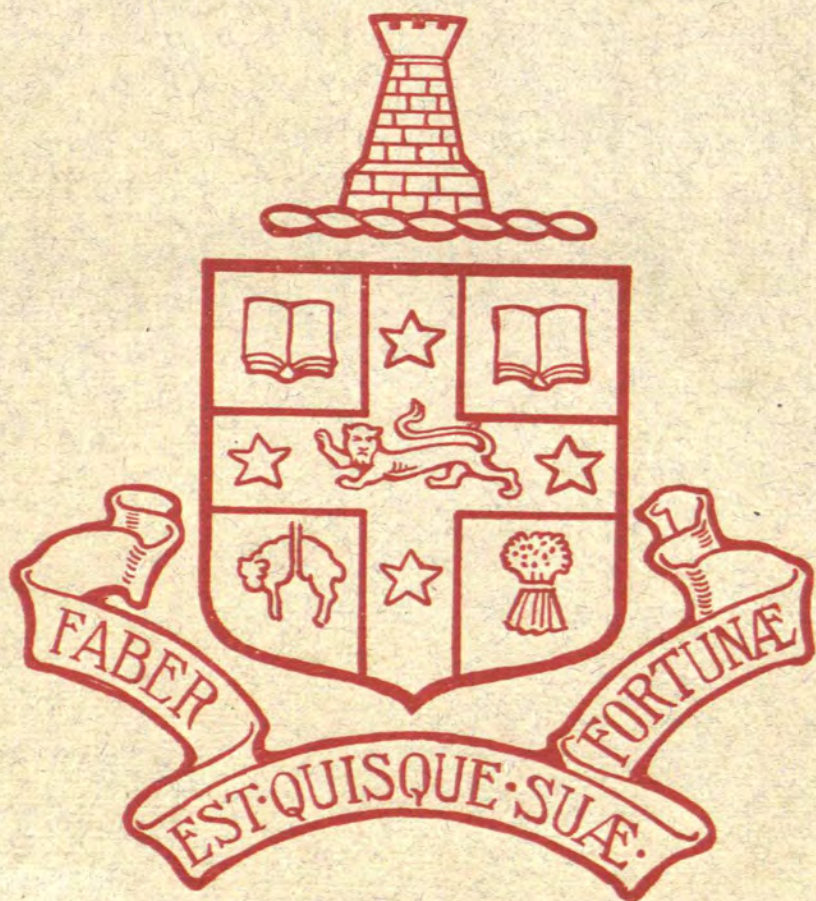


The Fortian

1928 - 1934



THE FORTIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF FORT ST BOYS
HIGH SCHOOL PETERSHAM NSW

NOVEMBER, 1928.



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

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FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1928.



Back Row—M. STEVENSON, D. MARTIN, O. GASH.

Standing—E. EDMONDS, H. ROULSTON, J. LOVELL, G. LAMBLE,
C. ARCHER, A. CONLON, M. MATHESON.

Sitting—L. LECK, W. MELVILLE (Senior Prefect), P. HIGGS,
R. THISTLETHWAYTE, H. CARTER (Captain), D. LEGGETT.



SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1928.

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J. A. WILLIAMS, B.A.

Deputy Headmaster:

C. H. HARRISON, O.B.E., M.C., M.A.

Department of English:

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M.C., M.A. (Master)
J. BAXENDALE, B.A.
J. TIERNEY, M.A.
R. S. HODGE, B.A.
L. N. ROSE, M.A.
L. LYONS, B.A.
F. J. BRODIE.
G. S. TAYLOR, B.A.

Department of Modern Languages:

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(Master)
C. J. BAUER.
R. JERREMS, B.A.
L. C. MOTE, M.A.
R. CALDWELL, B.A.

Department of Classics:

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

Department of Mathematics:

H. WALKER, M.A. (Master)
E. H. PARKER.
R. FAIRBAIRN, B.A.
V. OUTTEN, M.A.
A. W. STANLEY, B.A.
J. R. PERRY, B.A.
E. F. HALLMAN, B.Sc.

Department of Science:

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(Master)
R. McKILLIGAN, M.A.
H. S. STEWART, B.Sc.
L. A. JOHNSTON, B.A., A.T.C.

Department of Commerce:

E. BURGIN, Dip.Ec.
(Master)

Instructor of Physical Culture:

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

Visiting Masters (Japanese):

CAPT. G. CAPES.
I. KITAKOJI.

Prefects:

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School)
W. S. MELVILLE (Senior
Prefect)
M. STEVENSON
D. MARTIN
L. LECK
C. ARCHER
O. GASH
R. THISTLETHWAYTE
E. EDMONDS
J. D. LOVELL
P. HIGGS
H. G. LAMBLE
A. CONLON
D. LEGGETT
H. ROULSTON
M. MATHIESON

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(5th Year)

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Mr. L. LYONS
H. CARTER
W. MELVILLE
A. CONLON
R. THISTLETHWAYTE
E. EDMONDS
A. CALDWELL

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T. SMITH
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L. NORMAN
H. WILLIS
S. SELLICK
I. DENNIS
E. GRAY
C. McPHERSON
G. SCOTT
V. AINSWORTH

Debating Societies:

(4th Year)

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D. HAMILTON
S. SELLICK
C. McPHERSON
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Old Boys' Union:

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





Editorial

The other day I happened to hear someone quote those well-known words,

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

And I began to ponder over them, and tried to fathom the depth of their truth. Immediately I thought of Sam Weller. Sam, you will remember, remarked, "That's what I call a self-evident proposition." And indeed, the truth of the lines does seem absurdly self-evident. For being wise is an unhappy accident in no man. Wisdom is acquired, and the man who strives away from happiness by becoming wise is very aptly, though perhaps mildly, described by the term foolish. Hence, it appears that we have a statement which is perfectly true and quite logical.

But, somehow, the whole idea seems to ring like the shallow sophistry of a court jester, and creates a spirit of repugnance in any who have tasted the sweet fruits of learning. It is hard for any who cherish knowledge and flatter themselves that they are above the mere uncultured brute, to grant that the man who breaks stones is happier than they. Yet such is the suggestion made, and logically there is no fault. Certainly, there are cases in which ignorance means bliss. Consider Mr. Sydney and his income tax:—ignorance, —bliss — — — —.

It is, however, a practical impossibility for any sane man to be always completely ignorant. There are degrees of ignorance, and he is ever in one of them. Life is too short to allow a man to know everything. So for those who desire to learn, there is always something more to learn. As a result, ambition banishes perfect happiness, for the genuine can never be quite content.

Here may be the thought which prompted the philosopher of old, for complete ignorance would do away with all ambition.

But we who find pleasure in learning surely cannot stop here, and when we think seriously about this subject, and apply it to real life, we see at once its fallacy. For though ignorance may create happiness, or at least prevent discontent, this happiness is such that it is only temporary and must inevitably end in disaster. Consider again poor Mr. Sydney, or better still, a man who, for the sake of easy walking, chooses his path along the middle of a railway track. He is unaware of the approach of a train and is quite content that he is doing better than if he were on the road. The outcome of his ignorance is easy to guess.

Real happiness can never come from ignorance, so the philosophy can never be true. There are degrees of folly to correspond with those of ignorance. Degrees of wisdom and happiness also exist, I suppose, but at any rate, happiness is a goal worth while, and if you would attain it, you must go about it in the right way. Some men are wise, some are otherwise, and I am inclined to think that he who desires ignorance for the sake of bliss is distinctly otherwise.

NEWS AND NOTES.

During this term Mr. C. Gould, M.A., of the English staff, was promoted to the position of Headmaster of Junee District School. We congratulate him, but his departure is a severe loss both on the scholastic and musical sides of the school's activities. It has meant that the excellent combination of Mr. Gould as pianist and Mr. Mote as conductor of the Thursday morning assemblies has been broken up. We wish Mr. Gould every success and happiness in his new sphere.

We welcome to the school staff Mr. R. Hodge, B.A., and hope that his stay at Fort Street will be a happy one.

Play Day passed off successfully this year. Some new features in the way of dramatising events from Australian history were introduced, and were a great success. The evening performance has become very popular, and this year many people failed to gain admission as the hall was fully booked up.

During this half year the school building has received a much-needed overhaul and painting. The colours used have made the class rooms brighter and more attractive, and their general appearance has been greatly improved by a re-arrangement of the pictures. This latter work was carried out by Mr. Carter and a number of senior boys.

The fete to raise funds to enlarge the Memorial Hall was very successful considering the adverse weather conditions during most of the period. At a social evening held in the hall Mr. Rogers, on behalf of the fete com-

mittee, handed a cheque for £910/12/- to Mr. S. H. Smith, the Director of Education.

Mr. Smith, in accepting the cheque, expressed his thanks to the committee, and promised to take steps immediately to have plans prepared for an enlarged hall.

We congratulate D. Hamilton and L. Tindall on their selection as Captain and Senior Prefect respectively for 1929.

At the senior dinner it was announced that the Headmaster's prize this year had been awarded to H. Carter, and that W. Melville had gained the Old Boys' prize.

This announcement was received with enthusiasm, and we congratulate the winners on behalf of the school.

We are pleased to announce that the school shooting squad carried off the Commonwealth Shield, which was presented to Lieut. Humphries on behalf of his squad by General Bennett. The General was received by a guard of honour of the school senior cadets, Lieut. Humphries being commander of the guard.

On Eight Hour Day, teams from the school, instructed by Mr. Humphries, won the under 12 and under 14 cups for physical culture. G. Gee also won the obstacle race in fine style.

MAN AND THE GARDEN.

H. G. Wells, the eminent English sociologist, writing a chapter on his favourite science in his "Short History of the World," gives a picture of a beautiful garden in England and says of it the striking words: "Given wisdom, all mankind could live in such gardens."

The idea here is as rational as it is beautiful. Wells' philosophy is evidently founded on the Peripatetic—that the highest life is possible only in society. Mankind, like all other forms of Nature, has been allotted a definite aim, in this case happiness, to help attain which he has been endowed with the faculty of reason or wisdom. The Peripatetic philosophy is probably that one which, without idealizing, most recognises human nature as it is. One outstanding difference is that it assumed wisdom, a thing which Wells thinks we have not yet attained. At the outset, then, the garden assumes a practical value in the discussion of ideal human surroundings.

Wells, however, goes further than this, and recognises a fact which is also true in practice and not an ideal, namely, that mankind always gives a direct and distinct response to nature. He claims that the greatest response comes to a cultured nature, that is, the spirit of a garden.

"God Almighty planted a garden" called Eden, and placed an human in it. Now this was the true natural uncultured garden, and man could only retain it as his surroundings, so the allegory goes, as long as he did not exercise his fatal desire for culture, the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. It has been characteristic of man that he ever seeks knowledge; it is part of him; he did so at the beginning of our species, and as a result we have lost the true unfettered nature as surroundings for ever.

Now to pick up the thread of Wells' philosophy, man still retained in his spiritual make-up a response to nature. He also retained his understanding of what I have heard my friend, Mr. Sellick, call "the universal tongue," music. Now midway between nature and music, as Mr. Mote says in a most suggestive article to

the Fortian twelve months ago, is harmony. Consequently we can understand that the greatest force in our soul and in our mind is a response to harmony.

Hence the garden comes nearest to being the most beautiful and perfect fulfilment of human social ideals. For in it we retain the two essentials of the human spirit—love of culture and response to harmony. Thus is Mr. Wells' claim nobly vindicated, for there can be no higher purpose of the human faculty of reason than the choice of culture and harmony.

The garden is a practical ideal, and there are business people in our city of Sydney who do show reason in their response to harmony and culture. I mean those men and women who leave the office for an hour each day and have their dinner in the Botanical Gardens. At any time during the forenoon as one reclines on the top lawns of the Gardens, just inside the gates, and looks out across the trim-kept greens and the multi-coloured flowers between the darker leaves of the trees, across the perfectly contrasting blue of Farm Cove and our Harbour, to the rugged mountains of Bradley's Head, one's mind is filled by a rare sense of cultured beauty and a harmony of contrasts. But soon the business people stream in the gates to take their places, singly or in groups, about the lawns. A music of girls' laughter, young men's talking and children's playing arises. The greens are now dotted with colour; and in the shadier and quieter spots, lovers talk quietly together;

"And add to these retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes her pleasure."

A strange sense of fellowship steals over one. The music in one's ears is light and happy, but there is stronger in the soul "the still sad music of humanity" for which the Gardens seem now so fitting. These people are for one hour wise and happy, chastened and subdued "to live in the garden thus together."

R. and D. THISTLETHWAYTE, 5C,

THE SENIOR DINNER.

On Friday, 26th October, took place the seniors' farewell, a most memorable day. Assembling at Petersham station, the seniors marched to the school, adorned in "straw biscuits" and to the accompaniment of such a medley of sound as anyone could wish for. Then came the very genuine send-off in the hall, and following it the much-respected ceremony on the quad, "when the masters are called by their Christian names."

Fourth year gave a last little farewell of their own on the side lawn, in which apples and hair-clippers figured prominently. However, as one speaker at the evening function said, the "spirit was most—er—friendly." But enough of this. My main purpose is to report on the senior dinner, which took place in the evening at Sargent's.

At something like 6.30, about one hundred of our fifth and fourth year boys assembled at Sargent's and sat down to an extensive menu, commencing with olives and concluding with such delicacies as "jelly au rhum." Harold Carter, our school captain, took the chair, and invited us to make ourselves at home. This we did without delay and huge dishes of beef, roast duck, and pudding Saxon quickly disappeared. Many were the unfair remarks upon the duck, but they fell like rain from his back. One lad was quite convinced that his particular duck could never have been shot. We further

regaled ourselves with an abundant supply of soft drinks.

That very important part of the proceedings over, we came to a still more important part. The toast to the King was proposed and drunk. Then followed toasts to the school and staff, the old boys, the departing and the future seniors. These were ably proposed and responded to. Naturally the drinking was done with the utmost zest. The speakers included Messrs. Williams, Harrison, and Parker of the staff, W. Kennedy, on behalf of the old boys, and from the present scholars, Messrs. Carter, Melville, Leck, Beatty, Breakwell, Edmonds, Conlon, Hamilton and Tindall. The speeches were all on a remarkably high level, humorous acceptably mingled with the more serious. Between the speeches we were pleasantly entertained by music from Mathieson and Myers, a surprise in the form of a humorous recitation from Lambie, and by community singing of our old favourites. During the evening the winners of the Headmaster's and the Old Boys' prizes were announced. They are our popular school captain, Harold Carter, and senior prefect, "Billy" Melville, respectively. The selection was most enthusiastically received.

A very pleasant evening closed with "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," followed by a great deal of friendly hand-shaking and good wishes to our seniors in their examination.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, who raised an unsuccessful rebellion against the French in Haiti, speaks, on his being imprisoned by the French: The grey world weeps without, and all is mist, Which veils those scarce distinguishable hills, All rugged, rude, and bare, which shut me in. How distant now seems sunny Haiti, How distant, and how dear: why, now I'd give For one tuft of the grass I used to tread on, To-morrow's fare of water and black bread. How strange it is that man, whose thought outranges

The utmost lands—nay, say the farthest stars, Given four rough-hewn walls, he cannot pierce them.

The soul is but the prisoner of the body, And when that's captured, why, so is the spirit.

Until the hand of Death doth cut it loose,
Now near doth seem that time, as yesterday,
When victory was announced: "Victory, my
friends;
"The French have fled: and, all embarked,
their ships,
"Stand slow and sullen out to sea again."
Success seemed mine, when lo, the treacherous
French,
Winning by guile that which they failed in
battle,
Broke all my plans asunder: me they seized;
The while an Emperor, now a hated slave.
Power had indeed seemed mine: I thought to
weld
Into a firm united force the kingdom,
Establish laws, and give the people peace.

But then, suppose I had:—I would have been
Aloof for ever from the toilers' hearts;
Their passions and their griefs unknown to me,
A solitary figure: whose toils
For many, knoweth few, and in the end
His self and person all forgotten are
Save through the work he lived for. Once,
indeed,

I dream great dreams, of how I might unite
White man and black into a common kingdom:
But that dream all is faded: after that,
I thought of all the wrong, the way of the
world

The way of rich to poor, of white to black,
And how the underdog along is kicked,
And, evil, standing in high places, worshipp'd.
I thought, could I but show
To men their common fallacies and errors,
They perhaps would be advised, and follow me.
But then I saw that vanity inspired
The great part of my dreams: and I determined
To keep my feet upon a humble path
And serve in all and true humility
My fellow-men. True, I wished the kingdom
But only when I saw that none but I
Might govern and control, and so bring peace,

But all my plans are broken: still, I like
To dwell upon them, think what might have
been.

I might have driven armies o'er the world
And conquered every nation. And I might
Have lived a life of quietness and strength
Devoting all my days and nights to thought,
Uncovering, bit by bit, Eternity.

But now, when I look back, I clearly see
I was forced to tread the path I've trodden.
It was of all the best, for at its end,
Though it be here, I know I shall have done
All that I could: all times considering
The benefit, not of the nation's power,
But of the citizen. Endeavouring to lead,
By my example, life, and constant teaching
The peasants to a better way of life,
To think at times of others, not themselves.
But God, how little I have done, how little
Could I accomplish in a thousand years.
But now indeed it comforts me to think
My life is but a moment in God's time,
And others will attempt, as I have done
To show to men the paths that they must tread
To travel nearer to the ancient God.

H. R. QUINEY, 5D.

SYDNEY HARBOUR.

Sydney Harbour! The name echoes round the globe, for it is famous as a magnificent natural harbour which ranks with the world's finest. It is a great centre of maritime commerce, and has a water area of 15 square miles and a shore line of some 165 miles. The entrance is marked by two bold headlands called respectively North Head and South Head. The chief offshoots of the harbour are Sydney Cove, Darling, Middle, and North Harbours, besides a great number of smaller bays, while the united waters of the Lane Cove and Parramatta Rivers flow into it from the west.

One of the most interesting places in Sydney Harbour is Fort Denison. It was built by convicts, in the days of Governor Phillip, as a prison for the convicts who had committed the worst crimes. The stone with which it was built was hewn from a headland now called Point Kirribilli. Later it was converted into a fort and several cannon were mounted at convenient positions, where they stand to-day.

Another place of interest is Wentworth House, near Parsley Bay, the residence of William Charles Wentworth. It is surrounded by a ring of Irish grass which is supposed to keep

snakes from coming near the house. Some interesting relics are contained in the house. A few are the chair in which Napoleon sat while in exile at St. Helena, Wentworth's court dress, a beautiful mosaic table, and some fine old china and crockery. In one of the out-houses there is an old coach that was used by Cobb and Co., and another—the oldest family coach in Australia.

The harbour presents a wonderful sight when seen in the light of the setting sun, which touches the water with its different tints. These are continually changing and making even drab objects appear to be things of beauty.

Another beautiful sight is to see the harbour at night with myriads of lights around the shores and the ferry boats flitting to and fro as if guided by a fairy hand, each one a pyramid of light. Occasionally out of the darkness a stately ship comes sailing in ablaze with lights which adds to the beauty of the scene.

Sydney Harbour promises to be of great value in the future to the Australian nation, as a naval base and a centre of commerce and trade.

D. SCOTT, 1B.

TROUSERS.

It has well been said that "By their trousers ye shall know them," for, by carefully studying a man's trousers, you may read his character. Any time you have a few empty minutes, just sit and consider the trousers that pass you, and see how much they have to tell. Even in the creases you may detect the well-kept crease of the neat man, or the sharp-edged crease of the youth.

It is in the baggy trousers, however, that the pantehnicon (panti—trousers; technicos—an expert) finds the greatest scope for his judicial powers. Just look at them, baggy at the knees from much praying and baggy all over on account of general neglect, or because their present owner is not as well built as the former one.

Look at the trousers of the youth. These are in a class which in itself, having so many subdivisions, offers boundless scope for pantehnic research. There are the short-long trousers of the youth who has outgrown his income and of necessity his clothes; there are the short-longs of the one who glories in newly-acquired shoes and socks; and then there are the knickers, neatly tucked in the socks, which

remind one of the early cricketers who perspired much, yet played in top hats and bowlers to keep an air of respectability; or others hanging outside the socks to show that the social reformer must have freedom!

Finally, we come to shorts which, while always recalling the freedom of the highlander, may cause dismay to many by the prominence given to the bare knees, especially when they are unwashed. That is why a recent reformer suggested that the boys should wear the long trousers while too lazy to wash, and men, having acquired the washing habit, should wear shorts.

At a recent meeting of the Pantehnic Society the officials issued the following "Rule for the Wearing of Trousers" which I append: "In first place shorts may well be worn,

When knees are clean, unhaired and sweet,
But later on come knickers torn

Outside the socks to fright the heat,
And after knickers inside socks,
Come short-longs over silk and clocks."

ALPHA OF THE PLOUGHSHARE,
Fifth Year.

LEGGING IT WITH LEGGETT.

The idea was not mine. Rather was I strongly opposed to the affair. But, argued Dudley G. G. Leggett, a walking tour is a far finer thing. Notice the influence and the recognition of walking tours in literature, he said, and cited some outstanding examples—"Vide 'Narrative Essays and Sketches.'" In the case of a literary fellow like myself, the argument was unanswerable; it would result in a magnificent contribution to the "Fortian," I promised myself.

I was soon as enthusiastic as he, and brought my power of generalship upon the distribution of the necessities, without which I am convinced the whole thing would have been a failure. This matter settled, we arranged for an early start and subsequently met on Strathfield station at 4.30 a.m. on Tuesday of the Easter vacation.

We had decided on the Wentworth Falls to Camden trip via the Burrarorang Valley for our four days of tramping, and on arrival

about sunrise at the first-mentioned township we spent half-an-hour in increasing our as yet hazy knowledge of the route. Then, acting on the information we had gained, we bought our provisions—at least, Dudley did. D.G.L. took a very firm stand on this matter throughout the journey, and whenever provisions were to be bought, he bought them. He is very particular about provisions—particularly eggs. But far be it from me to complain on this latter score.

There was something ominous about the first part of our journey. As we swung along the "wad" to Wentworth Falls Park,—our haversacks on our backs, and a little calico bag of provisions in each hand—we were joined by a man, who, after ascertaining our object, praised us for our initiative, and deprecated the lazy spirit of Australian youth of to-day, who would not undertake such tours. The old tea-maker in the park agreed, though he seemed to prefer horseback tours. Here was I at the outset

confirmed in my adoption of the tour—wholly for literary reasons. Not only had I a theme hallowed by literary tradition, but I was now a writer with a purpose—to popularise walking-tours. This same old man was he who had first pioneered the road down the mountains into the valley, and our ten minutes' talk with him was most interesting.

Most of my readers are familiar with the prospect from the park gates of the miles and miles of valleys and mountain spurs stretching southwards, and our friend traced out our path for us. We climbed down the stairs cut down that gaunt cliff into the valley, and viewed from there the State's largest falls ere we dined and proceeded on our way. This lay across country to the Sanitarium Homes—the last place we were to see for twenty-two miles and the last watering place till Eleven Mile Camp.

The romance of this name whenever we heard it thrilled us immensely, suggesting, as it did, problems to face, pioneering, dangers. Both our desire to see the place and the "res aquaria" determined us to make it our first camping site.

So, leaving the home about two o'clock, we pushed onward—the track from here on had degenerated into a bush track wide enough for one vehicle. Now it wound along the ridges of little spurs with very pretty gullies of greenery on both sides and glimpses of rows of other spurs with their valleys in the distance, and now along the bottoms of small valleys, often so dark with gum-trees as to be most depressing in their atmosphere. One of them so much so indeed, that under its influence we carved our initials on a mile post erected by the old "tea-maker"—the eighth, I think it was—in case, as Dudley said, they should want the bodies.

At last came Eleven Mile Camp, and it is indeed a pretty and romantic place. On the left of the track is a natural clearing, not too open, where you camp. On the other side a track leads around a rise to a spring of delicious water, which keeps a natural rock bottomed bath full. Succeeding tourists who are helped by a notice "water" with an arrow cut into a gum-tree can thank D. Leggett, for the place, if you have not been warned to look for it, could easily be passed.

We had no tent and did not need one. We

thought we had a magnificent idea for bed. We pulled some leaves off the low eucalyptus and gum saplings, and spread them about three inches deep on the ground. Then we spread our oilskins over them, paper over the oilskins, and pegged our blankets down over the lot.

Preparations for sleep (!) being thus complete, we washed and supped. D.G. had quietly sneered at the steak and onions I had cooked for dinner in the park. Now he gently drew forth two of his precious eggs, two potatoes, cut two slices of bread, and sternly forbade me come near the fire for ten minutes. At the end of that time he placed before me a marvellous preparation. Dudley's potatoes are but ordinary, but his eggs are done to a turn—and his toast is the most perfect shade of brown imaginable. No more objections concerning eggs came from me during the whole tour, and I tamely carried them anywhere, so great became my love for them when cooked by Dudley.

The first riff in the bite was caused by tea, which was made by D.G. with about ten leaves to the cup. Naturally I objected, and was still objecting at the end of the journey. Nevertheless, tea was fine, and we slipped into bed in high spirits. But not one wink of sleep came that night. Twigs stuck up into our backs, humps and hollows developed in our mattresses, so in a manner strongly suggestive of Rosalind's Irish wolves we began to howl against the moon, which I distinctly remember was a full one that night. If Mr. Mote had passed that way, he would have thought all Fort Street in the vicinity with the Thursday feeling. For we lay on our backs, gazed straight upwards at the moon, and sang every song we could recall the whole night through, some many times, particularly "We've been up Queensland way," the sentiments of which we thought were specially appropriate. Morning, too had its troubles, for that ass Leggett, not content with showing how green he was by bringing an oilskin coated with a black pitch which melted very easily, must needs have spread it with this pitch upwards. Consequently it had melted with the heat of his body, and stuck fast to his pyjamas. The trouble caused him in separating pyjamas and oilskin, while I stood by gloating and pointing the moral, was considerable, and at breakfast it drove him to strong tea. Moreover, we were both stiff and

sore, and smelt abnormally of eucalyptus.

We rolled up and had a fine bath in the pool ere we breakfasted on chops, toast and potatoes. It may have been eight o'clock when we struck the trail with a good brisk walk. The track continued in the same way until about five miles on, when we came to a series of tantalising glimpses down the long deep gorges of the Valley of the Cox. From then on a quick descent into the valley began. In many places the track is cut into the sides of almost perpendicular mountain walls. Wherever the slope is not so steep creeks run down and across the track into what we now saw was a main gully running into the Cox. From top to bottom of these were long lines of beautiful fern and moss; and the fact that we were able to walk in the perpetual shade caused by the great height of both the trees and the mountains, experiencing the while all the sweetness of the Australian mountain forest—its pure air, its beauty of tree and fern, its music of

birdsong, rustling leaves, and falling water—at the same time being given glimpses of green field and river hundreds of feet below—the scenery of the plain country, contrasting so delicately yet unobtrusively with the scenery of the mountain—made this stage the most pleasant of the tour.

Though usually the track wound round the sides of gulleys, yet in one place it ran out to the end of a spur which happened to jut unusually far out into the valley—lying perhaps six hundred feet below. Another long spur to the south-east prevented a clear view down the valley, but we could look north-west as far as we wished along the head of the valley and the Cox River. The river begins with its valley right at the foot of mountains, though we traced quite a dozen creeks running down to its head, and winds from side to side through the fields green after the recent rains. The one farm-house, too, was set in the midst of it all—on a background of rugged mountain,



“WE SANG THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH.”

as if by an artist, and as an example of quiet rural beauty, of the appeal in a human habitation set amidst all the tranquility of the nature of the flat country, and the scene shall remain long in my memory.

After we had absorbed the beauty of this look-out, one of us, while gazing north along the mountain line, had our attention attracted by the perfect outline of a woman's face, rather a beautiful face, formed by the edge of a cliff. We later asked the valley folk if they had noticed the wonder and they said they had not. So we decided to apply to the authorities (whoever they are) to have the face named, and would have done so, but for an unfortunate difference, which still exists. Dudley wanted the face called M—; I myself stood firm for G—.

Since breakfast I had been leading. Dudley had been manifesting considerable interest in the track, declaring at intervals his firm conviction that a horse had recently passed. By-and-by we came to a great heap of rock completely blocking the track, and noticed trees knocked down both above and below the track. A glance upward revealed that a fall of rock had recently occurred, and great splits in the cliff overhead showed that more was to come.

But D.G.L. did not lose his interest in the ground. He climbed to the top of the heap and gazed intently down. Then he came back with a pale face and exclaimed: "The horse and rider are under that rock. There are tracks this side, and none the other."

For a moment I too was pale. Then a great realization came over me. I sat down and roared, then weakly lifted up my boots for his inspection. On the soles of both I had with great foresight tacked two small horse-shoes—to save the leather!

Disgustedly Dudley began to climb the rock again. On the top he paused and looked back, saying, "Here have I been thinking that I was following a horse, and all the time it was a goat!"

He wisely made the pace from then on till we set foot in the valley beneath.

We were afterwards told by the people of the valley that they had heard great reports in the mountains about two nights before.

On our arrival in the valley we celebrated with a complete Burragorang banquet—except for the few Bushell's tea leaves which Dudley

threw in a billyful of the Burragorang River's water—Burragorang eggs on toast made of Burragorang home-made bread, with Burragorang fruit as dessert. We took a great deal of time over this and all our meals, which worried us greatly, for we thought that we showed our greenness therein. But try as we might, we did not seem to be able to get through any quicker. It was about half-past two when we began moving, with the careful instructions of a cowboy—less generous people, after glancing around, might have called him a swineherd—to "follow the telegraph wire." Our journey for the next ten miles was to lie along the Cox River to where it joins the Wollondilly. In those ten miles there were about six farms which raised pigs. The farms were placed wherever the valley widened by a curve in the mountain line. In many parts, however, the valley is not much wider than the river, and there is only a flat stretch of about twenty yards width on which a cart track can be made. The side of the river on which this lies alternates, and there are frequent crossings to be made. It can well be understood how isolated the valley is in flood time, and those same telegraph wires are a luxury then. The farmers also grow corn as food for the pigs, and they keep cows.

About three o'clock the wretched telegraph wires crossed the river at what looked like a ford, in normal conditions. About this time it will be remembered the coast was just recovering from heavy rains, and the Cox was very high and very fast. When I tested the current I was nearly swept off my feet, so it was useless to think of standing in mid-stream.

In despair we wandered along the bank, until at a point where the river was divided into two streams by a long island in its middle, we were struck by a brilliant idea. Stripping, we rolled up our clothes, and threw them with the haversacks on to the island, a distance of about fifteen yards. Then entering the water, we swam hard, and just reached the island at its lowest point. This plan was repeated from the island to gain the far bank, and our hearts sank within us at the prospect of repeating this, especially if the houses should become more frequent.

For the next two or three miles we spurred to get warm, and the telegraph poles, now a species of mile post for us, flashed by in great

style. But the wires kept edging up the mountain side, and our walk looked like degenerating into a strenuous mountain climb, so we left the telegraph line, and being but human, took the line of least resistance. That is, we edged further and further down to the river bank. But retribution had to come, and it took the form of a very ugly cliff jutting out into the river. But we took what we thought was a good ledge, and for the next thirty yards had a most hair-raising experience, expecting every minute to drop thirty feet into the river. We had set out to do three miles per hour, but in those two hours our total distance was about fifty yards. The result was that once round the cliff, we found it was dark, and time to camp.

The mountains had receded here, and made a semi-circle on the river as axis, and in the plain thus formed lay a farm, luckily for us.

It looked very much like rain and the ground was very poor for camping, so the farmer, from whom we bought our tea, offered us a barn for the night, which we gladly accepted. In the shed we found a great heap of corn bags, which we joyfully seized for our mattress. The farmer came down and yarned for some time, but this yarning soon became an impassioned speech on governmental neglect in not providing proper communication for the valley. He had had no stores, no papers, for ten days, for the river was only then becoming passable. "Who wants a wad down the mountain?" he exclaimed. "What we want is connection through to Camden." (Dudley and I both thought how spectacular would have been an encounter between him and the old "tea-maker" who had pioneered the road.) He gave us an excellent comparison between the Hunter and Burraborang Valleys as pig-raising and produce districts, and complained bitterly of the excessive attention given to one, and the scanty interest in the other, which was, in his opinion, much the better.

Though we slept comparatively well that night, yet morning showed the vanity of our second attempt at bed-making. When we arose, we felt most uncomfortable, and the reason was plain, when, as we piled the bags back, we noticed a great nest of fleas! Dudley took it the worst. At breakfast it spoilt his eggs and drove him to strong tea. His gloom

only lifted slightly when the farmer called out "Follow the wires," and he turned to me and said with a grim laugh: "Follow the wires, laddie."

To follow the wires required, we found, a great deal of exertion. After passing a lonely little cemetery of Burraborang pioneers, the wires led us on a stretch of very rough country, though pretty, with fern and wild flowers, which lasted until about a mile from the junction of the Wollondilly and the Cox, our great goal. Neither of us had seen a river junction before, and this particular one held great interest for us. We found, however, that "there is no great matter in it." It seems rather the Wollondilly which flows into the Cox, for the course, for a mile after the junction, continues in the same direction as the Cox had been proceeding. There is a great deal of swirling, but beyond that nothing remarkable in the scene. What interested us greatly was a line of colour which began at a common point on the banks of the two rivers, and ran diagonally to the bank of the new river, called, I think, the Warragamba from about here, meeting it about one hundred yards down stream. On one side of this line was the clear waters of the Cox, and on the other the dirty yellow waters of the Wollondilly. When we crossed the Wollondilly (by mistake) later and saw the new river, the colour of it had improved considerably. This aroused a great train of thought in me, which I expressed to the bored Dudley as follows:—"This pure unpolluted spirit"—indicating the Cox—"which we can see going out into the world, fresh from the bosom of its mother, Nature, seems to lose all its purity as it comes into contact with the old dirty current; yet not in vain is it so, for by that loss the older stream becomes purer than before, however little so. So in our human society, when some pure unsophisticated soul comes into the main current of our social life, by contact with the polluted souls of our society, it seems to lose all its innocence and purity, yet society is in some degree cleansed by its influence." But Dudley, vigorously scratching, only growled: "Society won't thank us for our influence when we rush into it at Sydney. We'll contaminate 'em all with fleas!"

One fact makes this spot memorable, which is that here we enjoyed a perfect miniature of

the scene in Kendall's "Bell Birds":—

"By channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling."

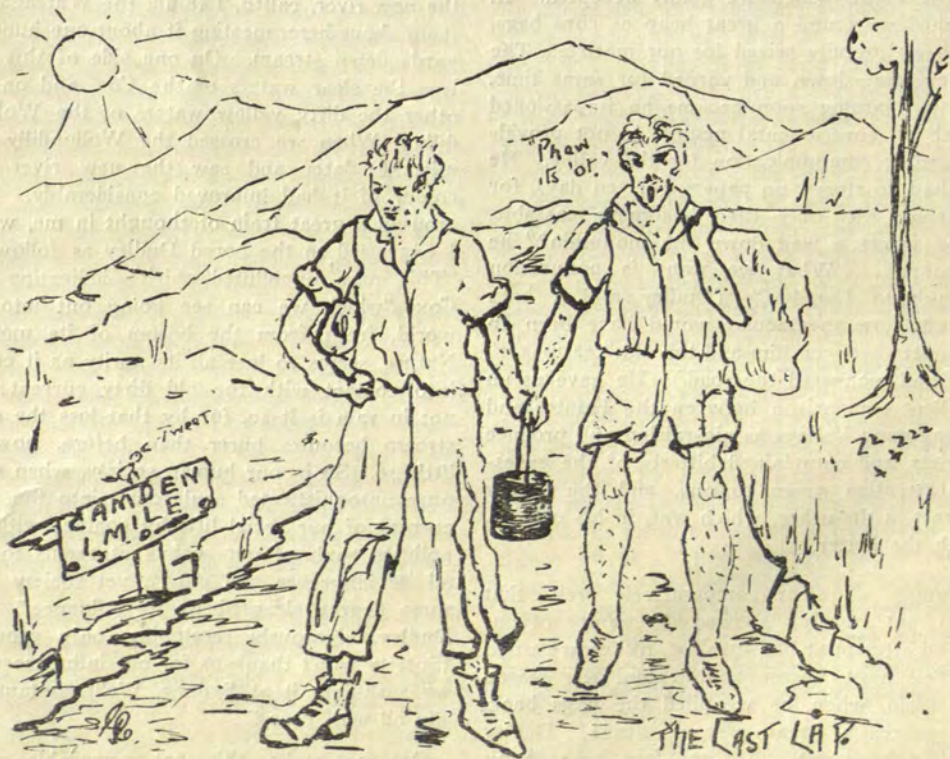
By the side of a ford, near the junction, across the Wollondilly, a little creek enters the river. Back along the creek there could be discerned a small gorge about twenty feet deep, running back into the mountains, which here recede to within one hundred and fifty yards of the bank. Shady trees—cedar, I think—completely covered over the "gorge," and the ferns growing on the bottom in the cool shelter, and the water trickling over smooth white pebbles, converted it into a veritable "channel of coolness." "It only needs the bell-bird," Dudley said to me, and sure enough a moment later the thrilling notes of the bell-bird were running and ringing.

It is said that Kendall's beloved master, Charles Harpur, who first "attuned the harp"

of Australia, was given to solitary rides up the tributaries of the Hawkesbury, and that his favourite ride was this one up the Cox Valley. It pleases me to think he wrote these lines while reclining in some of the places where I have been,

"Every other thing is still,
Save the ever-wakeful rill,
Whose cool murmur only throws
Cooler comfort round repose;
Or some ripple in the sea
Of leafy boughs, where, lazily,
Tired summer, in her bower,
Turning with the noontide hour,
Heaves a slumbrous breath ere she
Once more slumbers peacefully."

And at this point it seems to me fitting that my narrative should close. For one thing, the second thirty miles of our journey through the lower Burragarang to Camden fell far below the first half to the junction in scenery. For another thing, there is not the satisfaction in



"WE TRAMPED INTO CAMDEN."

walking over roads, which enable the laziest motorist to view the scenes as well as the poor walker, that there is in conquering the unfrequented route which we had done. It is sufficient to mention that after enjoying the two fine look-outs on the climb-out, we tramped into Camden for the Sydney train on the afternoon of the fourth day, Friday.

A survey of our finances there revealed that the tour had cost us nineteen shillings—tucker eight shillings, fares eleven. (The former item was high beyond expectation, for we sadly misjudged our appetites.) As we had earned twenty-eight shillings by working on the Mon-

day and Saturday before the tour, the cash sheet showed a credit balance. It was little enough to expend in return for a really great education in Australian mountain and coastal-slope scene; and when a friend exclaimed in wondering tones that we had "missed the Show," that is, that we had seen our native country in the raw, and had not seen her in all the glamour of a gilt covering, we burst into an indignant defence of our tour—or tours, for Dudley and I are determined to make it plural at the first opportunity.

R. THISTLETHWAYTE, 5C.

THE "OLD BUFFERS" CRICKET MATCH.

A couple of years ago the bygone cricket champions of the Gloucester district became suddenly rejuvenated—at least in spirit—and decided on a series of matches. The one of which I write took place at Copeland, a few miles out of town.

The age-limit was set at fifty, and the day before veterans began to arrive from even as far distant places as Newcastle and Kempsey. It was pleasant to see the happy reunions. On the eventful morning they rolled up in buggies, sulkies and even in motor cars, until there were at least fifteen capable players; a jolly crowd indeed assembled on the village green at little Copeland.

Enthusiastic as it was, there seemed to be something missing, and many were the anxious glances cast in the direction of Gloucester. Suddenly shouting and singing was heard away along the road, and soon a motor lorry arrived. In it were seven of the aged, and a barrel of beer, the local publican's gift. They were warmly greeted—the men and the beer—and the latter was lovingly carried to a shady tree beside the creek. This latest arrival livened things up considerably, and the meeting became even jollier than before, the veterans strolling across the ground imitating catches and strokes, ostensibly convincing their companions and the spectators that all the cunning skill of past times was still present. Many were the tales told of cricketing feats of thirty years ago.

"Remember the day old West made the century!" . . . "Once I caught old 'Singy' out here." . . . "That was the time 'Snakey Jack' hit the sixer!"

Teams were picked under the capable leadership of "Garrie" and "Georgie," two veteran captains. Another refresher and the teams trooped on to the field. All were keen and happy, and, indeed, there was some really good cricket. Frequent stops were made to visit the cask. It was whispered among the spectators—and the whisper caused some merriment—that there was a conspicuous absence of flasks, of which the veterans were of course very fond. So the game proceeded.

Before long the heat began to tell on the players, and an ancient fieldsmen, one "Old Ned" by name, fainted. Imagine the surprise of everyone when quite a dozen flasks were produced, and imagine Ned's delight when he recovered and found these accusing necks pointing meaningly at him. Sufficient to say he finally recovered and lunch was called.

A delightful meal it was, too—sitting there on the grass listening to tales of other days, and amused at the merriment in the players' stand under the tree. From here a disappointed cry was soon heard, and closer investigation revealed several men tilting the cask while one sucked furiously at the tap.

The afternoon play revealed that cricketers can still play cricket at fifty. Though joints are not so supple, nor eyesight so keen, still, a game is always a game and sports are always sports. Champions like "Pro," "Singy" and "Gawger" opened their shoulders and hit. It was quite a lesson in originality to hear some of the amusing reasons for failure. Some "saw the ball all the way, but there was a hole in their bat." Others "eyesight was gone," but

Billystew, who, by the way, had had charge of the cask, "saw four balls and hit at this side one, but it wasn't the right one." He stumbled over several logs that did not exist, but the wicket-keeper and a fieldsman escorted him gently back to the tree.

At night a dance was held in the local hall. The buffers enjoyed the lancers and polka; according to custom "Singy" sang "Beer"; Dan recited "I've been to Foreign Countries" and "The Man from Iron-bark," but ere he could finish a lorry tooted outside and there was a

concerted rush. For a while the younger generation had the floor to themselves, but the flushed faces of the veterans soon returned. Yes, conjecture was right; the lorry had come from Gloucester.

Once more the buffers retired and were no more seen that night, but from a distant bush came the sound of songs, mellowed by the soft night air, but sung as they used to sing them thirty years ago.

A. HARRIS, 4D.

"THE DAM."

The huge, towering walls of the dam reached halfway up the sides of the ravine, its base thick and firm and its walls sweeping upwards, almost to a point, at the top. Newly created, its almost limitless basin had not yet filled, but the broad river, swollen by recent rains, was gradually lifting its surface to the maximum level, where two huge outlets on either side were ready to discharge any surplus.

The broad river could be seen, like a silver ribbon, twisting away out of sight behind a bend, flowing, not swiftly, not slowly, but steadily on its way to the vast ocean. Beyond where man had cast his barrier to stay the river's flow, the uneven bed, not yet completely dry, but pleasantly cool and beautiful with here and there a few still pools glistening in the sun, stretched onward in an almost straight line.

Perhaps that long ravine had been cut in the surface of the earth by the river in its ceaseless flowing through countless years! Perhaps some volcanic disturbance in time long ago had split the earth in two just here! But onward flows the river, onward for years to come. Now had its motion stopped for once in many years, but soon would it flow again, without pause, into the coolness of the boundless sea.

* * *

With a low hollow roar the waters rushed down over the towering walls ungoverned, crashing on to the rocky bed below, now hurl-

ing some huge boulder from beneath its fall and sending up an almost invisible spray, and now tearing deep holes where before sand and pebbles had been. The turbulent muddy water raced down the almost dry bed, leaping over adverse rocks that before had smoothly cut the flowing stream, and tearing up the soft parts of the river bed. On, on, on it rushed! The river further back, without effort, tore a huge gap in the wall in its mad tumbling, and as the water rushed into the new opening, with an ominous sound, a huge split appeared in the wall from top to bottom. The water roared with fiendish joy, tore asunder one half of the wall and crashed it down into the river bed below, and the remaining portion, unable to withstand the force of water behind it, followed, allowing the pent-up river to dash its fury against the walls of the ravine. Down crashed the huge volume of water and with a hollow roar the wave went tearing onward out of sight, leaving behind a dark, unsteady stream making its way between the walls.

* * *

With a happy cry of joy the little gutter child stooped over his doomed, muddy "flood," and gathering more earth from the roadway, set to work to build a greater and better dam in the gutter, dreaming of the things he would do when a man, and learning that experience teaches in even the smallest things and that perseverance has its own reward.

C. McPHERSON.

THE FETE.

When our last edition was issued, the Fete was in full swing. Unfortunately on our opening day, the 13th June, a cyclone broke over Sydney, and raged for the rest of the week. Faced with a large carry-over of stock, the stall-holders decided to open on Monday evening; by that time very good progress had been made, and on Wednesday stocks were finally cleared.

We had given up hopes of reaching our objective of £1000, and were agreeably surprised when the treasurers announced a nett result of more than £900. This splendid result was due to the perseverance and enthusiasm of the

friends of the school, who worked ceaselessly for weeks, canvassing, collecting, organising and making goods. We cannot adequately express our thanks to these ladies and gentlemen. Our sister school helped us by providing a stall. The Old Boys supported us, particularly the Seniors of 1926 and 1927, who came and organised attractions. Who will forget "Follywood"?

We now await the Department's plans for an enlarged hall, in which parents and their boys will be able to sit down together in comfort at the annual school functions.

Following is the final Financial Statement:—

RECEIPTS.

To Proceeds of Stalls—

	£	s	d
First Year	174	4	4
Second Year	170	15	2
Third Year	126	11	11
Fourth Year	206	10	10
Fifth Year	124	1	5
Fort Street Girls	20	10	0
Follywood	38	18	6
Fortune Tellers	4	15	0
Spooks	10	15	6
Donations	23	19	9
Gate	44	7	1
Concert	18	9	10
Petty Cash	0	10	0
	<u>£964</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>4</u>

PAYMENTS.

	£	s	d
By Printing	1	6	0
Sign	0	15	0
Timber	3	15	11
Erection of Stalls	2	0	0
Band	5	0	0
Electric Light	11	1	0
Advertising	0	14	6
Insurance	3	6	7
Watchman	9	0	0
Caretaker	5	0	0
Postage, Stationery, etc.	11	0	0
Cheque Book	0	8	4
Bank Fees	0	10	0
Balance paid to Department of Education	910	12	0
	<u>£964</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>4</u>

Audited and found correct.

R. CALDWELL,
R. R. FAIRBAIRN,

18/9/28.

Hon. Auditors.

E. BURGIN, Hon. Treas.

SUNSET.

On looking out of the carriage window one afternoon on my way home from school, I beheld the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen. It was just like a magnificent crimson ocean with pink breakers crashing incessantly upon a crescent-shaped beach of blue, and one could almost imagine the roar of the breaking waves was in the noise of the engine, and the swish of the sea on the sand in the hiss of the escaping steam.

But the scene changes. Instead of a calm

peaceful ocean with gentle waves rolling ashore, one sees a tumult of angry billows all swirled around in great confusion and crashing ashore to reach far inland in great masses, while their colour changes from crimson to a dark red, giving a more sinister appearance altogether. Then, almost abruptly, the sun sinks below the horizon and the crimson ocean with its calms and storms is obliterated for ever.

W. WOOD, 2C.

PLAY-DAY.

As usual the annual Play Day at Fort Street School was welcomed with enthusiasm by the parents and relatives of the boys, and the success of the plays was a fitting crown to all those who worked so hard to produce them. The organisation of the plays, the order of presentation and the great variety of theme was a marked factor in the success of the day; the plays followed each other in rapid sequence and each one was well received.

Those young beginners who with fluttering hearts and trembling knees faced a strange, wide sea of faces yet showed not their awed fear but appeared outwardly calm, deserve mention here, for their acting was by no means below the standard of preceding First-years. Fourth and Fifth-year plays were, as usual, well-acted and interesting.

"The Pot Boiler" bubbled over with wit and humour from beginning to end and had everyone laughing. Also amongst the good comedies

were "Rory Aforesaid," "The Purple Bedroom," "The Clod," and "At the Photographer's." Other good plays were "The Bishop's Candle-sticks," "The Rising of the Moon," and "The Thread of Scarlet," and "Kerr's Hundredweight."

Mr. Rose and Mr. Baxendale this year did a lot towards the welfare of Play Day. A new idea, that of getting Second-year boys to produce plays for Play Day from Australian History, was inaugurated, and it proved very successful.

At night the selected plays were presented to a packed audience. The fact that very many people had to be turned away shows that the fame of Play Day at Fort Street is growing every year.

In conclusion we must not forget to thank Mr. Bauer for his unselfish assistance on this and other Play Days in preparing the "make-up" of the boys.

C. McP., 4B.

LOST.

Joyful shouts sound through the school,

And echo in the hall;

Each eager schoolboy learns the news

And yells it on to all—

"The Major's lost his whistle!"

The old white flagpole on the quad

Now stands thin and bare,

No crowded throng of tardy boys

At ten-thirty gathers there—

For the Major's lost his whistle!

Now papers small and papers big

Dot the yard from morn to morn,

And out the front the senior boys

Lie dozing on the lawn—

Since the Major's lost his whistle!

And out upon the Fourth Year side,

War wages fierce and free;

No more is heard that martial voice:

"Come here, that boy, to me!"—

For the Major's lost his whistle!

From dawn till dark he searches,

But cannot find a trace

Of what once made the First Year fags

Keep in their proper place—

But the Major's lost his whistle!

Now let us offer up a prayer

He never finds his toy,

And so for many years to come

They'll shout aloud with joy—

"The Major's lost his whistle."

"DE CIRE," 5C.

THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

The sun was slowly sinking in all its magnificence and brilliancy behind the now rose-red hills. In its lustrous beauty it looked as majestic as any king ruling his subjects—in grand and supreme silence.

A fiery chariot seemed to race across the heavens with some immortal being in it. Entwining wide and graceful arms to encircle all the beauty of the sky, the golden rays changed to an adorable mauve and rose tint enveloping the mountains.

In a few brief moments the mountains were silhouetted in deep contrast against the rapidly changing skies. Frail slender trees and others which were older were overburdened with thick green foliage, appearing dark against the glory of the skies.

Birds were chirping and twittering, flying homeward to their young ones.

Down a winding path towards home the weary shepherd climbed toiling along, driving his full-fed flock.

NOEL TIGHE, 1C.

THE WATCHER.

Time, with its fleeting steps, had passed him by;
 The wind at dawn, the evening moist with
 dew,
 The splendour of the morning's eastern sky,
 Left him still gazing at the distant blue.
 And quiet in the circle of his walls,
 All graven rough-hewn from the hard grey
 stone,
 He gazed, nor heard the faint yet quivering calls
 Of quickening Nature, summoning its own.
 And boisterous winter found him waiting there,
 And fruitful autumn too, and summer's heat;
 So quiet was he, sometimes across the mere
 He heard the fleeting sound of elfin feet.
 And still he gazed, from morning, golden-red,
 To sunset, and athwart the silvern mist
 Of evening: And wearily he said:
 "He cannot fail to keep th' expected tryst."

But he, who watched before with eager eyes,
 Was weary all at once: he bent his head;
 He looked no more into the distant skies;
 "He will not come," he said.

He left the narrow compass of his walls;
 The unused doors creaked loud beneath his
 hand;
 He crossed once more the shadow-haunted halls,
 And looked again upon the smiling land.

And all the world seemed strange and fair,
 A wonderland, unknown before,
 A brightness quickened in the air
 The while he slowly left the door.

And scarcely twenty paces gone,
 He saw a figure: "Why, I know
 That face: for years I've pondered on
 That form, lost long ago."

They met again beneath the joyous sun,
 He who had watched, and he who had been
 so long:

Old times were fled, his weary vigil done,
 And in his heart there sang a golden song.

H. R. QUINEY, 5D.

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Prices—Either Ladies' or Gentlemen's Models.

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25/- model	for 21/-	31/6 model	for 26/6

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AROUND THE SCHOOL.

If you want to know anything about Ireland, ask Mr. Maze, of Fourth Year. He holds that peat comes from Ireland; we always thought he came from Scotland.

* * *

In Memoriam:—Found in the tuckshop during the afternoon of November 2nd, the dead body of a schoolboy, horribly mutilated and covered with the remains of a meat pie.—“He died fighting.”

* * *

The school has had a most excellent year as regards sport. Baseball is most popular!

* * *

Two well-known teachers from a country north of England were very conspicuous in the recent Rose Day collections; one by subscribing, and the other from a window of the top storey.

* * *

A certain Mr. — walked into a first year class at the beginning of his period and as the class was very unsteady he demanded a ruler.

Owners of rulers quickly stuffed them into their socks.

Again a ruler was demanded but not produced, and the master, growing exasperated, ordered all desks to be turned out—no rulers found.

“What do you rule your lines with?” was the sharp question.

Silence for a while, then a boy, trying to save the situation, sang out: “Set-square, sir.”

“Show me your set-squares at once,” was the order.

About three set-squares were produced.

“What about the rest of you, what do you rule lines with?” was the angry question.

“Side of a book, sir.”

A solitary ruler lying on the floor just behind Mr. — caused a frivolous individual in the class to laugh.

This unfortunate fellow was sent out on the floor, so he promptly picked up the ruler and threw it out of the window, much to the relief of the class.

So the period passed, and Mr. — went without his ruler.

* * *

The Editor of the Fortian is a most kind-hearted fellow, and is not afraid to speak in the face of authority. Recently, by public proclamation, he did his best to give third year

a week's holiday instead of a week's examination.

* * *

We recently received a letter of complaint from a fond mother, whose “Teddy” had unfortunately been over-impressed by his experiences at Fort Street. The result was a severe attack of “sleep-talking.” Following are a few jottings taken, no doubt as dying depositions, by his mother:—

“Now lads, this is your fete—we want to make it a social as well as a financial success . . . bring your young lady friends, and . . .” Here mother left a blank, but resumed, “You’ve the brains of a rabbit! . . . DON’T PREVARICATE! . . . Sit down you blot on the landscape, sit down. Noodle, double-barrelled idiot . . . You fool, goat, idiot—SPOLIA, you fool!”

This last effort was too much, for Teddy slept for full half-an-hour. But again he broke out: “What about that test, eh? eh? . . . Got ya notes, eh? . . . Is that the bell? . . . Yes sir. . . . Impossible! . . . Get out there the floor upon. . . . We will do this before we begin . . . 4B, and ROGERS! . . . Thank you. . . . I had the temptation and I never stumbled. . . . You will take risks, you know. Take our advice and throw amusement overboard. . . . When that voice stops talking I will be able to see what’s in here. . . . It’s sheer bunk. . . .” Then, we are pleased to relate, Teddy went to sleep again.

* * *

During the fete a number of junior boys were observed to be performing the roll of “sheiks.” They were no doubt inspired by the new coat of sand on the quad.

* * *

We are IGNORANT . . . LITTLE . . . BRATS.

* * *

A certain Latin teacher is evidently an enthusiastic “cub.” We have noticed him frolicking with the “Lion.”

* * *

“Tenacity of purpose is the sure road to success.” The municipal council should sooner or later find the formula of some substance to hold us firmly to Mother Earth. The experiment on our “quad” indicates every possibility of the discovery.

It was lately discovered during a Latin period that "horrisonus" meant "horrid-sounding noise." We find that by eliding the "us" and altering the first "o" to "a," the sense is in no way destroyed.

* * *

Since "actions are plainer than words," we are led to believe that the waitress in the cafe at the bottom of Taverner's Hill is indeed a comely maiden. After lunch several of our masters have been noticed to sigh ponderously.

* * *

We are still trying to convince our English

master that the Muse of Mirth is Charlie Chaplin.

* * *

The great Derby day is come and gone. Numerous nominations were received for the great race, but the stewards refused to accept quite ten good ones. But they must be right, they always are. A crowd of angry punters growled threateningly, but decided to wait. Then came the race, and oh, what a wretched thing it was. Among the first sixteen past the post were few good ones, and the well-supported Winalot just straggled home next morning. Once again the punters growled.

KIDDIES' KORNER.

The Editor has received many letters for the Kiddies' Korner, which is opened in this issue. He hopes the specially prepared puzzles will be appreciated.

LETTERS TO UNCLE FORTIAN.

Dear Uncle Fortian,

I am 23. I took double 1st class honours in Latin and Greek. A nasty teacher called me an "antique." I have now got a position of trust putting the bends in the bananas on a Queensland plantation. It is hot up here, hotter than 1B, 2C and 3B rooms.

I am, your loving "nephew,"

WILLIE COLBERT.

[I am pleased to hear of your success in the world, Willie. My nephews always get positions of trust. Forget about that teacher.]

Dear Uncle,

When I went to Fort Street I was vice-captain of 1st XI., and was the spirit of the 1st XV. I was a prefect. Nobody knew it. I led the barrackers at C.H.S. sports. Some boys thought I was boastful. But I wasn't. I am 24. I am now earning big money on a fruit barrow. In the fruit world I am famed far and wide. I AM a credit to Fort Street.

I am, your "nephew,"

PUDDY LOVELY.

[Your success in the world is amazing, Puddy. To think that a Fortian should own a fruit barrow. I hope your profits multiply. O course, you weren't conceited. None of my nephews are conceited.]

Dear Uncle Fortian,

When I went to school I should have been

a prefect. I was in the 1st XI., but a teacher named — hated me and told me he would turn me upside down. But he was frightened to. I am now picking up papers in the Botanical Gardens. I got plenty of practice while at school. I am the most trusted public servant in N.S.W.

I am, your brilliant nephew,

J. GOLDEYE.

[The public service must be proud of you. Would you send me your Christian name next time you write. It's a pity a brilliant man like you wasn't a prefect. I'd like to know your age, too.]

PUZZLES.

Missing Letter Competition.

B—RNEY THISTLETHW—YTE.

The same letter is omitted twice. The name should convey to the reader thoughts of the athletic world. First correct entry with 5/- entry fee will receive a beautiful framed picture of two niggers fighting in a black tunnel at midnight.

Our Next Puzzle—Guessing Competition.

Give the name of a strict disciplinarian. The first letter is P.

The first correct entry, with 7/6 entry fee, will receive a beautiful book (illustrated), entitled "On Keeping a Playground Tidy" by the aforesaid disciplinarian.

Results in next Fortian. More letters are wanted by "Uncle Fortian."

Join the K.K.K. (Kiddies' Korner Klub)
Badges on application, 2/6 each.

A TRIP ACROSS THE SNOW COUNTRY.

During the recent Kosciusko trip a few of the boys from Fort Street School party went for a morning ski to the Plains of Heaven—a broad, clean, gently sloping tract of snow-covered country about three miles from the hotel toward the summit.

It was soon after breakfast that we set out, and the cold air rising from the ground had put a rosy glow on everyone's cheeks. As we pushed our skis up the road, which was less tiring to us than wearing them uphill, I observed that on the right a hillside rose steeply from the road with a few leafless trees clothing it above the snow. These trees showing out plainly against the blue cloudless sky, formed a kind of fringe to the shadowed hillside, and the sun shining from behind on to the tiny icicles of melted snow hanging from the bare branches made them glint and gleam like diamonds, forming a very beautiful curtain around the edge of the hill. To the left of the road the hill continued downward to merge into a wide flat stretch of land with a gradual incline—the golf links. To us high up on the road the people ski-ing on the links below were little black figures speeding across a sheet of glistening white snow.

The Kerry, a long steep ski-running course with a fine jump in the middle, used by the more expert, and Dainer's Gap, another popular ski-ing ground, were passed as we continued in single file up the road, under which swiftly running little mountain creeks with cone-shaped icicles hanging from the sides, gurgled and gushed at frequent intervals.

At length we turned off into rougher and more deeply laden snow land, and after ski-ing across about half a mile of hilly country, the plains stretched before us, dotted here and there with large boulders and very glaring to the naked eye. They were not quite as interesting as we had anticipated, but afforded an excellent place for ski-ing practice, so crossing to the higher end along a side ridge, we started off on the downhill journey home. The return was punctuated by frequent falls, but the soft, crisp snow harmed no one, and by the time the road was reached it had thawed a little, so that travelling was slower.

We arrived back just in time for an appetising dinner, rather pleased with the morning's trip, and some feeling a little bruised as a result.

R. F. COLLIS, 2C.

WANDERLUST.

I laugh as I race down the hills in the night,
As the trees flash by silent and grim,
And chuckle as over the dark fields I rush
To the mountains far distant and dim.

'Tis night, and the great moon above me looks
down,
And smiles and moves onward with me,
She hides for an instant behind filmy veils,
Then leaves them and skims on in glee.

I see my dear homeland! I whinny for joy.
I toss my light mane in the air;
But never an instant I pause to look back;
Still onward, far onward I fare.

My home trees call fondly as forward I race,
And welcome me back to my home;
For yearly I wander and yearly return,
But always must leave it to roam.

C. McPHERSON.

DISILLUSION.

The lilt is gone from the song
And the laughter fled from the lips!
O the seas were wondrous and wide,
And many the beautiful ships!

There were lost isles over the seas,
And far to the south and the north
The white birds led us away,
And laughing we sallied forth . . .

And was it only a dream? . . .

We have long since waked (How long!)
To a world where laughter is stilled
And lost is the sweet sound of song.

F. BURN, 5th Year.



1.



5.



2.



4.



6.



3.



7.

Scenes from Kosciusko.

- 1. From Kerry Lookout.
- 2. Kerry Course.
- 3. To Bett's Camp.

- 4. The Football Match.

- 5. On the Lake.
- 6. The Kerry Course.
- 7. A Typical Snow Scene.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The last grain of sand fell into the prehistoric alarm clock, and the bell rang out.

Adam stirred, sighed, turned over, and went to sleep again. Eve arose, and after bringing the morning paper in on a wheelbarrow, went to the fowl yard where an archaeopteryx hen was cackling. She rolled the egg to the cave, and after building a huge fire around it, went to call Adam.

"Get up, Adam," she said, shaking him. "It's Saturday, you must mow the lawn."

The word "mow," by some strange association of ideas, seemed to remind Adam of his lumbago, a common disease in Eden, caused by the moist atmosphere.

"Sorry, my dear," he groaned, "back's bad this morning. I'll have to go to the hot springs."

After a painful journey, Adam arrived at the springs. He went to the edge of the hot pool, and taking off his bear skin, stood in his bare skin.

He lowered himself gingerly into the hot water, and the primeval air was filled with a series of ear-splitting yells. The reason for this commotion lay in the fact that an electric eel had wound itself lovingly around Adam's equator.

There is no doubt that Adam's leap from the water would have beaten the high jump record had anyone been there to measure it. He succeeded in tearing the eel from his waist, and after the first shock had worn off, found to his delight and amazement that his lumbago had disappeared.

Adam's fine business instinct rose to the surface, and he decided to utilise this fortunate discovery. He would patent this cure for lumbago, and sell it to sufferers, calling it "Adam's Eel-ektric Belt."

"What a wonderful world we live in!" quoth Eve, as she turned out a batch of scones.

CHAPTER 2.

The "Eel-ektric Belt" for a while was a great success, and Adam saw visions of a rosy future, but, unfortunately, the eels grew wary and were hard to procure, and the supply could not be kept up.

"Never mind," said Eve, "let us take what money we have and buy a pterodactyl. We'll train him for the Aerial Derby next month." Adam agreed, and a smart two seater pterodactyl was obtained.

"Terry," as they called him, was installed in a special hangar, and Adam, who had taken a correspondence course in aviation, spent every spare moment until the day of the race in training his pet for the big event.

On Derby day there was a flap flap of pterodactyls' wings as the different entrants warmed up their steeds.

Terry was eager to begin, as Adam brought him forward. "After the race," said Adam, "you shall have a great feed."

There was a terrific clatter of scaly wings as the pterodactyls "taxied" up to the starting line and faced into the wind. The field was widely spaced, as the saw-toothed bills of these temperamental creatures were liable to remove tender portions of any opponent within reach.

"What a wonderful world we live in!" quoth Eve, as Adam's exhortations to Terry rang across the field.

CHAPTER 3.

There was a roar, as the five competitors shot off the mark. Adam, who was fifth, felt sure of winning, as Terry zoomed up and then settled to business.

The course was ten miles, and the parted air screamed past them as Terry raced along. They drew nearer and nearer to the leader. Number five took the half way corner at an angle of 90 degrees and sped down the straight to the winning post. He was now up to the leader. Neck and neck, they tore along. There was a blue of white faces, as with a roar Terry forged past the leader, took a playful nip at him as he passed, and raced in first.

"Thank goodness!" said Eve when Adam landed. "Now I can get some new fig-leaves. You know, fig-leaves do wear out so quickly."

AN EASTERN REVENGE.

A shriek! A splash!

Five years previous John Hathaway had aroused the ire of a great chief of the hill-tribes of North-West India, and now he had paid the penalty.

This is how it happened.

It was an intensely hot day when John Hathaway halted in front of a large village, typical of this dangerous country of the hill-tribes. But this one seemed deserted. Deserted it was not, for the savage white-race hating people had heard of Hathaway's coming. The deserted village was part of the plan to capture him. He stood still for a moment, then ducked as a knife flew over his head. He turned and ran, but a well-thrown noose of a cow-hide rope settling over his shoulders, checked his progress so abruptly that he was jerked off his feet and struck mother earth with such force that he lost interest in the proceedings.

When he regained consciousness it was to find himself in a wooden hut. He moved. An excruciating pang ran through his body. This

was caused by the tightly bound ropes that secured his arms and legs. He struggled at his bonds, regardless of the pain caused by doing so. But it was of no avail. They would not loosen. Then he espied a sharp piece of flint in a far corner. By rolling over and over he soon reached it. After rubbing the bonds on the flint for some time he attempted to break them. In this he was successful, and in a few seconds he was free.

A movement outside the hut made him scramble back to his former position. Placing his legs under him and his arms behind his back, he awaited the newcomer. A small well-dressed native entered the hut. Hathaway assumed that he was the chief. Hathaway reckoned that he could settle accounts with this fellow easily enough. Suddenly, without warning, he sprang to his feet and with a mighty blow felled the chief. The door was open, and as he rushed out a native guard confronted him. Drawing his pistol, Hathaway fired. The native gave one terrific yell and

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fell down dead. Hearing the death cry of the guard, a band of swarthy villains collected, and crying out mighty oaths on Hathaway's head, charged. Again he fired and another dropped. Then a flying knife caught Hathaway on the arm. He winced with pain. Again his revolver spat fire, accounting for two lives. Seeing that he would be overwhelmed if he remained much longer, he looked for some method of escape. His eye caught sight of a horse, already saddled. Steadily he backed towards it. Then when he was quite near he vaulted on to its back.

Setting the animal at a gallop, he rode off. Cries of rage followed him. He had a good start, and before nightfall he was miles from the village. Six days later a weary and be-

draggled horseman rode into Delhi. It was John Hathaway. He reported the matter to the police, but this body was powerless to do anything.

Hathaway returned to England, but for five years he was hounded by some of the native tribesmen, for the chief did not forget the punch that Hathaway gave him.

A shriek! A splash!

I, Tom Payne, heard a blood-curdling cry and saw a body hurtle over the cliff's edge with a knife buried to the hilt in its back.

It was John Hathaway. He had paid the penalty.

FINIS.

SO-AND-SO, 1C.

A SONNET TO SHELLEY.

Shelley! Thou bard of sweetest melody,
 If thou could but arise from Neptune's bed
 And in this sun-kissed land of ours be bred,
 Our shore would see a bard of harmony.
 This island's rime is like a naked tree,
 Or like an arid desert, spacious wide;
 Sweet sounding songs beneath its sands do hide.
 O would this soil another Shelley see!
 Thy voice was like the lyre's sweetest strain,
 When softly raised in magic notes sublime,
 Thy murmur was as fresh as morning rain,
 As clear as skies in our exquisite clime
 And so in life, with Keats, you won great fame
 As king of melody and swaying time.

C. ARCHER.

SONNET ON OUR HEROES.

Out of the dim recesses of this earth
 Spring wondrous men, of wondrous spirit made,
 Who overstep the boulders in their path,
 The last to ask for help—the first to aid.
 With courage that outshines the brightest star,
 With modesty and kindness they are crowned
 Who overcome the quests asen from far:
 Rejoice Australia! By such men renowned.

And through the raging elements they came,—
 Through tempest and through shine they won
 their way

To home—to homefolks. With undying fame
 Shall their great feat for ever with us stay.
 With victory and honour they are crowned!
 Rejoice Australia! By such men renowned!

VICTOR I. C. AINSWORTH, 4C.

**THE MALADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS OF BEAUTY,
As Exemplified in the Misuse of
Cosmetics.**

I am emphatically not a ladies' man. It would be a very ignorant fellow who even contemplated laying that charge against me. Let it be understood, then, that such assertions as I make here are not laid down with the dogmatism of a connoisseur, but with timidity of an inexperienced though unprejudiced observer.

It has been clearly hinted to me more than once that I am too dull, too uninteresting to shine in feminine company. Presumably it is meant that I lack small-talk, that I have no facile grin or snigger, that I cannot maintain a conversation on current scandal, and am lamentably ignorant of the most recent barbarism in dances; in short, that I possess none of those little saving graces which mark the accomplished man of the drawing-room. Such a serious shortcoming would undoubtedly place me at a disadvantage in studying "the eternal feminine" if, haply, I found pleasure in so doing. Happily I do not, however. For, some years ago, I laid down this precept for my guidance and safety—that I should never delve over-deep into the subject; Mankind generally, stipulating, with some emphasis, Woman in particular. My judgment was perhaps superficial and hasty when I resolved on that course of action, but even in the years which have followed, since the subject appeared not a whit less confusing, and just as much a phantasmagoria, it seemed best to me, even if only for the sake of my very bewildered brain, to observe a policy of "laissez faire." But in spite of all, it is fairly obvious that the matter could not entirely escape my notice, especially in these days when "the weaker sex" is striving so manfully to assert its equality with man. I have a profound respect for the ladies, and I think they do wrong to demean themselves in a hard world where there is all too little of the peace and quiet which is theirs by inheritance. Since the Garden of Eden the burden of toil has fallen on man's shoulders and the punishment is his to bear. His is the duty of protection where woman is concerned; hers, the duty of comfort toward man in his labour. "For him she maketh her face to shine," which laudable sentiment effectively ushers in my main theme.

Those ladies who are not busy contesting what they seem to consider man's privilege of sweating (I use the vulgar term advisedly) for the community and himself, are much engrossed, as they still seem to remember this obligation, in making their faces to shine, in their own way, unfortunately, and out of sorts with all the canons of Art. And not only these gentle doves of peace, but—"O turpem notam temporum" that they should thus lower the dignity of labour—the very invaders of man's domain themselves.

Now, there is a strong tendency with most of us to observe the letter rather than the spirit, so that perhaps it is in the highest degree natural that women have placed their own construction on that essence of domestic happiness, "for him she maketh her face to shine." And in carrying out the letter, they have invoked the aid of paint and powder. Did I say "aid"? Then I must crave pardon. It were pity to create a false impression, using the word rashly. It is not to be imagined that anything basely material—and how base!—could improve the pretty dears. Nature has made them one thing, and it is not for them to make themselves another, unless with the legitimate desire to amuse. Then, indeed, nothing in the world is more effective.

In far Japan, where man for a brief space usurps the woman's role with no lesser motive, let us hope, than to preserve the balance of power, they do this thing with perfection. The green-room toilet of the Japanese actor is a solemn ritual before the altar of public preference in which his complexion changes from mahogany-brown, furrowed with lines of maturity, to the dazzling white smooth skin of the accepted Japanese beauty. Now it would be discourteous of me to ever hint that our ladies possess mahogany-brown and furrowed skins. Furthermore, it would be an untruth. But do not misunderstand me. I take this extreme case, not a reflection against madam's natural beauty, but to illustrate a modified viewpoint that has been forced upon me; for one cannot live long without realising the futility of attempting reform in the matter of an age-old habit so deeply engrained in the female charac-

ter. One can only declaim idly, as here, to relieve a pent-up horror of sham. And my adopted attitude is this—I have a very small corner in my heart for those who transform their faces so skilfully that the world is, for the time, deceived; but I have absolutely none for the unfortunate majority who resemble crudely coloured native gods—or goddesses. What men are they who bow down to these images, who are surely not of flesh and blood, but of wood and stone! Let these deluded ladies use their "materia bellica" with the skill of the Oriental actor or let them use it not at all. These things must not be done by halves.

A woman's face is a picture naturally. More often than not it is a badly daubed canvas, and only in a few instances could it be styled a "chef d'oeuvre." It is greatly to be feared that some are "old masters" into the bargain. Wherefore anyone of us who is conversant with portraiture will know that it is as well not to peer too closely lest we discern only the brushmarks. So that when we are confidently tugged by the sleeve, and a doting husband whispers in our ear, "Isn't my wife a picture this evening," we understand precisely what he means. We shake hands cordially enough and move to a distance for the better appreciation of the effect.

Antics of this nature are irreconcilable with the proper spirit of the quest which most of our ladies profess to have set for themselves but which they attack so often in a mistaken fashion. Whether they define it or not in similar terms, it is to be gathered that their search is the eternal one of Beauty, and this in its essence is identical with the pursuit of Truth. Why then do they sacrifice to the sordid god Sham? Surely their better feelings revolt that they should yoke themselves to the most laughable and most pitiable of all deceptions or half-deceits in the world—the pseudo artist. Yet such is the ignominy to which they are laid open. In the debasement of the ideals of beauty it is a short step to the degradation of art (in fact, scarce a step at all), and in their spurious attitude, at a stroke—or shall we say dab—they pass from the heights to the depths. And see wherein experience belies that attitude. The prevailing notion of the artist, as he is vaguely called among the laity, seems inevitably to centre round flowing locks, velvet jackets, impossible ties, a dreamy gaze,

and perhaps, to make the instance more modern, rimmed spectacles of a singularly ludicrous character. These form the details. But the essential feature of this delightful personage is his grand facility for dabbling, even splashing,—yes, certainly splashing, for that heightens the attraction—in the dissemination of pigment over a canvas field. **How** he does it seems immaterial; **that** he does it somehow is all important. "Artist" is a word to juggle with, for it may mean everything or it may mean nothing. If it is velveteens and hirsute adornment, then very likely it means nothing. If it means a quiet, eminently observant and sympathetic human, then seek a little deeper and rest assured you will seldom be given for your pains a stone or a serpent.

That is the case for the artist, and the case for many women is not indifferent. The young gentleman in velvet is perhaps not inartistic. Few people are. But not possessing a very important something, he seeks to appear on a level with the acknowledged masters; and knowing that of these, some few have cut a figure by small eccentricities which were in a way natural and under the circumstances tolerable, so he would remedy or cloak his other deficiencies by the cultivation of certain mannerisms in no wise natural and not under the circumstances tolerable. The bedaubed young lady would emulate Cleopatra, would outvie Helen of Troy, and seeks purely material aid to accomplish a thing spiritual. She has perhaps heard that these paragons have sanctioned a little artificiality. But even so, they did not blindly entrust their success as hunters of men, let us say, to such paltry support. Having heard what we have of them, it seems inconceivable that their intellect would brook their descent from the sublime to the mundane.

There is a psychology in beauty which rises far higher than attempted external embellishment since it is concerned primarily with the mind and soul; the former is mercenary, the latter artistic, seeking Truth. Now it must be definitely stated here that the beauty of Helen and of Cleopatra was nothing finer than the mercenary type, the efficacy of which lay not in the materialism of cosmetics but rather in the exercise of the mind inventing and practising captivating little graces to the bedazzlement of the victim. This, I believe, is technically known as "allurement." Raised to the

highest plane of what we must confess to be a spurious art, painting, and, of course, the inevitable powdering, have little or no place.

But in the noblest light of all, the beauty which springs from the soul can contain no debasement either of the mind or of the body. The mental and physical are of the earth earthy, but the soul contains the spirit which quickeneth, without which all else is of no consequence. It is not uncommon to hear of a woman, beautiful and clever by the world's standards, but to whom attaches the stigma "soulless." How are we to judge her? The question is a sore one, dependent on what ideal we have set for ourselves. Though these things are far above me, and, as I declared in the beginning, far too bewildering, I have set a certain measure for them in the attempt to follow a Baconian postulate in the determination of fundamental laws, namely, that all preconceived prejudice must be eradicated. My tenets in the matter have for some time been bound up with the old truth that worth must not always be sought in a mansion, and that by analogy Beauty may exist in the humblest form and in the least expected habitation. It was on this subject, not so very long since, that a certain young lady of fashion took me to task when I hazarded the opinion that a freshly flayed calf hung to the roof of a stable was in harmony with art and beauty. On that occasion I was repulsed with loss, for who can argue to bear conviction against charming femininity? Certainly not I, who am as chaff before the wind when confronted with the problem. I fancy I met with a little more success when I sought to convince an heretical friend of mine, that one of the principal aims of art is the discovery of Beauty lurking in secret places. Here again I used the illustration of the slaughtered calf, though, he being heretic, I doubt whether it met appreciation. In both these cases, how-

ever, the difficulty was the casting out of original prejudice in the discernment of basic principles. That, too, is the difficulty in discussing the decoration of the face.

So, briefly, the position is this. There has arisen a prejudice favourable to paint and powder which must be discarded if the problem is to be faced without bias. Further, there is the initial error that Beauty is to be attained by physical or chemical means, which is at variance simultaneously with art, because it is cheap and debasing, with morality, because it is false and mercenary, and with nature, because it essays to obliterate the hand of time. Finally, it seems that if we are to have peace on the subject, we must peel away what it pleases us to term the false veneer of civilisation, a matter we always speak about but which we do very little to advance. Not that I advocate the destruction of civilisation, which is an anarchist doctrine, but that the falsity in daily intercourse, the sham with which we seek to cover minor deficiencies none the less apparent, and the disruption of natural processes, should cease. How this marvellous change is to be wrought is another matter, dependent as much on the individual as the community, a matter for practical men, not idealists and dreamers like myself.

But, however that may be, the point for accentuation here is not universal reform, but the ideal and the principle that without loss of caste, a woman may grow old gracefully and beautifully, and that by the same token, in youth she need not be artificial, for though someone said that our face is our fortune, know that

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,

And all the rest's but leather and prunello."

It is not otherwise with woman.

NICHOLAS SLOWITT.

A TRIP TO THE HAWKESBURY AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

As is well known in the school, it is an annual fixture of the First and Second Fifteens to play a match against two teams representing the H.A.C. on their own ground.

During the season which has just ended I had the pleasure to participate in one of these matches.

As the members of the team lived in all corners of Sydney it was rumoured that it would be more convenient for some members to join the train at Strathfield, while the others boarded it at the central.

Rumour was once again wrong. One "Tiger," who was running affairs at the central, didn't

know how many were supposed to come to the aforesaid place, and about ten minutes before the train was due to leave we had no tickets.

After a lot of trouble fixing our concession forms, and collecting the ticket money, the aforementioned "Tiger" proceeded to the ticket office and presented the forms, only to be told that they were not needed, as excursion tickets were available.

The word of the man behind the window was accepted, and "Tiger" purchased our tickets.

Time for departure was now close, so we all hastily ran to our train and searched for a "boxy," but were disappointed.

Very soon after there was a whistle and a jolt, which let us know that the train was about to depart. It did start, but soon stopped again, at Strathfield, where we picked up the remainder of the team, and amongst them was another "Tiger."

The team was now together, and we sat quietly in the train, patiently awaiting a place named Richmond.

At last, after yarns, football matches, and exams had all been discussed, the train pulled up, and there, right before our eyes was the word "Richmond." It was written on windows, seats, lamp-posts and on a big enamel plate.

I am sure that everyone would have liked to have continued the journey as our train was one of the speediest "all-station" expresses, but our tickets demanded that we should alight.

We did not expect to be met in Rolls Royces, but most of us were surprised to see the latest model waggonette, in which were harnessed two of the highest breed of donkeys, at our disposal.

We hopped up into the conveyance and soon a small gum sapling was covering a set course, at about 5 to the second, beginning just above my head and ending somewhere near the end of the donkey.

We have often heard it said that there are old Fortians in every corner of the world, and it was no surprise to find a couple at H.A.C., by whom we were shown around the college and its extensive grounds. I must add that it was with extreme difficulties that we got a couple of the party to leave the quarters of that amiable animal, the pig!

About 1 o'clock a bell rang, and boys ran from all corners. As we guessed, it was dinner

time, and we were escorted to a table specially prepared for us.

Being away from home, it would have been etiquette for us to eat little, but we failed, and when the third course came along we were still feeling fit. As it was a boiled pudding, against which we had been warned by some wellwishers, we hesitated awhile, but finally decided to take a risk. It certainly didn't make us feel in the humour for a game of football, the main object of our tour.

In the first match our Seconds were well beaten, mainly due to lack of weight, but in the second match the Firsts gave them "a run for their money." But that is ancient history by this time. An unusual feature of the games was the bringing of a bag of oranges and tipping them on to the field before us.

After the match the Seconds returned home, while we went into the gym. for a rest and talk, but one "Pud" was not satisfied until he sat before the piano on a small stage and rendered a one-finger pianoforte solo.

A little later the bell rang again, and this time was welcomed more than it had been earlier in the day. At the table we again made a name for ourselves. The room was very quiet for a while, but suddenly someone stood up and spoke, and then they all gave three cheers, which I presumed were for us, and correctly so.

After tea we were shown into a room and assembled around a big log fire and listened to the experiences, or what were claimed as experiences, of some of our hosts.

We were all sorry when the time came for us to leave, and in a wild scramble for seats in the donkey cart, bags were broken, toes were trodden upon, and harsh words went into the air from one "Tiger." We were just beginning to get comfortable when we realised that we would have to make room for the other "Tiger" who, by the way, nearly "missed his train."

We gave a couple of rics, three cheers for the donkeys, the drivers, the H.A.C., and for everything else we thought of. We finally gave three for "Tiger," but as no one was sure for which one they were meant, we gave three more for the other "Tiger"—he that has grown a mane.

2nd Grade "Soccer"

by "Jackie" Delaney



"Scotland" (Henderson)
"at home"



"Clucky-Tuck" (Cheetham)
on his poultry farm



Chambers
(alias "Po")



Sharkey (Farquharson)
having a little jaunt
on the wing.



Zachariah
Heave



Murty



"Streaker"
a. &
"Jackie"



"Gladesville -
Ryde out"

"Egbert"
Harris



"Hank the Yank
(Degen) on his trusty
draught horse

"Bunson" (Benson)
doing a dance

THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

(With apologies to Keats.)

"O what can ail thee, sobbing maid,
Beside this lonely lake,
The sun has risen long ago
And birds are now awake.

O what can ail thee, sobbing maid,
So mournful and so sad,
When all around the swaying trees
With cloaks of green are clad."

She wiped the tears from off her cheeks,
From out her sad brown eyes,
And then this tale I heard her tell,
All broken by her sighs.

"I met him in the fields one day,
A lad of seventeen,
His hair was dark, his eyes were bright,
No lovelier have I seen.

"Each night we met by yonder tree
When Phoebe was above,
And there we'd sit and dream away,
The happy dreams of love.

"Last night I came to keep my tryst,
But oh that cruel sight!
There was my love in other arms
Beneath the moon's grey light.

"And this is why I'm weeping here,
Beside this lonely lake,
Although the sun has long been up
And birds are now awake."

C. ARCHER, 5A.

The Bank That Creates the Most Interest

4 per cent.
interest on
every £
up to
£1000.

**NEW HEAD OFFICE.**

A Savings
Account is a
great aid
to THRIFT.



MELBOURNE.

"Where Melbourne rises roof by roof,
And tall ships serve her at the quay."

In the year 1835, Batman, accompanied by a small band of fellow-pioneers, formed a very small colony on the site of our present-day Melbourne. At this time Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister in Britain, and Batman thought it fitting to name this outpost of the British Empire after him.

But who ever thought that this collection of huts would, in less than a century, grow to be a mighty and beautiful city? Would cause the name "Melbourne" to echo and re-echo round the world?

It certainly owes a great deal of its prosperity to the famous "gold rush" in the "fifties." People poured into the village—soon it became a town; it has since progressed and become a city, a city in all senses of the word, over which the exquisite cathedral spires raise themselves in high majesty.

The broad streets, relieved by pleasing gardens; the wonderful examples of modern architecture such as the richly ornamented banks; and the beaches, throbbing with care-free and joyous life—all these make Melbourne the idolised city of the Victorians.

The great University encourages and urges the youth of the land to delve into the secrets of the great professions, by an annual endowment from the State of £9000, besides many exhibitions and scholarships.

Around this magnificent building lie beautiful grounds, trim gardens and quiet retreats for the students—an ideal place for the enthusiastic scholar.

Melbourne, like all other great cities, has its fashionable quarter. The gaily coloured frocks of the well-dressed women, flitting about the streets of the "block," as this quarter is called, relieve any monotony caused by the massive grey buildings.

But as yet we have only considered the appearance of Melbourne to the eye of the tourist. For a city to be truly great and wealthy it must have a very solid foundation—a reliable source of wealth—and Melbourne is blessed with the wealth of commerce, and manufacturing of flour and food-stuffs, tallow-boiling works and brass and iron foundries.

Thus Melbourne's wealth is assured, her rapid growth and popularity being testimonies; her beauty is the pride of Australia; and her importance is great.

To what shall this young city grow? Surely it must grow to a matured and famous seat of men. Her future is as golden and rosy as that of a brilliant youth leaping up the rungs of the ladder of success—and we, as Australians, are proud to know that our city of Melbourne is lovelier in her youth than the grown cities of the older countries.

C. CLARK, iC.

A REFRESHMENT KIOSK.

We have great pleasure in recording the donation of a refreshment kiosk to the school by Marchant's Ltd. It is a collapsible structure, twelve feet square. When we consider that every time the school holds an athletic meeting or dance, such a stall is necessary, and that previously one had to be hired at a cost of £5, we realise the value of this gift. The structure is such that it may be erected indoors or out, and when we get our new hall it will be a very great convenience to the ladies as

a refreshment buffet or kitchen at any social function. All that unnecessary running between the staff-room and the hall will cease.

For some years past and in the recent fete, the school has been an excellent patron of Marchant's, and Mr. Hardingham, on behalf of the firm, very willingly made this presentation. The act is a fine testimony of Marchant's appreciation and interest in the school. It now remains for us to show in a practical way that we are really grateful.

GOLLUF.

Fritz gives his opinion on how to play golf:—

"If you don't blay golluf allretty, for vhy shall you not do so? Golluf is der easiest game in der world. I know dot because I blay dat same and neffer blayed any odder game in my lfe. It is a schentleman's game; my wife blays it. It is also a most schyintific game. You must hef brains to learn dat. You should dat game learn. I vill tell you mostly all about golluf. Den you can go and take a schtick somedimes seldom ven you don't got der pisness to done, perhaps.

In der first blace, if you shall be successful for blaying golluf you must have some dirt. I don't mean dat you must haf a shovel full of dirt. I mean that you shall have a whole dem paddock full of it. Ven you get der dirt you must get a valking schtick allretty, und on der end of dat valking schtick you must tie von of dem big dable spoons tight like plazes. When you do dis den you get a leedle white pall as white as schnow—von of der most ir.nocent leedle dings vhat you neffer have seen in your life. It von't hurt a fly for nod-dings—dat's it. Ven you haf got all dese tings you must blace dat leedle innocent pall on a leedle heap of dirt. Den you twist your

legs round von anodder like a corkscrew and bye and bye afterwards when you can schtand oop you raise that schtick mit a spoon on der end of it ofver your hedt. You must den take der site from der pall to der schtick, und from der schtick to der pall, und ven you hef got dat site properly you slosh der pall. Vhat I mean by slosh is you shall hit hard. Den ven you have sloshed der pall you try allretty to find der course vat she is travelling. If you don't see der pall vhen schtanding in der reglar vay schtand on der top of your toes. Ven you don't see it dis vay put your hand above your eyes allretty, fer der sun is maybe perhaps too schtrong. Because you are a schtrong man you hit hard, and must look far right into der horizon vhatsoever dat may be, und if you don't find it in der direction vhat you schtruck der pall, just look in der opposite direction, it is joost so likely to be dere. If you don't find it in either place you must look all round der horizon. If you don't find it anywhere round there, you shall look down at your feet, and there der leedle ting is allretty. Der only mistake vhat you make is dat you don't hit der pall somedimes."

W. PHILLIPS, 4B.

 IGON, THE CITY OF THE CLOUDS.

O Igon the golden,
 All built of living fire,
 Doth tower o'er the dull world,
 With spire on reaching spire.

But Igon is faded,
 When the great sun has fled;
 Is faded, is faded,
 And all its glory dead.

And in the silvern moonlight
 The city Igon sleeps,
 Though mortal ne'er discerneth
 Its vapour-built keeps.

H. R. QUINEY, 5D.

THE DREAM OF A DREAMER

LIFE.

What is Life? Life! I laugh at it! I will not try to philosophise; I am not a philosopher, never will be for that matter, and besides, the subject has been torn to shreds many times before to-day.

But everything is glum. I feel it in my very surroundings. I am melancholy. Now don't make absurd suppositions—I am not in love.

Music? . . . Ah! that's it! May I bathe my soul in it, find peace in it, passion, emotion, things that control the universe, power, influence, sadness, heartbreak—anything. A marvellous paean. My imagination runs riot, how mad I feel! How lively it is! Wonderful! My feet are going to run away and dance—riotously, recklessly. I fling my arms about, "shimmy" my shoulders and roll my head. What queer noises issue from my mouth. Good God! It's infectious! I am sure it is, the books on the table quiver with excitement, the ruler fairly jigs, and as for the funny man that decorates the corner of the desk, his springhead nods quicker than ever I saw it do before, even when the door flew open during a southerly buster. His eye bulges and oh, that woeful grin of his . . . Why! It's growing wider. I am sure it is. I am almost positive. Say, but this is delightful.

Hullo! Change of programme! Pretty stuff, too! I don't think I ever did like jazz much; this is much better—makes me think and wonder, makes me cynical too, and look with scorn and contempt on everyone I know. The mere elements of common living I despise. How I wish to possess a mature and careless mind, to be above the little petty things going on day by day around me. How I wish to elevate my culture, to gain the talents of great composers, authors, and, well—God knows what I want, I don't . . .

This music drives me mad! Stop! No, go on; my mood changes, the funny man on the table agrees with me. Even he has stopped nodding and looks ever so pensive.

Great things have gone before—great things will come again. Eras in the world's history drift by me and from each I gather some great passion, some tragedy of life, some great madness of nature, and all these leave me sad, and as if I could give up living altogether. And

then, tearing this frenzy, come visions of great civilisations of which we know little, ages gone past, a people who lived as we live, thought the things we think, laughed as even we laugh to-day, were born, grew up, ate, drank, slept, spent their days in some petty occupation, saw tragedy, happiness, joy, were miserable, melancholy, loved and beloved, and then—died. And what of it; do we care? Why did they live, but to die? How useless, how maddening it is to live but to die—the beginning and the end. But life is sweet, say what you will.

And to posterity these left what? . . .

They built great temples.

Temples? And what are temples but houses of worship.

So they wondered over the problems of life and death, even as I wonder now. They looked all round and then to the past, then to the future, and they created a divinity. They set up a godhead, and turning amidst themselves they would say: "To this we owe our lives, our happiness, our joys and our sorrows." Foolish men! What reason had they to establish such a thing. Maybe their ignorance was bliss—who knows?

But what has become of these peoples, of their cities and their temples. Some of them remain, in dust and ashes, in remnants of wondrous portals, halls and temples, in books and hieroglyphics on stone tablets.

Yet do we understand? I think not.

If you say yes, why then, when we visit these places, do we meditate in awe, stand in wonder, whisper in tones serious and grave, marvel and think:—

How great these people must have been to place that stone where it is, to build such beautiful pillars, to conceive such inspiring designs. And to think that through these ways rang the merry voice of youth and maid, throngs and crowds raised shouts of triumph, or growled in revolt and rebellion. Blood may have been spilled in the spot where now we stand. Yonder square may have been a market place, and there perchance an old man and an old woman hobbled on sticks and talked longingly of the "good old days," and decried with anguish bitter age. Here a mighty despot may have ruled, and swayed his puny court in luxury and

opulence, while at his very portals a poor beggar asked for alms.

This is life, seething, erupting, boiling, alternate with calm, in a great cauldron stirred by the witch of time.

And what exists of all these things now? They have passed, death has settled over the place. The buildings are deserted, except for a few birds, sparrows, scavengers, a few lizards and snakes. Grass grows on the platform where once a great orator stood. Silence is supreme. Guano streaks and marks the beauty of architecture, the elements of weather have worn rough the once smooth paths, have smoothed the rough-hewn walls. Sand wanders in cruel, relentless, eddying whirls, driven by a sinister wind.

And over all this laughs the sun, the one bright face in the picture. He looks upon these things and chuckles. Stupid man and his puny might. He is but the plaything of time. Time alone is king! Long live the king!

And when he is gone, his emissaries, the stars and the moon, like court jesters come out to mock and jeer.

Now really, can we think these things and understand?

I think not. Nature is one big mystery and nature is life. Mystery evokes curiosity, and as long as we are alive we are curious. It is this that gives us interest in all we say and do. A man endures a seemingly monotonous task

for life, and why? Merely because he is still curious; there is still something he does not understand, and as long as there is curiosity we will neither understand nor yet be understood.

But is it likely that because of all this, I will say, "Well, what's the use? Life is just one big mistake. It has no purpose and no end. I have to die some day—why not now?" And I take a gun and shoot myself? No, I may ponder for a day or two, but then my curiosity once again awakens, and I have a new interest in life. Thus I will go on living as I always have lived, until I die or something happens to me.

But there you are. The music's stopped, and it is well after midnight. I cannot go on like this forever. . . .

* * *

It is early morning. I am standing on the front verandah, drinking in the cool sweet air of dawn. I look out upon the world, a world of mighty buildings and great civilisations, a world of sadness and of joy. The sun peeps above the horizon and smiles at me, a friendly smile of encouragement. I smile back, for my heart is light. I smile at my thoughts of yesterday. There is after all a purpose in life. We are born to live, and live we will, till Atrapos says otherwise. Thus I go out into the world, strengthened in spirit, with a light and happy heart, knowing that there is a purpose in my life, and comforted by the thought that no one is useless who can help his fellow-men.

"GROSSHERZ," 4B.

SEMPER IMMUTABILE.

The songs we sing to-day,
They were sung yesterday:
To-morrow, too,
Shall they be sung,
Nor sorrow still
The singer's tongue.

Those dreams are ours to-day,
That were dreamt yesterday:
And men shall ever,
Such visions see,
And follow them
Eternally.

H. R. QUINEY, 5D.

SUMMER MOON.

Old Romance stirred in the halls of night,
 He waked from slumber and wandered away
 To sweeten the world by his wonderful might,
 With love and life for another day;
 Under a summer moon.

And down on the river peaceful and calm,
 In vales where a turbulent river once rushed,
 Now nature is clasped in a fairy balm,—
 Is quietly, silently, beautifully hushed
 Under a summer moon.

The creeks are sparkling with magic sheen,
 The moonbeams dance on the tree-boles grey,
 A light breeze toys with the tree tops green,
 They smile and rustle and slightly sway
 Under a summer moon.

Hearts beat wildly under the moon,
 Emotion scatters the wrongs of life,
 But those are too sweet to last, and soon
 Dawn arrives with work and strife
 To banish the joys of yesternight.
 O wonderful summer moon!

VICTOR I. C. AINSWORTH, 4C.

THE BUSH NIGHT.

Darkness reigned supreme over the earth.
 Then, accompanied by an awesome hush, the
 moon sailed majestically into the sky, and lo!
 what a realm of enchantment lay hidden in the
 scene as the moon spread its silvery shroud over
 the recumbent form of Nature.

Slowly a night mist sank down the valley,
 rounding the sharp edges of the cliffs and
 beautifying the gnarled trees into a soft, slowly-
 moving mass of shadows.

Next into that mist-filled vale came, gently
 rustling the sleeping trees, a zephyr which
 altered the scenes of mist into a wavering gauze,
 and caused the trees to shake their leaves re-

sentfully at the unwarranted intrusion of the
 wind.

At length, after further movement, Silence,
 ruler of the night, uplifted his all powerful
 hand and a great calm descended upon the
 earth. He hushed the cry of the birdling, that
 woke afrighted in the dark; the hoot of the
 owl as it hunted its prey, and the gurgling of
 the creek as it, unheeding the time and solemn-
 ity of this, ran merrily and thoughtlessly away.

Then the moon sank below the horizon and
 all the bush life woke—the zephyr renewed its
 whispering; the owl hooted, and the birdling
 cried again to herald the coming day.

J. MARJASON, 3A.

ON THE LAKE.

Come let us glide on the silver lake
 'Neath the blue of noon-day skies,
 'Til the sun goes down in a shroud of fire
 And the stars begin to rise;
 Let us glide along
 In eternal song
 And leave the world behind.

When the moon goes down behind us,
 And the stars alone now shine,
 Let me float forever onward,
 Let the night be only mine!
 And I'll dream away,
 'Til the coming day
 Wakes nature all around.

When the life around us wakens,
 And a breeze plays in the trees,
 And its soft, caressing touches
 Wafts our barque with gentle ease,
 We will homeward wend
 Where our memories lend
 Romance to life's drab round.

C. McPHERSON.

A WINTER'S TALE.

The scudding clouds fled across the watery moon, making a fitful light through the broken shutters. Not a sound could be heard in the gloomy mansion above the monotonous roar of the sea and the eerie sighing of the wind in the pine trees! With startling suddenness a shadow flitted across the faint patch of light, and swiftly melted into the gloom. Then silence!

Suddenly a shrill piercing scream of agonized terror rent the stillness of the cold echoing halls, to be choked into a gasping, sobbing sigh!—A pause,—and then the shadow loomed from the darkness to again melt into the enveloping gloom, and once more only the eerie sighing in the pines and the cold beating of the waves broke the stillness.

* * *

It was a year later!

The cold gray sleet lashed in fury around the brilliantly lighted house. The booming of the surf as it hurled itself in helpless rage against the cruel, jagged rocks, mingled with the screaming of the pines straining in the gale, to make a fierce wailing roar. From the great rambling house the sound of music and dancing rose faintly at intervals above the wild orgies of nature.

Inside there was a gay party of revellers, gathered from all the surrounding countryside, led by their gay young host, Guy Faulkland. The occasion was the anniversary of his inheritance of a large fortune, come to him by the sudden decease of his miserly uncle, Jaspur Faulkland.

The affair had been kept quiet, but there was an open secret through the neighbourhood that the popular Guy's brother, Tom, a supposed "ne'er do well," had murdered his uncle in the hope of inheriting his fortune. Suspicion had fallen on Tom, but no conclusive evidence had been brought to light until months after, when Guy had found hidden in Tom's mattress a rusty, blood-stained knife and some valuables belonging to his uncle, and as a result Tom had been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

As the evening progressed Guy Faulkland became boisterous, and his excessive attention to the wine made his face flushed and his manner rough and riotous and quite out of keeping with the spirit of the evening. The hours flew by, and the early morning came on apace. The party became livelier and the noise in-

creased. All at once there came a deep, ominous lull in the storm outside, and almost instantaneously the electric lights through all the house went out. There was a frightened pause as the guests huddled together, while the band came to a stop with trailing squeaks, and only the wind whining through the pines and the boom of the surf were heard.

Suddenly, from above their heads, in the upper part of the dark building, came a long, unearthly wailing shriek of despair, dying into the tortured cry of a wretch in agony. Then black, palpable silence! Suddenly a fear-stricken scream came from the paralysed guests, "Look! Look! There by the stairs! What is it? What is it?"

Noiselessly a dark figure glided from the stairway and passed into the faint patch of light by the window. There came a shriek of terror from Guy Faulkland, and a cry of: "Uncle! It's uncle! It's uncle! He's dead, and he came back to-night; he came back!"

A shrill, cracked voice came from the Thing as it raised a skinny arm, pointing directly at the cowering Faulkland, "Aye, aye, Guy, ye still ken yer uncle. Ha! You thought you'd cheat me, eh! Nae, nae, ye could ne'er cheat your uncle! It's just a year ago this night, aye, and just this time ye did it. Aye, I havena' forgotten." It was the voice of old Jaspur Faulkland, so well known to all present, that rose and fell with its uncanny echo, and then ended in a blood-curdling, cackling laugh.

"I wonder if ye still remember what ye did a year ago to-night, Guy."

"You know, uncle! You know! I killed you," moaned Guy Falkland. Again there rose that haunting, ghostly laugh.

"And what did ye kill me with, Guy? I expect yer memory's na failing ye yet?"

"I killed you with Tom's knife," came the reply, drawn from Guy as by a magnet.

"Ay, yer memory seems to be a'right still, Guy. And what did ye do wi' the knife and the money ye took from me, eh, Guy?" The voice, with its deadly persistence, now broke into a shriek of rage and hate. "What did yer do wi' them, ye cowardly murderer? Speak!"

Still the answer came, drawn unrelentingly from the sobbing wretch, "I buried them, and then brought them out to convict Tom. Curse you, uncle, curse you. But they'll never hang

me, they'll never hang me." The Thing moved noiselessly, menacingly towards Guy. "For God's sake keep him back! Keep him back! Uncle, uncle, don't, don't!" The voice trailed off to a choking sob. Then silence! Again that eerie laugh sounded to the ears of the cowering listeners. "No, they'll never hang you, Guy," came its sinister cackle.

A cloud passed over the moon, and darkness reigned supreme.

Suddenly, as a pent-up river breaking its

bonds, the rain hurled itself again against the windows with renewed fury, and the wind howled round the house, as if seeking to tear it from its foundations. The lights flashed on again, revealing the white-faced, hypnotised guests huddled together like sheep, the empty space by the window, and one figure lying prone on the floor.

There was a faint acrid smell of burnt almonds in the air—Prussic acid acts quickly.

M'SIEUR, 4D.

THE LONELY LAND.

The placid, silver river glides along,
While softly crooning to the summer night,
Its plaintive sighing, an eternal song;
A ribbon of the softest fairy light.

The moon, a pallid orb of light, is hung
In purple star-bespangled canopy;
The lonely dingo from a distant hill,
In mournful tones beholds its majesty.

The cool night wind is sobbing through the trees,

The curlew sends his dismal, haunting wail
Of eery sadness floating on the breeze;
To echo and re-echo through the vale.

The sighing and the sobbing of the wind,
The howling of the warrigal afar;

This is the sadness of Australia's bush,
The lonely land beneath the Southern Star.
"BUDGEREE," 4D.

BOYS . . .

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ALL AROUND THE SCHOOL.

As I sit on the seat specially provided for Fifth Year, in the form of the edge of a brick gutter on the former Fourth Year reserve, many thoughts arise upon me. I have just finished reading my copy of the Fortian, and I noticed on the last page a very stirring appeal. It read: "The 'Round the School' column needs more attention . . . send in the material lying around on all sides."

I look around me. I notice that, although someone desires to turn the grounds into a park, the stump of the tree which was blown over two Easters ago looms above me. I dare not send that in! I look again, a sardine tin, a length of barbed wire which some kind neighbour has forced upon us, an apple core and countless sheets of paper lie around me. I dare not send these in for fear that I, poor unfortunate, may have to carry the garbage tin, and then my lofty scholastic aims will be dashed to the ground.

But who is this that breaks upon me? "I have commended your steadiness often, but the whole of Fifth Year will be detained at three-thirty without exception if this area is not left in a respectable condition." Some of the boys playing the knave, I suppose. I must stop! I see a person among the boys who carries much weight around the school. Let me pretend at any rate to be a scavenger. —

I have come into the corridor and I notice several Fifth Year fellows having their For-

tians made beautiful by boys scrawling on the back thereof. Hullo, who is this? "I've just been to one high in authority and look"—here he showed a very valuable scrawl on the front of his Fortian. "What do you think he said?" my companion asked some of "**His Most Gracious Majesty's unfortunate subjects**" who had gathered round. He said, "Did you get Kingsford Smith's autograph?"

I dare not insinuate that such a worthy gentleman—although he has used a new word—"scrouchers"—before to-day—puts himself on a par with the ocean flier. Shall I send this in? No.

But I must send in something. I am seated in school. "Now lads!" I hear, "Now come on boys, you should never buy a paper for fear you might read it. Have a text book by your side in the tram or train."—I keep mine in my bag under the seat.—"Are you sane just now," I am asked as I make some stupid remark about Johnny Turk. "I think I've said before that 'marthermartics' is full proof and providing you make no mistakes you'll get the right answer."

Why do I write on. I can't write anything for the Fortian. Where is some material lying round? Oh! here is some, this paper will do. It will save me finding a rubbish tin; there is always one in the teacher's room!

ALPHA OF THE PLOUGHSHARE,
Fifth Year.

FELICITAS VOBIS DETUR.

Circumstance and consequence assuredly count for the different outlooks on life and the varied dispositions one finds in this world.

But circumstance may be to some extent governed by the person—it may certainly be made brighter and more agreeable by subjecting it to clear and logical conclusions. If one were merely a fatalist, he would as a matter of duty to his creed let the problems of life unravel themselves. This man is a fool—why? Because his conception of life is foolish—but why is it foolish?

This is the question that really brings before us the glaring facts of life, stinging in their truth, and which, on self-investigation, shake our very souls within us.

Alas! If man only knew how little he progresses inwardly, what trouble, what disappointment could be avoided! His very vanity, his conceit and his blundering mistakes; his beast-like instincts and his natural habits—all these indicate the condition in which man to-day exists.

He meditates in solitude; imagines he receives divine visions and inspirations; thinks himself cut adrift from the earth and wandering among chanting angels; and thus he foolishly endeavours to make himself what he is not. How neurotic!

Man was made to sin and fall. Was it not so with Adam? The first description of man, though perhaps merely allegorical, reeks with



the details of his sin—and of his ultimate fall.

He who attains the giddy heights of success—in culture, profession or deed—falls; also he who loiters along the walks of life, achieving nothing—falls. Hence both the industrious and the lazy, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, meet sooner or later on equal terms in the Halls of the Dead.

The uselessness of it all! The disappointment! But as for disappointment—no one seems to recognise that the keenest disappointment is caused by what we may call the "boyish deification of the flesh," or perhaps, the "spirit of veneration."

There is a characteristic of the boy which, though like a tiny atoll in a limitless sea, persists in man all through life. The boy first admires a certain character, deifies him—and then worships him. Little knows the boy that his god, his deity, is nothing but flesh—a blundering, foolish man. He boyishly sings his praises and boyishly makes him an ideal, fated to destruction.

And then—with a sudden jolt and numbing of senses, the boy realises his mistakes; that his ideal is a common shallow man. Disappointment and anger turn his song of praise to a

song of hate—hate against life in general and man in particular.

And thus comes revenge to extinguish the blazing fires of anger. And lo! Death, the favoured servant of revenge, waves his hand over this fallen man and he is no more.

But here another incongruity with man's thought arises. In the case of victim and revenger, the victim is the more fortunate of the two. The thread of his life has been cleanly cut, giving no time for reflection, whereas, the revenger must pass through the last bitter hours before death.

What havoc! What hopelessness and dread must lurk in his mind before the Death. He realises he is falling into a dark unknown abyss.

This is the Revenge of Life upon its victims, this last cruel and terrifying meditation. Hence the only telling revenge on man is the slow-sucking quicksand of Death, burying him in the gloomy darkness of despair.

Then let us kill our sentimentality—scourge the boyish spirits from us and in thus eliminating much of disappointment and anger, make this useless existence a happy one.

S. W. SELICK, 4B.

WHY BOYS LEAVE SCHOOL.

(The only existing solution to this great problem, all other roots being imaginary.)

MS. found in an unregistered locker. Part has been translated by the author from Kitchen French, Pigeon English and Schoolboy Latin. It begins:—

"I was in a meditative mood to-day, and in my ruminations I concluded that to promote interest in certain activities we frequently see prizes are given to those taking the most active parts. So why not apply this to our school life? The thought seemed feasible and dogged my mind for quite a time. At last, in desperation, I determined to get the views of some of my school mates, but—alas! Comrades "Me miserum."

The first friend (?) I approached with these ideas was a fair-headed youth, known to be in complete possession of his mental faculties, and to him I solely and secretly expanded my ideas.))

But wise thoughts (such as these) to him

were as oil to water.

"Not a bad idea," he said, then as someone anointed the water, sparking on all four cylinders, he began: "The find of the Golden Garbage Tin Competition will be contested on the 4th year lawn at 1.15 p.m. sharp. The conditions must strictly be adhered to, and the vigilance committee's decision must be accepted as final. No papers must be picked up until the whistle is blown. We also regret to say numerous competitors have been disqualified for purposely strewing paper about to their own advantage." Oh, the satire of the base-minded wretch. Just fancy him associating my—yes, my—ideas with anything so common as garbage tins!

I quickly left him. But as I left him the rusty cogs of my brain again whirred—the great mind again thought.

Why should I be influenced by his silly views? Like the spider I would try again. My next victim was a different type, and here I expected to reap a richer harvest, but, alas!

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NAME AND ADDRESS.....

Post this to Director of Studies, ACCOUNTANCY COACHING DEPT.

Comrades "etiam me miserum."

The present audience at first viewed my project with disgust, but suddenly, like an opposing policy to an election candidate, he began:—

"At the end of the term the usual Imposition Aggregate Competition will be held, and entrants are especially requested to bind their work in bundles according to subjects. Each sheet must be initialled by a master, whose address, age, reason for occupying present position, and the offence for which imposition was given must accompany each entry. Japanese impositions are awarded highest marks.

It must also be noted that common Latin impositions are of no value, but will be sent to the Bush Book Club. No word must be

written more than the specified number of times. The first prize is 1 (one) brand new pen nib (guaranteed under the Pure Foods Act 1908). GET THAT!"

He left chuckling. "Ah, I thought," these dull lads have no capacity for my wise thought, they—" The shrill blast of a whistle and the booming of a basso-profundo voice from the top window, requesting me to pick up the papers along the fence, brought me back to my senses.

The next period is Latin, my imposition is not done. Yes, my friends, perhaps you are right. This afternoon I will take a tram to Watson's Bay. These thoughts—they are too great. Adieu.

G.S.W., 4B.

THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Ranging from tiny coral islets, which are like pleasant green dots on the indigo sea, up to Papua—the largest in the world—the Pacific is studded with myriads of islands; some of which are still unexplored and uninhabited.

The New Hebrides, lying nearly half way between the French island of New Caledonia and the Santa-Cruz Islands, form easily one of the most beautiful groups in the South Pacific.

They are blessed with a delectable semi-tropical climate and delightful air, and are peopled with an attractive dark-coloured race, muscular, with thick lips and wide pug noses, bubbling over with the simple joys of grown-up children, radiant with sparkling eyes, crowned with luxuriant crops of dark brown hair, well conditioned in body, and effervescing with innocent fun.

Unlike the Polynesians of Fiji, the natives of the New Hebrides are not lazy, and, even though it is apparent that they lead a very easy life, are very industrious. Some are very clever, and their braiding and matting is very interesting. The men spend their days building houses and canoes, fishing, making ornaments, clearing the ground for their gardens, and other odd jobs that suit their fancy. There are two active volcanoes in the New Hebrides; the Volcano of Yossio on the Island of Tanna; and the volcano at Ambrym, which in 1913 did a great deal of damage.

For those who seek respite from the "hustle and bustle" of the city, the New Hebrides and

its exhilarating climate offer an ideal resting place.

The beauty of the white or creamy beaches, with graceful palms in the background, captures the eye of the visitor at first sight. On landing in this miniature paradise (as the islands of the New Hebrides have been called), he finds a richness of colour unknown elsewhere, in the dense and varied foliage, the gorgeous flowers, and the magnificent plumage of the birds, all of which seem a fitting framework for the native inhabitants, who are a happy and picturesque people, still living in primitive fashion.

Tropical fruits are plentiful, fish and turtle abound along the western coast, and vegetation is luxuriant—the variegated crotons and other vivid tropical blooms giving a brilliant aspect to the settlements of the New Hebrides. There is no need to work for food—yams, bananas, and cocoanuts are to be had for the labour of picking them.

At evening time, as you sit under a great palm tree by the sea, and meditate, you feel there is an inarticulate something which cannot be written down. You look out upon a glorious sunset and evening star, and realise that quiet serenity in a solitude that soothes.

The Melanesians of the New Hebrides are deeply religious, and weird ceremonial dances form part of their religion. Every village has its dancing ground surrounded by huge drums made of trunks of trees, and capable of making

a terrific noise. Imagine yourself watching a New Hebridean ceremonial dance, on a moonlight night—drums booming and painted savages dancing. These dances usually take place on certain days, which are called gala days.

There are great preparations for these feast days, and the dancing that follows is often kept up for weeks. Everyone dresses for the occasion. Bodies are anointed with a copious supply of cocoanut oil, hair teased out and decorated with plumes, and faces painted. They adorn themselves with huge head-dresses of paint and feathers, which must leave the feathered tribe for miles around without "a feather to fly with."

Usually the natives wear no clothes, except belts or petticoats of native cloth, banana leaves and grass. Arms, ankles and legs are often

gay with ornaments, some of cocoanut shell, and others cleverly woven and ornamented with interesting patterns. The men are even more vain than the women. They love to deck themselves out with necklaces of beads, seeds and shells, and when in full dress wear a nose bone and ear ornaments. The men take great pride in their mop-like hair, continually teasing it with a wooden comb.

The Capital and seat of the Government of the group is Vila, the principal port, whose harbour is one of exceptional beauty. The New Hebrides has a special interest as the theatre of a remarkable experiment in government, the whole group being administered by a condominium of English and French officials under a Spanish President.

C. DANE, 3D.

OF TRAIN TRAVELLING.

It always affords me the greatest pleasure to go on a journey by train. The journey, preferably must be a long one, and often I get more enjoyment out of it if I travel by myself. I cannot see the sense of watching the scenery and talking at the same time.

One has a feeling of delightful anticipation whilst waiting for the train to depart. It is just the same as waiting for the curtain to be rung up in the theatre. I amuse myself in the meantime by studying the faces of the people in the carriage or on the platforms. It is an interesting occupation this—trying to form a person's character by examining his face.

But there—the whistle of the guard shrills, there is a hurried slamming of doors, quick spoken farewells, a flutter of a green flag, and then the hoarse engine-whistle in reply. I lean back in satisfaction—the journey is about to commence.

The train draws slowly out of the station, and is soon feeling its way through the huge railway yards, where hissing monsters move leisurely about their tracks. Our engine gathers speed, and the carriages are soon racing gaily through the inner suburbs.

Here I look out on the tiny, mean hovels of the slums, with groups of ragged urchins playing in the gutters. There seems to be despair and squalor pervading the atmosphere here. One can read tragedy into those grimy walls and ponder on the inequalities of life.

I am not sorry when these outward signs of poverty and distress are left behind.

Then come the outlying suburbs, and here one finds quite a different air. Happiness and prosperity abound everywhere. The neat, red-roofed bungalows seem to reflect cheer and hospitality, and pride is evident in the careful layout of the gardens. Even the engine seems to sniff the keen air with pleasure, and pants with added zest over the metals.

All this time I have been trying to concentrate on some magazines which a kind friend left with me, thinking I might be bored. But how could one be bored with such a diversity of scenes? I have gazed at these scenes many times, but they seem to be perennially fresh.

By now the train is plunging through miles and miles of bushland. Here a bluish haze appears in the deep green gullies, and the ragged ranges seem to frown disapproval at the shattering of their privacy.

And so the train goes on, ever entering upon new vistas. Now roaring through tunnels, with the black smoke belching past the windows, now rattling over bridges, puffing laboriously up steep hills and then rocking recklessly down the other side, while all the while the wheels are beating out a regular rhythm, "keeping time, time, time, in a sort of runic rhyme," until at last their melody is brought to a close by the screeching of the brakes, and the raucous shouting of the porters tell me that I have reached my destination.

"OLD NICK," 4C.

BOAT HARBOUR.

Nestling under the shelter of the northern headland of Port Hacking lies a haven of refuge, Boat Harbour. Enclosed by a protecting reef, it provides shelter for the fishermen who, caught unawares by any fierce southerly far from home, run with the wind and glide from the turmoil through its narrow entrance, to rest.

The inhabitants of its shores are few, and its surroundings peculiar. On one side are the great dunes, which, slowly moving forward, with devastation in their wake, are gradually filling Botany Bay. On the other side a still more interesting sight unfolds itself; a few huts of corrugated iron and driftwood, and, beyond there—great mounds, seemingly covered with shells.

If we observe the details of the surroundings more closely we see the "kitchen middens," those great mounds, consisting of the residue of feasts held in days gone by, when the natives gathered shell fish, and finishing their meal, threw the shells on to the growing pile. Here, if we happen to be lucky, we may pick up a large piece of stone, patiently smoothed into an axehead by a warrior, only to be discarded

owing to the edge chipping away.

But perhaps this chip may have been used as a spearhead, another stone found in these mounds. If stone could only speak, one of these triangular shaped chips might be very valuable, for who can say that it did not menace Captain Cook when he landed there, about three miles distant?

Passing the huts we see a grotesque sight: sea-horses and bones of all shapes and sizes adorn the entrance, reminding one of the blood-curdling tales told of the mysteries of the sea floor. These have been netted either in Boat Harbour or on the great four-mile beach from which the sand dunes rise.

A little beauty surrounds the spring, which supplies a never-ceasing flow of water, most of which sinks into the beach, leaving the remaining part to trickle into the sea.

But the principal attractions of Boat Harbour, the "kitchen middens," are disappearing, to supply shell grit to poultry farms. Would that we could preserve these signs of other days, but I fear it is not to be.

J. HAZELWOOD, 2C.

ON ROADS.

O for those cold wintry months!

The keen winds and the sparkle in the air make one feel as free as the birds. Then walking is a delight. I have been doing a lot of walking lately on the soft, sandy roads of the Blue Mountains—that lead to vistas of fairy-land and sights of rugged magnificence. We stand for a moment looking out over those great blue valleys, hearing the faint murmur of hidden cascades far below—but to come back to my subject.

I was walking with a companion, who said: "Give me a long straight road, with plenty of elbow room in it." Now this is not the case with me. Whenever I turn on to a long stretch of road I seem to feel suddenly tired. I look to the end of the hateful stretch, and see the telegraph poles getting smaller and smaller. O how I envy the motor cars that pass over it so quickly. What can be the reason for my dislike? Well, I think it must be because I can see what is ahead of me for quite a long

way. If the scenery is dull, as it generally is on long, straight roads, I lose some of that buoyancy of spirit with which I set out. "No, give me," say I, "a road with many turnings;" for what is better than to turn corners, especially on the mountains. Even if there is no fresh view, one knows that it is not far to the next bend in the road.

When Thomas the Rhymer was carried off by the Queen of the Fairies, she showed him three roads. One was a rough, narrow road, full of briars. The next was broad, smooth and straight (which might suit my companion), and the third road wound along a hillside, and the banks above it and below it were covered with beautiful brackens, and their delicate fronds rose high on either side, so high, indeed, that they would shelter the wayfarer from the burning heat of the sun. The first two have oft been spoken of, and the third led to Faeryland. Thomas chose the last, and I think that if I had been Thomas I would have been tempted

to do the same, and walk along that cool, winding road.

And such are the beautiful roads, or tracks, as they are better named, that wind thro' the Blue Mountain vallies, cool, enticing, bordered with divers ferns of wondrous design; from the tall, graceful tree-fern to the tiny moss-like fern covering the rocks.

Some like the broad, white highway, where the busy life of the world passes by; an inn

to rest at, and company along the way.

But I agree with Stevenson when he says, "A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence." With company the walking tour is "more in the nature of a picnic." So in my choice of roads, give me,

"A shadowy highway, cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down."

S.W.P.

MY FIRST JOB.

Some time ago I decided to take a step in the experience of work. It was my first position, and, not being as large or self-confident as I am now, I was naturally timid. My work was to assist the customs agent at one of the largest and most up-to-date printing firms in the country.

On presenting myself at this great establishment, I was accosted by one overgrown youth with a shock of hair resembling a blazing sunset. Adorning his flat chest was a vivid cravat of crimson and green, and drooping from his lips was a well-chewed pencil, indicating he was accustomed to having a roll of tobacco in its place. His chief interest in life was seemingly to stare at me, and keep his overlarge "clods" on the desk, primarily meant for writing. After a careful and rather lengthy scrutiny he jerked out, "Wodcha want?" Here my knowledge of foreign languages saved the situation, and mentally translating what he wished to convey, I mildly replied, "I wish to interview your manager." I could not have caused a greater sensation had I pinched his face. He gasped, stared and gasped again, and with a bewildered look on his face, dazedly waved me to a glazed door, mumbling "Thar." This was my first observation of human nature.

Here I met an entirely different type, a kindly faced man, well on the bright side of sixty and rather a stickler for work, I imagined. He explained my duties and informed me that on signing the pay book, I automatically became a hardworking member of a hardworking firm. I reflected on the red-headed one, but wisely did not voice my opinions. I was conducted to the lift. Naturally I pressed the bell for the elevator and gazed about me, waiting for its arrival. I heard a click behind me, then, "Whodda yer think ya doin'? I'll buya toybell 'f y'

like and yacan twiddlit fr'ours." I turned in angry retort, and, to put it vulgarly, I froze. There, staring me in the face, was the only human gorgon I have ever seen. I closed my eyes and shuddered, mechanically stepping into the lift and creeping around the side, as far from the monster as I could possibly get. I opened my eyes, to find him still glaring at me. I immediately shut them and counted three. I hurriedly left the lift; by this, the spirit of my ancestors had returned, and wheeling round I hurled a rejoinder at him. Needless to say, he was by this time two floors away. This was the third type of human nature which I observed, with myself, perhaps, a fourth.

The morning passed uneventfully, and I was directed down to the recreation ground to partake of my lunch. I met a notice to the effect that smoking and swearing were prohibited. I inwardly complimented the management for this consideration of the female employees, but sad, sad to relate, I had not yet met one of the sixteen hundred factory hands employed there.

I sallied forth into the sunlight, full of expectancy, and made my way to one of the many tables, one where there were plenty of men and no women, for I was still considerably shy. It was not long, however, before a party of factory girls approached us and sat down, evidently to scrutinize the new hand. I was very self-conscious while this lasted, for I overheard one rude girl pass a remark about my missing front tooth.

However, my position proved fruitful, and I now know what it is like to have one eye on the clock and the other on pay day, which, in conclusion, I greatly fear is a human trait.

"FRACK," 4D.

LINGUA UNIVERSALIS.

Deep down in the soul of every human being there is a gilded arbour ever resounding the plaintive music of melancholy, the golden chords of love, the joyous strains of happiness and the triumphant bursts of success. In some this retreat of the emotions' music is never laid open to the hearing of the world—it grieves and rejoices within, nobody knowing exactly when and why.

But most people show either by the songs they sing or the music they create their humour at that moment—their feeling and disposition towards life. Thus a nation's music is saturated with its feelings, its life and its domineering spirit, whether meek or aggressive, cunning or courageous.

A history book tells us mainly about the deeds and political diplomacy of a people, but before we can sympathise with, or protest against, any action on their part, we must, as a matter of justice, probe into, if possible, their very souls. But how can we do so? We know not their tongue.

Aye! The music of the soul, expressed in beautiful and magnificent architecture, or in painting or in sculpture, is far more convincing than the tongue of the body; perhaps purposely made to be so,

"That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise."

Now we may probe. The nation's music—which is the music of people moved by the same emotions as we are—must be our guide, since music is, although apparently flimsy, a forceful and convincing universal tongue.

O Music! Melody! The pagans made thee a Goddess of Good because of thy sweet influence, thy soothing murmurs, and thy plaintive appeal. Indeed art thou a deity, whose very breath cleanseth the world, and carrieth before it the evil, as a crystal mountain spring purifieth the filth-stained pool below.

The Christians have made thee the companion of God because thou dwellest in the flowers, the trees and the brooks, which are

His works. Thou hast made man to see thee in the Halls of Nature—to see thy delicacy in the flowers, thy beauty and thy strength in the trees, and thy awful majesty in the giddy heights of rocky mountain columns.

Yea! Thou art the great and sure universal tongue. What passion canst thou not "raise and quell"?

Rememberest thou how, when thou spokest, the French rebelled, urged on by thy burning notes? How the thief in the act of robbing an ancient dame, heard thee whisper him a tune recalling him to better days, reminding him of a tender mother now dead and gone; how tears welled in his eyes and he entered the chapel where thou wert and knelt?

The power of music—and every form of its expression—is almost akin to hypnotism, and is felt by every man in the world at some time or other. It elevates him to the high and noble plains of ambition, sympathy, tenderness and love; it rushes him through the fire and smoke and the excitement and noise of the battle; and it leads him gently and softly through the realms of tender memories, and he sees again the faces of those he has forgotten.

The lot of man is a happy one, since the melody of nature has reconciled him with nature—since he is able to leave the works which man has made, and plunge, with a sense of joyous freedom and quiet rest, into the wilds, where nature riots in an ecstasy of joy.

O God! Let us hear more music; let us see its dwelling places everywhere! Then would the world be truly beautiful and happy—evil and ugliness cannot live in the radiant light of beauty. Make this light eternal, never growing dim and wan by the presence of the Prince of Darkness; conquer Satan with the music Thou hast given us—bring us to Thee by Thine own melodious message.

Welcome, then, O Music! Sing thy song among us, that we on earth may know each other, may love and understand, where we were wont to hate.

OUR TENNIS COURTS.

I.

One fine morning about the beginning of August, a plough, a cart, a horse and two men (the dog was missing) arrived at the school gate, drove to the lower part of the playground, and discharged their goods under the trees.

It had been previously announced that the school was to be adorned with two new tennis courts, and every Fortian (who had the true school spirit) awaited the day of commencement of the work so that he might, with the aid of a pen or pin, scratch on his desk the fact that "the school courts were commenced on August, 1928, when he was in year," which might be of use to his successors.

Great was the commotion on this happy morn when more than half the school (the seniors being the remainder with NO school spirit) flocked to the scene of action. Great was the enthusiasm when "Dolly" was fastened to the plough and the word was given to turn the first sod.

II.

"On the mark!" . . . "Get set." . . . "Go." But she didn't. Dolly was not ready for work until the driver had used the whip on her back.

"Hurray!" She lunged forward and the plough went three inches into the earth, struck a rock and bounced out. Again the plough was straightened, but again with the same result. Slowly did the work continue.

At the "fore-noon recess," or, in other words, playtime, strict orders were given by "Bill" that "all boys must keep this side o' that drain running t'other side of the trees, because the

'orse might get frightened." These orders were more or less religiously obeyed since the playground masters kept their eyes on the drain.

The work of clearing and levelling the ground was hindered by bad weather and bad rock in the earth. Nevertheless, the ground was considerably more level by the end of three weeks. When the loam arrived, two or three inches were spread over the top and our friends left the courts fenceless. On inquiry at the Sports Department, Ground Floor, it was discovered that the school could not stand up to the cost of engaging a labourer to put up the fence, but that a working-bee was to be held certain afternoons, on which those boys who could bring such tools as crowbars, shovels, etc., would enjoy a sunny afternoon. The response to the appeal was not very great, but the poles went up. After this, a labourer WAS engaged to complete the work. A new roller was purchased. This the tennis enthusiasts of 4th year pushed over the hardening surface every afternoon.

Fourth year had been given the honour of playing the first tournament on the courts. Lots were drawn as to the first players, Kate and a 4A representative being the lucky (or unlucky) ones first chosen. The game was thrilling. It was played amidst laughter, applause and various other noises. The seniors, after long thought, came out with, "Ping—pong: ping—pong."

This considerably upset the players, but they played on courageously until Kate left the court victorious, followed by his victim. Thus the school courts were made and opened.

E.A.B., 4th Year.

THUGINE AND THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

In the land behind the sunset
Dwelt, in ages long forgotten,
Thugine of the shimmering colours,
Thugine of the rainbow colours.
Thugine was a mighty serpent,
So, when Thugine arched his body,

There appeared a gorgeous rainbow.
Close beside a cool white sea-beach
Camped a tribe of mighty hunters,
Mighty hunters, mighty fishers.
So, one fine and sunny morning,
All the men left camp together.

First they warned the two boys left there
 Not to go too near the sea-beach
 Lest the serpent should devour them.
 But the day was hot and stifling;
 Soon the boys went to the sea-beach,
 Where the lazy waves were breaking.
 Thugine saw the boys approaching,
 Seized them, into black rocks turned them.
 Day was waning when the hunters,
 Wearied with their hard day's hunting,
 Re-approached the silent camp-place.

Soon they found the boys had vanished.
 When they rushed on to the sea-beach,
 Saw the black rocks in the ocean
 Heavy were their hearts within them.
 Heavy were their hearts with sadness.
 But the black rocks still remain there,
 And whene'er a gorgeous rainbow
 Streaks the sky, the wise old fathers
 Tell this story to their children.

5C-ITE.

WANDERING.

As I was wandering through the trees,
 The sweet songs of the birds I heard,
 The green leaves fluttered gently too,
 And above the red sun glared.

I walked sometime along a path
 Where flowers around did lie,
 And as I stooped to gather some
 A rabbit scampered by.

Longer and longer the shadows grew,
 And a mist came through the trees,
 So I decided 'twas time to go,
 And home I walked in the breeze.

B. COHEN, 1B.

A GOATY EXPERIENCE.

Our new captain, in his first speech "ex-officio," said that the prefects should **lead** the boys and not **drive** them. This reminded me of an experience of mine with a goat, which may (or may not) teach the new prefects a lesson.

I had noticed that there had been much communication between my respected parents and some obscure person up country, in which there were many references to nanny goats at various prices. The upshot of this was that the aforesaid respected parents ordered thirty shillings' worth of nanny goat.

Accordingly, early one fine, never-to-be-forgotten Saturday morning, I was requested to go to the railway station (about one mile distant) and procure and return with the specimen.

At the station I signed the book, amid much grinning and unseemly amusement on the part of the porters. I did not have far to look for the cause of their amusement, for the animal was labelled with a card, on which was printed in large block letters, "MR. AFORESAID." I hastily removed the aforesaid offending card, and with the animal in tow made for the steps,

which I was pleased to find it climbed with great ease and rapidity.

Once off the station I thought I would get home without being seen by anyone who knew me (for a man is known by the company he keeps). However, as luck would have it, while I was pulling along the obstinate brute at the rate of about one yard a minute a familiar voice advised me to "push behind"—it was a gentleman in his car with his two fair daughters. I blushed, sheepishly lifted my hat, and did push behind, but it was even slower that way. A few yards further on I saw two of my school-friends approaching, and I hoped for sympathy, but even they only laughed, and gave me more very useful (?) advice. Then, "finding the harsh realities of the world were quite other than I had expected them to be," I stopped and pretended to be patting the beast and very pleased with it whenever any of my acquaintances approached, and I seemed to see everyone I knew.

However, finding that in this manner I progressed only about 200 yards in about as many

minutes (so it seemed, anyhow), I thought (with my mind) until I thought of the donkey and the carrots. Thereupon I plucked a piece of grass and held it in front of the brute's nose. It acted miraculously. The beast made a dive for it, but I moved on, and it missed, and it followed for a few yards and stopped; and so I stopped, it made another dive, and so did I. In this manner we proceeded in fits and starts for a couple of hundred yards, but at length it (the goat) espied some more succulent grass by the wayside and promptly started to devour it, while I pulled at it and offered it more grass in vain. After allowing it to feed voraciously for about five minutes, I made a Herculean effort to move it. However,

after using all my strength and weight (about 10 stone in those days) it gave a plaintive "b-a-a-a," but I hardened my heart and pulled more, and moved it a little more. After this I gave up all fancy methods and pulled it all the rest of the way home, while it awoke the neighbourhood by sundry plaintive "baaas."

Boys having been so often compared to goats, I would suggest to our captain that he train his following of prefects with the help of goats. It would be a very enervating and useful experience for these youths, chosen leaders, to take (drag, lead or push, etc.) a goat to school, say once a week.

"AFORESAID," 4C.

FIFTH YEAR DEBATING SOCIETY.

This society had a particularly successful year in that its representatives emerged victorious from every contest in which they engaged. Leck, Carter and Conlon represented as evenly balanced a team as the school has possessed for some years. The debates against Fort Street Girls' Debating Society were very evenly contested, as each school had its best teams engaged, and the results were in doubt until the decisions of the adjudicators were announced.

The debate against Sydney High School Debating Club was not so satisfactory, as from the outset it was evident that we were not debating against the strongest team from that society. This was to be regretted, as some very interesting contests have taken place between these schools in the past.

The usual weekly debates were regularly held, and a higher standard of debate and subsequent

interest maintained than in immediately previous years. For this the committee is to be congratulated.

The inter-year debate against the Fourth Year was won by the Fifth Year, and revealed a very promising amount of talent for the school debating club of 1929. I look to the coming seniors to retain the laurels won this year.

An innovation of more than passing interest this year, was the controlling of the Empire Day celebration by the Debating Club. The members rose to the occasion in a very able manner, and set a standard for following years to reach, as the club will probably control this activity in the future.

The thanks of the society are due to the Y.M.C.A. for the provision of very able adjudicators, and it is hoped that the relationship between the association and the school will continue.

FOURTH YEAR DEBATING.

Under the control of Mr. Brodie and a committee of boys, the society has had a successful year. Many extremely interesting discussions were held on a wide variety of subjects, ranging from disarmament and democratic government to the project of concreting the ocean bed to give crabs a better foothold. Speakers showed remarkable originality and keenness, no matter what the subject may have been. On several occasions impromptu speeches were the order of the day and proved a huge success.

A debate was staged against our senior society, on the subject "that professionalism

spoils sport." Fifth Year, represented by Messrs. Thistlethwayte, Melville and Edmunds, took the affirmative and won the debate. Our speakers were Messrs. Hamilton, Maze and Caplan.

The society has undoubtedly been of great assistance to numbers of Fourth Year in developing their ability to put forward an argument clearly and logically. The prospects for the senior society next year are quite bright, and we have every possibility of being represented by a capable, well-balanced team.

SPORTING

FIRST GRADE FOOTBALL.

In this grade the school team acted as "runners-up" to North Sydney team, by which it was defeated on the two occasions on which they met, the scores being 6-14 and 3-13. The remarkable thing about the play this year was that the casualties in the team concerned men who occupied key positions, and generally

territory for more than half the match. This inability to finish a movement was probably due to too strict an observance of the orthodox and to consequent lack of initiative, and to the presence of a number of players in the team who were new to grade football.

The leadership of Melville was good, and



FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB

1st XV - 1928

Back Row—N. GRAHAM, H. WILLIS, D. WEBB, R. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Standing—A. PATTERSON, H. CARTER, N. MADSEN, L. LYONS (Coach),

D. LEGGETT, D. HAMILTON, A. CURNOW.

Sitting—N. KIRBY, M. STEVENSON, W. MELVILLE (Captain),

W. ROACH (Vice-Captain), O. GASH.

Bottom Row—J. STARLING, K. REDMOND.

occurred prior to the most important fixtures.

The team was a fairly even one, but seemed to lack the necessary finish to complete good movements. In nearly all the matches played, we were on the offensive in the opponents'

he should do well in this branch of sport at the University. Carter, in his first year in grade football, rapidly graduated from seconds to first grade, and is to be congratulated. He showed tenacity of purpose, which was of value

to the team. Willis developed into a good forward, was the goal-kicker of the team, and showed great improvement in this branch. Kirby in his first year in grade gave promise, and should develop into a first-class forward when he becomes more familiar with the practice of the game. Roach was the scoring winger of the team, and with his weight should be

an acquisition to any of the metropolitan grade teams, into which I expect him to graduate next year.

The halves, Graham and Redmond, played good orthodox football, but this is not all that is expected of players in this position, for it is the unexpected that disorganises opponents and results in scores.

FORT STREET BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL 1st XV., 1928.

(Runners-up to North Sydney)

Competition Matches:—

Played	Won	Lost	Drew	pts. for	pts. agnst.
8	4	3	1	90	72

V. C.H.S. Won 12—6 (Roach, Starling, Kirby, Willis tries).

V. N.S.H.S. Lost 6—14 (Roach, try; Willis, penalty goal).

V. T.H.S. Won 18—6 (Stevenson 2, Melville, Thistlethwayte, tries; Willis, 3 goals).

V. P.H.S. Drew 3—3 (Starling, try).

V. N.S.H.S. Lost 3—13 (Willis, penalty goal).

V. T.H.S. Won 16—8 (Roach 2, Gash, Willis, tries; Willis, 2 goals).

V. C.H.S. Lost 15—16 (Madsen, Roach, Melville, tries; Willis, 3 goals).

V. P.H.S. Won 17—6 (Lovell, Roach, tries; Roach, field goal; Willis, 2 goals and penalty goal).

Points for 90; against 72.

Willis, 49; Roach, 31; Stevenson, 12, scored greatest number of points.

Melville (Vice-Captain), Roach, Stevenson, Willis represented in C.H.S. 1st XV, 1928.

SECOND GRADE RUGBY.

The second grade this year was not so successful as in previous years, but we were by no means disgraced. The season was not completed, so the positions could not be definitely ascertained, but to say that we occupied third place or even runners-up would not be far wrong. It might be said that there was not the team spirit necessary to achieve the premier position, the small attendances at the practices showing this.

Altogether the team scored 62 points to 71 points against, which shows that the majority of the games were hard and well fought out. The points gained were 14 out of a possible 20.

Some of the outstanding players were Flatt (Vice-Captain) and Roulston, in the forwards, and Thistlethwayte, Molesworth and Hill in the backs, while Maze, a newcomer to the Rugby code, showed much improvement throughout the season.

We congratulate Hurlstone on their well-merited win, being undefeated throughout the entire season.

With several of this year's first fifteen at school next year, there are the brightest prospects of regaining the premiership lost last year.

T. P. SMITH (Captain).

THIRD GRADE FOOTBALL.

In the competition the team finished third to Canterbury and Sydney High, scoring 69 points against 72.

The chief fault lay in the attitude of some members of the team towards practice. After the first three matches, which were lost, the team won five matches, drew one, and lost to Canterbury, the premiers, 8-9 in the final game. During the latter period practice was attended by most of the team, and better results were achieved.

New led his team very well, and was ably assisted by Whitney.

The outstanding player of the team was, perhaps, Langsworth, who showed ability and keenness.

The following played with the team:—

New (Captain), Whitney, Day, Rice, Conklin, Mobbs, Bissacker, Smith, Naismith, Thistlethwayte, Langsworth, Keefe, Wyndham, Young, James, Richards, Wordsworth and Woods.

FOURTH GRADE REPORT.

The team finished runners-up in the competition to North Sydney. The outstanding players during the season were: Armstrong, Shepherd, Peel, in the backs, and Rogers, Stewart and Beaumont in the forwards. The record of the team is: Played 10, drawn 1, lost 3. Points for, 83; against, 31.

As can be seen from the points scored, the matches were evenly contested during the season.

In the second round we avenged our defeat

by Canterbury in the first round, but we went down fighting to North Sydney in both rounds, the scores being 0—9, 3—8, and we heartily congratulate them on being the undefeated premiers for 1928.

Boys who played during the season were:—Armstrong, Peel (Captain), Shepherd (selector), Rogers (Vice-Captain), Stewart, Middleton, Cauldwell, Pike, Stark, Payne, Scribner, Bulet, Page, Sherington, Beaumont, Mackay and Taylor.

FIFTH GRADE REPORT.

Although we finished only third in the competition we were only 3 points behind the leaders, Canterbury, with whom we succeeded in playing a draw on one occasion.

During the season we played 13 matches, of which 9 were won, 2 lost and 2 drawn. Points for were 201 and against 41. The following played during the season: F. W. Freeman (Cap-

tain), F. Donald, S. Dickenson, S. Knapman, G. Gee, T. Ramster, L. Ingram, E. Nicholson, B. Atkinson D. Carmichael, K. Iddles, C. Anderson, W. MacInnes, W. Stewart, D. Sherington, Y. Sheen, W. Williams and B. Hanson.

We appreciate the kindness of Mr. Brodie in accompanying us to our matches and showing us some of the finer points of the game.

CRICKET—FIRST GRADE.

The school eleven has not met with much success during that part of the season since the last edition of the Fortian. Three matches have been played.

We played North Sydney on their ground. In reply to our opponents' score of 263 the school put together 207—a very creditable performance. Of this total Armstrong contributed 87. He batted in fine style, obtaining his runs from strokes all round the wicket, and only gave one chance of dismissal. This innings was the outstanding achievement of the season. Lovell was the next highest scorer with 28.

Our next match was played against Technical on the home ground. Technical made 209. After obtaining 103 in our first innings, we followed on and could only total 78. Langsworth 23 and 12, Armstrong 16 and 28 not out, Marks 27, and Lovell 18 were the chief scorers.

At the time of writing our match against Parramatta is not completed. However, the opponents have already passed our score of 55 with six wickets in hand, so that it appears that we will go through the latter half of the season without a victory to our credit.

Now for a few remarks about the individual players.

Armstrong: A very promising batsman, and fair slow leg break bowler. Runs very well between the wickets, but has a tendency to run for "short" ones, thus endangering his and his partner's wicket unnecessarily.

Langsworth: Has batted very commendably. Has a sound defence. Principal scoring shots are leg glances and cuts past point and third man. Needs to develop more aggressive strokes by driving over pitched balls rather than make purely defensive shots. He is also a useful change bowler.

Lovell: Our principal bowler. Has not reproduced the fine bowling figures he had in earlier portion of the season, but, nevertheless, has done fairly well. As a batsman has given up "wild swinging" and his newly acquired restrained methods have met with some success.

Willis: Should be the most prolific scorer on our side, but as often as not sacrifices his innings in trying to hit the ball out of the ground. He needs to strengthen his defence

by practising to play a straight bat, reserving his superfluous energy for loose balls. He is a fair bowler, but has a tendency to send up many short-pitched balls.

Archer: Our captain. Has disappointed with the bat after promising to be our mainstay. Is not sufficiently aggressive, and tries to glance balls which should be otherwise dealt with.

Marks: Has an awkward style, but manages to get runs when, as a rule, they are needed. Often plays a "cross" bat to a good length ball with disastrous results.

Lee: A hard batsman to dislodge—usually gets double figures, but is not sufficiently aggressive. He is the "stone-waller" of the team.

Gledhill: Has not played regularly. Same style as Lee. Has scored few runs.

Barr, Beaumont, Lamble, McCallum and Goldie constitute the team's tail as far as batting is concerned. They hardly get a dozen runs between all.

The team's prospects for the new season are not bright. Of our "firsts" we should have Armstrong, Langsworth, Willis, Gledhill and McCallum. There are vacancies for younger boys who will play "correct" cricket, and who will infuse a little aggressiveness at times in their strokes. Assiduous practice is necessary to this end.

CRICKET—SECOND GRADE.

Our second grade team finished runners-up to Summer Hill in their division of the competition. Their record was 2 wins, one draw, and one loss.

In our first match we defeated Canterbury by 41 runs on the first innings. Our best bowlers were Leggett, 3 for 3, and Langsworth, who later graduated to 1st grade, 4 for 11. Our total of 81 included 19 each from Marks and Hamilton.

The second match was a draw against Peter-sham. Unfortunately rain limited play to one day. Fort Street closed with 8 wickets down for 131 (Roberts 17 and Breakwell 15 n.o.). Our opponents had scored 53 for the loss of eight wickets at the drawing of stumps. Roberts was the best bowler with 4 for 9.

In our next match we defeated Kogarah outright. To our score of 155 (Cross 56, Hall and Skinner each 19) Kogarah replied with 48 and 27. Our bowlers were Roberts 7 for 11, Guiffre

5 for 30, and Cross 3 for 14.

The last match resulted in a loss to Summer Hill. Fort Street scored 113 (Skinner 32 and Cross 20), to which Summer Hill replied with 72 (Cross 7 for 23). In our second innings we collapsed and compiled only 35 (King 11), to which Summer Hill put up a forceful 90 for the loss of 4 wickets (Thistlethwayte 2 for 5).

The batting average went to Cross with 20.4, with Skinner, 17.7, second.

The strength of our attack was our chief asset. We had six capable bowlers. Roberts took 12 wickets at a cost of 4.2 runs per wicket. Cross and Guiffre were also consistent bowlers.

Hamilton was quite successful as captain, and was one of the best of a keen field. Breakwell was quite satisfactory as wicket-keeper.

The team much appreciates the keen interest shown by Messrs. Gould and Stewart as coaches to the team.

CRICKET—THIRD GRADE.

During the season Fort Street has had five wins and an equal number of losses. Canterbury was the only team which we did not defeat, but inconsistency in both batting and bowling put us in the position we now hold. Fort Street defeated Summer Hill and Parramatta High in the first round, and Parramatta High, Parramatta Intermediate, and Granville in the second half.

The highest score was registered by A. Hall, who left us half way through the season for second grade. His score was 78 not out against Parramatta High.

The best bowling average for one innings was secured by O. Rose, who took 5 for 12 against Summer Hill. F. Harris and W. Short both reached 50, which was the next highest score. F. Harris and V. Ainsworth both secured the "hat trick" during the course of the season.

The following are the best batting averages: A. Hall, 27.4; E. Milverton, 21.0; O. Rose, 20.2.

The best bowling average was secured by F. Harris, being 6.6.

Other successful bowlers were Overton, Sanbrook, Ainsworth, Penman, Rose.

ATHLETICS.

The athletic season on the whole has been fairly successful. Goddard Park was once again made available for the Athletic Club, the members of which were keenly interested in this branch of the school's activities. There are some promising juniors in the club, especially Rogers, Rose, Johnson, Magee and Hammer, who should do well next year.

On the 29th August we held our annual meeting, and expected to record some very fast times, but the unsatisfactory condition of the oval made this almost impossible. Nevertheless, four records were broken and two equalled.

R. Thistlethwayte won the Senior Cup, with W. Roach as runner-up. Thistlethwayte broke the mile record in 5 mins. 2 1/5 secs. Roach the 220 yards in 24 2/5 secs. After a hard fight F. Rogers succeeded in winning the Junior Cup. O. Rose, who was runner-up, broke the pole vault record by clearing 7ft 9in. C. Johnson the hurdles in 15 secs., and N. Cross equalled the 100 yards record of 11 secs.

P. Magee won the Under 14 years Cup by

six points. In this division A. Hammer, who was runner-up for the cup, equalled the 100 yards record of 12 secs.

The thanks of the school are due to Mr. and Mrs. Norman for their guinea donation towards the prize fund.

Our friends, the Fort Street Girls, once again donated the Senior Cup.

The result of the C.H.S. meeting came rather as a surprise to us; but, all things considered, our team did very well. Thistlethwayte ran an excellently-timed mile, and succeeded in winning from North Sydney by about four yards. It was a great race. He also ran the 880 yards very well, but had bad luck in his position at the start. Roach secured several points for the school, which filled fourth place in the competition.

It is to be hoped that a track and a good training ground will be obtained for next year's teams, so as to give them a good chance of retrieving the lost laurels.



F. ROGERS, P. MAGEE, R. THISTLETHWAYTE

TENNIS.

A team was represented by G. Lee, G. Lamble, G. Scott and R. Sinclair. They easily won their division of the competition, chiefly due to the consistently fine form shown by

Lee and Lamble. By this they qualified to meet North Sydney in the inter-district final, and were defeated by 6 sets 47 games to 2 sets 37 games. The team did not show its capabilities

in this match, which was probably due to the bad practice gained in previous matches.

This year we unfortunately lose the valuable combination of Lee and Lamble, as well as R. Sinclair, whose play is an asset to any team.

However, we have some capable talent approaching in R. Reynolds, A. Hall and M. Gibson, and the tennis prospects for next year are particularly bright.

IB were a very well balanced team, and did remarkably well. The team consisted of Joseph, who was an able captain and leader, Reynolds, Gibson, Hall and Beattie. Beattie represented in several matches.

This team was only defeated by North Sydney, the ultimate premiers, and was runner-up in the divisional competition. So it may

be seen that the only team to defeat either of the Fort Street teams was North Sydney A.

The standard among the first-grade players of the school is very high, although the school possesses no outstanding match player. This fact was also borne out at the C.H.S. tournament, when Lamblè, Scott and Reynolds represented, and in 9 finals of singles Lamble and Lee, Scott and Sinclair and Bennett and Turnbull in the quarter-finals of the doubles.

Our last survivors in both singles and doubles were beaten by North Sydney's reps. in the semi-finals.

North Sydney is to be congratulated on the meritorious performance of winning the first-grade premiership and both the over fifteen singles and doubles championships.

2A TENNIS.

The 2A tennis team comprised Witherford (Captain), Foster, Bennett and Chapman. The team was unfortunate enough not to gain a place in its district competition. This failure was mainly due to the lack of combination, especially in the second pair. Bennett and Chapman did not make a good pair, due to

lack of combination between them.

However, some very good games were played. Foster and Witherford, one with his strong service, the other with his neat backhand, playing well together. The team ran fourth in its division, losing two matches and two others being drawn.

2B TENNIS.

The school was represented by J. B. Cox, W. Coleborne, D. Turnbull and P. Heydon in this team, which was picked at the last moment with only one trial. However, it performed fairly well on the whole, and although Cox

was erratic because of inexperience, was placed runner-up in the district to Granville. The results for the season were: Games played 9, won 6, lost 2, drawn 1.

BASEBALL.

At the close of its initial season Fort Street found itself in a satisfactory position considering the difficulties under which it had worked. The A team finished in third place, and had the satisfaction of beating North Sydney. Some of its players will form the nucleus of a satis-

factory combination next year, though, unfortunately, most were seniors. The biggest handicap, which, it is hoped, will be overcome, is the lack of playing grounds. Considering that this year we had to "break the ice," the team feels quite satisfied.

SWIMMING.

Prospects for the coming season are bright. Probably the school is richer in swimming talent than at any other period of the past ten years. But this is only part of the general improvement in swimming talent in all High Schools. There are boys at school now in some establishments who have earned wider and higher

recognition than that won at school and inter-school swimming. We will meet these at the Combined High School Carnival at the Domain Baths on December 7th, 1928, and we feel that the representatives of the school will make a creditable showing. Some of our champions are making rapid improvement, and the con-

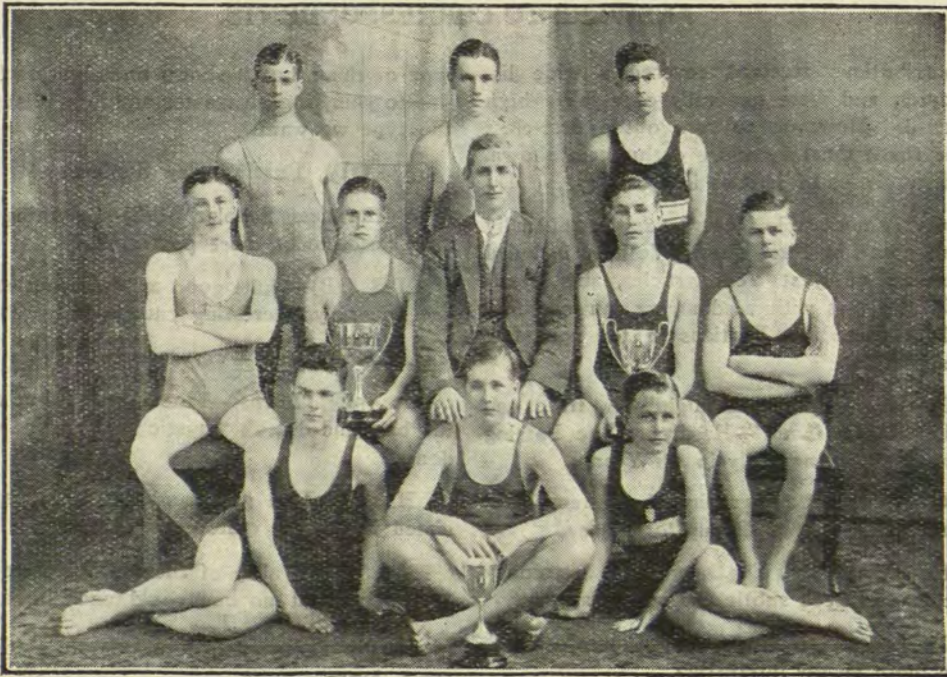
clusion of their schooldays will not see the end of their swimming development. We expect to see their names prominent in the days to come. Some so early in the season have received press publicity for their deeds, and the times they are recording make us optimistic for their success.

Training, timing and striving for the most efficient stroke are the three essentials that all boys must keep in mind who wish to have the honor of swimming for the school on December

7th.

The whole school will join with me in wishing our swimming teams every success in their quest for swimming laurels.

We also take the opportunity of announcing that the Annual Swimming Carnival will take place at the Domain Baths, Wednesday, 20th March. This is a little later than usual, but this date was the only one available to us, even though we sought so early in the season for a suitable tide and time.



FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING CHAMPIONS, 1928.

- | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|---------------|---------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Back Row:— | | | H. ROULSTON | N. CROSS | M. JOSEPH |
| | 2nd Senior Cup | | | 2nd Junior Cup | Life Saving Champ. (record) |
| | 1st Backstroke Champ. | | | | |
| Middle Row:— | | | | | |
| N. ROSE | D. NEW | Mr. L. ROSE | A. SCHMIDT | B. LANGSWORTH | |
| 1st Junior Backstroke Champ. | Senior Cup | (Organiser) | Junior Cup | 50 yards (equal record) | |
| 1st Junior Breaststroke Champ. | 50 yards Champ. | | 1st 50 yards | 100 yards (record) | |
| 1st Life Saving Champ. (record) | 100 " " | | 1st 100 yards | | |
| 1st Senior Breaststroke (record) | 220 " " | | 1st 440 yards | | |
| | 440 " " | | | | |
| | 880 " " | | | | |
| Front Row:— | | | | | |
| F. CHEETHAM | C. SCHMIDT | F. FREEMAN | | | |
| 1st 220 yards Champ. | under 14 Cup | Diving Champ. | | | |
| | 1st Backstroke Champ. | | | | |
| | 1st Breaststroke Champ. | | | | |
| | 220 yards Champ. | | | | |

SOCCER.

This year two Soccer teams were entered in the High Schools competition, and completed a very successful season. Fine talent was discovered in the school in Simpson, the first-grade captain, Henderson and Weekes, of the second grade team. First grade finished the season occupying third position, while second grade, along with two other schools, finished second.

First grade record was fairly even, winning four, losing four, and drawing one match.

Goals for, 13; against, 9.

Cross was the chief scorer throughout the season.

Second grade was more successful than firsts in their division, winning four, losing three.

Goals for, 17; goals against, 9.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions received covered a wide list of topics, and were generally of a fairly high standard. However, to turn out a first-class paper there must be more enthusiasm shown. A wider choice of articles is necessary.

One very noticeable feature was the unusually fine response by First Year. We have included a number of First Year articles, and if enthusiasm grows with wisdom, we can look forward to some fine Fortians in the next few years.

"De Cire" (5C), "Midnight"—A trifle too good. "Puppy Lane"—Hardly. "The Passing of the Staff"—I am only in 4th Year.

K.C. (4A), "Autobiography of an Aeroplane"—Quite good, but hardly up to standard.

T.L. (2C), "Dawn"—Dawns are extremely difficult, and need subtle, original treatment.

A.H. (4A), "Macquarie Lighthouse"—Needs to be more vividly interesting.

J.M. (1C)—Has been done so often that it needs very clever handling.

K.E. (1C), "Little Sea Maid"—Hardly the

type of thing, but it shows fine ability. Show this to your English master and he will suggest the type we want.

C.D. (3D), Puzzles—Try Sunbeams.

"A Harmless Scholar" (2C)—Anything farcical needs to be more powerful.

H.P.S. (4B)—Quite good and informative, but not generally interesting enough.

D.M., "Dialogue"—Very nearly.

C.A. (5A), "Burns"—Fine in parts, but aren't the bird and death's "mystic lair" a trifle overdone.

I.H. (2C)—Idea good and the Editor appreciated it, but not quite good enough.

H.Q. (5D), "Valley of Sleep"—Some wonderful poetry, but no one could understand it.

M (5D)—Quite a fair description of a country town, but not quite.

R.H. (1A), "Music"—It is not in the form it should be. See Sellick and revise it for next issue.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following exchanges:—

The Magazine of the Fort Street Girls' High School, "The Cherry Tree" (Washington, U.S.A.), "The Falcon" (North Sydney), "The

Yarn Spinner" (Bond's Hosiery), "The Masonian" (Masonic Schools, Baulkham Hills), "The Bindyite" (Dubbo), "The Eehrandian" (Glen Innes), "The Chronicle" (Sydney G.H.S.), "The Tattler" (Scone).



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*that look just a little smarter
and wear a great deal longer*



A "Derby" Boot

Derby Boots, in black or brown willow calf, genuine welted soles, comfortable shape in "E" and "F" Fittings.

Sizes	11-1	2-5	6-7
Black.....	22/3	23/9	26/6
Tan	22/6	26/6	28/9

The Brogue Shoe

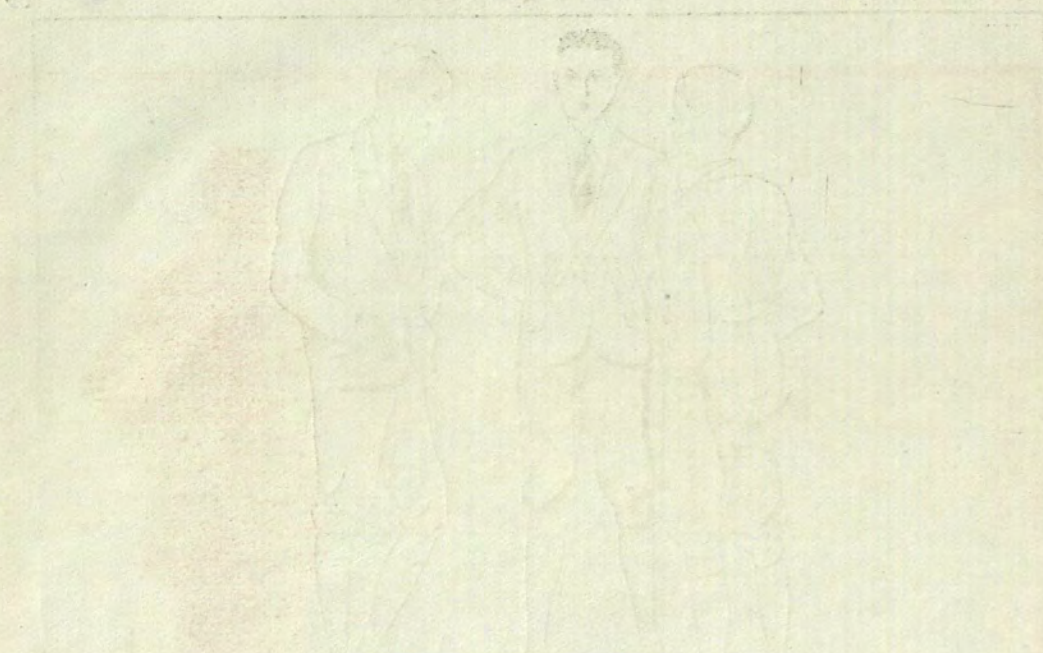
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