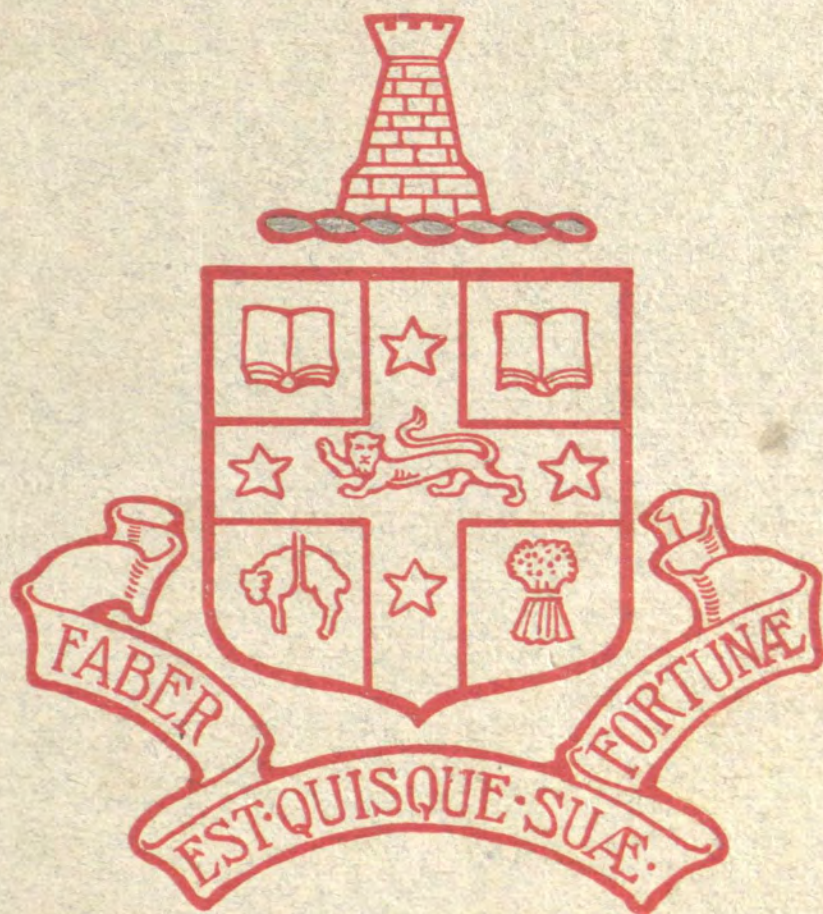


# THE FORTIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF FORT ST BOYS  
HIGH SCHOOL PETERSHAM NSW

JUNE, 1928.



## SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1928.

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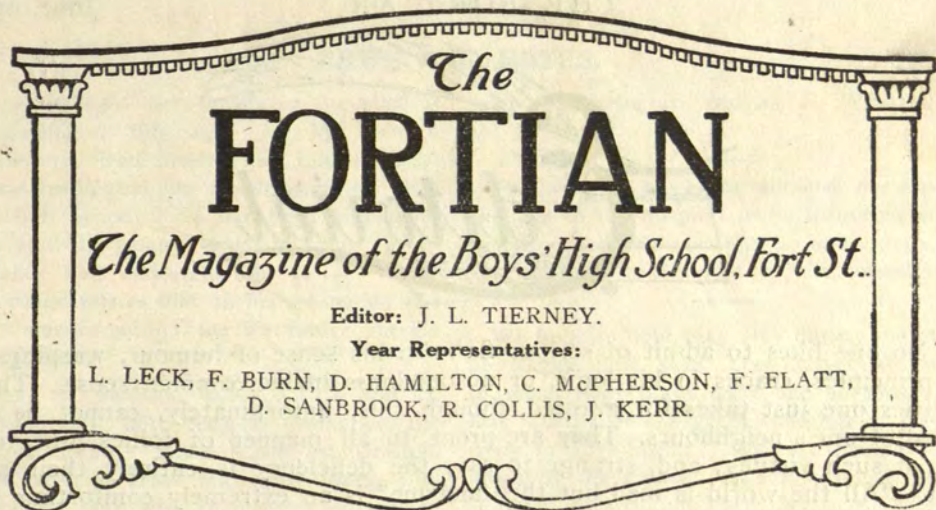
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Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.  
Published Half-yearly.

Volume 26. No. 1.

JUNE, 1928.

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# Editorial

No one likes to admit of serious flaws in his sense of humour, warpings in his principles, cracks in his logic, or unsoundness in his common sense. These qualities one just takes for granted, though this, unfortunately, cannot be assumed of one's neighbours. **They** are prone to all manner of follies, due to a lack of such virtues; and, strange to say, the deficiency is entirely their own fault. "All the world is mad but thee and me" is an extremely comforting discovery, and one very easily goes from it to the next, that "even thou art just a little queer."

Well, what of it? Is there not a deal of this soothing line of reasoning in us all? But is it not there because our philosophy of life is only half formed—and crudely at that? Because our sense of humour is much alloyed with vanity, our common-sense with prejudice, and, most of all, because intellectual honesty—genuine and unafraid—is a quality that we have not even commenced to cultivate? Because it has never been for us "to dare to cut loose and think alone when light shines back from no reflecting face"? Yet we can talk indignantly enough of prigs and snobs, and gossips and loafers and liars, and other such terrible persons, and feel quite a glow within in recognising that we are above "that sort of thing," though we may make the magnificently humble admission "that we are not angels either."

And it all savours of lack of honesty. We will not tell ourselves the truth; we will not admit to ourselves that we have grave faults; that we have, too, been mean and selfish, unfair, unreasonable, irritable, conceited . . . ; that we have at times "ascribed to an opponent motives meaner than our own." No easy task that, but it must be done if it is necessary—and it often is.

How often too do we pretend that we like a book, a play, a poem, a piece of music, a painting—simply because we think it the right thing to have such appreciation? Or how often do we express contempt for others' actions that are not so infrequently our own? Or condemn when we have not placed ourselves in the position of him we judge? It is so easy to assume the righteous air and the superior pose. But it is dishonest—to others, perhaps, but most certainly to ourselves. And it is most essential that in all we do and say and think we should be honest with ourselves. How else can we hope to be frank and fair towards others? Or how can we expect open dealing from others?

And in the work we do—so often done unsatisfactorily—have we honestly sought for some real purpose? Or do we drudge through it as some hateful and meaningless task? If we do, we are living under false pretences, and that is a malady that very quickly becomes chronic. However hackneyed the advice of Polonius may be, there is ever a world of wisdom in the admonition, "to thine own self be true;" and the consequent "thou cannot then be false to any man" is a fine reward in itself. Further, it does limit the possibility of any man being false to us.



## NEWS AND NOTES.

Several changes were made in the staff at the beginning of this year. Mr. W. Roberts, B.A., Deputy Head Master and English Master, was promoted to Headmaster of Glen Innes High School. He had been a member of the staff for many years, and his cheery personality had endeared him to all. The school congratulates him on his promotion and extends sincere wishes for his future success and happiness.

Messrs. H. Baldock, B.A., A.T.C., and H. Thompson, B.A., both received promotion, the former as Deputy Head Master at Grafton, and the latter as Head Master to Cooma District School. We wish them every success in their new spheres of activity. The people of Grafton and Cooma are to be congratulated on having in their midst such fine men and teachers.

M. Deuquet, B. Comm., was transferred to Wollongong, and to him our best wishes are extended.

We welcome Mr. C. H. Harrison, O.B.E., M.C., M.A., as Deputy Head Master and English Master, Messrs Stewart, B.Sc., Hallman, B.Sc., Perry, B.A., and Caldwell B.A. to our midst and hope that their stay with us will be happy for themselves and profitable to the school.

The school is agog with enthusiasm for the forthcoming fete to be held from 13th to 16th June. Strong committees have been formed, and already several pleasant and profitable functions have been held. The promise of the Minister for Education, Mr. Drummond, to help us with the hall has added zest to the efforts of the committees and the boys. The school owes a debt of gratitude to those ladies and gentlemen who have come forward to assist us to raise the money to enlarge the hall. Another gratifying feature is the assistance being given by the Fort Street Girls' High School, and our own Old Boys. Both staff and boys are doing their utmost to help this cause, and, with Mr. C. Bauer as organizer, our prospects look very bright. This paper urges all to put their weight behind this movement and so ensure a brilliant success. The

joint secretaries are Messrs. F. Wootten and W. E. Porter.

The prefects have not allowed our responsibilities to the hospital to be forgotten amidst so many calls on our purses, and up to date £19 has been contributed by the school.

We hope to hold Play Day during the month of August this year. The classes are urged to select their plays early and so make Play Day worthy of the great tradition of this activity in Fort Street. Boys are reminded that much of the money for our hospital responsibilities is raised on Play Day.

The popular Thursday morning assemblies are being held regularly. Most of the available time is devoted to an interesting and instructive programme of music arranged by Messrs. Mote and Gould. The school owes a debt of gratitude to these two members of the staff for their untiring efforts in this direction. Each week the boys are enabled to take part in community singing and enjoy some very fine gramophone records. The enthusiasm shown by the boys for this period of relaxation makes us wish that more time could be given to music.

During the year we received a visit from some educationalists from Czecho-Slovakia. They were very interested in the school work, and took several photographs of various activities, copies of which were kindly handed to us.

The physical training squad, under Lieut. W. Humphries, was again successful in gaining the State Senior Cadet Championship Cup. It is becoming a habit of teams from Fort Street to win contests, this being the third time in succession. We congratulate both instructor and team on their success.

Tennis is booming at Fort Street. This is evidenced by the fact that two new courts are in course of construction in the school grounds.



It is with pleasure that we announce that two students from Fort Street headed the lists in the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Certificate Examinations. Murree Allen gained the best pass in the State for the L.C., and D. Hamilton won the Joe Gardiner Prize for the best seven subjects in the I.C. Congratulations to both.

It is very pleasing to see that the Old Boys' Union is such a live body. We recommend all present scholars to remember the advice of the President on Speech Day, when he urged all boys on leaving school to join the O.B.U., and so keep in contact with the old school.

### EMPIRE DAY AT FORT STREET.

Contrary to the usual practice, the school on Empire Day this year was addressed by members of the Senior Debating Society. This innovation proved highly successful, and the audience could not but be impressed by the sincerity and patriotic appeal of the youthful speakers.

E. Edmonds occupied the chair. In a brief speech he outlined the purpose of the meeting and the form it would take. After the singing of the School Song, H. Carter, the captain, explained how England, with her indomitable spirit, her fine code of honour, and her steadfast manhood, has attained the lofty position which she now holds among the world powers.

The next speaker was W. Melville, who, delving into history, recalled the sacrifices made by the English heroes, Drake, Nelson and Roberts, who gave their lives for the sake of their mother country. He urged that all should be awake to their responsibilities and try to do their bit for their glorious Empire.

D. Hamilton (Fourth Year) gave the real meaning of Empire Day—a day of memory, comparison and vision. He showed much fervour in his speech, saying that he was proud to be a Britisher and would not change his nationality for any other in the world.

In his address, A. Conlon explained that this "British Commonwealth of Nations" in which we live will finally become the chief factor

in world peace, and then the idea of universal fraternity will be fulfilled.

The last speaker, L. Leck, did not dwell upon individual national heroes, but on Britishers as a whole. He said that Britain has certainly made mistakes, but the virtue of fair play, which is so prominent in her, has caused her to rectify them. He discussed, too, the tenacity of purpose which is evident in the Briton.

The speeches were interspersed with musical and elocutionary items. The former consisted of a flute solo by N. Amadio and the community singing of the old favourites, "Land of Hope and Glory," "Australia Fair," and "Rule Britannia." We were deeply indebted to Scribner and Jackson who rendered two fine poems, "The Women of the West" and "If."

M. Joseph and A. Beattie moved a vote of thanks to those who had taken an active part in the meeting, and this was carried by very hearty acclamation. The meeting concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

The celebration was a most undeniable success. It was an epoch-making performance in the history of Fort Street, for we take it for granted that the future Senior Debating Societies will carry out the same scheme in the coming Empire Days, thus continuing the good work so creditably commenced by the seniors of 1928.

### "MODERN YOUTH."

At the conclusion of the last term of 1927, the Fourth Year Dramatic Society, which had been commendably active during the whole year, staged in the Memorial Hall a three-act play, entitled "Modern Youth." The primary object of the performance was to gain funds

for the purchase of new scenery, the want of which is felt and commented upon every Play Day. The respectable sum of £20 was committed to Mr. Burgin's care as the result of the evening's work.

The acting came up to the highest standards



of Fort Street, and it would be difficult to select individuals for praise. Melville, with his fine stance and confident manner, impressed everyone, and Edmonds, with his inimitable humour, fulfilled the part of Puddifer, the butler, with distinction. Not the least commendable part of the acting was the unusual excellence of the female parts.

A light orchestra was organised from among

the boys, and under the baton of Orr several pieces were rendered with success, notably the Light Cavalry Overture.

The crowning distinction of the whole affair was that the acting, the music, and the entire organisation were carried out by the members of Fourth Year. An example was set which we hope will not be wholly forgotten by succeeding Fourth Years.

### DEBATING CLUB.

This club is particularly strong in the number of able debaters it possesses this year, while the spirit is much better than in the previous year. In Leck, Conlon and Carter it is very worthily represented in the Inter-School Debates, and it has already achieved a dual success against such worthy opponents as the members of the Fort Street Girls' Debating Club. It is looking forward with every confidence to regaining the lost laurels from Sydney Boys' High School. It is to be congratulated on the excellent results achieved by its representatives on Empire Day, when it proved capable of taking complete control of the speeches for this function. The addresses given by Carter, Melville, Hamilton (of the Fourth Year Club), Conlon and Leck were worthy of such an occasion, while Edmonds was an excellent chairman.

### INTER-SCHOOL DEBATES.

On Friday, April 20th, the prefects visited the old school for the first of the usual debates with Fort Street Girls'. On this occasion the boys' team, consisting of Messrs. Leck, Conlon and Edmonds, convinced the adjudicator that

"The Age of Victoria was not preferable to that of to-day," much to the sorrow of the larger portion of the audience. At the conclusion of the debate, the visitors were entertained at tea by the prefects of Fort Street Girls'. This function was enjoyed quite as heartily as the debating (if not more so).

On Friday, May 18th, the boys met and defeated the girls in the return debate, held at Petersham. The subject was "that the pen is mightier than sword," and the girls affirmed. For the boys, Mr. Conlon spoke in a most able and convincing manner, and gave by far his best display up to the present. For the girls, Miss Carpenter, as leader, was very good. At the conclusion of the debate the prefects entertained the visitors to tea in the library, where Mr. Harrison presided. In a few remarks he expressed his great pleasure in these debates, and he said he was of the opinion that they were excellent means of preserving the social ties of the two branches of Fort Street.

The next inter-school debate is looked for with great interest, as a defeat of Sydney High will mean an unbroken record of victories.

### OLD BOYS.

#### THE YOUTHS OF YESTER-YEAR.

Since the beginning of this year the optimism of the political economists has become noticeably greater, while in intellectual and sporting spheres enthusiasm is frantic in its intensity over the new talent and unprecedented ability which are coming to the fore. We have it on the best authority that such rosy pros-

pects are readily traceable to the accession to the respective fields of enterprise of those who emerged from Fort Street's portals at the close of 1927.

To everybody two paths are presented, so say the posters in the trams. If you shun the dark road of Extravagance for Thrift, with



its green fields and pleasant cottages, you might pass through Bankstown, where Harvey Rae Longmuir will guard your pence for you. If, on the other hand, "times are hard, and men are deterred from marrying" (as they said when we were lads), if, in short, you want an overdraft—go and see Jim Russell in Martin Place. These bankers acquired their cunning by collecting pennies a week—one value of the hospital scheme which may not have occurred to some.

Ken Johnson and Sarah Spinks are surveying, and so are Keith Morgan and Jerry Arthur. They, we presume, were inspired by the renovation of the school grounds.

Windy Lawrence is committing his mighty thoughts to paper in the advertising department at Farmer's. It is obviously not for us to say what he advertises.

Readers at the Municipal Library are advised to consult Mr. Seale. Mr. Jenner is to be met with similarly at the School of Arts.

Prospective investors should interview Bruce Clark. There's nothing on 'Change he doesn't know the "straight tip" about. It is feared that we may soon lose him to Wall Street.

Higgs is delving in darkest alchemy in connection with that invaluable commodity, sugar. We are pleased to hear that his cousin partakes of his ability in matters social.

We come now to the University, and may review the faculties in order of merit.

Sweeney, Stevens and McInerney have extended their well-known ability to Law. Sweeney is with Arnold and Co., the two latter with Morgan, Doust and Co. At the Law School the writer also sees Hudson and Graham, while Hefty Rudd has adopted Law, a la Supreme Court, as the vehicle for his truculence. Law is a great and a noble, as well as an entrancing subject, ranking easily first among the professions.

In Arts, Sawkins and Psychology are a well-known combination. We are very glad to see him settling to the work so well. Other Arts people are Murphy, Funnell, Andrews, Dunlop, Saunders and Owen.

Austie Waddington is following in his big brother's footsteps in Medicine, being aided and abetted by Givney, Cummings, and, last but not least, Murree Allen. It is rumoured that Murree has done all the "fag" up to Med. III

or thereabouts. In Dentistry Karpin and White are laying the foundations which will enable them to give credit—to starving lawyers, for example. Williams, I. Browne and Shields are pharmacists.

In Science—which we will consider last—are John Chalmers, Jack Scott, Art. Lowndes and our friend Crago. Of course, such things must be, but we had hoped better of Art. Lowndes. This youth, if he overcomes a romantic temperament, may yet do well, but obviously Science will blight his career. John Chalmers, on dit, was for a time "a he-man with hair on," but we understand that his spirit is now broken. As a Science representative, to him falls the duty of exacting or extracting a Science sub. from his erstwhile confreres; we cannot bear to speak on this sad point further, but our prayers are for the poor lad. Scott is, we hear, delving into engines as well as the more sedate sciences. Berry, we think, is our sole engineer proper.

The night club is graced by such figures as Burley, Kirby, M. Brown, Naughton, and probably others who for the moment elude me. Burley, a prosperous accountant, does Economics, and the others do Arts, being servants of the community.

In the dramatic world Andrews and Owen have joined such illustrious creatures as Hornibrook and Pickard, not to mention Dingle.

We are not very well advised on Sporting matters, but understand that many of last year's XV are keeping up the game. Glebe-Balmain finds new strength in the accession of McInerney and Morgan. The child from Gundagai is in the reserves. Various are the other clubs benefiting.

Waddington seems to be developing a subtle scull again, on dit, and Chalmers has joined the ladies' class in Hockey. In the Teachers' College team, which lately played the school, we are told there was a Fortian, or maybe two. The college harbours, inter alios, Cliff Winning, Bowron, Pearson, Wrenford, Scheumack, Webb and A. Brown.

At the moment of writing the fete is most in mind. As a preliminary, it was decided to hold an Ex-Students' Dance, in the management and arrangement of which we were favoured with the invaluable co-operation of the Misses Doris Lipert, Freda Frazer and



Mollie D'Arcy, of last year's girls. The function proved so popular that—"quien sabe?"—the gods, upon whose knees such matters lie, might some time smile on a repetition. We are particularly indebted to Mr. Waddington for his assistance, to Mrs. Lowndes for her donation of a prize, and to Messrs. Bauer and Wootton for their attendance. Welch's Orchestra was no mean factor of the success.

We rejoice that the fete affords further opportunities for social reunion with the school. As a parting thought, the reader is accordingly referred to those sections where spirits of departed as well as appointed things, all reverberant of days to be, are to be met with, namely, the fortune-telling and the spooks. Of these, this is not the place to speak, but we are convinced that no more fitting media could be devised to prove conclusively that at all times, and in times of need especially, the ex-students are with the school in the spirit if not in the flesh.

"PABULA TOR."

### OLD BOYS' UNION.

Since the last issue of "Fortian" the activities of the Old Boys' Union have continued satisfactorily, the functions arranged being a "Smoko" and the Annual Ball.

#### "SMOKO."

On the 17th April about 60 old boys were present at a "Smoko" held at Allora Tea Rooms, Pitt Street. The President, Mr. C. A. MacIntosh, occupied the chair. The programme, as usual, was first-class, and the only regret is that a great many more old boys do not take the opportunity of attending these functions, which are now held regularly.

It can be safely said that everyone who attended on the last occasion thoroughly enjoyed himself, and is already asking the date of the next reunion. We would urge all those old boys, whether members of the Union or not, to attend these functions, as, apart from spending a thoroughly enjoyable evening, they are enabled to keep in touch with other old boys of the school.

### SOME OLDER OLD BOYS.

The Fourth Year Medicine results of December last include the names of H. I. Turnbull and C. Bernard. Turnbull gained the prize for Operative Surgery, while Chas. Bernard was awarded Distinction.

Among the residents at Sydney Hospital are Dr. Albert Lane and Dr. Archie Telfer.

Two ex-teachers from the old school have taken up the legal profession: Mr. V. J. Brady is now practising in Sydney, and Mr. J. Gallagher at Wollongong.

Three old boys' names appear in the list of those who gained their Diploma of Education. They are: A. D. Edwards, B.A., W. B. Rowlands, B.A., and W. J. Wheeden, B.A.

G. A. Paterson is now teaching at Manly, besides being an enthusiastic officer in the University Regiment.

Mr. Emmett, whom members of 2C in 1921 will remember well, is now Bacteriologist in the employ of the Fresh Food and Ice Co.

A. M. (Gus) Hooke, chemist in the Colonial Sugar Refining Co., is returning from MacNade (Queensland) to take duty in Fiji.

### ANNUAL BALL.

The Annual Ball will be held at the Wentworth Hotel on Tuesday, 12th June, 1928. The sale of tickets so far augurs well for a large attendance. All those who were present last year will recall the success of that function, and will no doubt be anxiously awaiting this year's ball.

The Union has a very strong and influential Ladies' Committee hard at work, and it takes this opportunity of thanking them for their generous assistance.

The tickets for the function are 10/6 each, and may be obtained from members of the Committee. All those desirous of attending the ball are advised to book their tables early, in order to secure a good position.

### OLD BOYS' PRIZE.

The Union takes this opportunity of congratulating Wilbur Sawkins, who was successful in winning the Old Boys' Prize for 1928.

The Speech Day at the school was held on



May 21st, and the Old Boys' Union was represented by the President and the Secretary. In presenting the prize, Mr. MacIntosh took the opportunity of urging those about to leave the school to lose no time in joining the Old Boys' Union and partaking of the advantages to be gained thereby.

#### ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Union will be held at a date to be fixed in August.

Old boys are asked to keep this in mind and to 'phone the Secretary, B 3969, to make certain that they do not miss the meeting, as

it is impossible to send notices to all the old boys who are not members of the Union. Nevertheless, we are desirous that they should attend the meeting and use their influence in obtaining a strong and enthusiastic committee for the 1928-29 year.

The Union takes this opportunity of congratulating Mr. W. Roberts on his appointment as Headmaster of Glen Innes High School.

It is with feelings of regret, however, that we offer our congratulations, because Mr. Roberts, as Vice-President of the Union, always took a most active and enthusiastic part in the proceedings and activities of the Union.

### OBITUARY.

#### ADYAR KING.

It is with very deep regret that we chronicle the death of Adyar King, of 1A. He had contracted blood poisoning, and in spite of the best medical aid and nursing skill, he died on the 31st March at South Sydney Hospital.

He was a fine sportsman and could play football, swim and box—and his likeable disposition soon won favour with

his school mates. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. King, of Bondi, have our deepest sympathy in their great bereavement, and the school mourns the loss of a student of such promising character.

Mr. Brodie and many of the departed's old friends went to the funeral which took place at the Rookwood C.E. Cemetery on Monday, 2nd April.

### CONSTITUTION OF THE SCHOOL UNION.

We desire to draw our readers' attention to the fact that last year was inaugurated "The School Union." This embraces practically all school activities that previously functioned as separate entities, so that the Union fee is now quite comprehensive, and admits to such school activities as Sports Union, "Fortian," library, debating club and musical activities. Below is printed a copy of the constitution of the Union.

1. This Union shall be known as the Fort Street Boys' High School Union.
2. The Union shall control the various sporting activities of the school, the school paper, library, debating club, musical club; and any other school activity that may be admitted by vote of the committee.
3. The Committee of Management shall consist of a President, Vice-President, a master

and a boy to represent each activity of the school, a treasurer and sportsmaster (who shall be masters), the school captain and senior prefect.

4. The staff representatives shall be elected at a staff meeting.
5. Boys' representatives. Each club or committee shall elect one representative to the Union.
6. The elections shall take place in the week after the election of prefects.
7. Meetings shall be held on the first school Tuesday of each month.
8. At each meeting, the representatives of the various activities, if funds be required, shall produce a statement of the amount obtained at the previous disbursement.



9. At the ensuing meeting an account of the manner of expenditure shall be produced.
10. Membership shall be open to all pupils of the school on payment of a fee of 10/- per annum. If more than one member of a family attend the school, the 10/- fee shall cover all members. This fee shall secure (a) a copy of the school paper; (b) entry to all carnival events; (c) membership of the various school clubs.
11. The fee shall be allocated as follows:— School paper, 2/-; library, 1/6; sports, 6/-; general, 6d.
12. The present cash balance of the Sports Union shall be reserved for sports purposes exclusively, and shall be administered by the general committee.
13. The treasurer shall present a balance sheet, duly audited, at the December meeting of the Union.  
At the same meeting the various affiliated bodies shall present a report on their particular department, giving a summary of moneys expended, stock in hand, condition of stock, etc.
14. All accounts shall be paid by cheque, which shall be signed by the secretary and by the treasurer.
15. The treasurer shall receive all moneys and issue receipts for same.
16. From the masters, a secretary to the Union shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Union Committee.

### THE SCHOOL FETE.

Our Memorial Hall is far too small for our own requirements, and useless for the combined requirements of parents and pupils. This fact forcibly impresses itself upon parents and pupils, not only at such functions as Speech Day and Play Day, but at the weekly assemblies. The discomforts have been voiced on all sides. As talking accomplishes nothing, a number of parents decided to act. A meeting was called, the situation discussed, and the Fete to be held on 13-16 June decided upon, with £1000 as the objective. The school was organised, a stall allotted to each year—the

parents with a strong committee behind each. Functions in support of each stall are being frequently held, and the enthusiasm of the stall supporters is surging upwards. They are in high hopes of realising their objective by the time the Fete closes. Fort Street Girls' are giving strong practical assistance and will run a stall. The Ex-Students are also active. But it is to the established Old Boys, for whom the school has done so much, that we look to for substantial support, especially when it is remembered for what "the Memorial Hall" stands.

### AROUND THE SCHOOL.

#### WHO ?

Who, when his pupils do annoy,  
Will grab a ruler from a boy,  
And wave it round in fiendish joy?

Who ?

Who makes us dig from dawn till dark,  
And eggs us on with martial bark  
To turn the grounds into a park?

Who ?

Who makes us read the weirdest tales,  
Old classics dry, and Shakespeare's wails,  
And speaks of verbs and dry details?

Who ?

Who speaks in an historic vein,  
About the Saxon and the Dane,  
And proudly strokes his lion-like mane?

Who ?



Who speaks of accent pure and true,  
And gives us great impots to do?  
Sapristi! Nom de chien!! Mon Dieu!!!

Who?

Who will not stand the slightest roar?  
Calls "Silence" as we pass the door?  
And speaks of H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>?

Who?

Who leads the great commercial band,  
And teaches it to write shorthand?  
Whose hair is like the promised land?

Who?

Whose fairy tread is light and quick?  
In tennis swings a wicked stick?  
Who teaches screw and twist and kick?

Who?

Who speaks of cricket and football?  
Whose mighty voice rings through the hall:  
"You must not miss your sport at all!"

Who?

Who marches in with heavy tread,  
And fills our beating hearts with dread,  
And sends us trembling to the Head?

Who?

Wha laid aside his kilt for breeks?  
Wha did forgo the pibroch's squeaks?  
Wha teaches Maths tae Fifth Year freaks?

Wha?

Who leads us all through work and sport,  
And gives us good advice when sought?  
Who is the captain of the Fort?

Who?

T. INGLEDEW, 2A.

\* \* \*

Fifth Year has found a new definition for the term "relative density": "Relative density is the number of times one boy is duller than another."

\* \* \*

A Second Year genius has enlightened his fellows as to the meaning of "Irony." He says, "it is that which has the characteristic properties of iron." (I suppose he had in mind the slang word "tinny.")

\* \* \*

Owing to a series of successful experiments

carried out by certain First Year scientists, a new substance has been discovered. It is precipitated by the action of evil among boys, and it is known as the "spirit of Iarrikanism."

\* \* \*

"Res Publica" of 4B has a tale of woe that just touches one's heart. He writes: I was sent by the worthy Vigilance Committee to fetch a tin—of the garbage variety. Fired with a fine sense of duty, I set out with my protesting comrade in misfortune, E. B—o. There was but one tin in sight, and that was claimed by a shrieking crowd of First Years. They laughed maddeningly when we tried to take possession of that tin as special property of Fourth Year. Certainly, First Year was not like that in our day. But times have changed. Second Year treated us in like manner when we claimed a tin at the back of the hall. Assuredly Second Year is not what it was when we were in it. At last we spied an unguarded tin; but as we were bearing it off, the Thirds treated us more rudely still. When we were in Third Year such conduct was unheard of.

\* \* \*

No more tins in sight, so we were forced to go back to our compatriots, where our romantic story was none too well received. To add to our misfortunes, B—o and myself were sentenced to fetch the tin for two weeks. Our only consolation is that it will most likely be a world's record.

I am not agitating against injustice done: I am merely suggesting some needed improvement. Perhaps some leading newspaper may be interested, and then we will see the glaring headlines: "More tins for Fort Street."

\* \* \*

The Fag: "What a great thing homework is!"

C-pl-n: "Yes, so great that I get into trouble for not doing all of it."

\* \* \*

"When Mr. — comes  
Then silence is at hand."

\* \* \*

It happened not many centuries ago. A youthful figure was draped gracefully over the seat of learning. There was some noise abroad, and sounds of revelry floated from the regions to the rear. Several books adorned the desks.



The learned one was heard murmuring words of wisdom anent the sayings and doings of one Cicero. Enter an inspector.

Inspector (to youthful one): "Are you Captain of this class, my boy?"

Youthful One (faintly): "I beg your pardon!"

Inspector: "Now, don't sit there staring at me, my boy. Answer sharply when you're spoken to. I askde if you were Captain of this class."

Y.O. (indignantly): "No! I am not, and . . ."

Inspector (sternly): "Say "Sir," when addressing me, boy. If you are not Captain, what are you doing in front of this noisy class?"

Y.O. (wrathfully): "What on earth do you think I'm doing! Teaching them, of course. And if you . . ."

(Total collapse of inspector.)

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive!"

The emphasis, says a bright Third Year member, should undoubtedly be on "first": Given natural aptitude and the necessary experience, then the tangles simply disappear.

Among the many illustrious language masters of Fort Street, Mr. T— probably shines out before all others. When reading "Grantchester," he showed a wide knowledge of German and Greek by expounding the quotations in these languages. Mr. B— and Mr. P— must be overworked these days.

The Geography classes of the school have been looking forward to a hunt after "incised meanders," but owing to the lack of cash the expedition has been postponed till after the fete. Incised

meanders are very curious things, and are not infrequently found along the beds of hard working rivers. Hunters should be armed with pens, pencils, fishing-rods, cameras, teachers, &c.

A certain member of the staff is much given to speeding. Frequently of late he has driven his car from the big gate to the parking ground in 80 reconds. It seems incredible, but four reliable stop-watches had the same tale to tell.

By special reference to the law of averages (whatever that is) it has been calculated that Brushrooke must have "his little fling" twice in every week, Mercreedy, once in every two weeks; while good old, jovial Deeghan must have his joke three times per day.

What is the meaning of the plaintive cry, as of young birds, so often heard in the present Fifth Year?

Although the heights of Eastwood are famed for their healthy air, yet despite removal to these parts, Mr. L—'s bag still fails to grow.

Our quadrangle is a sorry sight. For three whole days it was chipped here and there, then covered with a thick coat of tar and a thin layer of sand. Despite the well-meaning sand, the tar manages to climb over our boots and creep into the class-rooms. What will become of our floors? Of our caretaker? Must we asphalt our school from top to bottom?

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Fete is on! Bring your friends; bring your money—and leave it!

### SPEECH DAY, 1928.

On Monday, 21st May, our Annual Speech Day was held. As usual, the Memorial Hall was overcrowded and the majority of the boys could get no nearer than doors and windows.

The function began at 2.15, and after a musical item, the Headmaster read his report which was received with much applause, especially when the matter of the extension of the Memorial Hall was mentioned. Mr. Johnson then presented his report on the school's sporting activities. This was also received with great applause.

Mr. Drummond, Minister for Education,

then addressed the large gathering of parents, staff, and boys. In a most interesting speech he particularly stressed the immense debt due to the State by those participating in free secondary education. One-third of the revenue of the State was used for educational purposes. Work of this nature was lifted above party politics, and both sides of the House co-operated. But such money, he said, was well spent if the State is thereby able to develop good citizenship.

Mr. Stevens, Acting State Treasurer, spoke next. His, too, was a delightful speech, as



might have been expected from an old Fortian. He sounded a cheery note when he assured us that any call for monetary aid for Fort Street would receive the closest attention. In continuing the remarks of Mr. Drummond, he suggested that people to-day were too prone to measure success by mere money. Real success often cannot be so measured.

At the conclusion of this speech Mr. Williams called on Mr. B. C. Olde, M.L.A. for Leichhardt, to propose a vote of thanks to the speakers. In doing so, Mr. Olde assured us he would be proud to support any claim of Fort Street for money to complete the Memorial Hall. Mr. Whitely, Mayor of Petersham, in seconding the motion, expressed his hearty sympathy with Mr. Drummond's remarks on the necessity for education.

After the carrying of this vote of thanks, the speech of the day came from Mr. Drummond. When returning thanks for the acclamation he gave us a definite promise of the Government's assistance in the extension of the hall. Mr. Drummond then presented the prizes and cups to the various prizewinners. Mr. Claude Warby, President of the Old Boys' Union, presented the Old Boys' Union Prize to Wilbur Sawkins.

With the singing of the National Anthem, the Speech Day function came to an end.

Below are appended the Headmaster's report and the list of prizewinners. Mr. Johnson's report will be found in the Sport column.

#### THE HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

The school work since last Speech Day has been most satisfactory and the efforts of the masters and the boys have been quite up to the best traditions of Fort Street.

Inevitable changes in the staff took place at the beginning of the year and we had the bad fortune to lose the services of Mr. W. Roberts, B.A., English Master and Deputy Head, Mr. H. Thompson, B.A., Assistant Maths. Master, Mr. H. Baldock, B.A., Assistant Science Master, and M. Deuquet, B.A., Assistant French Master; but we have had the good fortune to get in exchange Mr. C. Harrison M.A., English Master and Deputy Head, Mr. J. Perry, B.A., As-

sistant Maths. Master, Mr. F. Hallman, B.Sc., Assistant Maths. Master, Mr. H. Stewart, B.Sc., Assistant Science Master, and Mr. R. Caldwell, B.A., Assistant French Master.

I feel that special mention should be made of those teachers who voluntarily give their own time and service to the fostering of the social life of the school. The extra work they do in Community Singing and in music generally, in supervising the boys' Term Dances, in helping the boys to look the characters they represent on Play Day, in lighting and decorating for ceremonial occasions, in the beautifying of the school grounds, in managing the Sport, the Annual Athletic and Swimming Carnivals, and in assisting the Ladies' Refreshment Committee—all this greatly helps to maintain the atmosphere which makes Fort Street such a pleasant place to work in.

As regards the ladies of the "Refreshment Committee," we are under a very great obligation to them for the splendid way in which they sacrifice themselves to help the school to make a success of all its public functions. They, like the staff, would be greatly annoyed if their names were specially mentioned.

The results of last year's work are to a great extent shown by the following summary of the school's successes in the last public examinations:—

#### Leaving Certificate and Matriculation Examinations.

68 passed—113 A's and 37 Honours: English 9, History 9, Latin 2, French 4, Maths. 4, Science 8, Greek 1; 26 Teachers' College Scholarships (£2,600—two years); University Exhibitions 23: Arts 9, Law 5, Science 2, Dentistry 3, Medicine 3, Engineering 1 (£2,960); University Bursaries 2 (£270); John West Medal (£10); Graham Medal (£4), and Aitken Scholarship (£50); Public Service 8 (£121 to £246 at 21—£422). Total money value of Scholarships gained £6,261.

#### Best Passes.

**Muree Allen:** Secured the highest possible pass: 6 A's and 4 First-Class Honours. Honours were gained in Latin, Greek, Maths. I, and Maths. II. He shared with another candidate the John West Medal, the Graham Medal and



the Aitken Scholarship; he also gained the Killeen Memorial Prize.

**Neil McIntyre:** University Bursary, 5 A's, 1 B, 2 Honours (French I, Latin II).

**Edwin A. Crago:** 5 A's, 2 B's, 3 Honours (Maths. 1, I, Maths. 2, I, Physics I).

**J. Chalmers:** 6 A's and 2 Honours (English II, Physics I).

#### Intermediate Certificate.

121 passed—1 Intermediate Bursary. Average pass 7.7 subjects.

**Best Passes:** Hamilton (winner of Joe Gardiner Prize for seven best subjects in Intermediate Exam.), 7 A's, 1 B; McPherson, 7 A's, 1 B and Intermediate Bursary; Barber, 6 A's, 2 B's; Irish, 6 A's, 2 B's; Sibree, 6 A's, 1 B; Tindall, 6 A's, 1 B; N. Rose, 6 A's, 1 B. Eleven others 5 A's and one or more B's. One passed in 10 subjects. N. Rose gained a certificate for being proxime accessit to the winner of the prize for the best Australian History Paper.

Four First Year boys sat again for the Bursary Exam. and gained bursaries.

After the completion of the Leaving and In-

termediate Examinations, the school (masters and boys) elected the following pupils as prefects for 1928:—

Carter, Melville, Higgs, Mathieson, Lambie, Lovell, Leggett, Archer, Stevenson, Gash, Edmonds, Roulston, Conlon, Leck, R. Thistlethwayte, and Martin. Of these, H. Carter was made Captain. These are the highest honours which the school can confer on its members.

In recognition of outstanding merit many prizes have been given to pupils who gained First Places with a percentage of over 80. Full details will be given at the handing over of the prizes. The leading boys of each year, however, were Muree Allen, Fifth Year; Harold Brown, Fourth Year; Donald Hamilton, Third Year; Alexander Mathieson, Second Year; and John Kerr and William Gailey, First Year.

The school is honoured by and very grateful to the donors of the following prizes:—The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize, The Old Boys' Union Prize, The Killeen Memorial Prize, and The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize.



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# DAVID JONES'



With deep regret we were unable at the beginning of the year to take many boys from this district who had gained over 75 per cent. in the High School Entrance Examination. It is difficult to keep our numbers down; our present enrolment is over 600, and our classes have increased to 20, three of which are held in a hat room, the basement armoury, and this hall. The completion of the unfinished right wing would remedy this great defect.

A still more serious matter is at present exercising the minds of all who know of it. This hall, beautiful as it is, is too small **by half**. During the recreation hour, one class at least has to stand around the walls. When we have the company of the parents and friends, as on Speech Days, Empire Days and Play Days, more than half the boys must stay outside. It might even happen that all the boys would have to be excluded to give seats to the visitors. Last Speech Day the Chief Inspector said that he came specially to speak to the boys, and he inquired "where the great body of them were?" Had he studied the windows he would have seen some of them craning their necks to hear him.

The parents and friends, who did so much to raise funds for the erection of the hall, again asked if they might run a fete for the enlargement of the building, and they are now in the thick of a campaign to raise sufficient money to merit the help of the Minister of Education. They hope that the Minister will also credit them with the fact that the school, by enlisting the help of the Railway Commissioners and the Petersham Council, have enhanced the value of the grounds by upwards of £2,000. Prior to last year a big gully and a swampy tract comprised two-thirds of the grounds which were practically useless for playing and drilling purposes, especially in the winter. For six months workmen and lorries were engaged in the huge task of filling and levelling the grounds, and to-day the boys have quite adequate playing and drilling spaces, and the School Union has accepted tenders for the construction of two tennis courts. I am sure the Minister will appreciate this self-help of ours.

In the remodelling of the hall it is hoped that sufficient space will be found in the basement for a high and roomy gymnasium, the

lack of which greatly hampers the instructor in the physical training of the boys.

By an oversight no information has been given us as to the successes of Old Boys last year. The Old Boys, it is suggested, might select one of their number to collect this information for us. One fact we do know, and it is a significant one, 41 Fort Street boys received Degrees from the University Chancellor at the recent presentation.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I think the parents would be well advised to have their ex-pupil sons join up with the Old Boys' Union as soon as they are in a position to do so.

#### PRIZES FOR 1927.

**First Year:**—John Kerr 1st (aeq.) General Proficiency, 1st Science, 1st Geography; William Gailey, 1st (aeq.) General Proficiency, 1st (aeq.) Mathematics I.; Ronald Collis, 1st English, 2nd Science; Lyndon Noakes, 1st History; Stanley Hazlewood, 1st Latin; Phillip Patterson, 1st French; Walter Wood, 1st German; William Thompson, 1st (aeq.) Mathematics I.; John Hirst, 1st Mathematics II.; Kenneth Downs, 1st Commercial Subjects; Thomas Plummer, 2nd Geography.

**Second Year:**—Alex. Mathieson, 1st General Proficiency, 1st History, 1st (aeq.) Mathematics I.; Stanley Burton, 2nd General Proficiency, 1st English, 1st Latin; Philip Naismith, 3rd General Proficiency; Ernest Whiteley, 2nd English; Ian Stewart, 2nd Latin; Joseph Henderson, 1st French; Andrew Schmidt, 1st German, 1st Science; David Verco 1st (aeq.) Mathematics I.; Stanley Knapman, 1st Mathematics II.; William Rogers, 2nd Science; Albert Armstrong, 1st Commercial Subjects; Bruce Hamilton, 1st Geography.

**Third Year:**—Donald Hamilton, 1st General Proficiency, 1st German, 1st (aeq.) English; Cecil McPherson, 2nd General Proficiency, 1st (aeq.) English, 1st (aeq.) Latin, 1st Mathematics II.; Peter Heydon, 1st History; Leslie Scott, 1st (aeq.) Latin; Ronald Ayling, 1st French; Smedley Sellick, 2nd German; Arthur Chambers, 1st Mathematics I.; Fred Parker, 2nd Mathematics II.; Eric Sibree, 1st Science; William A. Brown, 1st Geography (Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize).

Norman Rose, prox. acc., Hume-Barbour Prize for Australian History, Certificate from R.A.H.S.



**Fourth Year:**—Harold Brown, 1st General Proficiency, 1st Maths. II., 1st Physics; Donald Martin, 2nd General Proficiency; Louis Leck, 1st English, 1st History; Douglas Thistlethwayte, 1st Latin; Alex. C. Beattie, 1st French, 2nd English; Antony G. Hungerford, 2nd French; Clive Craft, 1st German; James F. Scott, 1st Mathematics I.; David Leggett, 1st Mechanics; H. Quiney, 1st Chemistry; Geo. A. Molesworth, 2nd Physics; Noel Kirby, 1st Economics; Clifford Archer, 1st Japanese.

**Fifth Year:**—Muree Allen, 1st General Proficiency, excellence in Latin, Greek, Mathe-

tics (Killeen Memorial Prize); Neil H. McIntyre, 2nd General Proficiency, excellence in Latin, French (Headmaster's Prize); Edward Crago, 3rd General Proficiency, excellence in Mathematics, Mechanics; Lawrence Naughton, excellence in English, Eric Dunlop, excellence in History (Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial); Wallace Lawrence, excellence in French; Kenneth Morris, excellence in Mathematics; John Chalmers, excellence in Physics, Mechanics; Arthur Lowndes, excellence in Physics; Allan Higgs, excellence in Chemistry; James Russell, excellence in Economics; Wilbur Sawkins, Old Boys' Prize.

### BULLI LOOKOUT.

'Twas on a glorious summer day  
We gazed upon that scene so gay:  
Before us was a grand display  
Of country fair.

From golden sands the restless main  
Sent to our ears a dim refrain,  
While high above in calm disdain  
Winged snowy gulls.

Below us was the forest rare,  
And graceful ferns were waving there,  
Kept fresh, by Nature's boundless care,  
With morning dews.

Now sank the sun into the west,  
And every bird had sought its rest;  
When all the world crept home to rest  
We homeward turned.

B. SHELDON, 2B.

### THE SCHOOL LIBRARY. APPEAL FOR SUPPORT.

It has become an axiom that a library can never be overstocked with good books. Additions are always welcomed by the boys—and gifts especially so. Purchases of new books are made from the funds of the School Union. From each Union fee of 10/- the library receives 1/6, and this provides us with an annual revenue for library purposes of approximately £40 a year. Last year an Australian Encyclopædia (two volumes) and a Webster's Dictionary were purchased from the school fund. The library also received £27 value in works selected by ourselves from the generous donation of Dentist Philip Moses.

The total expenditure on the library was, therefore, £81, but when one looks around the library one can easily see room for the expenditure of several hundred pounds without exhausting our shelf space.

There are a few necessary works of reference that we must provide shortly. Our Encyclopædia Britannica is historically interesting because it once belonged to Sir George Reid, and was the gift of A. M. Lowenthal, Esq., whose son, Dr. Louis Lowenthal, was once one of our Prefect Librarians. But this Encyclopædia is, in many respects, quite out of date and almost worn out with constant use. The same applies to ten volumes of Chambers' Encyclopædia which have long since ceased to be respectable inhabitants of our book shelves. There are many works of similar character, indispensable in a library, works which we long to buy, but which at present are too expensive for our slender income. This is where we would welcome help from departing scholars, old boys of the school, and friends interested in providing mental material for the scholastic



side of the school. Text-books are not sufficient for our scholars—we must provide a well-stocked library for research, reference, and recreative reading. We would like to see all scholars, when leaving school, present to the library a volume with their name and period of stay in the school recorded in it. We would like these books if possible to be works of reference.

It would form part of an interesting chain of memories if we could have a volume from any old boy, no matter how far back his school-days were. Why not volumes to remind us of our old boys—our former headmasters and teachers—something to furnish us with tangible evidence that Mr. Deloitte (a pupil of the

early Fifties, our oldest old boy), Sir Edmund Barton, Sir Douglas Mawson and Professor Hunter—to mention just a few on Fort Street's distinguished Roll of Achievement—helped to make their careers in Fort Street's historic halls? Such a Reference Library would provide one of the best means for linking up past and present, and of binding Fortians by the silken ties of sentiment stronger than links of iron.

One feels, when making this long overdue appeal, like the sower going forth to sow his seed. We hope that no seed will fall on stony ground or among thorns, but that all will spring up in fertile soil and bear fruit abundantly.

### LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Everything that makes up life—the deeds, the men and women and their passions, the cities and empires—all this passes, while its shadow, the vapour exhaled from it, broods across the space and gulf of time forever.

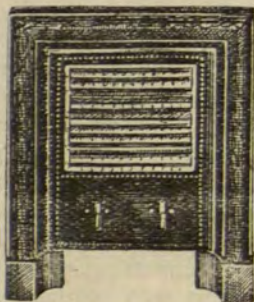
That shadow is Literature.

Life passes, but it is so beautiful it ought

to live forever. Therefore let us, while we may, embalm the record of it in books. Let us sing its praises so that memory at least may live, the memory of the Life that fled with the beauty and the swiftness of a meteor through the night.

F.B.

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## THE LAW SCHOOL.

Like many of my fellows who left school to essay the dingy fortress of the law in this mysterious branch of the University, I was, on leaving, afflicted with the most profound ignorance as to what I might find there. Beyond a vague hope that it would be enjoyable, and a fleeting suspicion that it might perhaps be dull, I could not say that I had any ideas on the subject at all. As I could, then, pay myself the compliment of considering myself an average Fortian, I think I may conjecture that there are many now at school who may find it of interest to read a few of the impressions which have seeped into my consciousness during the last two years at this temple of legal knowledge. I sincerely hope that none will interpret this article as an attempt to "describe" the Law School. It is futile to "describe" anything less elementary than a straight line or a right angled triangle, and in order to "describe" the Law School it would be necessary to have command of the combined vocabularies of Webster (of dictionary fame) and a King's Cross 'bus conductor. But it is much more modest, and not a little easier, to record a few "impressions." So be it.—To start with, in physical appearance the Law School preserves little of that dignity which one would at first associate with the Bench, the Bar or the be-ribboned wig and gown. It reflects none of that atmosphere of begowned professors and noble architecture which lend enchantment to the view, whenever the embryo undergraduate thinks of the University. It may safely be asserted that beauty and romance are conspicuous absentees from the category of charms the Law School offers. Three floors of University Chambers (the top, and consequently, as the latecomer finds, the most inaccessible three at that). These are the Law School. Besides three sparsely and, as has been suggested, rudely furnished lecture rooms, the only adjuncts are the library (good from a professional point of view), the sanctum of the Dean, the Senate room, of which I know nothing except that the outside of the door is oak, a reading and smoking room, and last, but not least, a miniature lift upon which, together with the reading room magazines, the Law School's only claim to venerability is based.

You will perhaps find this strange. Stranger still will be the lectures and the entirely novel method of study. This latter is individual and consequently haphazard for the first term at least. Every student will, for a consideration (one pays for everything at the University, and for many things twice), be issued with type-written notes of the subject matter of the lectures. These notes are the law student's guide, philosopher and friend. The examination papers are indubitably based on them, and though, with the aid of his notes, the student's chance of passing may well be slight, without them his chance is on "all fours" with that of the proverbial Buckley.

Despite these very obvious disadvantages, and the fact that the law course involves a great amount of unrelieved reading, Law as a profession has much to recommend it. The fully fledged LL.B. is not, on graduation, cast out into the whirl of business life without a fairly respectable knowledge of his particular corner of it. Spending the four years, during which he is getting through his exams., in a solicitor's office he will gain a sound stock of knowledge as to the actual business of solicitor and barrister. He is not obliged to sink capital into necessary and expensive tools of trade, as is the doctor or dentist. He is already fairly well equipped with his smattering of law, his few books, his practical experience and savoir faire. As to the study of law itself, this will not, to the intelligent, be tiresome or uninteresting. It is far from being dry and unentertaining, and the general run of students, though they would, of pride, never confess it, find no difficulty in taking an active interest in it.

Further, the Law School has many pleasing associations. There is a general spirit of camaraderie, and a class, when feeling the need of diversion, can display to the discomfited lecturer a remarkable, and to his point of view, lamentable, talent for concerted "mucking-up." Need I add that the Fortian can always be sure of finding a score of old school-fellows there to give the sage advice as to what and what not to do, with that air of experience and assurance which should at least command the unflinching respect of the recruit.

"LECTOR."



## VOICES IN THE WIND.

The pregnant heaven has laboured long, and  
 now  
 The thundering winds outleap, children of  
 tempest,  
 From forth her womb. They wing their mighty  
 way  
 High up, chanting of battles on whose clar-  
 g  
 Tell the death silence in the world's wild prime:  
 Fell the death silence in the world's wild prime:  
 The clouds roll up in ever-lengthening line  
 Ominous and dark'ning, like a wave of horse  
 Ranked squadron beyond squadron.—Saw you  
 ought  
 By the sudden lightning gleam?  
 I saw the horsemen and their flying steeds—  
 The strange, dead gleam on face and streaming  
 hair,  
 And the myriad spears go swirling through the  
 gloom . . .  
 Lightning again! What seest now? Nothing.  
 Nothing.  
 Only far up, the mighty wind, unseen,  
 Swells in low voices. F.B.

## CRAYFISH.

## EXAMINED SCIENTIFICALLY.

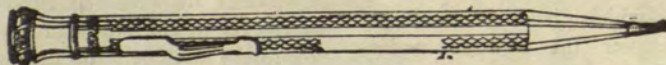
General aim: To lure, catch and inwardly  
 digest some choice crayfish.

Experiment 1. Aim: To lure and catch the  
 aforesaid crayfish.

Method: My brother and I, armed with a  
 line and a billy can, arrived at the little moun-  
 tain pool with ardent hopes of a large catch

and a tasty breakfast. Throwing the line out  
 into the pool, we waited till a crayfish fastened  
 on the bait at the end, then very slowly we  
 pulled him near the edge, where my brother,  
 standing in the water, was ready to knock him  
 out with his hands, for, if we drew him too  
 near the edge, he would flick his tail and

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vanish. After several attempts, my brother made a great hit at a crayfish, and in the midst of the sheet of the water that flew up was our capture.

Results: Our first crayfish was secured.

Experiment 2. Aim: To examine at close quarters this denizen of the deep.

Method: Gazing intently into the can we found him to be really a little lobster. To further advance our study, we poked him with sticks, tickled him with grass, pulled his whiskers, stirred him round and turned him over so many times that he must have been quite bewildered. Then we wondered if he would bite. I gave him a finger to try. He looked at it for a few seconds. Then "Help! Murder! Blue murder! It's like an alligator in a fit!" I yelled. The crayfish and billy splashed into the pool.

Results: Crayfish bite (and mighty hard, too).

Experiment 3. Aim: To try and catch some more crayfish.

Method: We set to work again and succeeded in making a large haul. Then it happened. I felt a great tug on the line and expecting an outsize of the species, I told my brother to look out. The crayfish rose to the

surface, the largest we had seen that day. My brother used hands, feet, and everything else to land it.

Results: A huge sheet of water caught me in the face and drenched me through. The crayfish was nowhere to be seen.

Experiment 4. Aim: To take adequate revenge on my brother.

Method: "Take that, and that!" I yelled. Water, very much water, began to fly.

"Hey! Mind what you're doing! D'you think I did it on purpose? Take that, and that, and that, yourself!"

When thoroughly wet I began shooting nice wet balls of sand, and my brother, receiving one in his ear, sent the billy of crayfish flying at me. Feeling the things crawling all over me, I naturally became angry, and there ensued a tremendous splashing and ducking until we had at last relieved our tender, brotherly feelings.

Results: The usual fisherman's luck—a good ducking and nothing caught—until we arrived home.

Afterthought: Do not experiment to see if crayfish bite. They do!

V. ARMSTRONG, 4A.

### A FOGGINESS.

When one tentatively pushes his nose over the edge of the counterpane and sees through the window a plain expressionless wall of white, the prospect, I admit, appears anything but encouraging. And when one hears into the bargain the energetic rattle of milk buckets from somewhere in the fog, the muezzin of the dairy "hand," the natural impulse is to place that enquiring nose firmly but tenderly back in its cosy hollow on the pillow and to cast all common thoughts from the mind. That, I say, is the most natural impulse, and I am nothing if not impulsive. On account of this very human weakness it has usually happened that, until I heard an ominous heavy footfall on the other side of the door, and an ominous heavy voice harking me on to emulate in energy the ominous milk buckets, I have seldom shown any zeal to stir from bed on a foggy morn. Not that I dislike the idea of work. Oh dear no! I can be terribly and devastatingly ener-

getic when I like, but it is just the first effect that a fog has upon me. There is a cold aristocratic repulsion about it which is disheartening to the passing acquaintance, but with time this wears off, and it seems to open its heart and gather one in. It does not possess the "shining morning face" of a fresh spring day. But it has a certain allurements, not to say mystery, which makes it interesting. I have heard people say with a shudder, "How cold and clammy a fog is!" Cold and clammy it may seem, as it often did to me once during those days of difficulty in early rising from a warm bed, but it never actually is cold and clammy. I wonder whether those people spoke out of the great wisdom of their city life and experience. If they did, then I will allow them their point—a city fog is sepulchral, but then, happily, the city breed is not the only breed. The country fog is delightfully fresh. It wraps itself lovingly round you, tickles your nostrils



and seems to drive every vestige of staleness out of your lungs, but it is never clammy. It may make your face tingle and your clothes damp, and load the hair on your face (if you are of an age to possess it) with clear drops, but it is never cold. In degrees of heat and cold, as scientists discern it, some may consider it so, but in degrees of friendship it is warmth itself. The great thing about it is that you can have it all to yourself. You can say the most intimate, foolish things to it, and you know it will never laugh at you. You can compose the most delightful love speeches and rehearse them in its ear and it will listen, solemn as a judge, and not reproach. But you usually forget all that you told it when the real crucial moment comes. You can sing songs that you would never dare sing in the drawing room and it will never say, "How shocking!" You can dance horrid cannibal dances in a variety of styles without the least self-consciousness, for you know it understands the mood, the exuberance of youth, and it will never tell you not to make so much noise be-

cause worthy Aunt Mary, whom everybody somehow would respect more as an angel, is sleeping, or pretending to sleep. Anything you do or say you feel has its complete sympathy, and you know it will never tell your secrets. Occasionally, of course, it does become awkward. One is apt to develop the trick of giving voice to a thought without considering the circumstances, and of becoming rather unconscious of the presence of other folk. One instance I can give, but on second thoughts will not, to spare my blushes. But there is another somewhat more unseemly which I can, unfortunately, cite unblushingly, so that someone whom I know not may profit by the lesson it taught me.

I had occasion once to bring some cows home on foot and in a fog. My temper was frayed at the time, what with one thing and another, but that certainly was no excuse. Trixie, the dog I had with me, was a young slut about a year old, and in all that time wisdom had not come to her. She was away in front of the cows whose misty forms I could

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see dodging about to the tune which she barked. It was late in the evening, and I was hungry and not in the mood to brook such canine mutiny. I could not see Trixie, but I made her hear me. I do not remember my exact words, but I understand that their eloquence was wonderful, while the forceful terms in which it was couched were without parallel in the experience of the young lady who heard me, and who enlightened me further that my impassioned outburst took place near the house to which every word was carried in the still evening air with deadly clearness. I do not know whether she was shocked or not, and it matters little now because that chapter is closed. But I have not been so free with my fog confidences since, that is, with my

ribaldry and profanity. My love passages suffered no abatement since none could hear what I said because the tone of voice is of necessity subdued, the words being intended for one and only one ear. But I find, with all my care in rehearsals, that my amorous sighs are wasted. I shall, in future, practise the stern, silent, dominant manner, and shall discard languishing, lovelorn insipidity, for the prevailing axiom is that the Fair prefer Force.

But, gentlemen, hush! What have feminine likes and dislikes in common with fogs? My fecund brain can see only one point of resemblance—they both move in a mystery.

I think, however, that I prefer the foggy one. It is far less disconcerting.

THADDEUS MUGGINS.

### MAL DE MER.

**Scene:** The dining saloon of the S.S. Riverina, bound for Tasmania.

I had just come down from the deck, where I had been watching the twinkling lights of Bondi, and later on of Cronulla, becoming fainter and fainter, as our throbbing ship ploughed steadily south.

The sea was, as in the well-known saying, "As calm as a mill-pond;" so I swaggered down to the glittering saloon, with not the least thought of seasickness in my mind. Excuse me, but I should have said mal de mer—it is so less nauseous to hear.

I looked at the menu. My word, the fellows who compiled that menu evidently knew what they were about! There seemed to be something malicious about it all. Why did they have "Baked fillets of Bream a' la Orly, galatine of veal, baked fricasse of rabbit, sardines a la huile," etc., when I had been distinctly told by experienced seafaring friends that such delicacies as "Sardines a' la huile" were excellent aids for persons desiring to be seasick? Of course, they didn't mention the "huile" part, but I could see, although my French vocabulary wasn't "up to scratch," that there was something ominous and distasteful in that simple word.

I sighed, and looked disconcertingly at the greatly diminished menu. There wouldn't be

very much left if I was to reject all those fried novelties. O dash it all! Why should I have to eat the common things that I got every day at home, when there were such delightful French dishes that sounded so appetising? Why shouldn't I sample the "French fried potatoes"? Still, there was that disagreeable word "fried" in it, and I had been told . . . . The sea was so calm, and a party of Y.A.L. boys nearby seemed to be giving the waiters a lot to do, so I thought I would do my share, and forget all instructions. There could be no possible danger. As the meal progressed, I noticed that some of the aforementioned boys were leaving the table, "somewhat early for a boy," I thought. I also noticed that the same boys were speaking with a touch of bravado to their mates, and would stuff their pockets with apples, and swagger off, "to see the captain," as they said. Did I perceive a glassy stare in their eyes as they passed? And was that swagger really a stagger? O well, they really did make pigs of themselves, and must face the consequences. I finished my meal, and went on deck, feeling decidedly oily. The ship seemed to be rolling a bit now, but I took a walk round the promenade deck, just to "settle things down a little." I rounded a corner with a smug, self-satisfied smile on my countenance, and then stopped short in surprise. Had a battle taken place? Stretched out on



the big central hatchway lay several youthful bodies, from which were issuing pitiful groans. Every now and then one of them would, with remarkable agility, rush to the side (which was conveniently near) and hang in a precarious position over the railings. Did my heart go out to these wretched derelicts? No. I here relate with reluctance that a certain organ lower than my heart was claiming my attention and making me wonder whether the fried New Zealand rock cod was having a fight with the

sardines a' la huile. O great is the power of suggestion!

My head became suddenly very light, and on making my uncertain way to the kindly shelter of my cabin, I thought I heard a wicked chuckle from a passing steward,—heartless wretch!

I tottered to my bunk, and rang for the steward to bring me some hot water (more friendly advice from home). I will here draw a veil on any subsequent happenings . . . . .

S. W. PULSFORD.

### PAN.

("The god Pan alone, of all the Olympians, remains even to-day a haunting shape along the forest ways, whose music is feared and avoided as the plague itself by belated travellers.")

Ah!—What a stillness!—and what gloomy shades brood on this wooded pool!

The gnarl'd boughs meet over it—but in the lush reed-grass

Burn white and purple lilies like the tapers in a temple's depth;

And o'er the leaves no gentlest wavings pass.

Its stillness grips and freezes me—what lurks there in the tall soft grass?

Ah! hist! What subtle murmur is't that moaning comes and goes?

Still thee! Upon the sleeping air, thin mist-spun shapes go drifting by,

Moaning earth-ancient snatches no man knows.

For lo! among yon lily blooms the great god Pan's aslumbering,

And yonder waving air-wraiths are the shadows in his dream—

And lo! his head bowed on his breast, and by his side the witching pipes

He made from old-world reeds by Syrinx' stream!

Ah! where is Syrinx now, and where fair Arcady's green hills of sheep!

Ah, where the heroes and the gods! O Pan, thou lonely one! . . .

And lo, he waketh now and rises, 'tween the dim trunks vanishing,

Apiping wairdly to the setting sun!

The lonely music filters through the airy veils of eventide.

See, yonder in the blue depths, where the twilight robes the hill—

It hath drifted over yonder, and anon comes drifting back again

A moment—then the shadowy place is still.

F. BURN.

### WHEN SAKTI DANCES.

I have read of a far, strange land whose foetid jungles enfold the relics of a dead civilisation. And amidst these ruins there stands a mighty image of Brahma, Brahma the Four-faced. And ancient chronicles tell how Brahma was wrought with open eyes. But, behold, the years have closed them, and he sleeps! And the wise among the dark people of that land relate how, at midnight, Brahma

speaks, and calls to the graven gods around him. And all the gods mutter together, like thunder upon distant mountains; and the powers of the jungle, who are strange and very terrible, tremble and draw back into their dark recesses.

But I know better, for the carved gods sleep, never to waken again. But, when midnight comes, a shape steals through the gloom, and



Sakti suddenly appears in all her naked loveliness, to dance as she did when she tempted the god. Her hair is like Night itself; and her face and arms are white, and very fair.

And she dances like a withered leaf in Autumn, that is imbued, for one short day, with the wild life of the wind. Like a branch that is tossed by the wind of morning; like sunlight in the dark places of the forest when winds shake the leaves overhead: like this she dances.

Her gleaming form is seen but dimly in that dusky place. And the great carven gods stand round: and Brahma does not move, nor any of the gods, for they sleep.

O, Brahma! O, lonely Brahma! that dreameth endlessly, and that once watched with hungry eyes the goddess dance!

I, too, have seen a dream, and a fair vision. But when I pursue it, it vanishes into that dim land where I cannot go.

D. R. QUINEY.

---

### MY ABSENT-MINDED FRIEND.

I had an absent-minded friend,  
He was a comic one,  
He simply never did things right  
From Dawn till set of sun.

I took him out to tea one day,—  
That day I'll ne'er forget:  
He tied a sandwich round his neck,  
And munched his serviette.

He ate a glass of lemonade,  
He drank a piece of cake,  
He chewed the flowers in the vase,  
And made our hostess quake.

And as we made to leave the house,  
He couldn't find his hat;  
He crammed the milk-jug on his head,  
And walked away in that.

One day he thought he'd boil an egg,  
He timed it with great pain.  
Alas! The egg was in his hand,  
—He'd boiled his watch and chain.

He's living now by Iron Cove,  
And there he will remain.  
I'd never met his like before,  
And never shall again.

T. LUMLEY, 2C.

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### BROKEN BAY.

I remember that once, as I was walking over some of the hills that surround the beautiful Brisbane Water, I came upon a most wonderful view. I had set out with no particular aim in mind, although I thought that if I walked far enough in a certain direction, I was bound to come upon the ocean. But in no way was I prepared for the outlook that met my gaze. Below me lay stretched out the sparkling waters of a magnificent bay.

. . . . Again I was walking over the hills,

this time accompanied by a friend. Again we came on the charming prospect, and I made inquiries as to the name of the bay. My friend replied that it was the famous Broken Bay, and proceeded to name the different points of interest, so that now I am able to give a fairly accurate description of the bay, as I saw it that afternoon:—

The bay itself could be described as grand and beautiful. While hemmed in by stern and precipitous cliffs, the heavy effect they tend



to produce is lightened by the amethyst waters and sunburnt sands.

Across from Box Head, where I was standing, stretched the hammer-shaped peninsula of Barrenjoey. How grim and forbidding it is! Surmounted by its well-known lighthouse, it seems to brood over the rolling ocean, as if fearful that harm should be done to its precious possessions. It indeed forms an imposing entrance to the vast treasure-house of the bay.

Then to the west of Barrenjoey lies the placid stretch of Pittwater, peaceful and inviting. This is the yachtsman's Paradise—the haunt of the men who love a "good ship tight and free." It is often studded with the flashing white wings, and, viewed from the heights, presents a brilliant sight. The surrounding hills are clothed with the virgin bush, through which the neat bungalows peep. Pittwater is a gem of gems in a wondrous setting.

Further on the mighty Hawkesbury enters the bay. It flows on in quiet dignity, and its waters, ever restful to the eyes, are reminiscent of the pictures one sees of the Scottish lakes.

Almost opposite the river Lion Island rears its mighty head. How aptly named it is, thought I, for there it lay just like a huge lion couchant. About its base lapped the curving waters, while around its crown the graceful gulls, screaming and shrieking, skimmed hither and thither. One would almost think the lion real, when one hears the roar of the surf against the crags. Lion Island will always stand as an example of the combination of graceful beauty and rugged strength.

Still farther around is the dainty white crescent of Pearl Beach, set among the towering hills, and next to it is Ocean Beach, near which Brisbane Water enters the bay. Here are to be seen throngs of gay holiday makers—making merry in the crisp surf or else basking on the sunny shore. In the holiday seasons the beaches are ablaze with colour and gaiety.

Such is Broken Bay as I saw it. A rolling stretch of the bluest water, tree-clad hills, pleasant inlets and golden sands.

OLD NICK, 4C.

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## HOW TO READ.

How many different ways there are of reading! Some merely skim over the pages of a book, giving scarcely a thought to that which they read. But we should learn to concentrate our thoughts on the subject before us, so as to enable us properly to take in and digest that which the author has written. We cannot properly appreciate the beauty that there is in some fine picture by giving a mere hasty glance to that which the artist has painted. One has to look into and dwell on the subject which may have cost the artist years of thought and study to produce. Those who only skim through an interesting article on some deep

work needing study and thought obtain very little benefit from it.

Many may say that they have so little time to spend on reading and are, therefore, forced to hurry over that which they read, but there are few who could not avail themselves of an opportunity for a little profitable reading. Short as the time may be, much may be learned therein if we accustom ourselves to read rightly. We should bear in mind that it is not the quantity of books we read that helps to make us wiser, but the thought and attention we give to those we do read.

W. H. MAZE, 4A.

## ADVERSITY.

"Seven-thirty! Half-past seven!!"

I jumped from my bed without a moment's hesitation, rushed into the bathroom, looked wildly round for a towel and soap, and, not finding any, upset the whole household. The family were becoming used to this. It was the fifth time that week that I had overslept! Again I would be late for school!

This thought worked me into a frenzy. I became entangled in my shirt; my shoes could not be found; I washed and dressed in the greatest confusion; I grabbed a sock, and—Heavens above!—a huge hole in the heel gaped at me. I grabbed a needle and some wool and began to darn. That finished, I put the sock on my foot. Then it was that I found that it belonged to my young brother! Almost tearing it in two, I cast it from me. Then, rushing round and round the room until I found my own, which I dragged on to my leg, I was ready to leave.

No time for breakfast! No time for anything!

I grabbed a cup of cocoa and gulped it down the wrong way. Thus another two precious minutes were wasted.

I was severely reprimanded by mum, but clutching my bag I was away for the station.

Down the hill I rushed. My lace came undone

and, being made aware of the fact by almost tripping twice, I allowed myself five seconds to do it up. On I sped! The other lace was undone—or was it the same one?—but I could not stop to look.

My hat blew off. Back I ran twenty yards, clutched it in my hand and was off again.

Up thirty-three steps I flew, past a notice-board flashing out some message in white chalk, down another thirty-two steps and into the train just moving out.

So I had done it after all; I had beaten time; I would be early for once!

Sorting myself out, I became lost in "Caesar" for the next ten minutes.

The train was still going fast after ten minutes and I grew alarmed. My fears were only too well grounded.

Petersham and Lewisham flashed by in rapid succession, and I sank back with a moan.

"Where am I going?" I groaned.

"Ah!" We were slowing at last.

"Strathfield! And it was nine o'clock!"

I burst into the classroom, red with running, twenty minutes late, and interrupted the lesson with a gasp as I heard Mr. —, reading from "As You Like It," say, "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

C. McPHERSON, 4B.



### ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

Recently the Fourth Year Dramatic Society staged a play, a miracle play I think they called it, under the title of "The Lamentable Comedy of Abraham and Isaac." Some of you may be surprised to know that there is a Fourth Year Dramatic Society. But there is! There is a president, too! And he has a committee; and they find plays and present them to themselves.

Well, Fifth Years were invited to come along to the presentation under discussion, and those who hadn't more urgent business came. President Kate took the chair, and declared the meeting open. He announced that the audience would have the pleasure of hearing a paper on the miracle play "Fwom Mithter Nicholth." The gentleman named pranced gaily on to the stage, and began:

"Gentlemen, a miracle play is a play with a miracle in it, or I surmise it is from the name, which is, of course, a miracle play" . . . The speaker paused, glanced at the president,

then at the audience, which responded magnificently.

"Er, thank you, gentlemen,—er, what was it I was saying? Oh yes, a miracle play is a miracle play. Yes. The play to be played this afternoon by the er—Fourth Year—Dramatic—er—er—Association (he looked at the audience and smiled triumphantly) is the—er—(he hesitated, scratched his head, and got confused) it is—er—gentlemen, a miracle play."

President Kate shook his head, ground his teeth, tapped impatiently on his table, and meanwhile the speaker drew cheers from the audience by his inspiring "ers."

The President rose, straightened his coat, adjusted the hang of his trousers, and then, "I'll thtand it no longer!" he savagely said, so he walked across to the speaker, and whispered something.

"Oh yes, gentlemen," burst out the speaker, "I almost forgot to tell you that the play this afternoon would be the most lamentable comedy of Abraham and Isaac. I trust you will

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find it both lamentable and comic," and with a sweeping bow and blushing smile, he retired.

The President followed as far as the wing and inquired if the players were ready.

"No, just a moment, Hamo can't get his sheet fixed. He didn't bring any safety pins."

"Well, huwvy up then, we can't keep the audienth waiting all day." Then he came to the front of the platform. "Gentlemen, thith play, that we are about to pwethent, ith a dwamathithathion of the old sthory of Abwaham and Ithaac. We mutht wemember that in the fifteenth twentury they had no curtaint and only a vewy qwewd idea of dwama. Now, in our little play, Thibwee ith the Lord, Hamilton ith Abwaham, Wenolds ith Ithaac, and Henderson and Heydon are the angelth." (Here the audience cheered vigorously.) The President retired, and two sheeted figures entered from opposite sides of the stage. One had a crown of yellow cardboard on his head, over which showed soft ringlets of fair silky hair. He was the Lord. The other figure hobbled along on one of Mr. Humphries' garden stakes. He had a bunch of raffia suspended from his ears. However, his suspenders had failed him, and he was forced to give one the impression that he existed on beard. The hurried way in which his robes were thrown on made one suspect that he was Abraham, the Abraham that left his safety pins at home.

The pair circled round one another for a while, until at last the Lord decided it was time to begin.

"Abraham, my servant, Abraham!" His deep sonorous voice echoed among the loose rafters of the hall. How imposing, thought the audience.

"Ullo, Lord. Already here am I."

They were creating a fifteenth century atmosphere if nothing else.

Then Sibree delivered the famous oration to Abraham, who replied a few lines and then stopped. Sibree stared down and grinned at Abraham kneeling before him. Suddenly Abraham straightened up, looked the Lord straight in the face, waved his arm dramatically, and ordered: "Go on, buzz off!" he said, "I've forgotten the rest of what I have to say to you." So the Lord departed. Abraham rose and looked relieved. And thus the play proceeded,

more or less successfully. Isaac was accorded an ovation when he gallantly consented to be killed, and requested that his dear father "should strike off his head with one clean blow." At this, Abraham drew a formidable screw-driver from the folds of his sheet and gazed ruefully at it. He raised it to strike, and an angel commenced to rush to the rescue. With a wonderful piece of acting, Abraham lowered the weapon slowly to his side, and the angel retired. A second time the sword was raised, and again the angel rushed, but the sword was lowered as before. Abraham looked up and grinned a most human grin at the angle. Then up came the deadly weapon again, but not to be lowered this time, for Abraham fiercely cried:

"O heart, if thou shouldst break in three,  
Thou shalt never master me!"

Down swept the sword, until it was inches from poor Isaac's chest. There it stopped, and Abraham looked up and beckoned an angel, who belatedly rushed in and grasped the screw-driver. How dramatic! What an escape from death! This was a miracle play all right! The other angel then came in as a sort of body-guard and told Abraham not to kill his son. This sounded rather ridiculous, as the first angel was still firmly grasping the screw-driver. The Lord came in, and told them that it was all over, so they all got up and trooped off the stage. This would have been a very impressive close, but it was decided to have discussions on the play.

The notorious Jammie Sorris rose. He was a figure full of dignity as he stood there, his hands clasped in front, his head bent slightly forward, and his hair drooping over his forehead, a forehead betraying such a solemn confidence that it hushed all who saw it. Everyone waited for his words. He tossed his head back and began, "Gentlemen, I deem it a great honour to rise, as I do, from the midst, yes, from the very depths of the audience. I feel it a duty to tell these Fourth Year boys that their play was not what it should have been." At this all Fourth Year turned their eyes on Jammie. He continued: "To begin, they should have gone to more trouble as regards costume. They wanted to create a fifteenth century atmosphere, so they dressed in sheets. But they forgot that in the fifteenth century people did



not use sheets, but slept on reeds and rushes. A bundle of straw tied round the waist would have been much more appropriate. Now, just consider the work done by the society last year when I . . . " Here the resentment of the Fourth Year broke loose, and they booed to such an extent that the discomfited Jammie retired, we trust, to the depths of the audience.

Next arose that raging cynic, Mr. Breakfast. "Gentlemen, a mystery play is not a miracle play. This play was more mystery than miracle to me. The great mystery was how Fourth Year summoned 'hide' enough to present it." Naturally, further boos were the reward of the unfortunate speaker. Yet still undaunted they

rose—and fell—not one with a word of praise for our play (and to think that they came in free, too!). But at last our spokesman rose, and, with a voice which showed there was much weight behind his words, said, "Gentlemen, I have now had the pleasure of seeing the plays presented by both last year's Fourth Year and the present one, and I can safely say that no production of last year was like the one you have just seen." Fifth Year heartily applauded this sentiment, and while we and our weighty champion analysed the ambiguity the time bell rang; and our miracle play was at an end.

DONHAM, 4B.

### IN DEFENCE OF OUTBACK.

Shearlegs Station,  
Mailman's Gap,  
1st April, 1928.

Dear Dad,

I suppose by now you have seen the wonders of the show, but I won't bother you with any questions. I want to tell you about the visit of our city cousin during your absence.

He was up early the first morning and came with us to milk the cows. We were carrying the hay over for them, and when the cows ran for it he was sure they were after him, so he gave them the hay rather hastily and then demonstrated his prowess as a sprinter. When he was safe behind the fence he appeared both surprised and relieved to find they had abandoned the chase. He was coaxed to milk old Pearly, and after he had about a cupful he asked me to what level he would fill the bucket before he stopped. He didn't want to take all her milk or she would have none left for herself.

He expressed his desire to do some shooting, so I gave him the twelve-bore shot-gun and told him to mind the kick. He said he knew a way to stop that and, in one of his lucid moments, he held the gun about six inches from his shoulder and fired. With that one shot all his desire for more shooting vanished, and doubtless you know why.

Although told beforehand, he would persist in mounting his horse from the right side which, as I told him, was the wrong side. I'll never forget the first ride he had. The horse, which by the way was Firefly, "turned on a sixpence" after some calves, but our cousin, wishing to go straight on, decided that they must part, and although he postponed the painful moment as long as possible, he at last shut his eyes and dived ungracefully into some Bathurst burrs. Then he swore Firefly had bucked viciously until he was unseated.

Here is an extract from a diary he has been keeping: "Thursday, up early, about 8.30 a.m. Found all work done. Had another ride on Firefly. Dave said I had seat like a jockey's but didn't quite know where to put it. It pleased me to hear I was learning so rapidly.

Left on my own to milk Pearly. She put her foot in the bucket, so I ran quickly to tell Dave and said I thought he had better get the waggon jack. He seemed to go into hysterics. I don't know why. I went back and found someone had lifted the cow's foot out of the bucket. I have decided to go back next Saturday as I have to do too much work."

Well, Dad, I hope you don't do such foolish things down there as our cousin did up here.

DAVE, 3D.



## A PAGE OF VERSES.

## MALONEY.

"An' you're looking for Maloney round the old place, I suppose?  
Well, he left the town a fortnight back, and where he went—who knows?  
The world was growing dull, I guess, the town seemed extra grey:—  
When, up comes the Spring!—and now he's roving far away.

"We sit at home forever and we find it good enough;  
Our world it never changes, flowing neither smooth nor rough:  
So we cannot know the new Spring's voice, but when it waxeth glad,  
Then up jumps Maloney, and he's straightway roving mad.

"He's stepping out the roads perhaps, beyond the mountains' crest;  
Perhaps he's droving cattle now across the boundless west;  
He may be in some dirty tramp that's bound for far Malay;  
He may be on a south sea isle, down where the sirens play—  
A-making love to dusky belles beside a sleepy bay:—  
But singing still and laughing, and moving on for aye.

"And if you want to find him, there is little you can do,  
But come back when the summer's gone: he may be waiting you.  
Though I rather think he's off for good—this time he won't come back,  
But rove until he's sleeping by the wild Spring's track."

F. BURN.

## FAR AWAY.

There's a grey moon rising o'er the world to-night,  
There are grey clouds drifting in the sky this night,  
There's a valley lying 'neath a grey mist's wreathing,  
There are dead leaves rustling in a grey wraith's breathing.  
There's a soft streamlet playing by a knoll to-night—  
There are smooth pebbles paving its depths this night,  
There are scarred trunks rising o'er the moist grass bended,  
There's a glimpse of moonlight with the grey clouds blended.

A. G. MOLESWORTH, 5C.

## THE BREEZE.

A breeze creeps out of the silence  
Born of the coming day;  
It floats o'er the grey city steeples,  
The street and the dark alley-way.

The flow'r in the cottage garden  
Lifts up its drooping head,  
And breathes in the life that is passing  
Away to the Land of the Dead.  
The grey silver river below it,  
Where ships stand silent and grim,  
Where small bare islands are dotted,  
Gives back their images dim.

The breeze steals away to the westward;  
It has gone ere we know it is here,  
And the beauty it brings with its softness  
Is lost ere its message is clear.

C. McPHERSON, 4B.

## THE TOWERS OF NIGHT.

The towers of night are silvern  
And they shine exceeding far,  
Upon those fields where heavy poppies blow,  
Beyond the Evening Star.

And there they gleam and dream:  
Nor years,

Nor rain,  
Nor pain,  
Nor tears,  
Have altered their fair light,  
When I see them in the night.

H. R. QUINEY, 5D.



## REVERIE.

I lie and dream in sunshine,  
 Half asleep,  
 And watch the great clouds passing.  
 Shadows leap;  
 And sunshine shakes amid the gold  
 Of dream-born flowers,  
 As I lie thus and while away  
 The magic hours.

The wind has lifted me from earthly touch:  
 I softly rise  
 Above the song of birds, and dawn, and day,  
 Into the skies;  
 I am a cloud amidst the silent clouds  
 On heavens steep;  
 I am a flame amidst the fire that springs  
 In spaces deep.

H. R. QUINEY, 5D.

## CATCHING THE BOAT.

Time: 5.44 p.m.

Place: Circular Quay, Sydney.

The scene is one of confused bustle. A tram-car rapidly nears the stopping place. A Milson's Point ferry shrieks a discordant blaring.

The tram slows down. Then a human meteor, laden with an indistinguishable conglomeration of bundles and burdens, projects itself from the still-moving tram.

With incredible luck the man, for as such we are, with difficulty, at last able to distinguish the object, races through the almost impenetrable chaos of traffic, and by a series of miracles is just missed by a motor car, a Ford, and a motor bike. At last his goal is almost reached.

He rushes through the turnstile, races along the wharf to see—O Misery!—the ferry distant by about five yards. In an instant a lightning decision is made—no feeble, half-hearted citizen this!

Seizing his parcels more firmly, and summoning all his pristine vigour to his aid, he

makes a mighty leap.

Horror! He will fall into the spumous water. No! Yes! No! He's reached his goal but to fall in a dishevelled and disordered heap on the hard, very hard, deck of the ferry, his parcels lying in many, varied and scattered positions on the deck.

"Heh, mate, what's the bloomin' 'urry? This here boat's comin' in, not goin' out," gasped an astounded deckhand.

Consternation seizes him of the bundles. But summoning up his powers of speech, he addressed the deckhand:

"On my asseveration, my good man, if you were a little more noetic, you would see that this is but an assuetude of mine."

To whom the deckhand, gasping, replies, "Oh, lor!" (this a free and presentable rendering).

Scene: Circular Quay, Sydney.

Time: 5.44½ p.m.

C. UNDERWOOD, 3C.

## YE ANCYENNTTE CHRONICLE.

—Being a true and sound recorde of ye most mightie evente of ye age.

1. Beholde! Ye Senators of ye Forte had decided to hold a meeting at ye Coliseume, that ye warriors might vie with each other in swimming and other weirde sports.
2. So Lo! They did select from among them certaine of ye populace, who were to arrange and manage ye affaire.
3. And ye Emperor of ye Fort was announced referee by Royale Proclamatione, and so did he walk right royally along to ye pre-

scribed place on ye appointed day that all mighte be fayr.

4. And they did appoint ye stewards of ye megaphone, though 'twas a sore mystery why they should wish to stew ye megaphones.
5. But Guillaume did delight ye populace with his stentorian voice, for verily he made ye welkin ring.
6. And they did also appoint marshals, though they were but bath marshals and not ye field marshals.



7. But they did line up ye laddes, for truly TIGER was a lion for work.
8. And there were also grandstande stewards who did seat them in ye grandstand, the better to study ye incised mianders, which might be caused by a sudden uplift.
9. And ye clerkes did prowl like ye cattle that all might be well.
10. But verily, the hitte of ye carnivale was a very goodly burgher, who was a mighty wizard of cunning and magic, for he had caused to be installed ye large trumpets, which ye wise and aged, in their wisdom, did call "lowd-speakahs," for they did emit noises like unto ye Ford, which is tinny.
11. Thus were ye officials of ye carnivale appointed, and, on ye given day, they did hie them to ye Coliseum, which ye Pagans, in their misbelieving and ignorance, had dubbed "Ye Domaine."
12. Yea, verily, there were many great deeds of strength and comedy, for ye gathering was a sportinge one and did containe many damsels and wenches.
13. And lo! One man of cunning had caused to be rigged a pole which was smeared with lard, which was obtained from ye pigge.
14. And ye lads did essaye to grasp ye pennant which was fixed to ye end, but truly it was well greased and very few did succede.
15. And also was there a game in which ye contestants had to encircle themselves with a strange and weirde contraption like unto a magnified life-saver.
16. And also there were instituted ye races for ye teams, for which ye prize was a fruit, like unto ye grape, and from ye water that it did contain, was called "ye mel-lonne of water."
17. Yea, verily, ye carnivale was a mighty affaire and did go down in ye annals of ye Forte as ye greatest evente of that generatione.
18. In sooth, not in all Christendom had such an event been helde before.

R. GROUSE, 4A.

### MORNING.

Early morning on the ocean! There is poetry in the thought; there is music in the very sound. There may, indeed, be little variety to gaze upon—only the water and the sky. But what a world of delight cannot one find in that vast sky and that pure sea which are remindful of the sea of glass before the great white throne, so often read of in Revelation!

The towering masses of clouds! One almost fancies them to be mountains and valleys, rocks and plains of golden snow. Nay, one looks so long at the rolling mountain heights in the sky above, that one soon, as it were imagines oneself in Fairyland, and begins a regular journey of adventures therein.

There is a deep solemn stillness around that irresistibly and powerfully conveys to one's mind the idea of rest. The long, gentle un-

dulation of the deep does not, in the least, detract from this idea. So perfect is the calm, that several masses of clouds, which shine with rarest saffron light, are mirrored in all their rich details, as if in a glass. The faintest idea of a line alone indicates, in one direction, where the water terminates and the sky begins. A warm, golden haze suffuses the whole atmosphere, and softens the intensity of the deep-blue vault above.

Such a scene at such an hour is a source of gladsome, peaceful delight to the breast of man in every stage of life; but it is a source of unalloyed, bounding, exhilarating, romantic, unspeakable joy only in the years of childhood, when the mind looks hopefully forward, and before it has begun—as alas! it must begin, sooner or later—to gaze regretfully back.

E. GRAY, 4A.



### COME, GENTLE MAIDEN.

Come, pretty maiden, dance with me;  
Softly the breezes play;  
At the edge of the forest, in sweet array,  
Violets tender shall smile to us,—  
While down the gully, ashroud in mist,  
The wee lost stream shall laugh to us.

Come, pretty maiden, trip with me;  
Faintly the lyre-bird calls  
From the depths of the forest. The evening  
falls;  
Melody muses over the vale;  
So awake, pensive maid, come away, let us  
follow  
The breeze to the slumbrous hollow.

A. MOLESWORTH, 4D.

### CICERO AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

When we are told to study Cicero as a man of letters there are three courses open to us. First, we may take the most literal meaning and judge the character of the man as revealed in the actual letters of his name; secondly, to study him as a writer of letters; and lastly, to take the least important aspect—Cicero and his connection with Literature.

The first item is to study the letters in his name, C-I-C-E-R-O. I do not intend to make of these some senseless anagram, but to form some definite conclusion. The most obvious thing about them is the presence of the two C's. From this fact the most natural conclusion is that Cicero sees more than the average person, and hence he is very observant. Then we are confronted by the I, which suggests that Cicero was rather egotistic. As a further proof of this we have the presence of the "R," which reminds us of his frequent use of the royal plural. His egotism is emphasised!

With regard to "E," I am torn between two different opinions. The one that I prefer, however, is that Cicero was intensely masculine in his tastes and never made mention of the despised "shes" of the weaker sex. The other opinion is that Cicero was easily amused, but instead of the usual "hee! hee!" contented himself with "e!" This suggests that his gaiety was short lived, like that of the gentleman who, upon hearing a good yarn, would exclaim "Ha! ha!—joke over," and then lapse into silence.

The last letter, "O," suggests that Cicero was always badly in debt—as a result, I am afraid, of always following his own maxims:

"It is against all ethical codes to add to your personal gain at the expense of another."

Cicero practised this, and of course was always bankrupt.

To sum up this section, we may say that there is more in a name than meets the eye.

In order to fully understand Cicero as a letter writer we must first take out our handkerchiefs and weep loud and long in deep sympathy with his poor, unfortunate son who had to read them through, line by line, in hope of finding some hint of the long awaited remittance. But Cicero, as I said, was financially embarrassed and, even though to include no cheque may have been expedient for him, it certainly was not morally right for Marcus filius.

The ending to his letters also gives us a bad impression of Cicero. Instead of anticipating Micawber with a final flourish of paternal pride, such as:—

"Yours,

till

the cows

come home,

TULLUIS CICERO."

he adds the terse inscription:

"Libri Tertii finis."

Regarding the third section (for of a subject of three divisions of which I have dealt with two, there necessarily remains for me a third) I shall content myself with proving one salient point—that Cicero was a second-rate writer. Compare him, for instance, with our own Classics authority. Whereas Cicero, by his peregrinations, succeeded in totally losing his readers, our champion in translating his remarks not only accomplished this, but also lost himself. Noble achievement!

Cicero, look to your honours!

E. EDMONDS.



## "HOME."

"I am home again!"

How fervently I uttered those words as I quickly opened the gate, ran up the pathway and rang impatiently at the door!

How glad I was to feel myself once more at home with mother and the rest of the family!

How excited I was, and how impatient to hear the many stories of home life waiting to be told to me from the tiny tot of two to the big brother of twenty-one!

I remember how my thoughts often turned to home when I was away across the sea for three months. After every exciting day, as I was sitting in my armchair, I would recall all the precious memories that I had of my home life.

Young Dick, with his smiling chubby face and golden curls, ran in from his toys in the garden; mum, as busy as ever, left off drying the dishes; dad looked up from his paper.

I was greeted by smiles from all, a kiss from mum (which I strongly resented) and was soon made at home again.

How good it is to be home again!

We cannot really appreciate home unless we have been separated from it for a long time.

Then, when we are going home again, we are filled with various emotions:—

"Is mum still as bright as ever? But how could SHE change?"

"Is dad still so grumpy and irritable?" (for which he is always forgiven.)

"Is Joyce still so superstitious about dropping forks and pleasant surprises at half-past eight?"

Yes. They are still the same.

Home has not altered one bit.

The cement square near the kitchen door; the bright, cheery canary above the flower box on the window; the asparagus fern and rose bush; the hen coops and the dog's kennel; all are unchanged!

The garden still struggles against the abuses of young Dick, whose own garden, needless to say, is as barren as ever, and here and there may be seen a few cosmos and dahlias.

I smiled and silently agreed, when I read above the door, as I sat down for dinner,

"Home is the place where we grumble the most  
And are treated the best."

C. McPHERSON, 4B.

## THE WILLIAM THOMPSON MASONIC SCHOOL.

This magnificent institution was founded by Mr. William Thompson, then Grand Master of the U.G.L., in November, 1922. When the school was opened there was accommodation for 24 boys and the same number of girls. At present there are considerably more than two hundred children there.

The trustees were fortunate in obtaining for the school the fine site on which it now stands. Baulkham Hills, about five miles from Parramatta, in the centre of the picturesque "Hills" district, is one of the healthiest regions in New South Wales, and this is borne out by the fact that the school hospital has had about half a dozen inmates in as many years, and also by the children's appetites, which are of no mean dimensions.

The school buildings stand on a hill commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, in a hundred and fifty acres of land. This

guards against the very remote possibility of being built in.

The living quarters of the children are arranged along the main drive, and are grouped about the Administrative Block, the boys' cottages on one side, and the girls' the other, each with a large front garden.

The school is run on a system of routine which is rigidly adhered to. At 6.30 each morning the rising bell may be heard, at which everyone gets up and makes his or her bed, after which all have a cold shower. The children then do the housework of the cottages, each one doing some particular portion, perhaps in the bathroom, the dormitories, or the sitting room, until 7.30, when the bell again rings, summoning all to prayers in the Assembly Hall. After prayers and the singing of the National Anthem, one of the children gives a short speech on a subject chosen by the



Superintendent. This practice was started in order to give the children confidence in themselves, and to help them if ever called upon to speak in public in the future.

After prayers and speeches, which take ten minutes, comes breakfast, consisting of a good hearty meal of a plate of oatmeal (with plenty of fresh milk from the school dairy) and as many solid slabs of bread and butter and honey and jam as the children can put away. A cup of tea is also set for each person, presumably to assist in the mastication of the bread and jam.

Breakfast finished, the time till 9 o'clock is spent in putting the finishing touches to the cottages and polishing up of boots and doing of hair. At 9 a.m. the children march down the drive to the school, situated well away from the cottages at the school gate, a quarter of a mile away. The school hours are the same as ours, and at 12.30 the children adjourn to the cottages once more for dinner, which begins at 12.40. After dinner school recommences, and lasts till 3 o'clock, when the children are free to fill in their time till 5 o'clock. This they do in various ways. One of the Masonic Lodges very generously presented the school with a fine swimming bath, and this is a great boon in the summer. For the more energetic, a concrete pitch has been laid in the oval, and cricket material abounds.

At 5 p.m. a bell rings, warning everyone to wash and prepare for tea. It is then that the boots are cleaned ready for next day.

After tea comes the singing of one of the greatest of Masonic hymns, the beautiful "Abide with me," after which they return to their cottage, where, home work done, they may read books from the fine school library, play cards, listen to the gramophone, or go to bed; generally speaking, to occupy their time profitably till 7 or 7.30 p.m.

However, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and before retiring for the night each boy and girl must have a bath. In spite of the coolness of the evening air, this is not such a hardship as some may think, as there is plenty of hot water from the cottage service "on tap."

Once in bed, everyone is free to talk, but not to read, till 8 p.m., when the matron signals "Lights out" and everyone is soon asleep.

Practically everything in the school is run

on competitive lines. For every uncleaned boot, for every hair out of place, every button off, or any other minor lapse from perfect tidiness, a mark is deducted, and the cottage with least number deducted gains a prize at the end of the year.

Even the gardening is competitive, a prize being awarded to the cottage which keeps the best garden for a year. The same applies to the best-kept cottage, as well as to the best marching to and from school, and in and out of the Assembly Hall.

This system certainly has its merits for stimulating keenness on the part of the different cottage inhabitants, but when carried too far, a feeling of jealousy begins to creep in, and counteracts the good already brought about by other means.

The boys and girls are excellently cared for as far as physical attention is concerned; under a capable instructor, who lives on the premises, each child does at least one hour of physical culture each week. The drill is looked at from the child's point of view, and the instructor is very successful in winning the friendship and enthusiasm of the smallest of his pupils, and the secret of this success is that the physical culture is made interesting. Rope-climbing, vaulting-horse work, exercises on the double beam, together with the parallel and horizontal bars, all tend to increase the interest and enthusiasm displayed in the physical culture and games by the participants.

The cottages have each a flag, on which is the name of the cottage team, and the victories they have won in sports and other competitions, and each year the teams fight strenuously for superiority in the different departments of physical culture, swimming, and work about the cottage. A sports day is held every year, and the children compete eagerly in the different events. But there is not enough element of uncertainty for these ever to become exciting. A person is in the school for several years, and once proved superior, it is not easy for anyone to overcome him again. Events are hardly spectacular enough to suit the modern taste, and seem to savour of makeshift and lack of preparation, although such is not really the case.

At Christmas time all the children write letters to Santa Claus, and the remarkable thing



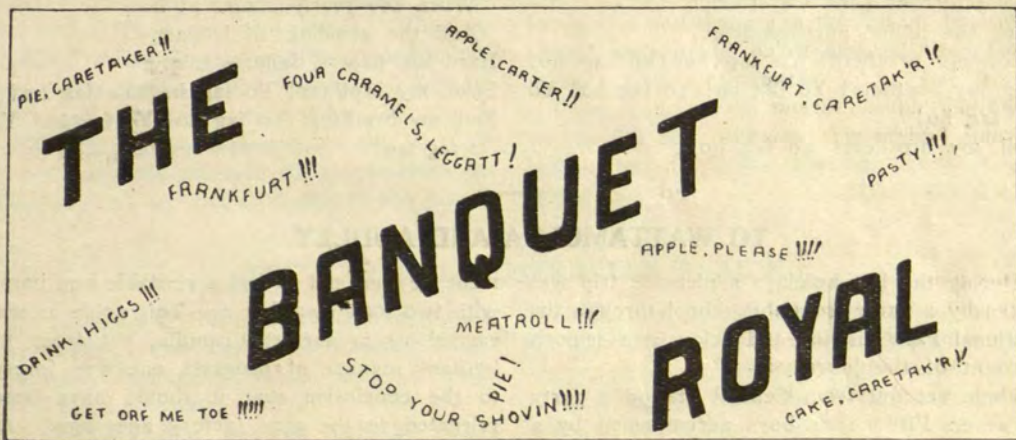
is that all of them get their hearts' desires, unless they should run to a motor bike, or some other such trifle, perhaps a little unsuitable for children of ten or eleven years of age.

As regards the meals and food given to the children, there is no need for any fear of impurity or scarcity. The School has two large vegetable gardens, from which a constant supply of vegetables passes, first to the kitchen, to be cooked, and then to the children, who prove their wonderful health and vigour by eating all that is set before them. No child is allowed to keep for himself or herself any fruit or sweets taken to them by relations. It all goes into the cottage pool, and each child receives a fair share. This custom was brought in with the idea of encouraging unselfishness, and it is certainly most successful.

Considering the ages of the smallest and largest children of the school, which range from boys and girls of five and six to about sixteen, the school seems too strictly disciplined. It is not logical for rules which are suitable for boys of 5 years to apply to girls of 15, and it is suggested that more freedom be given to the older boys and girls, so that they may learn to have some confidence and faith in themselves, and not be compelled to turn to someone else for support and direction before attempting any enterprises

The school staff, particularly the matrons and school teachers, enter wholeheartedly and conscientiously into their work, and under their care the children should prosper, and turn out staunch supporters of their King and Country, and to be a credit to their school.

FLATT, 3D.



Little boy  
 Feeling spry,  
 Went in tuckshop,  
 Had meat-pie.

Thought he's try  
 Ginger beer;  
 Left the tuckshop  
 Feeling queer.

He came back  
 Wanting more,  
 Ate an apple  
 And the core.

Ice-cream next,  
 Pushed it down;  
 Soon that lad be-  
 Gan to frown.

Thought he'd try  
 Chocolate:  
 Viewed his money—  
 Pennies eight.

Finding cash  
 Still unspent,  
 Bought a bag of  
 Peppermint.



Just one more  
Ice-cream cone;  
Now our hero  
Gave a groan.

Said his pal:  
"Want some more?"  
Boy in anguish  
Ran for door.

Little boy  
Doubled up—  
Belly like a  
Poisoned pup.

Finished off  
Banquet royal  
With a dose of  
Castor oil.

T. INGLEDEW, 2A.

### THE SCHOOLBOY'S LAMENT.

(Same tune as Volga Boatman's Song.)  
Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho!  
Swot, my brothers! Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho!  
Fag, my brothers! Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho! Yo  
fag ho!  
Toil, my brothers! Yo fag ho!  
When the midnight hour is near,  
Wearily our pens we steer;  
Long the impot, page on page,  
Swot, my brothers! Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho!  
Fag, my brothers! Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho! Yo  
fag ho!  
Toil, my brothers! Yo fag ho!

When at last we get to bed,  
Dreams of homework fill the head—  
Latin, English, Science, Maths.  
Swot, my brothers! Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho!  
Fag, my brothers! Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho! Yo  
fag ho!  
Toil, my brothers! Yo fag ho!  
When the yearly comes at last,  
And the grinding all is past,  
Hard the papers, failures many,  
Swot, my brothers! Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho!  
Toil, my brothers! Yo fag ho! Yo fag ho! Yo  
fag ho!

### TO WATTAMOLLA AND AUDLEY.

During the last holidays a pleasure trip was taken by a party from this school through the National Park district, and below is a senior's account of the journey:—

There set out from Central Station a party of seven Fifth Year boys accompanied by a vanguard of some thirty juniors, while four stalwart teachers brought up the rear.

It was not until they disentrained at Sutherland that one could get a good look at the company, and a heterogeneous assembly it was. From the array of khaki shirts and military boots one could only wonder how many half-pay colonels had had their wardrobes ransacked that eventful Wednesday morn. Many were the surprises, too, for who could have expected to see the polished Mr. G— decked out like a broken-down cab horse, or even imagined a Fort Street prefect coming in a crowded train without collar or tie!

When the vanguard had survived the shock of seeing the high and mighty in such equip-

ment we went out to find a veritable iron horse with two foals awaiting us. This noble animal carried us as far as Cronulla, but from its hesitant manner of progress one was forced to the conclusion that it should have been relegated to the glue factory ages ago. At Cronulla a pleasant surprise awaited us, for right before our eyes appeared the sign "Hotel Cronulla sur-mer." Ah! Here was a chance to show our breeding; and to the evident delight of Mr. W— there came from forty throats the simultaneous burst of knowledge: "Look! Hotel Cronulla by the sea!"

After this little episode we were transferred to a launch and taken another stage on our journey. If the reader desires the name of our destination send a stamped and addressed envelope to Mr. W—, F.S.B.H.S., Petersham, for he was the only member of the party who could pronounce it without facial contortion. When I first heard it I thought that Lake Caddiberrawirracanna would have to look to



its laurels. Indeed, they say it was the efforts to master this name that exhausted a certain stout teacher for the rest of the day.

Once out of this place coats were doffed, and we struck out in a business-like manner toward the coast. This we reached after a few miles of walking, and everyone voted for a swim in the surf. Although one junior appeared resplendent in a sky-blue creation, for the most part flesh coloured costumes were the order of the day.

This gave the boys a better relish for the next stage, and, as everyone felt a growing desire to attend to the wants of the inner man, Wattamolla was reached in record time. On the way three seniors unaccountably got "bushed" on the top of a cliff, but managed to escape with abrasions, lacerations, and shock.

While a master was boiling the billy (in approved military fashion) the juniors went for another swim, but the seniors elected to stay and watch Leck cook his chops. What he declared to be "done to a turn" seemed merely burnt to a cinder on the outside, but perhaps this opinion is slightly biassed by jealousy.

After the stacks of sandwiches and the billy of tea had been disposed of, the teachers desired to press on, and they offered the boys a

swim at Flat Rock Crossing as an enticement. Of the journey to Flat Rock the less said the better, and our arrival is best summed up in that classic verse:

"Everybody hot;  
Who says he's not  
Is quite a lot  
Of what one should not  
Repeat on this page."

Then came the welcome swim. "Going in for a swim, Freddie?" This to a youthful son and heir.

"You bet!"

"Righto! Get into your costume; and not so much of this 'you bet' with me, either."

Then proceeded a race for the train, but we seniors decided to stay for a while to count the strays and, incidentally, take our time up Audley Hill. As a result we missed the last train from National Park. Two lads got a lift in a sulky and the remainder were just about to pace it out along the sleepers in approved "hobo" style, when along came a Ford lorry to take us to Sutherland.

There remains little to tell, except that when we passed that sulky we threw out enough raspberries to make anybody think it was spring.

E. EDMONDS, 5C.

### THE CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN BLACKS.

Recently I was fortunate enough to journey across our Trans-Continental Railway and I saw many interesting things, some of which I will relate to you.

It is, as a rule, believed that the blacks may be seen anywhere along the line between Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie. This, however, is not the case. There is one camp of blacks—at Ooldea, or, as it is often called, Ooldea Soak.

The Soak has for centuries been the meeting place of the tribes from near and far. They congregate here to barter their spears, boomerangs, wommerahs, and any skins they have. There are really two soaks, one of which yields fresh water, and the other bitter. The latter is used by the blacks for curing skin diseases and almost any complaint at all.

The blacks, of course, have their own interesting legend of how the water came to Ooldea, but it is too long to relate now. The

geological explanation of its occurrence is that the clay forms a saucer filled with sand. The water, not being able to penetrate the clay, remains in the sand, and by digging shallow wells an ample supply may be obtained.

The blacks were not at Ooldea when we passed through as they were visiting a neighbouring tribe. With the exception of a few blacks at Zanthus, we did not see a tribe until we reached Karoonie. When the train pulled in at Karoonie we saw blacks of all kinds. They clustered around, some with shirts—some without. Dirty men, chewing tobacco and covered with flies, were calling out and chattering in their own native tongue. The general cry seemed to be, "Gibbit shillin', gibbit 'bacca!" And when some coppers were thrown to them, "Gibbit shillin', gibbit white money!" A black fellow will sell you one of his boomerangs, which have taken him at least an hour to make, for about a shilling. Most of the blacks





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regard a camera with much awe, but a few shining coins soon bribe them into posing.

The blackfellow may be said to be the lowest of the human race, but he is remarkably quick in picking up our habits, and in many ways his natural quickness is superior to ours. His acute sense of sight and hearing, the remarkable ability he displays in tracking animals, birds and humans, are all examples of this.

The main animals of the plain are the blind burrowing mole, known to the blacks as arrajarra-ja, the dingo and rabbit. The brush turkey is common among the birds.

The blackfellow eagerly awaits the arrival of the train, for apart from selling his boomerangs, he receives from the passengers cigarettes and tobacco, and from the dining car morsels of meat and other food.

So far I have referred to the black as masculine, but do not suppose the gin does not take an active part; she does, and very much so. She is just as eager to receive a cigarette as her dusky husband is.

Most of the children do not bother about clothes, but one small boy I saw seemed very proud of himself as he strutted around in a shirt trailing along the ground.

The black men plaster their faces and beards with red clay and adorn their hair with feathers and bark. Occasionally a bone through the nose adds to their beauty(?)

When a blackfellow comes down from the Musgrave Ranges his skin is shining with health, but a few weeks in our "civilization" changes him to the dirty, ragged, tobacco chewing individual we see from the train.

So we are largely responsible, with our civilization, for the degradation of this race. An account of these men, in whose land we live, is far too long to give in any detail in these few lines, but if you were to see them for yourselves you would partly realize what will eventually become of them.

G.W., 4B.

### NIGHT.

The glory of the radiant sun,  
Which bathed the world in beauty wondrous  
rare,  
Has slowly faded in the dimming west,  
And earth is left to sleep in peacefulness.

The darkening leaves of all the bushland trees  
And softly whisper as the shadows fall  
Are stirring in the zephyrs of the night,  
O'er land and sea and all the space beyond.

Into the silence steal the pale moonbeams  
And bathe the earth in whiteness, ghostly wan;  
The curlew with his sad and mournful note  
Heralds the rising of the silv'ry queen.

The shades of night, now vanquished from on  
high,  
Lurk under cover of the forest dim,  
And there repose until the golden sun  
Drives all away to wait another eve.

W. MURTY.

### SCHOOL PICNIC—MAY 25th. (SOME IMPRESSIONS)

A grey sky and a threat of heavy rain did not prevent a large roll-up at Central on the morning of the fated day. Some, to show their utter defiance of wind and rain, were resplendent in blazer and whites; some came disguised as tramps, with swag and billy complete; but the greater part turned out to face "the inclemency of the weather" in drab, everyday

attire, and some even bore overcoats. This was the first disappointment of the day.

Our imposing array (numbering some 500) was at National Park by ten. Proceedings were opened by the firing of a bungler, then we started down Audley Hill at a loping trot.

The next impression of the picnic is best expressed by the word "BOATS!—Boats



shooting across the stream, boats that didn't seem to be able to make an inch, boats running ashore or into the stone crossing, boats running round in circles, boats in tangled groups of three and four, and the shores lined with swarming multitudes that gave orders, advice, cries of despair . . . .

Meanwhile, a party (small but select) had decided to retire far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" and test the unknown terrors of the jungle under the leadership of Mr. P—t—r. These proceeded along the road to Wattamolla for some distance and then struck off into the trackless wilds. In reality, we were out to discover a track that would come out upon Lady Carrington's Drive, but I still maintain we never once found it, nay, that no such track exists. Some deluded enthusiasts would cry out at frequent intervals "Track!" but tho' I strained my gaze in every direction, I could see no signs of it (the worst of being deficient in imagination).

But we made good headway with the aid of a pocket compass, and scrambled out on the Drive by 12.30, covered with glory and mud. The cheerful blaze was scientifically kindled, the billy placed thereon, and the supplies (somewhat battered) were produced and unpacked. One, who had been especially deluded about the track, likewise deceived himself that he could cook chops. I, whom he deluded into eating one, know better. The most of us were less ambitious in our menu.

Thereafter, the party scattered to work off that after-dinner feeling. Mr. P—t—r and C—t—r, utterly prostrated, remained stretched out where they fell and discussed matters of state. E—m—s and another, to demonstrate their belief in the evolutionary theory, mounted the heights of a yellowing oak hard by, whence they cast bungers (in lieu of coconuts) on the heads of some Fourth Year urchins paddling in the river . . . .

Soon we had taken the road once more, this time towards Audley, and we proceeded easily along a good track through scenes of "rude grandeur and verdant loveliness" (a-hem!).

On the return journey we had an excellent demonstration of ye ancient proverb "Curios-

ity killed the cat." Looking up, someone espied a tempting cave half way up the face of the rock. Forthwith, each one discarded his pack and set himself to find a means of reaching it. Every eye examined the rock narrowly and every eye assumed a look of despair. "Eureka!" All turned their eyes on the speaker with a faint glimmer of hope. We eyed the find doubtfully and began the ascent, five of us, hanging on with hands, feet, and even teeth. The desired ledge was gained and we crept along to the cave—a dismal affair, as E—m—s expressed it. You couldn't even sleep in it if you were hard up, because you would probably roll out and "wake up an angel in Zion." Anyway, we left our names to posterity by scratching them on its walls, then turned about to descend—ah, vain hope! Descending an all-but-bare rock is vastly different from ascending it, and there was nothing for it but to jump or sit shivering there all night. We chose the first alternative. One after one, we groped our way down as far as possible and then leapt, or rather fell. We picked ourselves up very shamefacedly, scraped some of the mud off our garments, cursed that cave and tramped on.

Another two miles and we had reached the junction and the boats came into view in much the same state in which we had left them. We marched into camp to the sound of drum and fife and the cheers of the multitude, and then dispersed swiftly to obtain a seat in some friendly craft. But not a member of the party regretted having put by the lures of boating for the sterner joys of tramping.

We learned that the sports had been concluded successfully and we were surprised that not a single vessel had been rammed and sunk, and that only one oarsman had visited the icy depths—poor little Bertie.

It was with contented hearts that everyone, masters and boys alike, trooped up Audley Hill and dropped into the waiting train. There we eased our feelings by airing the war-cry twice or thrice for the benefit of the station-master and the magpies; cheers followed for "Wakka," "Dug," "Clarrie," "the Major," "Bertie," "the Ladies," in short, everyone and everything imaginable but Jupiter Pluvius, who had kept off all day, like the old sport he is, and presently began to be in evidence once more.



# SPORTING

## SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT, 1928.

Throughout the year the school has maintained its practice of encouraging the physical development of its pupils. Under the guidance of Mr. Humphries, the boys are given a daily course of physical culture based on modern lines, the benefit of which is most marked.

Participation in sport is as essential as regular attendance at class work, and cricket, swimming, tennis, Rugby Union football, Soccer football, athletics and baseball are part of the weekly routine of the school.

It is the policy of the school to allow every boy to take up the game of his own choice, and with this end in view, Soccer football and baseball have been introduced, and further encouragement given to those who desire to play tennis. This has meant a weakening of competition teams engaged in the old established games, but is compensated for by the added pleasure given to a large number of boys who were previously debarred from competitive sport.

We participated in the competitions conducted by the Public Schools Amateur Athletic Association in Rugby Union football, cricket and tennis, and also competed at the Annual Athletic and Swimming Carnivals of the Combined High Schools.

**Rugby Union:** Five teams were entered in the various grades. The 5th Grade team won their competition, the 2nd and 3rd Grade teams were runners-up in their respective divisions, and the 1st Grade team secured third place on the competition table.

**Tennis:** This competition was carried out in two grades, and we entered two teams in each grade. Our 1A team won the competition in their own division, but lost the inter-district final by two games. Our 2A team won in their division and were also successful in the inter-district final, winning by 8 sets to love.

Tennis is becoming increasingly popular, thanks largely to the efficient organisation of Mr. Fairbairn. 250 boys play regularly through-

out the winter months, while about half that number also prefer tennis as a summer sport.

**Cricket:** Three grade teams participated in competition games. The First and Second Grade teams are both shaping well, and with the first half of the season over, neither team has suffered defeat. The Third Grade team has been less successful, but marked improvement was shown as the season advanced.

**Soccer Football:** No team was entered in the Soccer competitions last year, but careful training was carried out in preparation for this season's games. A team has been entered for each of the two grades and both remain as yet unbeaten.

**Baseball:** This game has been resuscitated after a number of years, and two teams have been entered in the First Grade Competition. The A team is showing considerable promise and should do well later in the season.

In cases where boys are unable to take part in competition matches ample material is available to allow every boy in the school to play one game or another.

The difficulty of providing playing fields is increasing every year. During last winter the difficulty was more acute than ever owing to the work of remodelling Petersham Oval. Our competition teams were thus severely handicapped by lack of training facilities which are normally at our disposal. With the exception of the oval at Petersham the nearest park lands available to the school are situated in the Concord Municipality, and two such areas have been secured by the School Union at a nominal cost.

Tennis players require more than 30 courts every Wednesday, and to assist in supplying accommodation in this direction the School Union has decided on the construction of a group of courts in the school grounds. A contract has been let for the formation of two of them, and work should commence to-day.

**Annual Carnivals:** The attendance at our Annual Carnivals is increasing, and it is pleas-



ing to note this evidence of the interest of parents and friends in such gatherings.

A number of school records were again broken, a fact which indicates clearly the progress made and the high standard of attainment achieved. This was particularly noticeable at the Swimming Carnival, and speaks well for the interest and preparation of the organiser, Mr. Rose.

D. New, N. Rose, M. Joseph, C. Schmidt, and B. Langsworth were successful in creating new records.

At the Annual Athletic Meeting of the Combined High Schools our boys put up a creditable performance and were runners-up for the Senior Cup.

**Life Saving:** The Life Saving Squad gained the following awards of the Royal Life Saving Society: 45 Efficiency Certificates, 41 Bronze Medallions, 4 Bars to Bronze Medallions, 3 Teachers' Certificates, 3 Instructors' Certificates, 5 Silver Awards of Merit, and 1 Bar to the Silver Award of Merit. This award was secured by N. Rose, who completed the test in 13m. 5secs., and thus created a record for a schoolboy. This fine achievement is due in large measure to the efforts of one of our boys, M. Joseph, an honorary instructor of the Royal Life Saving Society. The school secured second place in the society's competition for the Hendry Cup.

**Cadet Training:** Boys of age for military training carry out their requisite drills with the school corps, a platoon of the 36th Battalion. This platoon has always been noted for its keenness in military work, and from it a squad, trained by Lieut. Humphries, was successful in winning, for the third time in succession, the Physical Training Championship Cup.

The whole staff has co-operated loyally in this branch of school work, but special mention must be made of those gentlemen who have taken charge of grade teams in the various departments. This has necessitated the sacrifice of several afternoons each week in the training of their teams, and travelling to distant suburbs to supervise matches. We cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing our thanks to those who so generously

donate valuable trophies such as those presented to-day. These include:—

Fort Street Girls' High School—Senior Athletic Cup.

W. Kerr, Esq.—Junior Championship Swimming Trophy.

T. Hannan, Esq.—Senior Medal for Swimming.

Messrs. Neller and Taylor.—Junior Medal for Swimming.

L. K. Leask, Esq.—Under 14 Medal for Swimming.

F. T. Hack, Esq.—Medal for Diving Championship.

Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt and Mrs. Norman, valuable cash donations; and a number of other good friends of the school who come forward each year with offers of assistance in our numerous sporting activities.

## RUGBY.

### FIRST GRADE.

When it was anticipated that last year's 2nd Grade team would represent the school this season, there seemed to be every prospect of success in First Grade. For various reasons many of the last year's players left the school and a new combination had to be arranged, as the team was without even a "wing" player. The result is that much hard practice will be necessary before success can be realised.

Under the circumstances the results have been fairly satisfactory, a victory 12—6 having been secured over Canterbury, while there was a loss to North Sydney 14—6.

The team lacks combination and finish, and most of its efforts have been marred by over-anxiety, producing breaches of the rules with disastrous results.

Roach, as "winger," is an excellent player, while Starling appears to be the "find" of the season.

The spirit is good, and I expect the team to worthily uphold the prestige of the school.

### SECOND GRADE.

Captain, T. Smith; Vice-Captain, F. Flatt; Selectors, T. Smith, F. Flatt and R. Thistlethwayte.

We had the misfortune to lose two of our best backs early in the season: Hooke was injured in a practice game, and Reynolds left



school. The former was showing splendid form and promised to develop into a fine scoring winger.

The forwards who were played in the vacant positions have done well, but have not the necessary snap and finish.

The forward play has been very disappointing so far, too many players just run around and do not "get in." They shirk the heavy work. There was a decided improvement in the last game, so we have hopes that the players will respond and keep their position at the head of the competition table with an unbeaten record.

### THIRD GRADE.

The team has yet to open its winning account, having lost its first three matches. Each match, however, has been an improvement on the previous one in combination, and with assiduous practice the boys should be welded into a fair team with some knowledge of the finer points of the game.

The full-back position is still one of the main weaknesses of the team. Among the forwards Langsworth and Thistlethwayte have played well. The following have played in the team: New (Captain), Mobbs, Day, Wordsworth, Young, Conklin, Rice, Atwill Whitney, Bissacker, Smith, Richards, Keefe, Thistlethwayte, Langsworth, Naismith.

### FOURTH GRADE.

D. Peel (Captain), W. Rogers (Vice-Captain), J. Shepherd (Selector).

The team is doing fairly well in the competition, having won 1, lost 1 and drawn 1.

The team as a whole lacks combination, but the selectors hope this fault will be soon remedied with more practice. The team is fortunate in having a good full-back in Armstrong, whose play so far has been of a high order. Other promising players are Stewart and Shepherd.

### FIFTH GRADE.

Up to date the team has been fairly successful, winning two matches out of the three played.

Results of matches so far are: v. Canterbury, lost, 3-9; v. Hurlstone, won, 17-6; v. Sydney High, won, 9-0.

The backs are very good and possess some fast runners. The pick of the backs are "Tich" Freeman, scrum-half and Captain, Knapman, five-eighths, Donald, centre threequarter, and Dickinson, full-back. The forwards will have to improve considerably. The best of the pack are Ramster and Nicholson.

The team lacks a good goal-kicker. Although defeated by Canterbury, we have great hopes of winning the competition.

## SOCCER.

Despite the distance from school to the Soccer grounds, many of our boys have elected to be actively interested in the game. It has been found possible to arrange an internal competition for four first year teams, and another for five teams, drawn mainly from second and third years. In the next issue of the "Fortian" the results of these competitions should form interesting reading. Fort Street has also a representative team in each of the two grades of the Inter-School Competition, and with the first few games already played, each reports an unbeaten record. In each case, however, opponents have been met showing greater skill and merit than our own—but no more pluck—and, while luck has so far been with us, it is essential, as always for self-respecting Fortians, to develop the necessary skill and ability to earn our full share of the glory, as well as our share of the points.

## TENNIS.

Four teams are playing in the grade competitions, two in first grade and two in second grade. The 1A team is represented by Lee, Lamble, Sinclair and Scott. On their performances to date they should win their division. Lee and Lamble make a strong pair, while Scott and Sinclair give them able support. At the time of writing three matches have been played and each has been won comfortably—total scores being 22 sets to 2 sets. Lee maintains the good form shown the previous year, while Lamble's steadiness and consistency make him a valuable match player. G. Scott's play last year with 1B team was full of promise, and he has improved the pace of his game. He has a good tennis future ahead. Sinclair's strong service and fast drive



are great factors in the team's efficiency. Sinclair and Scott should come to the net more frequently.

**1B Tennis:** This year 1B consists of Joseph, Reynolds, Gibson, Beattie and Hall, the latter two playing alternate weeks. Although our main strength is concentrated in 1A, 1B has players of no mean ability, and so far remains undefeated. Joseph captains his team well and is a consistent player. Reynolds is a good sound player and volleys and drives well. He plays a steady game when in difficulties. Gibson serves well, but is inclined to be erratic with his volleys. He has a good aggressive drive. Beattie has a very sound service, but is inclined to be erratic with his ground strokes. Hall is perhaps the steadiest player. He does not drive or volley hard, but is accurate and places well. However, his service is a fatal weakness.

**2A Tennis:** The team is composed of Witherford (Capt.), Foster, Bennett and Chapman. So far four matches have been played, three of which have been won. Of the individual players, Foster serves well and plays a good all-round game and is worthy of his place. Bennett plays very consistently. His partner, Chapman, though at times erratic, is generally good. The team should do well and at least be placed as runner-up.

**2B Tennis:** Eight players were registered, of whom Coleburne, Heydon, D. Turnbull and Cox were selected, with R. Turnbull as emergency. Of the three matches already played, two were successful. The team as a whole shows promise, having overcome that nervousness characteristic of new players. It still, however, lacks that necessary dash, which will come with further experience.

### BASEBALL.

This season saw the inauguration of baseball in the school. We entered two teams, both in the first grade competition. Up to the present the A team has lost two matches and won one, with a record of 36 runs for and 40 against. The B team has lost all three, their record being 13 for, 95 against. The A team was unfortunate in being drawn against the two strongest teams in their opening rounds, as we badly needed match practice. We lost

to Canterbury in our first match, 21-1, but against North Sydney (which had beaten Canterbury) we played much better, to lose 17-10. Our win against Kogarah was rather hollow, 25-2 being the scores. The B team was entered solely to give new players match experience, but it has little chance in the competition. Next year, however, we will have a nucleus of experienced players to work upon. The chief weakness of the A team is the batting. This defect was responsible for both our losses, as our fielding was in both games quite good. Our battery, Woodlands pitcher, Ainsworth catcher, has improved each game, and is a good combination. The infield, with the exception of short-stop, is safe, if a little inexperienced, and is developing combination. The outfield is very safe in the air, but rather weak in throwing, and has yet to learn the art of "backing-up." One splendid feature of the whole team is its excellent spirit and co-operation.

The B team, as we have said, is not expected to win, but, from all accounts, is strong in just that department in which the A is weak—batting. The fielding is poor, but all are triers and will improve.

Finally, the team wishes to seize this opportunity to thank Mr. Dunne for his energy and enthusiasm in introducing the game—in the face of some opposition, be it said—and in devoting his time to coaching. We realise this is a big call on Mr. Dunne's time, and wish to express our sincere appreciation.

### PHYSICAL TRAINING TEAM.

On April 4th a team of sixteen 1910 quota Senior Cadets, under the command of Mr. Humphries, won the P.T. Cup at the 8th Annual Military Sports, held at the Showground. This is the third year the cup has been won by a team from the school, under Mr. Humphries' leadership, and we are fortunate in possessing such an instructor. The team had a fairly comfortable victory, scoring 194 out of possible 200 points. At the conclusion of the day, the P.T. Cup and the smaller trophies for each member were presented by Colonel McArthur Onslow.



### ATHLETICS.

Since the Easter Vacation the athletes have held a weekly practice at Yaralla Oval, Concord. A committee of four, namely, Wiggins, president, Norman, Weller and Rose, arranges a programme every week. Owing to the lack of jumping material the events are mostly sprints or medium distance running.

The boys who have done well at these practices are: Magee and Coffil, under 13; Stamford, Wallis, Dixon, under 15; Wiggins, Weller, Norman, Rose, Senior. Magee especially has done very well, winning every event in his section, and he is improving every week. Norman is a great sprinter and should do well in the sports.

Up to this time, the athletes have enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

### SPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

"Fortian" has received quite a number of letters dealing with Fort Street sporting activities. Space will not allow publication of all, but the two printed below seem best to sum up the opposing points of view.  
The Editor,

Sir,—I am taking this chance to express my views of sport, and the way it is carried out in the school at present.

The first of my complaints is the number of different sports, in the competitions for which the school has entered. Rugby Union, Soccer, tennis and baseball competitions are run for High Schools by the P.S.A.A.A., and the school has entered for all of them. Are the results expected to be satisfactory? We shall probably find out that they will not be nearly so good as in previous years when the choice was either Rugby Union or tennis.

As the sport is now arranged, each one phase of it is fighting against the other to see which will be starved out first. The school is famous for its Rugby footballers, yet this year each grade team is, speaking colloquially, "hard-up" for players. The only excuse for this is the present wide choice of the different phases of sport.

Personally, I think that the job which the school is undertaking is too big, too big even

for the famous school with the famous motto: "Faber est suae quisque fortunae."

My second complaint is the new idea of posting the sports results up in a case instead of the old method (which has been the custom for many years) of reading the results and comments at the Thursday morning assemblies.

Sport, one of the things which has helped to keep the school famous, is being allowed to degenerate so that singing and gramophones may be heard by the pupils.

I am sure that the sports report was much more eagerly awaited than a song on the gramophone by Galli Curci.

Trusting that something will be done to bring sport back to its former height, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

MEANDER, 4A.

Mr. Editor,

Sir,—May I seize this opportunity to express my point of view regarding the introduction of new sports into the school. It is, among the boys, a much debated point whether the school did wisely in introducing Soccer and baseball this winter. In my opinion she did. The point most frequently raised by those opposing the step is that the Rugby results will be much poorer owing to players being drawn away to the new games. Those who advance this viewpoint classify themselves, as I see it, as "pothunters," who play the game not for the game's sake, but merely for the trophy attached to it. It is a significant fact that the real players of Rugby, in the main, view the introduction of the new sports in the light that it is better to lose a match than to win with some boy playing who has not his heart in the game.

After all, the aim of sport is not to win competitions, but to give everyone the opportunity to play the game he prefers. It is downright unjust to take 10/- from a boy as Sports Union fee and then limit his choice to Rugby and tennis, both of which he may dislike. Rugby is not the only game. Mr. Johnson has adopted the attitude of doing his best for those boys who want to play some particular game, provided of course that there is a sufficient number of boys to warrant the expense. In this way the number of boys who are mere



onlookers is decreased, and the number of active players increased. I, for one, Mr. Editor, am decidedly in favour of this innovation, and venture to predict that the school (whose

prestige no one values more highly than I do) will in the long run be benefited by it.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

L. LECK, 5C.

### EXAMINATION RESULTS.

The following is the list of those scholars who were successful at the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Certificate Examinations for 1927:—

#### LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

1. English; 2. Latin; 3. French; 4. German; 5. Mathematics I.; 6. Mathematics II.; 7. Mechanics; 8. Modern History; 9. Ancient History; 10. Physics; 11. Chemistry; 14. Geography; 16. English and Geography (for engineering matriculation); 18. Economics; 22. Greek.

The letters "H1" signify first-class honours; "H2," second-class honours; "A," first-class pass; "B," second-class pass; and "L," a pass for the lower standard. The sign "x" denotes those who have gained honours in mathematics.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Allen, Murree, 1A 2H1 5A 6A (x1) 10A 22H1.          | Karpin, Louis, 1H1 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.             |
| Arthur, George Hartrup, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 8B.          | Kirby, Frederick Wm., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6B 10B.          |
| Aulsebrook, Richard Henry, 5B 6B 10A 18B.           | Lawrence, Walter Brunning, 1A 2B 3H1 5B 6B 8H2.    |
| Berry, Bernard Nash, 1B 2B 5B 6A 7B 10A.            | Lee, John Russ, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 11B.                |
| Bowron, Frederick Philip, 5B 6B 8B 18B.             | Longmuir, Hervey Rae, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B.              |
| Briton, Douglas John, 5A 6B 7B 10B 18B.             | Lowndes, Arthur George, 1A 2A 3B 5B 6B 8H2 10H2.   |
| Brown, Archibald B. McD., 1B 2L 3B 5B.              | McInerney, Thomas Bernard, 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 10B. |
| Brown, Norman Millward, 1B 2B 3B 6B 8A 10B.         | McIntyre, Neil Halley, 1A 2H2 3H1 5A 6B 8B.        |
| Browne, Ian Cones, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B 11B.           | McIver, Roderick Wm., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10L.          |
| Burley, Edmund A., 1H2 2L 3B 5B 8B 10H2.            | Morgan, Keith Russell, 1B 2L 3L 5B 6B 7B 10L.      |
| Cassidy, Ralph, 1B 2B 5B 8B.                        | Morris, Keith Lionel, 1A 2B 3H2 5A 6A 8B.          |
| Chalmers, John Seddon, 1H2, 3A 5A 6A 7A 10H1.       | Murphy, Arthur Cyril, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.          |
| Claridge, Ronald Thurston, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B.       | Murphy, Reginald Edmond, 1H1 2A 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11B.  |
| Crago, Edward Albury, 1A 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H1 18B. | Naughton, Laurence Vincent, 1H1 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.    |
| Cumming, Gordon David, 1B 2B 3B 5B.                 | Owen, Ninian Thomas, 1A 2B 5B 8B 11L.              |
| Dunlop, Eric Wilfred, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H1 11B.       | Paterson, Leslie Raymond, 1B 3B 5B 8A 11B.         |
| Funnell, Frank, 1A 2A 3A 5B 6B 8H2 11B.             | Patience, John Delmont, 1A 5B 8H2 14B 18B.         |
| Gates, Walter Alex., 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 8B 11B.         | Penman, Donald Edward, 1B 2B 3H2 5B 6B 8B.         |
| Gay, Francis Joseph, 1A 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.         | Rudd, Norman George, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 10B.           |
| Givney, Edwin Charles, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 8H2 11B.      | Russell, James Daniel, 1B 5B 6B 8B 10B 14B 18B.    |
| Graham, Charles Douglas, 1B 2A 3A 5B 6B 8B.         | Saunders, John Frederick, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B.          |
| Higgs, Alan Charles, 1B 3A 5B 6A 11H2.              | Sawkins, Wilbur, 1H2 2A 3B 5A 6B 8B.               |
| Horsley, Boyce Rowley, 1A 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B 10L.       | Scott, Jack Bartlett, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 7B 10H2.      |
| Hudson, Ian Hamilton, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10L.        | Seale, Hubert Percy, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B.               |
| Humphries, Ronald Herbert, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.          | Sherring, Frank Weedon, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B 10B.        |
| Johnson, Kenneth Ormonde, 1B 2A 3A 5A 6B 7B 11B.    | Sheumack, Richard Alan, 1B 5B 6B 8A 10B 14B 18B.   |



Shields, George Henry, 1H2 2A 3B 5A 6B 8A 11B.	Waddington, Austin Laurence, 1B 2A 3A 5A 6B 8H2 10B.
Spinks, Kenneth Lewis, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 7B 10B.	Wallace, Ian Peirce, 2B 5B 6B 10H2.
Stanger, Harry Andrew, 1B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10B.	Webb, Richard Mordaunt, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A.
Stevens, Alexander Kelman, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2.	White, Charles Sherring, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
Swadling, Jack Selwyn, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.	Williams, Cecil Harold, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 11B.
Sweeney, John Bernard, 1H1 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B.	Winning, Clifford McGregor, 1B 5B 6B 10B 14B
	Wrenford, Alan, 5A 6B 14B 18B.

### INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

1. English; 2. History; 3. Geography; 4. Mathematics I.; 5. Mathematics II.; 6. Latin; 7. French; 8. German; 9. Physics; 10. Chemistry; 11. Elementary Science (Physics and Chemistry); 14. Business Principles; 15. Shorthand (Theory); 19. Music; 21. Greek; 28. Japanese. (b) passed in French or German oral test; (a) passed in Shorthand speed test.

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

Ainsworth, Victor I. C.: 1A 2A 4B 9A 10B 8A (o).	Dixon, Malcolm: 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 14B.
Angel, Donald: 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.	Dunstan, Reginald: 1A 2B 4B 5B 7A 11B.
Armstrong, Victor R.: 1A 2A 3B 4A 5B 7A 11B 14B 15B.	Eccles, James L.: 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 14B 15B.
Ayling, Ronald A.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.	Ellis, Norman P.: 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A.
Barber, Leslie W.: 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.	Emmett, Leslie H.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 10B.
Barratt, Noel L.: 1B 4B 5B 6A 8A.	Farquharson, William B.: 1B 5A 7B 11B.
Bastian, Frederick C.: 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.	Farlow, James M.: 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
Bennett, Edgar A.: 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.	Forsyth, James A.: 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.
Benson, Phillip W.: 1B 3B 4B 5A 7A 11A 14B 15B.	Fraser, Jack R.: 1B 4B 5A 7B.
Bentivoglio, Enzo A.: 1B 5A 7B 11B.	Gee, George F.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
Bock, Cyril F.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 7A 10B.	Gray, Edgar E.: 1B 3B 4B 5B 7B 14B.
Boxall, John S.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.	Green, Morris A.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 9B.
Brophy, Clive A.: 1B 2B 3B 7B.	Hadley, Clive: 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B 14B.
Brown, Albert C.: 1A 5A 6A 7A 11B.	Hall, Arthur J. C.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.
Brown, John D.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A.	Hall, John J. M.: 4B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
Brown, William A.: 1B 2A 3A 4A 5A 7A 9B 10B 14B.	Hadley, Harold E.: 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 9B.
Butler, George H.: 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 10B.	Hamilton, Donald G.: 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 8A 9A 10B.
Cameron, Allan R.: 1A 2B 5B 7B 11B 28B.	Hannaford, William H.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B.
Casey, Arthur J.: 1B 4B 5B 8B 11B 28B.	Harris, Albert H.: 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Chambers, Arthur McL.: 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.	Harrison, Norman E.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 14B 15B.
Cohen, Ronald F.: 1B 4A 5A 6A 8A (o) 9A 10B.	Harvey, Frederick L.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 8B.
Connell, Thomas R.: 1B 2B 3B 5B.	Henderson, Robert G., junr., 1A 2B 4B 5A 7A 11B 21B.
Cornish, Wilfred S.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B.	Heydon, Peter R.: 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
Crothers, Frank T.: 1B 2B 5A 6B 7A 11B.	Hooke, Theodore A.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
Cullberg, Charles A.: 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.	Horsley, Geoffrey R.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 9B.
Curnow, Andrew B.: 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B.	Hulls, Arthur W.: 1B 2B 5A 6B 10B.
Curry, Jack L.: 1B 2B 5B 7B.	Irish, Ronald A.: 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 9A 10B.
Degen, Frank J.: 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B.	Jamieson, Claude: 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 9A.
Dennis, Ivan: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 9A 10B.	Kemp, Ernest M.: 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B 14A 15B.
Dey, John F.: 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 10B.	Kershaw, Arthur S.: 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A.



- King, Thomas B.: 1B 2B 5A 6B 7B.  
 Klineberg, David: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B.  
 Lane, John P.: 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.  
 Lean, George B.: 1A 2A 4B 5A 7A 11B 14B.  
 Lowe, George: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8A (o) 9B.  
 McCredie, Ronald H.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 8B (o) 9B 10B.  
 McGorrien, Thomas G.: 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B 14B 15B.  
 McInnes, Keith W.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 8B (o) 11B.  
 McClelland, Keith: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 9B.  
 McPherson, Cecil C.: 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 9A 10B.  
 Milverton, Edward F.: 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7A 9B 10B.  
 Morris, Clement L.: 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7A 9A 10B 14B 15B.  
 Mote, Russell L.: 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.  
 Nelson, Charles E.: 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 14B 15B.  
 Nicholls, Reginald C.: 1A 2B 5B 6A 8A (o).  
 Nolan, William N.: 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A.  
 Norman, Arthur L.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8A (o) 11B.  
 Olliver, George T.: 1A 2B 4B 5B 7A 15B.  
 Overton Arthur E.: 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.  
 Parker, Frederick W.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.  
 Payne, George E.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Peach, Wilfred: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11B.  
 Pile, Marcel: 1A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Pilgrim, Raymond E.: 1B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.  
 Preston-Stanley, Harold: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 9B.  
 Raven, Norman E.: 1B 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A.  
 Reynolds, Raymond G.: 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B 19B.  
 Rice, Howard B.: 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.  
 Roberts, Harold W.: 1A 4A 5A 6B 7B.  
 Rodgers, Percy C.: 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B.  
 Rogers, William E.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 8B 9A 10B.  
 Rose, Norman H.: 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 Rose, Owen R.: 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 9B 10B.  
 Rosen, Noel D.: 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B.  
 Rushbrooke, Ronald L.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 8B 9B 10B.  
 Russell, Arthur R.: 1B 2A 3B 5B 11B.  
 Scott, Leslie G.: 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.  
 Sellick, Smedley W.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 8A (o) 9B 10B.  
 Sibree, Eric W.: 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 Smith, Thomas P.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A.  
 Spence, Athol A.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.  
 Spooner, Robert L.: 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 9B 10A.  
 Stone, Alton F.: 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.  
 Tate, James R.: 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B.  
 Telfer, John A.: 1B 2B 4B 5B 14B.  
 Telfer, Kenneth H.: 1B 2A 5B 6B 7B.  
 Thomas, Edward J.: 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B.  
 Thompson, Kenneth B.: 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10A.  
 Tindall, Leslie T.: 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A 9A 10A.  
 Todd, William A.: 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 9B 10B.  
 Twigg, Kenneth A. S.: 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11B  
 Vignes, Lawrence E.: 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 9B 10B 14B 15B.  
 Wade, William: 1B 2B 5B 7B 14B.  
 Walker, Alan E.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 9B 10B.  
 Walsh, James G.: 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.  
 Whitney, George S.: 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 9B 10B.  
 Wiggins, Charles H.: 1B 4B 5A 6A 8A (o) 9B 10B.  
 Wills, Harold V.: 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A.  
 Wordsworth, Percy James: 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8B 9B 10B.  
 Wyndham, Robert A.: 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.  
 Young, Gordon N.: 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 9B 10B.

#### HONOURS AT LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

Muree Allen: Latin I, Greek I, Maths. I. 1, Maths. II. 1. Shares with another candidate the John West Medal, the Grahame Medal, and the Aitken Scholarship. Also gained the Killeen Memorial Prize.

Edwin Crágo: Maths. I. 1, Maths. II. 1, Physics I.

Neil McIntyre: French I, Latin II. University Bursary.

John Chalmers: English II., Physics I.

Eric Dunlop: Modern History I.

Frank Funnell: Modern History II.

Edwyn Givney: Modern History II.

Louis Karpin: English I.

Walter Lawrence: French I, Modern History II.

Arthur Lowndes: Modern History II. Physics II. University Bursary.



Thomas McInerney: English II.  
 Reginald Murphy: English I., Modern History II.  
 Laurence Naughton: English I.  
 Donald Penman: French II.  
 Wilbur Sawkins: English II.  
 Jack Scott: Physics II.  
 George Shields: English II.  
 John Sweeney: English I.

Alexander Stevens: Modern History II.  
 Austin Waddington: Modern History II.  
 Charles White: Physics II.  
 Edmund Burley: English II., Physics II.  
 Alan Higgs: Chemistry II.  
 Kenneth Morris: French II.  
 Pierce Wallace: Physics II.  
 John Patience: Modern History II.

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### UNIVERSITY EXHIBITIONS.

#### Arts.

A. Brown, E. Dunlop, F. Funnell, W. Lawrence, A. Lowndes, K. Morris, R. Murphy, L. Naughton, W. Sawkins.

#### Law.

C. Graham, F. Kirby, T. McInerney, N. McIntyre, J. Sweeney.

#### Medicine.

M. Allen, E. Givney, A. Waddington.

#### Science.

J. Chalmers, E. Crago.

#### Engineering.

B. Berry.

#### Dentistry.

L. Karpin, G. Shields, C. White.

#### TEACHERS' COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

E. Crago, N. McIntyre, A. Lowndes, R.

Murphy, W. Sawkins, K. Morris, T. McInerney, G. Shields, E. Dunlop, E. Givney, C. White, J. Sweeney, C. Graham, F. Funnell, J. Scott, L. Naughton, A. Stevens, D. Penman, R. Claridge, J. Swadling, F. Gray, A. Murphy, F. Sherring, L. Paterson, R. Aulsebrook, W. Gates, C. Winning.

#### Public Service.

K. Spinks, L. Karpin, F. Kirby, A. Stevens, J. Swadling, J. Scott, A. Murphy, C. Winning.

#### Intermediate Certificate

Joe Gardiner Scholarship for best Intermediate Pass: Donald Hamilton.

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### THE NOVEMBER FORTIAN.

The next issue of the "Fortian" will appear about the middle of November. All contributions should be submitted at least four weeks before the date of publication. This is extremely important, for it allows time for contributors to make revision of their work, if revision be necessary.

The magazine is capable of vast improvement. It is not nearly as good as it should be, and as it might be. There is much talent in the school, but too little of it comes the way of the "Fortian;" too frequently good ideas are lost in crude and careless workmanship; and too often the boy who can say something interesting is too timid or too tired to say it. There is, we are glad to say, work in prose and verse in this issue that is of exceptional merit, but there is not enough of it. There are too few contributors of such work; there is

too much of a tendency to sit back and let the few carry the whole burden. Well, remember that each one of you is paying two shillings a year for your copy of "Fortian." You would be foolish to waste two shillings. And you will be wasting that amount unless you realise that you must give something more than the two shillings to procure a good school magazine. You know well enough what you must give.

In some features we are lamentably weak. Surely, among six hundred boys, there are a few story-tellers! That is of stories of real life interest. There must be all kinds of happenings about you, all kinds of experiences, that are thrilling, or sad or humorous. You talk about these things enthusiastically to your mates, and they listen intently. Can you not set down some of these things on paper? You



can if you try hard enough. So far, most of the stories submitted take one to Mexico, or Papua, or London or Arizona. Try Petersham, or Parramatta—some place you really do know.

More photographic illustrations would be welcomed. Articles descriptive of places you know would be much enhanced in value were good photos to accompany them.

Such descriptions are never read if they be merely dry lists of facts and figures, or if they enthuse in a palpably false vein over "the wonders of Nature," "Old Sol," or "dryads and fauns," &c. You must tell what **you** see; and you must describe the appeal made to you, not merely what you imagine others think you should feel. A touch or two of humour will often enliven the description—your own humour, not someone else's.

It should be possible, too, to make the pages brighter with some black-and-white work—cartoon, caricature, pictorial headings, &c. There must be budding artists in the school; it is hard to discover them if they never ven-

ture. And the school provides subjects enow for their pens—all kinds of individualities just full of humorous possibilities. You are letting them go to waste.

The "Round the School" column needs more attention. You can make that really worth reading—if you send the material which is lying around on all sides.

These are a few suggestions for improving "Fortian." You will think of more if you are mindful at all of your magazine's success.

First and Second Years are very timid about venturing. A word to the many geniuses of these years. A definite space—at least six pages—will be set aside for your contributions. That space will be there for you, and you will, we are sure, provide not the least entertaining six pages of "Fortian."

Once again, note that the next "Fortian" appears in the middle of November, and that contributions should be in the hands of your representatives by the 15th October.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

B.H. (3C): "The Streamlet" and "Dawn" have fine imagery, but the rhymes are very weak. R.P. (3D): Good, but a more lively description had already been given. W.F. (4A): Hardly "first-hand" work. Try something you really know. K.C. (4A): Good, but there is nothing very new about it. W.G. (4A): It wants interest. R.W. (4A): Too full of vague generalisations—the force of which you hardly feel. "The Dunce" (4A): The parody too like the original. S.C. (4A): Fine appreciation, but what you say has been said so often before—and in much the same way. R.Mc. (4B): Too slight, and does not quite tell a story. R.G.H. (4D): The work must be original. D.M.: Some fine touches, but, on the whole, it is too sordid. Be more cheerful. R.W. (4A): The work must be original. Meander (4A): Too long in coming to the point. P.R.H. (4D): Good material, but it needs brightening. Try it again. G.L. (4A): It tells a story, but your "noble" boy is too much of a machine. H.R. (1D): Not quite good enough. I.K. (3D): Rhythm is fine and swinging, but the rhymes are frequently forced. Revise it carefully for next issue. A.G.

(3C): Very earnest, but not up to required standard. D.H. (4B): No. The practical joker is allowed to exist only because he finds himself in a world that is foolishly tolerant. P.B. (4A): Careful, correct work, but it is wanting in real live interest. N.H. (2D): Said so often before. You yourself must say it to make it worth while. D.L. (2D): Fair, but it needs some humour, and something of the personal touch to make it interesting. E.T. (2D): Good, vivid description; try to use it as the setting of a real story. G.G.P.: Carelessly written. H.D. (2D): You tell a story well. Now try one of the life you really do know. R.C. (2C): Good verse, but you must make it really Australian. Revise it for next issue. A.H. (4A): Prune it down considerably and try it for the summer number; it's too cold for ice-cream now. C.D. (3D): You can make this much better. Supply, if you can, photos to illustrate. W.E.N.P. (4C): Just full of delightful murders and obliging ghosts; but, really, is it fair to frighten First Year so? GA. (2A): Not quite. Try again with a different theme. W.T. (2B): Describe a place you have seen and



know well. C.H.W. (4C): Try to brighten it. It is nearly good enough. J.R.E. (2D): Will do if carefully revised — W. (4C): must try it again: it is well worth it. L.B.: "The Platypus" will do after polishing; too

roughly done at present. W.A.B. (5B): The "echoes" are good, but you must disguise them in more subtle manner. Get to work earlier next time.

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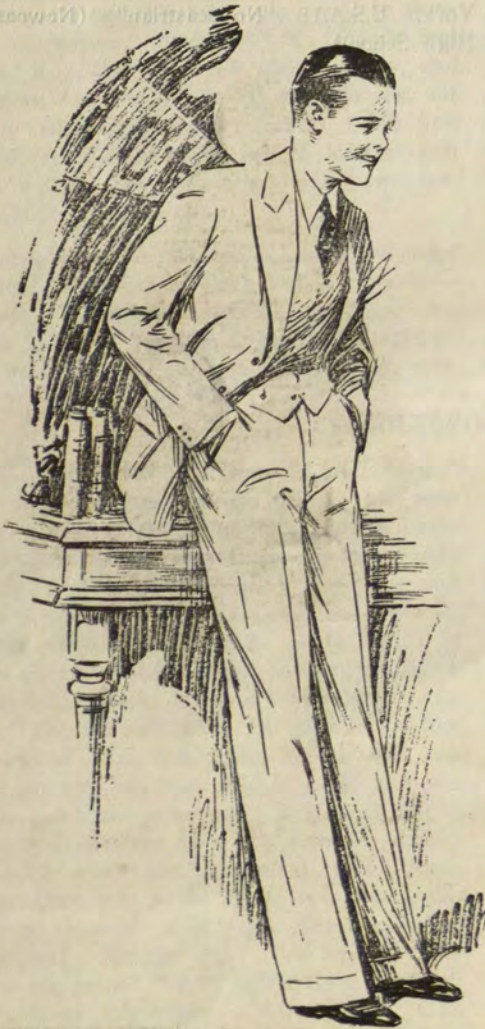
#### EXCHANGES.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: "The Magpie" (East Maitland Boys' High School); "The Tattler" (Scone District Rural School); "Zig-Zag" (Lithgow Intermediate High School); "Cherry Tree" (George Washington High School, New York, U.S.A.); "Novocastrian" (Newcastle High School).



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Sydney, N.S.W., for J. A. Williams, Fort  
Street Boys' High School, Petersham, N.S.W.

