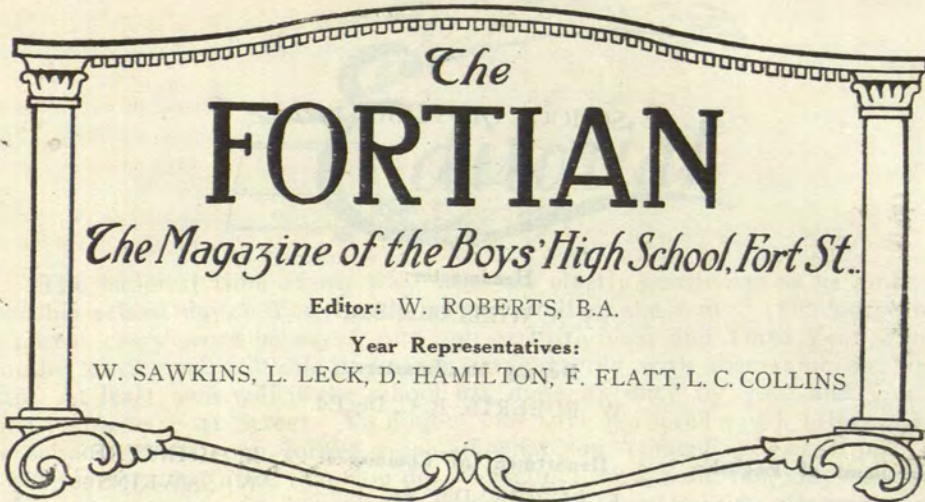


THE FORTIAN



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

NOVEMBER, 1927.



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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1927.

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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:

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 J. J. DUNNE, B.A.
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 G. S. TAYLOR, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

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 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:

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 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
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 Mr. W. ROBERTS (Vice-President)
 Mr. L. JOHNSON (Sports Master)
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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.



"The happiest time of my life," says the elderly gentleman as he looks back upon his school days. You wonder if he is telling the truth? Of course he is; he means every word he says. And you of Fifth Year and Third Year who will soon be leaving us, will one day agree very heartily with that same old gentleman. At least, you will if the school has done its duty by you, and you have done yours by Fort Street. No doubt you have gathered much information at the school—you'll soon forget much of what you "conned with cruel pain," and it will matter very little that you do. Certainly, the school, too, may be credited with your success in the business or in the professional world. But, if you can thank Fort Street for these things only, important as they are, your debt is no very great one after all. You will realise soon enough that the school's success in your particular case does not depend entirely on the good job you secure, or the amount of information your head is able to carry.

Apart from success or failure in the ordinary acceptance of the terms, if the school has helped you at all to a broader, saner, attitude towards life, a more courageous acceptance of your lot, a kindlier, more tolerant feeling towards your fellows; if it has helped you to fill usefully your place—however humble it may be—in the world; if it has given you many friends, even one real, true friend who understands you, knows your weaknesses, and treasures you in spite of them, who will joyfully live over again with you the bright days and the hard days, even unto carpetings and "quads," scrapes and escapades; if the school has done these things for you, it has done much, and you will feel grateful. The new-found liberty in a wider sphere of activity, the independence that your own income will give you, the new responsibilities that will come to you, will not allow you to forget Fort Street. And this companionship, this good fellowship of the old days, must not die, for it is one of the best things of your life. To help you keep it bright, to strengthen its bond of sympathy, remember that the Old Boys' Union is waiting to receive you when you leave. It will be a wider Fort Street than you knew here. It will help you greatly, and you can help it, too, in many ways. Its success as a living fellowship depends very much on you, each one of you, and its success will measure in a larger way, not only the value of the school as an educational institution, but also, whether you have been worthy of your place in the school.

So let us not say good-bye—not just yet—for you are Fort Street still, and will ever so remain. When you meet the fellows of the good old days—oh, yes, they will be the good old days soon enough—may the heart gladden at the meeting, and may you have the fortune to see pals in them, something of your own self in them, too.

The school cannot afford to lose you, nor can you afford to forget the school. Then, just let it be, "Au revoir and good luck"!

NOTES AND NEWS.

Harold Hogbin, one of our old boys who has had a distinguished career at the University, is at present leading an expedition of Sydney University men, to Rennell Island, in the Solomon Group. The object of the expedition is research work in anthropology. This island is one of the most uncivilised in the Pacific, the natives being untouched by western civilisation, and so it presents practically virgin ground for the anthropologist.

The natives have a reputation for savagery, but Mr. Hogbin hopes that gifts of axe-heads, beads and bright cloths will overcome their hostility.

The party expects to be away for about four months.

Among the members of the Rugby Union Football team now visiting England is an ex-Fortian, in the person of E. J. Thorn, who represented the school on many occasions. Prior to leaving Sydney, Ted Thorn was entertained at a complimentary dinner by several of his old Fort Street pals. A very pleasant evening was spent, and many memories of school days were recalled.

The Fortians present included Tom Ross, N. Coxon, Tom Collins, Roy Costello, and H. C. Winkworth, who will be remembered as prominent footballers while at Fort Street.

Frank Watts, who has been away for the past five years in Siam and Burma, expects to return to Sydney shortly for a holiday. He is engaged in the tin mining industry, and has established quite a reputation for his ability in overcoming engineering difficulties.

Two teams represented the school in the recent Eight Hour Day Sports Competitions. "B" team secured first place in the Physical Training Competition with 92 points. "A" team ran second in its grade of Physical Training Competition, gaining 88 points against the winning team's 91. Unfortunately, the leader collapsed towards the end of a particularly good display. Many good teams were entered, and an excellent display of the work being done in physical culture was presented. Our boys were treated handsomely and thoroughly en-

joyed the day.

A most remarkable change in the appearance of the school grounds has been wrought by the efforts of the junior boys under the direction of Mr. Humphries. The rockeries and ornamental plots will soon be providing a patch of bright colour. The levelling of the larger area is proceeding apace, and what was an unsightly mass of stones is now a fairly level expanse, ready for grass. Given a good season, we should have a fine playing area in a few months. A meed of praise is due to the enthusiasm of the juniors for their efforts in this direction.

On Friday, October 21st, the school assembled to give a send-off to the seniors who are sitting for the Leaving Certificate. Short addresses were given by Mr. Roberts, Mr. Porter and Mr. Clyne; school songs were rendered by the whole assembly, and the Fifth Year boys marched out through a cheering aisle of their fellows. In the evening the seniors' dinner was held at Sargent's Cafe. Over a hundred senior boys attended and thoroughly enjoyed a most successful function. A number of musical items was contributed, and the usual toasts were honoured.

A very noticeable feature of the evening was the excellence of the speeches given in proposing or responding to the various toasts. McIntyre, Sawkins, Sweeney, Russell, and Andrews among the Fifth Year, and Carter and Melville of Fourth Year were particularly happy in presenting their ideas. No doubt the keen interest that has been taken in the Debating Clubs is responsible for this high standard.

The programme concluded with the singing of Auld Lang Syne, and the company dispersed with many wishes of good luck for the seniors in their examination.

As a result of the system of weekly donations, instituted by Neil McIntyre and the Prefects, our Hospital Fund has been considerably increased. With this money and the balance from Play Day, we have been able to make the following donations to hos-

pitals:—

Renwick Hospital for Infants—for the maintenance of the Fort Street Cot	£30 0 0
Lewisham Hospital	£15 15 0
Royal Alexandra Hospital for Chil- dren	£10 10 0
Rachel Foster Hospital for Women	£5 5 0
Western Suburbs Ambulance ...	£2 2 0
	<hr/>
	£63 12 0

During the year, there has been a number of minor accidents to footballers and boys at the school, and we think it but right to express our appreciation of the sympathetic treatment extended to our boys by the staff of Lewisham Hospital. Our boys are to be congratulated, also, on the respectable sum that they have

contributed to charities.

We congratulate the following boys upon their election to the position of Prefect for 1928. They are a fine body of lads, and will appreciate fully the honour that has been conferred upon them. Harold Carter has had an excellent record throughout his school career, and his election to the position of Captain of the School is well merited. He will be ably supported by Will Melville as Senior Prefect—also a highly popular choice.

Captain of School: H. B. Carter.

Senior Prefect: W. S. Melville.

Prefects: M. Stevenson; D. Martin; L. Leck; C. Archer; O. Gash; R. Thistlethwayte; E. Edmonds; J. D. Lovell; P. Higgs; H. G. Lamble; A. Conlon; D. Leggett; H. Roulston; M. Mathieson.

FORT STREET OLD BOYS' UNION.

ANNUAL BALL.

The Union held its Annual Ball at the Wentworth on Thursday, 11th August last.

About three hundred Old Boys and their friends attended, and the Function was an unqualified success. The Ballroom was decorated with the School's colours, red and white, and all those present had a thoroughly good evening.

The thanks of the Union are especially extended to the Ladies' Committee, comprising Mrs. L. Claude Warby, and Misses Vera Waterstone, Molly Thornhill, Belle Pontey, and Doris Paterson, who gave the Boys' Committee the utmost assistance. Their efforts in selling novelties during the evening resulted in the collection of £13 from this source. An innovation, believed to be new to Sydney, was a Booby Prize in addition to the prize for the winning numbered novelty. Without mentioning names, we are pleased to be able to report that the Booby Prize, which took the form of a doll in a neat little wicker pram, was won by a very tall gentleman who entered into the spirit of the evening by wheeling it across the hall, much to the delight of those present.

We were favoured also by the attendance of members of the New Zealand Hockey Team,

and representatives of North Sydney and Parramatta High Schools.

Those present are looking forward to next year's function, when we hope the attendance will be much larger.

We regret that Messrs. P. C. Spender, G. B. Martin, and R. Bateman have been reluctantly compelled to resign from the Committee on account of their inability to attend Meetings.

We have pleasure in welcoming as members in their stead Messrs. Ivo W. Kerr (1899), J. H. Parks and Layton Langsworth. We congratulate these gentlemen on their appointment, and feel sure they will strengthen the Committee.

SMOKE CONCERTS.

Two Smoke Concerts have been held since this paper was last published. They were held respectively in July and September at Sargent's, in Market Street.

On each occasion a goodly number of Old Boys was present, but we are anxious to see a much larger attendance in the future. Old Boys can be assured of a hearty welcome to these functions and of a pleasant and congenial evening.

We were favoured on the former occasion by Mr. Wally Baines, the well-known Come-

dian, whose turns were greatly appreciated by those present. At the latter function Mr. Charles Lawrence was given a wonderful reception. Others who assisted in the programmes were Messrs. Harold Snelling, C. Wright, Layton Langsworth, Archie Boyle, "Cornie" Bauer, Watts and others.

We are very pleased to be able to state that at the latter function many present represented later years. Mr. Kerr brought along a party of Old Boys who left the School in 1899 and 1890. This is very encouraging indeed, as we are anxious to rope in as many of the real Old Boys as possible, as their support, coupled with that of the younger members, must insure the success of the Union.

ANNUAL PRIZE.

The Union has decided to give a prize each year for the boy who, in the opinion of the Headmaster, has shown the greatest proficiency, including sport, during the year.

The Union's President attended at the School on Speech Day and had much pleasure in presenting the prize to Mr. Noel Neil. We congratulate the winner on his achievement.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The Union will hold its Annual Dinner at Sargent's in Market Street on Tuesday, 6th December, 1927, at 7.15 p.m. Tickets at 10/6 each are available from the Secretary.

The Committee would like Old Boys to make a special effort to be present at this Function, and will be glad to see as many as possible of those Old Boys who are just now leaving school.

Dress Optional.

GROUP SECRETARIES.

With a view to getting in closer touch with as many Old Boys as possible, the Committee, on the suggestion of Mr. Ivo Kerr, has seen fit to appoint a number of Group Secretaries (one for each year). Their duties will be to get in touch with Old Boys of whom they have knowledge, and endeavour to enlist them as members of the Union. They will also be notified immediately a function is arranged, and will have tickets and full information regarding the affair.

The Secretary will be glad to hear from any Old Boys who were at School between 1900 and 1910 who are willing to act in this capacity.

OBITUARY.

MALCOLM MACNAUGHTON.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of one of our second year scholars—Malcolm Macnaughton, of 2C. He suffered an attack of appendicitis, was operated upon, and seemed to be making a recovery. But in spite of the finest surgical aid and the best nursing skill, he died in a private hospital on Saturday, 24th September.

He was a particularly fine type of boy, attentive to his studies, keen at his sport (he was a member of last year's 5th grade football team), and his quiet, happy disposition made him a favourite with his class mates, and won the respect of the masters with whom he came in contact. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Macnaughton, of Malvern Hill, have our deepest sympathy in their loss, and the school itself mourns the loss of a member of such a sterling and promising character. Messrs. Williams, Roberts and Gould

represented the school at the funeral, which took place at Rookwood on Sunday, 26th September.

W. E. J. PARADICE.

All Fortians will be deeply grieved at the death of Surgeon Lieut.-Commander W. E. J. Paradise, who lost his life in the recent harbour tragedy. Commander Paradise received his education at Fort Street, and passed the Leaving Certificate Exam. in 1914. He then entered the Medical School at the University, and on completion of his course, entered the Navy, becoming Surgeon Lieutenant in 1923. He was keenly interested in scientific research, and carried out some excellent investigations in and about Australian waters.

At the time of his death he was President of the Microscopical Society, and also of the Marine Biological section of the Zoological Society.

LOVE OF SELF.

The French grammars hold a disparaging proverb on the subject of "amour de soi"; Horace, of hallowed memory, is not very enthusiastic about "caecus amor sui," and Bacon says, "It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth." Now, as with so much distinguished testimony, we must limit the application of this universal condemnation if we are to appreciate it. "Love of self," as commonly interpreted, is undoubtedly detestable; but there is another aspect which embraces all that is highest in our regard.

We need hardly refer to the first meaning. That familiar figure who is "right earth," be he rogue, miser, or what you will, has been soundly and consistently rated by his victims since first time was. Love of self is for him solely a carnal matter. He can see no further than his own nose in what really concerns him most vitally. He has no interest in worlds into which his knowledge does not extend. Ignorance and desperate impatience are the limits of his life, spiritual and physical. He is a primitive brute.

Our second interpretation is brought about by "civilisation," "progress," "education," "spiritual urge." In the act of doing things we are often checked by the thought of evil consequences, and draw back. Religion and all codes of society are concerned with the present as a foundation of, or a stairway to, the future. Whether from fear of hell-fire or merely biliousness, we invariably mould our courses of action to lead to our own greater happiness. Indeed, existence would be a fiasco, reason an absurdity, if we did not do so.

Thus, when one man epitomises all we most admire, another all we most abhor, there will be a great common motive, love of self; the difference will lie solely in their respective fields of vision.

So much for that much. The office of the average individual will be to combine the ideals of the second point of view with some of the worldly benefits of the former. True combination will imbue him with a third and greatest

conception of self-love. Always an honest man, he will remain "the noblest work of God"; and he will incidentally be a leader in every sphere. A false combination will make him a hypocrite . . . As such, we may disregard him.

Our hero, then, will be a patient enthusiast. In all humbleness of spirit, he will be fortified to reach the top. With kindred souls, he will be working for the common goal of humanity, a goal which is divinely and essentially bound up in self-love; for the individual is only a member of the universal family, whose interests and objects are the same as his. His advancement will be the advancement of humanity, and the consummation of the work of Love of Self.

After which little disquisition, the obscurity of our point should be lightened by a local habitation. It is this. There is a great institution, Fort Street, which stands for the noblest purposes in Humanity. The entity of Fort Street is bound up in the entity of Fortians; the School gives training, and the Fortians improve that training to the greater glory of all that Fort Street embraces. No matter how great the talent or the aspiration, Fort Street is always more than worthy for its development. The Fortian advances, Fort Street advances, and humanity advances.

There is responsibility in the title "Fortian," then. "Love of self" will mean "love of school." The Fortians must be filled with the spirit of the place. They must never rest till Fort Street is at the summit of perfection. They must be jealous of her grounds, her gardens, her buildings, her records; they must bring her victory in sport; they must improve her brilliant reputation for scholarship; they must in every other way guard her fair name. "Civis Fortianus sum" will not then be an empty boast. It will mark the triumph of a common school spirit. It will be a qualification in humanity. Finally, it will be a mighty monument to unselfish "Love of Self."

NEIL HALLEY McINTYRE, Captain, 1927.

“—LET THE SOUND OF MUSIC CREEP IN OUR EARS.”

Music is a part of life: it is not merely a hobby, nor yet an amusement: it is part of the fabric of life itself. The structural basis of music is vibration. Sound comes to us in the guise of air waves setting up in our ears nerve impulses, which, conveyed to the brain, are translated into sound.

If our ears be too dull to answer, the sound simply does not exist for us. Doubtless there are many sounds in the world we cannot hear, and sights we cannot see: our senses gather in only fragments of the whole range of vibration. Musical waves are rhythmic and orderly, whereas mere noise is the result of irregular vibrations. And while rhythm is the primary manifestation of music, it is also the characteristic of everything in life. Science tells us of the orderly, rhythmic movement of all things; nothing is still, the very atom is a miniature universe. The poet of the Bible felt this truth when he wrote: “While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease.”

The whole world expresses life in rhythm, inlaid and in sweet regularity. Analyse any object to its details and observe how the small unite to form larger, which again unite into larger rhythms of ordered groupings; this is the law that governs a molecule of water, a harbour bridge, a work of art, and a living being. So, too, music begins with notes and

tones, which quickly group themselves into larger units—little phrases, then longer sentences, one instrument, then two, until is evolved, according to the designer, a dance, a march, a song, a sonata, duet, chorus or orchestra.

The second element of music is melody, which corresponds to the outline in nature. Things have their shapes and forms: nothing is quite uniform; hills climb and rise, valleys fall and fade, rivers wind, and trees sway; even our lives are sad and gay. Compare the angular strength of “Australia’s Sons, let us Rejoice” with the flowing tenderness of “Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.”

The third element is Harmony; this is the texture, the material on which the design is worked. Look at Nature’s harmony; how wonderfully varied her material; the soft verdant vales, the hard rocky heights, the barren icy wastes, the fertile river banks; what blending of colours in sunset, on bird’s wing, on sea and sky. So the blending of sounds makes chords, and the chords as they succeed one another, make harmony, smooth or rough, sweet or harsh, echoing our very lives in their moments of joy and pain. So is music one of many expressions of Mother Nature. Let us cultivate it, study it, appreciate it, see its beauty, hear its loveliness, and we shall know a wonderful joy.

L. C. MOTE.

THE SENIOR PICNIC, 1927.

Ours is an appalling age. At a swoop, institutions have been overturned, traditions broken, principles have been violated; kingdoms have fallen, empires are tottering. It is a superficial age, an age commercialised, unromantic, without any national uplifts or basis of good, solid ideals. Nothing is assured, nothing stable. . . . We live in fickle whirl, and are prone to overlook what greatness still remains, unshaken by the winds of chance . . .

That some such bedrock greatness does remain it was recently my privilege to have proved conclusively, and the proof warmed the cockles of my old heart. The destiny of Fort Street is still secure, albeit in the hands

of a minority—but a minority whose every member Nature may still proclaim to all the world as a Man! With these real Fortians lies our present purpose; of the others—“cur, O cur timent flavum Tiberim tangere?”

Perhaps thirty seniors “rendezvoused” on the appointed day, and soon were speeding through the rathe clouds of smoke to National Park, for the Senior Picnic, 1927. The train was filled with music, so that at Loftus all the cares that inhabit the day were dissipated. Thus began the outing.

Possibly some uninitiated Sybaris may not know that at National Park one boats. The barks are of varying merit. Behold, then,

some four enthusiasts out-Marathoning Pheidippides! Nearly two miles they staggered, more heated if less speedy than "fire in fennel field"; got there first, triumphant, and did they obtain the best boat? No. When we arrived at length, leisurely in our confidence, they awaited us with a tub that would have scared Columbus!

The flagship was thus a bit late off scratch, for all hands who could be spared from the oars stood by the pumps. However, once away we forged on, rammed several smaller craft, collided with the swans, rounded the headland, and thenceforth could "tenir au large." The galley slaves bent their backs with a will, the sun beat down, and presently arose a raucous chorus such as scares the cormorants on the Volga at daybreak. "Yo!" and our brothers yo-heaved-ho! Presently the band caught up a martial air—we trimmed the boat—the oars dipped with chaotic "regularity"—the creaming foam hissed beneath the prow—the sea-spray and smoke drift (from those oars) ruined the dinners stored for'ard, and dampened the changes of raiment similarly deposited—and as a thing of clockwork the vessel ploughed on!

We were touched by the devotion of one slave. When at the dog-watch he was to be relieved, he said pleadingly, "Would you mind if I kept on rowing?" We did not, and on he toiled.

Soon it was necessary to have a man in the bows, sounding the shoals. It was a treat to see the understanding between lookout and steersman. "Hard-a-port!"—we would crash into the bank on the right. "A-sta'board!" "Sta'b'd it is, sir!"—and away we'd go to port. However, without accident we gained the head of the river, where we careened, and then dispersed among the rocks—for dinner.

There is something unrivalled in stretching out on a rock after dinner at National Park. All around are moss, ferns, flannel-flowers, and deer, parrots, magpies, lyre-birds; the big trees let shimmers of sunlight through; down below the water gleams, near by it trickles over the rocks where lizards bask. One forgets exams, the city, the world.

Our idyll is shattered by two bellows. Someone has been stung by an ant, down in the creek the harpoon expert is threatening an eel with an oar. The enthusiasts have pushed on.

Speculation runs high about the eel. Soft music brings him out a second time, the fool! A tense moment—then, "Come on with that boat!" from the enthusiasts. The eel disappears, the magpies fly away with any stray dinner, and away we go.

There has been treason—a renegade is on a foreign vessel. "Crowd on all sail!" is the order. "Boarders stand by!" We are gaining.—Crack! An oar goes. Curses from the captain—but the stern-lipped cut-throats, "accoutred as they are," plunge in, make up the leeway, and slightly dampen the foe before they are beaten off. Very wet—yea; nearly drowned—aye; but "such things as these must be," said we, "after a famous victory."

Like a lame duck with our sweeps fouled, we made for the drinks depot. We were busily quaffing when we saw another enemy approaching. We had to drink, but we needed one extra oar. In despair we hailed him—he was touched. "No, thanks, I'll have one later!" Thus de-luded, he waited till we were ready, then in a trice the fell work was done. His crew, wetted, were soon in the bottom of the boat, and we were at full strength again in his spoil!

"Ricks" of triumph—suddenly, an answering "Rick" from the dusty highway! Steering for the shore, we perceived a party of fair botanists. The flags were run up to the masthead, and hails exchanged. For some time a parallel course was pursued—and then the chorus swelled as we rowed away.

"Fare ye well, my bonny young gal,
We're bound for Rio Grand!"

A final race as night fell brought forth unheard-of heroism. The devoted slave aforementioned and another, finally exhausted, refused to be deadweights. Scientifically diving into the icy depths, they gained the shore, while we swept on. 'Twas hours before we returned. Like the Roman sentinels at Pompeii, they were still there, but dancing like dervishes to keep warm and frighten the mosquitoes.

It was now time to wend homewards. The way was long, and worse, the band had gone astray. Doubtless it is still wailing "The Lost Chord" in the wilderness. It was a wonderful mouth organ.

"Tired and happy" is the stock phrase for the return from picnics. We were both, in the

superlative degree . . . but we would still raise a "Rick!" and so, to fag.

Future seniors must really wake up. A very few only had sufficient civic interest to be present. The Senior Picnic should be an eagerly-awaited event, supported by all. It is inexpensive and beneficial; best of all, it forms

a very happy memory for those passing out. However, it is hardly representative when some half-dozen 4th Year people turn up! Let us hope the example of this devoted few will lead to great things. Seniors, 1927, fervently hope that Seniors, 1928, will have the best picnic on record.

"PABULA TOR, 5C.

CADDYING.

I was camping at Collaroy with my brother near the golf links. It's a nice life there.

"Here, Billy! Go and get some water!" "Well, where's the tin?" "I dunno. Suppose they 'pinched' it las' night." ("They" referred to the other campers who had commandeered all the tins for a tin-can band for the New Year celebrations.)

Every morn, something like the above gentle colloquy woke me from my sleep. On this particular morning, realising that it was about five o'clock, I dressed, and woke my brother with a fraternal kick. Then I went to get some firewood. When I returned my brother was still in bed. I jerked the blankets off him and told him to go to the store for some eggs. Then I lit the fire. This I managed to do with only one box of matches. The breeze was not so strong that morning.

Breakfast over, I set out for the golf links, for it seemed to me that one's old age must be provided for by energy and ambitious thrift during the time of youth. When I arrived a fine argument was in progress between two caddies. I learned that the argument was about a "bloke" who "belonged" to me. I firmly put forth my claims, and issued certain dire threats. The two caddies departed. I was bigger than they.

My "bloke" arrived, and we proceeded to the first tee. After much scene-shifting, the ball flew through the air, only to fall into the

dense scrub which bordered a swamp. The welkin quivered, and shivered, but I took no particular notice and walked off in the direction of the swamp. After an hour's search I found the ball, and was promised a "sax-pence." Needless to say, I didn't get it.

We "did" the first hole in a baker's dozen (I knew this by the thirteen blue patches floating in mid-air). On the round we nearly lost the ball twice, being delayed thereby for about two hours.

After caddying for two rounds, I received ninepence. But, after all, who wants to die wealthy?

Later I heard that someone had lost six new balls in the swamp. Balls cost money, and it would be foolish to throw away the gifts of Fortune, so I set off to search. When I arrived at the swamp I found that my "bloke" had stolen a march on me!

However, I kept on in the hope that I might find a few balls. I found an egg (it looked like a ball from the distance) and a large thorn in my big toe.

This last event just shattered my highly-strung nerves. I returned to camp, but after a bitter quarrel with brother, I felt much better. Then I spent the rest of my holiday in the surf.

J. TAYLOR, 2C.

A PAGE OF VERSES.

WOULDEST THOU BE SLEEPING ?

"Wouldst thou be sleeping
Where the blue hills uplift
Faces age-kindly and proud?
Wouldst thou be gone from this weeping
To places where yellowing leaves do not drift,
And sleep in the clasp of the cloud?"

With the dust I'd be lying again,
And folded away in the hills,
Would forget both the sun and grey rain,
In the calm, ancient hills
Yet I think, should the wind in its agony call,
And tell to the firs on the steep valley-wall
Of the passion, the brief, sudden joy of it all.
I would waken and come back again.

F. BURN, 4D.

RIVER MELODY.

Soft and sweet in whispered strain
Through stilly air the music floats,
Stealing down the shining river,
Murm'ring from the distant boats.

And louder grows the melody,
Swelling like the rising tide,
And sweeter grow the joyous notes,
Soaring o'er the riverside.

Now the boats are passing by
In the mystic moonbeams where,
All the songs of long ago
Thrill again the listening air.

Softly waning with the moon,
The distant sounds float far from me,
As round the bend the boats do glide,
To live in pleasant memory.

C. ARCHER, 4A.

SPRING SONG.

Breath of wind as light as the sea foam
Plays on the morning's brow,
Light blue breezes, gaily aroam,
Troubadours out of their winter home,
Sing of the Springtime now,

The wind last night was an edge of steel,
Cutting to diamond fire
The frozen stars, and leaden the heel
Of Winter—the neck of the earth did feel,
Dead'ning its mighty ire.

Breath of wind from the far blue hill-height
Rekindleth the embers of mirth;
For the wind of Winter has died in the night,
And anew high leapeth the flame more bright,
Shedding wild incense and glowing with light,
—The flame that is life to the earth.

F. BURN, 4D.

FORLORN.

I dreamed a dream in the twilight:
One came to me and said:—
"I will show you the way to the land,
The land of the things that are dead,
And are seen no more on earthly land:
—To Faeryland, to Faeryland."

And I went the way he told me,
Where the winds lie dead in the grass,
And seven ancient houses stand;
(The dust lies grey on their mantels,
When the silent shadows pass.)
And I crossed their gardens forlorn,
Where the reedy river flows,
And still the path led straight,
To the edge of a cold grey land
Where an ancient pine tree grows.

But it ended in the forest,
In the gloomy purple shades;
And I called, and called in the forest,
But no one came, and my voice
Was lost in the shadowy glades.

H. R. QUINEY, 4D.

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TREASURE.

While our minds are yet filled with our Australian Authors' Week, is it not appropriate that something of this nature should find a place among the pages of our own paper? Australian Literature is a mere infant, a child that has grown slowly, but is promising, very promising! There has as yet been no great genius in the Australian literary world, but, despite the lack of polish in our writers, still they speak right to the hearts of Australians. Our poetry is healthy and optimistic. Its dominant note reflects the strangely captivating beauty of Australian scenery. Many are its defects; it is "rhyme rudely strung with intent less of sound than of words"; though merely "song shaped without form," still it thrills right to the depths of every Australian heart. Where is the man who, reading such songs as "The Man from Snowy River," could fail to be stirred, to have ambition, pride and all else that is noble and true well up within him? Where is the poor barren wretch so void of soul that he fails to feel some echo of that intense patriotism which inspired such bards as Paterson or Evans? Australia is a land to be loved, the only land for those she has bred. As Enid Derham said,

"My country is enough for me!"

Her poets re-echo the spirit of Australia. They all loved her; they knew her faults, but they also knew her beauties. Thus, realising as they did, her claims upon them and all that she meant to them, they were liberal towards her. Ogilvie was one of this happy band, and wrote in this strain:—

"And if her droughts are bitter,
Her dancing mirage vain—
Are all things gold that glitter?
What pleasure but hath pain?
And since among Love's blisses
Love's penalties must live,
Shall we not take her kisses,
And, taking them, forgive?"

Such is the spirit of the Australian poet. Sir Bertram Mackennal once said: "There is something elusive and mysterious in this land, some soul that I cannot find, some spirit I have never seen, something I can only feel." This is the elusive something that grips the heart of every

Australian; this is the spirit which drives the pen of the Australian poet.

As I have said, Australia can claim no really great poet. Great poets come seldom to the world. Most of our Australian writers have their little band of followers, but Henry Kendall stands as one of our greatest poets. He was an inspired man; his poetry is the music of a poet's soul. Quite recently, as I wandered through the North Coast scrub and heard for the first time the tinkling note of a bell-bird, the realisation struck me that Kendall's work is not the work of a man, but that of a greater spirit deep within him.

Kendall, however, is not by a long way our only writer of poetry, nor yet the only man who had a poet's soul. There are many: Paterson, Dorothea Mackellar, Zora Cross, Evans, Daley, Gordon, Ogilvie. All these are real poets, and echo Australian sentiments. All these give us "that elusive something which cannot be explicitly expressed, for the most vital things are not given thus to one's fellow-men. They must be communicated in the subtlest and finest forms of art, and to be communicated they must be felt." This is the reason for the irresistible appeal of our poetry. It tells us something that nothing else could tell us; something we do not quite understand, but cannot possibly fail to feel. Probably foreign peoples find the same thing in their own native poetry. That is why Burns appeals to the Scotchman or Heine to the German.

But Kendall is far from being our greatest Australian author. This honour falls undoubtedly to Lawson. Paterson, with his happy views and good clean humour, runs a close second. But Lawson is a representative figure. In an address on Lawson, Professor Brereton said: "He was not a great poet. Lawson's prose is more highly valued by good judges of literature than his verse.

"Certainly Lawson has given us our best prose, and the people have judged rightly in placing him at the head of our literary ladder, for he is a typical figure. His voice is the voice of a great democracy. He speaks for the many, not for the few." He was a deeply sympathetic man, one whose heart reached out pathetically to all he met. He set out in life as a shy and sensitive creature with one great

ideal, which he called mateship. But he found that his ideal was far too high. roughness abashed him, selfishness angered him. And all through life this disappointment found a place in his works, until at last time wore off the rough edges of his memories, and he found that after all his great ideal had been true; and the "poet of the bush," the man who was never foolishly sentimental, who was free and generous, loved by his many thousand readers, who appeals so eloquently to our imaginations, wrote these words, wrapping in them all the romance of his hard, rough life, and showing his love and unaffected tenderness for his early ideal. This is what he wrote of mateship:—

"Picturesque, unspoiled, romantic, chivalrous and brave and free,
Clean in living, true in mateship, reckless generosity."

Such was Henry Lawson, a man with a great and open heart, and such was the spirit of his work. The reason why I give so much space to this one writer, and tell so much of his tender yet cruelly rough life, is that the spirit of the man is the spirit of his work, and they are inseparable. Lawson is classed as one of the world's great realists; he never invested with a deceptive glamour the truth as he clearly saw it. But he is a representative figure, and to honour him is to acknowledge the value and significance of Australian Literature. For Lawson is the only one who has done much to allow Australia to claim a great writer of prose. Possibly there are better writers than he, but their works are so very few that they count as almost nothing. Others, like Paterson, give us pleasure for a few moments, but it is not lasting.

But Lawson, whose works are so sympathetic, so vivid, so extremely touching, though he

may not give us so much of this momentary pleasure, makes a lasting impression. Who could read of Mrs. Spicer and Joe Wilson's wife and forget them? Lawson pitied, but at the same time loved his fellow-worker. He himself wrote: "I pitied haggard women, wrote for them with all my heart." This is the spirit that Australia needs; whole-hearted sympathy, love and tender pity, for the outback country is a land of hardships, a land where friends are the only ones who can live. And so these works are treasured for the soul that is in them, and for what they really mean. No brilliant polish about them, but they are better prose than many brilliant men have ever written.

Our writers are few, but what we have give full expression of Australian sentiments—her youthful energies, her sorrows and joys, her aspirations and enthusiasm. They breathe the Australian spirit with ardour and freedom, with insight and sympathy. They can laugh and grow sad, they can exult with spontaneity and freedom. Farnol said: "It is a fine thing to be a gentleman, perhaps, but it is a great thing to be a man." And this is the strain of our literature. No whimpering puppy could possibly find a place of honour there. Our men are men; they must be so to hold their own, and our literature pictures them as such.

But the writer's life is a hard one. Australia has given little encouragement to her songsters. Journalism is their mainstay. Who can wonder then that our library is undeveloped? Our poets are numerous; our novelists are few. But the spirit is there, and, with a little fostering, who knows but that, out of the barren, oasis-dotted desert, there may soon gush a sparkling and refreshing spring?

DONALD G. HAMILTON, 3C.

PLAY DAY, 1927.

On the 19th August our Annual Play Day was held. As usual the function was well attended by parents and supporters of the school. It is a sign of healthy progress that each year our Play Day grows more popular and better known, and in all modesty we may attribute this growing success to our dramatic talent

becoming better recognised.

The function began at 9.30 a.m., and did not finish till late at night. Three sessions were held, the morning, consisting in the main of presentations by the Lower School, the afternoon, of senior plays, while the evening session, in addition to the best of those of the day, in-

cluded a play by the Fourth Year Dramatic Society. Every play was well produced and well acted, and the audience was at no time lacking in entertainment.

No less important, however, than the actual plays themselves, is the organization. There was none of the irritating interruptions which mar amateur theatricals so often. For this we were indebted to the staff.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Play Day is a school function, and so the school should be a gathering place for old Fortians. In this respect it was pleasing to note the

presence, in such numbers, of old boys, more particularly at the night performance. Indeed, so large was the attendance that the hall was overcrowded, and many of the present school were unable to watch the plays.

We may remark that Play Day this year was no less successful than previously. On the contrary, indeed, it was even more successful. Both aspects of the day were satisfactorily fulfilled, for the audience was pleased with the plays, and the function served admirably as a re-union gathering.

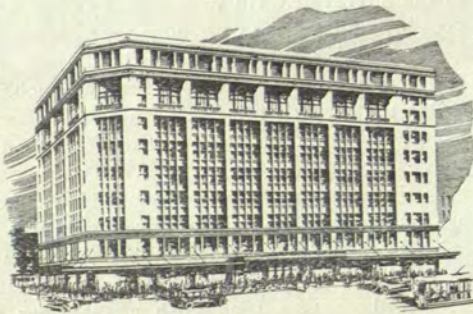
THE FORTIAN COVER.

Fort Street is very grateful to Mr. Norman Carter for his many generous acts, and for the keen interest he has always shown in the welfare of the school. Once more we thank him sincerely for the latest kindness he has shown us in designing the beautiful cover that makes its first appearance with this issue. Its simple and effective lines, its embodiment of the school crest and colours, make the "Fortian" a far more cheerful looking journal, and,

if a book is to be judged by its cover, our magazine will be hard put to it to live up to its outward appearance.

It is gratifying to find parents so interested in the work of the school, so willing to give us such excellent service.

Every reader of the "Fortian," we know, will join in giving thanks to Mr. Carter for his kindness and courtesy.



See

**DAVID JONES'
NEW STORE**

The opening of David Jones' Wonder Store is an event in the history of Sydney. You will want to see all over it. There are heaps of things for Christmas Gifts. The Lower Ground Floor is a Store within a Store for Man, including the Junior and College Sections. There is the latest thing in Soda Fountains, on that floor, too.

DAVID JONES'

For Service—Sydney

MORN.

O Morn is a maiden fair,
And her garments are clouds;
Bright gold are the locks of her hair,
That the morning mist shrouds.

(And she walketh over the hill
That I see from my window;
And she sings with the voice of a bell
Of to-day and to-morrow.)

And her eyes are the blue of the sea,
When the Sun first is woken,
And her voice like the bells that he
Of the Cities of Earth hath broken.

And a song she sings of the sun,
Of clouds and of starlight;
Of toil till the daylight is done,
Of dawning's glad twilight.

And she sings of the endless to-day,
Of joy, yet of sorrow,
And she sings of the flowers which the May
From her red lips did borrow.

O her eyes are the blue of the sea,
When the Sun first is woken,
And her voice like the bells that he
Of the Cities of Earth hath broken.

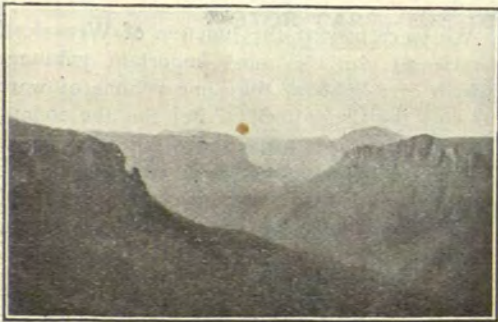
(And she walketh over the hill
That I see from my window;
And she sings with the voice of a golden bell
Of the hope of to-day and to-morrow.)

D. R. QUINEY, 4D.

DOWN THE GROSE VALLEY.

(By C. CRAFT, 4D)

Leaving the Blackheath railway station, and having obtained necessaries for the journey, I and two others set out, en route for Richmond. It was not long before we had left civilization behind, and between the trees, could discern the outline of the mountains in the distance. We were passing through virgin bushland. Soon the trees thinned out, and at our feet lay the Grose Valley.



Looking from the top of the cliffs, we saw a deep, narrow gorge, covered with green forest, surrounded by high cliffs. To the right is the Govett's Leap, beyond which is a table-land, stretching far into the valley. The cliffs

opposite stand in the forbidding grey of the rocks, softened by a mantle of blue haze, as they become farther away, gradually losing themselves in the horizon.



But down in the valley the prospect is entirely different. The stream hurries on towards the sea, now roaring among rocks and boulders, now through pools on which, between the shadows cast by the trees, the sun sparkles on the clear water.

The slopes of the valley, covered with grass and trees, rise away from the stream towards the cliffs, which appear much farther away than they really are. Here and there, horses

and cows, half wild, may be seen grazing, and at the approach of any human being they rush startled away.

At the junction with the Grose is a forest of grey gums. We now followed a track made by prospectors for coal, which occurs some miles down the valley. In parts the path has been entirely obliterated, as the result of many rains and floods. These carry down from the hills masses of driftwood and debris, which form uncertain footing.

The cliffs, especially at sunset and sunrise, present a never-to-be-forgotten sight. In fact, opposite Mount Hay, they somewhat resemble castles which one reads about in fairy tales and mediaeval history. The sun shines on them, bathing them with yellow or red light, and the crevasses, maybe completely hidden from it, are in shadow, thus finishing an effect



only to be seen on such a scale in the mountains. And at night the sound of the river and the rustle of the wind in the trees lulled us to sleep underneath the cloudless, starry heavens.

Further on occur former gold leases and the huts used by prospectors in the latter part of the last century. One hut, evidently more recent, may be still used at times. The bottom of the valley now becomes gradually less and less broken. Finally the cliffs disappear altogether, and the river enters a deep, narrow canyon, flanked on both sides by almost unbroken hills, covered in forest right down to the water's edge. These continue for the remainder of the journey.

Now, ever-changing scenery meets the eyes of the traveller. The river forms in places long, broad and deep reaches, at others it roars through rapids, bubbling over the rocks.

We would now push our way between bushes, scramble over fallen tree-trunks and debris, and get tangled in vines and creepers.



Even with this, we would be rewarded by glorious views of the wooded slopes, especially if we had just turned a bend in the valley and were looking ahead towards the hills at the next bend, clothed in dense green bush-land, with the larger rocks standing prominently out.

The river had been flowing in a more or less north-easterly direction. Miles down, it begins to make a great turn towards the south. Here, on the left-hand side going down, appear what seem seven or eight gaps, but actually on passing we saw the still unbroken line of hills, with a stream or trickle of water flowing to the river. The path, though clearly marked, is overgrown by innumerable vines and creepers; some of these being prickly, it took a fair while to disentangle ourselves if caught in them.

We were now at the junction of Wentworth Creek, by far the most important tributary, which carries about the same volume of water as does the Grose itself. After this the country begins to assume an entirely different aspect. Instead of being entangled in vines and undergrowth, we had to scramble over innumerable boulders for much of the way towards Linden Creek.

Leaving this behind, we began to realize that the journey was at last coming to an end. The hills get gradually lower and lower, until finally the last one of any size is passed. With this the rapids end, and the river forms a magnificent, deep channel. We were now in the Grose gap; after leaving the river for the last time, and walking across level country for

some distance, the first outpost of civilization with any sign of life about it since we left Blackheath, came into view—only five more miles to go.

On somewhat rising ground here we looked back. Distinctly could we discern the boun-

daries of the Grose Valley. In the waning sunlight we could see first one ridge stretching into the valley, then another in the opposite direction, somewhat higher, and so on, until finally they lose themselves in an ethereal mantle of blue, far in the distance.

C. CRAFT, 4D.

HOME.

When the early rays of morning
Steal upon the eastern sky,
And the softness of the twilight
Grows to tints that fade and die—
—I think of home.

When the golden sun is shining
From his azure-bordered throne,
And the bees are drumming, drumming,
In an endless monotone—
—I long for home.

When the sun is slowly sinking
In the crimson clouded west,
And the birds are homeward flying,
Winging homeward to their rest—
—I yearn for home.

When the summer moon is gleaming,
And the stars are faintly bright,
And the reedy pools are dreaming
In the misty, moony light,
In the magic airs entrancing,
In the mysteries of night,
—I dream of home.

V. AINSWORTH, 3C.

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THE VISION.

It came to pass one day that I was sitting in the sunshine underneath a tree, and as I sat, I pondered on things past, things present, and on things to come. And I said within myself, "What is life? Man springs up like the grass; he flourishes, and withers away again. Is this the end, the purpose to which he was born? Is this the outcome of his troubles, hopes and fears?"

And so it was, that as I thought, I slept, and dreamed

I was standing on the grass, and before me stretched a great, wide field, a boundless field, whose end was out of sight, and whose edges touched the sky. And lo! there stood beside me one, who stretched his arm towards the field, and said, "O man, what seest thou?" I answered, "I see a great field, whose bounds are beyond my view, and in it the new-sprung blade is reddened by the rising sun."

"Thou seest aright," he answered, "and now, O man, watch thou this field, nor leave this place till, with the setting sun, the day has gone." And with these words he left me.

All that day I watched and waited, sometimes walking up and down beside the field, sometimes sitting in the shade, and pondering. I saw the young blades rippling in the morning breeze, I saw the grown crop shimmering in the noon-day heat. I saw the ear come forth, and swell, and burst, and, when the setting sun sealed off the day, I still was there, alone.

Then he returned to me who had been with me in the morning.

"O man," said he, "what has thou seen?"

I answered, "I have seen a field of wheat grow up, bring forth its seed, and die. I watched the field, all green and joyful, playing in the breeze, I saw the ear come forth, and, swelling, burst. I saw the corn grow sickly, stiff, and flecked with rust, and then, when all was done, I saw it die. And when the last old stalk had cast its seed, the sun went down."

"Sawest thou naught else?" the question came. "Was all the field a field of wheat, was all the wheat alike?"

"Ah, me!" I exclaimed, "I had forgotten that. The sun had scarce begun to climb before some stalks were dwarfed, and these plants, when the rest were fresh and green,

had ceased to grow. Their leaves were red and brown."

"And did they, also, cast their seed?" the spirit asked.

"Yes, every one," I answered. "Before the sun went down each swollen head had burst, there was not one that did not ripen. Moreover, I saw that often, in the midst of many lower plants, there were one or two that grew tall, taller than any others in the field. These, though they grew up faster, still were smitten sooner, and they cast their seed and perished when yet the field had scarce bowed down with grain."

"Thou hast seen well," replied the spirit. "Stay thou here still, and, with the rising sun, I will come to thee again."

So then I laid me down and slept.

Next morning, when the sun was reddening the world, I wakened, and saw the same one near me once again.

"Arise," said he, "the day is come." Then, when I had arisen to my feet, he asked, "What seest thou to-day?"

Looking out over the field, I said, "All is as it was yesterday, when the rising sun bedecked the world in red and gold."

"Watch then," he said, "and I will watch with thee." So together we looked out over the field and watched. The blades sprang up as before, but, ere yet the sun was well upon his way, I saw a strange thing.

In places where, the day before, the wheat was dwarfed and stunted, now, the sun's rays glaring fiercely down, withered up the plants. But where the sheaves had grown both tall and straight, now, rippling in the wind, the wheat kept growing tall and beautiful, fresh and green and young. Together we watched.

At last the spirit spoke: "This day shall never end. Now farewell; ponder over those things that thou hast seen, for in them is a lesson. Farewell." And I awoke, and it was a dream.

Reader, this is my dream. Seek thou its interpretation.

A HUNGERFORD, 4B.

ROMANCE.

I once came upon an old hut in the mountains. And the wind and rain had beaten upon its walls, and the creatures of the forest had made their nests therein. And with the passing of the years, the waters of time had lapped round its walls and only Romance was left.

So is it with the works of men. Wherever man has built, or wrought, the memory of the evil is erased by some strange working of Nature; and only the good remains. Or if, as in some cases, a man left nothing but evil, then we remember it in a sort of impersonal way; seeing it through the rosy mists of forgetfulness.

This recollection of the good is Romance. And Romance, and the ability to perceive it, is that quality which, above all others, raises man from the beast.

There was one Richard Grenville. History tells us he was a blackbrowed, bullying swash-buckler, hated by his men, and possessing an unpleasant habit of chewing wineglasses till his mouth bled. When, mortally wounded, he

was taken on board the Spanish ship, he died cursing those "traitorous dogs" who had sailed away sooner than face, with an ill-equipped fleet of six, fifty-one heavily armed ships.

This is, as you can see, a very different character to that preserved by most history books.

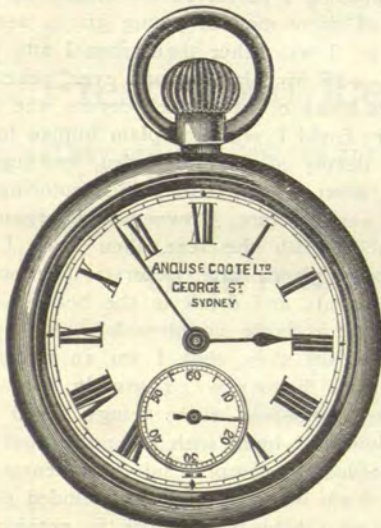
Or again: Cleopatra, last of an ancient line, has always been a personage of some fascination. But we know for certain that she was a fratricide, and not very beautiful.

Henry IV. of France is, or rather was, be-moaned by his subjects; to them he was a model king. But, as Coleridge pointed out, he was a man of no moral principles.

This, it seems to me, is a dispensation of Providence: Of what has been done, only the good comes down to us; it provides us with ideals, which otherwise would be lacking.

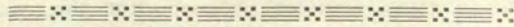
What child has not longed to be a pirate, or bushranger? Many a grown-up, I have no doubt, has also felt the call of sunlit waters and a good ship. Of piracy, we remember only those pages that are bright—its nobility, and

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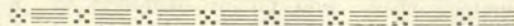
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the pirate's stand against the greedy might of Spain.

Of those great soldiers of history, Caesar, Napoleon, Genghis Khan, we remember only their conquests and great deeds. We forget the countless deaths that Alexander might end his life in victorious debauchery—the million homes bereft, that Caesar might capture Gaul, and Roman Governors extort the fortune from the free tribesmen, the mistaken mercy that made Cromwell murder every man in Drogheda.

Nor do we remember that Alexander, despite his proud tears, feared to attack China, or

cross the Indus. Nor that Francis of Assisi didn't wash, and asked friends to scratch him.

We only remember the great qualities, and therefore see those men as great—outline, grand, but incomplete, and shadowy.

But if we remember all, then men whose names are famous to-day might go down forever in a storm of hate and contempt.

And perhaps it is as well. For, without the little unalloyed good we do remember, there would be such a crushing weight of evil, as Atlas himself might hesitate to bear.

H. R. QUINEY, 4D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,

We know that the unassertive person is little likely to succeed in the struggle for existence, but it is equally true that the race is not always to the swift. It is this thought with which I console myself, for so many hold that I am slow, not of necessity mentally (though I doubt not, many do and with reason), but from an aspect far more frivolous and worldly, I pride myself, and possibly it may appear a narrow outlook, upon my preservation of a certain old-fashionedness, not meaning thereby that elaborate code which we call mid-Victorianism or any other such venerable institution, but merely that small social ruling of my own which does not go to the extremes which so many consider necessary for the enjoyment of this life. By this attitude I incur the ridicule of such young men as I count among my friends, and who themselves are staunch disciples of the new set of customs which seem to have arisen with the twentieth century. Hence it seems that unwittingly I invite the indulgent and laughing attentions of those gay bloods who count personal comfort the highest ideal; who pursue happiness in accord with the maxim: "Let us eat, drink and be merry"; who scorn the quieter life, being never so happy as when whirling in the giddy dance; who love only the harsh glare of artificial city lights, and abhor the kindlier heavenly lights of Nature.

In the company of these worthies I venture the opinion that a country walk is a pleasure

few delight in, but to which I, for the life of me, see no valid objection. Whereupon they laugh and say, "Ah, Nicholas, but have you ever enjoyed a car drive?" Since they put it that way, I reply with perfect truth that I never have, for the simple reason that, being by nature a nervous man, I have always feared for my life on such occasions. And is it possible in that condition to enjoy the experience? But, supposing I possessed the strong nervous system of these modern young giants, assuming, I say, I was other than what I am, then could I, with my plain human eyes, penetrate the thick cloak of dust which covers the path of a car; could I, with my plain human lungs, breathe deeply of the dust-laden, swirling air and say what a joyous thing this motoring is? And if, peradventure, I owned such organs as could accomplish the feat, then have I the swift keen glance and understanding which can appreciate and drink in the beauties and savours of a flying countryside?

I am afraid, then, that I am an unworthy specimen of humanity. I greatly fear that I cannot understand these things, for I was not endowed at birth with the noble soul and lofty intellect to comprehend these sensations. In fine, I am one of those poor deluded philosophers who hold that "there is nothing so beautiful at the end of a road as may not be found beside it."

My taste is simple. I do not crave the complex delights which the higher strata of society consider not mere luxuries but absolute neces-

sities. And so, my friends, socially my equals, but, in matters of aesthetic tastes, far, oh far! my superiors, cannot understand why I should choose the open road for a day's enjoyment. They cannot see what it means to me,—a care-free day, with nothing save a loaf, some butter and cheese, and a book in my haversack, with the birds, the trees, and the hundred and one homely scenes along a country road to delight and interest me; and the sun, and the changing sky, and the gentle breezes to soothe my senses to a peace which only Nature can bestow. In the light of this, my cultured friends persist in believing me mad, and continue to regard me with that pitying indulgence of theirs as a poor unnatural fellow.

They, with the brighter company of a university or a city club about them, are elevated to such levels of refinement that I can raise my eyes to the pinnacles whereon they stand, only in trepidation, fearful in the anticipation of their fall, if fall they must. And, "imo pectore," I feel uneasy in the sparkling presence of the youth, wit and beauty of the university, and the worldly-wise folk about town. An

Ethiopian cannot change his skin, so it is neither my inclination, nor in the realms of possibility, that I should conform to the trivial set of rules which society has been pleased to build itself for the cultural advancement of men and maidens. I hope you will not accuse me of cynicism when I say that I have found so much that is petty and artificial in it all, so much that is irreconcilable to my modest way of thinking, that I seek the quieter countryside for the better enjoyment of this all too short span of days which is our portion. There, where the river of life glides broad and deep, as against the shallow, rushing torrent of a city existence, I have found no disconcerting company, no people with whom I do not feel on easy terms, or with whom I cannot converse other than simply and straightforwardly.

The ploughman in the evening, returning from the field behind his sweating team, pauses at the rails for a few words on the weather, or the prospect of the next crop, with a chance remark or two on some prodigious harvest of his youth; the neighbour farmer riding through,

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from the saddle delivers at length his little sheaf of news, comprising all those wisps of local gossip gleaned here and there in the day's ride. the optimist fisher, coming in from the pool along the creek, rod on shoulder, unfolds a tale of woe concerning the trout which broke his line, fervently hopes to heaven he may catch the brute, and then expands on piscatorial subjects as fishermen will with the smallest encouragement; the young farm-lad, a rabbit kitten in his hat and several grey corpses more slung across the barrel of his gun, prates idly of the fox he saw by the blackberry clump on the hill, but is at great pains to dispel any doubts about his marksmanship:—all these are company most pleasant and diverting.

And for the most part they are simple enough in the understanding, not by any means to be despised as acquaintances, as so many urban wiseacres asseverate, for our country cousins, despite all that may be said to the contrary, can teach us much in the way of deep and serious thought. Moreover, I have found their rustic philosophy of life, the accumulated result of much quiet reflection, most revealing. They have their little foibles, as all men have in greater or less degree, but no rational being quibbles over such details. It were best in every case that we review the picture in its entirety and not take exception to those finicky points which none but an art critic would dream of discussing at any great length. Let us take them for their true value and not seek to detract from their merits by unjust criticism.

And how I hate that term "country bumpkin"! Some of my friends may say my opposition has a personal note to it, for, you see, those sage youths have thought fit to dub me with the appellation. But I am not actuated thus, for it is beneath any man to allow such trifling considerations to bias his decision on any point. No, it is not that. It is the high tone with which they discuss those honest, homely workers whom they deem their inferiors in thought, word and deed, that stirs my ire. I am an easy-going gentleman. God knows, but if there is one thing I detest above all others it is snobbishness. There is far too much of it in the world, and particularly among our learned pedants of superior educa-

tion. If they would only pause to consider a little what they do or say, instead of adopting a lofty attitude where the real mainstay of our prosperity is concerned (by this I mean those despised yokels), then much unnecessary ill-feeling would depart from our midst, and I would be rather more ready to countenance their actions. But they don't. They take it for granted that they are "the salt of the earth," and speak and act accordingly. Let them examine themselves and see how far they fall short of that ideal of culture to which they profess to aspire. May I offer for their perusal the words of the Scots poet,

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

to which I will add "Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus," or, as an Englishman has put it, "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Not all the wealth of learning in the world confers on any man the right to say to another, less fortunate perhaps, "By reason of my greater knowledge, I am a better man than you."

But I have been harping on this theme more than I really care. To denounce does not come easily to my nature. I would far rather find excuses for the veriest rogue than accuse him. It is one of the peculiar contradictions which so frequently occur in human actions. I may despise a man in my heart, yet I cannot myself openly condemn him, but neither can I admit of another's condemnation without immediately feeling constrained to take arms in the cause of him I detest.

Confound it, though, how I ramble! I warrant that you could not find another such dodderer among your youthful acquaintances. And now I do really begin to think that my friends' laughter is not all misdirected, and that I am much as they say—to wit, a queer soul. And I think you'll allow as much if you have managed to struggle thus far along the devious path of this screed. But I cannot, in all politeness, close without offering some excuse, however feeble, for this—what shall I say—this horror, this florid piece of boredom! I set out with a light heart and a firm-set jaw to

vindicate my honour, such as it is, in the eyes of all, from those accusations of tardiness levelled against me, but I have drifted sadly from the point, mainly because I found the imputations just, and that I cannot escape a fate decreed, but seem doomed to labour on in harmony with my name, a pessimist, an egoist, and a poor fellow, but, in spite of all,

one who
"Finds tongues in trees; books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Hence, my very good sir, I am,

Your humble and obedient servant,

NICHOLAS SLOWITT.

THE ATTEMPT OF THE PEN BRIGADE.

(With apologies to Tennyson)

Half an hour, half an hour,
Half an hour onward!
All for the big exam,
And students six hundred!
"Hurry up, Pen Brigade,
Fill up the lines!" he said.
When for the big exam
Sat the six hundred.

"Hurry the Pen Brigade!"
Was there a lad dismayed?
Yes, and the teachers knew
Many would blunder.
They cannot make reply,
They've not the reason why,
So then, they sit and sigh,
When for the big exam
Sat the six hundred.

Scratched they their heads till bare,
Scratched, as they wildly stare
Into the empty air:
On all gazed the teacher, while
All the class wondered.
Plunged into deep despair,

Oh, how they longed to swear
At questions (and answers)
For teachers soon will blare,
As they have thundered.
So will the next exam
See not the six hundred.
Teacher to right of them,
Teacher to left of them,
Teacher behind them,
Shouted and thundered,
Long days—so some do tell—
Till they were weeded well;
For few came back proud and swell,
Back to the next exam,
Back to the room of H—1,
For few were left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When did their knowledge fade?
Oh, the wild answers made!
All the staff wondered,
Laughed at the Pen Brigade,
At the attempt they made;
Feeble six hundred!

I. KEENA, 2D.

THE FAR SOUTH COAST.

One of the most beautiful places where one can go for a holiday is the Far South Coast.

It is a country of many charms—where Mother Nature has spread her gifts in wonderful profusion. The Far South Coast is a natural domain of unsurpassed wealth and beauty. Its golden sunshine and rich fertile soil; its scenic beauty, temperate climate, and invigorating air—these are the things which now attract tourists, and which eventually will attract a permanent population.

Here you will learn what a gracious thing life can be. The fertile valleys and slopes pour forth their abundance to the farmer. The genial sunshine makes him glad to be alive. The fragrant nights, sweet with the cool breath of the sea, and laden with the scents of the bush, give a new and real meaning to the word sleep.

It is easy to enjoy life on the Far South Coast, where even work seems like play, and you stretch forth your arms to the heavens with the cry, "This is the life!"

WILLIAM I., 3B.

THE RAINBOW BIRD.

Not even the slightest zephyr disturbed the solemn stillness of the surrounding trees. Man and beast alike sought shelter from the scorching rays of the mid-day sun, and reclining beneath a great weeping willow, I gazed languidly into the dense foliage overhead.

Suddenly, a flash of colour in the blue over the limpid stream, I noticed the Rainbow Bird hovering for a moment. Then, darting hither and thither, now skimming the top of the crystal water, now ascending as high as the tallest tree, this slightly built bird won my sincere admiration for its remarkable agility. First the red, then the gold, then the blue and black plumage glistened in the sunlight. Twisting and turning with the fated insect it followed, it snapped up its prey and poised in mid-air for a moment's rest.

Then, for the first time, I noticed what seemed to be two slender black pins, about two inches in length, protruding from the end of its tail.

What were these for? As if in answer to my silent question, the bird dropped earthwards like a stone, and I noted how well it preserved its balance.

Downwards, ever downwards, it descended to the level of the bank of the creek, and entered a small round hole about one foot from the top of the bank.

Then, for a little while, all signs of life seemed to have disappeared from the landscape. The cows and horses reposed motionless in the cooling shade, and, save for the gurgling of the brook over the smooth rounded pebbles, all was silent; and "the calmness over all brought content."

But not for long. With the speed of light the Rainbow Bird quitted its earthy home to alight on the topmost branch of a tall willow, with the sun shining on its gayly hued attire.

And then I began to wonder. How was it

that such a beautiful creature had been created, when the thrush and ground-lark were of such sober hue? How could one compare such a gorgeously arrayed creature with the common brown and grey plumage of the thrush and the lark? Surely there must be some way of equalization.

I was aroused from my reverie by a medley of harsh, discordant noises emitted from the feathered throat of the beautiful and well-named Rainbow Bird.

Ah! Why should a beautiful creature utter such a displeasing sound? How different from the deep, full-throated cry of the grey thrush heralding the light in the eastern sky as the sun clothes the purple hills in splendour. The little willie wagtail chirping for crumbs on your window sill in the freshness of the morn is a pleasant visitor, while the hearty ringing laugh of the bushman's clock, the kookaburra, is much more acceptable than the harsh song of the Rainbow Bird.

Evidently this noise was to attract its feathered mate. This bird soon fluttered lightly overhead, and the two with one accord sped away northwards in the heat of the December day.

After watching the disappearance of two of the most beautiful Australian birds, I arise from my resting place to continue cutting star and Scotch thistles—the curse of the grazier.

But still the stream ripples on, and birds still live and feed on its grassy banks, and, above all, the brilliant hues of the Rainbow Bird are reflected in the clear mirror of pure-glistening water as

"Higher still and higher,

From the earth thou springest,

Like a cloud of fire

The blue deep thou wingest."

W. MURTY, 4A.

THE CENOTAPH.

Sydney has waked to life! Noisy vehicles rattle along the deep gorges of the streets. Out in the parks, the wet grass glistens in the hazy morning. Beneath our feet mysterious galleries vibrate to the swift passage of a

train. Above, the clocks clang out the hour, announcing another day begun, another grain in the hour-glass of Time.

Everywhere busy mortals jostle each other, in the crowded stores, on the footway, out in

the open places. The open places! Ah, yes! not everywhere. In the very heart of the city, in vivid contrast to the dirty yellow sandstone and once bright marble of the surrounding buildings, stands a block of grey granite, simple yet arresting in its simplicity. Around about the mundane holds supreme. But within the narrow space grudgingly squeezed in between lines of gay cars, man's higher self has its victory.

The faded flowers, the bent elderly female figure gazing at the stone, at it and through it to the poppy covered fields of Flanders, of France, and the gloomy cliffs of Gallipoli, at her boy dying, as other thousands died, so that we might live, and be free—these call to mind that the wound still bleeds .

A tall, square shouldered figure with a slight limp, wearing a badge, passes, raises his hat from his head, sighs, and is lost in the throng. A few idle figures pause a moment to read the simple inscription carved on the side, and go without a word, without a thought.

The day draws on apace. Already the streets are gloomy, though the hour is not late. The crowds hurry home to tea, to laughter, and to sleep. The streets become deserted; steady lights gaze from windows, and are reflected on the glistening pavement, a solitary taxi cruises slowly by the kerb, and the city is left to silence.

But hark! Along the road, with steady, almost noiseless, rhythmical tread, with the faint click of iron shod heels and the tap of a muffled drum, there swings into view a squad of khaki clad figures. The light glitters on the naked steel and on the grim-set, youthful faces The four figures, with heads bowed over their reversed arms, come to attention The guard is changed, and the escort melts away into the night. . . .

Sydney sleeps! Calm, throbbing with unseen life in its mysterious depths. And out in the open place the silent shapes keep their eternal watch over that grey granite which is the symbol of our nationhood.

S. MORRIS, 4D.

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"MIDSUMMER NIGHT."

Tiptoe! tiptoe! dance the fairies row by row,
 Light as thistledown;
 "Heigho! Heigho!" Chant they in their voices
 low;

Tinkle, tinkle, hear the chime
 Of fairy bells in summer time!
 Pitter! Patter! Hear the beat
 Of the dainty fairies' feet,
 Feet with moonbeams shod.

Tiptoe, tiptoe, skip the brownies to and fro,
 Like jolly autumn leaves,
 "Heigho, Heigho!" hear them trilling as they go
 Ever here and there;
 Humming, running, never stop,
 The skipping, tripping, brownies hop
 In and out the trees.

Tiptoe! Tiptoe! Elves with lanterns all aglow
 Flit around the flowers;
 "Heigho! Heigho!" they chatter as they come
 and go

Like shadows of the hours.
 Flitter! flitter o'er the green,
 Where the elfin rings are seen;
 Twinkle, twinkle, go their heels,
 As they dance in fairy reels
 O'er the velvet sward.

All the woodland wakes from sleep
 To see the fays their revels keep,
 And from the trees the squirrels peer
 To view the fairy revels here.

G.G.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PYJAMAS.

During this year the Fourth Year classes have spent much time in dealing with the "Development of the Drama." Quite recently we were plagued by one Jammy Sorris, who delivered to us a lengthy lecture on the subject. He seemed to speak on many things in general, and on nothing in particular, but, as far as I am competent to judge, his illuminating account ran much as follows:—

Pyjamas were first introduced by the clerks; the idea was to impress upon an illiterate audience the type of dress worn in Biblical times. However, the scant costume soon shocked the pious elders; forthwith such parades were ordered to take place in the church-grounds. Here the tombstones interfered with the promenading, so it was decided to quit the church precincts for ever.

The next appearance of pyjamas was an improved type on the top of waggons at street corners. They became popular, especially after such personages as Lucifer were seen taking the air, clad in a pair of "Perkins' Pink Pyjamas."

As they became more famous throughout the land, different varieties began to be introduced. For instance, certain correct people adopted the species known as the "Morality,"

whilst the clerks, being quite at a loss to understand how they again became mixed up in such affairs, bedecked themselves in the "Mystery" type of garment. A third style was that largely used by the Undertakers' Union; these august people considered it truly marvellous that such a body of men should take to new fashions, so they christened their model the "Miracle" pyjamas.

Each of these varieties has its descendant in the present-day world. We are told that the modern "Tragedy" pyjamas had their fore-runner in detached pieces of the "Miracle."

Again, the "Morality" is said to be the precursor of our "Comedy" style. The main factor in support of this statement is the manuscript of a reliable historian—Shortt, who says:—

"Indede, it bee trewly humerousse for one to see ye members of 'Ye Ancienne Order of Froth-Blowers' ycladde in ye pegarmass yclept 'Morality' wen thay are cummin homme after ye nite of celebrashun."

All people through whose hands the vestment passed in the process of development have added an extra frill or pleat, until in modern times we have with us the finished article—the "Cat's Pyjamas."

E. EDMONDS, 4C.

THE LEGEND OF MONTWELL.

In silhouette against the blue sky stood Montwell Castle, its lofty towers casting shadows of gloom on its surroundings. A single glance was enough to convince a passer-by of its great age, for creepers clung to the weather-beaten walls, clothing them in a cloak of dull green. Inside this foreboding castle spiders had spun their webs across the high ceilings and down the massive walls and bulky pillars. Long had these spiders carried on their work, for many decades had passed since people had inhabited this castle. Through the ages, a tale had been handed down—a gruesome tale, that had kept wise people well away from this haunted place.

“Way back in the days of the Conqueror,” so the legend runs, “a family called the Aymers had possessed Montwell.” Grim fights, cruel deeds, and joyful revelling had all taken place under that very roof. There the first Aymers had dealt out justice in their own harsh way, and so the castle had passed through the centuries, until a woman, Lady Isabelle Aymer, had become owner of this historic building.

Her eyes were dark and soft, her figure tall and graceful, while her hair was a mass of waving gold, surrounding a face as white as a lily. When she spoke a row of glistening teeth were displayed, and her voice was as gentle as murmuring water, and as musical as the lyre.

Yet this lady of exquisite beauty was not the most perfect woman of her land, for she was over-ambitious. It was her desire to become more powerful than another, Lady Mary Beauton, the most majestic and wonderful woman in the kingdom.

One day the latter came to stay at Montwell. At eventide Lady Beauton retired early, but not so Isabelle, for she sat by the fire trying hard to drive that monster, temptation from her ear; but it was as persistent as a fly, and a thousand times stood by her, whispering, “Kill her, now is your chance!” At last Lady Aymer arose and wended her way towards the chamber of her guest, ever urged by that whisper.

Next morn a ray of light streamed through the window, casting its sickly beams upon a horrid sight. There, lying on the snow-white bed, was the guest, her body bathed with blood, while beside her Lady Aymer lay, a limp and huddled form, with a murderous dagger protruding from her heart.

When the clock strikes twelve on a windy, foggy night, it is said that, if one were to enter into that fatal chamber, one would see the two forms lying together in the blood, which that callous hostess had shed.

C. ARCHER, 4A.

TRIP TO BETTS' CAMP.

On Saturday, the 2nd July, led by Mr. Hatfield, a party of eight, including three novices, ski'd the seventeen miles to Betts' Camp and back in one day. Five of these pioneers were Fortians, one from Newcastle (A. Brown), one from St. George, a Mr. Love, of Como. Our representatives comprised Mr. Porter, J. Scott, T. Howieson, J. Lee, and K. Spinks, the last-named having had only one day and a half on the snow. The camp is half-way to the summit, and far beyond the aspirations of most school parties. None had reached it before, but George Lamble and another visitor, Dr. Woodlands, had gone there on Friday, and assured us we had a chance. So off we went,

inspired by his promises of tinned peaches and cream if we succeeded.

Up Daner's Gap we went, and passing by the Plains of Heaven (for were we not promised peaches and cream?) we skirted Piper's Creek, and reached Smiggin's Holes. The identity of Smiggins we could not establish, but George Lamble had assured us feelingly the day before that the Holes were wet. We took his word for it, and ski'd gingerly along the snow which overhung them at an angle of 75 degrees. Here there is a hut and fireplace. We ate oranges at this point. It was delightful to watch Howieson's pleasure at our enjoyment. (He carried the fruit-swap.) Off

again through Sunset Valley, and then up the Perisher. Those who were there needed no explanation of the name. The snow had hardened into ice, and was as steep as the roof of a house. We had to ski along and up this, lovingly hugging the hillside, and wondering what it would feel like to slither a quarter of a mile down. The snow began to be blown in our faces, when we caught sight of the camp about two miles away. More slithering and ski-ing over ice that had once been snow, and at last we reached our goal, which we found to be replete with every modern convenience. The bath was a solid block of ice, save in the centre. A spare bucket of water was also ice. A fire was soon blazing, and we feasted on tinned fruit, condensed milk, cake, and a sandwich or two, polishing off the business with cocoa and milk.

After washing up and sweeping, we left our names on a luggage label tied to a nail on the wall, and went outside to start. The cameras got going, just as a blizzard from the Perisher started to work overtime, and in a howling snow-storm we began the homeward journey.

After some minutes, we discovered our hands again (they appeared to have dropped off with the cold), and plugged along the side of the hill. We reached Sunset Valley, where the snow had collected ready for us. Fortunately, the blizzard was now behind us, and blew us along.

By the time Piper's Pass was reached, the

party was strung out at long intervals, and the visibility was very bad. Then began the troubles of an unfortunate teacher of classics. He had omitted to have his skis waxed that morning, and they were collecting snow with much enthusiasm, and refusing to slide at all. Oft did he try to clear them, but in vain. Spinks, who was just in front, went on to Smiggins', and reported to Scott and Mr. Hatfield.

Now might be seen Jack Scott ploughing his way back up the hill. Did he remember those times when that glassy stare had mutely enquired for his Latin prose? Did he think vengefully of the incredulous wrinkle when he had ventured an explanation of his inability to construe Horace? Not so. The past was forgotten. Here was a fellow-creature in need, and Scott magnanimously forgave all. Mr. Hatfield now arrived, and the three linked arms together, the unfortunate one in the middle, and in this order they ski'd for a mile.

Nay, gentle reader, suggest not any connection between this event and the fact that we left two empty bottles of Johnny Walker at Betts'. You were not there. We repeat, you were not there, so how can you know?

Once more in single file we crossed Smiggins' Holes, and in the snow-storm and the gathering darkness made our way home, whither the others had come half an hour before. A tired but happy lot we were, for had we not made history?

ROLLA-MANO AND THE EVENING STAR.

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Long ago old Rolla-Mano
 Ruled the kingdom of the ocean,
 Ruled the country of the sea-kelp,
 Where the light was faint and greenish.
 Powerful was Rolla-Mano;
 All the terrors of the deep sea,
 All the brightly coloured fishes,
 Were his subjects and he ruled them,
 Ruled them from his darksome cavern
 Down beneath the emerald ocean.
 In a lonely mangrove swamp, once,
 Near the shimm'ring emerald ocean,
 Many fish caught Rolla-Mano.

Then he made a blazing fire,
 Where he cooked his many fishes.
 Suddenly he saw two maidens,
 Maidens lissom as the wattle,
 Graceful as the golden wattle,
 Strolling slowly o'er the sea-beach.
 Straightway then did Rolla-Mano
 Take his net and swiftly cast it
 Over both those lovely maidens.
 One fair maiden spied the water,
 Spied the water 'mongst the mangroves.
 Straight she dived into the ocean,
 Thus escaping Rolla-Mano.

Rolla-Mano seized a firebrand,
 Seized a glowing, burning firebrand,
 Sprang with it into the ocean,
 But the maiden had escaped him.
 When the firebrand struck the water,
 Struck the heaving emerald ocean,
 Many sparks were from it scattered;
 These flew up and burnt for ever,
 Twinkled ever in the heavens.

Rolla-Mano took the maiden,
 Took the maiden he had captured,
 To his gunyah in the night-sky.
 She became the Star of Evening.
 On a warm, clear night in summer
 She looks down from out her gunyah
 At the darkly heaving ocean,
 Kingdom of old Rollo-Mano,
 Guarding still its many mysteries.

5C-ITE.

A DAY OUT.

It was a fine summer's day, and Mr. Bead was in the best of spirits, so he decided to take his wife and string of Beads to the beach.

Forthwith his wife packed a hamper, during which operation Bead washed the children. The dressing took place with the usual trouble. The youngest Bead could be hardly seen in his elder brother's coat. While Pa was vainly endeavouring to get into his shirt the baby was tenaciously hanging to the back of it. After many sweet words Pa managed to struggle into his shirt. When the children were dressed the two parents got ready. Pa's best tie was greatly elongated by a fierce tug-o'-war between the baby and the family's pet poodle, Fido.

About half an hour later the family set out. In the train the poodle was placed under the seat behind the basket, and amused himself by nibbling a gentleman's heel, much to that person's mortification. Pa quietened the baby by tickling it under the chin. The baby then tried the operation on a tall, gaunt lady who sat behind. She bore it manfully, or womanly, till the baby suddenly directed its operations to her false teeth. They, like stars, came out, and so did the lady at the next station. The gentleman, irritated by the poodle, kicked sharply behind him. Fido gave a shriek and afterwards left the gentleman severely alone.

At last they alighted at the station, everyone breathing a sigh of relief, and made their way to the beach. They secured a spot and settled down. The children took off their boots and socks and commenced to paddle. Fido seated himself on a small rock and wagged his tail in enjoyment. An old crab, evidently irritated by this intrusion, unceremoniously attached himself to Fido's tail. Fido with a canine shriek set off down the beach "at a pretty

round trot," with Pa in hot pursuit. Fido was at length caught, and the crab detached. Fido whirled round and round in a vain endeavour to catch his injured tail. When Pa returned, he found the children had taken his "Stetson" for a boat.

Dinner was partaken of without much excitement, except that Ma had eaten several tarts before she discovered that they contained innumerable ants. It was noticed that Fido could not sit down with any degree of comfort. Pa divested himself of his boots and socks and took baby for a paddle. This he accomplished after being stung by numerous insects. He rued that which had prompted him to bring the family out.

At tea-time the meat was missing, and Fido was seen licking the unmistakable bone. Pa seated himself on a log which he had found, gently swaying backwards and forwards, when he overbalanced on Fido, who was sleeping off the effects of the meat. Fido was almost annihilated. After so much excitement they thought it was time to go home. They commenced to pack up. The family was sorted out and made ready. Wonderful to relate, they reached the station without further mishap. In the train Pa tried a trick of throwing the second youngest child's hat out of the window and bringing it back, and Ma was horrified when the bright child threw Pa's hat out of the window and challenged him to bring it back.

Then a fight was commenced between Bill and another bright, curly headed youngster. Their respective mothers with wails and smacks separated them.

At last their home station was reached, and Pa and Ma with the string of Beads homeward plodded their weary way.—H. FUNNELL, I.A.

GLEANINGS.

A set of verses by 1st year boys was given me to look over. Belonging, as I do, to the wise and seasoned Fourths, the attempts of my junior brothers awaken in me great sympathy for the visions of youth. There was much that I admired, much that amused me, and at times I was positively thrilled. The realistic touches, the dainty imagery, the simplicity of expression—all these gave promise of big things to come. Who could fail to visualise the picaresque character, to respond to the suggestiveness in the following?

"The weary old tramp,
Tired and sore—
When his tucker is eaten
He wishes for more."

Then there was a picture of a wreck. The good ship struggled in vain against the raging seas, but the cruel rocks gored her sides, and—but read for yourself the amazing story:—

"But soon she strikes a sunken rock;
Now comes a jar, and next a shock!
She has sunk to the place where the mermaids
play soccer,
Down in the depths of Davy Jones' Locker."

The "Mountain Robber" somehow is attractive, even though he fails in romantic daring:—

"Under a spreading iron-bark
The mountain robber lies;
The robber is a haughty nark,
With whiskers in his eyes;
And the muscles of his mighty arms
Keep off the buzzing flies."

A Sydney beach is not without its thrill:—

"In the rocks are many crabs
That occasionally come out,
And when they nip your little toes
They make you give a shout."

And surely the spirit of the carnival is faithfully preserved in these lines:—

"On the south side of the ground
Were scattered the stalls full of goods,
And there the ladies were found,
Selling cauliflowers, carrots and spuds."

"Our Harbour" still attracts the poetic eye:—

"The lights around the harbour shine,
And throw reflections on the brine;
While here and there small steamers rove,
In search of work in Sydney Cove."

A little idyll, "The Brook," wanders into new paths:—

"—And the slow swishing of willows
Like the sound of the large bellows."

A day in the country has lost none of its fascination, and there is a quiet, homely air about the evening tasks:—

"The kindly owner let us take
Some fruit to bring home and to make
Some jam to sell to all the folk,
While mother puts the clothes in soak."

There were many others, but somehow they wanted the freshness and originality of the lines quoted. Poetry must have striking qualities.

REX, 4D.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,

There are some misguided young men who deem it no Shame to carry the Discussion of their petty amorous Affairs into common Conversation. This, so it seemeth to me, is a gross Insult to the Proprieties, as well as to the Feelings of the second Party concerned, should she ever come to a Knowledge of it. Nevertheless, I will not deny that young Women

themselves are sometimes remiss on this score. In an intimate Circle of Friends I see no Reason against such a Custom, but in Public, why, faith, 'tis most pernicious! For it is like to reach base Ears, the Owners whereof have no Scruple regarding the Use to which they put their misbegotten Information. Again, I do not deny that certain young Folk, being not yet come to Years of Discretion, cannot

prevent their Tongues from wagging in a most inopportune Fashion. To all such I would deliver this Counsel.

Tale-bearing in glib Conversation carries no Weight with the more mature Persons to whom we owe our Existence and our Comfort in this World. For those same Tales are most apt to react upon the Bearer, since no one, who thinks aright, respects the Narrator who makes

common Talk of what has been disclosed in Private. To this mild Admonition several young People of my Acquaintance would do well to take heed, and I hope, dear Sir, that there is Space enow in your worthy Journal for this Trivial, even though it is but the hurried Scrawl of

Your humble and obedient servant,
NICHOLAS SLOWITT.

MY HEART'S IN THE TUCKSHOP.

(with sincere apologies to Bobby Burns)
My heart's in the tuckshop, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the tuckshop, a-drinking the beer;
A-drinking the good beer, and spending the dough,
My heart's in the tuckshop wherever I go.
Farewell to the tuckshop, farewell to the pies,
The good place for tucker, the birthplace of sighs;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The tuck in the tuckshop for ever I love.

Farewell to the ices, high covered with cream,
Farewell to the minties, the stars of my dreams;
Farewell to the tarts and good-looking jams,
Farewell to the tuckshop, where everyone crams.

Farewell to the tuckshop, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the tuckshop, a-drinking the beer.
A-drinking the good beer, and spending the dough,
My heart's in the tuckshop wherever I go.

B. ARUNDELL, 1D.

WOGS.

For the last few months Fourth Year has been in the pupa stage as regards natural science, but now with the warm sun of spring it has burst forth into new life. As a result there is a great influx of butterflies and other insects to various collectors.

Immediately a specimen is received it has to undergo a thorough examination, beginning with the magnifying glass, passing through the boiling-in-oil and various other stages, till finally, by a quick and deft thrust, it is stabbed between the shoulder blades with such force that the long pin sticks out an inch in front.

The poor, bewildered butterfly has a last flutter and then reluctantly gives up the ghost.

Last Monday a poor, innocent butterfly, which had made its home in a Beecham's pill box, was given to "Young," of 4D. With much difficulty he extracted the insect and transfixed it with his entomological spear.

The boy who brought the wog said, "Do you know what sort it is?"

"Oh, yes, this is locally called the camphor laurel blue, but it is scientifically classified as: order-Lepidoptera; division-Rhopalocera; super

family-Papilionoidea; family-Papilionidae, genus Papilio; species-Sarpedon; variety, Choredon."

"Oh-h, ye-es, I thought so."

The above-mentioned Young, of 4D, has gone so far that he has written to his class paper (thank goodness, not to the Fortian), "An Ode to the Butterfly." It runs as follows:—

"The Butterfly's a noble bird,
He flies o'er vale and hill,
He lives on honey from the flowers,
Extracted by his bill.

The Butterfly has gauzy wings
And tail of feathers bright;
His antennae are long and clubbed,
He loves to fly at night.

The Butterfly and scientist
Are enemies foresworn,
And often at combat engage
Upon some grassy lawn.

The scientist, a wily brute,
with long and pointed pin,
Makes many thrusts at our poor 'fly,
—Some penetrate the skin.

The Butterfly though sore in pain,
 Not bending to its fate,
 Still battles 'gainst most fearful odds,
 But starts to fight too late.

And round and round in circles
 It fights with failing strength,
 Till transfixed by the scientist,
 The poor bird dies at length."

Enough, though there are fifty stanzas more.
 So we see to what shameful cruelties these
 innocent creatures are subjected. Firstly, they

are physically maltreated by a long pin wielded
 by the relentless hand of the entomologist.

Secondly, they are mentally wearied by some
 poet who writes a cumbersome ode that ill
 becomes the butterflies or himself, and falls
 short of pleasing us.

There is only one way of relieving these
 fellow insects, and that is by annihilating the
 naturalists and refusing to read the unsuccess-
 ful odes of the misinformed poets.

B. V. WITHEFORD, 4A.

PROFECTURUS.

Of old, Drake stood upon the nearer shore,
 And heard the magic of the wond'rous names,
 Of East and West, call to him with a strange,
 Alluring voice, soft yet urgent and loud,
 With the beckoning call of distant lands,
 New seas, strange flowers, strange skies and
 other men,
 Who worshipp'd gods more strange, and lived
 and died,

And fought and loved, unknowing and unknown
 To other men. The myriad-tongued East
 Sang of her mystery. The new world shouted

With its clarion voice.

So now I stand upon the shore of life,
 Upon the threshold of a portal wide.
 Behind, the happy golden years of youth,
 The happy golden years that now must pass;
 Before, the great adventure of the world,
 Where life and death, love, fate and fame,
 Beauty and strife, and all things else shall
 sound

Like choral music on ecstatic ears.

—DISCEDENS, 5B.

FOURTH YEAR IN THE BOATS.

During the last Michaelmas holidays the
 senior boys spent a day boating on the Nepean.
 Mr. Gould came along as guide, philosopher
 and friend.

To row over the course of the East 'Varsity
 boat race and persuade yourself that you are
 "stroke" of the winning crew (though after a
 while you find yourself preferring "cox") is
 exhilarating enough, without the exhilaration
 that rowing itself brings. But when, after a
 few miles, the river leaves the plains and
 enters a gorge so suddenly that it seems a cloud
 has crossed the sun, this wild, joyous feeling
 tones down to a quieter appreciation of the
 river and the joys of rowing on it. The great
 depth of the gorge, its sides rising straight a
 thousand feet from the river, so that only the
 branches of large trees on the top can be seen,
 and the sight of a tiny train creeping along its
 side, half-way up, cannot fail to awe one for
 a time.

But this was a picnic, and it does not behove
 the reporter of a picnic to moralise. When we
 had become more used to the wonders of the
 gorge, our spirits returned. Many jokes were
 practised. At least, Stevenson, Barratt and
 Goodsir thought it a joke that, when I leaned
 over the side to get a drink (owing to the fact
 that I had rowed harder than those three com-
 bined, I sadly needed a drink) they should all
 rush over to my side, so that I was half
 drowned and choked when pulled in. Or per-
 haps they still think it a joke to deposit by
 force a man in an oarless boat and let it drift
 towards a bank of soft mud. Still, they are
 not bad fellows. When I dropped my lunch
 overboard, they shared round.

At last we put on the billies for tea. While
 they were boiling we went swimming and sky-
 larking in the river. But the specimen-collect-
 ing epidemic that has gripped Fourth Year
 manifested itself even now. Some disappeared

up the side of the gorge, returning with ferns enough to sink the boats. In spite of their tears we sternly threw out these specimens, for we are sensible men, and Barratt, though a good fellow, is very trying at times. He was the only offender in our boat.

Then came the return trip. We had gone only a few miles when we beheld beauty in distress. Beauty was a cow in this case. Now, going up the river earlier in the day, we had seen this cow, but when I began to steer for it, my crew mutinied and with their usual obstinacy declared that cow dead. It was a personal triumph for me to find that the cow still breathed, but I subdued all vindictive I-told-you-so's. Stripping, I entered the water in accordance with my duties as holder of the bronze medallion, when I found the poor creature was bogged, exhausted, and in a sad plight indeed. The painters were tied around every available fixture on her body. Then she was dragged out by our combined efforts half way up the side. Mr. Gould now lent a hand. (There is something Scotch about that gentle-

man, have you noticed? He lent a hand and took a leg—the only one he ever “pulled,” so he says.)

A mile down, we came upon a pony in similar plight. We dug him out with our oars. We were tired after that, and did not look towards the banks any more.

There was now no more laughter drifting across the water from the other boats. We could see their crews just hanging doggedly over the oars. There were no more ringing “Yo-heave-ho's,” and we were scarcely able to smile at the pleasant shed-keeper as we pulled in to civilisation.

And so, trivial as it may seem, this picnic really had an important consequence to Fortians. I have set down all these things because I think it only right that the gentlemen of the mighty gesticulations who dominate the Dramatic, Debating, and such societies, should hear of the shortest lived but most useful of all Fourth Year societies—the Bogged Stock Rescuing and Haulage Society.

R. THISTLETHWAYTE, 4B.

FAG!

Readers! Let me take you by the hand and lead you to a certain house in a certain street.

The hour is late.

But, nevertheless, a window still shows a trace of illumination.

Let us enter and gaze upon the occupant of the room, who is entirely oblivious of our ethereal presence.

As we watch he raises his head—his hair is ruffled—not creased in the middle—and he is in his shirt-sleeves, surrounded by innumerable scraps of paper.

He wears a look of complete bewilderment, and his overstrained eyes gaze very blankly at the opposite wall. Upon his forehead reposes an elaborate shade.

We easily recognise this wretched specimen of humanity as being homofagensis.

With sundry vigorous scratchings, he endeavours to awaken his drowsy, overworked brain, and if we may judge, it does seem, in some measure, to afford the relief he desires.

We look over his shoulder, and find that he is engaged in grappling with honors maths (not kinetic as some ardent thinkers believe),

and has met with more than one mysterious and treacherous step, if his many futile attempts on numerous scraps of paper bear testimony to the fact.

By him are many interesting works, to wit: one treating of that entrancing and appealing subject, Geometry; another upon which we see the name Paterson (by its name and condition we conjecture it to be a very popular volume); another we see has something to do with statics (presumably the fag takes delight in wireless—we couldn't imagine anything else); numerous books of different colors—a blue book—a green book—a red book—some are French, and others bear the attractive names of Cicero and Virgil.

And certain people will be gratified, though not surprised, to learn that we saw two well-thumbed dictionaries of Latin and French.

Also memories are revived of a certain departed gentleman of “Poetic-ah” fame, while we might remind a certain commercial class that “lockjaw” has not yet set in, despite the fact that figures are better than they were.

These best sellers are arrayed in formidable

formation on his front, as he struggles onward, tearing and screwing paper with such a vindictiveness, as if he were wringing the necks of the authors of his troubles.

Continually is he turning over pages and making references to notes (strange!) and various volumes, scratching away with admirable diligence with an equally fagged-out pen, dying in the hardy service of his master.

He makes feverish glances at the irritatingly quick moving hands of the clock, and occasionally heaves a sigh of mingled regret and relief.

At last. Yes, at last, say we, for all good things must have an ending, he throws down his pen and yawns with the unrestraint of utter boredom.

Then he glances, with partial humour, at a red ponderous volume obviously hurled to its position on the floor with some vehemence, reminiscent of a pugilistic nature. Upon a page we remark a conglomeration of tubes and vessels.

We are brought back from a sorry contemplation of this by a low mutter from the unhappy victim: "A pound of flesh!"

D.G.L., 4A.

OF IDEAS.

Argument is necessary for a man, not so much that because thereby he may convince another that his opinions are correct, but because in argument one's ideas are expressed boldly, and he may, therefore, himself see them in a new light. Too many men think overmuch within themselves without expression, and are apt to believe their ideas wholly correct and necessary for the world's progress. In that way self-pity and self-love are reached, and these mean madness in the end. Now, were they but to express their ideas articulately, they might perceive that, far from being all-embracing and unalterable, they are narrow and sadly in need of revision. And when a man sees that, he is on the high road to wisdom.

But let it not be thought that, as soon as a man conceives an idea, he should straightway

blurt it forth all unconsidered. Rather, indeed, should a man let a new idea be nurtured by his past experiences in life and matured by further consideration. Oftentimes he will then discover inherent weakness in his idea. But, if it still seem good, let him take some kindred soul, who will listen in patience and with understanding, and to him expound his theory. If it still seem good after so arguing with another, let it be written down in ink and the paper put away for a week. After that period let it again be read. Oftentimes ideas, once so neat and profound, will then seem weak and vapid. But should it still seem good, then it is a true and worthy product of the intellect, and should, therefore, be treasured till Time alters it with further experience.

L. LECK, 4D.

THE WOOLSHED DANCE.

The great, blood-red sun sank below the horizon, and over the landscape stole that bluish purple haze which is the aftermath of a summer sunset.

From Doolan's Woolshed emanated sounds of such description as to cause neighbouring sleepy kine to raise their heads inquiringly to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Certain it was that the noise referred to closely resembled Bedlam let loose, with a certain well-known make of car playing the leading part. But it was merely the preparations for Doolan's Annual Woolshed Dance. Eight o'clock, the

appointed hour for the commencement of the dance, soon came round, and the guests were still arriving, to be welcomed personally by old Tim Doolan and his wife at the main doors of the immense shed. All means of conveyances came into evidence, as the numbers swelled, from the saddle horse to the antiquated log-jumping "flivver." Inside the big barn-like building colours were much in evidence, for the walls and rafters were plentifully, if not tastefully, draped with all manner of greenery and coloured streamers, blushing country damsels had donned their gayest attire, while

the many smoky, spluttering "slush lamps" threw fantastic shadows darting hither and thither.

On an impromptu stage, also gaudily decorated, at the far end of the shed, sat a small herd of musicians. At all events, they supplied what music there was, with fiddles, concertinas, mouth organs, and the eternal bones.

Eventually the first dance started, and now a louder noise than the mere chatter predominated, to wit, the steady scraping and pounding of the feet of young and old, engaged in the intricacies of the Lancers and Quadrilles.

Supper was a great affair, all kinds of good eatables literally making the huge table groan again.

However, the hungry revellers soon made the stock of provisions look decidedly small.

After supper most of the menfolk seemed naturally to gravitate to the harness house at the rear of the building, and on returning shortly after appeared to have an inexplicable, but, nevertheless, decided, partiality for interspersing their words with an immoderate quantity of "hics" and final "sh's." Indeed, numbers of the gentry visited this smaller building several times, and it was after one of these visits

that a fiddle player gravely essaying to mount the platform seemed overcome by a truly unaccountable giddiness, and crashed to the floor on top of his fiddle, thereby putting it out of action for all time.

This hitherto unknown power now seemed to be the cause of a great number of blunders, inasmuch as many of the younger or less hardened type seemed to have no control over their feet, which were continually getting in the way of all and sundry. As direct outcome of this, one couple fell headlong, causing great hilarity among the spectators and a retirement of the males concerned. The stumbler appeared later, only slightly ruffled, while the other party concerned was not seen again that night.

By 3 a.m. most of the lamps and the harness house had ceased to function, whereat most of those who had not already departed prepared to do so.

Some hours later the summer sun discovered a countryside silent, save for the crowing of chanticleer on top of the woolshed, and the whistling of one of the late revellers bringing in the cows for morning milking.

J. LE MAITRE, 4A.

CAESAR AND THE KOOKABURRA.

It is 3D class-room, and our minds are being sternly prepared for that obstacle looming before us, the Intermediate. Truly weary of this little world of care and travail, I sit drowsily listening to an exhaustive account of Caesar's heroic deeds against "men of such great courage." Then to my ears there comes a familiar, friendly sound. Breaking through the restless movement and shuffle of feet comes the joyous laugh of a kookaburra.

He laughs for very joy, and some of this happy feeling is conveyed to me. Twice he laughs, and the melodious sounds break down all bonds of school convention and, in spirit, I am transported from this little world of work to scenes far removed from the city and its noise. Away from the "dusty, dirty city" to the country, where Nature's realm of beauty is, as yet, unmarred by man's destroying hand. That peal of laughter is joyful and merry, but here it seems restrained, and my mind

turns to the country where the "Laughing Jackass" is free to laugh whenever he will. Like the sudden gushing of a cataract, old scenes and boyhood memories flash upon "that inward eye," and, once again, I tread the pathways of the bush and enjoy its beauty and splendour. I see the little, unobtrusive, bush-orchids as they flourish in solitude. Many of our dainty little bush-flowers are "born to blush unseen," yet, to those that chance to find them, they leave a definite memory because of their dainty beauty.

Or on the yellow sands of the beaches I sport and play and enjoy the free, open life 'neath the warmth of the sun. I plunge into the rolling, tumbling waves and I feel the playful battering of the foaming waters. There comes back to me the cool, refreshing sensation of a bathe in water so clear and cold. From the beach I patiently fish while "night doth her glories of starshine unfold," and I

feel that intangible sensation of solace and comfort, free from the cares of life. Perhaps it is the quietness of the night, maybe the silence of the bush, now so dark and mysterious, that brings peace to my soul. I experience the joy of riding, and I feel the rhythmical sway and movement of the horse beneath me.—But a voice breaks upon my

reverie. I am sharply called to the realities of school life, and such thoughts, so incongruous to my surroundings, are choked down by the strict discipline of the ablative absolute or final and consecutive clauses. But not quite in vain has been that wise old kookaburra's laugh, and I am grateful for it.

L. BARBER, 3D.

THE WATTLE.

Among the rocks and grasses green
The pretty flowers sway,
But high o'er all, the Wattle tall
Is shining all the day.

The bushland birds to happiness
Enchant us with their song,
In Wattle's shade, in gold arrayed,
They sing the whole day long.

Those feathery tufts of yellow bloom,
All clustered 'mid the leaves,
Seem in the light of morning bright
Like sparkling fairy sheaves.

The Wattle represents our land,
Its head is lifted high;
And it will rest, forever blest,
Beneath Australia's sky.

W. MURTY, 4A.

TOM'S VISIT TO MR. PULLER.

"Oo-oh-er!" groaned the unhappy Tom. "Ooh-er!"

"Whatever is the matter with you now?" questioned his mother, half angrily, for she was used to her son coming home whimpering. "You've always got something wrong with you. If you don't come home with bruises all over your legs from that beastly football, you've got a black eye from that bullying scoundrel Malone."

"Oo-er, oo-er!" whimpered Tom. "O, my tooth is aching!"

"Dear me. You will have my hair grey soon, my lad," sighed Mrs. Murphy. "Off to the dentist you go. Hurry now, and dress yourself," she snapped. Rather reluctantly the sufferer obeyed.

In a short time mother and son were on their way. Still howling, Tom was dragged into the surgery. Terrible instruments—forceps, drills, and, worst of all, the dentist himself, met Tom's eye. He shivered.

"Come on, don't be frightened, little man," soothed the dentist. Very hesitatingly, the boy sat in the chair, trembling more than ever.

"Which is your troublesome tooth, my lad?" asked Mr. Puller.

"T-th-this one," answered the patient, plac-

ing a trembling finger on the tooth. Mr. Puller presently advanced towards his patient with a needle-pointed instrument in his hand. Our young friend began to squirm. His knees began a regular knocking.

"Don't be frightened, don't be frightened; I won't hurt you," said Mr. Puller. Then he began to operate. Tom felt a sharp prick and yelled. The anxious mother quickly ran to the surgery door, but was told that her boy was getting on splendidly. The dentist began to pull at the tooth with a pair of pincers, and Tom wriggled violently.

At last, out came the troublesome tooth, and after offering some resistance, the patient was forced to rinse his mouth, and was much alarmed at the sight of blood.

Then, crying his loudest, Tom ran to his mother's arms. "Did he hurt you, darling?" asked the mother.

"Y-yes," replied Tom between sobs.

"You poor boy. We won't take you to that horrid man again, will we dear?" said Mrs. Murphy consolingly.

"He was so brave. He never uttered a sound. Just fancy the way that old scoundrel wrenched at him, the poor little dear," Mrs. Murphy told her neighbour that afternoon.

W. WOOD, 1C.

FORT STREET GIRLS' THEATRICALS.

The fame of Fort Street and the quality of its theatrical performances have been sung throughout Australia. Our last Play Day, with its varied productions, proved that we still hold first place in the arena. Nor are the laurels due wholly to the boys' side of the school; the Dramatic Society of our sister school forms a strong pillar supporting our "House of Fame."

On the 23rd September our Prefects were privileged to witness the production of A. A. Milne's "To have the Honour," by members of that society. The play, a three-act one, gave greater scope for fine acting than do the one-act ones to which we are restricted. In spite of lack of scenery, under which curse we also labour, the play was carried out remarkably well.

Joan Balmain, taking the maculine lead as Prince Michael, acted her royal part right royally. She was a really elegant young gentleman, though the mysterious disappearance of her moustache in the third act caused much amusement. Despite the fact that her identity was known, her masculinity made her a favourite with the feminine audience.

Other striking masculine characters were Capt. Holt (Doris Lipert), the whimsical Simon

Battersby (Kathleen O'Hanlon), and especially Dr. Ainslie, the Bolshevist and Atheist (Martha Maxwell).

On the distaff side the character of Mrs. Bulger, a widow of the "fair, fat and forty" type, was excellently portrayed by Joyce Kolts. The fact that even her supposedly extinct husband called her "The Queen of Hearts" would indicate her appeal to an appreciative audience. Her only fear was that of her three dimensions of length, breadth and thickness, the last was increasing out of proportion to the other two. A true, mid-Victorian mother was Mrs. Faithfull (Isolde King), and a true Miss 1927 was her "shy" little daughter Imogen (Sheila Smith).

In all, the production was very good, and we must thank Miss Cruise and the girls for their kind reception. We enjoyed ourselves immensely.

But as "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," I would suggest to future seniors that it would be an admirable plan to institute a combined play, displaying the talent of both schools. As Fourth Year are showing great dramatic enthusiasm, I would urge them to "think on this."

J.S.C., 5C.

THE BUSH

Ah! how I love the evergreen bush
 With its mystic lights and shades,
 The magic melodies of the birds
 That sing throughout the glades.
 And the air is fragrant with the scent
 Of every kind of flower
 That twines about, and in and out,
 To form a beauteous bower.

Ah! how I love the little brook,
 As it chatters along its way;
 Bubbling and splashing, rushing and dashing,
 It winds its course each day.
 Now it sparkles in the sunlight
 As it hurries past,
 Gently dipping nature's blossoms
 In its cooling draught.

Ah! how I love to linger here,
 'Midst nature's solitude,
 Far from the city's grime and smoke,
 And the busy multitude.
 And there to hear the calling birds,
 Whose songs the hills resound,
 THAT is where life's cares are lost,
 In the peace around.

G.H.

FIRE.

'Twas barely noon when we left the cluster of hovels behind.

The sky was a shimmering mass of dazzling blue, and the sun beat down upon the tin roofs with merciless fury. We had no rain for months, and still there was no sign of it. Every day we met with the same cheerless outlook.

Our sheep were dying like flies; we had to travel many miles to get water.

And now, as we rode in silence, the same thought uppermost in our minds, we were taking in the appearance of the parched ground and brown grass with mournful eye.

We had gone but a short way when my companion pointed with quivering finger towards the far horizon. There I saw the haze of smoke, which is the fore-runner of that terror, the Bush Fire.

Looking sideways at my friend, I noticed that his face was working strangely, and his fingers were clutching at the saddle.

I sympathised with him deeply; for some years before his mother and younger brother had been entrapped among fiercely burning and falling timber.

Now, with quickening pulse, we urged our horses forward; but the fire, faster than any express, swept onward across our track.

So we wheeled our horses and raced for the creek, where we discovered a muddy water-hole, all that remained of a once swiftly running stream. Into this we threw ourselves, the panic-stricken horses bolting with wide open eyes and dilated nostrils.

All kinds of animals were fleeing before the terrible danger which threatened them. Some

were taking refuge with us, not now afraid of man in their extremity.

Soon the roar of the fire was deafening as it greedily consumed everything within its fated track. Leaping tongues of flame licked, with ever-increasing fury, about the trunks of forest giants, and as one came crashing down, showers of sparks flew high into the air, and the Fire Demon roared still louder in his triumph. There the scarred warrior lay, no longer green-leaved and majestic, but blackened and charred.

The heat about us was oppressive, so much so, that it was well-nigh unbearable; burning brands inflicted painful wounds upon our faces and hands, while the water in which we were cowering was becoming unpleasantly hot.

However, with scarcely a pause to regard the devastation caused by it, the insatiable terror plunged forward with eager devouring flames, to ravage the land far and wide.

After a long period of suspense we emerged from our refuge, sore, begrimed with ashes, saturated, but saved!

Ah! How many people lose their lives in these raging infernos, which are magnificent in their majesty, but terrible in their wrath!

But merciful God! While yet the fire was at its height, cooling and refreshing rain began to fall in great drops from the now lowering heavens, and soon we were drenched to the skin.

Tired but happy, we trudged along, listening to the joyful music of the rain on the hissing ashes, and inhaling the incense of thick smoke arising from them.

D.G.L., 4A.

BUSH MEMORIES.

I was back in the bush again! The express was just rounding the bend and the echoes dying away as the grey mare settled down to the journey to the homestead.

The old bush road wound down the valley before us. The sulky rocked and lurched in the good old bush way in the ruts as we sped along, but what did it matter? Here was the bush again, with that same dear old road winding away to happiness and freedom—

glorious freedom from the roar and rush of the city I had left behind.

The wonderful beauty of our coastal scenery unfolded itself to me as we jogged along. The gums were decked in all their grace and loveliness that morning, the vines and flowers unveiled their splendour as they shyly peeped from the undergrowth, while the magpies carolled a joyous welcome. And over all hung the wonderful spirit of the bush, so full of



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gladness and sorrow, hope and despondency, mournfulness and eeriness, that cannot be explained, only felt.

We passed Campbell's with a chorus of coo-ees and much waving of hands. Good it was to see those happy bush folk again.

Then the homestead came into view. We rounded the bend and pulled up at the slip-rails. There were Aunt Tilly and the children waiting for me! Young Dan and his younger brother and sister gave a cheer, dived into the sulky and brought to light the parcel that came from Sydney all for themselves. A new cricket bat and beautiful whip for Dan! He was so overjoyed that he raced up the road towards his mate's place, cracking the whip with one hand, and scoring imaginary sixes with the cricket bat with the other until at last he disappeared among the trees. Little George had some story books and a little gardening outfit—watering can and all—and he ran as fast as his little legs could carry him down to his own little garden of flowers. Little Jean received what to her was the most beautiful doll in the world, and she took it to the shade of an old gum tree and read it stories from a new story book. Then she sang it softly to sleep.

Meanwhile Aunt Tilly had bustled up with welcome beaming all over her good, pleasant face, and was now proceeding to bustle me and my luggage into the house, while down in one of the paddocks, Uncle Les waved his hat in welcome and came up towards us as we went inside.

The house had been built by Uncle Les when he first settled there. Months and months of hard graft and perseverance had been put into it, until the trees that once grew in its place were made into this rather pretty, slab-built homestead. Since then Uncle Les had put an iron roof in place of the old shingle one, and also had added a front verandah. Roses were now in full bloom on this, although the fowls tried hard to dig them out, which gave vigilant Aunt Tilly the task of driving them away.

Soon Aunt Tilly began to bring in the dinner, pausing every now and then, with the dishes precariously balanced in one hand, and knife and fork flourishing in the other, while she related all the news of the farm: how the cows were milking, how the lucerne crop came on,

how her young pullets were faring, and all about the Annual Show, or the dance they had in the barn. And she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks as she recollected how Daisy, the tamest of cows, had sent Billy Stevens into the creek.

While waiting for dinner, Uncle Les could not be prevented from having his yarn, now that someone had come to see him. Uncle Les was one of the hardy pioneers who cut a home out of the tangle of brush of the North Coast. He was bronzed and bearded, good-natured, happy, often slow and thoughtful, with a pair of blue eyes that dreamed and dreamed away, and always seemed to be gazing into the distance when he was enjoying his smoke and yarn, but that never failed to twinkle beneath his bushy eyebrows when jokes were cracking. He had a good piece of land on the flats of the creek and the slope of the valley, and he did a great deal of mixed farming, though dairying was his main occupation.

We had dinner, and in the afternoon I had a look around the farm once more. Nothing could have been better. The cows were milking wonderfully, the small corn patch was a sea of green, and held great promises, while Aunt Tilly's young pullets were the pride of her heart.

Some newcomers came that afternoon. They were a young city couple coming for a holiday, and they made their appearance with the grey bolting for her life down the road, reins flying wide, while they hung on for grim death. However, when the grey pulled up at the slip-rails (rather too suddenly, as a matter of fact) Aunt Tilly came to their aid, and in her inimitable way she soon had them laughing with the rest. In a very short time they were just "ourselves," and we knew them simply as Tom and Elsie.

There was an amusing incident that night. I awoke to hear a peculiar hissing noise filling the room. Then from the next room came Elsie's voice, very, very frightened.

"Oh, Tom, it's a snake! Go over and kill it."

"But, Elsie, the thing might spring at me!"

"But, but, perhaps you could stamp on it, Tom!"

"Good heavens! Elsie. If you only knew as much about the bush as I do, you wouldn't talk about hopping round the floor in the

middle of the night trying to stamp on snakes with bare feet!"

"Oh, Tom!"

Here I thought it time to investigate. I entered the children's room and found young Dan hissing through the slabs. Firmly (I need not mention how firmly) I put him to bed again.

We had a wallaby hunt one day. Tom saw a 'goanna. Young Dan, always in mischief, shot a stone at it and it bolted towards Tom. Tom fired his gun in sheer fright, and a piece of stray shot found Uncle Les, who uttered a roar like a bull. Tom bolted.

Faintly a voice floated down the valley. "Are you all right, Les? Did it bite you?"

Uncle Les said something under his breath.

All good holidays soon end, however. Tom and Elsie left before I did, and when they went they left two five pound notes for Uncle Les. When he came in he would not hear about it, and harnessed the old roan to the cart and went flying after Tom and Elsie. He reached the station, hot and perspiring, with the notes in his hand, to see the back of the train just rounding the bend. Good-hearted Uncle Les!

I left soon after, but my step was lighter and my heart was gladder as work began again, for I carried with me some of the happiness and joy of that homestead in the bush.

V. ARMSTRONG, 3A.

TO-DAY.

Some sing of the past with its half remembered joys and sorrows, and its shadowy fall of Empires. And some dream of a future that none may know.

But let us sing of to-day:—To-day, with its ever-increasing wonder, its hope and its splendour. And let us sing of its Romance—the Romance that dwells wherever men strive for a high cause.

And to-day, we sing no marvellous deeds of knight errantry; but of searchers toiling in a little room, that a thousand lives might be saved.

And I say there is a Romance in to-day; not the Romance of man's love for women, but of man's love for all mankind; a Romance, too, of the old bonds of ignorance dissolving and of man realizing the humanity of his brother man.

To-day is not all good; that I could never say. But that there is some leaven of good,

where once was only evil—who can deny it?

—The mountains of the past never change for dawn or sunset; they sleep on in their calm twilight, and their valleys enfold cities we hear of only in song.

And the future each sees for himself. But this is to-day:—the song of birds heralding the sun, the light on mountains, a-glimmer with the march of dawn adown the years.

And this is the Romance of to-day:—that those who have wrought and toiled still live.

Tycho Brahe told the king that the seed he sowed would be reaped, but after he was dead.

But Tycho Brahe lives; Copernicus lives, and Bacon and Listeur, and many more.

They are not dead. In word, in thought, in deed, they are with us still, in that bright starlight of eternity in which they strove.

And the seed they sowed they shall reap with us, nor shall they ever die till time shall be no more.

D. R. QUINEY, 4D.

HOW TO STUDY.

Before beginning to study it is necessary to find out if you have the wherewith to begin. This can be found out by having one's head read, or by introspection. As I am assured by everyone but myself that I have not the material with which to learn, I can set myself up as a competent authority.

Different methods may be followed for the various subjects. In my own case, whenever I decide on a night to study "Marthemartics," I always go to the pictures, as I can rest assured that I am not going to learn anything. It is always advisable to take reading material to the pictures; but a word from the wise:—

take two or three books lest you run out of material. I always take Robinson's "History of Western Europe" and Long's "Literature." At any rate, it is a rather novel method of reserving one's seat at interval.

Another serviceable maxim is "always work on a time-table." It is very comforting to work out what one intends doing, and there is no harm in being optimistic. Always make it on the fourteen hour per diem basis, and you are certain of doing four. On reviewing the time-table before me, I find that I have three hours reserved for Sunday morning in bed, in which to run over that old friend, Marcus Livius, Liber XXVII. Having once compiled your time-table, never do less, and if possible do more. If you work it out on the pleasing assumption of that genial ass M—E, that there are eight days in the week, always work nine.

Eminent authorities on the matter give the following advice to the coming generations, which, while they may never equal the deeds of the glorious "twenty-seven," may at least seek to emulate us.

One lofty-browed youth, C—S, who possesses the unique distinction of being the only Prefect continually on duty during this year,

advises the use of unguents and ice. The ice may be taken internally or externally, in solid or liquid form. It is strongly recommended for use in raspberry ale, or for throwing at the cat.

L—E advises the frequent use of the wireless. You tune in "Ain't she sweet?" jazz with the right foot, beat time with a ruler on someone's head, and make a noise like a street organ with your mouth, and in the meantime it is simplicity personified to concentrate on French.

S—s is a strong advocate of a 16-hour mealless day, and the only recreation allowed is writing letters to -er, friends.

A certain person named J—n tells the world that fagging is no good, and that tennis should be a student's chief occupation, which of course is easily swallowed when the abovenamed falls to sleep in school.

A final authority, L—s, gives some very good advice. First arrange all your available books on the table to create an atmosphere. Then set a gramophone in action, and at ten o'clock go to bed, trusting on the advice of a certain B—r to "take it in your stride."

"ERUBA."

SONNET.

Oh, airplane gliding through the sky
Like swallow in its flight!
Silent and forceful is thy might
As thou sail'st o'er mountains high.

Oh, take me to the land of dreams
For which in vain I sigh,
Along the golden, sparkling beams
That lead where pleasures lie.

That winding road is hard to find
By mortal's creeping feet;
To view that shining land behind
Would cause our fate's defeat.

Yet to that land my soul doth flee
And leave a yearning heart with me.

J.S.

HECTOR'S DICTAPHONE.

As Dick Saunders walked out of the tuckshop, in spite of the gaiety of his friends, his brow was deeply furrowed. The reason for this was the closeness of his pal Hector Miggins, the brainy man and the inventor of the form, who had a different hobby for every week of the year, and who was always inventing something out of old engines and empty kerosene tins.

Of late, Hector had been shutting himself up in his private "den" and Dick had despaired of ever having a game of cricket with him. He knew that Hector was not "fagging," for the exams were still a long way off, and although Hector was known as the brainy man, it was certainly not because of his scholastic achievements.

This had been worrying Dick for some time,

but he was soon to be enlightened, for during the next lesson Hector leant across to him and said, "I say, Dick, I've made a dictaphone." "A what?" gasped Dick. "A dictaphone," replied Hector. "Its one of those things that—Oh, at any rate, come over to my place to-night and see it working."

Accordingly Dick, accompanied by his brother Jack, an ardent cricketer, went that night to Hector's place, where Hector proudly displayed a rusty machine which seemed to be made from old kerosene tins gleaned from the village tip. "You see," said Hector, "you press this button and speak into it. Then you press this button and all you have said is returned to you from this loud speaker."

After a satisfactory trial the chums decided to try their Latin preparation on it.

That is why, half an hour later, Dick was speaking Latin into the dictaphone as fast as possible. "Erant omnino itinera duo—there were in all two ways," he droned, "Quarum una per provincia ducit—of which one led through the province."

At this moment Jack, who had just finished reading a "penny dreadful," broke in, "I say, Dick, about our cricket team?" "Blow our cricket team," retorted Dick, "I'm doing Latin, not cricket." "All right, don't get snappy," returned Jack, who then relapsed into silence.

"Altera per Sequanis ducit—the other led through the Sequani," continued Jack. "Helvetii continentur natura loci—the Swiss are confined by the nature of the place. "That will be enough," Hector broke in. "Old Peely will be so occupied giving impots that he will only do about one page." "Very well," said Dick. The dictaphone was then locked up ready for transportation to the school on the following morning.

The Latin lesson had been in full swing for half an hour, and "impots" had been flying like chaff. Hector was the only boy who had not so far been presented with one.

Mr. Peel, whose motto was, "give it to one, give it to the lot," was getting more and more angry because he could not catch Hector, whose dictaphone had been getting in some good work.

"Miggins!" he roared, "Translate from 'erant omnino.'"

As he stood up, Hector pressed a button which set the dictaphone in motion. "Erant omnino itinera duo—there were in all two ways; quarum una per provinciam ducit—of which one led through the province," it said. Then came the storm: "I say, Dick, what about our cricket team? Blow our cricket team, I'm doing Latin, not cricket. All right, don't get snappy." At this Mr. Peel, who had been reading, glanced up sharply, but as the machine started on the Latin again he did not notice anything amiss.

"Altera per Sequanis ducit—the other led through the Sequani," continued the dictaphone; "Helvetii continentur natura loci—the Swiss are confined by the nature of the place—that will be enough, old Peely will be so occupied giving impots—" This was the last straw to Mr. Peel, who had been listening with growing amazement, and he now burst out, "Miggins, do that sentence one thousand times to-night." "O-o-o-oh!" groaned Hector as he reached for the button to turn off his machine.

Needless to say, that was the first and last trial of the dictaphone.

Next morning, as old Sol was just creeping up above the horizon, a boy might have been seen throwing a large and weighty parcel into the old brick pit.

W. ROGERS, 2D.

THE UPWARD GRADE.

Oh, we are on the upward grade,
'Tis steep I must confess:
We'll reach the top and place our names
With those who've won success.

We tread the path that others made,
—Old Fortians of before;
We hope to win such fame as they
Did in the days of yore.

In years to come when we look back
Upon our boyhood's game,
We'll think of that old beaten track
On which we climbed to fame.

E. McKAY, 1B.

YE WEARIE WAYFARER.

"You have but four weeks to the Yearly Exam when your fate will be decided," calmly announced a certain teacher to a certain unruly class.

This announcement threw everyone into a panic—Only one month! (We were clever enough to deduce that), to do all the revision necessary. There was a lot of that, too. Now, for the first time in our lives, we had to set to and learn poetry, theorems, irregular verbs, problems, formal grammar, exercises, factors, quadratics, stocks, equations, experiments, apart from other unimportant things.

It took only a moment for us to realize the seriousness of the situation; and everyone, quietly but solemnly, vowed that he would start "fagging" that very night. Some of the methodical youths even drew a "Revision Time-table" to work by; but the majority decided to "fag at random."

We all hurried home that night determined in our new resolution. We made sundry folk at home feel as we did—over the fagging. But tea came and went, and then the thought mainly was:—"Well —er—, one month, hm—; a fairly long time . . . ;I think I'll leave the fagging till to-morrow." And the majority acted accordingly, while the fags, well in the minority, "fagged," and continued to fag right until the Exam.

But the majority kept on in their former ways until three of the four weeks had passed, doing very little study. One thing this band did do, however, they brought about "no homework" on the plea, "We want to fag."

At the end of these three weeks they decided that they simply would have to start, and they did, for the first time.

They fagged hard enough, certainly, but now they began to see the follies of their previous ways. By sitting up till well after midnight, and going to school tired, worn, and haggard, they soon realized what fools they had been. They gave up all hope of passing.

Gradually the days wore on until the final week was up, and the exam due to start. Every night they fagged till they nearly dropped off to sleep, and on coming to school, they were in no fit condition to sit for an exam. Incidents, quotations, dates, poems, experiments, theorems, authors, verbs, nouns, adjectives, plays, were all jumbled up in one indistinguishable mass of knowledge. Lawson was recognised as the Victor of Waterloo; Cromer, as the great Australian author who wrote "Roaring Days"; Theseus was most erroneously placed in the "Ancient Mariner," which, by the way, was said to have been written by Coolidge; the rough old sea-dog was married to Hippolyta; theorems were hopelessly mixed, and as for the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—well, it came as a very unpleasant dream to the examinee. So there is little wonder that they were only awarded a low mark.

At last, like all things either good or bad, the exam came to an end, and many a sigh of relief was heard. The results, of course, came next, and this was where the "fags" scored, while the everlasting majority crept miserably home with the body—no, no, the report—in the bag. The subsequent interview with Dad had its painful moments, but I shall spare you the details of the sad picture.

M. KEMP, 3A.

A 1927 FORTIAN'S DREAM.

It was 2027 and I, just returned to my own country from which I had been absent for several years, decided to attend my old school's (F.S.B.H.S.) annual speech day. I arrived at the school by aero bus. A special landing place had been constructed at the bottom of the playground; also for the convenience of the pupils, an electric underground station was situated under the 4th year lawn.

I beheld the playground, which was now "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." A lawn had replaced the former shale fields, those pitiless wastes, those pitfalls for the unwary, where many brave 1st year boys had wandered into the dense undergrowth, never more to be seen. Evidently they had been hurrying, vainly trying to reach the lines before the second bugle. Ornamental trees had replaced

the former rubbish dunes. Mr. H—'s garden was blooming even better than the flowers in May.

Filled with wonder, I sauntered round to that place of happy memory, the school tuck-shop. Remembering those gory battles of yore, when twice or thrice as many boys as the tuck-shop could hold had fought their way to victory and the counter. I waited with bated breath (gladiatorial combats had been forbidden since 476 A.D.), but my hopes were blighted. For instead of entering in one human avalanche, those wanting to be served came in one door and departed through another. Remembering the kicked shins I had received, I felt slightly envious of the Fortians of 2027 A.D.

The visitors had now begun to enter the hall. Remembering my experiences as to seating accommodation (they had been gained whilst acting as a wall-flower at the various functions), I hurried into the hall, expecting to see those who were too anxious to get near the front, being escorted to the back by Mr. F—. However, my theory was entirely wrong, for that much discussed plan of widening the

hall had really been completed. I still noticed, however, grooves worn around the walls. I suppose these were relics of the seatless era. The seats (wooden) had been replaced by plush theatre seats with foot-rests. The prize-giving and speeches were disposed of in double-quick time to everybody's satisfaction.

Thinking I would like to see my old classroom, I started for the stairs. However, they no longer existed, for a lift which could hold 40 boys had been installed in their place. I alighted and went to the class-room. Neat leather chairs had replaced those sometimes rickety wooden ones, while the old-fashioned wooden desks had given away to compact writing tables. On numerous desks were typewriters, used for taking notes when teachers get that racing habit and dictate notes with lightning-like rapidity.

The function over, I wended my way home, thinking of the joyous times of the 2027 Fortians, when Bang! Crash! went the alarm clock, and I came back to earth with a thud, realising that it was still 1927 and that I had not done my Physics homework.

E. MARKS, 4A.

SOME GENTLE GHOSTS.

It was a wild, dark, unpleasant night, and the Channel steamer lay straining at her cables, a million sparks whirling from her funnel and disappearing into blackness ahead.

I was seated in my cabin sipping coffee, when a bluff, hearty fellow came in and asked what time the boat left. I told him, and invited him to join me in my coffee.

He gratefully accepted, and the conversation seemed to turn quite naturally to ghosts. My companion remarked that he was very nervous, and it turned out that both of us had at one time been badly scared by either real or imaginary ghosts.

"You look well enough now, anyway," I remarked, gazing at his portly, massive frame.

"Yes, but you don't realise how nervous I really am. Do you mind telling me how you received your fright?"

"Oh, no, mine is a simple story. You see, I was ever fond of reading ghost yarns when

I was young, and a small companion of mine was equally ardent about it. Now, my father had in his library a book on ghosts, and at the earliest opportunity I smuggled it off to my chum, and we debated as to the safest place to read it without interruption. I had in my possession at the time a small dark lantern, and we decided to use it that evening in the branches of a pear tree which grew in our garden, as the night would add greatly to the excitement.

"At the appointed time he arrived at our place, and we quietly made our way to the tree, and having climbed it and found a comfortable seat, I lit the lamp and directed the rays upon the open book. My companion then commenced reading some of the blood-curdling tales, until, as a matter of fact, he could read no more, so afraid he became. He said I was shaking the lantern so that he could not see clearly, and I answered him that if that was so,

it was the cold making me shake. We were just finishing the most exciting yarn of all, and were consequently in a very shaky condition of nerves, when suddenly a fearful yell rent the still night air below us. Something prodded our legs and we caught sight of a wildly gesticulating white-clad form below us on the grass. You can imagine in what state these things left us. We just let fall matches, lantern, and book, and followed them, hitting the grass in an almost senseless condition. However, we soon found out that we had been hoaxed by my cousin who had found out our hiding place, and guessing what was on, had given us a slight scare, as he termed it, by throwing a table-cloth over his head, and grabbing up a clothes-prop, he performed the antics I have already told you about."

"Ah! the fright I had was much more serious than that," said my companion, as he sipped his coffee. "When I was about nine years old I was sent to live with some friends in the country. They lived in an old-fashioned rambling sort of home, called 'The Grange.' There were no other youngsters about, so I had rather a quiet time of it.

"It was one of those rambling old places with long passages and staircases, and being a very timid boy, I dreaded going along these passages, for the old place was supposed to be haunted. One of the maids was, I think, almost as timid as myself, yet, strange to say, she was fond of telling ghost stories.

"On one particular Saturday night she was telling me some creeping tales in the back room where she used to blacken her shoes for the following Sunday. It was just as she was telling me about two skeleton hands that flickered about the place, when I heard somebody calling to supper, and in a very nervous state I started off along the dark passage that ended in a flight of stairs.

"I had nearly reached the end of the passage when, to my horror, I saw a tall figure in white with a fearful face, and carrying a lighted candle held above its head, coming slowly down the stairs towards me. I simply shook with terror as it came down with a noiseless tread and passed me, and then glided round the corner, disappearing through the door I had just left. Almost immediately I heard the maid scream, and recovering my scattered senses, I dashed up the stairs, and bursting into the room where the family sat at supper, I yelled out that I had seen a ghost. They wouldn't believe me at first, but seeing my terror, they rushed in a body with me leading, into the room which I had seen the ghost enter. There we found the maid in a faint with the ghost, really another servant, trying to bring her round with the aid of some cold water.

"I was seriously ill for some time after that, and I have been nervous ever since. However, I think I'll turn in now, and I wish you a very good night."

The sun was shining very brightly the next morning when I awoke, and the vessel was quite steady, and as the engines were not vibrating, I thought that we had completed the journey and were in harbour.

I noticed that my companion was awakening also, and he remarked that he had had a splendid night's rest, and that it was the best passage he had made yet.

The steward informed us that something had fouled the propeller the previous night, and that the captain had given orders for keeping the ship in port as the seas were running high, and that we would commence our journey in ten minutes' time.

H. MILLS, 1A.

NEW GUINEA GOLD.

It was the month of September in the year 1926, and Ernie Harris and Bill Harris, two brothers of twenty-one and twenty-three respectively, had caught the gold fever.

"I say, Bill," exclaimed Ernie, one night soon

after arriving home from work, "what do you think of this?"

Bill carefully scrutinised the newspaper Ernie had thrust before him. After some moments he looked up and said,

"Wouldn't I just like to be there!"

The reason for these remarks was that the newspaper contained a very vivid description of an encounter between a party of gold-hunters and a number of cannibals. It finished up by saying that the cannibals had come off second best and had entirely disappeared.

Ernie and Bill discussed it, and before retiring to bed that night, they agreed that they should go to New Guinea and see if they, too, could not have similar adventures to those recorded in the newspaper.

The following day both went to work, gave in their resignations, and returned home. They collected their belongings and put their savings together, which totalled £156 and some spare silver. As they lived in Sydney, it took them no time to catch a boat to New Guinea. By the end of September they were well on their voyage. In their belongings they each had three spare suits, four rifles, and a large supply of ammunition.

The journey passed by quickly enough, and when the brothers landed, they set about getting a few native porters. They succeeded in this, and before many days had passed they were in the midst of the jungle.

Ernie questioned the leading porter to see if he knew where gold could be obtained. The native replied that he did, but would offer no information until Ernie gave him a two-shilling piece. Then he spoke. He said that he would lead them to a lake, in the middle of which was a small island; and there was a cave on the island. In this cave was a large amount of gold, but there was a native tribe who guarded the lake. He said also that no man who had reached the island had ever returned.

These prospects of adventure delighted the two brothers, for had they not come hither for adventures as well as gold? So they praised the native and followed his lead.

For two whole days they travelled, and at the end of that time they were warned by their guide that they were only a few miles from the lake. When the porters heard this they began to tremble and draw closer to one another. Ernie did not wish the porters to become terrified and desert, so to quell their fear as much as possible he built a strong barricade around their camp with stones and branches of trees.

This plan succeeded, and the porters sank into a deep slumber. Bill slept, too, but Ernie stood up with a rifle in his hands—he was a sentry. He let his thoughts wander as he stood there in the tropical darkness. He was in this reverie for some minutes when suddenly he was brought back to earth by the sharp cracking of a twig. Swinging his rifle to his hip he peered into the darkness. He looked—what was that? Was it a man? By jove, yes! He took in the situation in a moment—the savage guardians of the lake were attacking. He felt a curious shiver run down his spine, and he stood as if frozen stiff, but, by a superhuman effort, he pulled himself together, and bending down, he awoke Bill and the guide, and quickly explained the position they were in.

Bill smiled happily because he was longing for adventure. He took up a rifle, handed one to the guide (who was quite an expert in the art of shooting), and ordered him to arrange the porters ready for the fray. This was also quickly done, and the gold-hunters were ready for a stiff fight.

Five minutes passed, and still no sign of the enemy, but again Ernie's keen eyes caught a glimpse of a foeman, and he raised his rifle, drew in a deep breath, took quick aim and fired. There followed a most hideous, piercing shriek which echoed and re-echoed through the still night, and the savage leapt high in the air and fell with a loud thud to the ground, to lie in a still, inert heap.

There ensued no pause, for as soon as the savage crashed to the earth, the jungle became infested with the wild guardians of the lake. In one rush they overwhelmed the barricade by sheer force of numbers, and in spite of the galling fire from the three rifles and the deadly spears of the porters, they continued their mad rush.

Ernie saw the reason why none returned from the island. These savages were coal black, over seven feet tall, and of muscular build; they had bulging muscles on their legs and arms. He also saw that the porters were very brave fellows. They darted hither and thither, killing man after man, as they chanted their war cry.

He now saw a strapping young savage who was evidently the leader, because he was ordering the men about, so he singled him out

from the rest. When he got at close quarters with the leader he raised his rifle, warded off a blow from his new antagonist's tomahawk, levelled his rifle again and fired. The chief fell.

On seeing their chief fall, a great wail arose, and the savages endeavoured to flee, but the brothers and the porters were on them, intending to avenge the deaths of all who had died at their hands.

It was daylight when all commotion ceased; and what a sight it revealed! All these signs showed what a terrific struggle it had been.

Our party escaped with few wounds, and after burying the dead and clearing up all signs of the fray, they marched on to the lake, which was only a few miles farther on.

After marching for over an hour, Ernie asked the guide how much farther on was the lake. The native replied that the lake was about a hundred yards away now, but before they could get to it they would have to cut their way through a barrier of vines a few yards thick.

Ernie laughed at the idea of cutting through the barrier. "Why!" he said, "It will be easy."

They reached the barrier and Ernie attacked it vigorously with a sharp tomahawk, but he found it no easy matter, because the vines were tough.

Within a few minutes the perspiration was dripping off his face. At last he dropped the tomahawk in disgust and said, "Where are the entrances the savages used?"

The leading native said that there were plenty, but they would take hours to find.

Bill now took up the tomahawk and hacked and hewed with it until he was tired, and then Ernie had his turn. They kept this up, but the sun began to set, so they decided to camp for the night, and finish cutting through the barrier the next day.

The night passed peacefully, and early in the morning the work was commenced again, and by ten o'clock they had only a few inches to go. So far they had not looked through the barrier at the lake, because they wished to keep their eyes off it until they had cut their way through.

The moment they had cut through, they rushed forward through the opening to the banks of the lake.

Simultaneously they shouted for glee. And well they might shout, for the lake was a picture of beauty. The water itself was like a silver sheet like a mirror. It clearly reflected every inch of the sky, and, rising clearly in the middle of the lake, was a small island. It had closely wooded shores, and in the centre of it rose a small bare hill with a cave in its side. The trees were of a beautiful green, and with the brown hill it was an aspect of beauty. On either side of the lake high hills and low mountains rose abruptly from the water's edge, and lent their beauty to the scene.

For many minutes they looked at the island, and then they espied some canoes a hundred yards farther along the bank. Calling to the natives to follow, they raced along to the canoes and fell in in their haste. They paddled quickly across the calm waters of the lake, and soon drew near the island. Very soon a natural landing place was sighted, and the canoe was paddled close inshore to enable its occupants to land.

They landed and found a worn path leading upwards. Following this they came to the foot of the hill, which was supposed to have a cave full of gold. A flight of steps had been cut in the side of the hill, and they clambered up these. When the cave was reached the natives were ordered to remain outside, and Bill and Ernie entered. Here a surprise awaited them, for on either side of the cave were the skeletons of men, probably some of the luckless victims of the savages, and each skeleton was holding out a bag in his hand. They rightly guessed it was gold in the bags, as they found out a few minutes later.

Bill took a bag from one of the skeletons, and upon cutting it open, a heap of gold nuggets rolled out. They left the cave with a fortune in gold, paid the natives well, boarded the canoe and returned to the shore.

On the morrow they departed for home, and that journey passed without incident. When they reached civilization, the natives departed and went in search of new jobs, while the

brothers caught the first boat back to Sydney. Nothing more than a slight storm happened on this trip, and by the end of November they were back in Sydney, living contentedly together.

When January came they quitted their home

once more and went to Africa in search of new adventures; but wherever they go, that memorable search for gold in New Guinea will always remain in their minds.

C. SALMOND, 1D.

SPORT

FIRST-GRADE CRICKET.

At the time of writing this report the cricket season of 1927 has drawn to a close.

The first eleven can claim a very successful and enjoyable series of matches. An outline of the games follows:—

F.H.S., 182 and 3 for 47 (closed), beat Tech. H.S., 90 and 6 for 29.

F.H.S., 96 and 6 for 126 (closed), lost to Central Tech., 97 and 2 for 129.

F.H.S., 148 and 90, beat North Sydney, 135 and 2 for 46.

F.H.S., 6 for 158, beat Parramatta, 61 and 4 for 53.

F.H.S., 188, S.H.S., 2 for 17 (S.H.S. forfeited).

Central Technical are the leaders in the competition table of points (15 points), with Fort Street second (13 points).

Matches played, 5; won 4, lost 1.

Since last half year, the 2nd grade team has completed only one match, and half finished another. A review of the previous games appeared in the last issue.

Our first match, after the football season, was against Randwick. Our team batted first and compiled only 88, to which Shields and Lovell contributed 25 each. At the end of the first day's play, Randwick had lost 4-170, and things looked black for the school. But, however, our bowling was too strong, for after Randwick added 7 runs to their total, Higgs

AVERAGES.

The principal batting averages are:—

Sawkins, 28.3; Arthur, 21.3; Archer, 19.2; and Clark, 17.0.

The bowling honours went to Willis, who obtained 4 wickets at a cost of 21 runs, average 5.2. Jenner, 8 for 75; Arthur, 8 for 80; Winning, 12 for 160; and Clark, 8 for 121, were our main attack.

Facilities for practices were limited, due to improvements being effected to Petersham Oval. This has interfered materially with the cricketers' enjoyment, as the practices, twice a week, prove a very great attraction, and are appreciated by cricketers almost as much as the competition matches themselves.

The prospects for 1928 season are only fair. Many of our present stalwarts will be leaving at Xmas, but we hope that development in some of the 2nd and 3rd grade players will bring the 1928 team to the usual Fort Street 1st grade standard.

SECOND XI.

and Lovell disposed of the remaining six wickets for 1 run, Higgs taking 2-7 and Lovell 4-1, which included the "Hat Trick." In our second innings we lost 5-40 when rain stopped play. Shields and Lovell again came to the fore, scoring 14 and 10 respectively. Considering the team was handicapped by lack of practice, it did well to obtain 1 point from the leading team.

In the second match, against Central Technical, our team batted first and was dismissed for 66, of which A. Brown scored 19, Murty

16, and Howieson 12. Cent. Tech. at close of first day's play had lost 7 wickets for 92, Shields taking 4-18. The absence of Lovell, who was playing with the 1st grade, considerably weakened our bowling, but our team put up a fair performance. Throughout, Lambie's wicket keeping was very fair, but he should

make more use of his height when batting.

Shields and Lovell bowled well throughout, while Rudd and Conlon also batted well. Higgs occasionally relieved the bowlers with success.

All members of the team played for the honour of the school, and played with true sporting spirit.

THIRD GRADE CRICKET.

The competition began badly for 3rd grade, as we were defeated in our first two matches. However, we improved, and at the close of the competition we occupied the second position in our division. This will probably carry us into the semi-finals. Our record is three wins, four draws, and two losses.

We were unfortunate in losing the services of our opening batsmen, the Hatfield brothers, who left for Armidale in the middle of the season. Wallace secured the batting average. He compiled 149 runs at an average of 17.9 per innings. Penman, 15.4; Cross, 14.8; Armstrong, 13.7; and Murty, 13.3 also did well with the bat.

Armstrong, one of the most improved players of the season, developed into a very neat bat. Penman took the bowling honours with 14

wickets for 56 runs, at an average of 1 for 4. Cross took the greatest number of wickets, 22 wickets at a cost of 9.1 runs per wicket. Barber with 20 wickets, at an average of 1 for 9, and Guiffre with 11 wickets at an average of 1 wicket for 5.7 runs, also did good work as bowlers. Barber has always been a strong and effective bowler, and on his day Guiffre was really excellent.

The fielding has greatly improved, and the team is now quite efficient in this department of the game. In fact, much of our recent success has been largely due to this efficiency.

Penman throughout has been a good and popular captain. Our thanks are due to Messrs. Gould and Thompson, who coached us through a very pleasant and successful season.

FIRST-GRADE RUGBY.

The year 1927 cannot be called highly successful, for although we scored 143 points against 104 scored by our opponents, North Sydney and Sydney both beat us decisively.

Of course, the team felt the loss of Mr. Baxendale's seasoned advice and the unusual skill and knowledge of Cant. In large measure these were replaced by the coaching of Mr. C. Fox, now representing Australia in the Waratahs. No amount of coaching, however, can supply the training which lack of a ground prevented, and this is where we failed. I feel sure that, given condition, our lads would have beaten Sydney once at least.

McInerney as captain showed keenness and good leadership, and as he was responsible for 49 per cent. of the points scored, did excellent work both as a scorer and goal kicker.

Arthur scored some 37 points, and showed very good form, notably in the attack.

Roach was always a good, aggressive forward, and his being out of action so long was a very great loss to the team.

Jenner also did well, scoring 15 points during the season. A special word is due to the stalwarts of the front row, whose work is so strenuous and thankless, but so very necessary. Our lads did well.

In general, the team showed much better tackling towards the end, but still it was not strong enough in defence.

As in previous years, the conduct of the team on and off the field was above reproach. When they were beaten there were no complaints, and the games throughout were clean and friendly. With recruits from a good 2nd grade and those remaining, next year should find us with a strong 1st grade team.

SECOND GRADE RUGBY.

This team did not fully achieve the result predicted of it in the last issue of the "Fortian," as it did not succeed in winning the premiership, but had to be content with the position of "runners-up." The reason was that the high standard of play was not maintained during the second half of the competition, due solely to the insuperable handicap of being without proper training facilities. Individual players maintained their brilliancy, but, in the absence of organised practice, the team work developed early in the competition was lost, with the result that one team which was beaten by 13 to 5 in the first round was enabled to "turn the tables" to the extent of 21 to 3 in the second.

Notwithstanding the failure to win the pre-

miership, the team ended the year with the very creditable record of:

Matches played, 13; won, 10; lost, 1; drawn, 2; points for, 331; points against, 47.

Melville continued to exhibit excellent qualities of leadership and should develop into a fine first-grade captain. Swadling was an able forward-captain, and throughout the season kept his team well together.

It would be invidious to make comparisons of the play of the other members of the team. Therefore I will content myself by saying that in Gilbert Gash, Leggett, Thistlethwayte, Walsh, Melville, Harvey, Vignes, Redmond, Hamilton and Graham the school will next year possess a galaxy of talent on the field that should make this year's first-grade premiers look well to their laurels.

THIRD GRADE RUGBY.

The third grade team had a fairly successful season and were runners-up in the High Schools' Competition.

They won five of the eight games played, and scored 133 points to the 49 points of their opponents. The team contained some very promising players. Smith, Cassidy, and Graham in the backs, and Hamilton, Flatt, Molesworth and Milverton in the forwards, were consistently good.

Tom Smith was an ideal leader. His initiative in attack and his resource in defence were an inspiration to his men. The behaviour of

the players and the sportsmanship displayed both in victory and defeat were worthy of the best traditions of the school.

We had hoped to see the team develop into a very powerful combination, but the lack of practice owing to the loss of the oval prevented us from acquiring the necessary finish to give us a chance against such a fine side as that fielded by Sydney High School.

We offer our congratulations to them on their well merited win.

FOURTH GRADE RUGBY.

The team finished fourth on the competition table with four wins, two forfeits, and six defeats, scoring 123 points against 92. The play throughout the season was too patchy, the team at times playing well, but in some matches the players seemed to forget all about combination.

Individually the forwards were good, but did not combine effectively enough, they stood off too much.

All the backs showed pace, but did not exert that extra "bit" which makes all the dif-

ference between victory and defeat.

The full back was the weak spot in the team, no less than four boys playing the position with only fair success.

As expected, the team played cleanly throughout, maintaining the school's reputation.

The following were the players:—

Reynolds (Captain), Parker (Vice-Captain), Rice, Dane, Elliott, Nelson, Young, Murphy, Bentivoglio, Conklin, Smith, Bell, Day, Hall, Brown Wordsworth, Givney, Whitney, Jerrems.

FIFTH GRADE RUGBY.

As was expected, 5th grade went through the season undefeated, and won the premiership. This win has put Fort Street 5th grade on the same level as it was a few years ago, and it is hoped that future teams will keep up this standard.

The team as a whole played very well. The main fault was the absence of a good goal

kicker, for out of 71 tries only 14 were converted.

The outstanding player during the season was Angel at full back. This lad shows promise of developing into an excellent full back.

The record of the team was: Played 12, won 12, lost 0. Points for, 241; against, 19.

SOCCER.

Soccer as a fit and proper activity on the winter sports afternoons has obtained recognition from the School Union again—again the spheres in their orbits roll onward in conformity with the law of evolution. Too late to permit representation of the school in the external competitions of last season, this recognition nevertheless unleashed the pent-up store of enthusiasm on the part of many lads to whose hearts the round ball was as surely an object of attraction as it was one of repulsion to their feet, heads, and other anatomic parts.

Increasing interest in the game was also manifest (should this be pedifest, Mr. Editor?) in the case of many who, possessing pluck rather than brawn, powers of judgment rather than avoirdupois, muscular co-ordination rather than speed, found their young affections unclaimed by other activities.

It was found possible to organise an inter-class competition for the first year boys, and a series of well-contested games gave 1C the premiership honours. Individual displays of merit were a feature of these games, but the art of combination so necessary to a successful attack required, and still requires, fostering. —, —, —, —, and —, were the outstanding players. (The writer is compelled to leave these blanks, as the players concerned are known to him only by their nick-names, to use which thus publicly would be *infra dig.*, but any first year soccerite will be delighted to fill them in.)

Teams representative of 2nd and 3rd years administered weekly doses of medicine to each other, and the treatment seemed very acceptable. Neither team as yet admits the superiority of the other. For these years an overflow match had to be arranged, and the usual success of all overflow meetings attended such efforts. Fourth and Fifth Years combined to stage a weekly feature, the stronger attack and weaker defence opposing the stronger defence and weaker attack. Here considerable progress can be reported. While Cowardine in goal, Winning and Morris in forward positions, showed in full measure a close previous acquaintanceship with the finer points of the game, many others showed the progress which bespeaks a high order of intelligence. Carter, Bellhouse, Simpson, Leggett are only a few of those whose names should be recorded in this connection.

As a grand finale a six-a-side knock-out competition proved a success. Here Simpson, who, of course, has undoubted linguistic advantages, very creditably steered his team to victory.

This report would be incomplete without an acknowledgement of our indebtedness to our genial sportsmaster, who, in the midst of his extra worries in the matter of playing areas, secured for us full opportunities, and in general was largely instrumental in rendering possible the subjoined signature.

THE HAPPY SOCCERITES.

SWIMMING.

The new swimming season opened in October of this year with plenty of enthusiasm on the

part of the school swimmers. A strong club has been formed to conduct handicap racing

throughout the season with a view to preparing for the Inter-High School Contests in December.

The times of some of the members of the club have been very fast, considering that the season has just begun. It looks as if some have not neglected training during the winter and early spring months.

The need for well-trained, thoroughly seasoned sprinters and stayers is especially necessary this year if the school is to have any chance of regaining the Shield lost twelve months ago. We want a well-balanced team of boys specialising in sprints, distances, back stroke, and breast stroke, and also a team of six fast sprinters for the relay race. As this race is the last even of the Combined High School Carnival, it behoves boys who aspire to the

honour of representing the school in this event to train in such a manner that they may have sufficient "kick" in them to put up fast times in this event, even after the strenuous exertion of individual efforts earlier in the day.

Now a word to the new members of the school: We want you to practice seriously at the various baths throughout the season, and so enable us to have a much stronger and more keenly contested competition than the last competition for the Under 14 Championships. It is from you that the future Junior and Senior Champions will probably come, and it will be of little honour to be a low-calibre School Champion in any grade, if you do not go forward to greater achievements for your school in the furnace-testing of Inter High School Contests.

TENNIS.

The First Grade Competition was run this year in two divisions. Our "A" team, consisting of Clark, Lee, Joseph, and Sinclair, was undefeated in its division, but lost the final with Technical High by one game. Clark and Lee have played with great distinction throughout the competition. Clark is particularly good and Lee is little inferior, though inclined to be overawed by the occasion. Sinclair and Joseph owe their position to their safe tactics, but this should not deter them from showing sufficient dash and fire and taking command of the game. They are inclined too much to let the other fellow take the lead. The second team, consisting of J. and G. Scott, Sherring and Cumming, won three matches, lost four, and drew one. G. Scott is the most promising player of the four. He is still young, and the energy and pace demanded by first grade tennis will come as he develops.

The 2A team—Lamble, Pulsford, Reynolds, and Gibson—was also undefeated in its division and won the final by 8 sets to nil. The real opposition was met only in the semi-final and final rounds, and the team was suddenly tested to the utmost. They are a well-balanced team. Therein lay its strength. Lamble's leadership and enthusiasm deserves praise. The 2B team won seven matches and lost three. Of the six players tried, Beattie and Brown show merit.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Alexander, uncle of A. Beattie, who offered a Cressy racquet to the winner of a tournament among the twenty grade players. B. Clark won the tournament, and he is greatly pleased with the trophy.

In the P.S.A.A.A. Tournament B. Clark was runner-up in the over 16 singles.

ATHLETICS.

During the football season, Yarallah Oval was once again made available for the Athletic Club. A regular attendance of between sixty and seventy members, and some keenly contested handicaps, marked this section of the school's activities.

Some good times were recorded—the best

being that for a half mile walk, which was clocked at 23 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. The winner is quite convinced that the watch was in good order.

Our annual meeting was somewhat marred by the state of Petersham Oval, forcing us to seek a new ground. In order to prevent a clash with other schools' fixtures we had to

hold our meeting on a Tuesday, and this also affected the attendance of parents, friends, and old boys.

We have to express our gratitude to Canterbury High School for the loan of their sporting gear. This obviated the difficulties attendant on carting bulky material from home.

The programme was necessarily much curtailed, but some good sport was witnessed in all grades.

Bruce Clark carried off the Senior Cup, with Roach and Arthur filling second and third places. Clark created a school record of 55 seconds for the 440 yards event, but at the C.H.S. meeting Morgan lowered this time to 53 3/5 seconds. Roach provided a thrill in the Broad Jump by clearing 20ft 3 1/2 in. Later, at the C.H.S. meeting, he demonstrated that this was no fluke by covering 20ft 4 1/2 in.

The Junior Cup went to Matheson, with Farlow and King in second and third places. In this division new records were created in the Broad Jump by Flatt (18ft 5 1/2 in), and in the Pole Vault by King (7ft 7 1/2 in). Farlow cleared 4ft 11 in in the High Jump at our own sports, but succeeded in getting over 5ft 3 1/2 in at the C.H.S. gathering, where he tied for first place.

The Under 14 years Cup goes to Butler, with Magee as runner-up.

The thanks of the school are due to Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt for their donation of 2 guineas, and to Mr. and Mrs. Norman for their guinea donation to the prize fund. Our friends, the Fort Street Girls, once again donated the Senior Cup.

At the C.H.S. meeting our seniors performed creditably in filling second place to North Sydney. As mentioned before, Morgan created a C.H.S. record of 53 3/5 seconds for the quarter mile, Clarke added to his laurels by annexing the half mile in the record time of 2m., 3 1/5 secs., and came second in the mile. Jenner, Roach, Morgan and Arthur won a splendid race in the Circular Relay, doing the distance in 46 2/5 secs. The same team ran second in the Medley Relay.

The outstanding competitor of the junior team was Farlow, who did splendidly in the High Jump.

With the possibility of providing a jumping pit in the school grounds for next season and a return to a vastly improved home oval, we expect to hear more of our representatives at next year's Combined High School meeting.



CORRESPONDENTS.

M.K. (2D): The stories must be original. A.H. (3B): Try it more carefully for next issue. D.G.L. (4A): Hardly clear enough for word pictures. V.A. (3C): Revise the verses. K.M.: Not quite. C.A. (4A): The sonnet does not ring true. R.I. (3D): Try "The Moon" again. It is nearly good enough. The burlesque is weak. E.B. (4A): Too vague. A.C. (4A): Verses lack spontaneity. E.F. (4A): Must take more care. D.G.L. (4A): Does not do justice to the storm. Try "The Prodigal" again. C.U.: Too much of set task atmosphere. R.C. (1C): Needs something more to make it "go." The story must be more original. H.D. (1C): The ending is very weak. R.T. (4B): A bike trip should be more interesting and humorous. R.C. (1C): The parody not quite plain enough. E.A. (1A): Nearly. "Katy" (3D): It won't do. H.Q. (4D); W.M. (4A); 5C-ite: May use later.

EXCHANGES.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: "Zig-Zag" (Lithgow Intermediate High School); "Cherry Tree" (George Washington High School, New York); "Yarn Spinner" (Geo. A. Bond and Co. Ltd.); "The Boomerang" (Young Australia League); "The Lens" (Lismore High School); "Technical High School Journal;" "Parramatta High School Magazine."

1926 L.C. EXAM.

In reporting exam. results in our last issue we failed to give F. D. Wilkinson the full credit of his fine Leaving Certificate pass. We should like to mention now that, in addition to the subjects already recorded, he gained second-class honours in Physics, and also secured a pass in the special English paper.





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