

Vol. 25. No. 1.

JUNE, 1927.

Registered at the General Post
Office, Sydney, for transmission
by post as a Newspaper.



THE
FORTIAN

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The Half-Yearly Magazine of Fort Street
Boys' High School, Petersham, N.S.W.
— — — — —



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

Editor: W. ROBERTS, B.A.
 Year Representatives:
 W. SAWKINS, L. LECK, D. HAMILTON, F. FLATT, L. C. COLLINS

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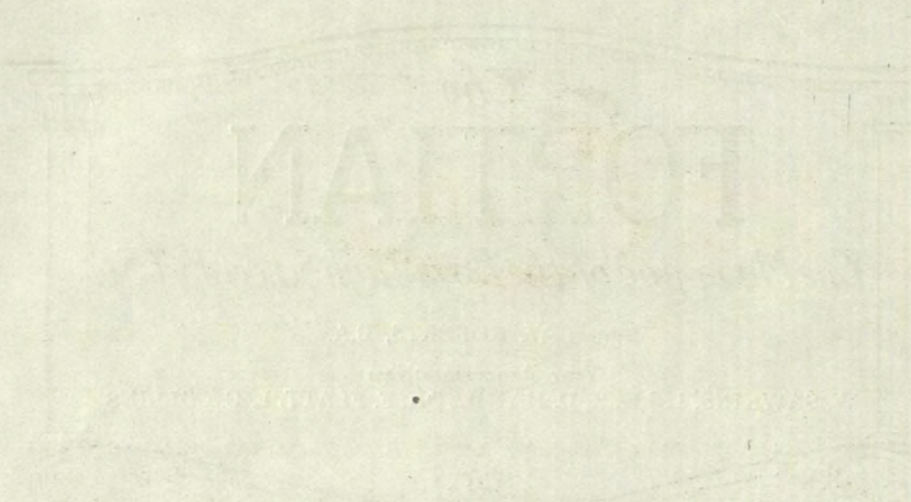
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Youth and age have ever been at variance as opposites must be. Youth is contemptuous in its attitude towards Age, or good-naturedly tolerant of it. Grey-beard knows that the times have changed, and that boys "nowadays"—comforting synonym for degeneracy—are most decidedly not what boys "were in my time." On sober reflection, of course, we see how futile such contentions are; that Life presents different views from different viewpoints—and then we condemn and carp and criticise as we belong to the camp of Age or that of Youth.

Still, and sober reflection, of course, now urges a word, it is a good thing to remember sometimes that the past did hold some of the graces and beauties of life. They were bad old times, hard old times, no doubt; people were so very different, too; they were, of course, astoundingly ignorant; they endured untold inconvenience; and their mode of travelling was as slow as their mental processes. With our eyes to the future and our wonder ship Progress speeding for it, we find it hard to realise that people ever thought such sleepy existence was life. And yet people did live, and did find pleasure—aye, real happiness, too, in ever so many things we are now inclined to despise as old-fashioned. Can you imagine any of these as you gaze at the slope of Taverner's on a busy morning—if gazing be not among the lost arts—; as you read the latest novel; as you watch the newest moving picture; as you listen-in to the most distant station on your wireless set? Not that anyone would condemn any of these—he were foolish who would set limits to progress and knowledge. But can you imagine there were other things in other days that counted much for human happiness? Intangible things that graced life and made it worth living? That, perchance, might add bright touches to it even now? Can you think of any of these? The realisation of just one—without any undignified concession to the scant-haired sages—might mean a corrective to an air that is blase and cynical, surely an attitude that is as deplorable as it is hopeless in young or old. It might mean getting just so much more from Life—and Life is always so very wonderful and of infinite possibilities.

So let us leave Youth and Age to quarrel, for it is not entirely unhealthy that they should; and it is quite inevitable, anyway. But he has the best of it who can say "I saw nought common on thy earth."



The first and most important point to be noted in the study of the history of the Fortian is the fact that it was not until the year 1800 that the first settlement was made on the banks of the river. The early settlers were of the most enterprising and adventurous type, and they were not content with simply settling on the banks of the river, but they sought to explore the interior of the country. This led to the discovery of the gold fields, and the result was the great gold rush of 1850.

The gold rush led to the rapid development of the Fortian, and in a few years it had become one of the most important cities in the colony. The population of the Fortian in 1850 was only a few hundred, but by 1860 it had increased to over ten thousand. The growth of the Fortian was due to the fact that it was the only port on the coast, and it was the only place where the gold could be taken to the world. The gold fields were discovered in 1850, and the result was a great influx of people from all over the world. The Fortian became the center of the colony, and it was the only place where the gold could be taken to the world. The gold fields were discovered in 1850, and the result was a great influx of people from all over the world. The Fortian became the center of the colony, and it was the only place where the gold could be taken to the world.

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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1927.

Headmaster:

J. A. WILLIAMS, B.A.

Deputy Headmaster:

W. ROBERTS, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of English:

W. ROBERTS, B.A. (Master)
 J. BAXENDALE, B.A.
 J. TIERNEY, M.A.
 C. P. GOULD, M.A.
 L. N. ROSE, M.A.
 L. LYONS, B.A.
 L. JOHNSON, B.A.
 F. J. BRODIE

Department of Modern Languages:

F. C. WOOTTEN, M.A. (Master)
 C. J. BAUER
 R. JERREMS, B.A.
 L. C. MOTE, M.A.
 C. DEUQUET, B. Comm.
 Capt. G. CAPES
 M. KITAKOJI

Department of Science:

T. J. CLYNE, B.A. (Master)
 A. H. BALDOCK, B.A. A.T.C.
 R. MCKILLIGAN, M.A.

Department of Classics:

W. E. PORTER, M.A. (Master)
 J. J. DUNNE, B.A.
 A. P. LUNDIE, M.A.
 G. S. TAYLOR, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

H. WALKER, M.A. (Master)
 E. H. PARKER
 R. FAIRBAIRN, B.A.
 V. OUTTEN, M.A.
 A. W. STANLEY, B.A.
 H. THOMPSON, B.A.

Department of Commerce:

E. BURGIN, Dip. Ec. (Master)

Instructor of Physical Culture:

W. HUMPHRIES, A.P.E.S.

Prefects:

N. McINTYRE (Captain of School)
 W. SAWKINS (Senior Prefect)

J. CHALMERS
 J. RUSSELL
 R. JENNER
 B. CLARK
 K. JOHNSON
 H. LONGMUIR
 A. HIGGS
 J. SCOTT
 A. STEVENS
 A. LOWNDES
 R. ANDREWS
 K. SPINKS
 E. BURLEY
 C. WINNING

Sports Union Committee:

Mr. J. A. WILLIAMS (President)
 Mr. W. ROBERTS (Vice-President)
 MR. L. JOHNSON (Sports Master)
 Mr. A. W. STANLEY (Treasurer)
 Mr. H. THOMPSON (Sec.)
 Mr. T. J. CLYNE
 Mr. J. J. DUNNE
 Mr. R. FAIRBAIRN
 Mr. L. N. ROSE
 Mr. J. L. TIERNEY
 Mr. W. HUMPHRIES

N. McINTYRE
 W. SAWKINS
 J. LEE
 T. McINERNEY
 B. CLARK
 R. JENNER
 J. SCOTT
 A. HIGGS
 C. ORR
 M. STEVENSON

Debating Society (5th Year)

Mr. W. ROBERTS
 Mr. L. LYONS
 R. ANDREWS
 N. OWEN
 J. RUSSELL
 W. SAWKINS
 A. STEVENS
 A. HIGGS (Secretary)

Library:

Mr. L. ROSE (Librarian)
 K. SPINKS
 J. SCOTT

Old Boys' Union:

Mr. J. A. WILLIAMS
 Mr. A. J. KILGOUR (Patrons)
 Mr. C. A. McINTOSH (President)
 Mr. L. C. WARBY (Hon. Sec.), Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Rowley Waddington, well known in the annals of Fort Street athletics, is playing a prominent part in University life. He has been elected to several important positions. He is vice-president of the Sydney University Under-graduates Association, member of the Board of Directors of the Union, member of the Union House Committee, of the Sports Union Committee, of the Blues Committee, and of the Medical Society Council. As we go to press, the local papers comment on his excellent play in the University firsts football team.

Bert Hogbin, late President of the Ex-Students' Union connected with the Teachers' College, has now been appointed junior lecturer at the college.

Raymond McGrath, present holder of the Wentworth Travelling Scholarship, and one of our most distinguished old boys, is at present in England studying Art and Architecture with some of the leading men of Europe.

Dr. Frank Munro has returned to Sydney after a prolonged stay in England. He held several hospital appointments while there, and gained much valuable experience.

Garfield Barwick, B.A., LL.B., was admitted to the Bar on June 1st.

Doug. Taylor continues to rise in the commercial world. He has recently been appointed advertising manager of Cheney's (Australia) Ltd., and is known as one of the youngest advertising executives in the motor trade. His first publicity job was in connection with the "Fortian." On leaving school, he entered an advertising agency; then spent some time as a salesman for added experience, and, later again, returned to advertising.

Dr. Golding—well known as captain of the Fort Street first grade football team in 1917, recently visited Sydney on a holiday. He is in charge of a hospital, and has also an extensive practice, in North Queensland.

Through the kindness of the Burgin Electric Co., the whole school was able to hear the

proceedings connected with the opening of Federal Parliament House at Canberra by the Duke of York. Three amplifiers were installed in the Memorial Hall, and the arrangements for broadcasting were exceedingly good.

Seven of last year's seniors are now articled to solicitors.

Kevin Ellis is with Mr. D. L. Williams; Roger Jones with Mr. A. Taylor; Wm. Taylor with Rowley Roseby and Co.; Wm. Davies with Mr. W. S. Kay; Geoff. Schrader with Messrs. Sly and Russell; John Pickard with Messrs. Maund and Kelynack; J. O'Toole with Mr. H. E. Hall.

Norman Jenkyn recently gained his LL.B. degree at the early age of 21, and has joined the staff of the Clerk of the Peace.

The Jones Medal and Beavis Prize, awarded each year to the best graduate student of the Teachers' College, has been won by Herman Black, with Robert Madgwick (also a Fortian) as prox. acc. Herman Black is well remembered at Fort Street for his brilliant play as wing three-quarter in our first fifteen, and as a representative in the Combined High Schools' team. At the Fort Street Fete for the Memorial Hall he did yeoman work as a magician. At the University he was one of the Union team to debate against the representatives of Oxford University.

Mr. R. A. Page, Master of Modern Languages at Fort Street, has been promoted to the position of Deputy Headmaster of Newcastle High School.

Mr. W. F. Hatfield, who was for some years Science Master at this school before his removal to Newcastle, has now been appointed Headmaster of Armidale High School.

Other changes on the teaching staff were made during the half year: Mr. F. Wootten comes as Modern Language Master in place of Mr. Page; Mr. E. Paterson has been removed to North Sydney High, and Mr. G. Taylor from Parramatta takes his place.

FORT STREET OLD BOYS' UNION.

GENERAL MEETING OF MEMBERS.

The Fort Street Old Boys' Union has been revived. At a very enthusiastic meeting held at the School Memorial Hall on Thursday, the 28th April, 1927, at which 160 Old Boys were present, it was decided that the Union resume its activities on as large and active a scale as possible.

The meeting was presided over by the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Roberts, who in his opening address, outlined the objects of the meeting.

A draft constitution had been prepared, and it was very enthusiastically debated. Several alterations were naturally made, until finally a constitution worthy of the Union was agreed to. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, which will close on the 30th June, 1928. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

President: Mr. C. A. MACINTOSH.

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. D. E. S. KENNEDY, W. ROBERTS, and Dr. L. L. HOLLAND.

Secretary: Mr. L. CLAUDE WARBY.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. G. F. AMSBERG.

Committee: Messrs. C. J. BAUER, M. MCKINNON, R. BATEMAN, C. R. MARTIN, P. C. SPENDER, R. J. WADDINGTON, M. J. WADDINGTON.

The new Committee on paper reads very well, and it is to be hoped that the Old Boys of the School will give the Committee as much support as possible.

OLD BOYS' PRIZE.

At the first meeting of the Committee, which was held on the 12th May, it was decided to donate a prize each year for competition among the present boys at the school. Mr. Bauer advised the Committee that Speech Day this year would be held on Empire Day, 24th May. It, therefore, became necessary to take immediate action if the prize was to be given this year. It was decided, therefore, to ask the Headmaster, Mr. Williams, to nominate the winner as being the boy who surpassed his schoolmates in all branches of school life, including sport.

Mr. Williams, in consultation with the staff, chose Noel Neal as the winner, and the Old Boys take this opportunity of congratulating him upon his success, and wishing him well in his future career.

Mr. Macintosh, the President of the Union, very kindly consented to attend at the school on Speech Day and make the presentation. The thanks of the Committee are due to him and to Dr. Holland, who devoted considerable time to the choice of the prize, for the able and self-sacrificing manner in which they carried out the duties assigned to them.

COMING EVENTS.

The following functions have been arranged:
July 6—Smoke concert at Sargent's, Market Street, at 8 p.m. Tickets, 4/6.

August 11.—Annual Ball at The Wentworth. Tickets, 10/6.

In addition to the above, for which tickets are available from the Secretary, and for which early application should be made, other functions are now being considered by the Committee, and these will include a dinner, various sporting engagements with the school, smoke concerts, card evenings, theatre parties, etc.

If any Old Boy can offer any suggestion to the Committee regarding any social function whatsoever, it will be welcomed with open hands, and given the best of consideration.

CLUB ROOMS.

One of the main ambitions of the Old Boys' Union is to acquire centrally-situated club-rooms in Sydney. The advantages to be gained, should such a project materialise, cannot be over-estimated. Many Old Boys would no doubt like the opportunity of meeting their old school mates at luncheon or after office hours, especially on such occasions as when they remain in town for dinner to keep later appointments. Many, too, no doubt, would appreciate rooms where they could change from their office clothes into others more suitable for the functions they may be attending in the evening; where they could have a

wash, brush-up, etc.; where they could meet other Old Boys to keep business or friendly appointments; where, too, they could spend the evening for a game of cards or billiards.

But the acquisition of such clubrooms cannot materialise without the support of the hundreds of Old Boys which the school has turned out.

Financial support is necessary, but moral support is just as necessary. The committee would like to hear from all Old Boys of the school, and will be glad to receive applications for membership from them all.

Some, no doubt, will argue that the Union will be of no use to those who are located in the country, but this is an erroneous idea. They all come to town at some time or another, and the clubrooms, when acquired, will be of especial benefit to those members when in town. Then, too, the various social functions which are being arranged will each and every one coincide with the visit of at least some Old Boys to the city. These functions renew old friendships made at school, and, probably, in many cases almost forgotten; they make new friendships, which are bound to be of value in the future, either for social or business reasons, or for both.

The advantages to be gained from membership of the Union cannot be over-estimated, and it behoves every Old Boy to get in touch with the secretary, Mr. L. C. Warby, Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney. 'Phone, B 3969.

The subscription of the Union is rather larger than has been the case formerly. Previously it was a subscription to cover postage-stamps and practically nothing else. Under the new constitution the subscription has been fixed at £2/2/- per annum, but allowance has

been made for boys who have left the school for a period of less than 5 years. These will be charged only 10/6 per annum, but they will receive and be entitled to all the benefits and privileges of the Union in the same manner as the older boys.

It must be conceded that the subscription, in view of the proposed activities of the Union, is indeed a very reasonable one. The Committee is now actively engaged arranging functions of a social nature, and it is to be hoped that these will be well patronised. Notice will be given of these functions in the course of the next few days to as many Old Boys as the committee can locate. But if this meets the eye of any Old Boy who does not receive a notice, he will be well-advised immediately to communicate with the secretary, either by letter or 'phone, when he will be willingly supplied with all current and future information concerning the Union.

NOTES.

An innovation has been made in the constitution with regard to membership of the Union. It now includes not only ex-pupils of the school, but also masters and ex-masters.

The thanks of the Committee are extended to the North Sydney Old Boys' Union for the courteous invitation extended to the secretary of this union to attend their annual dinner, which was held recently. Mr. Warby availed himself of the opportunity to be present, and cannot sufficiently thank Mr. Cox, the union secretary, and his committee for the courteous manner in which he was received. He was given the honour of responding to the toast of "The Visitors," which gave him the opportunity of congratulating North Sydney Union on its continued success.

THE HUNTER MEMORIAL.

On Tuesday, May 17, a tablet in memory of the late Professor John Irvine Hunter was unveiled in the vestibule by Dr. Purser, one-time Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University. After a brief outline of Professor Hunter's career, Dr. Purser dwelt on his great achievements and the benefits which he conferred upon humanity in his short span of life. John Hunter

was a friend and an inspiration to all with whom he came in contact, and his beautiful life will always stand as a model for posterity.

Prior to the ceremony the school assembled in the hall, where Mr. Kilgour spoke feelingly of his association, as Headmaster and friend, with this distinguished man. He told of the



HUNTER MEMORIAL.

ability, the steadfast purpose, the kindness, the nobility, and the general popularity which characterised him in the school, of the many trials which had to be encountered, and which were successfully overcome; and of that smile which reflected the spirit of John Hunter, and by which he was everywhere remembered. Not only did he extol him as a scholar, but as an ideal of genuine manhood.

Dr. Maguire, one-time Acting-Professor of Anatomy, next told of John Hunter's unparalleled achievements at the University. There, besides leading his division, he actually assisted men in sections senior to his own. He was, moreover, prominent in every phase of University life. Telling of his own association with Professor Hunter in research work, Dr. Maguire marvelled at that brilliant originality which made him not only the youngest professor in any first-class British University, but a figure regarded with wonder and enthusiasm the world over.

Born January 24, 1898, at Bendigo. John Hunter was educated at the Albury District School, whence he proceeded to Fort Street

after the Intermediate Examination. At Fort Street he soon became prominent for his ability and lovable qualities, playing an important part in school life. He gained a University Bursary on the Leaving Certificate, and thus entered a realm where he truly found himself. Receiving his Degree with first-class honours and the University Medal, he was appointed Associate-Professor of Anatomy. He travelled the world, collaborating with many famous men in research, and at the same time acquiring a comprehensive knowledge of world politics.

Back at Sydney University, his work progressed until he accepted the invitation of the American College of Surgeons to present the results of his researches. It was during his absence in connection with this mission that he suddenly contracted his fatal illness, leaving us at the age of twenty-six, on December 10, 1924.

"Non omnis morietur," runs the inscription; and surely the name of John Irvine Hunter will always be treasured in the annals of Fort Street.

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE.

"Literature" is such a comprehensive term that to state exactly all that it includes we should cover the whole range of written thought that Man in his wisdom has ever produced. And from the beginning of all things Man has always been a creature of a free will, expressing himself as he felt, and acknowledging no other influence (if he were a fellow of any spirit at all) than the natural impulse within him. Now, there never was any man the exact counterpart of another in the realm of thought, or even in the world of hard fact about us, and although many a man, considering him superficially, has seemed the exact twin of another, yet we have only to delve a little deeper to discover our mistake; that there is just that little difference which marks the man's individuality and sets him apart from all others.

It is this which is the keystone of personality. As Coleridge says, "Personality is individuality existing in itself, but with a nature as a background." The integrity of this most intangible fact is dependent almost equally on nature as on individuality. The former is the foundation, the latter the keystone, and even as keystone and foundation are in an arch closely associated, so, in personality, the nature and individuality must, of necessity, be combined. We may regard the writings of a man as the expression of his nature; but as the inherent human characteristic is individuality, and most markedly so in human thought, his personality must appear in the literature which he produces as a result of his reasoning and long meditation. I am afraid this last would be found an assertion rather too sweeping were it applied to modern work, for such a vast amount of literature that is set before our eyes nowadays is so emphatically not "the result of reasoning and long meditation" that I doubt if "literature" is anything more than a title of courtesy. But this is a subject of great age, for I can well imagine that learned philosopher, Bacon, turning up a disgusted nose at literary indiscretions that were modern to him, in precisely the same manner as we do to-day. When we consider the multitudes of books that have been produced and the few that have passed Time's searching test, we must surely wonder what was the intrinsic characteristic which preserved

some throughout long generations. Is it not for the same reason as that for which all those architectural wonders still remain to us: those imposing structures of the old Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, that still remain to delight the eyes of us who live thousands of years afterwards? These nations infused all their energy and personality into their work and brought forth "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." So is it with all great work. There must be behind it all the power of which the craftsman has command. In the art of letters it is only those men who were masters in their craft whose names have lived, and whose memory we still honour among the great men of our race. Their primary attribute was a personality which, through their books, has held the interest and admiration of succeeding generations.

There is a saying "Murder will out!" It is equally true of a writer's personality, be he of the ranks of prose or of poetry. There is always a style which will suit a writer, fit him like a well-tailored suit, but it frequently happens that he chooses a totally different manner of expression, and apparently destroys any chance of revealing himself as he is. But it is a thin cloak at best. For it is always possible to detect flashes of his inner nature, however much his style belies it. With the truly great man this cannot happen, for his personality, like a spirited horse, frets under the curb and champs the bit, impatient to be gone, but with the road clearly defined before it, when restraint is set aside, revels in its own natural powers.

In short, personality in literature is of two types. The first, that of the more mediocre writers, like a dead rat under a flooring, which at first is not apparent and only asserts itself gradually but surely; and the second, that of the fiery steed, which straightway flashes before our gaze, glorying in its own strength—the personality of genius.

But, whatever the work, prose or poetry, the personal seal of its author is there—always—indisputably so. We have a parallel in the art of painting, and that is even older than literature. When one has become reasonably conversant with the art, it needs but a glance,

when we see a picture and we say, "Oh, yes. A painting by Vermeer!" or "A Velasquez!" without even a thought of consulting the signature. Vermeer or Velasquez or Titian or Reynolds, or whoever he be, has, so to speak, written his name with every stroke of the brush. The painter seems incorporated in the whole work, and to say "Behold! an example of my art!"

Where, then, is the difference? If the painter

uses the clay of the earth as his pigment, has not the man of letters the treasures of language which he can employ? The former plies his art with colours, the latter with words. But painter or writer, or whate'er he be, the personality of the work is indelibly stamped on the masterpiece, if it be such, which, as the work of his hand and brain, he gives to the world for the delight and instruction of those who are as "yet unborn and unbegot."

HAROLD B. CARTER, 4D.

DREAM.

I.—THE CALL OF DREAMS.

(H. R. Quiney)

Through the midnight, faint and clear,
I have heard them calling, calling,
From the Ship of Dreams
And it seems

That what I seek is very near,
Nearer—closer—than the air.

Yet the bonds my spirit cannot break,
Hold me still, I cannot grasp it.

Through the midnight, faint and clear,
I have seen the Ship of Dreams,
As it floated down the River of the Stars.
Strange and stately, so it seems,
Yet the bars—

My spirit cannot break.
Hold me still—I cannot reach it.

Through the midnight, faint and clear,
I have heard the measured beat
Of the distant Sea of Space,
As it thunders on the Beaches of the Stars.

And it calls me—calls me—calls me,
Yet the bars—

I cannot break,
Hold me still, I cannot go.

Why, I wonder, am I held,
As by some olden magic spell?
Yet I yearn

For the things that I may see,
For the things that I may hear,
For the things I cannot reach.

II.—A PRAYER TO ONE I MEET IN DREAMS.

Queen of Night, thou callest me
(Though I cannot go)
Across the black immensity
Of space—and so—
This I pray—thou'lt come to me,
In dreams at least,
Till the sun shines rosily,
In the East.

Come to me in dreams, I pray,
With the evening light,
At the ending of the day,
Queen and goddess bright!
We will wander, hand in hand,
Where the lilies grow,
By the river, in the land
Of Oboth-No.

We will wander through the glades,
(For dreams stray far)
Of Sard-el-Thrion, city
Of the Evening Star.
And thou shalt teach me, word by word,
(Far from the Vale of Tears)
The secrets of the Universe,
That thou hast learned with passing years.

—Be this my prayer:—

"Come with the evening light,
Come with the dreams of cloud and air,
And stars, O Sister of the Night.
And we shall let the world go by,
O Queen and Sister, thou and I."

THE FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' UNION.

Synchronising with the advent of the School Union, a system was introduced on the suggestion of Mr. Thompson for the raising of money for our usual gift to the hospitals. By this system each boy is asked to give one penny per week to his class-captain, who hands over the collection to a committee of prefects, consisting of one member for each year, for banking. The account is with the Government Savings Bank in the name given above.

It is hoped that this idea, which has not previously been tried in the school, will provide the necessary means without at any time placing a strain upon the boys. A definite

objective has been fixed, and any surplus is to be used solely for purposes within the school. The system further possesses the advantage, if properly supported, of leaving our former resources, such as concerts, free for raising money, should occasion arise, for causes in which the boys themselves will benefit directly.

It is pleasing to note that so far the experiment has been reasonably successful. Moreover, the appointment of the Year Prefects provides every boy with the opportunity of presenting his views on any matter affecting the welfare of the school.

N. H. McINTYRE, Captain.

OF HOBBIES.

We all have our hobbies. Some are noble and inspiring and make us look into the future with loftier ideas.—I think of the wireless enthusiast for example, hanging his aerial on heights before unscaled—his chimney top.

A hobby, I believe, was quoted by someone or other as being Nature's something or other.—I forget which just now. Anyway it was just to the point.

Hobbies encompass a tremendous range, from beetle collecting to seaweed collecting, and, I might include, rent collecting. A very common and prosperous pastime for many to-day is the collecting of watches and jewellery (generally after dark), but this fascinating occupation has, unfortunately, been condemned as illegal.

Astronomy is a splendid hobby, for several reasons. To commence with, it is cheap, as there is no amusement tax to pay, and a telescope does not require a license. It is also a boon to weak-chested people, as there is no remedy like going on the roof at 2 a.m. on a chilly June morning to watch Neptune dashing round the heavens.

Of course, you must have a star map. This will inform you that the group of stars, shaped like a home-made wheelbarrow without a wheel, is the Great Bear group. It will also tell you that Omicron is umpteen billion miles away, and that it would take another umpteen billion or so years to reach it from the earth if you set out in a Yellow Taxi, as well as a

lot more of such astounding information.

Wireless is a fascinating hobby. A person who can talk glibly about high frequency transformers and neutrodynes is always surrounded by a group of admirers. Despite his vast knowledge, the same person has often great difficulty in finding the spot on his crystal.

A valve is a weird thing bearing a striking resemblance to another valve. It causes all that howling you have heard lately. Coils are things like cartwheels, and they help the valve to howl. The batteries and transformers all do their little bit to make the howling a brilliant success.

Nature study is a splendid hobby for those who enjoy mowing the lawn, feeding the fowls, and other agricultural pursuits. There are two classes of naturalists. He who dissects the flower to see if the pollen of the Papilionacea has been transmitted to the Rosacea, and he who dissects the flower with the idea of ascertaining whether "She loves me" or "She loves me not."

The latter class is the most common.

I know a person who was very keen on nature study for a week. At the end of this period he was unfortunate enough to strike a lily with a wasp in it. He now collects stamps.

Some people collect amazing things. I read the other day of a man who collected clocks. The mere thought of six hundred alarm clocks ringing the hour of ten, all together, fills the sleep lover with despair.

Another man once made the study of all the great characters of history. He did this for years and years. One morning he awoke with the firm conviction that he was Julius Caesar, and he offered to fight anyone who dared to say he wasn't. After smashing his piano with an axe, and marching his Roman soldiers up and down the hall, with a tea cosy on his

head and the cat under his arm, two warders came and collected him.

Still, it is just as well that we have our hobbies, as they fill in many weary hours, and, an even greater blessing, take our minds off our Latin homework.

"KNOWN," 5B.

SPEECH DAY.

Speech Day this year took place on May 24 (Empire Day). The earlier part of the morning was occupied with short lectures on the significance of Empire Day, and later in the customary decoration of class rooms. These decorations, it may be mentioned, were much admired by the visitors, who inspected them at the close of the proceedings.

Long before 2.15 p.m., when the ceremony was timed to commence, our guests were being conducted to their seats by the prefects.

At 2.15 p.m. the Headmaster rose to read his report. As the long list of successes, both scholastic and athletic, was read out a renewed pride and affection for the old school was felt by every Fortian. In both the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations our representatives did well. In the Leaving Certificate Examination sixty-nine candidates were successful, whilst one hundred and twenty-one passed the Intermediate. This is the greatest number ever successfully presented by the school. In the athletic world the school did well also—the number of scintillating cups on the platform bearing ample testimony to this fact.

Mr. Williams made special mention of the work being done to preserve the corporate spirit in the school. Class papers, lecture periods, debating clubs and, perhaps, most important of all, the school orchestra and community singing (both under the guidance of Messrs. Mote, Fairbairn and Gould) help very considerably in this respect.

At the end of the report a musical item was rendered by members of the school orchestra. Indeed, the pleasure of the afternoon was added to very considerably by the efforts of these boys, who played on several occasions.

Mr. Lasker, Deputy Director of Education, then spoke. Mr. Lasker in his speech remarked that in his long experience of High Schools generally, and of Fort Street in particular, he would make bold to assert that there is no greater school than Fort Street. He laid special stress on the value and importance of the work being carried on by the Education Department. Mr. Weekley, Deputy Mayor of Petersham, echoed these sentiments in his speech.

The prizes were then presented by Mr. Lasker.

Thanks to good organisation, the usual monotony of long prize lists was avoided. In a very short time all the prizes had been presented. Mr. McIntosh, as President, then presented the Old Boys' Union prize. This was won by N. Neal, last year's Senior Prefect. At the conclusion of the prize giving a vote of thanks to Mr. Lasker was proposed and seconded. This was carried by acclamation, and after the singing of "God Save the King" the gathering broke up. The visitors moved towards the Common Room, where refreshments were waiting, and the boys busied themselves with inspecting the decorations of the other classes, and with showing their visitors around the building.

The whole day was most enjoyable, and the visitors seemed much impressed with the efficiency of the school in every branch of its work.

Below is appended the list of prizes and their winners:—

FIRST YEAR.

Ernest Whitely—1st in Year, 1st Science.
Stanley Burton—2nd in Year, 1st History, 1st Geography.
David Verco—1st English.

Alex. Mathieson—1st Latin, 1st French.
 Bruce Hudson—1st German.
 Stanley Knapman—1st Mathematics.
 Albert Armstrong—1st Shorthand.
 Colin Dane—2nd History.
 Maxwell Ruddock, Frank Cheetham—2nd
 Geography (aeq.)
 Frank Freeman—2nd Latin.
 Phillip Naismith—2nd French.
 William Rogers—2nd Science.

SECOND YEAR.

Donald Hamilton—1st in Year, 1st English, 1st
 German, 2nd Geography.
 Leslie Barber—1st History, 1st Geography.
 Raymond Priddle—1st Latin.
 Robert Wyndham—1st French.
 John Boxall—1st Science.
 Norman Rose—1st History (aeq.).
 Cecil Macpherson—1st Mathematics.
 Mervyn Kemp—1st Business Principles and
 Shorthand.
 Victor Armstrong—2nd English.

Ronald Cohen—2nd German.

THIRD YEAR.

Rai Thistlethwayte—1st in Year, 1st History,
 1st Mathematics.
 Douglas Thistlethwayte—2nd in Year, 1st Latin.
 Louis Leck—1st English.
 Reginald Shortridge, William Holt, Alex Beattie
 —1st French (aeq.).
 Clive Craft—1st German.
 James Baldock—1st Science.
 Shane Paltridge—2nd History.
 Harold Brown—2nd Mathematics.
 Hugh Willis—Prize for Best Pass in Geography
 at Intermediate Certificate Examination.
 Adrian Old—Best Pass at Intermediate Cer-
 tificate Examination (10 A's).
 Donald Martin—2nd Pass at Intermediate Cer-
 tificate Examination (8 A's, 1 B).

FOURTH YEAR.

Neil McIntyre—1st in Year, 1st in Latin, 1st
 English, 1st French, 2nd Mathematics.
 Reginald Murphy—2nd in Year, 2nd English.

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 good all-wool English or Australian Tweeds in dark or mid greys.
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DAVID JONES'

Eric Dunlop—1st History, 1st Chemistry.
Wallace Lawrence—1st Mathematics.
John Chalmers—1st Physics.
Jack Patience—1st Geography.
James Russell—1st Economics.
Alex. Stevens—2nd History.
Allan Higgs—2nd Chemistry.
Kenneth Johnson—2nd Latin, 2nd French.

FIFTH YEAR.

Ivan Rose—1st in Year, Killeen Memorial Prize,
1st Mathematics, 1st Physics, 1st Mechanics.
Sydney Williams—2nd in Year, 2nd Mathematics,
2nd Mechanics (aeq.).
Edwin J. Hook—3rd (aeq.) in Year, 1st English,
1st History, 1st Latin.
Roger Jones—1st French.
Max. Dinter—1st German.

Albert Date—1st Economics.
George Dance—3rd (aeq.) in Year, Raymond
and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize (for
Essay).
Thomas O'Brien—5th in Year, 2nd Physics.
Percy Partridge—2nd English.
Thomas Hornibrook, John H. Pickard, 2nd
Latin (aeq.).
Kevin Ellis—2nd History.
Leslie Wenholz—2nd Mechanics (aeq.).
Geoffrey Martin—Best Pass in Latin at Leaving
Certificate Examination, H.M.'s Prize.
(Captain for two years).
Harold J. Henderson—Joseph Taylor Memorial
Prize for Best Pass in Geography at
Leaving Certificate Examination.
Noel Neal—Old Boys' Prize.

PRIZE WINNERS, 1926.

I.—ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

M. Stevenson—Senior Cup.
E. Gray—Junior Cup.
A. Schmidt—Under 14 Cup.
R. Humphries—2nd Senior Cup, Gold Medal.
H. Roulston—2nd Junior Cup—Gold Medal.
D. Peel—Diving Championship of the School.
Gold Medal.
S. Sellick—220 yards Championship of School.
Gold Medal.
N. Rose—Junior Breast Stroke Championship.
Life Saving Championship. Trophy.

2.—AWARDS FROM ROYAL LIVE
SAVING SOCIETY.

N. Rose—Silver Award of Merit.
H. Lambie—Instructor's Certificate.
N. McIntyre—Proficiency Certificate and
Bronze Medallion.
P. Kirby—Proficiency Certificate and Bronze
Medallion.
R. McCredie—Proficiency Certificate and Bronze
Medallion.
J. Hallett—Proficiency Certificate and Bronze
Medallion.
J. Jepsen—Proficiency Certificate and Bronze
Medallion.
C. Dane—Proficiency Certificate and Bronze
Medallion.
R. Thistlethwaite—Proficiency Certificate and
Bronze Medallion.
H. Bellhouse—Proficiency Certificate and
Bronze Medallion.

P. Gilbert—Proficiency Certificate and Bronze
Medallion.

M. Allen—Proficiency Certificate.

3.—ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

G. Forsyth—Senior Cup and Stan Levee Gold
Medal.
J. Curry—Junior Cup.
O. Rose—Under 14 Angus and Coote Cup.
B. Clark—Mile and Half Mile Championships.
Gold Medal.
W. Watson—14 Years Championship and Junior
Broad Jump. Gold Medal.
G. Arthur—16 Years Championship. Trophy.
M. Levitus—Senior Broad Jump. Trophy.
E. Dunlop—Senior High Jump. Trophy.
R. Jenner—220 Yards Senior Championship.
Trophy.
L. Wenholz—100 Yards Senior Championship.
Trophy.
C. McMullen—Senior Pole Vault. Trophy.
G. Schrader—Senior Hop, Step and Jump.
Trophy.
J. Shepherd—Half Milk Walk. Trophy.
J. Farlow—Junior High Jump. Trophy.
W. Backhouse—Junior Hurdles. Trophy.
K. Buxton—440 Yards Junior Championship.
Trophy.
A. Brown—Junior Pole Vault. Trophy.
J. Swadling—Junior Hop, Step and Jump.
Trophy.
N. Madsen—12 Years Championship. Trophy.
A. Schmidt—Under 14 Years High Jump.
Trophy.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

On Speech Day—May 24—Mr. Williams presented a brief report of the work of the school for the past year.

At both the Intermediate Certificate and the Leaving Certificate the school was well represented, and it is gratifying to record many signal successes.

At the Intermediate Examination 126 candidates were presented, of whom 121 passed. This is the greatest number of candidates yet presented at one examination. The total number of A passes was 310, and of B passes 606. The average number of papers in which each candidate passed was 7.6.

The best pass was that of Adrian Old, who gained the remarkable award of 10 A's, i.e., a first-class pass in 10 subjects. This constitutes a record pass.

Three boys gained 8 A's, 5 gained 7 A's, 3 6 A's, and 7 5 A's, i.e., 19 boys gained 5 A's or more each.—This is certainly a record of which the school may be proud.

At the Leaving Certificate Examination 69 candidates were successful. We gained ten First Class Honours and thirty second class Honours. Ivan Rose tied for first place in the State in Mathematics; E. J. Hook, K. Ellis and G. Dance gained first, second and third places in the State in History. The best pass was that of Ivan Rose, who gained 1st Class Honours in Maths, 1st Class Honours in Physics, 2 A's and 3 B's.

Other excellent passes were those of George Dance, Sydney Williams, Edwin Hook and Thomas O'Brien.

As a result of the L.C. Examination the following boys were awarded University Bursaries: E. J. Hook, I. Rose, T. O'Brien, and S. E. Williams.

In addition, University Exhibitions were gained by 23 of our boys, available in the following faculties:—

ARTS.—H. Davies, M. Dinter, E. Hook, G. Martin, N. Neal.

LAW.—K. Ellis, H. Evans, J. O'Toole, J. Pickard, R. Jones, L. Mathieson.

MEDICINE.—J. Beaumont, G. Dance, H. Hambrett.

SCIENCE.—G. Gawthrop, E. Hutchison, L. Wenholz.

ENGINEERING.—C. McMullen, T. J. O'Brien I. Rose, S. Williams.

ECONOMICS.—A. Date, A. Milne.

This makes the number of exhibitions gained by Fort Street boys, since the inauguration of the present system of secondary education, 410. In addition to these winners of exhibitions, a number of the 1926 pupils have entered the University, and several have been articled to solicitors.

Twenty-three have obtained admission to the Public Service, and 34 have won scholarships admitting them to the Teachers College.

MEMORIAL PRIZES.

The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize has been awarded to George Dance, who wrote an excellent essay on "Australia as a Nation."

The Killeen Memorial Prize, awarded for the best pass at the L.C., has been won by Ivan Rose.

The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prizes were awarded to Harold Henderson (Senior), and Adrian Old (Junior) for the best passes in Geography at the L.C. and Intermediate Certificate Examinations respectively.

The Headmaster's Prize has been awarded this year to Latin, and was won by Geoffrey Martin, who gained the best pass in that subject at the L.C.

The Fort Street Old Boys' Union have donated a Prize for General Proficiency in scholarship and school activities. This will be given each year. Noel Neal has the honour of being the first recipient of this award.

The Brendon Lane Mullins Memorial Gold Medal, and the C. J. Loewenthal Prize, awarded by the Royal Australian Historical Society for the best paper on Australian History at the L.C., was won this year by a Fort Street boy—Edwin Hook.

The achievements of Old Boys at the University are recorded elsewhere in this edition.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

The School continues its many activities with pleasing success.

The School Library has received an addition of a large number of books, mainly owing to the generosity of Dentist Philip Moses. We

have now approximately 3000 volumes, reference and fiction, and a greater number of readers than ever.

Debating Clubs are well established in 4th and 5th Years, and each class in the other years has its lecturette period each week.

The Seniors were successful in Inter-High School Debates against Sydney Boys' High and Fort Street Girls' High.

Community Singing and Instrumental Items continue to afford pleasure and instruction. Mr. Mote as conductor, ably assisted by Mr. Gould at the piano, is bringing our boys into closer acquaintance with many well known songs, and is also inculcating a knowledge of and taste for good music.

PLAY DAY.

This annual display of dramatic talent continues to increase in extent and popularity. Nineteen plays, representative of every period from Shakespeare to Bernard Shaw, were presented at last Play Day. The dramatic ability of our boys evoked much favourable comment. Last year, in response to many requests from parents, several of the plays were presented at an evening performance. This was well attended by parents and friends, and the innovation was highly appreciated.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

During the year a number of School Dances were held. In every case a successful and enjoyable evening resulted, with good attendances and a keen manifestation of enjoyment and goodwill. Our thanks are due in great measure to the committee of ladies who have assisted to make these functions so enjoyable. The first dance this year was an exceptionally successful function.

PLAYGROUND.

We have partly accomplished a rather large undertaking in the matter of filling up the playground. Many tons of earth have been brought from the railway excavations, and the former steeply sloping area has been brought nearer to a level. Our thanks are due to the Petersham Council for many loads of top-dressing. There is still much to be done before we have a good playing-area.

PRIZES.

A list of the Prize Winners will be found on another page.

At the conclusion of the Report, Mr. Lasker, Acting Director of Education, and a former master at Fort Street, congratulated Mr. Williams and his staff, on the excellent record presented.

AUTUMN : ADRIFT.

(F. Burn.)

"Beyond this valley—lo!—the angry sea!
Below the sullen shores each mountainous
Grey wave dies out in smoke of snowy spray.
And ever through that mist wild wings are
drifting

(White spirits of the wind—the cliffs—the seas
Of all wild shadowy longings and regrets).

"The chill, rain-drenched trees, are gently
rocking

In drifts of cloudy rain, blown fitfully
Across the valley's deeps from the heights of
stone,

With sounds that, moving as from leaden harps,
Come and die off, and dying, rise again.

"A sad, grey half-sleep drifteth round about
The watcher, moping lonely by the rocks.
Still struggling with its tides, writhing, his soul
Cries on the gods behind the heaven's pall;
Yea, begs the levin-flame its veil to rift,
(The thunders reeling thro' the broken skies).
The swift winds sweeping by, with fingers
strong

To bare the bosom of the kindly ev'n:
The deep blue seas of night, agleam with peace,
Liquid with moony light, lofty with singing
fires.

"Beneath the slant, grey rains his prayer sinks
down,
And o'er it all drifts on, drifts on and on."

A PAINFUL NARRATIVE.

In the Land of Sand there bloomed a veritable oasis of oases. Passing rich it was as to dates and camels—always most stable commodities; passing famous as to its mighty Sheikh, whose praises and money-bags only concern us in so far as they increase the charms of his daughter; and passing everything envied as to its princess, that same daughter, with whom lies our purpose. Fair as the dawn, sweet as the flowering olive branch, remote as the stars, she might well have typified the houri of houris, for in her composition was none of the bitterness of the desert. But though her generous nature was unspoiled, though her legion allurements remained quite ingenuous, it must be borne in mind that she was a child of the elements, and a princess to boot; and there was a sinister note in the words of the old witch, who had lately been fed to the vultures for maintaining that a diet of asses' milk could not but affect mind as well as body. At that we must leave our introduction to the Princess, who shall be known as "Fountain-in-the-Sand," for short.

Anob was a youthful sheikh who lorded it on an oasis near by. Martial renown had never flushed his brow, for the Princess' father was wont to tread violently upon his ambitious neighbours now and then. However, he was not a bad fellow, though something of a purist on such small trifles as enunciation. His realm produced vast numbers of camels and horses, vast herds of cattle and goats; nowhere in the whole country was to be seen such grass. Now, Anob was proud of his grass and of his physique, so he had cut down every date-palm on the place to make more space for prolific herbs; he said that he could do without fruit, since a diet of beef, and more beef, to which others were opposed, was, in his opinion, the true secret of physical perfection. Certain it was that his policy at least provided him with more than an elegant sufficiency of lucre.

Horid was a dentist, a dentist with not a single rival in that place of irreproachable ivories. He occasionally put through a shrewd

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5/3	5/9	7/3	8/6	9/9 ea.

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business deal, and his inherited competency had been so augmented by gifts from dying old spinsters that he could produce more hard cash than the old Sheikh himself. Of actual land, however, he held little. His mental field was hedged by an entirely citified outlook, and his pleasures were essentially citified also. In short, he was the direct antitype of Anob.

The time had come for husbands-elect to qualify for the hand of the Princess, and, as usual, when all others had been weeded out, Anob found that it was the hated Horid who remained in the running with himself. In every accepted test they had tied, so that it was finally decided to leave the choice to the Princess herself. Accordingly, both suitors were brought into the Court, and it fell to Horid to state his case first.

"To thee," quoth Horid, "To thee, O Fountain-in-the-Sand, I offer that heart which burns for thee as does the throat of the desert wayfarer at noon for the soothing waters of the green oasis. To thee I offer the gleanings of my life; to thee, wealth untold—jewels, silks, slaves—all that delights the hearts of women. Sheltered shalt thou be from the desert storm, from the wild perils of life! Here in the city thou shalt live in one long dream of happiness."

The Princess was visibly moved. The gently-uttered syllables might have bewitched her ear. The partisans of Anob muttered as their leader arose.

"Fountain of my life," said he, "with me thou wouldst learn the joy of victory over the elements. On my oasis, plentifully supplied by my herds with that food of foods, and none of your soft dainties, we should be strong to face whatever Life might offer." He was slow of speech, and his appointed time expired as he got thus far; so, his great teeth gleaming as he showed them for his symbol against the ring which Horid had produced, he subsided.

Still the Princess could not decide. "Consider," cried Horid, "my emblem!" "Consider," cried Anob, "my emblem!" Eventually the old Sheikh interposed that she should investigate what they offered, and so, to see who should demonstrate first, the Princess, blindfolded, was placed in the middle of the Court. At one end stood Horid, holding aloft the ring,

symbol of the sheltered life; at the other, Anob, his teeth bared. A sacred stone was placed in her hand, and she began to twirl around, faster and faster, the idea being that it would fly from her hand to him who should have the first chance. Faster and faster—round and round! In a moment the stone flew, straight in the teeth of Anob, some of which he swallowed, others being scattered on the sands! He retired with a surgeon, and the Court prepared to visit his domain. Horid laughed loud and long. He no longer raised any objections, for already he had a fell scheme in mind.

On the third morning, the Court issued at an early hour from its tents on Anob's oasis. When all was ready, he re-opened his case. Poor fellow, when the bandages were removed, he was a ghastly spectacle. His lips, horribly swollen, seemed to fill his mouth; his cheeks were cavernous, and his brow was furrowed with pain and worry, for he was deeply sensible of his disadvantage. The hearts of the Court were surely moved to pity. He rose, only to fall at the feet of the Princess, as he began to speak.

"O, F-f-f-f—!" His lips would not function. "O F-f-fountain-in-th-th-th-thand!" He got no further. The Princess, untaught to master her feelings, had been shaken with diabolical mirth as she saw him there, a mockery of his former self; now, at the writhings of those poor lips, her own flew wide apart, and shriek after shriek, bray after bray (was it that asses' milk?) of wild laughter echoed through the place. Gone was the sweet childish spirit; here was a beautiful, heartless fiend. And poor Anob, his soul crushed, cursing himself, cursing his misfortune, fled to his tent, still calling on the mistress of his heart for pity.

The Court was in an uproar. The Princess was finally quietened, and Anob's younger brother allowed to speak, but she was still convulsed at every recollection. Said the younger brother, "O Princess, Anob is good, Anob is mighty, Anob dies of love for thee!" "And he may die till he grows more teeth!" scorned the lady, with Horid braying in attendance.

"But Horid shall make some more teeth," pleaded the young man eagerly. "Only from the pits of my brother can Horid obtain clay

for plates of teeth, and Anob has always given him enough. Horid will surely make some teeth!"

The Princess had at last regained her composure. "Be it understood," said she, "that the man I love must not have a tooth missing. Anob I could have loved—have endured his scarred face, but his pretty speech all twisted—!" She laughed again. Then, turning to Horid, "Take care lest a broken tooth ever mar thy accent and thy suit!"

"But Horid will make some," reiterated the brother. All eyes turned on the dentist, as he

drew himself up scornfully. "What do I care for Teeth? If you gave me your pits I would never even make another tooth! Let Anob get along with it! Gorge him on his "food of foods, and no soft dainties!" And his laughter could be heard with that of the Princess long after the Court had left the oasis.

Arrived home, he destroyed his dental instruments. Then, summoned to the Court, he set out confidently, thinking on matters in general. As Anob crossed his mind, he gritted his teeth—and lo! a broken-off front tooth flew from his mouth!

PABULA TOR, 5C.

WHEN I WAS DOWN BESIDE THE SEA.

When I was down beside the sea
The moonbeams kissed the wavelets free,
The silvery sands enchanted me,
—When I was down beside the sea.

A lonely night-bird hover'd high
Above its mate's weird, mournful cry,
Above the ocean's heave and sigh,
—A lonely night-bird hover'd high.

I heard the music of the sea
In ripples murmuring ceaselessly;
It told of wondrous things to be,
—When I was down beside the sea.

Some stars were twinkling in the sky,
A great white moon went sailing by,
—A lustrous moon, serene and high
When faint stars twinkled in the sky.

And far across the glistening sea
Was silver carpet laid for me,
And seemed the shimmering sands to be
The portal of eternity.

H. MOORE.

OUR ANTIQUARIES.

A small but devoted society of antiquaries has been delving in the archives of Fort Street. These research students have found much in the text books, letters, memoirs, diaries, &c., of by-gone days that must be of interest to all who occupy our classrooms now. Infinite labour has gone into this selection of passages, and no less into the modernising of archaic forms of expression and of obsolete spelling. To this enthusiastic band of fellow students, therefore, our thanks are due.

Here follow the first fruits of this diligent research:—

From a 5th Year Diary—evidently of very early times, and found in playground excavations. Hiatuses (or is it 'hiati.' What is the plural, anyway?) are due to the effects of weathering:—

Monday, May 2nd.—Should have been attending Newcastle School to-day. They have a holiday for May Day. Arrived at school at 9.14½ a.m.—entered in "Late Register Book." Reported for lateness, and let off under First Offenders' Act with a caution, there being only one first day. Tuesday, May 3rd.— . . . Studied Dr. Johnson's fine essay, "A Passage in Macbeth." Concluded that the doctor was a growling old bear who criticised everything he did not like. All believed him because they did not understand him.—I do not believe him.

. . . . To Laboratory to work out percentage of pure Oxalic Acid in Commercial Oxalic Acid. Secured the best answer with 104%. Wednesday, May 4th.—Arrived ready to play football, my union fee being paid. . . . busy in thinking out football moves. . . . Had "English Essays"

or "Julius Caesar," am not sure which. Believe Brutus and Cassius had an argument—probably about the price of fish. . . . Still thinking of football when Carmen II. was passed to me. I fumbled and endeavoured to tackle an opponent who secured it, but "necklaced" him. Frank took up the attack, and when I shrieked, "Pass it out, Frank!" the referee (Mr. P——) intervened and sent me off the field. I stood on the touchline (front corridor) until the team came off at 12.30.

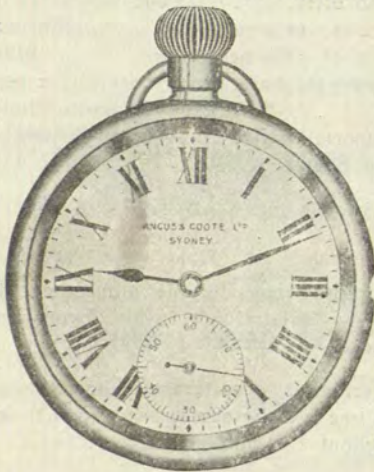
Friday, May 6th.—All prefects in Sunday best for the debate with Fort Street Girls' more new suits everywhere.—Photographer expected. . . . Pleasant surprises; no Maths. test, and not called on to translate Latin. . . . Most interesting debate on "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War." Government leader said something about aeroplanes, wireless and poison gas. Opposition leader also mentioned these. Government Whip lisped a little and spoke of "Peath," and, I believe, he mentioned wireless and aeroplanes. Opposition Whip gained effect from dramatic

pauses. Government leader said Opposition did not know the subject of the debate. This was unfortunate as it was nearly over. He said "Peace was not greater than war, nor less than war, but equal to war in all respects." In other words, congruent went home to do my homework.

A curious, old time-stained letter tells of a sad case indeed. "My son, Egbert," so it runs, "is far from well. He talks in his sleep. Here are some snatches from his wanderings. Can you advise what I should do?"

". . . . In the meantime, however, you can be doing this in the meantime. . . . The class, AND D-g-n, Quick March! . . . You WILL take risks, my boy. . . . These mountains, as it were, so to speak, have very little 'erbage on them. . . . Come here, THAT boy. . . . Sit down, you blot on the landscape, SIT DOWN! Here, give me a ruler, someone. . . . Yes, the great aunt of George III. was a victim of acute chilblains. . . . Taak it away. . . . We will now discuss that absorbing topic, Formal Grammar."

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"These are his meanderings all night long. My little Egbert is such a good boy, and both his aunties say"

The strange epistle could not be deciphered further.

Even in early times Fort Street was associated with motoring. A student of other days has left on record in delightfully intimate letters that:—

"There is already one road-hog (a term, evidently, for which there is no modern equivalent) in 5A. His name shall be unwritten since he has been caught once only for doing 70 m.p.h. Now then, Fred, do not do any rash things on your Rudge—when you get it."

A spectator in the dim past leaves us some first impressions. Present patrons of our luxuriously appointed tuck-shop will be interested and amused:—

" Soon a bell rang and hundreds of boys crowded from the doorways. I recognised a few friends, and we stood talking on the "Quad" for some minutes. Someone mentioned the tuck-shop. I asked where it was, and, after being directed to go down some steps and turn to the right, I found myself in a place where books were being given to students. I could see the tuck-shop, but could not make out how to get there. I tried to open a window, but a man in a grey coat and spectacles, and who seemed to own this book shop, told me to close the window and go away.

"I ran out, turned some corners, and found the tuck-shop.

"It was a strange sight. Boys climbed over each other, singing as they did so a wild song of but a single verse. It sounded somewhat like 'Gallagher—roll—caretaker.'

"I asked for a pie. The shopman plunged an arm down a barrel and served me an oblong article from which steam was rising. I said to myself, 'Funny pies!' And when I took off the silver paper I was left with an Eskimo pie. Really vexed at such patent trickery, I was returning to the counter when the bugles blared"

Musty and soiled examination papers give up their meed of humour and pathos. If these "howlers" amuse you, just think, too, how old they are:—

"'The albatross came to the mariner's hollo', that is the place on the second deck where the sailors keep their provisions.'" . . . "Terra incognita', Latin for Hidden Terror," . . . "Life is mostly froth and bubble,' this proves Mrs. Gordon made Adam Lindsay wash himself too often." . . . "Pope wrote 'To lose is human, to win divine.'" . . . "Sulphuric acid is dug out of wells near Scone." . . . "Bluestone, or copper sulphate, is very useful for repairing roads." . . . "Wordsworth wrote 'Imitations of Immortality.'" . . . "'Et tu Brute!' means 'O you brute!'"

DEBATING.

This year, as usual, debating has played a prominent part in the activities of the school. The beginning of the year did not appear too bright as regards debating, but enthusiasm soon spread, and many good debates ensued.

Throughout the year the committee, which consists of Sawkins, Stevens, Andrews and Russell as selectors and Higgs acting *ex-officio*, being secretary of the society, played their part well in choosing suitable subjects for the weekly debates in the Library. Towards the end of the second term, however, owing to several misunderstandings, the debates were, on two or three occasions, cancelled, and mock trials arranged in their place. These, I am

sure, caused considerable amusement to our fifth year (even if not to Mr. Lyons and Mr. Roberts.)

Nevertheless, despite their shortcomings, the committee is to be commended upon their work throughout the half-year.

The only inter-school debate to take place was that against Fort Street Girls. This resulted in a win for our fair opponents by 291 points to 286. The subject under discussion was one which afforded great scope for debaters, namely: "That Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War." We were well represented by three of our best speakers—Stevens,

Russell and Andrews—who affirmed that statement.

Accepting the girls' kind invitation, all the prefects were present at the debate.

Stevens opened with a well-prepared speech, which gave our other speakers confidence. After the Opposition's first speech, Russell continued our cause with the best speech we have known him to make. He spoke with all the confidence of an old hand, and this put us in a favourable position. This speech must have inspired the Opposition, for their second speaker replied to Russell with an equally good speech.

Our Whip, Andrews, with his usual vehemence, showed our opponents some fine points in stentorian-like voice production.

In his reply, Stevens, having gained more confidence in himself, spoke as he can speak, and finished by driving home some very convincing arguments.

After our keenly-fought contest we were conducted to an upper room, where we partook of a little refreshment, which was indeed welcome.

The annual debate against fourth year resulted in a victory for "the Pride of the School." The contest was held in the hall, and great interest was shown by both sides. The subject under discussion was one of general interest, "That hereditary influences are greater than environment." Fifth year affirmed this statement, and was represented by Owens, Sawkins, and Sweeney. For the Opposition spoke Leck, Melville, and Conlin.

Mr. Tierney acted as adjudicator, and offered after the debate a criticism of each speech and speaker. According to his adjudication, the victory was won by 85 points to 71, the possible being 100.

We have not yet been able to have our annual debate with Sydney High. However, this, we hope, will take place, either soon before the Mid-winter Vacation, or early after it.

The return debate with the Girls' School will take place next term. Throughout the half year the matter of arranging the chairman for each week has been decided by the committee, each member taking his turn to hold that office.

BOYS . . .

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THE MICROPHONE.

How many people, I wonder, as they sit in their favourite easy chairs, the loud-speaker pouring forth the rich liquid notes of a trilling soprano, or the exquisite music of some great symphony orchestra, give so much as a single thought to the wonderful instrument that enables such music to delight their hearts. The microphone has been accurately named "the ear of the world," and by means of it an unlimited number of people can be entertained. Could the artist but see his audience he would undoubtedly be overcome by the realisation of its size. But only a strange little metal box stands before him, the symbol of his vast unseen audience.

It has never been explained why the microphone, an innocent-looking openwork disc, should inspire fright or nervousness. Perhaps it is the Unknown, but at all events such a well-known and experienced actor as Hobart Bosworth said that three times in his life fright had mastered him.—His first appearance on the stage, before a movie camera, and before a microphone.

It is ever on the alert to "put over" every bad point as well as every good one of the performer, and, although it is charitable about reacting to the performer's limitations, it is also cold and indifferent to his triumphs.

The microphone is but one part of the vast inheritance that radio has taken from telephony. It was invented for use in the ordinary telephone, and its history and development have involved a large amount of research.

Curiously enough, the highly efficient microphone, such as that now used in broadcasting, was developed long before its present use was anticipated. It was first used as a laboratory instrument in connection with researches conducted on transmitted speech, and so, when broadcasting was inaugurated, this perfect microphone was ready for adoption in its new role. To be capable of perfect reproduction the microphone must respond to high-pitched tones and low-pitched tones equally. If any are either over or under-emphasised, an unnaturalness will result. This is known as distortion. Microphones are now built which respond with great fidelity to all of the frequencies between 50 and 6000 vibrations per second. Not only must the microphone respond to a wide range of frequencies faithfully, but it must reproduce a wide range of intensities. The same microphone that reproduces the grand crescendo of a whole orchestra may a moment later be required to reproduce the fine touches of a violin, which are scarcely audible even to those in the studio. It is, indeed, a marvel of science.

C. WILLIAMS. 5C.

THE LOCUST.

"The locusts' glad chirrup may furnish a stave."

(D.G.H., 3C.)

O Locust, thou most gladsome of God's things,
 Who pourest forth thy song in bliss unbound;
 The message that thy chirp conveys to me
 Fills me with happiness and hope profound.
 I hear thee chirping in the laurel tree,
 When shades of evening lengthen on the
 ground;
 And suddenly upon my mind there dawns
 The truth that from thy happy song is found.
 For whether Fortune smiles or frowns on thee,
 Thy hope still flameth, changing not thy tone;
 And clear within my inner heart I feel
 A little thrill, scarce felt, but truly known.

And now my spirit, idle, dormant, stirs,
 Is charged anew with joy and glowing faith;
 For once again my heart beats high with hope,
 And banished are my fears of harm and scathe.
 Thy happy song has fanned into a flame
 That tiny spark called Hope, which ever glows
 Where darkest lie the shadows of the night,
 Whence Death has driven all his other foes.

Thus I may now go steadfast through the world,
 And unto thee my gratitude is due;
 For thou hast shown that there is yet a way,
 In spite of all, to lead to life anew.

AFTER SCHOOL DAYS-- WHAT?

The choice is wide, so wide for many clever boys that it is difficult to choose. Medicine, Law, Engineering, Accountancy, Salesmanship, Merchandising.

For the professions, the road is clear, the requirements known. For Business? Too many lads are unaware that "business," big merchandising, is also rapidly acquiring a professional status, and demanding high and special attainments as the price of success.

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THE DROVER'S RETURN.

The woman at the gate sighed wearily and looked at the sun, now almost set. Around her the rolling plains, brown, undulating, stretched far into the distance, with here and there an occasional tree serving but to intensify, by contrast, the prevailing solitude and monotony. Again she sighed and turned wearily inside the shanty; the lot of a drover's wife is a hard one. Her husband had not been home for six months; he was away in Northern Queensland with fifteen hundred head. Since he had left, her child had been born in the little town, eighty miles away. Her nearest neighbours—on the big cattle station—were about sixty miles distant, and she lived with the baby and her son of ten on the few acres her husband had bought with the savings of years. She had once been a cultured gentlewoman, and had married the sunburnt drover on the impulse of a moment; the hard life of trying to eke out a living on the land had aged and wearied her more quickly than it would a bush woman.

As she turned in, her small son, Billy, ran from behind the stables. "Mum," he called, "there's a lotter abos down by the creek with clay on their chests. They're carryin' spears, too." The woman paled beneath her tan. Here, on the fringe of the Territory, the dread of a rising of the blacks was ever present. To her, particularly, the fear loomed large, for she was far from any assistance. "Billy, are you sure?"

"Yes, Mum, there's about fifty thousand of them," said the child, with childhood's exaggeration, "all with nulla nullas an' spears an' boomerangs." The boy was truthful, and the mother knew that the danger had come. She hustled the boy in, barred the door, and shuttered the windows. Then she snatched up an old shot gun and looked for the box of cartridges. The boy suddenly looked anxious, and a faint cry came from the mother as she found the box half empty. "Billy, have you been using them again?" she asked.

"Yes, Mum," with downcast eyes. "Oh, Billy, how could you?" she almost sobbed. There was no recrimination. What was the use? It would do no good. Besides, she had been a gentlewoman once. The scalding tears of self-

reproach rose to the boy's eyes, and his bare foot scratched at the floor. Suddenly his eyes lighted up. "Mum," he said, "let me ride to Eureka and git Mr. Stockly and his men." "Get," murmured the woman almost mechanically, her eyes gleaming in spite of herself. Then the light went out in her eyes. "Billy, you could never ride the roan all that way." The roan was the one memory of old times—besides the fashion books—in her life. A wonderful horse, the drover had bought it for her. Though city bred, the love of a good horse was in her, and many a glorious gallop she had enjoyed. But for her little son to ride him sixty miles! "Aw, yes, I could, Mum!" She went to the door, opened it, and looked out as though to seek advice. A dull glare was in the sky—the corroboree fire. Her heart sank still lower. The blacks meant something serious when they held a war corroboree. She turned suddenly. "Billy, do you really think you could do it?" Billy looked her straight between the eyes, "Yes, Mum."

"Then come, I'll help you saddle up."

When the roan was saddled the woman fondled his muzzle, and then, in a sudden passionate mother embrace, strained her son to her breast. "Hurry, Billy, but oh, my son, look after yourself." She stepped back and hardly heard the roan gallop away, for her whole form was shaken with sobs.

Back in the hut, she gave her child its meal, put it to bed, and, loading the gun, dragged a chair to a window which she unshuttered. She sat down to wait for what came. It was, by now, seven. Billy had been gone about fifteen minutes; it would take the roan, though burdened by Billy's light weight only, at least another four and a half hours to cover the sixty miles to Eureka; an hour to muster the men, and five hours to arrive! Six o'clock before they came! If, as she did not think they would, the blacks attacked before dawn, she was beaten. She might stave them off from dawn till six, for her cartridges would, with care, last about an hour. She thought it would be dawn before the blacks came, and so she expected to be able to win through.

It was not so much for herself but the chil-

dren—Tom was the average Australian, casual, care-free, apt to forget his responsibilities. She had loved him once, but the terrible heat, the floods, the drought, had turned her love to a negative thing—a mere absence of dislike! He was a good man in his way, generous to her when he was paid his cheque, but with no capacity for money-making. Ah! How she wished he could make his fortune—the glories she would return to in her city home—fine dresses, jewels, luxury, attention. She had been a social celebrity.

What was that! That tuft of grass! What makes it quiver? She gripped her gun more firmly, and nervously cocked it. Then she laughed in a shaky, hysterical manner as the old cat meowed. Her tense body relaxed.

A peculiar old cat that. It left her house every month or so and ran wild—wild as her boy, Billy. Poor Billy! He was a good child—like his father, likeable, very likeable.

Time dragged on. The grass stirred gently in the soft breeze. Gradually her weariness and excitement overcame her. Her head drooped to her breast, and the gun slipped from her grasp. She slept, stirring uneasily in her sleep.

An hour later! Out from the hut came black figures, carrying with them all of the household possessions that interested their childish intellects. Inside lay sad evidence indeed of their visit.

Midnight! Along the track came a man, sitting his horse with the long stirruped, slouching seat of the Australian bushman. The dead woman's husband had ridden hard to come there that night, and, by the perversity of fate, though using the same trail as his son, had taken a short cut and missed him. He clattered up to the door of the dwelling which his wife had made a home, dismounted, and stepped inside.

His face was very white in the moonlight

when he stepped outside. He had never till then realised how much his wife had really meant to him. Suddenly he dropped to the ground in an anguish of grief, and for many minutes his mingled curses and prayers ascended to the wise God Who understands that sometimes they mean the same. As abruptly as it had commenced, this paroxysm ended, and the man rose. He raised his hands to Heaven in an action which would have been melodramatic had he not been alone. "So help me God, I'll kill every black wretch who helped in this night's work.

He walked inside the hut and tenderly kissed his dead wife's forehead. Then he took the gun and the box of cartridges, strode to his horse, mounted, and rode away in the track of the blacks.

Four o'clock! From the direction of the corroboree fire sudden shots—shouts—the cry of a man in agony—silence . . .!

Six o'clock! The drumming of hoofs up the trail again. The men from Eureka had arrived. The riders entered the hut and found there a squalling child and the poor cold mother. The child had wakened from its sleep, and was voicing its hunger, and found no mother to tend it. In wild vengeance they rode to the blacks' camp, and there found the man who had avenged his wife and—as he thought—his baby. He was long past all human aid. Around him were four blacks, all with shotgun wounds. Two of the party took him back to the hut and buried him tenderly with his wife. The others completed his work of revenge (and never again did the blacks molest the whites in that district).

Out on the rolling plains, brown, undulating, stretching far into the distance, with here and there an occasional tree, serving but to intensify, by contrast, the prevailing solitude and monotony, two graves are all that tell of this old-time tragedy.—L. LECK, 4D.

TWILIGHT AND SHADOWS.

Down sinks the crimson orb of light
Behind the swaying trees,
The flowers whisper soft good-night,
And gently blows the breeze.

The waterlilies on the lake
Their soft white petals fold,
As o'er their leaves the waters break
Into their hearts of gold.

And in the shadows grey and dim
One fancy shapes may see—
A grotesque goblin, lithe of limb,
Or elves who dance with glee.

By now the moon is rising high
And lights the twinkling bay,
The flying bats around me cry,
And shadows creep away.

H. PATERSON, 4A.

THE CHASERS CHASED.

At the back of our place was a paddock of some thirteen acres, in which some cattle, ranging from mere "poddies" to worn-out old cows, were grazing. They belonged to an old Irish cattle dealer. And there sat five of us—all boys—and with nothing to do to satisfy our hunger for mischief. Suddenly my eye fell on the cattle.

"How about a chase?"

"Chase what?" asked my cousin.

"Those cows," I replied briefly.

No sooner said than done. Soon we were creeping up the ridge to where the poor unconscious beasties were blissfully grazing. But ignorance is bliss, and so the cattle continued in the gentle occupation, with never a thought of the five mischievous little boys who were creeping up on them, armed with the best switches available. We reached the top of the ridge, and, with a loud huzza, dashed to the attack. The cattle raised their heads and looked stupidly at the approaching party, waving sticks and shouting menacingly. With a cheer we burst upon them. What thoughtless beings we were when we were small boys! Not till we were right on them did the cattle realise that anything was the matter. Then they turned and went at a lumbering gallop straight for the nearest corner of the paddock—just where we wanted them. It is remarkable that such an ungainly gait as that of an old cow should develop such a speed, but it was all we could do to keep pace with the poor unfortunates. When they found the fence barring their escape they pulled up short in dismay. With a shout of triumph we dashed at our victims. The herd broke in confusion, getting in one another's way in their blind fear. If one broke away it was promptly rounded in. At last the mob got out, and the chase continued back the way it had come. We followed, shouting lustily, at the rear of the fugitives, now rapidly disappearing over the ridge. We reached the top, and I yelled in alarm. "Heres' Old Fifty-Bob! Look out, go for your life!"

And, sure enough, coming up the rise to meet us, was the infuriated old gentleman who owned the cattle, in his hand a good solid

stick, which, by our hurried and extremely agitated glance, was pronounced a gun.

"He'll stop at nothing now!" I gasped, though I knew that, on the whole, Fifty-Bob was quite a decent old fellow. As we turned to run he flung the stick, to my great relief, at one of my cousins, the biggest of the party. The stick missed and flew through a barbed-wire fence. This gave us our chance, and we were off helter-skelter down the slope. Fear lent us wings, for behind us laboured the owner of our late victims. The tables were turned; the chasers were being chased.

We made record time through a barbed-wire fence, in whose tender embrace my brother left half his shirt, and, reaching the creek, we dashed along it. Then we sped through the next paddock and hid behind a neighbour's shed, where we felt fairly safe from the vengeance of the indignant old gentleman, who was now nowhere to be seen. But our rising hopes were indeed short-lived, for round the corner came our pursuer, still grasping his heavy and dangerous-looking stick.

"Noo, ye bhoys, ye think ye're cliver, don't ye?"

The words stirred us into instant action. Round the corner we dashed, and across the neighbour's yard. The daughter of the house came out and rescued my young brother from the grasp of our antagonist.

Meanwhile the chase proceeded. We cleared the front fence (at least, those of us who could, did) and dashed up the road at the top. We did not feel safe till we had crawled securely under the house, there to discuss our adventure at leisure.

Mother, who had seen the performance, went out and apologised profusely to the old gentleman, which somewhat settled his ruffled emotions. And so the whole affair passed over. We crept out from hiding when we considered it prudent to do so, and the neighbour whose shed had provided a temporary haven in the human tempest, graciously remarked:

"I don't know what it would have been like to be in it, but I know it was grand to watch."

D. G. HAMILTON, 3C.

NAROOMA.

You've heard, maybe, the praise of Sydney sung
—Its praises o'er the Seven Seas have rung—
But I, of Sydney, can no longer boast,
For Beauty's home is on our Southern Coast.

Tho' far away, 'tis like a fairy land,
Where seas of azure lap the golden sand,
Where all the summer happy beings play,
And bell-birds peal their music through the day.

Narooma! No mere words can tell its worth,
—A shrine more blest to me than all on earth;
Its very name my soul with yearning fills;
I long to see again its verdant hills.

For here's a spot where you forget your care
And sit enraptured by such beauty rare,
A Paradise where you shall make your home,
Where wanderers stay and care no more to roam.

CALDWELL, 4A.

OF LIFE.

Someone said to me to-day that he could see no purpose in Life. Knowing something of his story, I understood his bitterness, and pitied him. Nevertheless, my friend, to me, if not to you, Life seems vital—pregnant with Divine Forethought. "But," you say, "often it happens that the purpose appears to be beyond the understanding of even the noblest of men. Indeed, there often seems no under-

lying principle whatsoever."

Courage, my friend! Come with me into a garden. Observe you that shy violet here, that crimsoning rose yonder? Mark you the delicate beauty of the one, and the colourful splendour of the other? Say, can you not now understand that, if such things be in Life, there is a Purpose behind it all?

L. LECK, 4C.

RAIN.

Oh, God above, I thank You for Your many gifts! I thank You for the howling wind and the angry sea, and the slashing hail, and the deafening thunderclap. Many and great are Your gifts, and for all I thank You. But to me, Oh God, Your gifts are best when there lies behind them the feeling of unlimited power. I do not thrill to Your gentler riches, to the calm feeling of peace after storm, as I do to the ones which echo the tumult in my soul. Above all, I thank You for the scudding rain.

bleak lone road, when the wind drives into my face, cutting as fierce as a whip might; to bow my head and thrust my hands deeper into my pockets as a sudden wind flurry makes me stumble and almost fall. It is true soul balm to me to plod along and feel the clear rain threshing the unrest out of me with wild, tumultuous fury.

Oh, God above, I thank You for Your gifts, but above all—great and many though they be—for the rain which purges me of the world.

L. LECK, 4C.

Oh Lord! How good it is to walk down a

TEX.

Crack! A bullet whizzed past and buried itself in the red earth behind him. With the blazing sun laughing scornfully overhead, Tex Stewart, cowboy and outlaw, rushed behind a circle of stones and settled down to pick off each man as he appeared.

A strong, active, brown, sunburnt man—quick on the draw, and a dead shot—that's Tex!

Bang! Another bullet zipped past and ricocheted off the rock on to the sandy bottom of the cairn.

Soon another crack answered. Then some-

where else another rang out. Soon a crowd of men were on the scene—outraged citizens of all the neighbouring ranches.

Bowie knives flashed! Bullets zoomed and zipped! Revolvers and rifles cracked! Horses whinnied! Spurs flashed.

Tex fired and loaded until his hands were blistering from the heat.

But the men crept gradually towards him. One by one they appeared over the top. One by one they were pulled in and allowed to feel the air whistle through them.

Tex's hat now riddled with bullets, and, with men closing on him, he found it necessary to pile up the dead around him. At length he was forced to stand on them to see over the top.

Man after man tasted the red soil of Texas—to his regret—until but twelve remained. Tex now had his shirt blown away by the bullets, while his trousers and boots were in the process of dissolution. He had no ammunition! Now, indeed, was his resource to be tested! The remaining twelve drew off, then made a concerted attack on the fortress of dead bodies. Tex waited till they were all on top, then, with

a wonderful dive, he dived through the bottom of the rampart, causing it to collapse and bury all his active opponents.

However, Tex scrambled out and made a rush to his horse, and then, with a final shot of defiance, he frightened away all the others' horses and rode off . . .

Let us hurry on. In the next two hours Tex, his eyes narrowed to slits, "shot up" three towns and four villages. He himself was wounded in twenty-one places. Riddled with bullets, he tightened his lips and rode off. He saved the life of the sheriff's daughter. His reformation commenced. He rescued a train from bandits. The sheriff's daughter was aboard that train. His reformation continued . . . And so on, and so on. Anyway, you know that Tex now owns Gunsight Ranch. Oh, yes, if you must know, they lived happily ever, ever after. Still, that doesn't matter much; I just wanted to tell something about Tex. Later on you must hear something, too, of Tex's friends—Bud, Hank, Buck, Mex, and Cal. But I'll let you off this time with Tex and a caution.

R. IRISH, 3D.

THE ROCK POOL.

There is little along the coast of New South Wales more interesting and fascinating than a rock pool. It is interesting in the strange organisms which thrive there, beautiful in its exquisite colouring.

Side by side can be seen the hideous octopus and gorgeous sea anemones of scarlet and green. The pool is a galaxy of colour, deep pink, bright red, chocolate brown, and all shades of purple and green. Here waves a feathery white seaworm, there a piece of seaweed, flashing bright purple as the sun shines on it. From dark crevices protrude hundreds of spikes of sea-urchins, and clinging to the rocks are brightly-coloured starfish.

Tiny fishes dart into crevices or hide behind the brown seaweed. Crabs, small and large, scramble to shelter, and an occasional shell is seen tracing a distinct path over the sand as it moves along the bottom.

An unwary crab touches a flower-like anemone; instantly the harmless looking creature closes up and becomes an instrument of death. Then the anemone opens again to entice other prey into its trap. What is that rough, leathery lump which sends up a jet of water when touched? It is one of the strangest of creations, *cungevoi*. Once it was a free-swimming, backboned fish, but now it has fixed itself to a rock and lost all semblance of its original form.

As well as all these quaint animals are others whose presence mars the beauty of the pool. The cruel octopus, with all the evil of the world in his eye, lurks in some dark hole, waiting to encircle any smaller creature in his powerful tentacles. On the approach of an enemy he blackens the water with an inky liquid, secreted in his body, and flees under its cover. Then there are the harmless but wicked looking sea snails, slowly crawling over

the rocks, eels, and many more queer animals which hide from the light of day.

So one of these little pools is full of strange creatures, delicate and beautiful, or shapeless and ugly. It is teeming with life, for all the

lovely colouring on the rocks is due to the presence of minute organisms, besides which, there are myriads more, which are only visible through the wonderful eye of the microscope.

J. BALDOCK, 4D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This interesting letter has been received from our very old and esteemed friend, Will Hayseed:—

Sir,

It has been my fate, indeed my very sad fate, that in my lifetime I have had much to do with cows. Now, a cow, my dear sir, should you be ignorant of the fact, is an animal endowed with a minimum of sense and a maximum of "cussedness," possessing, moreover, a remarkable and instinctive ability for creating trouble. In fact, this last is, to say the least, nothing less than Satanic; undoubtedly one of the wiles of the devil for reducing weak mortals to blasphemous language, and even worse vices. And now, after many years' experience with this provoking animal, I have formed the conclusion that, with all due respect to the human race, the bovine species is remarkably akin to the Genus Homo, not physiologically—but psychologically. They hold decided opinions of their own, and are, withal, as is generally so with stupid people, obstinate in those opinions. They develop a definite, though limited, system of thought, and allow for no alteration in the time-table; they lack initiative. In brief, they are exasperating, and creatures to be shunned, for I do not think it would be overstating the case to say that they have a most demoralising influence wherever they are situated. I have heard young men, fine, promising fellows, too, utter obscenities which would make an inhabitant of Billingsgate positively sick with jealousy, and all through the peculiar obstinacy of one, or maybe several, cows. This, I assure you, is no exaggeration, for in my youth I, too, was thus demoralised, which, perhaps, explains my present degenerate condition. Frequently the root of the trouble is to be found, not so much in what the animal does (or does not do) as in the aggravating expression on its face. Sir, have you ever seen a man who has done you no particular

harm, but who arouses pugilistic feelings in your breast, for no other reason than that his face looks as though it ought to be punched? That is precisely the case with five cows out of ten. For sheer stupidity of countenance, sullenness of eye, and general tantalising demeanour, the cow is unequalled. At present, in this State of New South Wales, the milking cow has attained a high state of perfection in this respect. I ask you, as a man of some judgment, whether or no steps should be taken to eradicate this troublesome type, and to introduce a breed at once intelligent, meek and sweet-tempered, holding no decided opinions, and amenable to discipline. If such were accomplished, I venture to say that cases of indecent language, tried before the Courts, would be considerably reduced.

As I mentioned before, in my weak and impressionable youth, I came under the baleful influence for which the cow is responsible, and am now entirely unfitted for mixing in society. Many years ago now, when there was less grey in my hair, I committed the one and only indiscretion of which I am guilty. I went to a ball, sir. Before I had been there five minutes, practically every lady within earshot was blushing indignantly, and in another five minutes I was cast into outer darkness. Since that momentous shattering of my illusions, from a cheery and carefree young man I changed to a soured and lonely bachelor. Being possessed, however, of a fine sense of my duty to humanity, it is as a warning to prospective country yokels that I write this letter. On no account let them have anything to do with cattle. My very dear sir, use your influence in this matter, and you are a benefactor to the human race.

I am, sir,

Your humble and obedient servant,

WILLIAM HAYSEED.

14th May, 1927. Paddy Murphy's Flat,

(You will be sorry to learn that, since writing this letter, poor Mr. Hayseed has met with a serious and painful accident. His motor-car, never too tractable at best of times, suddenly bolted down a steep hill and hurled the unfortunate man against a culvert. Apparently recovering after careful attention at the local

hospital, he now shows signs of a strange mental aberration. From his conversation—too frequently to himself—it seems that he confuses motor-cars, motor bikes, cold days, savage dogs, and many other things with the pet aversion he so feelingly described in his letter.)

WAKE UP !

The joyous creek meanders thro' the mossy
fern and bracken,
And on its flowing bosom sails the sweet
clematis blossom;
O'er chequered pool and shallow bed the
laughing waters quicken,
And netted sunbeams, flecked with gold, make
dripping ferns to glisten.

The dale is bathed in sunshine; every bird
upon the wing
Is bursting with the joyous songs its happy
life must sing;
While from the highest gum-tree there the
jackass laughs his lay,
And sends his clarion notes abroad, to herald
in the day.

G. W. PULSFORD.

NOW, I ASK YOU—.

Now, I ask you: "How can a poor, defenceless schoolboy hope to do the homework imposed upon him by generous masters, when the melodious (?) strains of a gramophone, interspersed occasionally with weird groans and cackles from a wireless set, rise in an unending and discordant stream of sound from that part of the house immediately beneath his feet?"

For ten minutes I had endured the gramophone, and had, after much persuasion, caused Mum to desist. Accordingly, it was with hope that I settled down to my Algebra.

X^2 plus $2XY$ plus Y^2 —"Station 2BL, Sydney Broadcasters, Ltd., transmitting from the"—equals $(X \text{ plus } Y)^2$. Let—"Uncle George will now entertain the kiddies."— Y equals 4; therefore $X \text{ plus } 4$ equals 12; therefore X equals—"Many happy returns of the day to Willie Jones, of Jillywones, from Uncle and the Radio Family"—12.

At this stage our budding wireless operator, Tom, was called away from his beloved machine and, sneaking downstairs, I was able, by secreting one of the batteries, to put the infernal thing out of action for the night.

But alas! Big brother, the villain of the piece,

now entered and proceeded to torment me with that invention of the D—1, the gramophone.

For about one hour I was forced to endure the sound of this apparatus as it raved about Certain Parties, exhorted girls to roll 'em, entreated a young gentleman, by name Charles, to take it away, and vowed undying love for the City of Sydney.

After the time mentioned had elapsed, the aforesaid villain departed, I knew not where, and I was able to hide the handle of the also aforesaid instrument of torture, and thus to silence it.

But alas! two alases! My cup of misery was not yet full, and I now discovered whither the villain had departed. It had been to fetch his banjo for some belated practice on that instrument.

Somehow I managed to finish my homework, and departed to a welcome bed, but not to sleep, for who can sleep with a lunatic playing a banjo in the room beneath? So now, I ask you.

But, oh well, what's the use?

K. McCLELLAND, 3C.

PIONEERS OF MUSIC.

Among all the names of the "Great Composers" for the piano and other instruments, three stand out alone. These are Jean S. Bach, Frederic Chopin, and Louis Van Beethoven. Bach's music is stately and superb, Chopin's dreamy and emotional, while Beethoven's forms a great contrast, the greater part being grand and passionate.

Jean Sebastian Bach was born in Germany in 1685. He was a quiet man who had a family of twenty children. Like Handel, he gave much religious music to the world, and, like Handel, too, became blind in his later years. Bach is the real founder of the fugues, of which he composed many. He also composed a few masses, one of which enthralled Beethoven. Some of his organ works are the finest ever written for the instrument.

Frederic Chopin, born in 1809 at Warsaw, has been called "the Poet of the Piano." He was a consumptive, and only lived to 1849. Probably his malady helped to give his music its dreaminess and soothing mood. There was nothing so grand and strong in him, as in Beethoven or Liszt, but he made his music refined and graceful. The nocturnes possess an ethereal grace and charm hard to find elsewhere; his two popular studies, "Butterfly" and

"Black Keys," are magnificent. He lived a very pathetic life, and fought with true courage and spirit the disease he had contracted.

Louis Van Beethoven was born near Bonn, in Germany, in 1770. His father was musical, and sent him to Vienna to complete his studies. He grew deaf early in life, which fact made him surly and irritable, and his music reminds one much of a proud man, trying hard to listen and hear his own music. His sonatas are unequalled in this branch of music, and his "immortal nine" symphonies are practically perfect. This man did not write much of value for the voice, excepting one glorious song, "Adelaide," and one great opera, "Fidelio." He passed away in 1827, and was given a magnificent funeral.

These men are probably the greatest of musical composers, although Liszt, Brahms, Wagner, Handel, Mendelssohn, and many others spent their lives composing the music which we hear played to-day. Bach gave us the dignified music, Chopin the poetic, Beethoven the grand, and these men could never be repaid for this. Everybody has music in him, and these are some of the men who have awakened us most to its appeal. They were the pathfinders.

A CITY IN THE SUNSET.

Proud as we people of Sydney are of "Our Harbour," we cannot but appreciate the exceeding beauty of one other of our Capitals. I speak not of Melbourne, with its unpleasant scar, the Yarra, nor of new-founded Canberra, with its glistening Capitol and parched parklands, but of a beautiful little city of the old-world type, snugly sheltered by a staunch range of mountains, and at whose threshold laps the water of a broad, blue stream. Such a city is Perth.

Nothing can be pictured more entrancing than the silent glide from the island of Rott-nest to Perth on the return trip of a ferry on one of those nights, so silent, mystic, wonderful, which Western Australia enjoys. (Or at least assumes to please travellers.) The quaint

little steamer, after crossing the narrow calm between the island and the mainland, enters a peaceful river, and, sailing past the silent docks of Fremantle, makes its way upstream.

Here, indeed, we have

" . . . a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full."

That describes the first mile or two, as we pass the old rustic bridges with which Fremantle seeks to combat high waters, but then one comes upon the graceful swerves of the shore as the Swan widens out into its beautiful miniature lake by which Perth lies. On one side the fairy playground of Point Walker, with its merry-go-rounds and jazz bands, and

on the other the majestic King's Park, a relic of fine Australian bush, glide by, as we gradually approach the twinkling lights of a silent city. Nothing could be more beautiful.

But, as though to recall us to mundane and, in this case, comical affairs, Nature calls us to supper—but where? This is a question which confronts every visitor in Perth. It is difficult to find a restaurant open after 10 p.m., and

even in the one we did find, we had to wait for our coffee until the proprietor went out to buy some milk.

Yet it is surely a revelation to one accustomed to our noisy bustling Sydney. Would not some tired schoolboy like to pass his days in this Utopia of the West?

J.S.C., 5C.

LEADING A DOG'S LIFE.

This statement, I think, is wrongly employed. When we say a person leads a "dog's life," a life of wretched misery is implied. But let us for a moment consider the life of an ordinary dog. He wakes in the morning, sees some wretched wandering feline, and promptly takes his morning's exercise (and amusement) by chasing it. Tiring of this sport, he returns home, and, with many an imploring look and much vigorous caudal exercise, succeeds in obtaining some viand upon which he feasts most royally. And then, perhaps, he whiles away the day, sleeping, eating, or walking with his master.

Quite a peaceful and delicious life!

And yet people say that a person leads a dog's life!

My friend, however, will say, "Oh! You only choose one type of dog. Why not pick on a stray?" Certainly! A stray dog has all the joys of a vagabond life; he eats, has the joy

of chasing cats, obtained the sympathy of some person to the extent of a saveloy or bone. Even a vagabond human scarcely gets more. In these days our little stray is often taken into some sweet Home and cared for like a king. Even our own vagabond humans scarcely get this.

And yet a life of misery is said to be a "dog's life." Do you agree with this?

Many a dog enjoys the privilege of motor riding with his master or mistress. Many a man has no motoring to enjoy—except what he gets in a bus. And even a stray dog despises a bus.

Invariably a dog leads a life of bliss and idleness, with not a care or worry to burden him down, wholly dependent on his master, returning nothing but faithfulness, pampered and cared for till the end of his days—and yet a life of misery and wretchedness is called a "dog's life."

MORDAUNT.

THE LURE OF THE MUSEUM.

There seems to be in practically all creatures, high and low, a strange instinct, a desire to collect, a spark which burns unquenchable through endless time.

Even the birds, the jays, the magpies and the bower birds, gather together pieces of coloured china and glass; children collect day by day peach-stones or pebbles, string them up carefully, they know not why. The miser hoards up his piles of gold and silver coins, adding to them daily, and he will sit for hours in a state of so-called happiness, gloating over the result

of his life's work. This is a case where the instinct has been directed from its true course by the character of the individual, and has led to a result—selfish, cruel, debased.

But in men of nobler type, this instinct is exalted into lifetimes of noble work in the service of humanity, and with it comes the desire to study, to know, and to love the things collected, and to put the knowledge so gained to the benefit of their fellows. So we find the scientist, braving the dangers of the unknown tropic lands, or of the cold polar regions, in

response to the all-powerful instinct to collect. Nothing bars his way, and, never looking back, he presses on toward the goal, ever nearer, yet ever farther away; ever happy in the work he has been set to accomplish, for—

"Nature, the old nurse, took the child upon her knee,
Saying, here is a Story-book, thy Father hath

written for thee."

Thus we see that, from the humblest to the highest, glows the golden flame lit from the torch of Knowledge; from the little child, with its pebbles, to God, the greatest Scientist of all, Who shall some day "make up his jewels."

A. N. OLD, 4D.

WHERE THE GAME IS PLAYED.

If anyone is tired of the dull round of city life, I advise him to go to a certain Northern River in the football season.

Here will you see real football, football as it was played by our forefathers. You will find historic interest in this fine presentation of the genesis of the noble game. Our first grade matches in the city are tame and mild beside the spectacular play in a match between the "Emus" and the "Native-Bears."

To see one of these thrilling episodes in the life of the town, we follow the vast crowd of people up the main street to a pair of imposing iron gates. Entering, we find ourselves in a lane which leads to the park. In summer this is a cricket ground, but the concrete pitch is now covered with sawdust for the footballers' benefit—sometimes not. We seat ourselves on the grass, or on the single seat which runs half round the field, or on the rather sharp rail of the fence. We listen to the inquiries of various people of various other people as

to "How many cows are y'milkin' now?" or "How's th' missus an' th' kids?" and so forth till the match begins.

Do we enjoy that match? Oh, on my word, we do, not only by watching the play, but also in listening to the exhortations of those about us, for, as a visiting Emu goes down the local Native-bear supporters yell "Kill him! Kill him! Good-oh, he's done. . . . Give him some more to bring him round!" By this time the six Native-bears, who attacked that Emu, have abandoned their victim. And so the "game" goes on to its finish.

So long as the Bears win, smiling faces are seen everywhere, and half the town celebrates to honour the occasion. But should they be beaten, "Why don't they get a referee who knows the rules? We were playing the "Emus" and the ref. as well!"

Certainly it is a most exhilarating game to watch. What must it be like to play!

A. SPENCE, 3C.

RELICS OF DAYS GONE BY.

Milton district is but a very small part of the South Coast, but in it remain many relics of the past which are of great interest.

The conspicuous landmark, "the Pigeon House," so named by Captain Cook, tends to give a historical interest to the locality, but there are relics of much earlier times than that of the discovery of 1770.

On the seashore may be found many traces of ancient ages. Fossils of shells and other sea life can be found in the rocks and cliffs along the coast-line. Such discoveries take our minds back to the beginning of "the Record

of the Rocks." When the aborigines roamed, unmolested, over the district before the advent of the white man, they left many traces of their habitation. In one place there is a very large rock under which is a cave. This cave must have been occupied by the blacks at one time, for the ground is covered with the shells of shell-fish, which must have formed a large part of their diet. The cave-roof is also blackened by the smoke of many fires, and outside the figure of a horse's head and the form of a tomahawk have been roughly carved in the surface of the rock.

Of late a burial-ground of the aborigines has been discovered almost on the edge of the beach. I saw a whole skeleton unearthed last Easter holidays. Prior to this, skeletons have been found in various places in the district.

Towards the base of the mountains one can find old farm homesteads which vividly bring back recollections of pioneering days. In many cases these have been abandoned on account of isolation, and now they remain, broken-down and dilapidated, often overgrown with blackberry bushes.

In searching inside such old wrecks, you may bring strange things to view. The oblong butter-churn of the old type is no uncommon sight. This was worked by turning an iron handle, and so revolving the churn. When we

compare this slow work with present-day methods of butter-making, we see how great is the difference.

I once saw an old deserted hayrick, the door of which was made of cedar, and was about one inch in thickness. Cedar could not have been as valuable then as it is now.

Old overgrown orchards and tumble-down fences tell a tale of their own. Such sights recall similar scenes in "the Deserted Village."

But, for all the old relics, the town has advanced. For a School of Arts, which was constructed of slabs, the people of the district now possess a beautiful building which has cost £3,300, and of which they are justly proud.

L. BARBER, 3D.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

The following is the list of those scholars who were successful at the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Certificate Examinations:—

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

1, Eng.; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Maths I. 6, Maths. II.; 7, Mech.; 8, History; 9, Ancient History; 10, Physics; 11, Chemistry; 14, Geog.; 16, Engineering Paper; 18 Economics, 22, Greek.

Atkins, A. S.—1B, 5B, 6A, 8B, 10B, 14B, 18B.
 Baker, R. B.—2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8B.
 Beaumont, J. R. B.—1B, 2A, 3A, 5A, 6B, 8A, 10H.
 Bronger, N. D.—1A, 2B, 5A, 6B, 8H.
 Broome, C. J.—1B, 5B, 6B, 8A, 10A, 18B.
 Bryan, C. A.—1A, 2B, 5B, 6B, 8H, 10B.
 Cant, A. C. C.—1B, 5B, 6B, 8B.
 Christison, E. H.—1B, 5B, 6B, 8B.
 Cox, W. R.—2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8B, 10A.
 Crabbe, S. W.—5B, 6B, 8B, 18B.
 Crago, E. A.—3B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 10A, 14B.
 Crouch, J. S.—1B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 10A, 16 pass.
 Dance, G. B.—1H2, 2A, 3A, 5A, 6A, 8H, 10A.
 Date A.—1A, 3B, 5B, 6A, 8H2, 18A.
 Davies, H. W. 1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8B, 10L.
 Davies, W. S.—1B, 2B, 5A, 6B, 8B.
 Davies, T. A.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8A, 11A.
 Dinter, M.—2A, 4B, 5A, 6B, 10B.
 Dunleavy, M. J.—1B, 2L, 3L, 8A, 17pass, 18B.
 Dupain, R. J.—1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 8B.
 Dyson, P. H.—1B, 2L, 3B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 10A.

Easton, K. S. W.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8A.
 Ellis, R. W.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A, 8H, 10B.
 Evans, H.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 8H2, 10B.
 Everitt, V. H.—1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 8H2.
 Falconer, A. W. J.—1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 8H2, 10A.
 Forsyth, G. A.—2B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8B.
 Gawthrop, G. D.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 7A, 10H2.
 Glass, O. C. M.—1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 8A, 10B, 18B.
 Hassett, J.—5B, 6B, 8B, 9L.
 Hambrett, H. S.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A, 8A, 10H2.
 Goodsell, B. C.—5A, 6A, 7B, 10H2, 14B.
 Henderson, H. J.—1B, 5B, 6B, 8A, 14B, 18B.
 Hook, E. J.—1H, 2A, 4B, 5A, 6A, 8H, 10A.
 Hornibrook.—T. E.—1A, 2A, 3B, 6B, 8A.
 Howard.—A. R.—1B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8B.
 Hulls, A.—1A, 5B, 6B, 8A.
 Hutchinson, E. K.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A, 8H2, 1B.
 Jones, R. M.—1A, 2A, 3H2, 5A, 6B, 8H2.
 Martin, G. R.—1B, 2A, 3H2, 5B, 6A, 8A.
 Mathieson, L. R.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8H2.
 McCoy, C. W.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8B.
 McKenzie, W. W.—1B, 2B, 3A, 5B, 6B, 8H2, 10B.
 McMullen, C. C.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A (K1), 7B, 11B, 16 pass.
 Millen, A. G.—1B, 2A, 3B, 5A, 6A, 8H2.
 Neil, N.—1A, 2B, 3A, 5B, 6B, 8H2.
 O'Brien, T. J. T.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A, (K2), 7A, 10H, 16 pass.
 O'Toole, J. E.—1B, 2B, 3A, 5B, 6B, 8B.
 Partridge, P. H.—1H2, 2B, 5B, 6B, 8H2, 18B.
 Penfold, R.—1B, 2B, 3L, 5B, 6A, 8H2.

- Perkins, J. P.—1B, 5A, 6B, 8H2.
 Pickard, J. H.—1H2, 2A, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8H2.
 Ralph, R. C.—1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 8A.
 Rose, I. L.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A (X1) 7A, 10H,
 16 pass.
 Schrader, G. D.—1B, 2B, 5A, 6B, 8A.
 Simmons, C. J.—1B, 5B, 6B, 10B, 16 pass.
 Sorensen, C. P.—1A, 5B, 6B, 8A, 10B, 18A.
 Sundstrom, B. C. A.—1B, 2B, 6B, 8A.
 Taylor, W. C.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8H2.
 Theobald, H. R.—1A, 2B, 5A, 6B, 8A, 10B.
 Todd, C. H.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A, 7A, 10H2.
 Turnbull, G. J.—1B, 2B, 5A, 6B, 8B, 18B.
 Waddington, A. L.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8A.
 Wilkinson, F. D.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 7B,
 Wenholtz, L. B.—1B, 2B, 5A, 6A, 7A, 10H2.
 Williams, S. E.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A, (X1), 7A,
 10H2, 16, pass.
 10H2, 16 pass.
 Winters, N. H.—2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 10H2, 16
 pass.
 Woods, G. R.—1A, 2B, 5A, 6A (X2), 8B, 10H2.
 Yum, E.—5A, 6A (X2), 8A, 10B, 14B.

 INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

The numbers in the list of successful candidates refer to the following sections:—

1, English; 2, History; 3, Geography; 4, Mathematics I.; 5, Mathematics II. 6, Latin; 7, French; 8, German; 9, Physics; 10, Chemistry. 11, Elementary Science (Physics and Chemistry); 12, Botany; 13, Geology; 14, Business Principles; 15, Shorthand (Theory); 16, Woodwork. 17, Metalwork; 18, Art; 19, Music; 20, Needlework; 21, Greek; 22, Physiology and Hygiene; 23, Technical Drawing; 24, Agriculture.

- Archer, Clifford, 1A, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5A, 7A, 9A, 10B, 28A.
 Atwill, Alexander G.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10B.
 Baker, Allyn H.—1B, 4A, 5A, 7B.
 Baker, Eric R.—1B, 2B, 3B, 7A, 11B, 14B.
 Baldock, James O.—1A, 2B, 3B, 7A, EETA
 Baldock, James O.—1A, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9A, 10A.
 Barratt, Jack C.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6A, 8B (O.), 9A, 10A.
 Batley, Jack.—1B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7A, 11B.
 Beattie, Alexander C.—1A, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B, 10B.
 Benson, John F.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7A, 9B, 14B, 15A.
 Bissaker, Bert G.—1A, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7A, 9B, 10B.
 Brasnett, Horace G.—1B, 3A, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9B, 14B, 15B.
 Brown, Alfred E.—1B, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7A, 9A, 10B.
 Brown, Harold J.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10B.
 Brown, Norman M.—1A, 2B, 4A, 5A, 7A, 9B 10B
 Burn, Francis J.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B, 10B.
 Caldwell, Alan G.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 11B, 14B.
 Cameron, Alton R.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B, 10B.
 Carter, Harold B.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10B.
 Bell, Clayton J.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B.
 Conlon, Arthur H.—1A, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B, 10A.
 Connell, John T.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 9B, 14B.
 Cooke, Norman M.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B.
 Craft, Clive G.—1B, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 8A (O.) 9A, 10B.
 Crawford, Victor F.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 7A, 9B, 10B, 14B, 15B.
 Cunningham, Harry C.—1B, 2B, 5B, 7B, 14B.
 Davidson, Sydney J.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
 Davis, Leo R.—1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B, 10B.
 Deall, Owen L.—1A, 2B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B.
 Dunster, George A. E.—1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B, 10B.
 Edmonds, Eric.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B
 Eyles, Henry A.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 9B.
 Field, Kenneth A.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 10B.
 Gash, Oswald R.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B.
 Gock, Cecil.—1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 7B.
 Goldfrey, Herbert L.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B 6B 7A
 Goldie, Robert J.—1A, 2B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7A.
 Goodsir, David B.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 9A.
 Grant, Keith A.—1B, 2B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
 Gray, Herbert T.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B.

- Green, Walton H.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9B, 14B.
- Guiffre, Felice J.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A.
- Hallam, Curtis G.—1B, 4B, 6B, 7B.
- Halpin, Kenneth.—1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B.
- Hanson, Frank G.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B, 10B.
- Hardy, James R.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B.
- Harpley, Lawrence E.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 8B, 10B
- Hatfield, Edward W.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 7B, 9B, 10B.
- Hawkshaw, Keith G. H.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B 7A, 11B.
- Haynes, Harry F.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 8A, 9A, 10B.
- Henninger, Oskar.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A, 10B.
- Higgs, Phillip A.—1B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9A, 10B.
- Holt, William A.—1B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 7A, 9B, 10B, 28A.
- Hudson, Harold E.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 7A, 9A, 10B, 14A, 15B.
- Hungerford, Anthony G.—1B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A, 9B.
- Jepsen, John C.—1A, 2B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B.
- Lambert, Roy A.—1B, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5B, 7A, 9B, 14B, 15B.
- Leck, Louis L.—1A, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10B.
- Peggett, Dudley G. G.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 7A, 9B, 10B, 14B, 15A.
- Lovell, David J.—1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
- Marley, George. 1B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
- Marsh, Leslie C.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 10B.
- Martin, Donald.—1A, 2A, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10B.
- McGregor, Robert F.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11B.
- McNeil, Hugh M.—4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
- Melville, William S.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7A, 9B, 10B.
- Menzies, Guy L.—1B, 4B, 5A, 7B.
- Medcalf, Charles M.—1B, 2B, 3A, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B.
- Middleton, Malcolm E.—1A, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7A, 9A, 10B, 19A.
- Miller, Ivan V.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7A, 9A, 10B.
- Mitchell, Reg. H.—1B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B.
- Moate, Leslie R. G.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 7B, 14B 15B.
- Molesworth, Athelstan G.—1A, 2B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7A, 9B.
- Moore, Harold A. C.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B, 10B.
- Morris, Samuel.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 8B (O.), 9B, 10B.
- Murty, Walter D.—1B, 2B, 3A, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9B, 10B, 14B, 15B.
- Myers, Keith E.—1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 8B, (O.), 11B, 19A.
- Neal, John C.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B.
- Norris, Arthur F.—1A, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7A, 9B, 14B
- Old, Adrian N.—1A, 2A, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 8A (O.), 9A, 10A, 13A.
- Orr, Harold R. W.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 9B, 10B.
- Page, John Reginald.—1B, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7A.
- Paltridge, Shane, 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9B
- Partlett, William T.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 8B, 9A, 10A, 14B, 15A.
- Peak, John Williams.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9A, 10B.
- Peel, Donald Arthur.—1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B.
- Pemberton, Leonard W. R.—1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B, 10B.
- Quiney, Harry R.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B, 10B.
- Redmond, Kenneth B.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6B 7B, 9B, 10B.
- Reid, Frank J.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 9A.
- Ritchie, Alexander K.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7A, 9B.
- Rosier, Ronald C.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A, 9B, 10B.
- Roulston, Harvey, 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A 9B, 10B.
- Rumble, Charles G.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 10B
- Rumble, Charles G.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 19B
- Scott, James F.—1B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7A, 9A, 10B.
- Scoular, David C. R.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
- Sheppard, William H. M.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B.
- Shortridge, Reginald G.—1A, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7A 9A, 10B.
- Simpson, Arthur, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 9B.
- Simpson, George V.—1B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B, 10B.
- Sinclair, Robert L.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7A, 9A.
- Smales, Holbert F.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 9A.
- Smith, Harvye H.—1A, 2B, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9A, 10B.
- Smith, Harvey J.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 9A.
- Smith, Morris L.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B.

- Solomons, Simon S.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7A, 9B, 10A.
 Stevenson, Malcolm.—1B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9A, 10B.
 Stilling, Gordon S.—1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 7B, 11B.
 Storey, Eric C.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 14B.
 Thistlethwayte, Douglas B.—1A, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 8A O.), 9A, 10A.
 Thistlethwayte, Rai B.—1A, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 8A (O.), 9A, 10A.
 Thomas, Keith E.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10B.
 Thompson, Jack.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B.
- Trist, Frank M.—1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9A.
 Turnbull, Noel U.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10B.
 Walker, John D.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 9B, 14B, 15B.
 Watson, William J.—1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B.
 Wheeler, Norman E. W.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9B, 10B.
 Whereat, Alan W.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B.
 Willats, John Y.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 7A, 9B, 10B, 14B, 15B.
 Willis, Hugh S.—1A, 2B, 3A, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B.
 Witheford, Bertram V.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 7A, 9B, 10A, 14B, 15B, 24B.

HONOURS AT L.C. EXAMINATION.

The list of Honours gained by Fort Street boys at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1926, is as follows:—

- Ivan Rose—Mathematics I, Physics I.
 (Aeq. with another for 1st place.)
 Edwin Hook—English I, History I. (1st place.)
 George Dance—English II, History I. (3rd place.)
 Kevin Ellis—History I. (2nd place.)
 Sydney Williams—Maths I, Physics II.
 Thomas O'Brien—Physics I, Maths. II.
 Roger Jones—French II, History II.
 Percy Partridge—English II, History II.
 John Pickard—English II, History II.
 Gordon Woods—Maths. II, Physics II.
 Colin McMullen—Maths. I.
 Norman Bronger—History I.
 John Beaumont—Physics II.
 Clement Bryan—History II.

- Albert Date—History II.
 Howell Evans—History II.
 Vernon Everitt—History II.
 Alan Falconer—History II.
 George Gawthrop—Physics II.
 Bert Goodsell—Physics II.
 Hugh Hambrett—Physics II.
 Edgar Hutchison—History II.
 Geoffrey Martin—French II.
 Lewis Mathieson—History II.
 Wm. McKenzie—History II.
 Alan Milne—History II.
 Noel Neal—History II.
 Rex Penfold—History II.
 Joseph Perkins—History II.
 Wm. Taylor—History II.
 Charles Todd—Physics II.
 Leslie Wenholtz—Physics II.
 Norman Winters—Physics II.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

The following Old Boys of the school have been successful in their Final Examinations:—

M.A. Degree: Rudolph Simmot (1st class Honours in Psychology).

B.A.: Alan Edwards (Honours in English and History). Wm. J. Weeden (1st class Honours in History and Psychology—Science Research Scholarship).

LL.B.: Alfred C. Hake, Wm. Hancock, Norman Landers, Arthur McDougall, Norman Jenkyn.

B.Sc.: Alwyn Porter (1st class Honours in Chemistry).

B.E.: Joseph Budge, Robert Fenn.

B.Ec.: Herman Black, Robert Madgwick (1st class Honours and University Medal, Chamber of Commerce Prize, aeq.)

Dip. Ed.: Herbert Hogbin (appointed Junior Lecturer at Teachers' College).

In Second Year Arts John Bates and B. Doyle (both old Fortians) tied for the Classical Scholarship.

THE SCHOOL UNION.

We desire to draw our readers' attention to the fact that, for the first time in its history, the school this year inaugurated "The School Union," embracing practically all school activities which had previously functioned as separate entities. It should be noted well that the Union Fee is now quite comprehensive,

and admits to such school activities as "The Sports Union," "Fortian," library, debating club, and musical activities. Thus the necessity for each of these bodies and activities making financial calls has been avoided. We print below the constitution of the Union.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SCHOOL UNION.

1. This Union shall be known as the Fort Street Boys' High School Union.
2. The Union shall control the various sporting activities of the school, the school paper, library, debating club, musical club, and any other school activity that may be admitted by vote of the committee.
3. The Committee of Management shall consist of a President, Vice-President, a master and a boy to represent each activity of the school, a treasurer and sportsmaster (who shall be masters), the school captain and senior prefect.
4. The staff representatives shall be elected at a staff meeting.
5. Boys' representatives. Each club or committee shall elect one representative to the Union.
6. The elections shall take place in the week after the election of prefects.
7. Meetings shall be held on the first school Tuesday of each month.
8. At each meeting, the representatives of the various activities, if funds be required, shall produce a statement of the amount obtained at the previous disbursement.
9. At the ensuing meeting an account of the manner of expenditure shall be produced.
10. Membership shall be open to all pupils of the school on payment of a fee of 10/- per annum. If more than one member of a family attend the school, the 10/- fee shall cover all members. This fee shall secure (a) a copy of the school paper; (b) entry to all carnival events; (c) membership of the various school clubs.
11. The fee shall be allocated as follows:— School paper, 2/-; library, 1/6; sport, 6/-; general, 6d.
12. The present cash balance of the Sports Union shall be reserved for sports purposes exclusively, and shall be administered by the general committee.
13. The treasurer shall present a balance sheet, duly audited, at the December meeting of the Union.

At the same meeting the various affiliated bodies shall present a report on their particular department, giving a summary of moneys expended, stock in hand, condition of stock, etc.
14. All accounts shall be paid by cheque, which shall be signed by the secretary and by the treasurer.
15. The treasurer shall receive all moneys and issue receipts for same.
16. From the masters, a secretary to the Union shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Union Committee.



SPORT

CRICKET.

1st XI.

At the close of the first half of the season for 1927, the School XI had won three matches and lost one. Two of the wins were competition matches, the other a practice match against North Sydney.

After the practice match the team lost one of its most valuable members, J. Copes, who left the school. This severely handicapped the team, and a much weaker player was requisitioned.

The team has not combined as well as was hoped, and for the remaining half of the season it is to be wished that this defect shall be remedied. The work of the team has devolved upon some five or six members, and the remainder are practically "passengers."

MATCHES.

In the practice match, played at North Sydney, the school won with a large margin. Those who distinguished themselves were:— Among the batsmen, McInerney, 27; Archer, 25; Seale, 14; Clark, 14.

Bowlers:—Copes, 4-9; Winning, 2-22; Clark, 2-1; Jenner, 2-0.

The total scores were: Fort Street 119, North Sydney 32.

The first match of the competition, that against Technical High School, was won very easily by the school, the scores being: Fort Street 182, Technical High, 90 and 4-47.

For the school, Archer, 36; McInerney, 33; Willis, 27; Arthur, 23, were the chief scorers; while the wickets were distributed between Winning 6-26, McInerney 4-28, Willis 2-0.

The school next met North Sydney at Peter-sham. The former won the toss and batted first, compiling 148 runs in the first innings, and North Sydney replied with 135.

McInerney 37, Winning 20, and Archer 22, Clark 2-22. McInerney 3-37.

In the second innings the school obtained only 90 runs, 41 being scored by Arthur.

In the last match of the half the school was unsuccessful. After being one run in arrears at the completion of the first day's play, the school totalled 126 for the loss of six wickets, leaving Central Technical 125 runs to make in an hour and a quarter. They scored 129 for the loss of two wickets.

Batting, 1st innings: Sawkins 39 not out, and Arthur 22, were the chief batsmen.

Second innings: Clark 52 not out, and Seale 24 were the best performers.

Bowling, 1st innings: Clark 3-25, Winning 3-28, McInerney 3-30. 2nd innings: Willis 2-19.

Total scores: Fort Street, 96, 6-126. Central Technical, 97, 2-129.

2nd GRADE CRICKET.

The second grade team promises well. So far 12 points have been scored, and the team occupies third place on the competition table.

Our first match, against Sydney High School, resulted in a 3-point win, with the narrow margin of 2 runs.

The fixture against Kogarah was forfeited to us, and in the third round we drew a bye.

Our last match, against Canterbury, last year's premiers, resulted in a 3-point loss.

The team's best performers with the bat were Gledhill, Shields, Watts and Rudd, while Lovell, Shields and Beaumont were the best bowlers.

Fielding was often very patchy, and needs more attention from all members of the team.

The thanks of the eleven are due to Mr. Outten for his valuable advice and keen interest in every department of the game.

3rd GRADE CRICKET.

Third grade began the season rather weakly, losing the first two matches, but improved vastly as the season progressed. They have been unfortunate in playing so many draws. On several occasions, when in a favourable position, time alone prevented them from winning.

Among the batsmen, E. Hatfield has the

average with 23, while D. Hatfield was a consistent performer. Penman was second on the batting list, while Hamilton and Wallace got runs when needed. Barber, Cross and Penman were the best of the bowlers, the latter heading the list with 13 wickets for 149 runs, and Barber 12 wickets for 129 runs. The fielding of the team on the whole is weak. Hamilton, perhaps, being the best.

FOOTBALL.

1st XV.

The first grade team has not done very satisfactorily, and will have to show a vast improvement to retain the Macmanamey Shield, won last year. The three weeks since the competition matches commenced have resulted as follows:—

- (1) Defeated Parramatta High, 38—nil.
- (2) Bye.
- (3) Lost to North Sydney, 14—30.

Despite the fact that the first match was an easy victory, not much credit is due to the team, for the team work and combination was not by any means good. The defeat by North Sydney was due mainly to lack of condition, and the team will have to train very hard to uphold the honour of the school. The members will have to learn to work together and take more notice of the excellent coaching Mr. Fox is giving us. They have not shown yet the full effects of his coaching, and they must be more determined if they wish to win the competition.

The next matches are with Technical High and Sydney High, and if we win both we will be again on the top of the competition.

2nd GRADE FOOTBALL.

For the first time in many years, the second grade premiership was lost to Fort Street in 1926. This year the team has high hopes of regaining these lost laurels, but it will be only by consistent training, both on and off the oval, that this will be accomplished. Each team member must learn the first lesson of this great organised game, i.e., that failure to equip

oneself adequately for any game is, in reality, an act of desertion against the others. The team must also understand that it is only by every individual thinking, all the time, that he is the member of a team and not merely an individual, and that spectacular individual play is only excusable when not accomplished at the expense of the others, that success can be attained.

Another point worthy of note is that there should be two leaders in the field of play; a forward to control the actions of the eight forwards, so that they will "hunt as a pack," and a back to endeavour to secure the proper co-ordination of all sections of play.

In regard to the play this year, the team has so far engaged in three games, with the following result:—

v. Parramatta High School, 30 to nil; v. Technical High School, 42 to 3; v. Burwood High School, 41 to 0.

Its true strength and team value have not yet been fully tested, but I expect it to rise equal to every occasion.

Old school players in Swadling, Vignes, and Sweeney among the forwards, and Melville Wrenford and Shields among the backs, are showing excellent form, though it is difficult to choose individuals for special mention.

A newcomer, Gilbert, is giving great promise, and I expect him to develop into a worthy school representative.

There is a present weakness in two departments of the game, those represented by the "hooker" and full back, but Karpin and Thistle-

thwayte are eager to learn, and this should strengthen their play.

Melville is proving a good, "heady" captain, and is developing good qualities of leadership, while Swadling is learning the points of forward control, so that I expect much from the team.

3rd GRADE.

Officials: Captain, T. Smith; Selectors, T. Smith, N. Graham, L. Pemberton.

In the opening match this team gave a very poor display, and were defeated by Canterbury High School by 6 points to nil. The forwards played without dash, and the backs with feet of lead. A rearrangement of the team, the introduction of some new blood, and a closer attention to training enabled them to win their second match by defeating North Sydney High School by 27 points to nil.

The display was quite satisfactory, both backs and forwards playing well. A pleasing feature was the fact that eight of the nine tries were scored by the threequarters, showing that the forwards and inside backs were doing their work well and getting the ball out.

The scorers were: Graham 3, Starling 3, Hook 1, Hockey 1, and Molesworth 1.

FOURTH XV.

The fourth grade, up to date, has been unfortunate, losing the first three games of the season, each time by small margins. In those three matches they were defeated by Canterbury, North Sydney, and Sydney High School, by 7-nil, 15-3, and 9-6 respectively.

There is a great deal of room for improve-

ment, which can only be obtained by very consistent practice.

In the last match against High School, High scored 9 points to nil in the first half, but failed to advance past our "25" in the second half, while Fort Street scored two tries. The forwards can do a great deal when pushed hard, as the second half of this game proved. Among the backs, there are boys with a good deal of pace, but who do not make enough use of it. The team is at a great disadvantage in not having a reliable full back, but hopes as the season progresses, that it will unearth a second Ross.

Up to date the outstanding players have been: Reynolds (Capt.), and Nelson in the backs, Parker (V.-Capt.), Hall and Givney in the forwards. Parker is worthy of special mention for his tackling.

FIFTH XV.

This team has won all its matches to date, and has not yet been scored against. The team is fortunate in having six of last year's team, and is going well towards gaining the premiership. The team has progressed since the beginning of the season, but there is still room for improvement, especially in the forwards.

Angel, as full back, plays his usual safe game. Knapman and Freeman, two new recruits, show considerable promise as five eights and half respectively. Peel (Capt.) and Dixon are the pick of a rather lazy pack, which will not tackle hard and low.

The tackling is rather weak, and the team should copy Angel and Bissaker (V.-Capt.) in this department of the game.

TENNIS.

This game is becoming increasingly popular year by year. This year about 250 boys are engaged in the sport each week. Approximately 30 courts are used. We have also obtained a splendid grass court at Pratten Park for the first grade competition, through the influence of B. Clark.

During the first term an elimination test was conducted among the candidates for grade

tennis, and the following were selected to represent the various grades: 1A, B. Clark, J. Lee, R. Sinclair, and M. Joseph; 1B, J. and G. Scott, F. Sherring, and G. Cumming; 2A, H. Lamble, M. Gibson, R. Reynolds, and S. Pulsford; 2B, A. Beattie, J. Brown, B. Witheford and O. Rose.

In three matches, both the 1A and 2A teams are undefeated, and show excellent promise.

LIFE-SAVING.

On the afternoon of 10th May, a voluntary squad, after having been instructed for a period of five weeks in the methods of life-saving and resuscitation, was presented for examination. The class consisted of fourteen members, and the instructor, M. Joseph, was considerably aided in his work by the presence in the squad of the School Captain.

All members were successful, the majority gaining the Proficiency Certificate and Bronze Medallion, simultaneously.

The following are the names and awards granted, and also a brief description of the tests:—

Norman H. Rose: Award of Merit (Silver). Tests: 1, To swim three distances, each of 200 yards, attired in ordinary clothing, by (a) breast stroke, (b) back stroke and (c) over-arm or crawl stroke. 2, To undress on the surface of the water. 3, To tow a person a distance of 20 yards by the second method of rescue. 4, To perform three fancy movements, and 5, To dive from (a) a height of five feet, (b) a height of between eight and ten feet.

Herbert G. Lambie: Instructor's Certificate. Test: To show by drilling a squad that one is capable of teaching a class for the Bronze Medallion. The Bronze must be already held by the candidate.

The following twelve members were successful in gaining the Proficiency and Bronze Medallion:—Neil H. McIntyre, Jack L. Curry, Fredk. W. Kirby, Ronald H. McCredie, John P. Hallet, Colin G. Dane, John C. Jepsen, Norman H. Rose, Rai B. Thistlethwayte, Philip Gilbert, Milton H. Allen and Herbert W. Bellhouse.

Murree Allen was awarded the Proficiency Certificate.

Tests for the Bronze Medallion: 1, Land drill, consisting of the three methods of release and the five methods of rescue. 2, Water drill, consisting of the methods of release performed in the water and the towing of a patient, by each of the five methods of rescue, a distance of not less than 15 yards. 3, To dive from the surface of the water and raise an object weighing about 6 lbs. from a depth of six feet. 4, To swim 100 yards breast stroke and 50 yards on the back, with the arms folded. 5, To answer satisfactorily not less than six questions on elementary physiology and the treatment of the apparently drowned. 6, To perform the Shafer Method of resuscitation and the promotion of warmth.

I might say that the squad this year was rather small, but we hope that the success of these boys will promote a wider interest, and so help us to bigger achievements in the future.

 SENIOR CADETS PHYSICAL TRAINING STATE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

For the second successive year a Fort Street team, trained by Lieut. Humphries, and representing the 36th Battalion, carried off the cup presented by the military authorities for physical culture, at the annual military sports at Newington College grounds on April 23rd. Despite the fact that limited time did not permit many drills, the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the members, together with Mr. Humphries' well-known ability as an instructor, enabled the team to win comfortably. To attain this pitch of perfection, the boys gave up much of their time, both before and after school, as well as in the recesses, while some country boys even

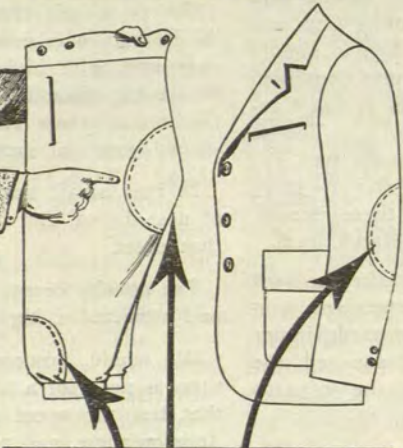
sacrificed part of their holidays to make a success of the effort. This zeal is most praiseworthy, and we cannot sufficiently congratulate the members on so ably upholding the school's record in a sphere where we have not yet been beaten, and in which such public interest is evinced.

Mr. Humphries and the sixteen members of the team, in addition to the cup, each receive a handsome medal. These members are: Burley, A. Brown, Jenner, Clark, Winning, Higgs, Arthur, Bowron, Howieson, Murphy, Connell, Seale, Saunders, I. Browne, Karpin.

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SWIMMING.

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held at the Domain Baths on the 9th March, 1927.

The Senior Cup was won by Malcolm Stevenson, who was successful in the previous year.

Stevenson has had a fine record, having won the under 14 championship, the Junior Cup, and two Senior Cups, and we expect him to uphold the honour of Fort Street at the next Combined High School Carnival. Stevenson at last Carnival lowered two school records: (a) The 50 yards championship, which is now $26\frac{1}{2}$ secs. (b) The breast stroke championship, now $1-32\frac{1}{5}$ secs. We expect him to shatter these records, either in December, 1927, or in March, 1928.

E. Gray won the Junior Cup after a hard battle with H. Roulston. The former was successful in the 100 yards and 440 yards junior championships, whilst Roulston annexed the 50 yards junior championship and the 50 yards junior back stroke.

S. Sellick is a much improved swimmer, and won the 220 yards junior championship after a hard tussle. The time for the event was exactly the same as that in which the 220 yards senior championship was swum. In this latter event R. Humphries dead-heated for 1st with M. Stevenson. Humphries was second in the senior cup, and won the 440 yards and 880 yards championships. He is likely to improve much before December.

In the under 14 division, A. Schmidt swept the board. He won the five events for the under 14 cup—a very fine performance, deserving of the heartiest congratulations of his schoolfellows and masters.

Others to win championship events were:— N. Barratt, who won the submarine championship, and, with his partner, N. Rose, won the life-saving championship. The latter also won the junior breast stroke championship for the second year in succession.

D. Peel, small, but good, gave a good display of neat diving, and received the gold medal for that event.

The novelty events were exceedingly popular, and attracted a big entry.

We would, however, like to emphasise that there is need for a bigger entry in those events that test the speed and stamina of our boys. It is on these, and not on trick, novelty events that our swimming reputation as a school is judged, and it is in the training for these that our boys are growing to the healthy manhood which is our great ultimate objective.

Surveying the school-life of our swimming champions, and those who, like them, "loved the game beyond the prize," we have as fine a lot of young gentlemen amongst our swimmers as one would ever wish to meet.



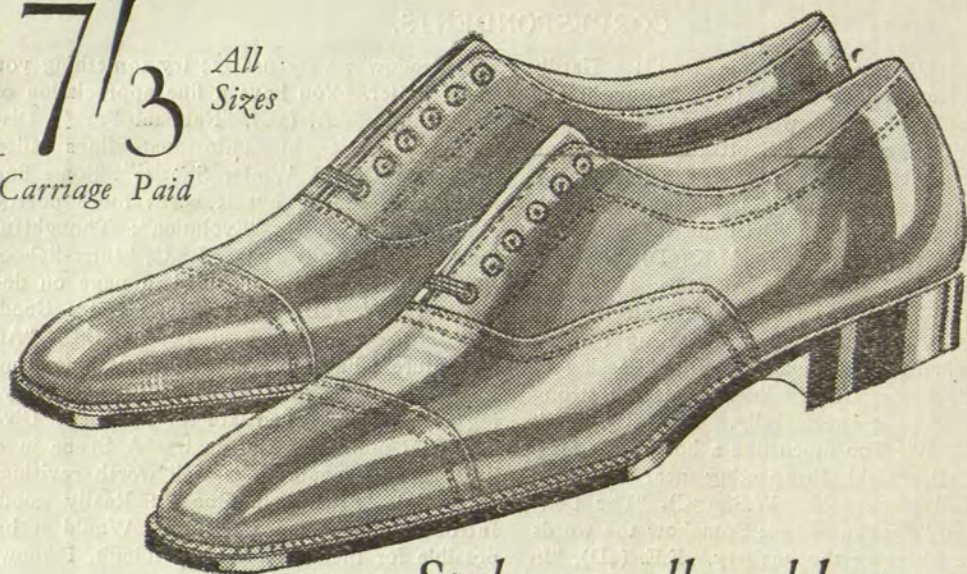
CORRESPONDENTS.

L.B. (3D), "A Pal of the Past": Hardly strong enough. L. McP. (3D), "Drought and Flood": Too many weak lines. E.D. (5C), "Sonnet on the Death of Scott": Fine sentiment, but frequent unhappy phrases spoil it. R.I. (3D), "A Boys' Concert": Crude and primitive humour. N.P.E. (3C), "Brisbane": Description must be vivid, interesting. M.K. (2D), "A Holiday Incident": This sort of story has often been told before; you add no freshness to it. M.A. (5C), "The Passing of the King": Good, but it challenges comparison with "Passing of Arthur" in nearly every line, and is not strong enough to do it successfully. G.S. (5C), "Visit to the Mint": Too much like a homework task. K.J. (5C), "Gold Prospecting near Parkes": Must find more gold. W.S. (5C), "The Conflict" and "Harbour Fog": Somehow the words fail in supporting the imagery. E.E. (4D), "In Parliament": Its humour is a trifle overdone. Humour demands subtlety. R.M. (4A), "The Old Hermit": But there's not enough of the hermit. Try that again. "Gladiator" (5C), "A Roman Holiday": There are so many better descriptions of this. C.G. (4A), "A Walk in the Meadow": Very nearly; try something you know better. You have a fine appreciation of word music. V.A. (3C), "National Park": Distinct possibilities, but unfortunate lines failed it. E.S. (3D), "A Winter Sunrise": Some fine poetic prose in it, but it needs more poetry still. H.R.Q. (4D), "Evolution": Thoughtful work, but it hardly suits. J.S.C., "Inter-School Debate": The matter included in page on debates. H.W. (2D), "Vita Brevis Est": Good. Will consider it for next issue. C.D., "An Adventure": Fair story, but try something from your own experience. H.deV. (2C), "Caddying": Very good. Too late for this issue. Give it a final polish for the next. "A Scene in a 'Bus": Try it again—it is well worth revising. I.R. (2D), "Friends in Books": Really good. Introduce a few more friends. Would it be possible for these to meet? Difficult, I know, but it would add interest.

Many contributions were unsigned. They cannot be acknowledged here. Also, their chances of being accepted were considerably reduced on that account.



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