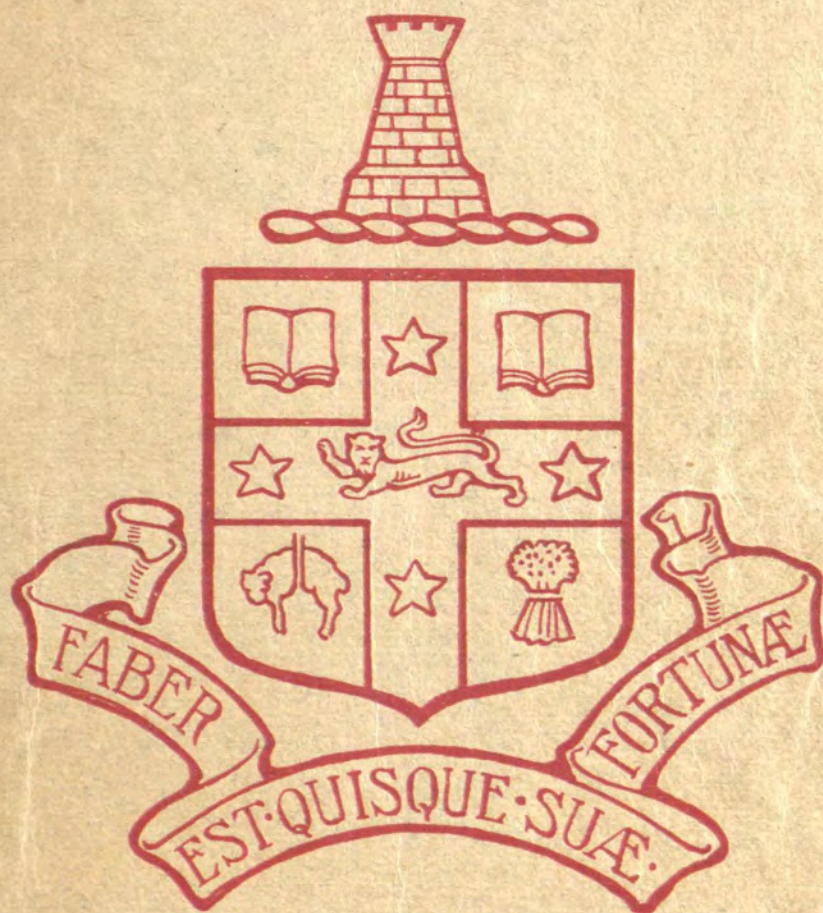
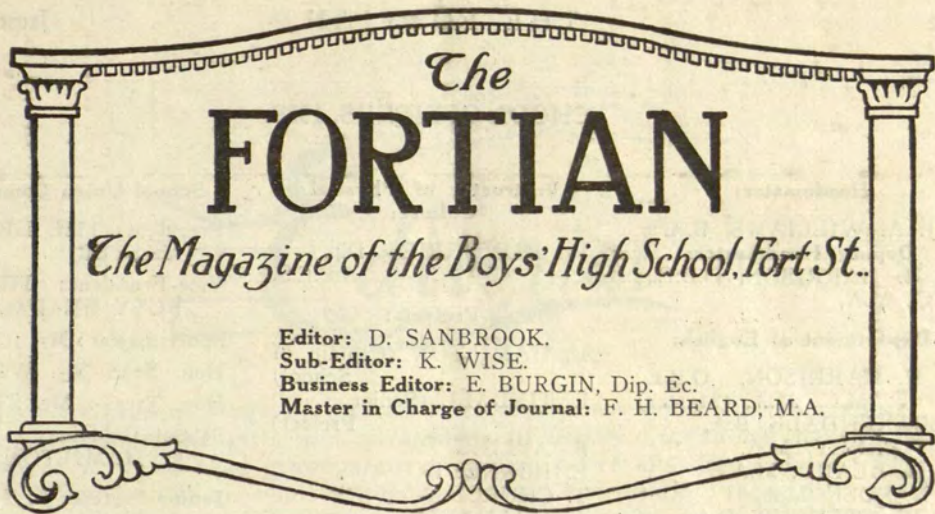


THE FORTIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF FORT ST BOYS
HIGH SCHOOL PETERSHAM NSW

JUNE, 1929.



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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1929.

Headmaster:

J. A. WILLIAMS, B.A.

Deputy Headmaster:C. H. HARRISON, O.B.E.,
M.C., M.A.**Department of English:**C. H. HARRISON, O.B.E.,
M.C., M.A. (Master)

J. BAXENDALE, B.A.

J. TIERNEY, M.A.

F. H. BEARD, M.A.

L. N. ROSE, M.A.

A. W. STEVENS, B.A.,
Dip. Ed.

F. J. BRODIE.

J. BATES, B.A.

**Department of Modern
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(Master)

C. J. BAUER.

R. JERREMS, B.A.

J. FOLEY, B.A., Dip. M.L.

R. CALDWELL, B.A.

Department of Classics:W. E. PORTER, M.A.,
Dip. Ed. (Master)

J. J. DUNNE, B.A.

A. P. LUNDIE, M.A.

J. BATES, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

D. J. AUSTIN, B.A. (Master)

E. H. PARKER.

R. FAIRBAIRN, B.A.

V. OUTTEN, M.A.

A. W. STANLEY, B.A.

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Department of Science:B. H. ROBERTS, B.Sc.
(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, Dip.
A.P.E.S.**Prefects:**D. HAMILTON (Captain of
School)L. TINDALL (Senior
Prefect)

R. AYLING

E. BENNETT

T. CHURCH

A. CHAMBERS

R. COHEN

J. DENNIS

E. GRAY

J. D. LOVELL

C. McPHERSON

M. MATHIESON

W. MAZE

C. NORMAN

N. ROSE

L. SCOTT

S. SELICK

C. WINSTON

**Debating Societies:
(5th Year)**

Mr. C. H. HARRISON

Mr. F. H. BEARD

D. HAMILTON

S. SELICK

L. TINDALL

W. MAZE

H. RICE

(4th Year)

Mr. A. W. STEVENS

M. GIBSON

A. GORAN

D. SANBROOK

A. SCHMIDT

A. MATHIESON

A. ARMSTRONG

D. BROADHEAD

Dramatic Society:

Mr. A. W. STEVENS

P. KLINEBURG

D. BROADHEAD

V. HUDSON

D. SANBROOK

G. FOSTER

J. SHEPERD

D. VERCO

School Union Committee:President: THE HEAD-
MASTER.Vice-President: THE DE-
PUTY HEADMASTER.

Sportsmaster: Mr. JOHNSON

Hon. Sec.: Mr. WOOTTEN

Hon. Treas.: Mr. STANLEY

School Captain:

D. HAMILTON.

Senior Prefect: L. TINDALL

Athletics: Mr. BAXENDALE,
L. NORMANCricket: Mr. OUTTEN,
H. WILLIS

Football:—

Soccer: Mr. ROBERTS,
B. CAPLANRugby: Mr. AUSTIN,
T. SMITH

Swimming:

Mr. HUMPHRIES, E. GRAY

Library: Mr. ROSE,
J. DENNISTennis: Mr. CALDWELL,
L. SCOTT

Debating Society:

Mr. BEARD,

C. McPHERSON

Fortian: Mr. BURGIN,
S. SELICKBaseball: Mr. DUNNE,
V. AINSWORTH**Library:**

Mr. L. ROSE (Librarian)

L. SCOTT

J. DENNIS

Old Boys' Union:

Mr. J. H. WILLIAMS,

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



Editorial

At our present stage of mental development we cannot fail to reflect sometimes upon the gifts and advantages of school life as we have experienced it. The aged grandparent smiles as he recalls dimly those past sorrows and joys of his school career and says, "Ah! my boy, those days are the happiest of your life." The average schoolboy, with his mind momentarily recalling the weary hours of homework and (as he thinks) drudgery, is sceptical. So let us not attempt to justify the words of our abovementioned grandparent (for, indeed, what do we know of life and its trials and disappointments?), but rather let us simply peer into our school life and judge for ourselves its gifts.

The first advantage that flashes to our memory is the sometimes cold and austere education itself. Well, despite its austerity, one could hardly dispute the fact that it is of vital importance. Throughout our lives matters pertaining to general knowledge are constantly arising, and to-day few but the educated distinguish themselves. Indeed, life holds few opportunities for the man who is lacking in education. So, be it granted, the gain of knowledge itself is of great moment.

Now we come to the physical aspect. Throughout our scholastic career we are being developed in body, both on the sporting field and in the realm of gymnastics. "Mens sana in corpore sano" has been quoted so often that one hesitates to use it, but no better statement of the aim of education has been made. Clear, sound thinking, physical fitness and keenness in all manly sports should bring with them, too, cleanliness of mind and high character, gifts of inestimable value to us in life.

Another boon which school-days render unto us, and which we are apt to pass over thoughtlessly, not realising its value until later years, is friendship. This boon is one of the most far-reaching gifts we receive, and one which grows more precious as years go by. School friendships are of many kinds. There is the friendship of the classroom ("companionship in distress," the sceptical one may term this); then there are the fine comradeships of the sporting field, and the friendly alliances formed in the course of the school's social activities. In this last case—as in the others, too, of course—we owe a debt to our own school. Fort Street arranges social activities; she provides for debating; she gives us opportunities for dramatic work; she gives us a magazine; and in each of these, the school wants our co-operation, needs our interest and enthusiasm in order to make them a success. Another friendship is that of master and pupil. Every master—even though at times he may fail to appreciate our genius—is really a friend, using his experience of life to help us, both in our present and future life. (The grandparent again will corroborate my words.)

Lastly, we have our friendship with the great minds of the past, through the fellowship of the friends of mankind—books. When all other friends

fail, these will produce a never-failing companionship for the man who has learnt to love them.

We have been talking here of friendship. It may be well to mention that there are two types of friend. Firstly there is the temporary associate, in which case the word friend is hollow and devoid of sentiment; and then there is the friendship that is more than superficial, that sense of comradeship that touches at the inner chords of the soul, as it were. In "The Merchant of Venice" a character says of Antonio's affection for Bassanio:—

"I think he only loves the world for him."

If school life gives us any such friendships as this we are happy indeed.

NEWS AND NOTES.

At the end of last year several changes took place in the staff of the School, Messrs. Clyne, Walker and Lyons being promoted. Mr. Clyne was appointed as Headmaster of Murwillumbah High School, Mr. Walker as Deputy Headmaster of Lismore High School, and Mr. Lyons as English Master of Lismore High School. We extend our hearty congratulations to these gentlemen on their well-earned promotion, and assure them of our very best wishes for their future.

Mr. Livingstone Mote was also promoted at the beginning of this year to the Conservatorium. Being himself an accomplished musician, he did excellent work in developing a true musical taste in the boys. His removal was a severe loss to the School. Fortunately, Mr. Parker has taken up the good work, and there has been no break in the community singing and the musical activities.

Mr. Taylor was transferred to East Maitland, and our good wishes go with him in his new sphere.

We have pleasure in welcoming the following gentlemen to the staff. Mr. Austin, B.A., Mathematics Master; Mr. B. H. Roberts, B.Sc., Science Master; Mr. L. Foley, B.A.; Mr. A. Stephens, B.A.; Mr. F. Beard, M.A.; and Mr. J. Bates, B.A. We trust that they will have a happy and useful stay at the School.

The Annual Picnic at National Park was

voted a great success. The most pleasing feature of the outing was the presence of a very large number of parents and friends.

The Empire Day celebrations were in the hands of the Debating Societies again this year. Some of the speeches of the boys were very creditable. This idea of allowing the boys themselves to conduct the proceedings has been in operation for two years, and it is considered to be very satisfactory.

A very pleasing feature of Mr. Stevens' address on Speech Day was his announcement that he would offer a prize annually for an essay on some economic subject. Mr. Stevens emphasized the fact that a closer study of economic problems would help to avoid many of our difficulties. The School is very thankful to Mr. Stevens for his splendid offer, and suggests that some other distinguished Old Boy might do likewise.

Much needed improvements are being made in the school yard by asphaltting an area on the west side of the Memorial Hall.

We congratulate A. Beattie in winning the "Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize" for 1929.

The year 1928 will rank among the best years academically in the history of the school. Amongst other brilliant successes we gained 26 Exhibitions, four University Bursaries, the Freemasons' General Proficiency Scholarship, and three Intermediate Bursaries.

LETTER EXCHANGE.

In order to create a lively interest in German, and to get a practical use from the study of it, Mr. Bauer suggested last December to the upper classes the exchange of letters with pupils of a similar High School in Germany. The suggestion was immediately acted upon and some three dozen letters prepared, half in English and half in German. These were forwarded enclosed in a letter written by Mr. Bauer to Dr. Jahnke, Director of Education in Berlin, with the request to arrange for the exchange of letters.

Early in February Mr. Bauer received a letter from the Prussian Minister for Education and Art, that the Director of the Walther-Rathenau Realgymnasium (High School) in Berlin-Neukolln would arrange amongst his pupils for the exchange of letters.

Great excitement prevailed amongst the classes here a few weeks later when the first batch of letters arrived containing stamps and postcards. Many of the correspondents suggested that a regular monthly exchange be maintained, also that any errors in the English part be corrected, offering to do likewise with the German section in letters from here.

Thus, a system of exchange with much interest and mutual benefit to both parties has commenced.

Following is one of the letters received.

(The English of the German schoolboy is reproduced without correction.)

Berlin, den. 9th Feb. 1929.

My dear Ronald!

Oh, it was a great joy among all the boys, when our teacher entered the room and asked us, who would have a letter from an Australian boy. I also was one of the few, who received a letter, and I sit down at once, to reply. Firstly in English, then in German.

Our school is situated in Neukolln, a part of Berlin. It is named Walther Rathenau-schule. I study in the 6th year, but have only in the 3rd year English. I was born on the tenth of August 1913. In the afternoon we have no lessons. I dwell in Steglitz. You ask me, if it does snow here. Oh, yes, that it does. The snow lies as high as the windows in the street, and we have many sports on the ice near Berlin. But this year the winter is extraordinary strong. But soon spring is coming, the most beautiful season of the year in Germany. I also collect

stamps and I will send you stamps from the time after the great war, when we had a great inflation of money.

Aber jetzt werde ich Dir endlich Berlin naher beschreiben. Ich hatte schon in deutscher Schrift angefangen, wie Du siehst; aber ich habe es schnell wieder ausgestrichen, weil ich dachte, Du konntest sie nicht lesen. Oder kannst Du es doch? Also Berlin ist die Hauptstadt des Deutschen Reiches. Sie hat 4½ millionen Einwohner. Sie liegt an einem kleinen Fluss, der Spree. In diesem Fluss liegt eine Insel, auf der sich ein grosser Teil unser Sehenswürdigkeit befinden, Schloss, Dom und Nationalgalerie. Das Brandenburger Tor wirst Du wohl schon von Zeitungen herkennen. Wir haben hier, in Berlin dann noch ungefähr 20 Museen, einen Zoologischen Garten mit einem Aquarium, in dem Eure Fischwelt in engen Aquarien eingesperrt ist. Von Berlin lege ich Dir noch einige Ansichtskarten bei. Ich werde Dir im nächsten Brief mehr erzählen. Am schönsten von Berlin ist wohl sein Umgebung. Wasser, Kieferwald und nochmals Kieferwald. Mit Euren Landschaften wird sie sich wohl nicht messen können. Denn nach dem, was ich auf Deinenkarten gesehen habe, musst ihr dort ein viel wärmeres Klima haben, als wir, und demgemäss musst ihr auch einen uppigeren Pflanzenwachstum haben. Aber trotzdem hat unsere markische Landkiste, denn so wird Berlins Umgebung genannt, ihr schones.

Ich mache mit meinem Ruderboot immer grosse Ausflüge während unsrer Ferien. Wenn ich auf dem Wasser alles abgeklappert habe, setze ich mich auf Fahrrad und fahre in die Gegenden, die kein Wasser haben. Ein Auto haben wir nicht, aber ich fahre oft mit meinem Freund, der einen Rolls Royce hat, mit. Im nächsten Brief werde ich Dir unser Schulleben beschreiben, was wir tun, wenn wir ausserhalb der Schule sind. Ich lege in den Briefumschlag einen Brief von meinem Freund an einen Deiner Mitschuler. Sei doch bitte so gut, und gib ihm diesen, Und nun will ich Schluss machen, denn sonst würde der Brief vielleicht nicht mehr den Postdampfer erreichen, der in diesen Tagen abfährt.

Es grusst Dich herzlich

Dein neuer Freund

K.F.

THE MEMORIAL HALL.

It is rather disappointing to have to report that no progress has been made with the extension of the hall.

Just before the Christmas Vacation the Minister asked that a deputation should meet him to discuss the plans. Three sketch plans had been prepared as follows:—

(1) To add a gallery to the hall to seat 220 persons and to cost £2000 odd. Rejected as inadequate in every way.

(2) To double the width of the hall at a cost of £5000 odd. Rejected on the grounds of appearance and expense.

(3) To widen and lengthen the hall, with greatly increased stage accommodation, and a gymnasium underneath, at a cost of £8000 odd. Rejected on the grounds of expense.

Nos. 2 and 3 both imply the demolition in great part of the existing building.

The Minister emphasised that any scheme approved by him must be satisfactory from all points of view—size, beauty, cost.

During February the Minister wrote proposing to provide a gallery in the present building, and erect a separate gymnasium.

A meeting of stallholders supported the Headmaster in the view that it would be better to await a more favourable time, than to accept a proposal which could not give permanent satisfaction. The Headmaster pointed out that the question of accommodation of classes must shortly arise, as four classes are at present not properly housed in their own room; it might be possible to find a satisfactory solution to the problem of the hall when this question was dealt with.

In the last year or two numbers of new High Schools have been erected, all provided with a fine hall. Fort Street confidently expects that in the near future its claims will be fully met by the provision of a really adequate building. Its record of educational service is unsurpassed, and have not its supporters provided £2000 for hall accommodation?

FOOTER.

Football is the most wonderful, the most perfect game in the world—to watch! Never before the invention of football was there such a wholesome and altogether delightful pastime! The only conceivable pleasures which could be placed in the same rank with it were such jolly games as the Battle of Waterloo, or the defeat of the Armada or the French Revolution. But these were mere incidents! In them men began to gain an inkling of the latent possibilities of a properly organized national and international sport—to-day universally honoured and beloved as football.

Football is the natural outcome of man's primal instincts. Deprived of the right freely to exercise his muscles on his weaker brethren, man, as a last resort, made for himself a set of rules, confined himself to a space a hundred and ten yards by seventy-five, and therein gladly rendered himself as a willing sacrifice to the Goddess of Pleasure.

With these few remarks on the general nature and origin of the game, I shall, with your permission, gentle reader, deal more particularly with my own experiences of the gentle art. Let me begin at the beginning.

For two or three years I had been engaging, with very doubtful success, in the furious and exalting sport of tennis. Every Wednesday I dutifully trotted out of the school gates, gaily swinging my shining racquet, to the great inconvenience of the passers-by. I regularly boarded the wrong bus, and after being squashed almost flat by a tribe of "ignorant little brats" in the rattling conveyance, I used to alight many stops from my destination and wander wearily to the courts.

Arrived there, I waited with hopeful patience during three or more sets to get a game, then, taking the court with the air of a king coming to his throne, with one masterful drive I invariably sent the ball flying over the back fence. After about half-an-hour of fruitless search the quest used to be abandoned, and I gathered up my goods and chattels and returned home after a very enjoyable afternoon.

As I have said, this continued for a year or two (until the end of last year, in fact), and then one day, towards the end of the Christmas holidays, I made the great decision. It must have been a Friday, I am sure, for it was the most unlucky day of my life.

Lying stretched full length on the beach in the warm sun, the monotonous roll of the breakers lulling me to sleep (if you don't know the feeling just think of a Latin period and you'll understand), suddenly a thought came to me—a marvelous idea! I was so surprised that I rolled half over and took a large mouthful of sand, but even this did not discourage my ardent desire—I was going to play football as soon as the season commenced! Woe is me that a tidal wave did not come rolling in from the sea and engulf my youthful dreams on the spot.

Visions came to me of a flying figure charging down a football field, the ball safely tucked under my marone jersey (which had somehow acquired a waratah) to give my arms full play; inert forms lay along my path of destruction; the heaviest and doughtiest tacklers made way before me. I reached the goal posts, coolly measured the exact centre between them (meanwhile warding off with a contemptuous "don't argue" an over-daring full back), and then, with a lordly air, carefully placed the ball. The whole body of the onlookers, five hundred thousand at least, rose as one man and cheered me to the echo! And a few months later came the sordid realities of life . . .

A meeting of intending first-grade players was called at the end of many weary weeks of waiting, and with great self-consciousness I entered the holy precincts, trembling with due reverence in the presence of such great men. It was a very doubtful and trembling youth who turned out in a queer collection of "footer togs" for the first practice "down the yard."

It was there that my fast-failing hopes of a glorious season of victories met their final crushing blow which sent them grovelling in the dust, whence they have not yet risen. It was awful! A nightmare was as a Sunday comic in comparison! I cannot describe it in all its naked truthfulness—running, stumbling over "mullick" heaps, falling on pieces of de-

cayed tombstone, sweating, panting.—I shudder even now to contemplate the abject wretchedness with which I crawled up to change and toddled home to Mummy and to dinner.

As with the first practice, so with the succeeding ones. Our promotion to the Oval in no way improved matters, for although the rocky earth has there a very scanty covering of meagre grass, yet the doubtful benefits derived from the small improvements were entirely annulled by the wonderful opportunities for sprinting, tackling, scrums, line-outs, and all the other forms of torture which the flat surface provides for that most cruel and heartless of slave-drivers, the football coach. But I suppose we should be thankful for small mercies!

Matters, instead of improving, went from bad to worse, or rather, from worst to a still greater degree of awfulness, if that were possible. Football three times a week. Rushing, shoving, kicking, heaving, running, tackling and being tackled—there you have football in a nutshell. It's a wonderful game!

But yet, why on earth am I still playing it? Why do I slave three afternoons a week when I could relapse into the dear old game of tennis (many apologies, tennis players!). It is really impossible to tell you.

Some of you will remember the story of a football enthusiast (a New Zealander, I think), who, when the ball had been kicked out of the field after a ruck, with an encouraging shout to his side, continued rushing and kicking, and yelled at the top of his voice: "Never mind the ball; get on with the game." That is the real football spirit: "Get on with the game."

You can never fully understand the grip that the game takes on a player unless you play it yourself. It is the spirit of the football match, and, above all, of the football team, which can be found nowhere else. It's just Footer!

SUS, 5E.

THE CATARACT DAM.

It was a bright November morning when we set out to reach the Cataract Dam and return via Bulli Lookout.

We had a nice trip out, but when we reached the entrance, on the border of the catchment area, an officer on duty demanded our pass, a

written order by a clerk in the employ of the Water, Sewerage and Drainage Board. On producing this we were allowed to proceed, but were compelled to abandon the car.

Walking down a neatly gravelled path to the top of a flight of steps leading on to the

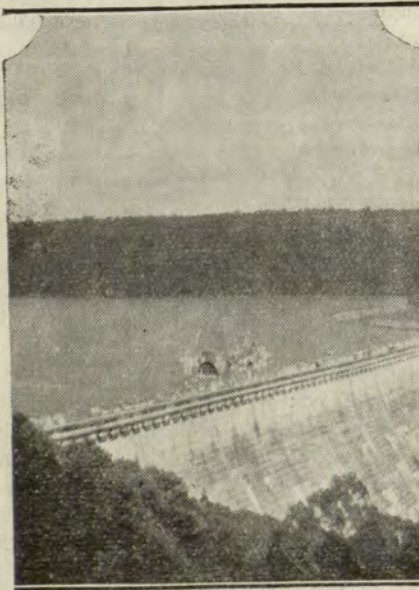
weir we were struck by the size of the concrete wall and the far-stretching body of water which it held in check, for a great clump of large fir trees had obliterated the view on the descent.

Along the top of the wall, which is twenty feet wide at the top, fifty feet at the base, and a quarter of a mile long, is a broad-gauge railway track stretching the whole length of the wall. This was used to carry some two thousand large blocks of sandstone, each about four feet cube.

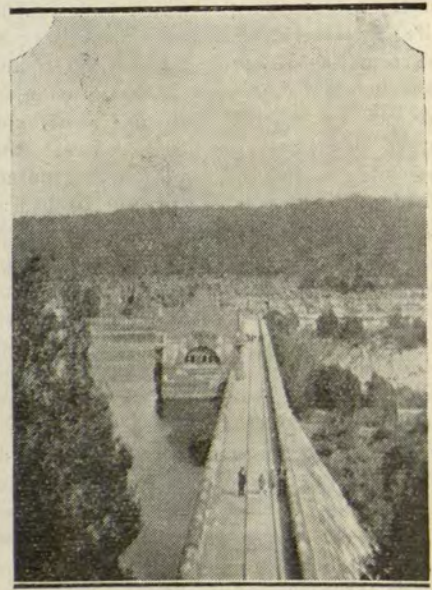
Midway across the wall on the water side is a controlling house, of sandstone with a red-

tilled roof. On our asking one of the guides could we look at it more closely he produced a key, and, opening the heavy oak door, he admitted us.

Coming from the flagstones forming the floor were five wheels, each not unlike the steering wheel of a motor-car. These, the guide told us, were for controlling the flow of water, one for letting out a small amount of water, and so on for correspondingly greater volumes. At the back of the controlling station was a railed ledge let over the water. From this point I obtained a good photograph of the upper reaches of the dam.



VIEW FROM CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE DAM.



THE WALL AS SEEN FROM STEPS.

(Photos by B. Coleburne)

The guide bade us follow him to the far end of the wall. Here we noticed a semi-circular wall seven feet high; we also noted that the water was about five inches below its lip. This is the spill-way or overflow. The slightest fall of rain will send the water rushing over the spill-way. This speaks well for the volume of the water in the dam.

At this end was a large block of stone about twenty feet long, two feet wide and three feet high; this was to give the visitor some idea of the size of the wall.

On the whole the guides were very obliging,

and would do whatever was requested of them if asked politely, providing they were allowed to do so by the Board.

Sydney possesses seven or eight dams, but the largest in order of size are Prospect, Cordaux, Avon and Cataract. Cataract is a little higher than Avon.

On the return trip, arriving at Bulli Lookout, we alighted from the car and cast our eyes on the most beautiful of all scenery, the blending of mountain and ocean.

BRYAN COLEBORNE,
Class 1B.

TO KANANGRA WALLS.

KATOOMBA—WENTWORTH FALLS TOUR, 15th—22nd DECEMBER, 1928.

(Writer's note to Editor: This is not a literary article; just a straight-out, and as faithful as possible, description.—C.C.)

On leaving the train at Katoomba, after a pleasant run up the Mountains, as the train had on express corridor carriages, we purchased necessary provisions and proceeded along the Main Western Road to the Marked Tree. Here we turned off along the bridle track, which leads over the hill, gradually descending to the head of Nelly's Glen, a narrow cleft in the rocks bordering the Megalong Valley.

The track descends steeply down the Glen, which is clothed with substantial foliage; the place is rendered more delightful further on by the waterfall, on the headwaters of Megalong Creek. We soon left this delightful glen and emerged into the valley. The track now winds along the hillsides, descending more gradually to the bottom; down below to the right is the Megalong Creek.

For the best part of a mile we passed where a settlement used to be; the only remains of this are old fences, charred by successive bushfires. Beyond these we camped for the night in a cave in the side of a ridge, which is cut at this point by Megalong Creek.

This section was delightful in the early morning twilight. Beyond the path the creek flows through dense undergrowth; the country is well forested. Innumerable birds sang from the trees. Above these, in the distance, stood the hills, bordered by high cliffs, the tops of which were shrouded in mist. The scene was one of quiet and peace which I shall never forget.

Early that morning we were up and set out. After some time the valley clears, and here occur some selections. The aspect of the country alters. Behind us are the hills, capped with morning mist. All around is grassland, showing the effect of the prolonged dry spell. The country is undulating; between the ridges are dried-up water courses; the course of Megalong Creek is marked by undergrowth and she-oaks. Rabbits, scuttling away at our approach, thrive on the dry weather. On the horizon ahead are the hills, once more clothed in bushland. The calm all around is most captivating and holy.

Further on is the local church and cemetery. Some distance on the hills gradually become less broken towards the Cox River, at which we soon arrived. The country now looked even more desolate. There is not a single blade of grass on those hillsides. Trees only vary their monotony. Rocks and boulders strewn over the ground add to its desolation. Undergrowth only grows along the river bed. Such country we passed through to Gibraltar Creek.

Along here great avenues of tall she-oaks line the river. This is very low, and coated with a film of iron oxide. Nearby is a deserted house with an orchard. Here we met with Mr. Dyson, who lives some distance up Gibraltar Creek, and Mr. Kirby, from Megalong Post Office. Both were on horseback, and carried our packs for the next section.

Gibraltar Creek is almost dry, also. Up its course we now proceeded. Gradually the ascent got steeper, until, after a couple of miles, we ascended a hill on to a sort of platform, where the selection is on which Mr. Dyson lives. Ahead tower the Gibraltar Rocks and other hills not quite as high. Behind is a grand prospect of the Megalong Valley and the main ridge. Here we stopped, had lunch with Messrs. Dyson and Kirby, and left them.

We then ascended to the top of the hills, in a gap to the left of Gibraltar Rocks. Behind us lay the Megalong Valley; ahead the valley of Little River, flanked by Black Range and Mini Mini Range. The descent was moderate. At the bottom is a shack, the "property" of walking tourists and trappers. Here we made a mistake and climbed some distance up Mini Mini Range. We climbed down again, crossed Little River, and soon reached the track. Little River had a surprising volume of water. Here we took on a good supply for the long dry stretch ahead.

The ascent of Black Range is not very steep, but in parts the track is strewn with rocks, making the going far from pleasant. At the top of the range we gradually entered closed bushland; we now appeared to be getting nowhere. Large sections had been burnt by bushfires. The track was blocked in numerous places by fallen trees.

We camped for the night in a little valley



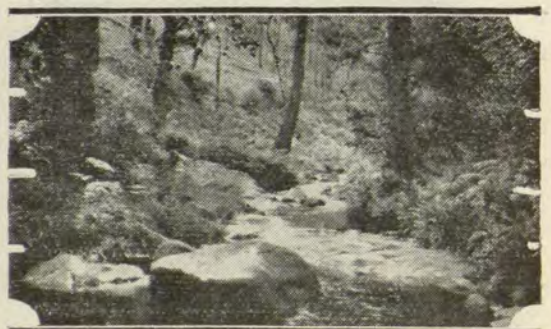
THE KOWMUNG, RIVER OF MYSTERY.



AT KANANGRA WALLS.



THE HUT, LITTLE RIVER.



LIGHT AND SHADE ON LITTLE RIVER.



KANANGRA WALLS AND CANYON.



SOUTH OF KANANGRA.

some distance from the track, about a mile from the Jenolan Road. All the surrounding country had been swept by bushfires; but where we camped thick grass was still growing, being spared from the fire-fiend. The night on the hills was cold, and there was some mist.

In the morning we rose early, arrived in a short time at the Jenolan Road, and proceeded along this to the Caves. On the Five Mile descent it takes the form of a contour and scenic road; to our left is the valley of the Jenolan River. The Grand Arch appears suddenly ahead when the valley bends round to the right. We stopped at the Caves for half the day, and, on purchasing further supplies, set out for the Kanangra Walls.

The ascent of Two Mile Hill on the Oberon Road proved one of the most arduous on the whole trip; gradually getting steeper towards the top. At the top are some houses; some distance along bush roads lead off to a saw-mill. About half-a-mile further on is the turn-off—sixteen bush miles to Kanangra Walls. This road is an excellent bush road, with few fallen trees across it. The going is easy; the road skirts the hill, and the country is comparatively level. The valleys are also very shallow.

The first soak was about two miles from the turn-off; we obtained water from a pool some distance from the road. However, this part was absolutely unsuitable for camping, for the ground was littered with fallen tree-trunks, leaves, branches, twigs and sticks—an excellent place for a first-class bushfire. (This part has since been visited by a fire.) Myriads of ants thrived on the dry conditions. We camped about a mile further on.

In the morning we proceeded to Cunningham's Selection, about five miles further on, where the next pools were, and breakfasted. The selection is in a slight hollow, surrounded on all sides by bush, which shuts in the landscape. The journey from here to Boyd Creek lay through heavily timbered country. Some distance along here we were able to distinguish Ginkin, a hamlet on the Oberon-Shooter's Hill road, away to the right.

Boyd Creek was a chain of waterholes. Round it the country is fairly clear. About 200 yards on is a deserted shack, the "property" of trappers. Surrounded by dead trees, this presented a picture of utter desolation.

From Boyd Creek there is a gradual ascent

for about a mile or so. The timber gradually thins out, and heavy scrub takes its place. From the top a tremendous panorama opens ahead. To the east is seen the end of the Walls, the Kanangra Valley and Gangerang Range beyond. To the north-east on the horizon is the main ridge of the Blue Mountains, while to the south-east can be seen the wide valley of the Kowmung, with the broken country round Yerranderie beyond. At our feet the ridge fell away on to the more or less level scrub country; the plateau ends at the Kanangra Walls.

The road now leads through semi-open country, sloping slightly away to the left. About three miles on is an unfinished mud-house; three minutes from this off the road is a mud hut, near a permanent creek, where we camped. On coming over a very light ridge a half mile away, a magnificent view opened before us. Ahead lies the Grand Canyon of the Kanangra River, which is deeper than the Grose Valley at Blackheath. On its left the slopes are very steep, but on the right they culminate in great cliffs, 200 to 400 feet high—the Kanangra Walls. To me, the charm of the scene lay in the Walls themselves.

We now skirted under the hill into a shallow and narrow gap between the Walls and the plateau. Here steel ladders lead up on to the Walls. A short distance on are some caves, in one of which is the Dancing Floor, used by campers. The stock route proceeds on, underneath the low cliffs on the southern side of the Walls, and presents rough going. This part is a paradise for geologists.

The top of the Walls is barren, and covered with low scrub. A grand panorama of the Kowmung Valley is visible from here, while to the north the end of Narrow Neck and the main ridge are visible. On a continuation of the plateau beyond the Walls rises Gangerang Range, forming an apparently unbroken ridge; actually the nearer hills are separated by deep valleys. Underneath the highest point of Gangerang the Kanangra Canyon is over 3000 feet deep—one of the deepest valleys in the Commonwealth. Not far along the cliffs bend in towards one another, forming a narrow neck. Beyond this is visible a waterfall at the head of Kanangra Valley.

Sufficient justice cannot be done to this part by a verbal description; one must actually visit

it to appreciate it fully.

On the Thursday we took an alternate route along the Walls, which we picked out with the aid of a map; this joins the stock route later, after turning along a southern arm of the plateau. The 15-mile journey along the Gingra Range, which we reached in a short time, to the Kowmung River is the longest waterless stretch on the journey. The summits of the hills get lower as we proceed further; the range is well forested, but this does not interfere with continuous views of the Walls and Gangerang Range on one side, and the Kowmung Valley on the other, as the route leads mostly along the top of the range, and skirting the hills.

The Kowmung River was very low. It forms a wide bed, with long reaches and stony rapids. The crossing, I should think, would be dangerous if the river were up. The banks are lined with she-oaks. Perch abound in the water. The valley was at one time frequented by cedar getters; but the cedar now only grows in the most inaccessible gorges.

The Old Cedar Road, which we next followed, leads up a ridge to the top on the other side, where is a deserted house. The main features of this house were that it was exceedingly dirty, and lying about it were many remnants of former trips in the form of empty beer bottles. The night proved to be much warmer than on the highlands, so we slept on the verandah, making ourselves as comfortable as possible.

The road which we followed leads along the top of the range. To the right towered the cliffs along Black Hollow Creek. The Jenolan Plateau gradually faded further away as we approached the Cox River. We passed a few huts, one of which is occupied at times.

Cox River, when it is at all up, is extremely dangerous in crossing. It is not very narrow, and the current is very powerful. The rocky bed tends to add to the danger. But now it was low, as a result of the dry weather. The

main tributaries that were keeping it flowing were Kanangra, Little and Kowmung Rivers and Jamieson Creek. We arrived near the junction of Black Hollow Creek, which was dry. The she-oaks along the river cease here, and cleared flats occur.

The crossing was easy. A short distance along, round a bend, is MacMahon's selection. Here we purchased some supplies, and, by keeping along the left bank instead of crossing over the river, cut off a large corner. It was not long before we reached the Wentworth Falls Road.

This road ascends the King's Tableland for most of the distance as a contour road, from which ever-widening views of the Cox Valley and the surrounding hills are obtained. The slopes are well forested, amongst others the box tree being predominant. Fortunately the country is inaccessible to timber getters. We camped some distance up on the site of an old construction camp.

Our walking tour was now rapidly drawing to a close. At the top the road ascends between the cliffs for 100 yards or so at a grade of 1 in 4. At the top, from MacMahon's View, a grand panorama is obtained. In the foreground, the wide valley of the Cox, beyond, somewhat obscured by haze and smoke, the distant hills—farthest away the Kanangra Walls—lay stretched before us, in all the glory of the sunny morning. Leaving this behind, we struck along the road, through closely timbered country; to our right were visible in far apart places, glimpses down the mountains to the plains, which lost themselves in the haze in the distance. Emerging from the bush at the Sanatorium, it was not long before we reached civilization again; soon we were speeding homewards by train, able to think of all those wonderful sights—Megalong and Cox Valley, Jenolan Caves, amongst others, and, greatest by far, the Kanangra Walls.

C. CRAFT, ex-5th Year.

SUSPENSE.

Slowly the cruiser steamed into the teeth of a rising gale. There was an air of suppressed excitement aboard. Instead of the usual gay banter, the men were for the most part silent,

or talking anxiously in little groups.

The watch below, too anxious to take their hard-earned rest, joined their comrades.

The captain stood on the bridge, and his face

wore a strained and worried look.

Officers and men, in heart and spirit, were with that gallant little band of heroes, the flower of the land, in their grim fight against odds, for their country's honour. For days news of varying fortune had flashed through the ether. Attack and defence were weighed, discussed, criticised. Successes were cheered, and appalling losses were faced grimly.

The struggle had reached a climax, and this day must see the final death-blow struck, and still victory or defeat lay on the lap of the gods.

A gang of greasy firemen staggered to the deck. "Any news?" they gasped, waiting for the answer with heartfelt anxiety. They received the denial silently and one by one staggered below.

The instrument in the wireless house broke

into a chatter, paused and rattled on again.

Every voice was stilled. It seemed hours while they waited, wondering what the news would be.

The door of the wireless cabin opened, and the operator, an Englishman, stood swaying in the doorway, his face an ashen grey. He pulled himself together, and walking to the bridge, handed the message to the captain, who stood for a moment and then read the contents.

The captain's shoulders straightened, and the look of tense anxiety left his face. He signalled to the quartermaster, who sprang forward with a smart salute.

"Pass the word for all hands to splice the main-brace," said the captain. "Victory is ours. Australia has won the 5th test."

T. INGLEDEW, 3A.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

When little Jim was two years old,
He had a nasty fall, I'm told.
Just at this stage I will not linger,
I'll merely state he broke a finger.

He soon attained the age of four
And spied a tempting open door.
He peeped outside and meant no harm,
The door slammed shut, and broke his arm.

When he had passed the age of six
His physique played him further tricks,
With swollen neck, a woeful sight is
A little boy with tonsillitis.

When he was eight, such was his greed,
He ate some grapes, both skin and seed;
Internal pains resulted, so
Appendix was the next to go.

At ten years old he looked quite strong;
But this was not to last for long.
His neck broke out in funny lumps,
And he was put to bed with mumps.

On his twelfth anniversary,
He thought he'd try to climb a tree.
Ambitious reaching for an egg
Resulted in a broken leg.

He reached the age of fourteen years,
His father, spite of mother's tears,
Gave him some brand new football clothes,
He joined the "fifths," and broke his nose.

Somewhere about his sixteenth year,
A tramcar bumped him in the rear.
The trams are pretty fast in Sydney,
The consequence—a floating kidney.

Eighteen found all his mind awhirl,
For he had met a lovely girl.
His idyll barely made a start,
She turned him down, and broke his heart.

At twenty science claimed his skill,
And chemistry his thoughts did fill;
He worked with nitro-glycerines,
And blew himself to smithereens.

In letters black, on granite grey,
I read his epitaph one day:
"Here will he lie till sorrow ceases,
His life was calm, his end was pieces."

T. INGLEDEW, 3A.

A VOYAGE FROM SYDNEY TO HONG KONG.

At 11.30 a.m. one Saturday in February melodious sounds were heard coming from a curious instrument, played with a small hammer by a steward aboard the s.s. "Taiping." This was a signal for those not intending to sail to go ashore before the ship began its voyage to China. My relatives and friends quickly exchanged farewells with myself, who was leaving for China by the "Taiping," and went ashore. The whistle sounded a blast which seemed to show that even the ship was reluctant to leave. Slowly the space between the wharf and the ship widened, and sadly I gazed at my relatives and friends whom I might not see again for at least two years. How hard it was to leave them!

About 15 minutes later the ship anchored somewhere in the Harbour for the Customs officers to return the papers of the passengers. When they were satisfied, lunch was served, and at 1 p.m. the ship began to move again, and in a short time she passed between the Heads. I took a final look at our wonderful Harbour, of which we Sydney people are so

proud, and at the Heads. It will be a long time before I see them again.

Already a feeling of sadness crept over me. My leaving home, Sydney and those who are dear to me, had its effect upon myself. It was like me to give way to such feelings, although before I left I was advised to look on the bright side of things and be cheerful.

Soon I made my way to the bows, from which I saw some fishes which I believe were dolphins, swimming just ahead of the ship with great rapidity. They were most playful creatures, who, every now and again, leapt gracefully out of the water, three at once, keeping in a definite formation. They seemed to propel themselves mainly by the tail, for the fins scarcely moved.

Narrabeen, Barrenjoey and other places on the coast passed on the left. The ship began to pitch enough to make me seasick, and it was not long before I had to say another farewell—this time to my dinner. It was a pity, too, for I was the only one at my table to enjoy it. The other three were seasick. I sur-

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veyed the several vacant tables with satisfaction and thought that it would mean the survival of the fittest. It was, too, but I discovered that I was not one of the fittest. How the fishes must have rejoiced two hours later! It made me more miserable than ever. At times I was able to snatch a little sleep, although the "cradle of the deep" was none too gently rocked. Every time I woke I became aware of the sickening up-and-down motion of the ship. There is nothing on land which could produce the same nausea which the ship does in a rough sea.

On the Sunday the ship pitched and rolled just as much as on the day before. The dolphins were gone when I looked for them again. I felt just as sick as before, and avoided meals.

It was lonely, too. Most of the time I was in either the lounge or smoke-room by myself. There I was conveniently near the side of the ship. Most of the other passengers seemed to prefer to be in their cabins.

On the Monday we were to arrive at Brisbane. The pilot came aboard somewhere on the coast, and the ship entered the river about 10 a.m. Now I began to respond to the dinner gong again. The ship seemed very slow, for I was impatient to set foot on land again. At 2 p.m. she berthed at the Mercantile Wharf, at which was also the s.s. "Barrabool."

The city of Brisbane was some distance from the ship and, after having their papers inspected at the gangway by a Customs officer, the passengers were allowed ashore.

The city itself was not very impressive. The Post Office was not very large, and consisted of two buildings. The policemen mostly wore white helmets of a different shape from the New South Wales police helmets. Sometimes they wore caps like the N.S.W. police.

The tram conductors wore white caps, and asked youthful passengers desiring to travel on half fare whether they were under 12. This made me feel at home at least on the trams.

The climate here was noticeably hot. Bananas and sugar cane were displayed in plenty in fruit shops. The ship was being loaded with timber from a railway waggon on the wharf while she was at Brisbane. The work continued even at night, when the workers carried on by electric light.

At midnight the ship set sail again. It was raining. The water pouring continuously from

the outlets of the "Barrabool" made it seem heavier than it really was. Anyhow, the rain made everything dismal, even the wharf, where all the electric lights were blazing. The towering bows of the "Barrabool" dropped astern. I went to bed as the "Taiping" slowly made its way out of the river.

The next day the sea was not so rough as before, but the ship rolled a great deal. The ship was terribly slow, travelling at the rate of 10 to 12 knots. The sea was all round the ship, and beyond the ship's railing was nothing to be seen but the sea and the horizon. If the ship went around in circles very few of the passengers would be the wiser as to where they were. There was always that sameness.

As the ship proceeded further many islands were sighted. They appeared to be just hills rising out of the sea. Some of them seemed to have plenty of grass on the slopes. It was much calmer here, and the ship appeared to be making a river trip. The water seemed disturbed only by the ploughing of the ship, the continuous pouring of water from its side, and the churning of the propellor. The log-line spun merrily astern.

The ship was steady all the way to Townsville. I wished the whole voyage could be like this.

The ship arrived at Townsville on Wednesday at about 10 a.m. After lunch I visited the town, which was two miles from the wharf by road. The authorities were not so strict here. They did not demand certain certificates, but were satisfied on being informed that I had an Australian passport. Chinese passengers from New Zealand were not permitted to go ashore in any Australian port.

The main street of Townsville was almost entirely of concrete, with beds of flowers in the middle to improve the appearance of the town. There were numerous cycles and buses of unusual construction. A very narrow gauge railway was laid along the wharf for freight trains. The climate here was very hot. Some of the men were dressed in tropical clothing. The Post Office was a white building in the main street. The town was very tidy, as receptacles for rubbish were very numerous. On them were advertisements for various goods and shops. The street names are also on them, so they act as signposts.

The town did not seem particularly alive,

though many trucks and buses hurried along the streets now and again. Perhaps the heat made the people drowsy.

At Townsville there seemed to be greater freedom for the people from the ship. At night, when it was cool, the stewards, who were Chinese, came out on the wharf to enjoy the coolness of the night. Electric lights of the ship and the wharf illuminated the wharf, where beef was being loaded from railway vans.

Even the four Malayan quartermasters came out to fish on the wharf. They sang melodious songs in their native language while they waited for the fish to bite.

At 1.30 p.m., Friday, we left Townsville. A small cargo steamer at the bows assisted in turning the ship, while at the stern some of the crew clung on the 3-inch thick rope, fastened on the wharf, trying to keep it on the capstan. The strain on the rope was great, and it protested with a great deal of creaking, and began to smoulder as it gradually slipped round the capstan, while the tug chugged away trying to bring the bows towards the exit of the harbour. At last she succeeded and the ship once more headed for the open sea.

Steadily the steamer ploughed its way northward. The sea was calm and the monotony of the voyage continued, making one day seem very like another.

At 2.30 a.m. Saturday, the ship stopped at Cairns. A little steamer came alongside, bringing some more passengers and cargo. At about 3 a.m. the voyage continued.

It was a strange scene on deck. Until the arrival at Cairns it was very quiet and dark. Several of the stewards slept on deck in the open. Then so soon as the little steamer came alongside the lights were switched on and the crew came out and got the winches working and opened the hatch. In a short time the cargo taken aboard here was stowed away in the hold, the hatch closed, and the derricks arranged again in the usual position when not in use. Soon all was quiet again, and at 4 a.m. I went to bed.

It was a week since I left Sydney, and now I was well on the way to Thursday Island, the next port of call. By noon on Sunday Thursday Island was 90 miles away. The ship speeded up a bit to get in by 6.30 p.m., but did not arrive at Thursday Island till about 8 p.m., when she anchored outside for an hour. The

pilot came aboard at 9 p.m., and by 10 o'clock he brought the ship to the Thursday Island jetty.

There was a crowd on the jetty, consisting mainly of blacks. I've never before seen them in such numbers.

Rain prevented any loading operations, and on Monday morning they were begun under a tarpaulin shelter, for the sky looked threatening.

The town wasn't very large. It had six policemen and four soldiers to keep law and order in the district. Once one of the policemen got drunk and was locked up by the other five. The main street was very rough, with plenty of grass about. Cows and fowls wandered about in it. There were a few shops, and most of them were stores owned by Japs and other coloured people. They seemed very quiet. Even the dealers in pearls, pearl blisters and pearl shell did not seem to do any trade at all. The only place which did seem busy was the Post Office with its clicking telegraph key.

Many blacks and Japs were loafing about the stores.

It was a busy scene on the jetty. The stevedores hurried hither and thither with barrows, with which they moved the cargo to a shed or a small truck on a railway, by which it was conveyed along the jetty to the shore. The trucks were pushed by the labourers.

The town of Thursday Island was not very impressive. Except for some palm trees and grass on the hills, it looked just an ugly collection of buildings.

The harbour was a pleasant sight. It was placid like our own Sydney Harbour, and anchored near the jetty was a large number of shell fishing boats. They were anchored close together so that there seemed to be a forest of masts. There were also a couple of steamers near by.

About noon the s.s. "Changte," sister ship to the "Taiping," entered the harbour. She proceeded slowly to her anchorage, and there waited for the "Taiping" to leave the jetty.

There was plenty of cargo to be unloaded, including beer, meat-extract, fruit, flour and other essentials. This delayed the ship, and she was unable to leave at 4 p.m., Monday, as expected.

At 6 a.m. next day she departed. There was

a difference between the Australian time and the correct time after leaving Thursday Island.

As soon as the ship left harbour it began to get rough, and I was seasick more or less for the next two days. I lay in bed and found I felt better there than on deck. The seas broke over the bows and the ship pitched a lot. It was not usual for the sea to be rough at this stage of the voyage, I was informed. Probably the rain made the difference.

At noon on Thursday there was yet a distance of 1680 miles to go to Manila, the next port. Sea travel is very slow and monotonous.

On Sunday there was fire drill aboard, in which only the crew, stewards and officers took part. They all donned their life-jackets and went on deck. Some of the crew played jets of water from the hoses into the sea. Then the siren was sounded and they all swarmed to their lifeboat stations. The commander came round and inspected them and then they were dismissed by sounding the siren again. It served to break the monotony which made every day, even Sunday, the same. They ought to have more fire drills.

The quartermasters, I learnt, usually steered

the ship. There were four of them, of whom two were on duty at a time. Each two were on duty for four hours, at the end of which they were relieved by the other two. When a pilot comes aboard he takes the helm.

When nearing Manila the ship's crew got to work cleaning the ship. The painter got busy, and soon the ship looked like new again. The tarpaulins were folded up and stowed away to give access to the hatches.

On our entering Manila Harbour, a doctor came aboard from a little steam launch. He had a look round and found everything satisfactory.

Then the ship proceeded to the pier, where it was berthed. The pier was very large and an immense concrete building extended almost its entire length. This was very well equipped with overhead travelling cranes and tractors and trailers for handling cargo.

Almost as soon as the ship tied up a telephone was connected up with it.

A Customs official, clad in a white uniform, looking very important, came along with several minor officers and Customs police. After an hour's delay they finally fixed up some

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permits for the passengers to go ashore.

I went ashore with several others, and we hired a car to see the town. It had some nice roads with many trees bordering them. There were also some fine public buildings such as the Hospital, Customs House and Banks.

The vegetable market was somewhat similar to the one at Sydney. It was combined with the fish market, and so fish and vegetable stalls were under the same roof. Many excellent mangoes were displayed at some of the stalls.

While we were away the ship refuelled. A floating tank containing the oil tied up on the off side of the ship. A large hose was connected up with the ship, and the pumping machine aboard the tank was set going. The ship uses about 700 tons for each trip.

Some queer shaped boats owned by the natives came alongside, too. They were about 50 feet long by 12 feet, and were towed by tugs. Each of them had a huge rudder controlled from inside the boat. They were covered with basket work, which could be lifted off to facilitate loading. The tugs towed these clumsy boats until they were near the ship, then they let go the tow rope and the boats came alongside by their own momentum. These boats took some of the cargo off.

The police in Manila are natives, and wear khaki uniforms. They are armed with a truncheon, which they wear hanging from under their coat.

All the hired cars are driven by natives. They use the horn a great deal. One night I left the ship for a stroll in the town, but when I got into the street a native told me he could get a taxi and take me to see the town for 2/-. The town was one mile away and the roads were dark, he said. He called up a big Hudson and I reluctantly got in. It was funny to be riding alone in the back seat of a 7-passenger sedan, and I could not help feeling a bit nervous. When I reached town the driver let me down and I handed him a florin, but he wouldn't have Australian money, but would be satisfied with two of those coins. He only received one. I would rather see the town or foot.

I managed to get some 20 centavos pieces for my shillings. I had a feeling I was well

and truly cheated in Manila. There were few shops open. I got a police inspector to show me where to get some postage stamps. A shopkeeper showed me some 2 centavos ones. It needed 4 centavos to post each letter and the inspector told me that two 2-centavos stamps would cost 5 centavos.

I walked about a good deal trying to find the G.P.O. The policeman told me to walk to a certain street car station and follow the tram lines for two blocks to get there. I found the lines branched at the station and all the streets seemed to run together there. I decided the P.O. was not worth searching for, so on my way back I asked a Customs guard on sentry duty outside the Customs House for the way to the mail box. He told me to go to the guard at the other side. There I was told to go inside the building. Here, seated behind a desk, on which was a very business-like repeating rifle, was a Customs guard, whom I asked for the whereabouts of the mail box. I felt much relieved when my letters were posted and I walked back to the pier again.

It began to rain and the unloading of the cargo was delayed. The workers slept on the coils of rope, the seats and the deck until about 2 a.m., when they commenced work again. Several Customs policemen slept in the arm-chairs of the smoke room.

At 8 a.m. the ship set sail again, though she should have left at 6 a.m. The rain caused delay again, and so the cargo was not so quickly discharged.

As the ship was going out of the harbour she passed submarines entering. Once outside the harbour she began to roll and pitch a lot, although it was a fine day. The sea here was smoother than usual. This stage of the voyage is generally the roughest.

For two days she sailed before reaching Hong Kong, which was 631 miles from Manila.

When we entered H.K. Harbour many queer Chinese boats were there. Some of the smaller ones came alongside just before she berthed, and their crews climbed up poles of bamboo fastened to the side of the ship by hooks. These men came into the cabins inquiring whether there was any luggage to carry.

When the ship berthed the hotel porters

came, crying out the names of their respective hotels at which the passengers might want to stay.

An Indian police sergeant kept the crowd of coolies on the wharf away from the ship by furiously brandishing a walking stick.

This place was Kowloon on the mainland,

and the end of the voyage had come. To get to Hong Kong from here one had to cross by ferry boat. On landing at Hong Kong I felt grateful that I was on land again, for three weeks on a ship was quite enough for me.

GEORGE LOWE.

ON AN ISLAND IN THE NEPEAN RIVER.

A place of light and shade, of fern and tree,
Of cool green grass; where gently grazing
herds

Of soft-eyed cattle roam, and twittering birds
Make music overhead, delighting me.

A gentle breeze sighs, pure and fresh and free;
Quiet groups of horses drink at sunlit fords
Around the isle; too beautiful for words

The cool clear river flows towards the sea.
When first I saw this isle, a sense of peace
Came o'er me and all troubles soon were fled;
Here was a spot where worry seemed to cease,
And memories of turmoil soon were dead.
When I should weary of the city's strife,
Here might I come and lead the quiet life.

J. SHEPHERD, 4D.

MORNING BY THE SEA.

The long, low-sounding waves break on the
strand,

And backward curl into the rolling sea

With creamy foam. The splendid majesty

Of boundless waters stretches from the land
Away into the sunrise, where a band

Of blue-grey light is reaching out to free

The earth from night's prolonged captivity;

The murmuring leaves upon the trees are fanned

By faintest breezes from the restless deep—
Now peeps the sun with gleaming beams out-
spread

Above the line of blue half lost in cloud

And cuts his golden path through waves that
leap

To catch the changing colours, pink and red,—
To keep them in an everlasting shroud.

C. McPHERSON.

BIRDWOOD GULLY.

Rain! Swishing among the trees, it comes
down in a deluge and then eases off, leaving
everything wet and dripping.

On stepping from the muddy road to the
little track which winds through the valley,
one seems to have entered into a new country.
The birds start singing once more, although
the rain is still sprinkling gently, leaving points
of light on the leaves.

Looking below, I see tall trees stretching up
from far beneath me, and swaying like gaunt,
wise old monarchs sadly shaking their heads.

But let us go to the bottom, where the shrubs
glisten with raindrops and appear quite happy
and proud. A little creek runs joyfully among
the flat rocks and finishes up with a mad race
down a slope to a brown pool.

The bottle-brush does not seem to like get-

ting wet and is very morbid, but nobody minds.
Everything is soppy and cheerful except the
old, old trees that have been growing so long
that rain with its freshness does not excite
them.

Up on the other slope all is more stiff and
unresponsive to the call of a spring shower.
Tier after tier of mountains stretching far into
the misty sky now meet the gaze. From here
the valley seems wrapped in a stillness which is
strangely unnatural. The rain has stopped and
the sun makes a rift in the clouds and trium-
phantly streams light over the scene.

As I turn to have a last look at my magic
land, the sun gives one final glow of mag-
nificence and slowly sinks below the horizon
leaving a trail of red behind it.

J. McAULEY, 1C.

SLANG.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, that eminent and ingenious author, in his book, "The Defendant," has proved that slang is a fairly high form of literature. It is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry.

As to his method of proof I shall say nothing. Suffice it to say that I am sure a careful scrutiny of this profound work will convince you of its truth. Convincing people is a habit of this gentleman.

In certain classes of a certain educational institute of this city the word "metaphor" is on the lips of some of its members every day.

Because poetry plays such an important part in school routine, and also because many more illustrious writers than my humble self have taken it upon themselves to "look into the seeds of time," I will make so bold as to try and present to you what will inevitably be a question in an exam. paper of the very near future.

QUESTION I.

Appreciate fully the following passage, with special reference to the language used, the figures of speech, and what the author intends you to feel as you read.

"Why, that gink is so low he has to stand on his tip-toes to shake hands with a snake. Do you know that when he oozed into our joint last Saturday he insulted me in front of my better half? He said, 'Button your lip.' Just get that in your napper. Besides, he's so swelled-headed he needs a shoe-horn to put his hat on—and ignorant! Well, by jove, he thinks 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' is about some coloured fighter or other. You'd call him a man! He's not a man's bootlace! Bah!"

And perhaps if the student were diligent, conscientious, and consequently knew his work, he would answer in the following strain:—

"This is an extract from Stolingbloke's profound 'Treatise on Mankind.' It is an elegant piece of poetical prose, and its classic sonority is typical of the later twentieth century. Its lilting cadences and musical flow have a pleasing and soothing effect on the senses.

"Firstly let us consider the language analytically.

"In the very first line we meet a strikingly effective little word 'gink.' There is a certain 'je ne sais quoi' about this word, an indefinable something that only this inimitable writer

knows how to introduce, and immediately a vivid picture of a man is presented to us.

"The metaphor from serpents which constitutes the first sentence is alarming in its vividness. There flashes on our inward eye, a man, morally deficient, perhaps mentally incapable, extremely low; in fact, so low that he is virtually a microbe in sentiment.

"The next outstanding phrase is 'oozed into!' This expresses a slow gliding motion, and is exceedingly apt to express the idea of calling at a person's home. The word is derived from the action of feet on slimy mud, and so the sliminess may be read into the character of the object of this delightful eulogy.

"'Button your lip' is a picturesque phrase, exceedingly whimsical, for impolitely requesting a person to conduct himself more quietly. It is a metaphor from clothes which remain fastened when a button is passed through a button hole.

"'Swelled-headed' is an everyday yet effective method of saying that a man is too fond of himself, sick with self-love. The metaphor is further extended by the introduction of shoe-horns. The whole sentence is an example of a hyperbole, for it seems quite apparent that a man could not be quite so conceited as this would have us think.

"The reference to that ancient classic, 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' shows the profound learning of the author. This is a book in which one man keeps saying, 'Well, sir,' and insulting another man.

"The phrase, 'a man's bootlace' is delightfully apt. A bootlace is only a minor part of a man's attire, so, as the comparison is drawn out in the catalogue of men, this specimen is but a back number. It is surprisingly vivid.

"So much for the language. The main idea and motive of the speech is an expression of utter, devastating contempt, and we are given a realistic and convincing character study. No sensible images are raised, yet by several words such as 'gink,' 'swelled headed' and 'man's bootlace' we are presented with this striking study. It is artistic suggestion as opposed to detailed description.

"In truth we may say that this piece is a true revelation of the author's soul and personality, and will live forever in the world

of literature."

Whether the student who would write such as this would get an A pass I am not in a position to judge; but I do look forward to the day when our everyday language will be changed.

The change is coming and seems inevitable.

The day will come when men will cease to speak such drab prose as they do to-day, and will speak in romantic and powerful imagery and beautiful symbolism. I am sorry for those who are trying to avert the inevitable. Their's is a sorry task.

R.G.R., 5D.

AN OLD FORTIAN IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Who ever thought my Fort Street French would come in handy? Yet it did on 9th April last, when we landed, after a 4-day trip on the sea aboard the "Moeraki," at Noumea, the town of New Caledonia. Here I was in the most cosmopolitan city imaginable, with native Kanakas, Javanese, Tonkinese, Chinese, Japanese and Europeans, and here it was that a little French came in useful as I passed remarks to the local residents or made purchases in the quaint wooden shops. Noumea is untidy, yet beautiful, with almost everybody cycling up and down its funny short streets, and it was with regret that we left it at dusk in continuance of the trip to Fiji.

Two days later the ship arrived at Lautoka, on the dry side of Viti Levu, a town full of Indians and Fijians. Here, as we journeyed on trips to Nadi and Ba, the car called at native villages, where little black children eagerly clustered around the white visitors. It was interesting to sit with the native King and Queen of Ba in the "palace" and watch the girls dance, while their companions sang. The native sports at Nadi also were novel, and

watching huge Fijians hurling themselves around the track was most entertaining.

Suva, of course, was more civilized, with its shopping centre and traffic police, but the town is full of natives with their queer customs and unpleasant smell. Along the wharves are Samoans selling their wares, spread on the road, and up town most of the natives are in the Y.M.C.A. Hostel, playing the many games which delight the Sydney boys, but looking so different dressed in their sulus.

A short run to the Island of Ovalau brought us to Levuka, the former capital of Fiji, a beautiful place with grand mountains at the back of a pretty village spread along the flat fronting the sea.

We called again at Suva on the way back, before finally leaving for Sydney direct on 16th April. It was a grand tour, a new life, with Indian and native bazaars, the quaint villages, strange customs, all to be found in the South Seas.

HARRY THORPE.

(Written on board t.s.s. "Moeraki," 19/4/29, en route, Suva to Sydney.)

NIGHT.

Once more the sun goes down
Over the hill,
Putting to rest the town
Where noises shrill.

One more long day is o'er—
Wearisome day;
Settles the night once more
Over the bay.

Once more comes joy at last;
Night comes, and rest.
Long was the day that's past—
Unwelcome guest.

Now till the east doth shine
Happy my lot.
What though the day be fine,
I love it not.

W. MACDONALD, 4B.

A DAY OUT-BACK.

"Come on! Get out of bed!" Thus I was rudely awakened one morning, on a small sheep run out towards Bourke. I clambered out of bed and began a hunt for my clothes. My shirt was tied into many and various knots, as were my socks. My trousers, as far as I could see, were untouched. But I soon felt what was wrong with them! My kind cousin, who had so thoughtfully attended to my other clothing, had merely filled my nether garments with clover burrs!

Having removed as many of those — er— well, of those burrs as I could, I went to help bring in the cows to be milked. Some poets seem to delight over the thought of this rapturous occupation, but, since I have no sense of the beauty of nature, I cannot relish the thought of tramping half a mile and back, in the warm sun (it *is* warm at seven o'clock in the morning in some parts of Australia), on every side of me the beautiful prospect of dead timber, dead sheep, and stumps, with the soul-spiriting matin songs of the galahs and crows to spur me on and make me feel happy. It's queer, but I don't enjoy it in the least!

Having helped my cousins milk the cows, by sitting on the fence and watching, I went to grind, I mean separate, the milk. This is an occupation suited for the gods. I'm sure they would enjoy it. One sits on a box and turns a handle, watching an extremely nutritious beverage (ask Dr. Arthur) pouring itself forth into one kerosene tin, while an even more nutritious beverage, commonly known to us as

cream, precipitates itself into another kerosene tin.

This task finished, and breakfast over, I chased my pony around a hundred-acre paddock for an hour or two, and finally cornered her in the stock-yard. There I saddled her, and proceeded to leap proudly into the saddle. But pride goeth before a fall, for as I was about to seat myself gracefully upon the back of my fiery steed, she stumbled, and I gave a beautiful exhibition of a somersault dive, severely damaging poor old Mother Earth (you see, I landed on my head).

I was not badly hurt (the reason is above), and soon was cantering round the home paddock. Just as my mount was beginning to settle down to a steady gallop, my shirt came out and fluttered in the breeze. This seemed to be the signal for renewed exertions on my horse's part (I don't know why), because she changed from a steady gallop to a remarkably unsteady one. There was a line of trees ahead, and I discovered that my horse did not feel like stopping. In fact, she finished up a good mile beyond those trees. I may here add that I finished up in the branches of the very first tree in the clump. Indeed, it was quite an exalted position.

That ended my riding experiences for that day, for, strange to relate, although it was only about noon, I felt as though I would like to go to bed—and I went!

J. TAYLOR, 4C.

A FINE PIECE OF WORK.

The famous name that our School has earned for itself by the success of its students in practical work as well as in examinations has been firmly supported this year by D. Lee, a Third Year boy, in the arts section of the work. He has presented a painting to the School which in the eyes of our English teacher, Mr. Baxendale, is the finest piece of work done by any boy during this year.

The picture hanging on the back wall of Room 14 is a vivid representation of the scene painted by the words of Tennyson in the open-

ing lines of "Enoch Arden," and has been greatly admired by all the masters and boys who have been in the room, a number of them actually recognising the picture at first sight, which is undoubtedly a proof of Lee's ability in art.

For this valuable gift to his school I wish to offer, on its behalf, my sincerest thanks to Lee, and wish him the greatest success in his future efforts in artistic work such as he has shown us he is able to accomplish.

W. BLESSING, 3B (Captain).

KILLARNEY CREEK.

The creek dreamily drifted on into the "Evermore," or so it seemed to me, sitting in the cool shade on its bank, sleepily watching the golden ripples made by an energetic swallow as he dipped his breast in the limpid water.

From around the bend came the water, softly singing a crooning song of spring. Often a dried brown leaf would slowly slip past me like an elfin sail and bravely dare the consecutive ripples made by the swallow.

The graceful willows opposite me gently stooped and kissed the water, while a light caressing zephyr scarcely stirred the humble leaves as it sighed and mourned among them. Feace, the King, was indeed the absolute ruler, and allowed me to dream on peacefully.

* * *

"Could this be the same earth?" No, it could not be!" But the clamoring waters roared assent to my question.

The flood waters dashed and swirled and eddied, rolling and tumbling great trees as if they were twigs. Great masses of matted grass, leaves, sticks and branches were hurled and flung about, as they vainly tried to find their way out of the turmoil of chaos and escape the terrible wrath of the turbulent, tumultuous waters. Dirty brown foam collected in the nooks and crannies of the banks, fearing to come forth and enter the field of battle.

The weeping willows were dirty and despondent, with piles of rubbish caught in their limbs, like the nests of mighty birds, while here and there a huge log reposed in a fantastic position as if it had been hurled there by the ruthless hand of a Goliath, and from somewhere nearby a frog uttered his melancholy, dirge-like croak—coke—coke—oake, in devilish appreciation of the awe-inspiring spectacle.

J. SULLIVAN, 3D.

 THE "PUDDEN."

In the pantry was a "pudden,"
Johnny thought it was a good 'un;
In the pantry, though forbidden,
Naughty Johnny is now hidden;
And in Johnny is the "pudden"—
Johnny thought was such a good 'un.

Down comes Daddy in a minute,
Sees the pantry and John in it;
But he cannot see the "pudden,"
Which is making John look wooden.
"Where's the 'pudden,' John?" says Daddy,
Gazing sternly at his laddie.

Johnny stammered, Johnny stuttered,
Then these wicked words he uttered:
"In the pantry is the pudden!"
"John," said Dad, "You really shouldn'
Tell such stories to your pater;
You will much regret it later."

"But it's true," replied his laddie,
"I am in the pantry, Daddy,
And the 'pudden' is in me, Dad,
So," said Johnny, "You must see, Dad,
In the pantry is the 'pudden!'"

W-A-L-L-O-P!

Daddy gave him such a good 'un.

A. DUNN.

 LILA.

Here, as I wander 'neath the trees,
I see the crimson morning sun
Send quivering shafts of light that run
All through the dew-besprinkled seas
Of glistening spring-time flowers, where bees
From their mail fling back the darts,
Of high-empyrean fire that starts
Down as the leaves shake in the breeze.
And on a spray of snowy heather,

I watch one hovering jewel alight,
And think as, having supped its fill,
Unheedingly it takes to flight,
Of all the million, million chains
That drew those two together.

—CHAMELEON, 4C.

Indian mystics speak of the whole visible universe as the Lila, or Sport of God.

TO CANBERRA AND BACK.

A dismal howl roused me and I rolled over. From the verandah outside came the persistent bark of the dog, and I sat up and opened my eyes. Coming from all directions was a heterogeneous din; sirens blowing, motor horns tooting and kerosene tins being banged by small boys. The New Year was becoming a real thing, but since I was more interested in bed than in New Year celebrations, I sternly forbade the dog to trouble me again, and, turning over, cuddled down into my blankets. Before long, however, I was astir again, for we were to set out for Canberra that day, and had decided to race the throng of holiday motorists to Tom Ugly's. New Year resolution No. 1, and a most excellent resolution, too!

Thus it was that soon after sunrise we were racing through the cool morning air, drinking deep of its life-giving draught, while ahead the sun, risen to a fresh, sweet world on this happy New Year's morn, gleamed through the thin veil of mist which enveloped each distant object. It kissed the river with a long bright gleam of silver as we ran on to the scarce-filled punt and sped away up the other side. On between the walls of eucalypts which enclose the Prince's Highway as it runs along the top of the range. On, still on, until we reached Sublime Point. The view was glorious. The colour tints were delicately vivid, gleaming silver, mingling with blue and brilliant purple, all melting into the golden beaches, "yellow as sunburnt wheat," glinting and dancing together into a rich and beautiful whole. It is no wonder that even Americans say it is the finest view in the world. Unfortunately the morning was somewhat misty. Away to the north stretched the rocky coast, broken by golden lines of sand, till it blurred and disappeared into the fog. To the south it was the same; the brilliant blue of the ocean became a seething line of white as it met each yellow beach. Before us stretched the deep blue ocean, its surface darkened by an occasional cat-paw, broken here and there by an ephemeral white-horse, stretching away, mingling with the mist to become a gleaming silver bank. Below the giant gums were dwarfed to insignificance. We looked down through their branches to the huge tumbled rocks, surrounded by young myrtles and lilly-pillies, and made

gay with moss and bird's-nest ferns. The forest reared her giants one after another down the foothills to the road, and we gazed at them from the mighty cliffs towering above. We left the glories of the look-out and from the bottom of the pass it was but a few miles to Corrimal. There we camped, at Towroddie Park, till Father, whom business had detained in Sydney, could join us. At Towroddie there is quite a good beach, a lagoon for those who do not prefer the surf, and any amount of sand-hills for the enthusiastic sunbaker.

Early on the morning of January the fourth, we struck camp and drove into Wollongong. There I bought a paper, and, glancing at the date, suddenly realised that it was my birthday. Thus do the happy golden hours of holiday fly past unnoticed.

Wollongong was left behind at about nine-thirty o'clock, and we sped southward along the excellent bitumen road. On our right the country rose in prettily clothed foothills to the forested precipitous mountains beetling overhead. At present these hills and the undulating plains on our left were rather parched and brown, but considering the six months' drought reported by inhabitants, they were in wonderful condition. Two miles out of Wollongong we passed a huge fig tree, which was of more than usual interest to me, for more than forty years ago, my father tells me, he attended the little fig tree school built beneath the generous shade of this ancient warrior. Many are the interesting stories he tells of his schooldays; how they played truant and swung away the day on the lawyer vines of the mountains; how they carefully chose the brittlest canes from the swamp reeds for their lady teacher. But we must keep pace with the car and not loiter over days gone by.

At Albion Park we turned coastwards. The hills were now greener, and a light breeze brought the salt tang of the sea over the hill we were slowly climbing. At the summit we burst upon the most glorious few miles of the trip. Around us the hills rolled away, green and refreshing. On the top of the highest of them was a reddish homestead, peeping from within the tasteful setting of numerous green trees. Directly ahead was Shell Harbour, its blue surface whipped into innumerable snow-

caps by the breeze. The gentle swell creamed and hissed as it broke upon the gleaming whiteness of Minnamurra Beach. On we sped past a little rustic churchyard, with one great tombstone standing over the rest, mute remembrance of some village tyrant.—Tyrant? The word may do him an injustice. Who knows? I am but a stranger, and I must venture nought about my fellow-strangers. However, there stands his tomb, and a flood of thoughts filled my mind as I saw it.

On through Kiama we went into the glorious country beyond. The hills were steeper and greener; here and there cabbage tree palms reared their stately heads, while in an occasional gully was a tangle of vivid dense undergrowth; an outcrop of stones showed on the side of the hill, and a stone fence completed the scene of rustic beauty. The road is rough and narrow, made of loose metal and ruts, but I am glad it is not otherwise. It is a country road, and if it had not been I would have felt out of place—an intruder. But I did not. I forgot the bumps and the ache in my back and my soul

lost itself in Nature. Beyond Jerringong, a place of very dear memories to me, we ran into a scorching wind, and the country ahead was obscured in smoke. We found on reaching Nowra that the smoke and much of the heat was coming from the fires raging in the Wollondilly Valley. One thermometer read 128 degrees, and that was in the shade, too.

That night we camped at Hyam's Beach on Jervis Bay. From Nowra we took the Milton and Naval College Roads. The latter is a really beautiful bush road. I love trees, especially our own Australian trees; the tall poplar and the shady oak are very beautiful, but, ah! the gnarled and spotted gum, the mighty blackbutt, the twisted box—they are ours, and as the car spun along the road I spent all my time studying and admiring my loved ones.. Ahead they closed in on either side, straight tall young eucalypts. A great blue gum and beyond it a box reared their stately heads above the undergrowth. We raced to meet them, they flashed by and a glance ahead again showed two giant boxes curling their branches from

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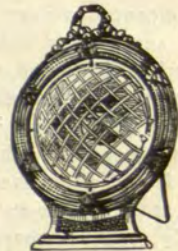
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among the saplings and spreading them above the road to melt in a graceful, drooping arch.

"And the gum trees lean down to us, friend unto friend."

Just beyond the Pacific Guest House we turned off the college road and drove through the Pacific City Estate to Hyam's Beach. The estate is subdivided and elaborately laid out into streets. The owner evidently dreams of founding there a great Pacific City, the seaport of Canberra and premier township of the coast. The scheme is inspiring, and one imagines a magnificent city, a well-ordered mass of handsome white buildings gleaming in the sun amid the surrounding of green trees, while in the distance scintillates Jervis Bay, to stretch away out of sight in the broad expanse of the Pacific. The city at present seems a dream, a useless theory in this essentially commercial world. The scheme is assured the support of the idealist and dreamer, but it would take a broad-minded business man to gamble on such an enterprise. It is in some ways similar to Roland's "Pelican Hotel" in Deeping's "Sorrell and Son." Like the "Pelican," it might prosper. Like numerous other such schemes, it might fail. We must remember that the "Pelican" figured in a novel and that the Pacific City is, in actual fact, in the hard commercial world. Undoubtedly, if the city eventuated, it would help Canberra and Canberra would help it to become more than a dream. The surrounding country at present is covered with good timber, and when cleared, should make good dairying country. Moreover, the place is easy of access. The site is most delightful, as we agreed on reaching Hyam's Beach.

The road led down to a clearing amid the trees. Stretching to the right was the beach, the cleanest, whitest expanse of sand I have ever seen. For some twenty yards from the water's edge it fell away gradually. Here the water was a pure clear green and one seemed to gaze through an interminable and intangible transparency to the gleaming white sand. Words fail altogether to picture the mysterious and amazing beauty of this clear clean mass gently but incessantly swelling towards the beach. Beyond, the water quickly deepened, and in deepening took a dark and mystic shade, till it flowed unconsciously into the bright rich blue of the bay, and then stretched away, whipped into innumerable white horses, to be

swallowed up in the mist which wrapped the distant headlands.

Skirted by the forest, the beach extended to the point on which stands the college, surrounded by trees.

The charming purity of the whole scene stretched out inviting arms to us, and the water enticed our weary feet, but on the beach lay a young grey nurse shark, mute but terrible warning to those who would venture beyond the shallow waters. Campers, we were told, swam regularly, but kept in the shallows, and were never troubled by sharks.

That night, as I lay gently swinging in my hammock, the great shadowy trees rose up all round me and I gazed and gazed at

" . . . the magic brown branches that trellis
the blue,
Where the stars of our comfort look hopefully
through,
Giving strength for the battle again,"

until at last I dropped off to sleep, lulled by the mystic noises of the bush.

Morning dawned bright and clear. The sun cast a gleam across the bay and the headlands stood out boldly against the light mist beyond. After a substantial breakfast of bacon and eggs from my pan, for it fell to my lot to cook the breakfasts en route, we started off bright and early. Back into Nowra, back through the bush, through my beloved trees, "lovely in childhood, glorious in youth, stately in maturity . . . an expression in all stages of the aspiring life of man."

Father (who, by the way, bought the petrol) complained that we had wasted fifty miles—over two gallons. But I think the little bit of extra was well worth while, for Hyam's Beach is a charming little spot, and the Pacific City is a great dream. Such I thought was Canberra. That thought I have since proved groundless. Such also, I have heard, is Washington, U.S.A.

Our next stage was up the Cambewarra Pass. The mountains rose in front of us, and the car, good little friend that she was, roared up the foothills. Beside us was a drop, then the undulating hills, rising on one side to the mountains and falling on the other to the coast. The bush on the pass is delightful. Half way up we stopped to cool our engine. Towering rocks

and soft dense shrubs rose up and ever up, and below us myrtles and lilly-pillies thickly clothed the lowering land. The tree ferns peeped with their delicate light green fronds from among the other bushes, and lent a soft beauty to the undergrowth. The gentle call of a wonga pigeon came softly up from below, and from the scrub above the cry of a whip-bird cut clear and sweet through the stillness of the bush. On again, and the engine purred joyously as it raced up the slope to the lookout. We reached the top and looked out over the wide coastal plains, the Shoalhaven a silver ribbon winding through the plains, and beyond to Jervis Bay. The view is grand—magnificent—in-spiring—whatever you like, but for me it held few charms. The colours were drab, and colours go right to my soul. I prefer the type of view we saw from Sublime Point, less grand perhaps, but surely more delicately and innately beautiful.

We drove on down the verdure-clad hills into the Kangaroo Valley, then dry with the drought. Among the inhabitants of the valley, the horse holds almost undisputed sway. Slowly up the mountains again, past the Fitzroy Falls

with their beautiful curving rainbow and on into the more open country beyond, good grass country with many fine residences, on we drove in the early afternoon to Moss Vale. Our time was limited, and we drove straight through into the undulating pasture land beyond. For many miles on the right of the road the paddocks were burnt black, and the sheep were huddled in frightened groups beneath the scanty trees. That night we camped in Goulburn, and reached Canberra for dinner next day. The first building we passed was a garage, a really pretty red and white building "trimmed" with green. It was a true taste of Canberra, for ahead lay the city, all gleaming white and red amid the park-like streets. For the uninitiated the city is a problem. The camping ground was on the opposite side of the town, and to get there took us almost an hour, winding back and forwards through the clean streets and gardens, and asking numerous residents for directions. The afternoon we spent in a trip to the Cotter Dam, past the great Mt. Stromlo pine forest. The forest has all been planted and is a most laudable enterprise. The trees range in size from

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mere babies to tall straight youths of some sixty feet.

Canberra is indeed a beautiful city, and should in the future become a "gem of purest ray serene." A few hours ago I was looking at some very fine illustrations of black opals, "stones ablaze with flashes of liquid flame that . . . slip into molten green . . . alive with glowing crimson—mesmeric almost in their dark yet starry splendour." Such were the stones, and they reminded me of Canberra! Really they did: of the red-roofed homes nestling picturesquely amid the green of ornamental shrubs and lawns, while from beneath the red the white walls gleamed. The Federal Commission looks after all the building of the city, and as a result nowhere is to be seen a shabby or an ugly construction. Most are red and white. There are no fences, only gardens and here and there a hedge. The circuits, or streets going round the Capital, are divided by lawns and gardens into one-way traffic. The shops are all together and of white. Ainslie has two magnificent blocks of commercial buildings, surpassing in beauty and unusual grandeur anything of this type that I have ever seen. The Parliamentary buildings are known to most.

A feature of the city is the great number of fine hotels, all of the same red and white. There is a modern hospital, a fine picture theatre and a beautiful and imposing concert hall. One soon begins to find one's way through the maze of streets. As I drove around, there developed in me a sense of monotony, but I really think

that this would very soon wear off. It was the great abundance of such unique beauty that became monotonous. So much of it over-impressed me. In conversation with one of the resident doctors I mentioned this, and he found nothing whatever of monotony. He agreed that one had to become used to the unusual decorative schemes and the absence of fences, but it was to him entirely pleasing. So I am sure it would become with me and with anybody else. The general plan of the residential sections, the doctor added, reminded him of what he had seen in California some time ago.

Unfortunately, time forced us to move on next morning, and we retraced our road to Moss Vale, leaving behind us this infant capital, this city of the future, nestling snugly on its seven hills.

At Moss Vale we camped, glad to get a real good bath. This was provided free at the very convenient motorists' camp. We set off again in the keen freshness of the early morning, and drove leisurely through the last beautiful few miles to Sydney. The trip, unfortunately, was a hurried one, but still we saw the glorious scenery of our coast, drove through our grand Australian bush, and above all, saw our capital city. It is a pity that she hasn't a harbour like Port Jackson, for if she had, she would undoubtedly become the most beautiful city of the world. But there now, we must not dream of things that cannot be.

DONALD G. HAMILTON.

"LIZZIE'S LAMENT."

They say I'm unsound, and faulty all round,
In theory my gearbox is bad;
My front axle bumps, and dithers on dumps,
My valves are all wrong, it is sad.

The experts have said I ought to be dead,
I've no right at all on the road,
But gaily I roam, in spite of their moan,
And get there on time with my load.

But now I'm so old, two score years I'm told,

My heart is beginning to flutter—

And soon I'll collapse, or have a relapse—

And you'll find me in bits in the gutter.

K. IDDLES, 3A.

I may not be quite what experts call right;
Long wearing I've had, they agree.
I'm naturally fast, and yet built to last,
There's nothing the matter with me.

I'm light on the juice, but my tank's of no use,
It squeaks, and it knocks, and it leaks,
But the outstanding thing, is the way the plugs
sing,
Whilst the brakes have been missing for
weeks.

DOING HOMEWORK.

Homework ! What a beautiful, colourful vista of thought that exquisite word opens up ! Thoughts of glorious hours, spent in translating Caesar and attempting to parse delightful words, evolved solely to trap poor Fort Street students who most earnestly desire to devote their whole attention to the light reading, such as "Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the Floss" (that bane of 4B), which a certain person in high authority demands, come into my tortured brain as I think of that word—a word whose preceding adjectives are omitted in favour of dashes and blank spaces in all the best books.

It is my opinion, given from the soles of my boots to that lock of my hair which generally sticks up, giving quite a fair imitation of a scythe, that most of the unrest and turmoil in this world is due to homework. If Trotsky and Lenin had not had to do homework, while being pestered by hordes of brothers and sisters, elder and younger alike, there would be no Soviet to-day, and Russia would still be a peaceful country, with all its eminent citizens

residing at specially constructed health farms in Siberia at the expense of the Tsar.

When a youth in my position, which is that of a most deserving young gentleman attempting to surmount several mountains of work, has three elder brothers, all intent on illustrating clearly to him how inferior he is both mentally and physically to the brainy, strapping young giants of their own various generations, doing homework is not what I would describe as a rest cure for the easing of an aching brain.

The attempt to do homework adequately under such conditions is often ludicrous. "Shut up for a few minutes, can't you," says the poor youth. "I've half a dozen algebra questions to do to-night. I don't care if you did have to stay up till midnight to do your homework. These questions have got to be done, and I'm going to do them, if I die in the attempt." On being informed that arrangements for the funeral would be made at once, the poor lad begins to feel as Caesar must have felt when, murmuring "Tu quoque, Brute," he wrapped his



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cloak round his head, to die the death of an infidel rather than that of the hero he had proved himself.

After many vain attempts to solve the equation $3x^3 + 2x^2 - 19x + 6$ equals 0, he finally manages to do it by distorting the $3x^3$ to $3x^2$, presenting the inevitable excuse to the mathematics master that he had copied "it" down "wrong," meaning, of course, wrongly.

He then endeavours to translate certain portions of the works of that king among men, Fitus Livius, and on taking a particularly hard passage to his brothers for elucidation, he is treated with loud derision and sent off "to work the stuff out" himself. (The brothers, of course, know absolutely nothing about Latin, having long since forgotten all that they had learned, which itself was not a considerable quantity.)

Hints that the brothers should help to translate some French prose are impolitely and pointedly ignored by those fiends in human

form, who know even less French than they do Latin. And so the evening passes. The brothers enjoy the gramophone, and utterly destroy the morale of the hapless student, whose stability of mind is quickly destroyed until he reaches a state almost warranting a journey down the river—to the nut factory.

People speak of loving your brother. They have never attempted to do homework in the presence of their brother, it is easy to see. Brothers are nuisances, excrescences and varicous other -nces, and should be bathed in sulphuric acid and then shot. Although this would result in the premature demise of the author of this essay (?), I still advocate that my plan should be put into practice. I dare say there are people who would be willing to shoot anyone if they could possess themselves of their victim's garments later. It is a wicked world, isn't it?

A. MATHIESON, 4D.

THOSE AMERICANS.

The boys all gathered eagerly
To hear a lively tale—
A Yankee lad had come to school,
With yarns that never fail.

He told of how a hurricane
Once blew in U.S.A.,
And how a Westerner did charm
That hurricane away.

"It blew across a country town
And razed the houses low;
It blew the houses from the street,
It took the street in tow.

"It blew the postman's bag away;
It seized the postman, too.
And then it seized the postman's beard,
And then his whistle new.

"The Westerner walked down the street
Until he met the gale;
And then while whirling through the air
(So ran the wondrous tale):

"He whistled slow and touchingly
The old familiar lay,
'Twas 'Rolling Down to Rio Grande,'
But whistled backwards way.

"And then the charm began to work—
The hurricane turned round,
It blew the things that it had seized,
And brought them back quite sound.

"It raised the houses up again,
(The crock'ry did not break);
It blew the houses to the street,
Which it did then remake.

"It took the postman safely home,
And brought his bag to land;
It blew the beard unto his chin,
His whistle to his hand.

"It blew the cowboy to the street,
And then the whistling dropped;
And he resumed his quiet way,
As if he'd never stopped."

And thus the tale was finished, and
The narrator was bound
By twenty willing hands and bumped
Three times upon the ground.

"CHEERIO," 5C.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF LORD BONEHED.

Lord Percival Bonehed, Bart., sat at his old carved mahogany table and stared in a dull, despairing and drooping attitude at a sheaf of blue papers before him. Lord Bonehed was a fine old man, a typical English gentleman of the old school. He was the forty-ninth of his line, and was proud of the fact that he could trace back his ancestry to the Java ape-man.

The portraits of his forty-eight predecessors surrounded him as he sat there. Directly ahead was the noble visage of Lord Egbert Bonehed, who was first home from the Retreat of Sedgemoor, and a few portraits away was Lord Marmaduke Bonehed, who had fought with Wellington at the Peninsula, and who had been dismissed for it.

Suddenly Lord Percival was brought out of his reverie by a sweet childish voice. "Hullo, father dear," it said. His Lordship looked round with a softening eye to behold his son, Augustus. The heir to the House of Bonehed was a bright and intelligent child of twenty-five summers. The intelligence of his face was heightened by the width of his forehead, which was fully one inch.

"Well, my boy, why are you not still at college?" said the lord.

"I've just been booted out, Father," replied

the sweet child.

His Lordship rose, murmuring half to himself the famous Bonehed motto, "Eeeny, meeny, miny, mo," and fixed his son with a gaze closely resembling that of a skewered fowl. "Well, my boy, what's the trouble," he asked at length.

"Oh, just the usual—insubordination, lar-rickinism, smoking, pilfering, laziness and assault on masters."

"Oh!" said Lord Percival, a relieved expression spreading over his countenance. "I thought for a moment that you had stained the family honour."

"Father," said the child, drawing himself up to his full four feet, eleven and a half inches, "I am too much of a Bonehed for that."

"Bless you, my son," said the father, and he turned to his sheaf of papers once more. The worried expression visited his countenance once again. But, reaching across to a pedestal, he poured himself out a dipper of brandy, swallowed this in one gulp, and once more became the thorough English gentleman. He then settled down with greater vigour to proceed to dodge the Income Tax Authorities by trying to fake his returns.

"CHIP O' GRANITE," 2B.

CITY NIGHT.

The ceaseless hum and roar of city life

Has long since gone, and night has softly
sept

Upon the towering roof and steeple high;

But there has stayed and there is captive
kept . . .

The golden dome of glowing lights below
Combat her strength and daytime's bright-
ness show.

The stars above are lost and planets move

Without our conscious eyes to watch their
light:

Lo! Multi-coloured flashes claim our eyes

To drink their artificial glory bright—

And further still dim buildings tower high
Their limits lost within the boundless sky.

Look now across the water; breezes faint

So softly fan our faces—cool and sweet.

Now touch the mystic velvet of the sea

In mind, and feel the faint and gentle beat.

To hide those treasures hidden from our
sight

See how the waves reflect the neighb'ring
light.

Nightlong the man-created daytime lives,

Till in the east the dim and greyish rifts

Of clouds announce the dawn. Then lights die
out

As from the sea the golden sun uplifts . . .

The rays that silhouette the towers tall

Spread light and morning's beauty over all.

C. McPHERSON.

THE PRESS GANG.

One night in the year 1547 I was walking down a desolate lane in a remote part of London when I was suddenly aroused to a keen sense of alertness by the sound of approaching footsteps. My hand strayed to my sword as I walked on, and the next moment I had a clear view of the approaching party. For the most part they were dressed like sailors, but there were two or three who looked to be superior to the others, as they had richer clothing and walked at the head of them.

As they saw me they let out a yell and dashed at me. Completely taken by surprise, I hardly had time to bring out my sword before they were upon me, attacking me from all sides. They did not seem to want to hurt me, but I was soon overpowered. After tying my hands behind my back and putting a sack over my head they led me I knew not whither. On the journey I heard no less than ten shuffles such as mine, and suddenly the awful truth dawned on my perturbed mind—I had been captured by the press gang. At once my thoughts flew to my parents, who were waiting for me at home, and I began to struggle. But I was threatened with death, and so I decided to await a more favourable opportunity to escape. Soon I heard the lapping of waves and knew we were near the river, and five minutes later the other captives and I were being rowed away from the shore. My heart ached when I thought that I might never see the land again, and such was the case with the others. Presently, however, the sacks were taken off our heads, and we were confronted by a large ship. On to this we were ordered, and followed one another up a rope.

As we stepped on deck our arms were instantly pinioned again, and we were taken hurriedly below.

Here we met other men, some quite young like myself (I was eighteen), who had been taken from their loved ones in this manner.

Next morning we were taken to the captain, a one-eyed individual of exceeding ugliness, who wrote our names in a large book. The "Book of Recruits" he called it.

After this we were taken below again and given some breakfast.

During the day we worked up on deck and were allowed to walk about freely. In the

course of the day I made the acquaintance of a boy of my own age, Ralph Boardman. We soon became firm friends, and we talked about the calamity that had befallen us. That night another batch of prisoners was brought in, and this being the last, all hands helped to make the ship ready to sail. When she was quite ready, without loss of time we set sail. At the mouth of the Thames we met other ships which had on board men like ourselves.

It was at this juncture that we were told of the mission for which we were now bound. We were to scour the seas for Spaniards and send them to their doom.

After many days of sailing we met our first adventure. The look-out sighted a sail. This was not the only one, however, for after the excitement of seeing the first was over many more were detected, equalling ours in number.

As they came sailing majestically onwards we perceived their nationality, and at once all hands were put to work to clear the decks for action. They were Spaniards. The excitement was feverish when, as they drew nearer, we could see signs of activity on board the fast-approaching vessels. We were all excited, even we prisoners, for we had received the lust for battle, too.

A mighty cheer arose when they came in range of our guns and we gave them a taste of British cannon balls. However, our fire was returned, and the battle promised to be exciting.

Both fleets sailed straight on, and as we passed each other we each fired a broadside which did considerable damage on either side. Both fleets then wheeled round and prepared to close in and grapple. We selected a ship and sailed towards it, firing all the time, and as we drew near we were met with a hail of musket shot, which we returned with a will. We then came alongside and threw our grapple hooks and swarmed on board.

After a furious fight, the tide of the battle turning each moment, we overcame our adversaries and took them on board our ship. Suddenly a plan dawned on me, and as it was getting dark I decided to carry it out. Calling Ralph, I explained it to him, and he heartily agreed with it. We both went round among the men who had been taken aboard like us

and explained it to them, and every man-jack pledged that he would do his part willingly, even if it resulted in death.

* * *

That night a party of men quietly boarded a secluded Spanish vessel and quickly and quietly devoted themselves to the task of getting her under way.

Quietness could not be maintained, however,

so the work was done as quickly as possible.

Just as they got her into motion a shout was heard from a vessel lying near, and she set out in pursuit.

The Spanish ship was the faster and soon shook off her pursuer, and all on board returned to their homes in London, for they were men who had been captured by the press gang.

RAY WATTS, IB.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

Lying amidst their rose and honeysuckle bushes, each with its carefully tended garden, lay a dozen nestlike little cottages forming a small French village. These cottages stood in one picturesque street that clambered towards the summit of a tiny hill.

Beyond this lay green meadows, where a thickly wooded creek flowed with a twisting course. Fat cattle browsed lazily in the noontide sun, or wended their way lowing to the brink of the creek, the waters of which were shimmering in the soft rays of sun. Everywhere was pleasant to the eye. Peace and beauty reigned supreme.

* * *

Crash! Boom!! and a huge howitzer sped

forth its winged messenger of death with a reverberating roar. A long line of packhorses struggled gamely through the squelching mud to the now discoloured waters of the creek. Just over the rise beyond this were the front line trenches, and these horses plodded nearer and nearer to them with their eagerly awaited supplies of ammunition.

All these shell holes, trenches and muddy trampled tracts of ground, where lay the body of many an heroic man, were once the beautiful green fields, where the cattle lazily browsed in the noontide sun.

GORDON T. ATKINS, 3A.

EMPIRE DAY, 24th MAY, 1929.

This year the proceedings of Empire Day were again left entirely to the 4th and 5th Year Debating Societies.

Four speeches were delivered by members of the 5th Year Society, and one from the 4th Year. All were of distinct quality, and showed evidences of much thought and preparation. Mr. McPherson, of 5th Year, occupied the chair.

The speakers were Mr. Nicholls, who spoke on "The Significance of the Empire;" Mr. Rose, on "Foundation Stones of Empire;" Mr. Dane, of 4th Year, on "Empire Builders;" Mr. Church on "The Empire of To-day," and finally Mr. Hamilton (School Captain) on "Our Duty to the Empire."

The speeches were interspersed with patriotic songs, under the baton (a ruler) of Mr. Parker, and accompanied by Hansen at the piano. The supply of printed sheets bearing the words of songs was a great improvement, and was much appreciated.

A fine recitation was given by Foster, of 4th Year.

Mr. Sibree proposed a vote of thanks to all those concerned in the management of the afternoon, which vote was seconded by Mr. Reynolds.

The high standard established last year was maintained, and it remains for the present 4th Year to continue the good work.

D.S.

BOYS! Let Us Prepare You for Business Life.

We have many Fort Street High School boys preparing for positions in the higher departments of business control.

Following are the units in our specialised business and professional training:

- (1) "Metropolitan" Accountancy and Executive Coaching, operating from 14 Martin Place and giving Postal and Semi-Postal Lessons only, specialising in Accountancy and Company Secretarial training. Director of Service: A. Clunies Ross, B.Sc., F.I.I.A., F.A.I.S.
- (2) "Metropolitan" Coaching College, preparing for Intermediate-Leaving-Matriculation, and paying special attention to the so-called "duffer," usually quite a good fellow, but unsuited to learning by the ordinary "class" method. M.C.C. training is personal and individual. Headmaster: D. J. Shearman, B.A., B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Sydney University). Address: 338 Pitt Street.
- (3) "Metropolitan" Business College, giving both day and evening training in Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and Business Principles—and Accountancy—to both boys and girls. Principal: T. S. Summerhayes, F.P.S.A. Address: 338 Pitt Street.

34 FIRSTS IN 1928 — 99 IN LAST 3 YEARS

Metropolitan Business College, Ltd.

After High School the M.B.C.—The next step to success.

SPEECH DAY, 22nd MAY, 1929.

The week ending 24th May was a gala one for the school this year, including as it did Speech Day, the annual picnic and the Empire Day celebrations. At all three events we were very pleased to see such a good attendance of parents and friends, whose presence showed their interest in the school. On Speech Day we also had with us a distinguished Fortian in the person of the Hon. B. S. Stevens, M.L.A., State Treasurer, who delivered a stirring address on "Things That Count." These things, he said, were knowledge, industry and character, and he exhorted Fort Street boys to live up to the great tradition of their school by cultivating all three. Addresses were also given by Mr. Olde, M.L.A., and Mr. Claude Warby, Secretary of the Old Boys' Union.

The prizes were presented by Mr. K. Cramp, M.A., Secondary School Inspector.

In his Annual Report the Headmaster said:—

The year 1929 is a special one in the life of the School. Having been founded in 1849 under the headmastership of Mr. Hugh Farrel, it is now in its 80th year.

It has given many eminent men to the service of their country and of mankind, among whose names, to mention only a few, are those of Sir Edmund Barton, first Federal Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Carruthers (a State Premier), Professor John Hunter, of world-wide fame, Sir Douglas Mawson the Antarctic explorer, and the Hon. B. S. Stevens, State Treasurer, who is with us here to-day.

It is pleasing to be able to report that the present teachers and pupils are alive to the school's splendid record, and are keen to maintain the very high standard of the past.

Enrolment and Accommodation.

The School consists at present of 20 classes and 31 teachers; the total enrolment is 650, distributed as follows:—1st year, 152; 2nd year, 148; 3rd year, 139; 4th year, 104; and 5th year, 102.

Four extra rooms are still required to give each class a room of its own, and to obviate the use of unsuitable places, such as hatrooms and basements.

Year's Work.

The year's work has been very satisfactory. Ninety-four per cent of the candidates for the public examinations passed. Six per cent about

represents the number of boys whose indolence, neglect of homework, want of will power or incapacity prevents them from benefiting fully from their membership of this school. 1927 was a good year here, but the results of 1928 show a distinct advance, as indicated by the following comparative figures:—

Leaving Certificate Examination. (The first number in each case refers to 1928, the second to 1927). Passes, 83—68; honours, 58—37; 1st class honours, 35—13, consisting of English, 14—19; History, 7—9; Latin, 2—2; French, 2—4; Maths., 14—4; Science, 18—8; Greek, 1—1; Teachers' College Scholarships, 33—26; University Exhibitions, 26—23 (including Arts 6—9; Law, 4—5; Science, 5—2; Dentistry, 1—3; Medicine, 4—3; Engineering, 1—1; Agriculture, 2—0; Economics, 3—0); University Bursaries, 4—2; Public Service Passes, 13—8. The totals of awards are 381 and 259, showing an increase of approximately 50 per cent.

In all the State 2000 candidates sat for the examination, and 200 exhibitions were given. Our quota of exhibitions was, therefore, nine, and yet we gained 26. The Freemason's Scholarship for General Proficiency was also gained by a Fort Street boy.

Our best results last year (28) were gained in Maths, English, Science and History (in that order).

Intermediate Certificate Examination.

Passed, 110; failed, 2. The boys gained four places in the Water and Sewerage Board; twelve in the Public Service, and three Intermediate Bursaries. Seven boys gained seven A's; seven passed with 6 A's and 1 B. In all 277 A's were gained—100 in Maths., 47 in Science, 45 in Latin, 26 in History, 25 in English, 25 in French, 6 in Geography, 1 in German, and 2 in Commercial Subjects. The English results suffered greatly by the removal of Mr. Gould at a critical time before the examination.

The average number of subjects passed in was 6.8.

School Fete.

Since last Speech Day a great effort was made during the School Fete to raise funds for the enlargement of the hall. In spite of the extremely wet weather during the four days of the fete, the parents and friends of the school raised the splendid sum of £964, and put the school under a very great obligation



PRIZE- AND CUP-WINNERS, SPEECH DAY, 1929.

[Photo. by "Telegraph Pictorial."]

to them. At a social evening the cheque was formally handed to the Director of Education.

Unfortunately the Minister is not this year able to meet the wishes of the parents and the School in this matter.

The committee is confident, however, that the Minister will grant their objective as soon as he possibly can—probably by building a new hall and turning this building into the four classrooms which are badly needed.

School Library.

In response to an appeal, 257 books were presented to the fiction library by the boys of the School, and £55 was spent by Union and School funds on works of reference. A new Chambers' Encyclopædia and a Literary Encyclopædia were two of the most needed works purchased. Four fine literary works were presented by an old boy, Lewis Mathieson. Assistance from parents and friends to increase our stock of books will always be very welcome.

Swimming.

The swimming of the past year was the best since the School moved to its present quarters. It won the Junior Swimming Shield and was second in the Senior Inter-High School contest. It is twelve years since the Junior Swimming Shield came to Fort Street, and the boys chiefly responsible for its recovery were E. Gray, A. Schmidt, W. Phillips and B. Langsworth. Since the last report was presented the School has competed in four Inter-High School Relay Races and won all of them. Seven School records have been broken in the past year.

At our carnival the cup winners were E. Gray, Senior; A. Schmidt, Junior; and T. Walsh, under 14.

E. Gray has now won a cup in each grade, and A. Schmidt, besides winning the under 14 cup, has annexed two junior cups in succession.

Thanks are due to the following friends for their continuous financial assistance to School swimming:—

Mr. T. Hannan, Mr. L. Leask, Mr. Neller, Mr. D. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, Mr. McLeod, Mr. N. McLean, Mr. T. King, Mr. Watson, Mr. Mellor, Mr. W. Kerr, Mr. H. A. Rose, Mr. B. Owen and Messrs. Angus and Robertson.

Senior Cadets and Militia.

A School detachment under the command of Lieutenant Humphries secured during the year the following awards: (1) Commonwealth

Championship Shield for rifle shooting, against 15,000 competitors. (2) Physical Training Championship, N.S.W. Cadets, won for the fourth time in succession.

A physical training squad from the School won the Eight Hours' Day Open Competitions in both senior and junior divisions.

Life-Saving Awards gained by pupils of Fort Street: Four Instructors' Certificates; four Teachers' Certificates; 45 Bronze Medallions; three Bars to Order of Merit; 60 Proficiency Certificates; 40 Elementary Certificates; 134 Resuscitation Badges.

The winners of the form prizes will be mentioned at their distribution. Each prize-winner gained over 80 per cent. of marks. Many boys other than the prize-winners have done very laudable work, little or nothing inferior to them. The number of prizes given of course is limited by the amount of our funds. The parents, I am sure, will agree with me when I say that the best trophy a boy can bring home to his parents is a school report showing a good all-round pass in the half-yearly examinations.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Killeen Memorial Prize for Best F.S. Student going to University: D. Thistlethwayte.

Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Best Essay: A. C. Beattie.

J. Taylor Memorial Prize for Best Pass in Geography at the Intermediate: A. Armstrong.

Bruce Brock's Old Boys' Prize for English Literature: L. Leck.

Aitken Scholarship for General Proficiency for Sons of Freemasons at University: D. Thistlethwayte.

O.B.U. Prize for Most Respected Boy in School, as adjudged by votes of boys and masters: W. Melville.

Headmaster's Prize for School Captain: A. Carter.

Fifth Year.

James F. Scott: General Proficiency Prize; First-class Honours in Mathematics; Second-class Honours in French; A in Mechanics, at Leaving Certificate Exam.

Douglas Thistlethwayte: Killeen Memorial Prize; First-class Honours in Chemistry; Second-class Honours in English, Latin and German at Leaving Certificate Exam. Freemasons' Scholarship.

Harold Carter: Headmaster's Prize.

William Melville: Old Boys' Union Prize.

Alexander C. Beattie: Evatt Memorial Prize, International Peace, First-class Honours in English, French and History at Leaving Certificate Exam.

Louis L. Leck: Prize for English Literature, First-class Honours in English at Leaving Certificate Examination; Second Place in History in Fifth Year.

Donald Martin: Third Place in Leaving Certificate Exam; First-class Honours in Mathematics; Second Honours in Chemistry, A in Mechanics.

Harold J. Brown: Best 7 As. at Leaving Certificate Exam. First-class Honours in Mathematics and Physics.

Arthur H. Conlon: First-class Honours in History, Second-class Honours in English at Leaving Certificate Exam.

William Coleborne: Second-class Honours in Latin and Greek at Leaving Certificate Exam. Ernest J. Breakwell: First-class Honours in History, Second-class Honours in English at L.C. Exam.

Harry R. Quiney: First-class Honours in English; Second-class Honours in Mathematics at L.C. Exam.

Adrian Old: First-class Honours in English and Chemistry at L.C. Exam.

Anthony C. Hungerford: First-class Honours in Physics at L.C. Exam.

Maurice R. Joseph: First-class Honours in Physics at L.C.

Francis J. Gay: First-class Honours in Chemistry at L.C.

Clifford J. Archer: Second-class Honours in Japanese at L.C.

James F. Glasson: A in Economics at L.C. Examination.

Fourth Year.

Cecil C. McPherson: First Place in Year; First Place in Mechanics and Physics; Second Place in English.

Ronald Ayling: Second Place in Year; First Place in Latin and French.

Ivan Dennis: Third Place in Year; Second Place in Latin.

Donald G. Hamilton: First Place in English, Second Place in German.

Gordon N. Young: First Place in Ancient History and Chemistry.

Philip W. Benson: First Place in Geography and Mechanics.

Walter M. Grant: First Place in History.

Arthur L. Norman: First Place in German.

Robert L. Spooner: First Place in Mathematics.

George B. Lean: First Place in Economics.

Wilson H. Maze: Second Place in Geography.

John S. Boxall: Second Place in Physics.

Third Year.

Alexander S. Mathieson (aeq.): First Place in Intermediate Examination; First Place in Latin; Second Place in English.

David J. Verco: Second Place in Intermediate Exam.; First Place in English, History and Mathematics.

Philip F. Naismith: Third Place in Intermediate Exam.; First Place in French, Second Place in History and Latin.

Albert Armstrong: Highest Aggregate in Intermediate Exam.; First Place in Geography, Business Principles and Shorthand.

William J. Stewart: Fourth Place in Intermediate Exam.

Ronald E. Porter: 7 As., 1 B, at Intermediate Exam., Second Place in Mathematics.

Ernest A. Whiteley: First Place in German.

Milton H. Allen (aeq.): First Place in Science.

Stanley W. Burton (aeq.): " " " "

Oswald C. Hardy: Second Place in Latin.

Joseph G. Henderson: Second Place in French.

Second Year.

Stanley J. Hazlewood: First Place in Year; First Place in English, Latin, German, Mathematics and Science.

William J. Sutton: Second Place in Year; First Place in English, History and Geography.

Gordon T. Atkins: First Place in History.

William C. Salmond: First Place in French.

Philip H. Patterson: First Place in Greek, Second Place in French.

Walter Wood: Second Place in Latin.

Thomas W. Plummer: Second Place in German.

Leslie K. Downs: First Place in Business Principles and Shorthand.

Leslie A. Hawdon: Second Place in Geography.

Jack L. Saul: Second Place in Science.

James C. Hay: Second Place in Mathematics.

First Year.

Samuel B. Cohen: First Place in Year; First Place in Mathematics, Second Place in History.

William G. McDonald: Second Place in Year,

First Place in History and Latin, Second Place in French.

Reginald I. Sharp: Third Place in Year, First in Shorthand.

Harold P. English (aeq.): First Place in English.

Evan G. Bagster (aeq.): First Place in English.

Craig Collard: First Place in German, Second Place in Latin.

Noel R. P. Henry: First Place in French.

Alan P. Pinn: First Place in Science.

Ralph N. Bennett: First Place in Geography.

Noel E. Tighe: Second Place in History.

Cecil J. Louttit: Second Place in Mathematics.

PASSES IN LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed in accordance with the following statement: 1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I.; 6, Mathematics II.; 7, Mechanics; 8, Modern History; 9, Ancient History; 10, Physics; 11, Chemistry; 12, Botany; 13, Geology; 14, Geography; 15, Art; 16, Japanese; 17, Lower Standard Mathematics; 18, Economics; 19, Music; 20, Physiology and Hygiene; 21, Zoology; 22, Greek; 23, Dressmaking; 24, Technical Drawing.

The letters "H1" signify first-class honours, "H2" second-class honours, "A" first-class pass, "B" second-class pass, and "L" a pass at the lower standard. The sign "x" denotes those who have gained honours in mathematics, and the sign "(o)" those who have passed the oral tests in French and German.

Results:—

- Archer, Clifford John, 1B 3B 5A 6B 8B 16H2 18B.
- Atwill, Alexander George, 2B 3B 5B 6A 8B 10A.
- Baldock, James Orme, 2B 3L 6B 8B 11H2.
- Barratt, Jack Clarence E., 2L 5B 6A 7B 10H2.
- Bayley, William Alan, 1B 5B 6B 8A 11B.
- Beattie, Alexander Craig, 1H1 2A 3H1 5A 6B 8H1.
- Bellhouse, Herbert W., 1A 2B 3A 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10B.
- Best, Frederick W., 1B 5B 6A 10B.
- Bissaker, Ethelbert G., 2B 3A 5A 6B 8B 10H2.
- Breakwell, Ernest J., 1H2 2B 3B 5B 6A 8H1.
- Brown, Harold James, 1B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H1.
- Brown, Alfred Ernest M., 1B 3B (o) 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
- Burn, Francis Joseph, 1B 2B 3B 5B.
- Caldwell, Alan George, 1B 3B 6B 8B 14L.
- Cardwell, Bertram M., 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B 14B 18B.
- Carter, Harold Burnell, 1H1 2B 5B 6B 11L.
- Crick, Bruce, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6A 8B 11A.
- Coleborne, William, 1B 2H2 3A 5B 6B 9B 22H2.
- Conlon, Arthur Henry, 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H1.
- Coram, Allan Leslie, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
- Cox, John Bruce, 1B 5B 6A 7B 10B.
- Craft, Clive Gordon, 1B 2B 4B (o) 5A 6A 8A 11A.
- Day, Alan Victor, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6A 8A 11B.
- Edmonds, Eric, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2.
- Foster, Edward Allen, 5B 6B 14L 18B.
- Gay, Francis Joseph, 1H2, 2A 5B 6A 8H2 11H1.
- Garske, Charles Mason, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
- Gash, Oswald James, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10B.
- Glasson, James F., 1B 8B 14B 17 pass 18A.
- Gibson, John Charles, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6A 8B 10H2.
- Gilbert, Philip, 1B 3B 6B 8B.
- Guiffre, Felice, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 8A.
- Goldie, Robert James, 1H2 2B 3B 5B 6A 8B 10B.
- Goodsir, David, 1B 5B 6A 7B 10B.
- Graham, Norman G., 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B.
- Higgs, Philip A., 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10H2.
- Holt, William A., 1B 3A 5B 6B 14B.
- Hungerford, Antony G., 1B 2B 3A 5B 6A 7A 10H1.
- Jones, William H., 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B 14B 18B.
- Joseph, Maurice R., 1B 2B 3A 5A 6A 8B 10H1.
- Kirby, Noel S., 1B 5B 6B 10L.
- Lamble, Herbert G., 3L 5B 6B 10B.
- Leck, Louis L., 1H1 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 10B.
- Le Maitre, James, 1B 8B 10B 14B 17 pass 18B.
- Lee, John Russ, 1A 2B 3A 5A 6A (x2) 11H2.
- Leggett, Dudley G. G., 1B 3B 5B 6A 7B 10B 18B.
- Madsen, Lars H., 1B 3B 5B 6B 7B 18B.
- Marks, Eric V., 1A 3L 5B 6A 8H2 10A.
- Martin, Donald, 1A 2B 3A 5A 6A (x1) 7A 11H2.
- Matheson, Mervyn W., 1B 5B 6B 11B.
- M'Gregor, Robert F., 1A 3L 5A 6A 8A 11B 18B.
- Medcalf, Charles M., 1B 5B 6B 8B 10H2.
- Melville, William S., 1B 2B 3B 6B 8A.
- Miller, Ivan V., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10A.

- Molesworth, Athelstan, 1H1 2B 3B 5B 6A 10H2.
 Moore, Harold A. C., 1B 2L 3B 5A 6B 8B 11B.
 Morris, Samuel, 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Murty, Walter D., 1A 5B 6A 8B 14B.
 Myers, Keith E., 1B 2L 4B 5B 6B 19B.
 Old, Adrian N., 1H1 2B 4B (o) 5B 6A 11H1 13A.
 Paterson, Andrew V., 5B 6B 11L 14B.
 Pemberton, Leonard W. R., 1B 2L 6B 8H2.
 Pulsford, Syd. W., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Quiney, Harry R., 1H1 2B 3B 5A 6A (x) 11A.
 Redmond, Kenneth B., 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Roulston, Harvey S., 1H2 2B 3A 5A 6B 8A.
 Rumble, Charles G., 1B 2L 3B 5B 6A.
 Scott, James F., 1B 2B 3H2 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10A.
 Simpson, George V., 2B 3L 5A 6B 7B 10A.
 Sinclair, Robert L., 1B 2B 3B 6A 8B 11L.
 Smith, Charles T., 5L 5B 6B 7B 10B 14B.
 Smith, Harvey H., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7A 10H1.
 Smith, Stanley Y., 1B 2L 3L 5B 6B.
 Solomons, Simon S., 1H2 2B 3A 5B 6A 8B.
 Stevenson, Kenneth H., 1B 6B 8A 14B 18B.
 Thistlethwayte, Douglas, 1H2 2H2 4H2 (o) 5A 6A 11H1.
 Thistlethwayte, Rai B., 1H2 2B 5B 6A 8A 10B.
 Turnbull, Noel U., 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 7B 10A.
 Turnbull, Ronald W., 1B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Vernon, Vincent H., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10H2.
 Wadsworth, Arthur E., 1B 3L 5B 6B.
 Willats, John Y., 1B 5B 6A 8B 10B.
 Witheford, Bertram V., 1A 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B 18B.

PASSES IN INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

In the subjoined list of passes, the numbers refer to the following subjects:—

1, English; 2, History; 3, Geography; 4, Mathematics I.; 5, Mathematics II.; 6, Latin; 7, French; 8, German; 9, Physics; 10, Chemistry; 11, Elementary Science (Physics and Chemistry); 12, Botany; 13, Geology; 14, Physiology and Hygiene; 15, Business Principles; 16, Shorthand (theory); 17, Technical Drawing; 18, Woodwork; 19, Metalwork; 20, Art; 21, Music; 22, Needlework; 23, Greek; 24, Agriculture I.; 25, Agriculture II.; 26, Agricultural Botany; 27, Practical Agriculture; 28, Japanese; 29, Home Economics.

(o) Denotes a pass in an oral test in French or German.

(s) Denotes a pass in a shorthand speed test.

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

- Allen, Milton Herbert, 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A 23B.
 Anderson, Peter Cairns, 1B 2A 4A 5A 6B 7B (o) 11A.
 Angel, Edmond George, 1B 2A 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Armstrong, Albert, 1B 2A 3A 4A 5A 7A 11A 15B 16A.
 Ballard, Lancelot Vince, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

- Barnaby, William Victor, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Bellhouse, Alan Robert, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A 21A.
 Black, Ivan Carlisle, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 8B (o) 11A.
 Bowmaker, Wesley Wm., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B 15B 16B.
 Braddock, George F., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Burton, Stanley Wm., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A.
 Butler, Cedric H., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B (o) 11B.
 Caldwell, Stanley D., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Campbell, Weston, 1B 2B 4B 5B.
 Castle, Norman Benjamin, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 11B.
 Chapman, Bruce, 1B 2B 4B 5A 11B.
 Cheetham, Frank T., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Cizzio, Alan E., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A.
 Conklin, Norman F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Corner, Geoffrey G., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Cover, Harold W., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Crawford, William, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15A 16B.
 Dane, Colin G., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Day, Lyndon B., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 De Vere, Hyman, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 8B (o) 11A.
 Dickinson, Sydney, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Donald, Frank Marshall, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Draper, Robert Edward, 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Flatt, Frederick N., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B (o) 11B.

- Freeman, Frank William, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A.
 Gale, Reginald T., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 15B 16B.
 Garnsey, Raymond L., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Gibson, Milton A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Gledhill, Harold G., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Goran, Alfred Joseph 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A 23B.
 Grant, Alexander B., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Green, Lindsey A., 1B 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Hardy, Oswald C., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Harris, Frank B., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 15B 16B.
 Hawkes, George C., 1A 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Hayes, Reginald W., 1B 2B 4B 5B.
 Hayward, John Wm., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Henderson, Joseph G., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 7A 11A 15B 16B.
 Hill, Frederick D., 1B 2B 7B 11B.
 Hudson, Robert B., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8B (o) 11B.
 Hunt, Edmond R., 1B 2B 7B 11B.
 Ibels, Noel G., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Inman, Eric M., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Johnson, Charles Roy, 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Keena, Ilford Nicholls, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B (o) 11B.
 King, Bruce M., 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B (o) 11B.
 King, George S., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 King, Mervyn, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Knapman, Stanley T., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Laird, Herman G. F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Leiser, L. M., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 8B (o) 11A.
 MacDonald, Thomas W., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A.
 Madsen, Frederick G., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B 21A.
 Madsen, Niel J., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Marjason, William L., 1B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 16B.
 Mathieson, Alexander S., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 M'Culloch, Francis J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 M'Farlane, Herbert B., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 M'Kirby, James, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Mendelsohn, Ronald S., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Middleton, Clive W., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Middleton, Geof. P., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Mobbs, William A., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 11A.
 Mountford, Clement, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8B (o) 11B.
 Naismith, Phillip F., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Nichols, Cyril, 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Norington, Hubert C., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A (o) 11B.
 Penman, Eric B., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Perkins, David, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Pike, Malcolm H., 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Porter, Ronald E., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7B 9A 10A.
 Ramster, Thomas, 1B 2A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Roberts, Bruce George, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Rogers, Frederick C., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Rogers, William F., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Ruddock, Maxwell S., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6B 11B.
 Ryan, Arthur F., 1B 4B 5B 6B 8B 11B 23B.
 Sanbrook, Garnet D., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Schmidt, Andrew F., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 8B (o) 11A.
 Short, Clifton A., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Sidler, Gordon, 1B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Slinn, Geoffrey H. F., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 8B (o) 11A.
 Sommer, Frank M., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Stewart, Leslie M., 1B 2A 5B 6A 8B (o) 11A.
 Stewart, William I., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Taylor, Arthur R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Taylor, John, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Thomas, Jack W., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Thomas, Kenneth W., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Tow, Aubrey J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Townsend, Donald F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Tuck, William H., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Turnbull, Rexford M., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Underwood, Clifford F., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Verco, David J., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A.
 Vincent, Kenneth R., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 21A.
 Vout, Edward William, 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Whiteley, Ernest A., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 8A (o) 11A.
 Williams, Leslie C., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Willson, Jack A., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B (o) 11B.
 Wirrell, Gordon W., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Wise, Kenneth L., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A (o) 11B.
 Wood, James, 1B 2B 3A 4B 5A 7B (o) 11A 15B 16B.
 Woodlands, John S., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Yorke, Lundy, 1A 2B 5B 7B 11B.

THE PICNIC.

The week beginning the 20th May, 1929, was one of the utmost importance with regard to the school's activities.

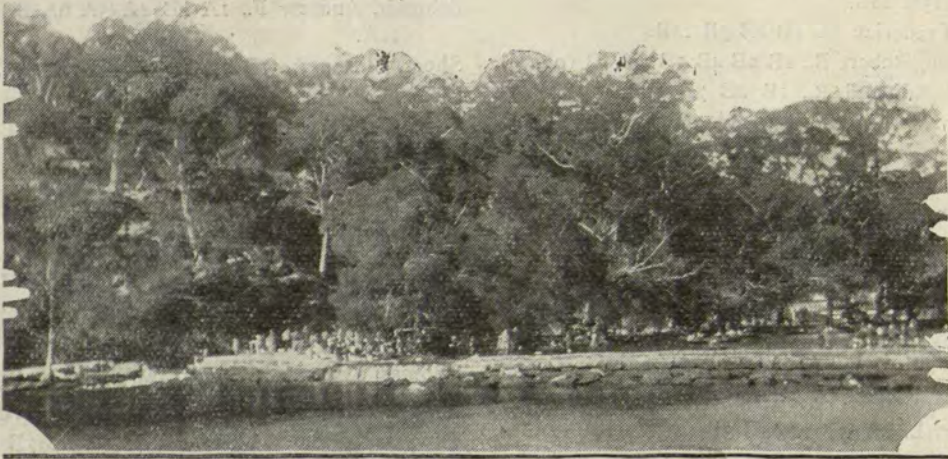
After the dignified Speech Day came the crowning glory of the schoolboy's year, with the most exuberant outpouring of youthful spirits since this day twelve months ago—the Picnic to National Park!

A special train was again hired by the School at considerable cost, but owing to the excel-

lent management of Mr. Johnson, each boy was allowed to travel upon the payment of a silver coin about one inch in diameter.

A fine roll-up of boys, together with their parents and friends, attended, and the train was quite crowded. With the exception of one minor accident the journey was completed quite satisfactorily, if rather noisily.

Upon arriving at our destination, after a few words of advice and warning from certain well-



HAPPY BOATING PARTIES SETTING OFF FROM AUDLEY.

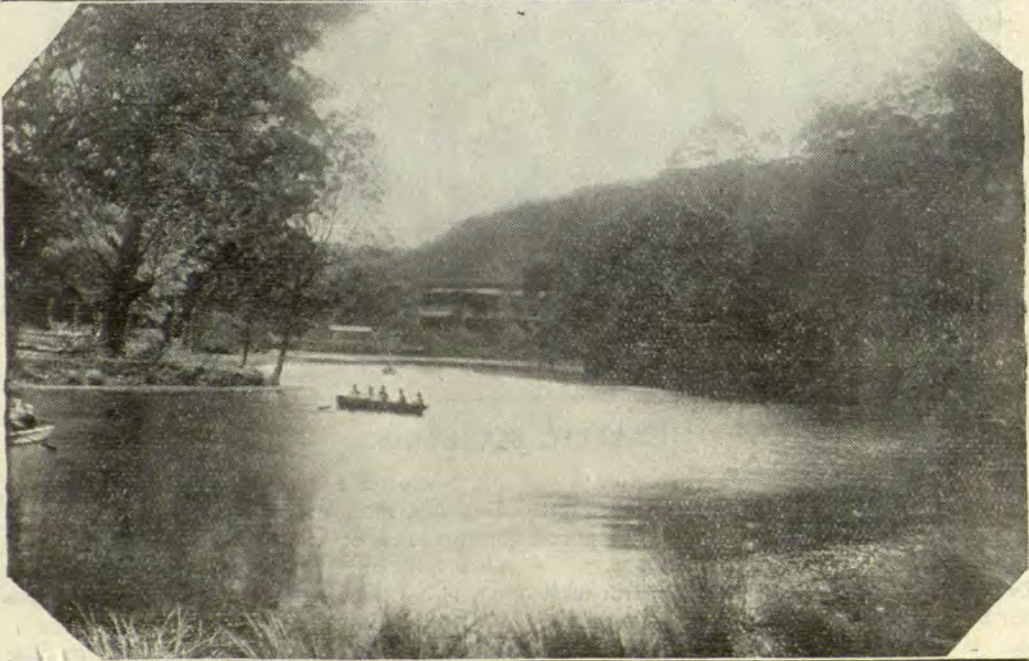


A FEW OF THE STUDENTS "SNAPPED" AFTER LUNCH.

(Photographs by Mr. Bauer)



CAMERA STUDY OF THE RIVER, DOTTED WITH SOME OF OUR BOATING PARTIES. (Photo by Mr. Bauer)



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL AUDLEY RIVER. (Photo by Mr. Bauer)

known school authorities, a headlong rush was made downward for the boats. After more evidences of judicious management the boats were entrusted to the care of the boys by the boatman in charge, and with flashing blades and perfect rowing combination (?) the boats were propelled along the gleaming waters.

For those who scorned the adventurous life of a tar, there was instituted, among other things, a ramble by our bushranging friend through the natural beauties of the park. Anyone who appreciated this type of peregrination was cordially invited to join the abovementioned party.

For those who even scorned the merry meandering of our rambling party there was provision on the picnic ground itself for a quiet peaceful game of football.

After lunch had been devoured in various parts of the locality, a crowd assembled at the

main grounds to witness the athletic programme which had been very capably arranged.

Besides the well-known foot races, a paper chase was organised on the coast side. We congratulate R. Stewart, of 4A, upon his success in this event.

Thus the day passed, and at about half-past three boats appeared from all directions and were restored to their rightful owners. And then came the walk up the hill. Tired, grimy, sweating and bedraggled, we struggled on, and our efforts culminating in the final triumph when we reached the summit, a mighty cheer was raised.

The homeward journey was comparatively uneventful, and tired but happy, we returned to our homes with pleasant memories and anticipation of the Empire Day celebrations of the morrow.

K.W.



(Photo by Mr. Bauer)

GROUP OF MASTERS "BOILING THE BILLY."

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

FIFTH YEAR.

Owing to Mr. Beard's sympathetic interest and unflagging efforts, we are able to report that this year has been a very busy one.

Debates have been held weekly, and in most cases have shown that there is some very fine talent in the school.

Hamilton, Church and Caplan represented this school against Sydney Boys' High on May

4th, but, after a good struggle, were defeated. This was, more or less, brought about by the inexperience of the team, but Sydney High were brilliant in their performance, and we extend to them our heartiest congratulations for their victory.

The School Society also conducted the Empire Day celebrations.

Nicholl, Rose, Church and Hamilton from

5th Year, and Dane of 4th Year, gave speeches of a very fine calibre. We realise the honour in doing this, and exhort the fourth year boys to fit themselves for the occasion next year.

This completes our activities to date, but we still have two engagements with Fort Street Girls.

FOURTH YEAR.

At last we have shown the school what Fourth Year can do! Fifth Year, with all its experience and superiority, has been defeated. But we cannot say that we did not expect our victory. With such capable men as Gibson, Klineberg and Foster, we venture to say that we could beat that Fifth Year team no matter how they tried.

The society has been running like a well-oiled machine, under the control of Mr. Stevens and a committee of eight. We have some very promising speakers, and everyone is willing to do his bit, thereby showing the true Fortian spirit.

A large variety of subjects has been chosen, dealing with sporting, social and historical matter, and we have also received many welcome suggestions.

In conclusion, we wish to advise future Fourth Years not to let their regained laurels slip, and to remember that it is not experience but effort that wins through.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

The Secretary of Ye Ancient Order of Froth-Blowers informs us that that worthy order has taken unto itself a new motto:—

"Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Please remember from the first—
Always blow the froth around you
Ere you try to quench your thirst."

We would like the Prefects serving in the tuckshop to remember that we do not belong to the abovementioned order, and henceforth we would like less froth.

* * *

A messenger of the gods is arisen amongst us. On one Thursday morning at General Assembly, the Master-in-charge said: "For purposes of instruction, let to-day and to-morrow be raining!" Thursday, alas, continued to be fine, but lo and behold! when Friday dawned 'twas seen that moisture was falling in bucketsful. That master is now regarded with superstitious awe.

* * *

The 4th Year lawn has lost all its covering. In this cold weather it is liable to catch a chill.

If this should come to pass, I am sure that 4th Year will unite in wishing it a speedy recovery.

* * *

Heard on the quad: "H-nn-ford! Fall out of Room 4!" How inconsiderate, seeing our quad is so hard and rocky!

* * *

"Innocent," 1st Year, writes: "What is an impot., and how does one do it?"

Ans.—"An impot." is the abbreviation of "an imposition." It is a little recreation given to favoured boys by generous masters to fill in their spare time. To do it, take a lot of paper, a pen with a **strong** nib, **plenty** of ink, and write, and write, and write.

* * *

"Newcomer" asks: "What is the tuckshop?"

Ans.—The tuckshop is a rectangular room where the modern youth of Australia pits its mighty strength against its fellows. The entrance fee is 3d and a feat of strength. The reward, if successful in combat, a meat pie and numerous gravy stains.

SPORTING

SWIMMING.

The swimming of the past season continued to show marked improvement.

At the C.H.S. Carnival Fort Street won the Junior Shield and came second to Technical in the senior races. Not for twelve years has the Junior Shield been resident at Fort Street. Those most prominent in recovering it after

In the C.H.S. races New easily broke the School hundred yards record, and Carmichael broke the 50 yards under 14 record, while Gray equalled the junior 220 yards record. In the senior races New was responsible for most of the points recorded, even though he notched no premier places, being beaten in the 880, 440 and 220 yard races by the redoubtable Noel Ryan, the Australian long-distance champion. N. Rose also gained three points for the seniors in the breast stroke, gaining for the school a championship not won for many years.

The School relay team easily won the relay race in the good time of 2m. 58s.

During the week previous to the C.H.S. Carnival, the School won an Inter-High School relay race at the Technical Carnival, and later in March at our own Carnival won a similar race from six other schools.

The juniors also won their relay race at the C.H.S. Carnival.

E. Gray was the best performer of the juniors at the Inter-High School contests, and won the 440 yards and 220 yards championships. He then went on to win the Fort Street Senior Cup in March from D. New.

A. Schmidt easily won the Junior Cup, but B. Langsworth, runner-up, and W. Phillips performed most meritoriously.

Tom Walsh easily won the Under 14 Cup at our Carnival. The School is very weak in this class, and boys under 14 want to wake up and see that the junior and senior divisions, which have done so well in the past season and that promise well for the future, do not suffer from lack of worthy swimming recruits, filled with the determination to make the light of swimming in this school burn with a steady and permanent brilliance.



WINNERS OF JUNIOR SHIELD.

E. GRAY, A. SCHMIDT, W. PHILLIPS,
B. LANGSWORTH.

such a long absence were E. Gray, A. Schmidt, B. Langsworth and W. Phillips. The photos of this winning quartette with the trophy have been placed together on the walls of the School's Sporting Gallery, where we hope to see the Senior Shield hang at the close of this year.

FOOTBALL.

1st XV., 1929.

The season 1929 finds the School XV in a most promising position for premiership honours, in that we have one of the strongest combinations produced for several seasons. Though failing to present an unbeaten record, still, in the "nippiness" of the back division and the weight of a very heavy forward pack, our hopes of success are extremely bright. However, though our attack is enterprising, defence is poor and must be rectified.

By early successes against Canterbury and Sydney an enthusiastic team spirit was incul-

cated and, when called upon, the forwards responded finely to allow the backs to make the best use of the ball. In the pack, however, on which the onus greatly lies, improvement is still needed. The forwards must remember that they are a body or "pack," and must keep together on the ball. Our ruck work is not nearly clean enough, the ball taking far too long to come out, mainly due to the forwards not packing together tightly as in a scrum. In scrum work, though we get a good share of the ball, the pack must break quickly to follow the movements of the game and be on



Photo. by Mr. Bauer.

RUGBY UNION—1st XV.

Back Row (Left to Right): W. H. MAZE, R. MALEY, E. GRAY, Mr. D. J. AUSTIN (Coach), W. BLESSING, D. J. LOVELL, N. KIRBY.

Second Row: J. ELLIOTT, E. MILVERTON, K. REDMOND (Vice-Captain), H. S. WILLIS (Captain), T. P. SMITH, A. A. HOOKE, J. C. ARMSTRONG, N. HOWLETT.

In front: B. LANGSWORTH.

Absent: N. CROSS, D. BROADHEAD.

the spot when needed. In the line-out is our weakness. We have weight enough to outplay any of our opponents in this section, yet, generally, we lose possession due to lack of anticipation in not jumping for the ball, not locking together to prevent the opposing side breaking through, and, most noteworthy of all, leaving men unmarked.

In the back division we have some promising players, Langsworth and Elliott, the halves, being most conspicuous of late. Both are clever, but Langsworth appears to use the blind side too much. He must remember, too, that a half's job is to get rid of the ball quickly. Otherwise Langsworth is a fine acquisition to the team and fills the position unfortunately vacated by Bentivoglio, who was playing nice football.

In Elliott, the Nowra lad, we have a heady five-eighth. He uses the "cut-in" to advantage and draws his man well, and whenever he gets possession he does something. Redmond (vice-captain) and Smith (selector) fill the centre positions, but the combination that was so conspicuous at the Canterbury trial match has seldom been repeated, due to "cutting-in" too much. Redmond especially is the offender in this respect, but otherwise he is fine both in attack and defence, and the team should copy him for grit and determination. Smith from the "wild N.W.," the lightest man of the side, makes up for his weight in head work. He is pretty to watch, a good team man with a perfect pass, and when he does "cut-in" trouble is ahead for the other side. Hooke and Cross are the wing three-quarters, the latter of whom is very raw, this being his initial year in Rugby. At the beginning of the season he promised to develop into a fine scoring winger, but our hopes were not realised, as he lacked experience and initiative when in a difficult position. In the Parramatta match he was unfortunate enough to be sent to Lewisham Hospital for a week or so and had to have an operation on his hand. This necessitated his abandoning the football ranks. The team wish him a speedy recovery. Hooke, too, is rather light, but runs hard when he gets the ball, and is heady when in difficulties. He is sound in defence, a trait which cannot be ascribed to the team in general. Armstrong, our full-back, is small and young, but with coaching and experience will do well, as he has improved vastly

since the commencement of the season. However, he must always remember to kick out when in his own 25. His tackling is weak.

Of the forwards, Willis (captain), Kirby, Broadhead, Lovell, Milverton, Maley, Blessing, Gray and Maze, Kirby, lock, one of last year's XV, is our heaviest man, scaling 13 stone. He uses his weight to advantage, is a plodder, and has a powerful fend. His "tackling" is most pronounced. Broadhead, from Lismore, one of the front row stalwarts, is fast in the open and does his share in the rucks. He is good in the loose, passes and dribbles well, and one of the soundest of the team in defence. Blessing and Gray fill the second row, and both weigh over 12 stone. They must realise that weight is not the major necessity of a forward; a forward's job is to be on the ball always. The breakaways of the team are Lovell and Milverton. The former plays a sound game, and has improved greatly since last season. His line-out work is valuable, but he should start the three-quarters moving whenever possible and not try to break through on his own too often. Milverton is a good forward, always on the ball, but appears to be over-anxious. This, however, shows anticipation, and is not a major fault. Maley is our rake, and gets plenty of the ball, but is rather light. More "pep" is needed in his game. Maze, reserve forward, is well built, but does not throw himself into the fray.

The team is ably coached by Mr. D. J. Austin, who is most enthusiastic about its success. His services and untiring efforts are most gratefully appreciated by the team members.

To date four matches have been played, the school winning 2, losing to Parramatta by a very narrow margin, and drawing with North Sydney. We are now one point behind the leading team.

H. S. WILLIS, Captain.

Matches Played.

V. S.H.S., May 1st, at Kensington. Won, 17-8. (Lovell, Smith, Milverton, tries; Willis, 1 converted and 2 penalty goals.)

V. C.H.S., May 8th, at Petersham. Won, 20-9. (Lovell, Redmond, Elliott, Smith, tries; Willis, 1 converted and 2 penalty goals.)

V. P. H. S., May 15th, at Petersham. Lost, 8-11. (Broadhead, try; Willis, 1 converted and 1 penalty goal.)

V. N.S.H.S., May 29th, at North Sydney. Drew, 3-3. (Wallis, 1 penalty goal.)

Points for, 48; points against, 31.

Willis, the captain of the team, is an excellent leader, especially keeping the forwards up to it. His play is fast and hard, and he uses the experience gained in three years' first grade games to advantage. He is a double asset to the team on account of his goal-kicking, scoring 24 of the 48 points gained.

K.B.R. and T.P.S.

SECOND GRADE RUGBY UNION.

Commencing the season badly, second grade, unorganized and weakened by sickness, went down to Sydney High, 14-0. Since then a general reorganization of the team and assiduous practice have brought us into second place in the competition point score.

Our first difficulty was to overcome a grave weakness in defence, but recent matches seem to indicate that the team has, at last, learnt to meet determined attack by equally determined tackling.

Of the individual members, Peel, as captain, shoulders his responsibilities well, and sets an example in grim defence.

Campbell quickly showed promise in the full-back position, and Mobbs, by straight and hard running, is frequently a scorer.

Among the forwards it is difficult to individualize. They are undoubtedly the strength of the team, improving with every match, until, in the last game against Technical High, they dominated the play.

A record of the matches is as follows:—

V. Sydney High. Lost, 14-0.

V. Canterbury. Won, 29-18.

V. Parramatta. Won, 23-5.

V. Hurlstone. Lost, 16-0.

V. North Sydney. Won, 22-19.

V. Technical. Lost, 10-6.

THIRD GRADE RUGBY UNION.

The fickle jade, Fortune, has up to the present proved too elusive to be captured by our unsophisticated men of the "thirds." In a practice match at the opening of the season we were defeated by the Canterbury stalwarts, and

at our second meeting, on May 8th, our opponents again scored a victory of 12-6. The "Sydney High" team also scored a win over us some weeks ago, but against Parramatta the tide turned in our favour, and the scores at the end of the game stood at 18-9.

It is very satisfactory to notice that every member of the "thirds" has shown vast improvement in the last two matches. In the beginning the team was very weak owing to the fact that many of the "new hands" were insufficiently acquainted with their positions, but after a great deal of practice they have become adepts at their various duties, and the committee has, by close observation of the individual value of each player, been able to select a strong team to uphold the honour of the "Streets." We have been fortunate in securing Austin as scrum-half, in that he gets the ball out to the backs very snappily, passes well and runs hard. In Rogers and Hamilton we have two fast wingers whose speed, with plenty of feeding, can be turned to good account.

The forwards play very well on the whole, getting the better of their opponents in most of the scrums, and Starke is the outstanding player amongst them.

The backs have improved considerably, and have been combining well of late, whilst their tackling, particularly that of O'Donnell at full-back, is quite satisfactory.

From this it is evident that we have good hopes in the future, and the third grade team shows promise of developing into a good combination.

FOURTH XV.

This team has not had much success this season, having lost the first two matches. We were unfortunate in losing Shepherd early in the season. The team must learn to combine better and tackle harder before matches can be won. The pick of the forwards are Page, Lawrence and Hamilton, while all the backs play well—individually! Wootton and Jenkins, two new recruits, are shaping well, and Carmichael has been playing a very good game as full-back. The committee recently elected consists of J. Shepherd (captain), C. Sherrington (vice-captain), and W. Rogers (selector).

FIFTH GRADE FOOTBALL.

Up to date the team has been fairly successful, winning two matches out of the three played. The backs are fair, and possess some fast runners, but they lack determination. The pick of a fair lot are: Freeman, scrum-half and captain; Williams, wing; and Iddles, centre three-quarter. Nicholson, at full back, is improving every match, but he has to learn how to "go them low." As for the forwards, they have a lot to learn about following up and not lagging behind. The best of the pack are Ferguson and Smith. Although defeated by Canterbury, we have great hopes of winning the competition.

We express our sincere appreciation of Mr.

Brodie's coaching and fearful "inspirations."

Scores so far have been:—

v. Sydney High, won, 23-9; v. Canterbury, lost, 3-11; v. Parramatta, won, 6-0.

SIXTH GRADE UNION FOOTBALL.

The team has been doing well, and of the three matches played two have been won. We beat Sydney High 8 to 6, Parramatta 11 to 0, and were beaten by Canterbury 17 to 3. Barnes is the outstanding forward, and in the backs Richards and Sheen are the best. The captain, Atkinson, plays a solid game, and in addition does much, by his enthusiasm and leadership, to bind together a team containing a good many new boys and boys new to the game. The team has a good chance in the competition.

CRICKET.

1st XI., 1929.

The School's prospects in the cricket field for 1929 are by no means as bright as in former years. This failure may be partly due to experimenting with young boys who lacked experience, and so were greatly handicapped by nervousness. However, it is a pleasing feature to notice that of the thirteen players who represented in competition matches, no fewer than six are members of the junior school. With these as leaders and some likely aspirants from the lower grades we should possess a good experienced combination in the near future.

Matches.

The first match against Technical High was postponed owing to rain.

The school met Parramatta High at Petersham on 6th and 13th March, and was easily defeated on the first innings.

P.H.S. won the toss and batted, compiling 150. Lack of anticipation and sluggishness in the field greatly helped this score, though, generally speaking, Parramatta played bright cricket. Lovell bowled well, taking 5 for 49, but was "pasted" towards the close of the day. Armstrong, 3 for 40, was rather unlucky, his slows completely beating the opposition. F. Sherrington and Willis took 1 for 16 and 1 for

18 respectively. Willis maintained a good length, kept the runs down, but failed to dislodge the batsmen.

Fort Street compiled only 90, and of this total Milverton, the opening batsman, scored 28. After 5 wickets had fallen for 31, Willis played throughout the remainder of the innings for 31 n.o., including 6 boundaries. No other batsman reached double figures.

Parramatta, with a lead of 60, batted the second time, and at the end of the day had lost 7 for 120. Lovell took 3 for 27, bowling very well and keeping a good length throughout, while Armstrong took 2 for 31. McCallum 1 for 17 and Willis 1 for 19 got the "remainder."

P.H.S. won by 60 runs on the first innings.

On 27th March we met Central Technical at Petersham. Willis lost the toss again, and we were sent in to bat on a poor wicket, which crumbled very quickly. However, the school totalled 131. Of this, Milverton again came to light with a nicely compiled 26 and Willis reached 32, top scoring twice in succession; Elliott compiled a patient 22, while Smith hit up a bright 16.

Central Technical started their innings, and at the close of play had lost 3 for 22, Willis, the opening bowler, taking 2 for 9, and Lovell 1 for 19. The match was unfinished, and will

be continued at the close of the season. However, we should win.

Against Sydney High at Kensington, in a single day match, we were defeated easily. Losing the toss again, we were sent in and could only muster 49, and of this total Armstrong, the stylist of the team, put together a grand 31.

However, no one could remain at the wicket with him, and Willis was next to him with but 5.

High compiled 6 for 146, after a fine start. Our attack was handicapped by Lovell's absence. McCallum 2 for 28, F. Sherrington 2 for 26, Armstrong 1 for 48, were the wicket takers. Armstrong again was unlucky with his "boseys," having the opposition completely baffled. Many chances were not accepted, and High reaped the advantage, winning by 4 wickets and 98 runs.

Generally the team is unbalanced, and assiduous practice is needed for success. Fielding is patchy, a notable exception, however, being Langsworth, who is very safe in the covers.

We extend our gratitude to Mr. Outten, our coach, for his valuable services and attendance at practice and competition matches.

H. S. WILLIS (Captain)

SECOND GRADE CRICKET.

In the grade competition to date, the second grade team has been the most successful of the three teams entered.

In the first match of the season we played Technical High School at Petersham Oval, and succeeded in gaining a 3-point win. Scores: Fort Street, 117 and 6-89 (declared) v. Technical High, 67 and 9-111.

In the next match we played Parramatta High School at Cumberland Oval, and again succeeded in registering a 3-point win. Scores: Fort Street, 83 and 5-62 v. Parramatta, 73 and 77.

The third match is as yet incomplete. It was against Central Technical School at Jubilee Oval, Glebe. It will be completed at a later date. Scores: Fort Street, 2-84. Central Technical, 119.

In the fourth match we lost to Sydney High at Petersham Oval. Scores: Fort Street, 39 and 4-48. Sydney High, 83.

The averages for the half season are here appended, limitation for batsmen being 50 runs, and for bowlers 5 wickets:—

| BATSMEN | Innings | Runs | Aver. |
|---------|---------------------|------|-------|
| Skinner | 3 | 67 | 22.3 |
| Hall | 4 (1 not out) | 57 | 19 |
| Bennett | 4 | 61 | 15.2 |
| Harris | 4 | 50 | 12.5 |
| Cross | 6 | 74 | 12.3 |

| BOWLERS | Wickets | Runs | Average |
|-----------|----------|------|---------|
| Sanbrook | 8 | 42 | 5.2 |
| McCallum | 5 | 38 | 7.6 |
| Cross | 17 | 133 | 7.8 |
| Atkins | 10 | 80 | 8 |
| Ainsworth | 8 | 77 | 9.7 |

TENNIS.

FIRST GRADE TENNIS.

This year 1st grade is represented by Scott, McCallum, Reynolds and Gibson. So far the team has only played one match, in which they defeated Sydney High by 4 sets 40 games to 4 sets 33 games. The team failed to combine satisfactorily, probably owing to lack of sufficient practice before the match, but nevertheless they were able to come out just on top.

McCallum, a new arrival from the country, shows fine promise. He is rapidly regaining

his form and can volley well and toss accurately.

Scott proves efficient in his capacity of captain, and his play is usually sound and productive of games.

Reynolds, a vigorous attacker, can press home an advantage, and usually plays up to standard under match conditions.

Gibson has a powerful service, but his volley is at present a little unreliable. He should learn to use his height and reach to greater effect, but is improving rapidly and combining well with Reynolds.

SECOND GRADE TENNIS.

This year the second grade team is represented by A. Hall (captain), E. Bennett, V. Hudson and D. Turnbull.

Bennett and Turnbull form one pair, and work very well with one another. Both show decided improvement on last season's play.

Hall and Hudson, the other pair, still lack a little combination, but nevertheless play good tennis. Hudson is inclined to be erratic at times.

The team is particularly well balanced, and opened the season successfully by easily defeating Sydney High's second-grade team.

All members show great promise, and I am sure that the team will be very successful this year.

THIRD GRADE TENNIS.

The third tennis team this year consists of H. Doughton (captain), W. Short, J. Trevitt

and P. Heydon. It is a fair combination, but so far has lacked that dash necessary to any match-winning team. Handicapped by Short's absence, we lost to Sydney High after a good game, on May 1, by 4 sets 36 games to 4 sets 35 games. A week later North Sydney defeated us after a very even match by 5 sets 45 games to 3 sets 39 games. Although results so far are disappointing, better are hoped for in the near future.

FOURTH GRADE TENNIS.

Fourth grade started excellently this season, winning against its first three opponents. We defeated Sydney High by six sets to two, and we were victorious against North Sydney, winning by six sets to two again. The next match—against Technical High—was hard fought on both sides, but the determination and consistent play of our team gave Fort Street the victory by five sets to three.

BASEBALL.

FIRST GRADE BASEBALL.

Considering that the whole team are still but learners and that the pitcher and short stop are having their first season in the game, the first nine have so far acquitted themselves fairly well. We have won two and lost two matches, and the latter were lost rather through lack of experience on our part than preponderance of skill on the part of our opponents.

The record of matches is:—

v. North Sydney B, won, 28-2; v. Technical High, won, 29-7; v. North Sydney A, lost, 14-16; v. Canterbury A, lost, 14-17.

The infield need greater combination, but they are fast improving. The outfield sometimes pull down exceedingly fine flies, but are not as sure as could be desired.

Our batting record is good. Eighty-five runs have been scored by, and only forty-two against, us. Ainsworth and Rushbrooke are our surest batsmen, and can generally be relied upon to hit "safeties." Already four home hits have been smashed out, Hamilton, Ainsworth,

Sellick and Mathieson being the batsmen responsible.

Alex. Parker has done well as captain, and promises to do well as catcher. Sellick's pitching is accurate, but Ainsworth, our reserve pitcher, is developing more guile than Sellick.

The team is fortunate in having Mr. Dunne's keen interest, and also the interest of Peter-sham Club, several of whose players, notably "Bill" Waddington and Harry Gordon, have very kindly attended practices and matches and have given us valuable instruction.

SECOND GRADE BASEBALL.

Up to the present this team has done well, winning two out of the three games played.

The results were: v. North Sydney, won, 26-9; v. Canterbury, lost, 21-31; v. Technical High, won, 14-17.

The team, which played the three games without a change, consisted of Magee, pitcher (captain); Blunt, catcher; Moffat, first bag; Taylor, second; Stevens, third; Halifax, s. stop; Carter, right-field; Randall, centre-field, and Tighe, left-field.

The team played well in the first game, but fell to pieces in the second, against Canterbury, and again redeemed itself in the third game. The one thing that is very noticeable is the vast improvement in the fielding.

Perhaps the most improved player since the first game is Tighe, who ought to develop into a very valuable outfielder.

There are great prospects for the team winning the competition.

THE SCHOOL UNION.

The Committee has recently discussed the question of the award of Blues and Honour Badges for Sport. It is felt that some recognition of outstanding merit is desirable, and a committee is at present formulating a scheme for consideration at the July meeting.

Union activities have been greatly assisted by donations from parents and business people for trophies and carnival expenses. We greatly appreciate the generosity of these good friends of the School.

We are very fortunate also in having the voluntary assistance of Mr. J. S. Stewart, father of the captain of 4D, and Mr. W. Waddington, an Old Boy, as coaches in Soccer and Baseball respectively.

Parents responded promptly to the circulars issued in February, the bulk of the subscriptions being received in a much shorter period than was the case last year. The work of the Union has benefited considerably, and we hope that in future years even greater promptitude will be possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

5th YEAR.

R.G.H.—Personal work of this kind has been barred. Rhythm and rhyme good. . . . A.B.C.—Too long and pointless. . . . Antique.—Interesting, but held over.

4th YEAR. (A particularly fine response.)

J.W.H.—Idea of assembling the "boys" is quite good, but actual dialogue contains no "life." . . . I.K.—Hardly of interest to school-boys. . . . A.R.B.—Too farcical and absurd. . . . C.A.S.—Subject lends no scope for work that will be interesting to school boys. . . . D.P.—Not sufficiently interesting. . . . F.G.M.—This subject has been treated in the same way many times before—you add nothing new. . . . R.P.—Too much like a sermon. . . . G.C.—No interest; take something more concrete. . . . M.S.R.—Rather overdone for "Our 'Arbour." . . . Dave.—Well written, but scarcely interesting enough. . . . H.T.—Not vividly interesting. . . . A.M.—Held over. . . . A.S.—Rather too ghastly to contemplate. . . . B.S.—No poetical music. . . . D.V.—Good, but crowded out by other travelogues. . . . M.A.G.—Apply idea to original story. . . . R.G.—Interesting, but held over.

3rd YEAR.

B.A.C.—Sense is lost by endeavouring to make rhythm. . . . L.J.F.—We have all left our cradles. Take something more manly. . . . E.D.T.—Hardly up to standard. . . . "Sonny Boy"—Good idea, but sketches scarcely up to standard. . . . R.E.W.—We have all seen these incidents. Try something not an everyday occurrence. . . . J.R.E.—We have heard this time after time. You introduce nothing new. . . . W.J.S.—Very nearly. Scarcely sufficiently absorbing. . . . F.R.—Well written, but too sad. No real point in story. . . . G.T.A.—Hardly suitable.

2nd YEAR. (A fine response.)

G.B.—Original? . . . H.W.—Nothing new. We have all read these stories in our younger days. . . . B.S.—This type of subject would interest very few. . . . M.H.E.—Rather insulting to boys of that nationality in the school. . . . W.H.—Good effort, marred by several weak passages. . . . N.H.—Very good effort, but too much like everyday life. It would hardly interest 3rd, 4th and 5th Years. . . . "Ego."—Too orthodox, e.g., "Detective—villain—ambush—'tec trapped—'tec escapes—'tec triumphs—villain

killed." . . . A.W.—Not sufficiently interesting. . . . A.H.W.—Hardly up to standard. . . . H.J.G.—Very nearly. A piece of very fair work marred by a few awkward lines. . . . G.D.—Unsuitable for school paper. However, a fine effort, and greatly appreciated. . . . J.S.—Too spiritless. . . . "Sandy Mac."—Why always pick on Latin? . . . S.T.R.—Not vividly interesting. . . . D.S.—No poetic music. . . . "So-and-So."—Very fair; try again.

1st YEAR.

R.M.G.—Not sufficiently interesting. . . . H.C.L.—Too little description, no introduction or conclusion. . . . E.H.—Hardly suitable for school paper. . . . M.N.—Too straightforward,

not sufficient description. . . . —J.W.E.—Good essay on subject, but hardly for the paper. . . . J. McA.—"A War in Ratland" is not suitable for the sturdy young manhood of F.S.H.S. "The Midnight Toil" rather exaggerated. See Ed. regarding "Dawn" and "Garden of Life." . . . H.H.—Too much like a motion picture. . . . A.D.—Put your humour into essay form. Mere jokes are too common. . . . L.H.—Puzzles are hard to originate. Try something else. . . . G.H.—Try something longer, involving greater thought. . . . M.P.—Try something you have actually seen. . . . R.—Hardly up to standard (Sketch of negress). . . . I.N.—Rather overdone, however good work. . . . O.P.—Rather too drastic.

EXCHANGES.

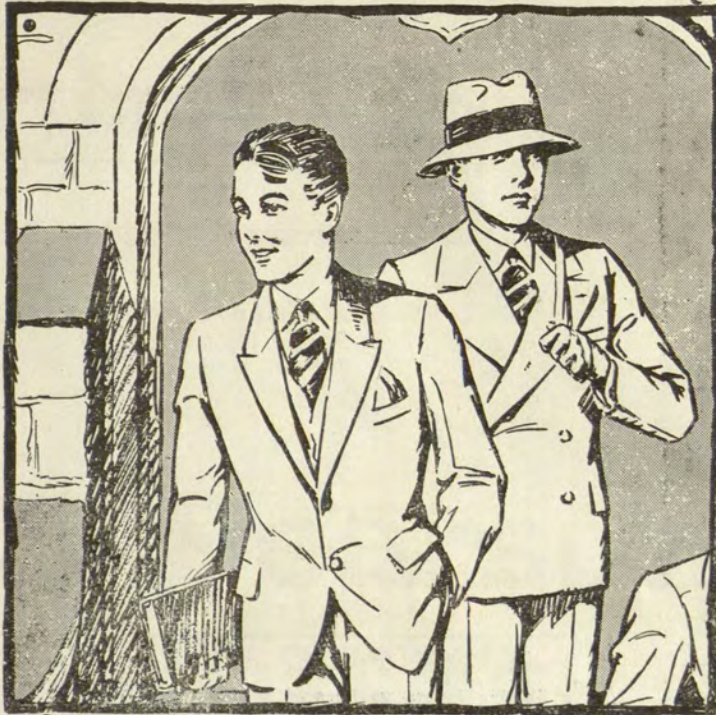
"The Chronicle," Sydney Girls' High School, "Our Girls," Maitland Girls' High School, the Sydney Technical High School Journal, the "Cherry Tree" from the George Washington High School, New York, and "Seapoint Magazine" from S. Africa.

OLD BOYS.

We are very pleased to have articles in this issue from three old boys, Mr. George Lowe, who is now in China, Mr. C. G. Craft, and Mr. H. Thorpe, who left the school in 1921. We

hope to receive further evidence of the interest of old Fortians, together with some notes of the doings of the Old Boys' Union.—Ed.





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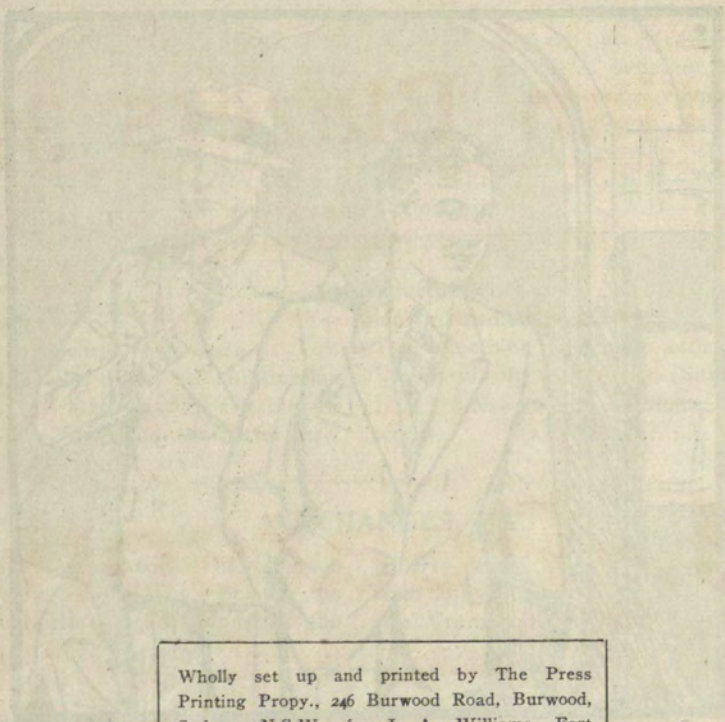


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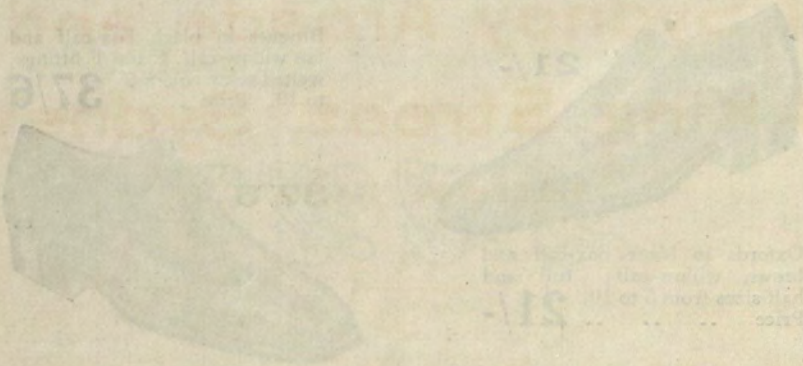
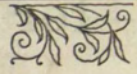
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