol" was growing red and beginning to disappear, so I prepared to leave, after having one long, last look.

—E. GRAY, 2A.

## VOX AB INFERIS

While glancing o'er a "Fortian,"

A light of former days,  
One c'lestial-titled portion

Held my enraptured gaze:  
"Sed— (thus the name, with decorum,  
And, finishing well) —es Deorum."

Well, time brings many changes—

Or classics so presage—  
And there now 4C ranges,

"Sedes" their heritage.  
Before strives Lao-con-on,  
Behind show lovers' wiles,  
To left's the quad, and Gladstone,  
To right fair Mona smiles.

The pompous paper basket  
Stands empty by the door.  
Few know the bottom's missing,  
Has been since days of yore.  
The chairs are all in order,  
And table-tops are clean;

'Spite ink, "the black marauder,"  
Were e'er such Sedes seen?

With reverent awe a-trembling,  
4C bring in their books;  
Lift lids, stand, rage-dissembling—  
Each desk like chaos looks!  
Here apple-cores! There dinners!  
Some hope 5B got pains;  
Yet most forgive the sinners—  
Xantippe, mascot, remains!  
Aye, chosen from the rubbish there  
As mascot she remains.

While glancing o'er the building  
A voice came to myself;  
Cried a lovely caoutchouc mascot,  
Which sate upon a shelf:  
"This 4C, like those gone before 'em,  
Will live up to their 'Sedes Deorum!'"

—Pabula Tor.



## THE GLOBE MODEL

In another part of this issue is a fine article by Harold Carter, of 3D, on the Elizabethan Theatre. The photographic illustrations of his model of the Globe that accompany the account give some idea of what an excellent piece of work Carter has produced. Fort Street owes a debt of gratitude to Carter, and to his father, who helped in the construction, and the school is glad to have this opportunity of acknowledging the debt. We are indeed in luck to possess such a treasure, for probably there are few, if any, finer models of an Elizabethan theatre in existence.

Much research was needed to reproduce in miniature this old-time building, and no little patient work or mean artistic taste have gone into its making. Before us now is a bit of old, old London, the London of Shakespeare's day—a theatre to which the crowds of those times resorted . . . . There is Romance in every line of the old straw-thatched building.

The following letter from Carter's father on the construction of the model is of great interest:—

"It is with the greatest pleasure that Harold and I present the model of the Globe Theatre to the school.

The work of construction has been prolonged and exacting, but we both feel more than repaid by the interest shown by all concerned, and in the knowledge that the model will be of practical use to present and future students of the Elizabethan drama.

We both desire that the making of the model may be regarded as a small tribute to the magnificent work accomplished by Mr. Kilgour, during his long period as Headmaster, and to acknowledge that it was due to his inspiration that the model was made.

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN CARTER."

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## THE DUEL.

Back and forth they swayed, thrusting, lunging and parrying. Their swords glinted as they darted fiery thrusts at one another. One a mere boy, with his face white with rage, kept hurling insults on the head of his opponent, a crafty-looking man who wielded his weapon with skill acquired by long experience.

The boy, though a good swordsman, had lost his head and was being hard pressed by his skilful opponent. Alas! in a moment he was deprived of his weapon by a cunning thrust on

the part of his enemy. He was completely at the mercy of a murderous villain when a fair damsel sprang between them. "Sir Roger!" she addressed the vile fellow, "I beseech thee not to kill my brother!" "On condition that you marry me," returned the would-be assassin triumphantly. "Never!" screamed the girl, fainting into her brother's arms . . . .

"Good!" I exclaimed. "These Fort Street boys make a great success of Play Day!"

—L. SCOTT, 2D.

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## NAMBUCCA

O sweet Nambucca! often have I roamed  
The willowed margin of thy placid stream,  
Or sported happy in thy waters clear  
With laughing mates of merry yesteryear  
The dear, dead days of brightest living dream.

O fair Nambucca! often have I gazed  
Upon the blue-capped mountains of the range  
And seen the white mists rising from the vale,

Or heard the soft breeze swelling into gale,  
To fill the darkling brush with voices strange.

O rare Nambucca! through thy evening mists  
Long vanished forms pass gently as I gaze,  
And then the gloomy present fades to sight  
And happy dreams will cheer a dreary night—  
Dreams of a song and ghosts of other days.

—V. AINSWORTH, 2C.



## INTO THE WORLD OF DARKNESS

Down, down, down, for ever downwards—into the depths of the mighty ocean, far beneath the lazy, gentle swell of the blue Pacific; into the sombre world of darkness, the world of ghost lights, we silently go. As we glide around we see huge, ungainly, mis-shaped denizens of the deep swimming around us. Look, over there! That awful fish, measuring about two feet in length, with enormous rows and rows of sharp, gaping teeth. There is another—a big fellow with a very thin and elastic stomach hanging underneath like a miniature Zeppelin. As we gaze around spell-bound at the wonders of the deep, our gaze wanders over brightly coloured seaweeds and strange vegetation, until it alights on what looks like a big, flat, black stone. For a few moments our gaze rests on it, and as we watch we see a violet flame appear as if by magic. We watch in amazement as the flame dances to and fro, and then we realise we are looking at one of the most remarkable of deep-sea fish, that is the deep-sea angler fish. As we watch with wonder, we observe a queer-looking fish with a distorted stomach swim up to the angler, then for a few seconds gaze at the alluring bait until it is within a few inches of the dancing, phosphoric flame. Then, the "rock" seemed to open into two, and the fish disappeared

within those terrible jaws. Again the angler dangled its bait and swallowed fish after fish, and its appetite never seemed to be appeased. What is that creeping white thing that glides over the rocks? We recollect with a shudder that is the gigantic white octopus of the deep sea—a terrible monster whose name spells death in a terrible form. The long white feeler glided over the rocks and came to our friend the angler, who hastily drew in his bait at the approach of his dreaded enemy. The feeler crept on, and felt the "stone" all over, then, apparently satisfied, it started to pull the angler from its place. The angler became desperate and opened his mouth, and with a mighty effort his sharp teeth bit through the tough, leathery tentacle, which writhed in agony. Then presently two other feelers came, and, helpless in the grip of five feelers, the angler was drawn towards two gaping, saucer-like eyes and a great beak. It seemed as if the angler was doomed, but at that moment Fate intervened. As the angler was drawn towards the octopus a giant barracouta darted down, and with its great jaws bit the octopus in two. The angler fell to the bottom, and, without so much as thanking its deliverer, calmly went on fishing. For such is the way of the deep, we ponder as we return.

—F. BASTIAN, 2D.

## THE ELECTRICITY ENTHUSIAST

Electricity, though to me an unexplored problem, always commands my greatest respect, so that I delight in seeing people dabble with it—those of my knowledge being usually from about fourteen onwards. Thus it was that recently, in one of the great buildings of Sydney, I was aroused from wonted abstraction by the sight of one who could scarcely have attained double figures in years displaying the most enthusiastic interest in the elevators.

Civily he stood aside while the lifted left the lift, but immediately it had gone on and they had dispersed, his interest showed renewed. With tense countenance, he watched the movement of the weights and ropes, and it was with the reflection that possibly here was another from poor stock—as his clothes pronounced him to be—who would revolutionise the world with some great invention, that I passed on.

From one of the departments of the floor I occasionally saw him moving from one well to another, and never once did he display any lack of courtesy to the lift passengers—in fact, it is doubtful if the lift-man ever noticed him. At last, when two lifts were at the bottom and the third was going down, his countenance lit up as with divine inspiration. Quickly he moved to the well of one of the stationary lifts, and unhesitatingly pressed one of the several buttons with the same enthusiasm that I had begun to attach to him. The little Dutch boy who saved his people from a devastating inundation had nothing on him, for not once for nearly half a minute did the pressure of his finger on that button relax. Then I saw the ropes begin to move, and with a smile of satisfaction the budding inventor applied himself to the button of the second lift, nevertheless keeping an observant



eye on the ascent of the first. What could be his secret? I wondered.

Very shortly, things began to move. Just as the top of the elevator cleared the floor, my hero glided sinuously past the button of the last of the three, giving it a violent pressing as he went. Then, like some historic shade, he disappeared without noise down the stairs, as all became clear to me. For even as he vanished, the attendant of number one alighted, sprang to the button signalling number two, pushed twice quickly, and also vanished with a determined air down the stairs. Number two's ropes stopped—I heard a door slam open on the floor beneath—a sharp scuffle—men's raised voices—and then arose an astonishing series of piercing shrieks, while ladies covered their ears. I saw that number two had commenced to descend again.

Presently number one attendant appeared with a "something attempted, something done" ap-

pearance, and told the story. "That young dog's been here at the same game every day for a week," he said, "but we've never been able to catch him before. And though we didn't mean to wallop him like he deserves when we caught him, as soon as we had him cornered he howled and shrieked till some old lady threatened to call the police on us."

By this time we had reached the ground-floor, and who should be just outside the entrance calling out "Yah!" and various other strange expressions, but the infant himself. Moreover, no tears streaked the grime of his cheeks, more apparent now in the better light.

Various persons have said, "Such is life!" Certain it is that, despite his appearance of enthusiasm, the interest of the small boy, rich or poor, in electric elevators and the like is seldom other than that which lends charm to a clock-work train.

—"PABULA TOR," 4C.

## "BEAUTY UNKNOWN"

Not far west of the Blue Mountains, on the main road from Sydney to Mudgee, there is a spot from which one may enjoy what in my opinion is one of the most beautiful views to be found, even among the celebrated tourist resorts of the Blue Mountains.

This place, little more than 110 miles from Sydney, bears the imposing name of Crown Ridge, and from it one has a splendid view of the Capertee Valley, and, conspicuously in the foreground, Crown Mountain.

As its name implies, Crown Mountain possesses the shape of that emblem of sovereignty, and, with its sides rising almost sheer from the surrounding valleys, to culminate in a wreath, as it were, of cliffs, gives one an awe-inspiring impression of majesty, and is only one of many such representations, with which we are endowed so lavishly by nature.

Here nature may be seen in her many varying moods; in care-free happiness; in solemn brooding; and, above all, in her terrible anger. One can see the storms approaching over the ranges, several miles away, creeping across the valley, preceded by an awful stillness, which grips one, and inspires one with a deep reverence for nature. *Then* one realises the insignificance of man, "The Paragon of Animals," in comparison with omnipotent and omni-present nature.

*Then* one feels both humbled and uplifted; humbled by the realisation of one's petty nature, and uplifted by being in the presence of such majesty, and power unlimited.

Verily, here is a poet's paradise, and it is greatly to be wondered at that some bard has not already sung its praises. This reminds one forcibly of how little is known of the beauty, and wondrous sights that are to be found in this "Pearl of the Commonwealth." The Jenolan Caves, Mt. Kosciusko, the mountain resorts of Katoomba, Leura, and others, have all made their name, and draw their crowds every holiday. But there are countless little known beauty spots which are equal to, and even better than, these, and which retain their charm unblemished through countless ages.

As it was with Cowper, who  
 ". . . Loved the rural walk,  
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,"  
 so it is with the vast majority of human beings, who, if they could learn of these places such as I have endeavoured to describe, would delight in visiting them. Moreover, there are sufficient for the satisfaction of all, without this uncomfortable crowding, and the many other inconveniences which mar many holidays spent on the mountains.

—G.D.G.



## YEARNING

It is midnight when I close my book, and the old grandfather clock at the foot of the stairs is sedately tolling the climax of the night with its twelve melodious chimes. There is about the sound that suggestion of something intangibly pensive, of Destiny itself, that grandfather clocks invariably seem to possess at midnight. Indeed, on many an evening at the same hour, and by this same clock, I have been cast into a ruminative mood that only wears off with sleep. But to-night I have the grandfather clockiticks very badly methinks, for I am restless and in need of some soothing influence. Perhaps the night itself may offer it as it often has done before?

I go to the casement and throw open the windows. The air is frosty, yet invigourating, and as it comes rushing into the room and nips my cheeks, and blows the curtains into a graceful motion, I lean out and look over the London house tops. The silvery moonbeams play around the gaunt, grim chimney stacks, and those great black masses, so dusty, so dreary,

so woebegone in the sunlight, become the mystic creatures of a fairy world in the realms of the moon. In those shadows lurk horrible hobgoblins; out of the chimney pots peep ferocious ogres; but on the silken paths that the moon points out on the begrimed tiles, the sprites and the elves dance in the ecstasy of my imagination.

But to-night—to-night I am not satisfied with my fantasy on the roof-tops. What is it I want? I know! I know! Oh, Peter Pan, it is you! You, O Spirit of Eternal Youth! Come to me! Come to me! Soar through the twinkling shades of the night. Fly to my very window-sill. Lift me from this hard material existence for one moment. To-night my imagination starves—starves for the brilliancy of thy flights. Oh, let me soar, Pan! Let me soar through the liquid air, sending it asunder like showers of spray from an inky river! With thee, let me go up, up, up—Where? Oh, yes! To the glorious Land of the Make Believe, where the fairies dance, where the pixies play, where the pirates fight, and where I am yearning to go.

### What is a Boy?

*He is the person who is going to carry on what you have started.*

*He is to sit right where you are sitting, and attend to the things you think are so important, when you are gone.*

*You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried out depends on him.*

*Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.*

*He is going to sit at your desk in Parliament and occupy your place on the Supreme Bench.*

*He will assume control of your cities, States and nation.*

*He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, schools, universities and corporations.*

*All your work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him.*

*Your reputation and your future are in his hands.*

*All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands.*

*So it might be well to pay him some attention.*

*—"The All-American Review."*

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Alas! you have failed me. You will not come. I have lost my childhood. You will not come back to me. Why not, Peter Pan? In soul I am still a child! 'tis only in body that I have changed. Alas, spirit divine, what has frightened you? Is it the horrible beings that move in my world? Is it their cramped and their fettered hearts? If it is you, O Mankind, who is keeping this elfin imp of delight from my window-sill, then I curse you. You grew up just as I; but when I wandered into the golden temples of Imagination you stalked into the mud-built halls where maniacs play their corrupted harmonies, and waddled to their syncopated pounding because they allow of no other movement—you jazzed.

I have closed my window. I have gone to the fireside for warmth. But the fire has gone out, and all that remains is the ashes. Ashes! It is upon ashes that my manhood is being built.

And I can see written in them, just as the Arab could see traced in his sand, the lines of Fate. In my soul, O Nature, is one of your tragedies.

Man, in general, has given over his soul into the keeping of modern society. He is content to have the changes wrought in it, as he passes through the different stages of life. Thus as a child he carries in him the inheritance of God—the real untrammelled soul—and it is in childhood that Peter Pan comes a-knocking at the door and takes him to the Land of the Make-Believe—Imagination.

But soon—too soon—the child passes into the youth, and then modern society takes possession of him. The sensitive fairies are frightened away by this new tone of scorn, of harshness, and of worldliness in the voice of their erstwhile playmate, and soon they are gone from him forever.

—J. PICKARD, 5B.

## A TRIP TO WENTWORTH FALLS

The sun, a great golden disc, rose slowly into the heavens, shedding a halo of dazzling colour over the world. We were going out for a day up to the mountains, and, of course, we were up bright and early, eager to set out on our expedition.

We caught the train from Strathfield, and were soon travelling over the shining rails at a good speed. Once we had left the vicinity of the city, we began to see some of the magnificent grandeur of the mountains. Gaunt ghosts of trees were stretching their dead arms towards the sky, as if they were imploring help from the immortal. They stood, silhouetted against the pale blue. Yet, again, this very same attitude seemed to tell of mystery, solitude—even harshness.

We passed on until we arrived at our destination, Wentworth Falls. Here was a different scene altogether. Towering above us was a cliff, with a series of ridges, like steps, running from top to bottom. The water fell in great cascades from one ridge to another, only, upon reaching the bottom, to be dashed to spray on the jagged rocks, while in doing so sending up myriads of small showers, coloured with all the different shades of the rainbow.

We gazed upon this scene with awe; yes, even apprehension. Oh! If only some of the people who have never been out of the city could see, or even imagine, this sight.

We reluctantly, very reluctantly, turned our footsteps away from the fall, and walked down the hill. I was ahead, and upon entering a narrow gorge I came upon a most beautiful sight at one end of it. Tall trees majestically reared their heads to the heavens, proud, and erect.

But this was not all. Around and between these trees, smaller trees, and undergrowth grew. Vines and creepers were luxuriantly twining themselves around these trees, until the whole seemed to be a little hut.

I forced my way in, and was delighted to see it, as I had anticipated, as perfect within as without. The others had gone another way, and I was alone. I was tempted to lie down and go to sleep, but I tore myself away as I thought of getting lost.

I went back and told the others excitedly what I had seen, and they vowed they would see it some day. Meanwhile, time had flown, and we were thinking of going back. We had another look at the fall, and then wended our way to the station.

We arrived home at about 8 o'clock that night, and as I lay in bed, I mused on the experiences of the day, until, with a sigh of contentment, I dropped off to sleep, to dream of the beauties of Australian bushland.

—C. BROPHY, 2A.



## A BUSH DANCE

The school house on a little knoll in the scrub was dimly lighted by five or six hurricane lanterns, each doing its utmost to smoke, leak, or be generally contrary. The rays shot forth from the little windows, stabbing the close, solid blackness of the humid moonless night; the sky and stars were screened and smothered by the heavy smoke and dust of the seemingly boundless drought haze.

Inside, the floor had been cleared for dancing, the desks had been unscrewed, and stacked against the wall outside. The forms were placed end on end around the sides of the room, and on one side sat about 30 more or less blooming country damsels, while on the other sat about as many more or less blooming fellows.

At last the M.C. arrived, clad in a pair of bell-bottomed trousers, a long coarse serge coat, a high collar, and a gaudy green and red tie. With this personage in charge the company soon proceeded with the business of the evening, amid such sundry exclamations as

"Take yer partners for the Lancers."

"Two more, cupples 'ere if yer don't mind."

Finally, with everything arranged he calls out "Right—strike up," and from the little platform at the end of the room (where, had it been the artists' ball, a fine orchestra would have responded) came the whining note of a wheezy fiddle, straining forth the tune of "The Girl I left behind." The only accompaniment is the tap! tap! of the musician's hob-nails on the kerosene case he uses for a foot rest. With everything moving merrily, they proceed through the night's programme, everyone being unconscious of the impending disaster.

Right in the middle of one of the finest bars of "It's a long way to Tipperary,"—"Snap!" The violinist had worn through the ravelled "G" string, and the strands parted near the bridge. All efforts to knot it again proved futile, and the musician, assisted by two or three bushmen, all eager to continue the dance, retired into the kitchen.

Ah! at last they had it done. A few encouraging notes issued from the back kitchen, and all the faces in the ball room turned expectantly in that direction, but again there came that disheartening "Snap!" Then a crash, and helplessness settled down once more.

Then there came a tap-tapping from the kitchen, as Lawson would say, "uncomfortably like a coffin being made," and the smell of warm cheap glue, a few moments' suspense, then an encouraging squawk once more to brighten up the faces of the dancers. Alas! Again there came a "bang!" followed by the opening of the kitchen door, and someone flung the accordeon they had been trying to patch far into the night, and then returned to tell the dancers of the double calamity. They had all just begun to despair and go home, when the sound of horse's hoofs clattering up the metalled yard again fanned up a spark of hope. They all rushed outside, and amid shouts and cheers they bore, shoulder high, a man with a black box in his hand.

Then comes again the free voice of the high-collared M.C. "Take up yer partners again; they've got Andy McBarron with his concertina." This music, I may say, was heard until the mists began to disperse.

—M. DUNLEAVY.

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With the exception of the Combined High School Swimming Carnival, competition sport for the year has ended, and the school can congratulate its representatives in the various branches of sport for the spirit of true sportsmanship displayed.

To the rest of the school a reminder is perhaps necessary that more candidates for grade honours are required. In this connection, modesty is not regarded as a virtue: every boy should aim at representing his school in some department of sport, and, while it is impossible for every member to realise his ambition, we feel sure that in our midst we are sheltering many budding cricketers, footballers, tennis stars, etc., who suffer from excessive shyness.

The Sports Union is now in a sound financial position, an abundance of material is available, playing fields have been provided, and members of the staff have willingly sacrificed many

hours of their time to encourage and advise aspirants for sporting honours. It behooves everyone to take full advantage of these opportunities and thus show an appreciation of the efforts of the gentlemen in charge of grade teams. (Some boys are apt to overlook the hours of willing service given by these coaches.)

The appended reports give details of our varying fortunes. For those who failed to achieve the goal of premiership honours, no condolences are required. They, with their more successful comrades, "played the game," which is all that the school requires.

Many of our representatives are sitting for the Leaving Certificate Examination and will not play for the school next year. Although this will leave our ranks sadly depleted, we feel sure that from the remnants of our forces we shall form the nucleus of teams capable of upholding the school's traditions in 1927.

## CRICKET

### FIRST GRADE.

This year, as in the four preceding years, we finished runners-up to the North Sydney team, which was two points our superior.

The season was highly successful, marred by only one defeat, which cost us the premiership. The first half of the season was commented on in the June issue of "The Fortian," and it is now sufficient to deal with the last two matches, viz., v. Technical High and v. Parramatta High.

In the former match the school gained a decisive four-point win, the best performers with the bat being Hassett, McMullen, Clark and Jenner, while Hassett was the outstanding performer with the ball.

Most noteworthy was Jenner, who took three magnificent catches, two in the outfield and one in the slips.

The next match, against Parramatta, resulted in a decisive victory for the school, time preventing an outright win.

Parramatta batted first for 100 runs; then the School batted and compiled 196 runs for the loss of only four wickets.

Parramatta, by solid batting, compiled 130 runs, finishing just on time, thus preventing an innings defeat.

Archer, Winning and Hassett secured the majority of the runs, while Cant and Forsyth shared the bowling honours.



The fielding of the team in both matches was of a high standard, and a marked improvement upon that of the previous half-season.

A good spirit prevailed amongst the members of the team throughout the year, which is essential for the welfare of a school team.

We wish our departing team mates every success, not only in this examination, but also in their future careers. We hope to see their names figuring among the first grade teams.

Many thanks are due to the enthusiasm of Mr. Page, who accompanied the team on all its matches.

Next year, with six of the present team at school, viz., Archer, Clark, Jenner, Seale, Smith and Winning, and with promising recruits from second grade, we have high hopes of carrying off the much coveted shield with an undefeated record.

#### SECOND GRADE.

The second grade cricket team has had a very successful season. The team has played six matches, winning three, drawing two and losing one match. Both the drawn matches were

the result of wet days. There is still one match to be concluded, i.e., against Canterbury. The school is in a winning position, and we hope to record another win.

Sawkins secured the batting average, with a total of 186 runs for seven completed innings; average, 26.5. Morris was second on the list with 141 runs for nine completed innings; average, 15.7.

Winning, taking 10 wickets for 50 runs, secured the bowling average—5 runs per wicket. Arthur was runner-up, taking 30 wickets for 256 runs—average 8.5. Copes closely followed, taking 17 wickets for 153 runs—average 9.

From these results it can be seen that the second grade team has worthily upheld the prestige of the school on the cricket field.

#### THIRD GRADE.

The Third Grade Eleven narrowly missed inclusion in the finals, being beaten by Parramatta High for first place in C Division, the points being 28 to 25.

Hulls proved an efficient captain, even though the fielding was at times weaker than it might

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have been. The outstanding players were:—Rose, as wicket-keeper; Hulls, Willis, Lee, Buxton and Jones, as bats; and Schrader, Willis, Farlow and Hulls as bowlers.

Details of matches played since Michaelmas are:—

Versus Parramatta I.H.S.—Fort Street three point win.

Versus Canterbury H.S.—Fort Street three-point win.

Versus Parramatta H.S.—Parramatta three-point win.

## FOOTBALL

### FIRST GRADE.

A review of the season proves that it was a highly successful one, and, despite the two losses to Sydney High, we were still enabled to recover the MacManamey Shield, lost last year.

The thanks of the team are due to McCoy, for his constant and invaluable support; and also to Mr. R. Waddington, for his excellent and energetic coaching prior to the last match with Sydney.

There was a strenuous match against the Old Boys. This was played in the wet and resulted in a draw—24 all. The XV. was excellently captained for the second time by Cant, who was ably assisted by Forsyth. Although the services of Furzer were lost early in the season, the team was later strengthened by the inclusion of McMullen, of Newcastle, as full-back.

Other members were: Backs—T. B. McInerney, K. Morgan, E. O'Toole, M. L. Smith, A. L. Waddington. Forwards: J. Beaumont, C. Broome, M. Dunleavy, P. Dyson, J. Hassett, N. H. McIntyre, W. Roach, C. P. Sorenson, M. Stevenson, W. C. Taylor, B. Weinholz.

The following is a record of matches:—

Versus North Sydney at Petersham, won, 23-12.

Versus Sydney, at Wentworth, won, 24-12.

Versus Parramatta, at Parramatta, won, 21-8.

Versus North Sydney, at North Sydney, won, 30-11.

Versus Sydney, at Petersham, lost, 11-8.

Versus Parramatta, at Petersham, won, 26-3.

Versus North Sydney, at Petersham, won, 20-13.

Versus Sydney, at Wentworth, lost, 14-8.

Versus Parramatta, at Parramatta, won, 49-0.

### SECOND GRADE.

This team had a reasonably successful year, finishing second to Hurlstone. In the decisive match we were beaten by 3-0, the points scored resulting from a penalty right in front of the goal.

A remarkable improvement was shown after the first few matches, and the most happy relations existed between all, whether on the field or off. We were fortunate in not meeting any serious casualties throughout the season.

A special word of praise is due to the capacity and energy of the captain, Neal. One regrets that such sterling players as he and others should be lost to next year's First Grade, since their school education will finish with the Leaving Certificate.

Of those younger in the school we look to see many holding up the honour of Fort Street in contest with their old rivals in the First Grade.

### THIRD GRADE.

This team was runner-up to North Sydney, losing by two competition points. The team's record was five wins, one draw and three defeats. It was ably coached throughout the season by Mr. Lyons, the coach, and Smith and Swadling, the captain and vice-captain respectively. Our only serious opponent was North Sydney, whom we beat once and who defeated us twice.

Throughout the season the forwards played a good, hard, rucking game, with Harvey and Swadling outstanding. This pack will probably form the nucleus of next year's second scrum.

Early in the season the backs lacked combination, as Rankin, the five-eighth, left school. However, a good substitute was found in Redmond, and towards the end of the season the backs were strengthened by Smith and Backhouse.

One hundred and seven points were scored for and 65 against. The most prolific scorers were Smith and Backhouse.

### FOURTH GRADE.

The Fourth Grade played a very successful season, finishing third in the competition. Wonderful improvement during the season was shown by every player.



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Buxton was a fine captain and one of the mainstays of the team.

Wrenford, Gash, T. Smith, Shields, Hamilton, Murphy, Milverton, Marley, Field, Mackenzie and Hill also deserve very great credit for their good play. The conduct of every player, both on and off the field, was most exemplary.

#### FIFTH GRADE.

The Fifths were unfortunate in losing J. Brown, the captain, about midway in the season. However, his place was ably filled by Peel, assisted by Bissaker as vice-captain.

We were beaten four times, twice by Canterbury and twice by Hurlstone. We wish to congratulate Canterbury on winning the competition. During the season the following players were outstanding: Angel, at full-back; Brown and Nelson, as centres; Bissaker, on the wing, and Blake, at half; Peel, as centre forward; Parker, as breakaway; Wilks as lock; and Britter in the front row.

The record of the team was:—

Played 10, won 6, lost 4.  
Points for 146, against 47.

## ATHLETICS

Athletics was one of the most successful forms of sport undertaken by the school this year, and the performances throughout were of a high standard.

The annual sports meeting held at Petersham Oval was characterised by excellent achievement and fine enthusiasm. The gathering was a highly successful one socially, too, and the presence of about five hundred girls from the Fort Street Girls' School apparently had a marked effect upon the competitors. The results show that the talent the school now possesses is superior to that of past years, as there were no less than five records broken in the Senior Division.

The competitors most worthy of special mention are Forsyth, Clark, Jenner, Wenholtz, McMullen, Curry and Rose.

Forsyth scored a most popular win in the Senior Cup by annexing the 100 Yards and Hurdles titles, besides gaining second and third in the 220 Yards and High Jump respectively. His time for the Hurdles displaced the previous record of 19 3/5secs.

Clark proved the "dark horse" of the meeting, and sprung quite a surprise by defeating Wenholtz in the 880 Yards race. He followed this success by easily winning the Mile in record time.

Jenner, who was runner-up in the point score for the Senior Cup, broke the existing record for the 220 Yards. Wenholtz ran the 440 yards in record time, while McMullen raised the pole vault mark three inches higher than the previous best.

Curry won the Junior Cup after a hard tussle, while O. Rose won the Under 14 Years Medal.

The school possesses in Rose the makings of a fine athlete, and with proper coaching and training he should develop into one of the school's best runners.

The opportunity is here taken of thanking the Ladies' Committee, which so willingly assisted in making the carnival such a grand success in every way.

The results were as follows:—

*Senior Cup:* G. Forsyth 1, R. Jenner 2, L. Wenholtz 3. *100 Yards Championship of School:* G. Forsyth 1, R. Jenner 2, W. Roach 3. 10 9-10 secs. *220 Yards Championship:* R. Jenner 1, G. Forsyth 2, S. Hambrett 3. 24 1/2secs. *Record.* *440 Yards Championship:* L. Wenholtz 1, A. C. Cant 2, K. Morgan 3. 55 1-5secs. *Record.* *880 Yards Championship:* B. Clark 1, L. Wenholtz 2, C. Sorenson 3. 2mins. 12secs. *1 Mile Championship:* B. Clark 1, C. Broome 2, C. Sorenson 3. Time, 5 mins. 5 4-5secs. *Record.* *Hop, Step and Jump:* C. Schrader 1, W. Roach 2, — Arthur 3. 39ft. 1 1/2ins. *Broad Jump Championship:* M. Levitus 1, W. Roach 2, G. Arthur and R. Jenner, dead-heat, 3. 19ft. 1 1/2ins. *High Jump Championship:* E. Dunlop 1, G. Forsyth 2, C. Schrader and J. Beaumont, dead-heat 3. 5ft. 2ins. *120 Yards Hurdles Championship:* G. Forsyth 1, J. Beaumont 2, — McInerney 3. 17 9-10secs. *Record.* *Pole Vault Championship:* C. McMullen 1, V. Neal 2, H. Seale and T. McInerney, dead-heat, 3. 8ft. 8 1/2ins. *Record.*

*Junior Division.—Junior Cup:* J. Curry 1, A. Brown and J. Farlow, dead-heat, 2. *100 Yards:* J. Curry and J. Hardy, dead-heat, 1, A. Stone 3. 12secs. *220 Yards:* J. Curry 1, J. Hardy 2, H. Roulston 3. 26 3 5secs. *440*



*Yards:* K. Buxton 1, R. Thistlethwaite 2, J. Curry 3. 60secs. *High Jump:* J. Farlow 1, J. Swadling and M. Shepherd, dead-heat, 2, J. Russell 3. 4ft. 10½ins. *Broad Jump:* W. Watson 1, A. Brown 2, J. Swadling 3. 15ft. 1½ins. *Pole Vault:* A. Brown 1, J. Farlow 2. 6ft. 6ins. *Hop, Step and Jump:* J. Swadling 1, J. Farlow 2, W. Watson 3. 36ft. 3½ins. *90 Yards Hurdles:* W. Backhouse 1, H. Roulston 2, R. Murphy 3. 15 2-5secs.

*Under 14 Years Division.—Under 14 Medal:* O. Rose 1, S. Weller and A. Schmidt 2. 100 *Yards:* O. Rose 1, S. Weller 2, C. Johnson 3. 13 1-5secs. 220 *Yards:* O. Rose 1, S. Weller 2, H. Rice 3. 27 2-5secs. 440 *Yards:* O. Rose 1, H. Rice 2, S. Weller 3. 72 2-5secs. *High Jump:* A. Schmidt 1, C. Johnson 2, A. Passamore and Rose 3. 4ft. 5½in. *Broad Jump:* O. Rose 1, A. Schmidt 2, N. Rose 3. 14ft. 4 ins.

*12 Years' Championship:* N. Madsen 1, M. Ibels 2, C. Butler 3. 14secs. *14 Years Championship:* O. Watson 1, J. Walsh 2, L. Pemberton 3. 12 1-5secs. *15 Years Championship:* J. Curry 1, A. Stone 2, J. Starling 3. 12 1-10

*secs. 16 Years Championship:* G. Arthur 1, K. Morgan 2, M. Stevenson 3. 11 1-10secs. *Obstacle Race:* K. Buxton 1, — Turnbull 2, B. Bissaker 3. *Sack Race:* Blake 1, Payne 2, Moore 3. *Stepping 100 yards:* —Old. *Year Relay Race (Handicap):* 2B 1, 3D 2, 1A 3. 56 2-5secs.

Our school sports over, the winners concentrated upon the coming High School Carnival.

The School held the Junior Shield and Senior Cup from the previous year, and it succeeded in retaining the Cup for another year, although the Junior Shield was won easily by Newcastle.

The most notable feature on the day of the sports was the great muster of Old Boys and the small attendance of the present boys.

The boys who participated in the sports proved themselves most worthy representatives of Fort Street.

After the first day's results, our boys' chances of retaining the Cup seemed remote, but on the second day the fine ability of our boys as-

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served itself, and we finished the day holders of the Cup for another year.

The Juniors could only manage to secure minor placings, but they were good triers, as were the Under 14 Years competitors.

G. Forsyth was the outstanding performer for the school. He gained second place to Bratton in the 100 Yards High Schools Championship and equalled the High School record in the 120 Yards Hurdles. He was also mainly instrumental in helping both relay teams to victory.

Clark, after being badly placed at the start of the 880 Yards, finished splendidly to gain fourth place in a race run in record time. In the Mile he kept well behind, but with a wonderful final sprint managed to overhaul the field and dead-heat for first, in 4mins. 51 4-5secs., which is excellent time for a schoolboy.

Wenholz won the 440 Yards race in fine style, and McMullen dead-heated for first in the Pole Vault. Levitus, although he was jumping out of form, gained fifth place in the Broad Jump.

The Medley Relay teams, consisting of Wenholz, Morgan, Jenner and Forsyth, defeated the opposition with ease, and created new figures for that race. The Circular Relay team (Jenner, Roach, Morgan and Forsyth) won a hard-fought race, defeating the strong North Sydney team in good time.

The only Juniors to gain points were Brown and Buxton, while Rose was prominent in the Under 14 Shield.

With most of the best athletes back at school next year, and with this year's success as a stimulus, the Fort Street team should next year succeed in carrying off the Senior Cup and Junior and Under 14 Shields.

## TENNIS

We have had a successful year in this sport. The First Grade team were runners-up, being defeated only once, and that by a team which they had previously defeated. Unfortunately, owing to the rules governing the competition, there was no play-off for the premiership.

Both Second Grade teams did splendidly, but succumbed to superior play by Parramatta Intermediate High.

B. Clark is our star player. He was finalist in the Singles, and with B. Sundstrom won the Doubles in the Combined High Schools' Championships.

Class tennis continues to be very popular in the school, the court accommodation available being fully taxed. There is plentiful evidence that the standard of our grade teams will be maintained.

## SWIMMING

The school has won the Senior Cup in the Inter High School athletics for two years in succession, and it would be a great achievement if it could retain the Swimming Shield won last year by the able efforts of Waddington, Macintosh and McCoy. It would be a fitting climax to the sporting record of some of the Seniors who are leaving us this year if this were accomplished, and there is no reason why it cannot be done. With such stalwarts as Stevenson, Waddington, Dunleavy, McCoy, McMullen, Taylor, Sorenson, O'Brien, Schrader, Dyson and others whose form time may reveal, the school holds a strong position and will not be disgraced when the Inter High School Swimming Carnival is held. We are very weak at present in the Junior Division, owing to the departure from the school of the Junior Cup

winner of this year, Laurie Harman, and William Backhouse, the runner-up. They are a distinct loss to us, and will be much missed at the forthcoming carnival. We hope that other Juniors will seriously attempt to fill the places of these good lads, whom business has claimed so early.

In the Under 14 Division, E. Gray and L. Schmidt are distinctly promising, and we hope that they will gather round them a band of young swimmers who will make our presence felt, not only in the carnival to come, but in the carnivals of the future.

One would like to stress what previously has been urged in these columns, viz., the necessity for regular and serious practice when in attendance at the Baths.



You would be insulted if anyone said that you attended the Baths on Wednesday for your weekly wash. You go for a more serious purpose, namely, to perfect yourself in water locomotion. Ducking, diving and playing will never get you anywhere in your swimming. You

must practise distance swimming and sprinting and, if possible, get yourselves timed over given distances to measure your own improvement during the season, and do not be satisfied with just remaining afloat or with a method and a rate of motion that you could do years ago.

—C.R.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

As far as possible, all contributions will be acknowledged in this column. It is no small task to do this when the number of contributions is considered. If your article obtains no mention here, blame the Editor for the oversight, but rest assured that the article received careful attention. Unsigned contributions cannot be acknowledged. Please give name or pen-name, and state class and year.

Certain kinds of work are well represented in this issue, and some of it is of really high merit. Certain classes of work, however, are sadly lacking. We have too few short stories, too few essays in the light, easy vein—essays that treat of matters of current and perennial interest in serious, meditative fashion, but have those touches of relieving humour to make them attractive and readable. Stories tend, somehow, to be imitative, and will persist in going far afield for their setting and characters. A story must be original—it must give experience at first hand. And there are stories by the thousands awaiting to be told, characters all around pining to be placed in the stories and sketches where they belong. So keep away from Arizona, from Central Africa, from New Guinea, unless you know them from personal experience, and catch some of the colours and tones of the most interesting life around you in Sydney and N.S.W. It is not easy; it requires a touch of genius to do it effectively. But—well, you may have a touch of genius. Who knows? Anyway, try it. It's worth the effort.

G.S. (1D); "Disappointments and Thrills": Fair, try again nearer home. F.P. (1D): Not quite. D.V. (1B), "The Historic Gold Rush": Shows sense of humour, but you overdo the absurd element. "Mahrat" (4C), "Open Hostility": Not quite up. "Tutankhamen" (4C), "Fourth Year Latin Lesson": Does not quite

catch the spirit of the Goldsmith lines. A successful parody must do that. Letter does not state case fairly. J.S. (4C), "Our Front Lawn": Brighten it—make it more real. "Anon" (2D), "Hide": Too much like a piece of scandal. K.T. (2D), "Ancient Torture Methods": Interesting, but give something modern, with the torture left out. W.W. (2A), "Homeland": Slight, and done too often before. F.B. (2D), The drawings are too crude. W.P. (2A), "Crowded 'Bus": Not crowded enough. Yen Vig (4C), "Roman Daily Guardian": Rather laboured. Quoit (4C), "Our Yard": Come to the point more quickly. J.S. (4C), "Art": Good; may be used later. "Iagadnug" (4C), "Wool": Needs fresher treatment. "The Cynic" (4C), "Poor Australia": Very true, but this is a school magazine. F.S. (4C), "Music": Strikes no new note. J.C.M. (4C), "Araluen To-day": Crowded out. There is so much of this kind of work. N.P. (1st Year), "Railway Clock": Good, but visit the Central again and observe very closely. Have another try. L.T. (2D), "Favourite Hobby": Not light enough in treatment. M.P. (2B), "Ping Pong": Lacks vim. Q.E.D. (2B), "Early Schooldays": Fair, but search your memory again. M.K. (2A), "Between Periods": Almost good enough. L.B. (2D), "Pride Has a Fall": Too often told before. Felix (4B), "Play Day": Written too soon. W.A.B., "Newcastle to Port Stephens": Try to give vivid description. M.S. (3rd Year): "A Moonlight Night": Good, but not quite up. G.B.L. (2A), "The Moreton Bay": Lacks in interest. W.H. (2B), "Kookaburra": Not quite. V.E. (2B), "Blue Mountains": Fair, but many others tried same type of work—and did it better. R.A. (2B), "Armidale": Fair, but not quite good enough. H.P.S. (2B), "Brisbane": Fair. "Beauclerk," "Our Desires": Needs stronger



treatment. G.D. (5B), The humour of the essay fails somewhat. L.R. (2D), "A Crowded Bus": Very nearly. M.D.: The verses may be used later. K.J. (4C), "Trials of a New Prefect": Not quite. "Tam o' Shanter" (4C), "Play Day": Good, but scarcely of general interest. E.D. (4C), "The Bell": Try that again; ending is weak. M.A. (5th Year): You have written much better verse. J.S. (4C), "Our Tuckshop": Too late for this issue. I.H.H., "Australian Sunset": Really good, but for some

considerable time people have been observing sunsets. The subject stale. L.R. (4C): Fair, but not quite up. F.G. (4C), "Rebellion": Needs more vim. Cynic (4C), "A Matter of Salvation": Not suitable. L.R.P. (4B): Come to the point more quickly. L.K. (4C), "Latin Period": Omitted in the interests of Peace. J.R. (4A), "War": Thoughtful work; may use later. R.H.A. (4A), "Rip Van Winkle": You do take risks.

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#### EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following magazines:—

"Technical High School Journal," "The Echindian" (Glen Innes), "The Royal Blue" (Petersham I.H.S.), "The Canterbury Tales" (Canterbury), The Magazine Fort Street Girls' High, "The Chronicle" (Sydney Girls' High), "The Record" (Sydney High), "Quandong" (Broken

Hill), "The Endeavour" (Taree), Parramatta High School Magazine, "Novocastrian" (Newcastle), "The Lens" (Lismore), "Our Girls" (Maitland Girls), "The Triangle" (Trinity Grammar School), "Graftonian" (Grafton), "The Yarn Spinner" (Geo. A. Bond and Co. Ltd.).







*About Cricket*  
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