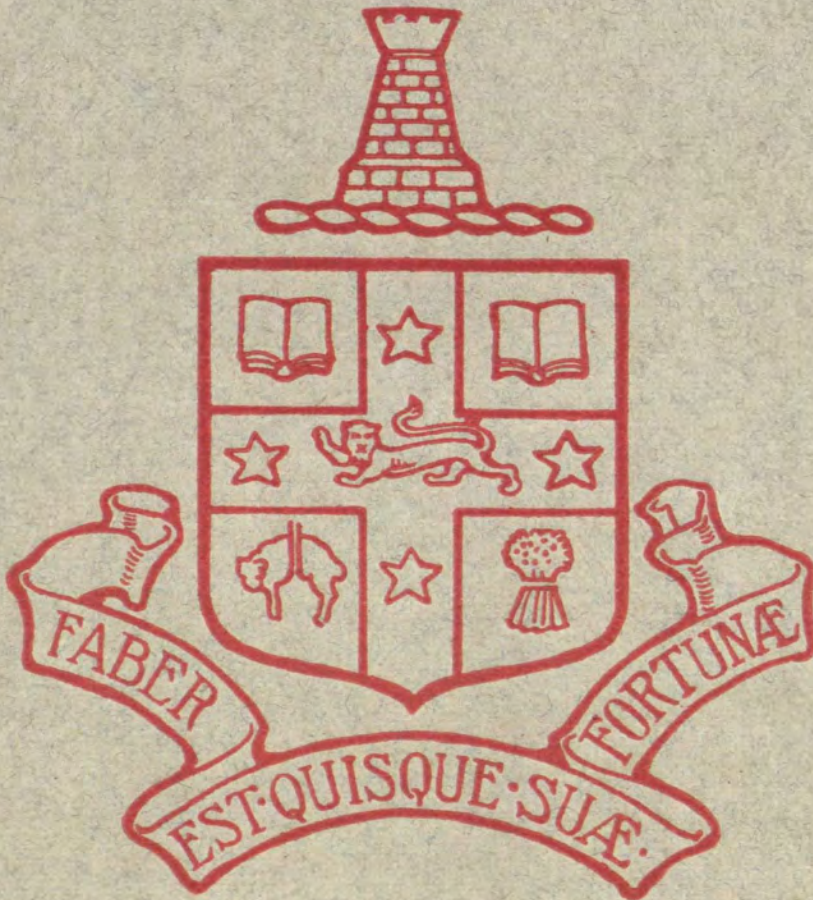
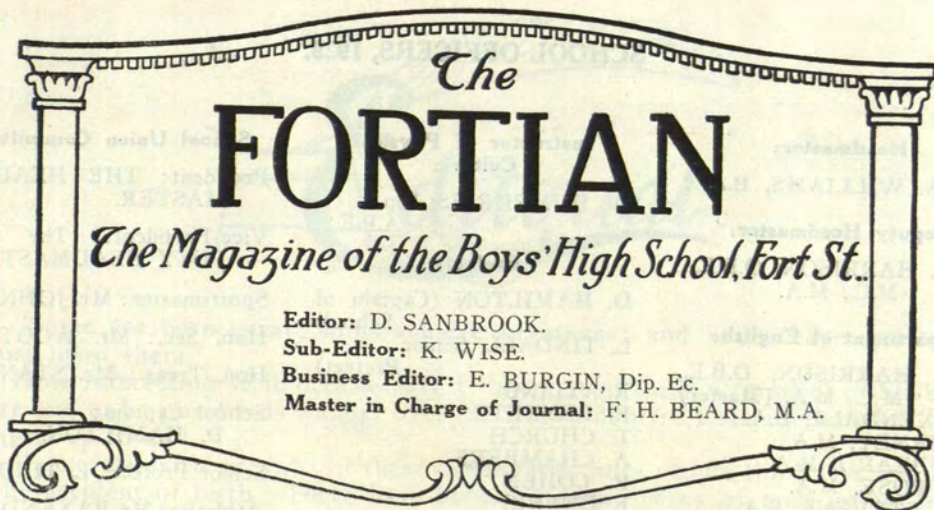


THE FORTIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF FORT ST. JOHN'S
HIGH SCHOOL, PETERSHAM, N.S.W.

NOVEMBER, 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
Languages:**

F. C. WOOTTEN, M.A.
(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.
J. R. PERRY, B.A.
E. F. HALLMAN, B.Sc.

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
E. SIBREE
A. OVERTON

**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. SHEPHERD
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. NORMAN
Cricket: Mr. OUTTEN,
H. WILLIS
Football:—
Soccer: Mr. ROBERTS,
B. CAPLAN
Rugby: Mr. AUSTIN,
T. SMITH

Swimming:
Mr. HUMPHRIES, E. GRAY

Library: Mr. ROSE,
J. DENNIS

Tennis: Mr. CALDWELL,
L. SCOTT

Debating Society:
Mr. BEARD,
C. McPHERSON

Fortian: Mr. BURGIN,
S. SELICK

Baseball: 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.



"Some are born great; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them."

How interesting it is occasionally to take one of these utterances of Shakespeare and to let our minds wander over the wide colourful vista of thoughts that it opens up to us!

"Some are born great." In these democratic times people think less and less of the accident of birth. There have been too many cases of men going from log cabin to White House, from the humble cottage to the highest and most honourable positions the world has to offer.

Of those who have greatness thrust upon them, there is little to be said. In some cases the opportunity makes the man; in others it breaks him.

But true greatness is that which has to be achieved, as is so often stressed by Shakespeare.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars," says Cassius,
"But in ourselves, that we are underlings;"

And again:—"This is the excellent foppery of the world,"—Edmund tells us in "King Lear,"—"that we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars."

Every man has some opportunities, and it is for him, as our school motto reminds us, to become the maker of his own destiny.

The achievement of greatness is of vital importance and concerns each one of us, as boys setting out on the long journey called Life, with the intention, not of wandering aimlessly along, but of attaining some goal which is worth while, so that at the end of a long straight road we may be loved and respected by our fellow men.

There is an infinite number of ways by which we may record our names on the portals of fame. We may succeed in the business or professional world through sheer determination, will-power and character. A man of this type was Andrew Carnegie, a Scotch boy of humble parents who, after losing his mother when he was but eight years of age, left his homeland for America, the land of opportunity. Although stoking a boiler in the Pennsylvania railways when thirteen, by the end of his life he was the most distinguished man in the railway world, and the possessor of infinite wealth.

Then we may make our name on the sporting field, or by risking our lives in gallant exploits by sea, land or air. But you will probably refute the possibility of many of us succeeding in any of these branches on the ground that "opportunity makes the man" and that, unfortunately, opportunity is the visitor of but a paltry few.

But there is another way to go through the world with honour that is not beyond the reach of any single one of us—a way that needs neither skill nor

hard labour—and that is simply to play the game. No matter where we may be, in our school life, social life, sporting life or the workaday world before us, if we merely remember to play the game, to act always as men—true men in the real sense of the word, self-sacrificing, faithful and “straight”—we will gain the everlasting respect and true friendship of our comrades.

And so, as time passes on, let us try to keep the idea of playing the game in our minds and let it always be our ambition that our friends may say of each of us, in the colloquial schoolboy tongue that betokens so much, “He’s a real decent chap.”

Life will have its setbacks, no doubt, but the man who plays the game will be able to lift his head amidst all the “bludgeoning of chance,” and say to the end, with Browning, that he has been

“One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.”

NEWS AND NOTES.

Play Day was as successful as ever this year. A noteworthy feature was that no costumes were hired for this event, and the full educational advantages were reaped in the study and effort put into the improvisation of costumes and stage-effects. Moreover, additional funds were available, as a consequence, for our hospital contributions, while there was no deterioration in the dressing of the plays, many visitors, in fact, expressing the opinion that there had been considerable improvement. Full audiences attended both performances, the hall being booked right up for the evening session. Contributing greatly to the success of Play Day was the committee of ladies, who conducted a luncheon booth at the school, thus not only helping to swell still further our contributions to charity, but allowing of the plays being staged with shorter intervals between sessions.

* * *

It is pleasing to note that the School Union has settled definitely the question of the allotting of School “Blues.” These will be awarded by a special “Blues” Committee, and will be provided by the Union. Since this is the highest sporting honour the school can bestow, the standard required for its acquisition will naturally be a high one.

Congratulations to C. Schmidt and D. Sanbrook on their selection as Captain and Senior Prefect respectively for 1930.

* * *

Our Sports Day this year was ill-fated. Not only was it interrupted by heavy rain which finally forced its postponement, but every attempt to complete it seemed the signal for further wet weather. However, the question of cup-winners was decided on a subsequent Wednesday afternoon. On Sports Day itself the Ladies’ Refreshment Committee rendered fine service, as usual, until they, too, were obliged to suspend operations owing to the weather.

* * *

The staff entertained the Ladies’ Committee at a social evening on 23rd October in the Memorial Hall. A musical programme, arranged by Mr. F. Treharne, was presented by the following well-known artists: Miss Reys Kemmis, violinist; Miss Connolly, pianist; Miss H. Boyle, soprano; and Mr. Daly, basso. Mrs. Rogers, the president, on behalf of the ladies, thanked the staff for the delightful evening’s entertainment provided them.

* * *

Conditions governing the award of the annual prize established by Hon. B. S. Stevens, M.L.A., State Treasurer, have not yet been finalised, but it is hoped that they will be announced shortly.

Staff and students of the School join in wishing success to all candidates in the public examinations, and in the case of Fifth Year boys, add best wishes for prosperity and happiness in their future careers.

* * *

The action of Rear-Admiral Evans, of the Australian Fleet, in receiving a party of Fort Street boys on board the Flagship and assisting them with information and suggestions with regard to the dramatization of the Scott Antarctic Expedition, was greatly appreciated by the School. He was second-in-command of that heroic party of explorers, and expressed himself as very interested in Fort Street's attempt to make real the story of Scott's great feat and noble death.

* * *

The necessary funds to maintain the Fort Street cot in Renwick Children's Hospital having been contributed some time ago, the pupils have now diverted the proceeds of their volun-

tary collections to another very worthy cause, namely, the erection of a "Preventorium" at Curl Curl. The other objects of the School's efforts for charity this year were, as usual, the cot at Renwick Hospital, the Children's Hospital, the Rachel Forster Hospital, the Ambulance, and the local hospital at Lewisham.

* * *

The Term Dance will take place on 11th December, and, as examinations will then be things of the past, a very enjoyable time is expected by all.

* * *

While we are pleased to state that a part of the playground has been asphalted, it is to be regretted that the department does not see its way clear to asphalt the pathway in front of the School, the dilapidated nature of which was commented on by Mr. Elliot as being quite out of harmony with the well-kept lawns and flower beds and shrubberies.

THE WORLD OF PETS.

The object of this essay is to reveal to mankind a subtle and pregnant evil which is gradually but continually creeping upon us, who, unsuspecting still, build our toy huts in the sands of life for relentless generations to destroy.

An advertisement was recently inserted in a London newspaper to the general effect that an Indian snake, one Peter, had been lost or mislaid or—well, anyway, he couldn't be found. This little darling was described as being six feet long, addicted to bronchitis—poor dear—if exposed to the cold, and having a kindly pair of eyes.

That small paragraph embodies the degradation of the world through its love for pets of all shapes, sizes, descriptions and disposition. In other times, such advertisements as this were to be found in the advertisement columns of our papers:—

"Lost in George Street, between Anthony Horderns' and Dymock's, a Pomeranian puppy, three inches long. When last seen was wearing a red ribbon (and, be it added, a happy smirk). Answers to the name of 'Fifi'"—and so on—you know the sort of thing.

But now, alas, that it should have come to this! We no longer worship dogs and cats. Our choice has descended to those amiable and desirable creatures, those friends of man, those—heaven forbid that I call them brutes—whose kind is the epitome of loving kindness—well, in short, snakes. Wait, oh wait, till a python runs amok in a Parramatta 'bus; till a full-grown, dyed-in-the-wool, absolutely genuine cobra disturbs the peaceful tranquility of our Government offices. Then will be the time when man becomes prey to the child of his fancy, and the former pet is the master. Oh, let me warn humanity of the imminent danger. Let me attempt to avert the catastrophe while there is yet time. Let me rouse the thoughtful few to greater efforts for the good of our people, our country, our motherland, our universe.

And the evil may not stop there. Soon, with horror and awe intermingled, we will gaze at paragraphs such as these:—

"Lost in crowds at Fossey's, a baby elephant, weighs one ton; answers to the name of Pongo. Is an inveterate smoker, but a teetotaller. Tusks three feet long. Has a loving nature and a prepossessing appearance. Very fond of sugar." Or, again:—

"Lost in the excavations in George Street, an alligator, ten feet long, with the dinkiest little short legs, and a delicious skin in a tasteful shade of grey, carved in relief. Has a pair of twinkling eyes, but his nose is troublesome at times. When last seen was chewing the hand of a traffic policeman, the rest of whom was completely inside him."

Think of the awful terror which will possess Sydney residents. An alligator with twinkling eyes, and, perhaps, chewing the milkman, will greet the unhappy householder as he opens his door to bring in the milk. Sydney, and not only Sydney but the whole world, will be dominated by the very creatures which it now placidly and admiringly surveys as it wends its leisurely way through the glories of Taronga Park.

And, so I am told, there is another more dangerous evil at Canberra. Any moment now an advertisement such as this may appear in every newspaper in the Commonwealth.

"Canberra is greatly alarmed by that vicious and unique animal, the North Sydney blizzard. Snarls at spats and Arbitration Bills. Addicted to shocking language. Is extremely annoyed at anything red, or even pink. Anyone capable of coping with the fierce brute apply in person to Archhill Parkdale, prepared for duty."

Surely with all these examples of the terror which creeps into our midst, no thinking person will discount the rumours. Let us then perform our puny best for the saving of our race.

BETA OF THE HARVESTER, 4D.

A VISIT TO REAR-ADMIRAL EVANS.

One Friday morning a party of nine boys, including myself, and accompanied by Mr. Rose and his son, paid a visit to Rear-Admiral Evans, C.B., D.S.O., Commander of the Australian Navy, to obtain information concerning our class play, ". . . Like English Gentlemen."

We left school at 9.40 and, by walking fast, just managed to miss a tram. We arrived at Man o' War Steps at 10.20, and punctually at 10.30 the Admiral's launch arrived, and soon we were on the quarter deck of H.M.A.S. Australia, the Admiral's Flagship.

As the Admiral was busy, we were ushered into his stateroom by Flag-Lieutenant McDorald, who entertained us until the Admirals ar-

rived. The Admiral is a very pleasant man, who endeavoured to help us as much as possible, and, although we all felt rather nervous as first, he soon put us at our ease. After having obtained a large amount of information from the Admiral concerning the production of the play and obtaining his autograph, we shook hands with him and were ushered into his launch again.

We arrived at Man o' War Steps at 11.15, and took some photographs (which did not come out) of the Australia and the launch. We then returned to school, having spent a very enjoyable morning, which, I am sure, none of us will ever forget.

THY PEACE.

When weary is the soul of man,
And forlorn he in mind,
Oh! help him, Nature, rest to gain,
And peace to find.

Oh! lead him by some glist'ning brook,
Or verduous forest green;
And make him feel and worship Thee,
O Power unseen!

And let him realise that Thou
In every crevice art—
And in the brooding silence hear
Thy pulsing heart.

So let the wind caress his brow,
And soothe his fever'd breast,
Make light his burdens wearisome,
And give him rest.

VICTOR I. C. AINSWORTH, 5D.

GERMAN LETTER EXCHANGE.

In the last issue of the "Fortian" details were given of the exchange of letters arranged by Mr. Bauer between his pupils and boys of similar age in German High Schools. The correspondence is being carried on enthusiastically, and must prove of very great value to the pupils of both countries. The letter, part of which is reproduced below, is of interest



as showing some of the difficulties our language presents to boys of other countries, and also for the glimpses it gives of schoolboy life in Germany. The first part of the letter is in German, but we are reproducing only the

English portion, with the portrait of the happy little writer.

"You are right meaning that in Germany are more flying-machines than in Australia. In the last year has been built the greatest air-ship of the whole world in Germany called 'Graf Zeppelin.' Yesterday the huge giant is started from Friedrichshagen in direction to Lyon (France). When he had reached the coast of Spain, a storm broke out so that he was forced to return. At last he landed at Toulon. Three motors are damaged. But in a few days he will start and with happiness he will fly over the ocean. The leader is Dr. Eckner. In the last year the flying-machine "Bremen" has reached the coast of America.

"Now, were we have white holidays we wander all the days. I am a Christian pathfinder. But you must know that in Germany are also other groups of pathfinders. There is the band of republican pathfinders and all the 'Freischorr' who has more than thirty thousand members. When the night has come we go into our tents and lay us on the warm covers to sleep. In the morning we sing a merry song and wander into the free nature of God. Often when it is very hot we bathe in the river.

"I am sending you a photograph of myself and some others. But now I have written enough.

"The best greets, your friend,

"RUDOLPH VYSEK."

Germany.

PENRITH—CAMDEN TOUR, EASTER, 1929.

When we left the train at Penrith we proceeded to the nearest provision merchant's and procured some necessary stores, which were to last us for the whole of our tramp to Camden. This was on Good Friday night, and we had to pitch our tent in the dark at a suitable place about two miles out of Penrith.

Next morning we proceeded, and about six and a half miles further on we passed through the township of Mulgoa. Here all the small boarding houses were full up with people, and some even accommodated themselves under some fruit trees, for here we saw many hammocks—evidently where some people had to

"hang out" for the night. The next township we came to was Wallacia, which is three miles from Mulgoa. Just outside Wallacia we came to the bridge at Blaxland's Crossing, and no doubt this spot has a history to tell. From the bridge we followed the Nepean River for about three-quarters of a mile, and as the sun was sinking slowly in the west we decided to pitch the tent, have tea and turn in, for it was our first whole day of walking so far, and we were thoroughly fatigued.

The next day, after we had had breakfast and a swim, we continued on the walk, following the river all the way. About seven miles far-

ther on we came to "Bent's Basin." When we started out this morning it must be remembered that we were on the grounds of some cattle station.

Just before we actually arrived at the basin we came to a small hut, where one of the caretakers of the station dwelt, and he gave us some water to drink out of a trough which he had. We were very glad of it, for we had not had any what you might call good drinking water since we had started out. After we had left the hut we came to the basin. This is a part of the river where the valley is practically a circle and the sides slope in just like those of an ordinary wash-basin. This part is excellent for fishing, as the fish love to breed just here.

When we left Bent's Basin we started on the most difficult part of our tour, for we entered into the rapids. On each side of us were cliffs hundreds of feet high, and we had to keep jumping from the rocks of one side of the river to the rocks of the other side, and climbing over these hundreds and hundreds of rocks is not a very enjoyable task. We had many slips and falls, so the iodine bottle was very popular. After we had lunched we proceeded the same as before, until we

could not go any farther, for there were no rocks on which to walk. But after we searched round for awhile we came to a wallaby track leading up the side of the mountain. Time after time something blocked our way, and we had to climb right over the top of it, but eventually we managed to work ourselves down the side of the mountain until we were practically on a level with the river once more. But by now darkness was overtaking us, so we searched about for a suitable spot to camp, and that night we had to be content with sleeping on practically solid rock.

However, next morning we were bright and cheery once more, especially after breakfast, so we started to forge our way ahead in the same manner as before. It was about another mile when we came out of the gorge and we came to a little clearing, and here we had a badly needed swim. From here we continued our walking, and finally arrived in Camden at about half past five. The first place we went to was a restaurant, where we eagerly made up for the rather meagre diet of our tramp. Hunger and physical discomforts were soon forgotten, and we all agreed that we would gladly make the journey again.

B. KRIMMER, 1C.

THE VIEW FROM THE HILLSIDE.

Early in the morn, when nature's whispering heralds blew and shell-pink curtains draped the Eastern lands, I stood upon a hillside where sylvan glades and treasures were strewn. The wall of varied green blended with the darker green of the stately pines standing proudly on one side. In the distance the forest met the red-roofed homes and terraced gardens, where fountains bubbled and wild roses bloomed. These gardens led the way to the fields of ripening corn and pastures, where the kine were herded. Beyond all rolled the sea, forever restless, upon the gilded sandy beach, and the sea-song reached my ear and cried, . . . "Wait! . . . Wait!"

The golden sphere had risen, for Phoebus had drawn back those curtains of pink. How he painted that wondrous, rolling ocean of blue, green, transparent water with golden lanes and ruddy crests! The waves raced into bars of pink and violet, and with the blue and green water were traced into delicate marble by veins

of foam which mottled the sea's surface as it crashed on that golden road, the beach. The day had begun and I ran merrily down the white road by the sea to the town, for I was young.

Again I stood on the hillside while Phoebus parched the earth, at noon, from a sky that was azure. The town was busy, the red-roofed houses more numerous, and the fields were farther away. The terraced gardens were no more, and in their place arose dust from the crowded city streets. The sea was no longer painted but its waters, cool, blue-green and mottled like marble, still beat on that distant shore and murmured to me . . . "Wait!"

Next, Autumn came—that playful child who, when Summer and Spring have left her to beautify nature, delights to waste their colours, splashing them in lavish profusion over the whole countryside. Below stretched the forest, sorely depleted, but it was ablaze with extravagant colours. Vermilion, saffron, russet,

brown, and all the colours of the rainbow were spilled in confusing exuberance over mountain dale and hill, against a background of green. Then, with a sigh, I wended my slow way to the town by the scarred white road by the sea, for I was no longer young.

Once more I stood upon the hillside, when the sky was gray and life was dull, for Phoebus was no more. The trees were stripped of their finery and only the dark pines stood sullen and cold, above the shroud of Autumn's dead beauty. The town was dingy with its cloak of soot and smoke which belched forth, black, to a grey, leaden sky. The wind roared and raged through the trees, up the hill and past

me, screaming in unison with the gulls which flew and wheeled above. The sea below was wild and heavy, now booming and seething around treacherous rocks, now sullenly crooning a saddened lullaby of utter despair.

Then, from the west, came one single gleam of bright, penetrating light, rending the gloom of the sky, and then all was gray and misty. The voice of the ocean murmured insistently, saying . . . "Wait no more! . . . Wait no more!"

Sadly, and with despair and melancholy, I tottered down the old hill, by the busy road by the sea, for my day was over and I was old.

L. JACK, 4A.

THE RAYMOND AND FRANK EVATT MEMORIAL PRIZE.

A distinguished Fortian, Doctor H. V. Evatt, has shown his appreciation of the work of the school in a practical manner by establishing a prize to be competed for annually by students of Fort Street High School.

His prize, valued approximately at five pounds, is known as the "Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize," and is awarded for the best essay on an approved Australian subject.

This essay, which should not be more than two thousand words, will be written at school between 9.30 and 12 on a day to be announced. Distinguishing numbers will be used, and the Headmaster's decision is final.

The subject chosen for this year's essay is "Australia and the Pacific," and the date for writing will be Friday, 6th December.

Greatness Lies In Little Things

Implanted deep within the heart of every boy is a dream of future greatness. Greatness on the field of sport—greatness in his calling.

But greatness grows from little things well done.

Thus one shilling banked regularly every week in this Bank at four per cent. per annum will in five years grow to £14/4/7.

Respect the little things—achieve your greatness!

19 Branches: 638 Agencies: (No Agencies at Post Offices)

Government Savings Bank of N.S.W.

Head Office: 48-50 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.

BY THE WAY ON THE SYDNEY-BATHURST-GOULBURN-SYDNEY ROAD.

N.S.W. offers many pleasant trips to the motorist, but for one who really wishes to become conversant with typical Australian country, I think the above mentioned tour would satisfy best his desire. The country is typically Australian, and the roads are excellent for so long a trip.

The first place of interest is found nestling at the western foot of the Blue Mountains, the little township of Hartley. Here, a relic of bygone days, stands a courthouse, said to be the oldest in Australia. An old-fashioned stone building, it stands well back from the road, aloof, antiquated. In comparison to this Bathurst, "Queen City of the Plains," offers a court of far more imposing grandeur; it stands in the heart of the city, and is our second object of interest.

The road from Bathurst to Goulburn traverses excellent pastoral country. Trunkey Creek, about half way, having been once an important gold mining centre, proves the rule. Goulburn to Canberra the road winds through hilly country, the first view of the Federal Capital being from the top of a long hill descending into Queanbeyan. At Canberra the famous Red Rose, piloted by Captain Lancaster, and carrying Mrs. Keith Miller, was seen.

With the swiftly falling night, we drew near to Goulburn. Through the dusk could be seen the lights of the war memorial. It was a magnificent sight, the steep pinnacle on which it stands being obliterated by the night, the tower blazing in light, and the monument seeming suspended high in the heavens, an awe-inspiring sight, one that will live long in my memory.

About a league from Goulburn, a few miles off the main road, is the Shoalhaven lookout. The river can be seen almost at its source, and

away in the distance, in a small clearing, perched on the mountain crags, is a homestead. How the inhabitants obtain access to it is still a matter of speculation among the family.

At the outbreak of the Great War, Germans living in Australia were interned in gaols throughout the country, to prevent their having any communication with their fatherland. At Berrima, on the Goulburn-Sydney road, is one of these institutions; here is a gaol grown old with time; here the outlaws of the dawn of our history were imprisoned. A brief description of two of its main attractions will have to suffice:—

The condemned cell in this venerable establishment was particularly interesting. Then there was a narrow room, barely sufficient to lie down in, utterly devoid of light, with two heavy doors at its entrance—two doors with just sufficient room between to permit one man to stand perfectly upright. Here particularly desperate cases were made to stand. Incidents like these made "The Good Old Days."

The Germans interned were naturally allowed a little latitude. They had their own theatre, a place of great interest. I am told by a good authority, one who was in command for some time, that although the Germans were allowed latitude it was a tremendous mental strain. They were taken from outside associates and placed in these cells, and allowed to see their families only on certain occasions. In fact, two tried to commit suicide, their minds becoming deranged.

Hours could be spent talking to the caretaker and hearing tales of hair-breadth escapes by outlaws through sewers and such like, but time and space are short, and so I will spare the readers further misery by ending abruptly.

R.B.A., 4D.

EXTRACTS FROM EARLY "FORTIANS."

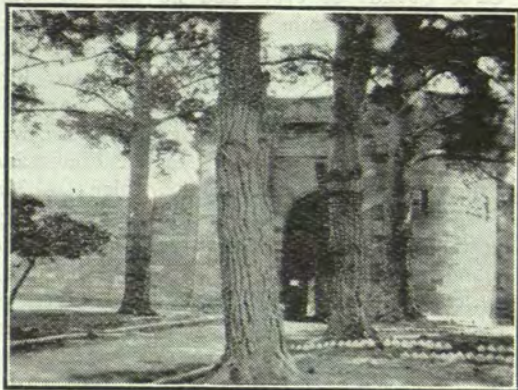
[Mr. Harry Thorpe, who left the school in 1921, has supplied us with the following extracts from the "Fortian" of a generation ago. We are grateful for his continued interest in our magazine, and all members of the school should be interested in the account of the birth of the "Fortian," which celebrated its thirty-first birthday on 7th August this year.—Ed.]



SHOALHAVEN RIVER.



COURT HOUSE, BATHURST.



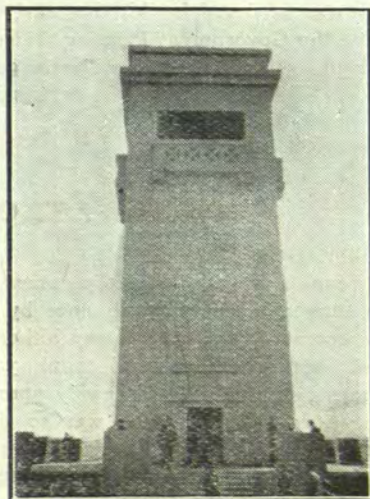
BERRIMA GAOL.



COURT HOUSE, HARTLEY.



THE RED ROSE AT CANBERRA, EASTER, 1928.



WAR MEMORIAL, GOULBURN.

WORTH KNOWING.

1904.

"Self-conquest is the greatest of victories."
 "Your criticism of another is your verdict of yourself."
 "Time that is lost is never found."

THE BIRTH OF THE "FORTIAN."

1908.

The first issue of the "Fortian" saw the light of day on 7th August, 1898, and was the outcome of many little chats between Mr. J. W. Turner (then Headmaster) and two classmates and monitors, Walford and Conway. A friend of Conway's made him a present of two or three pounds of type, and he had for some months been printing a tiny 3 x 4 inch paper at home, styled the "Pymble News," on a little wooden home-made press. It occurred to him that perhaps a paper for the school would be a more profitable undertaking. Walford was to be Editor and Conway Associate Editor and Printer. They mentioned their plans to Mr. Turner, who at once saw the value of the suggestion, but thought the paper ought to be a school paper, owned by the school. This made matters easier, and one afternoon the three of them, accompanied by Mr. Pincombe, a teacher, who was to have charge of "The Fortian," made for Cowan & Co., where the type, cases, and a real machine were purchased. The "real machine" was Conway's especial pet for months.

Great assistance in the first issue of "The Fortian" was rendered by Mr. Kelman, a compositor at the Government Printing Office, who, as a friend of Mr. Turner's, willingly gave his services. With Mr. Gullick's permission he

came down from the Government Printing Office in the afternoons to teach them how to set type in a workmanlike manner, and to manage the machine like master machinists. As far as can be traced the first Editor was Mr. J. Green.

One of the first "jobs" done on the press was a card of welcome to Lord Beauchamp, who visited the school shortly after the historical purchase was made. The machine was then in the Head's office, and his tables were littered with type, cases, inks, galleys, and other necessities of the printer's art. The machine occupied a proud position near the window, and after the distinguished visitor came in and had been introduced to the "Printer's Devils," as Mr. Kelman called them, Conway handed him a card of welcome, wet from the press. He thanked them and told them to take a half-holiday.

When the noise and bustle of printing got too much for Mr. Turner, he put the boys down in the carpentry shed, and there, with Messrs. Pincombe, Drew and Hatfield, Kerr, Harris, Cobb and other members of the staff, many pleasant hours were passed.

The school plant had not been located in its new position long ere it was seen that some considerable additions were necessary. It was then that a large fount of brevier roman type and another press were purchased. When Conway left in 1899, the staff numbered about six, and it was generally pretty hard to get the paper out to time even then. They were never before date, anyhow.

The first "leader" in "The Fortian" concluded with "Quod felix faustumque sit," and that "it may be happy and prosperous" still is the sincerest wish of all.

ON THE ART OF SHORT STORY WRITING.

Mr. Editor, Dear Sir,

Your request for a short story comes to me in the nature of a compliment, since by it you show an extraordinary faith in my hitherto unrespected literary abilities. I thank you for it, but regret my inability to supply your need. I had no idea that this task was so difficult until I tried it. When you have read this letter I hope that you will not only excuse but sympathise with me.

When your request reached me it fired me to such ambitious heights that the fall which followed was all the more severe. I determined to produce such a short story as had never been before seen. I set to work. But I never really started work, for I struck a blank wall before I had begun to write. I could find no suitable plot. Try though I would, none was forthcoming. Then I came to the rash decision which eventually ruined any

chance I ever had of complying with your request. I decided to invite assistance from the family.

Of course I should have known better, but this letter is not a discussion of the correctness of my actions, it merely brings the facts under your notice.

Consequently, at tea, when a momentary silence in the conversation occurred (I think the pudding had just been commenced and even Joe, the fastest eater in the family, had not had time to ask for a second helping), I inquired if anyone had any ideas for a suitable plot for a short story.

Young brother Tom, who has reached the age of Red Indians and cowboys, immediately suggested the subject dear to his heart. This was rejected, to the poor lad's disappointment, as being too juvenile; besides, what do I know about the subject?

Sister Clara worships Ethel M. Dell. "Why," she said, bursting with ideas as usual, "you

must make it a love story. A story of a strong, silent man who loved a fair and beautiful girl. No, you'd better have two strong, silent men, then they can have a fight for the fair and beautiful girl." "But I'd have to kill one of them," I objected, "and that would ruin the story."

"Send 'em to Salt Lake City and let 'em turn Morman," said Joe.

Then Cousin Lewis, who calls himself a senior pathologist, interjected: "Perhaps it would be better for you, D., to write on some interesting little topic, for instance, the life story of the 'macrotaemiopteris wianamattae.'"

After a heated discussion, the poor little macrotaemiopteris wianamattae was declined owing to lack of direct evidence that he, she or it existed at all. We seemed to be making no progress, and for the first time doubts began to fill my mind concerning the advisability of the step I had taken.



Danks' Mowers Do Make a Lawn:

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A great favourite is this light ball-bearing Mower. It is light, keen-bladed, and easy to push with its 10in. driving wheels.
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THE FENDON For Hard Cutting
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A reliable, easy-running Mower at a low price.
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Then eldest sister Susan put forward a suggestion: "It seems to me," she said in her superior way, "that D. is looking for too unfamiliar a subject. He should choose a commonplace one, one with which he frequently comes in contact. I suggest a little story of school life!"

"Ah," I replied with bitter sarcasm, "I know the sort you mean. One about some poor innocent little Georgie who has to go about the school grounds with a Mintie-tin picking up papers and ruining his health by this insanitary occupation, because some equally priggish little mother's darling saw him drop a lolly-paper and told teacher."

And that, Mr. Editor, is all the help you get when you ask the family! It is always the same. Whenever you ask them simply for a little assistance, they either tell you to go away and not worry or else offer some positively puerile suggestion with such a superior air that it sends the unfortunate inquirer mad, and perhaps drives him to suicide or fratricide.

The story of the boy whose father did his homework and got it all wrong is proverbial, but it is true.

Returning to the subject, I have considered the matter carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that there are only three kinds of

plot used at all, i.e., the love-story, the detective story and the humorous story. Now, the last I rejected, since I consider my hitherto unsuspected talent lies more in the dramatic than in the humorous. I have formed some really good plots under the other headings, but you cannot put a story like the following in a school magazine:—

A, a young detective, loves B, a girl, whose father, C, wants her to marry D, an unscrupulous but wealthy man. A catches D rifling C's safe. A shoots D, C enters and, mistaking A's motive, shoots him, B finds A dead, shoots C. then shoots herself.

Now that is what I call a really good plot. It has what is vulgarly called "pep" and a stirring love interest. And the tragic end is one that is rapidly becoming popular.

But there, if I submitted that to you it would find its way to the W.P.B., and that would be the end of it. So I wish to inform you, sir, of my sincere regret at my inability to comply with your kind request.

Yours truly,

D. J. A. VERCO.

P.S.—If you want any more thrilling plots like the above you can obtain them at any reasonable price.

ACTION.

Crack! A bullet sped swiftly through the midnight gloom and the mysterious figure crumbled and fell without a groan. An eerie silence followed, and a moment later a dull form rose stealthily from behind the heap of fallen masonry. The shapeless figure crept silently along the ivy-covered wall; then, as strangely as it had appeared, it vanished.

Ten seconds ticked expectantly by, and a second shape arose and followed the path of the former. It also vanished, and a minute later two gloomy figures were standing by the crumpled figure. They picked it up and moved quietly through the secret door in the ruins.

Then suddenly the grim light of the moon shone coldly on the shiny barrel of a heavy revolver which slowly projected from behind an ancient bushhouse. Behind the shiny weapon came Inspector Clew's meagre face peeping furtively round about.

Slowly he advanced in this menacing attitude,

then, quickly stooping low behind a nearby shrub, he uttered a grunt of satisfaction, for, gently impressed on the dusty ground, he saw the imprints of four footmarks. Rising slowly, he paced twenty steps forward, which brought him to the wall of the ruins, along which he began to feel.

At length he found a door and, carefully turning the handle, he opened it and instinctively drew back and stared with horror at a grisly human skeleton which seemingly glared upon him. It was a fatal mistake, and even as he realised it a heavy sandbag descended on him.

"Waal, I kinder guess thet little scene is gonna be ther guaranteed gilt-edged goods. I calculate it'll make 'em sit up and take notice. I reckon there ain't been a better scene produced in the whole Yewnited States. I'll say it's a wow," beamed the fat film producer, from behind a fat cigar, at his actors. R.B., 3C.

THE WONDERS OF WIRELESS.

The other day I was comfortably seated in the corner of a railway carriage, when in walked an old man with a small black case in his hand.

"What's the cricket score?" I ask anxiously.

"Sorry," he said, "I haven't heard. We'll soon find out, though. Made it myself." (Here he exhibited to my gaze the case, which I now perceived to be a powerful portable wireless.) "We'll try and get the test results." He turned a small knob. "Melbourne."

"Kowrarrkeecoww," remarked the loud speaker.

"Something wrong," growled the old chap, pulling a blue print and a small steel screwdriver from his pocket.

A moment later the screwdriver touched a certain wire, and I was treated to the spectacle of an old gentleman doing a species of Highland Fling around the compartment to an incessant chant of "shock, shock, shock, I gotta shock."

I managed to calm him down somewhat, and at last our combined efforts got the set (?) working.

He began to tune it in. "Hullo, hullo, 2UE speaking, we — must change their food and put them — on a diet. Mrs. Smith, I think from your letter that you have acute indigestion and should eat only — some fresh mulberry leaves. This will make the silk — coming up on the rails, he has passed the favourite and is gaining — some sugar, apples, cream and eggs — about 3,000,000,000 years old. The stegosaurus used to wander through the forests and plains beside the — Leichhardt Canal, and if found doing so after this should be reported to the nearest police officer, who — Baron Ivor Nastikoff will sing the great Russian song, "Way down upon the Volga River," in which the pianist rushes from end to end of the keyboard, and — ." "England won by 13 runs."

The whole set went out of the window, and my venerable friend used language that led me to suspect that in his unregenerate youth he had had some close acquaintance with bullock teams.

T. INGLEDEW.

LAZINESS.

Now this is a subject at which I flatter myself I am indeed an expert. The gentleman who, when I was young, bathed me at wisdom's font used to say that he never knew a boy who could do less work in more time. This may be true; doubtless it is true, but, despite my laziness, I cannot help feeling that I have done a good many things I ought not to have done; on the other hand, I am just as sure that I have left undone those things I ought to have done.

Idling has always been my strong point—in fact, I might go so far as to say that work and I have not even a nodding acquaintance. Not that I pride myself in this matter—why should I? It is a gift, and one is born an idler, not made one.

Few people possess this gift. Of course, I admit there are plenty of shirkers and plenty of slowcoaches, but a real, genuine, hate-all-work idler is indeed a rarity. Mind, he is not merely a man who slouches about with his hands in pockets—simply because he has nothing

to do and plenty of time to do it. Oh, no! His most startling characteristic is that he is always intensely busy—doing nothing—slacking when he most needs to work!

Now, as an authority upon this subject, let me impress upon the reader that it is quite impossible to enjoy laziness to the utmost unless one has plenty of work to do. There is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing to do. How can there be? Wasting time is merely an occupation, and then an exhausting and monotonous one. Perfect laziness is like kisses. To be sweet, it must be stolen.

As might be expected, I like idling when I ought not to be idling, not when it is the only thing I have to do. That is my pig-headed nature. Nothing pleases me better than to stand with my back to the fire and my thoughts in the sky when I have piles of homework—all of which **must** be finished by the morrow. Never do I dawdle longer over my tea than when I have a heavy evening's work before

me. And if, for some very particular reason, I ought to be up particularly early in the morning, it is then more than at any other time that I love to lie an extra half-hour in bed. Ah me! How I love, on a cold winter's morning, to turn over and lie half dormant after I have responded with a sleepy "All right" to my mother's loving cry, which so rudely interrupts my slumbers. Delicious half-hour! Coveted by all, and enjoyed most by the idler.

Well then, on my own admission I am a slacker—a decided slacker, and there is little fear that my organs will ever

"Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,

With casted slough and fresh legerity."

No! Not for me the crown of life, the well-earned welcome,

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

I shall probably laze my time away till life shall be no more—and then? Heaven help all slackers!

[Unlike a famous humourist, Nesciens has at least not sent the "Fortian" a blank sheet as "The Result . . . of Laziness."—Ed.]

NESCIENS, 3D.

*It's Moments
Like These—*



BURRENJUCK DAM.

Last Easter I had the pleasure of visiting Australia's second greatest dam. It is situated on the Murrumbidgee River about forty miles from Yass.



WALL OF BURRENJUCK DAM, LOOKING DOWN RIVER.

People are now able to go by car to within a few hundred yards of the wall. Previously it was necessary to take a launch from further up the river, but not long ago the little train line, which was used for conveying materials to the dam, was removed and the embankment was formed into a road.

After a few miles of winding round this snake-like track down the sides of the hills, we came into sight of the body of water stored up by the huge concrete wall, which is built across a comparatively narrow part of the river between two steep hills. (See photo. No. 1.)



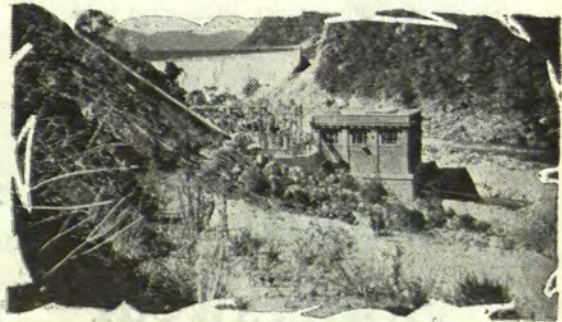
ESCAPE OF WATER THROUGH WALL OF BURRENJUCK DAM.

When I was there the dam was not nearly full. The high-water mark can be seen along

the bank about twenty feet above the water. The water is allowed to escape through a chute on the left side of the wall, and the flow is regulated by gates which can be drawn up or down as required.

By going down over four hundred steps we find ourselves at the bottom of the wall alongside the rushing torrent of water (photo. 2), which is churned by the rocks along the bed. It is in these rapids, among the rocks and stones, that the angler may enjoy many an hour's fishing. The water here contains some fine specimens of rainbow trout.

As we go down the river a few hundred yards we come to the hydro-electric power station (photo. 3). This supplies Yass, Young and other towns with their electric power. A line is now being erected to carry the current to Wyangala Dam, which is being constructed



THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER STATION BELOW BURRENJUCK DAM.

on the Lachlan about twenty miles above Cowra. Photo. number 4 shows the part of the river that will be filled when this dam is completed. The line of flags marks the site of the wall.

The township at Burrenjuck is almost negligible. The old workmen's houses are gradually being pulled down, so that in a few years there will practically be only the caretaker's residence there. What few houses are there cling on to the sides of the hill, with no flat ground but the road near them. The holiday-maker is obliged to camp at the camping-ground about three miles back along the road.

As well as the trout-fishing below the wall,

one may fish for cod, perch and other fresh-water fish in the deep water. People who wish to catch enough to take away generally row



SITE OF WYANGALA DAM, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION

up one of the creeks flowing into the river and stretch a cross-line, on which are attached forty or fifty hooks, from one tree to another. For a person who enjoys a good holiday in the country, Burrenjuck is an ideal spot.

"TARA," 5B.

A MEMORY.

A whispering breeze came o'er the trees,
To breathe on vale and hill,
And weave a tale that could not fail
To tell of brook and rill.

A song of waves, of desperate slaves,
Of romance soft and sweet,
Of flying birds and lowing herds,
Of gardens trim and neat.

Of towns and views, of wondrous hues,
Of cities glistening white,
And happy throngs, with merry songs,
It breathed with beauty light.

The singing breeze passed o'er the trees,
Bearing its tale of land and sea;
But mem'ry bright, with fancy's light,
For ever stayed with me.

L. JACK, 4A.

David Jones' for correct Sportswear - - -



ALL-WOOL SWEATERS, 21/-
GABARDINE CREAMS, 15/6
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DAVID JONES'

PLAY DAY, 1929.

Our well-known Play Day was held on Thursday, 12th September, this year. On the preceding Tuesday a special rehearsal of the whole performance was given for the benefit of the boys of the school, who have to be content with an exterior view of the proceedings on Play Day itself. The grand night performance was given on the Friday night so as to give the chosen casts an extra day for "putting the finishing touches on." The whole programme was carried out without a hitch, which

while at the night performance a definite charge was imposed. As a result of the two performances a considerable amount was taken and was set aside for charitable purposes.

A new idea, by which each First Year class produced, in addition to the class play, a pageant from ancient history, was a great success, and found to be both entertaining and instructive.

The best plays on the day's performance were selected for that of the following evening, and were:—



"THE FINDING OF THE BODIES OF SCOTT, WILSON AND BOWERS OF THE HEROIC ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION." (From 2D's play, "Like English Gentlemen." The sledge is one of the original ones used in the expedition, and was kindly lent by Mr. Leemon, of Greenwich Public School.)

speaks volumes for the machine-like organization, and the unanimous opinion was that it was one of the best Play Days that we have produced.

On Play Day itself the generosity of our friends was relied on for a monetary donation which would later be handed over to charity,

"A Traveller Returns" (Clemence Dane), by the 5D players: An absorbing tragedy with a supernatural element in it.

"The Little Square Box" (Conan Doyle), by the 5A players: A very interesting and entertaining comedy.

"Something to Talk About" (Eden Philpotts),

by 4C players: A clever farce of the type that always attracts an audience.

"The Hand of Siva," by the 4B players: A dramatic tragedy of military life in India.

"Aunt Glegg and Aunt Pullet," by 4A players: A very amusing comedy of modern life.

"Like English Gentlemen," by 2D players: Three poignant scenes from the fatal expedition of Scott to the South Pole.

Finally there were two interesting ancient-history pageants, "The Return of Ulysses," by 1D class; and "Pytheas the Trader Visits Britain," by 1C class.

Sympathy is extended to 3B class, whose play was selected for the evening, but, owing to the illness of one of the actors, was unable to be presented, another play being substituted.

A competitive element was this year introduced, and we offer our congratulations to the following on their success:—

T. Ingledew, 3A, prize for most original costume; G. Foster, 4A, prize for best sustained character; 3A and 1C classes for the best ensembles.

The entire proceedings were a complete success and further emphasised the value of Play Day in the school's curriculum.

THROUGH BURRAGORANG VALLEY.

The outlook, for three hikers on pleasure bent, was anything but a cheerful one, as we resolutely quitted Wentworth Falls station and set out to seek the road to the valley. Vague directions from townspeople finally brought us to the turn-off, and we splashed off through the mud. An hour later found us still splashing through the mud and peering into the semi-darkness for a likely camping spot.

Soon there appeared in the distance the lights of what turned out to be the Queen Victoria Sanatorium, and a hospitable reception there resulted in our spending the night on mattresses in a warm dry workshop, instead of "camping" in the inhospitable and, needless to say, uncomfortable mud.

Morning dawned, accompanied by rain, which later, to our great delight, ceased, enabling us to proceed, buoyed by the prospect of fine weather to come.

Our road along the King's Tableland was considerable easier than we had anticipated in mountain country, and the scenery was relieved by distant prospects of rugged ranges to right and left.

Of human habitation we saw nothing after leaving the sanatorium, but at a spot known as "Nine Mile," where we halted for lunch, old fences and logs told of the erstwhile existence of a sawmill.

Night found us cosily encamped on the roadside with a small creek near at hand. Blankets were welcome that night, for it was far from warm, but, nevertheless, the keen mountain air was invigorating and refreshing.

An hour's walk in the morning gave us a glimpse of our goal—the valley, and what a glorious glimpse it was! There below us the silver ribbon of the Wollondilly was unrolled along the green strip of the river flat. Occasional farmhouses were to us tiny dolls' houses set amid the deeper green of the surrounding crops.

Eagerly we pressed on down the steep track amid glorious mountain scenery—cool creeks, tall tree-ferns, lofty gums and mighty crags.

Eight miles of easy walking brought us to the bottom, and our hike along the valley proper began. We were warned at a farmhouse that the river had risen owing to the recent rains, and so we took to the hills once more to avoid the two crossings which the road entailed. This track, though arduous, gave us further glimpses of the mountain scenery and occasional prospects of the beautiful valley before us.

Two river crossings thus having been avoided, we were taken aback when informed at a farm that a third crossing was unavoidable, and that the river was much swollen.

The situation was being discussed, when our problem was solved by the advent of a kindly farmer in a large waggon who willingly allowed us to make the crossing with him, and further invited us to pass the night in his hayshed.

This invitation was enthusiastically accepted, and we spent an exceedingly comfortable night, buried in warm, sweet-smelling hay.

Arising in the morning "like giants re-

freshed," we partook of an excellent hot breakfast, hospitably provided by the good lady of the house. We then took an unwilling leave of our friends and reluctantly proceeded on our way.

Further side-tracking round the hills to avoid river crossings brought us to the foot of the road out of the valley, and we commenced the long stiff climb.

As we toiled up the mountain, the glorious panorama of the Lower Burragorang opened up before us. There the valley stretched away almost as far as the eye could see, with rugged hills and towering cliffs on either side footed by the winding Wollondilly and the Nattai. The lower valley appeared to be uninhabited, for the only signs of man's handiwork was the long white road to the Yerranderie silver mines.

Enquiries made at a roadside house about half way up the mountain elicited the statement that there were two ways of attaining the mountain top: either along the main road, the distance being three miles, or along an ancient and scarcely visible track, an alleged distance of half a mile.

In view of the time to be saved we decided to risk the track.

After about the third mile of perilous scrambling up this goat track, we had just wrathfully decided to retrace our steps and murder our misinformant when, to our great relief, we tottered once more on to the main road, along which we afterwards learned the distance would have been but two and a half miles along an easy grade.

Although weary, we kept on for a few more miles, and at last slept the sleep of exhaustion, under the table of a tourist shelter-shed.

Next day we walked on to The Oaks, a small village, or what might be more explicitly described as a "one-horse" town. Here a kindly motorist gathered us into his Ford and bore us to our destination, Camden, thus triumphantly concluding a pleasant hike.

A memorable one, too, and often round the campfire, when the minds of those three hikers turn back to hikes of other days, the one through glorious Burragorang will linger longest as they gaze deep into the glowing embers of the dying fire.

J. SHEPHERD, 4D.

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THE DEFENCE OF CAR-MINDERS.

I have heard lately that car-minders are doing no good in the city, so I will tell a few experiences to defend these good-natured fellows.

One day as I was going to the pictures a car-minder came along, but I told him that I didn't want anyone to mind my car, as I didn't believe in the principle. But later I learned from his own mouth that he had kept a strict watch on it (except for an hour when he was having pints in the hotel nearby). Well, according to his story he had just returned and was standing nearby when somebody pushed him and he fell and, quite by accident, mind you, a penknife that he had open in his hand for some purpose or other slashed one of the tyres. He was all apologies, poor fellow, so I sympathized with him and gave him five shillings so that he could restore his peace of mind. It must be awful to be under such suspicion, even for a moment. I could imagine him, with tears streaming down his face, as he told the occurrence to his wife that night.

During some recent wet weather I had cause to park my car in a city street and, as usual, told the car-minder who came along to "run away and chase himself." How I regretted

my hasty words! When I returned I found the car six blocks away, on its side in a flood of muddy water, with the hood down, and with the magneto and everything soaked. I was beginning to feel annoyed, when I saw the car-minder running breathlessly. He told me that he had just awakened from a quiet nap in one or other of the cars he was minding and was strolling down to my machine to see if it was all right when his foot slipped and he fell heavily against my spare wheel. Imagine how amazed he was to see the car start off on its own, and then somersault, and keep on somersaulting for twenty-five minutes until it stopped in a pool of water. He would never have imagined it could have happened if he had not seen it with his own eyes.

I listened to the account with feeling and tipped the good man a "fiver." He must have had a shock. It's worth that much, you know, to have these good-hearted chaps look after your property that way.

Yet they say these car-minders ought to be chased off the streets. Fie! Fie! Life wouldn't be worth living.

M.H.A., 4B.

MOVIEMANIA.

The moving pictures provide, to-day, our greatest source of controversy. They are the schoolboy's delight, an evening's diversion to the tired business man, and the bane of the elderly.

It is far from being my intention to discuss at great length their moral and aesthetic influences and values. That would require thought, and everybody knows such a thing to be foreign to the nature of a High School boy. Perhaps I had better confess to you that it is with me just as Byron once saucily remarked,

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book although there's nothing in't."

So with my insatiable desire to strut in the limelight you must forgive me and try to sympathise.

Quite recently, when I was being bored by an extremely laboured and tedious film and my eyes were being irritated by the constant

flickering, my thoughts began to stray into other channels and I had an awakening. I realised the derivation of the word "flicks." Ever since I had, as a tiny boy, attended the pictures, with the Australian love for slang and abbreviation, I had called them the "flicks," never giving a thought to the word itself.

But now I know. It has taken me a long time to find out, but that is the penalty of being dull, and I feel with Shakespeare that it is "better late than never."

Now the "talkies" have come with a blare of trumpets and upset all the traditions of the cinema. Never more can the wearied shopper seek respite in the cool picture palace where the orchestra and stillness lull the senses, but she, poor soul, is subjected to the most hideous of screechings, the most disturbing of accents and prolonged revolver duels which savour of the proverbial kerosene tin.

A new story is beyond expectation, and we go occasionally to see new scenery. We either

have the Russian melodrama, in which the high-born lover is parted from the low-born lover and only the inevitable revolution can unite them, or we have the underworld drama, in which the hard-boiled hero is reformed from a life of crime by the insipid and lily-white girl, or again, we have the college riot, in which flaming youth chases bold co-eds on the campus and the feminine hero makes a name by scoring the winning goal. Such a story as the last-mentioned draws an ecstatic sigh from every girl in the theatre.

That reminds me of those peculiar creatures, the "movie fans." Was there ever a stranger band? They take fiendish delight in discovering, under the pen-name of "Buster Fazenda," whether their favorite star has been divorced more than once, her age in years and her weight in pounds. I once knew one of them who had twenty volumes of a weekly picture magazine, and who burnt them after having memorised them all. Such folly is beyond comprehension. Thomas Carlyle should have added to his book another chapter entitled, "The Hero as Film Star." Here would have been

ample scope to expose the foibles of a section of mankind.

The picture people, possibly to ennoble and elevate their industry, have drawn quotations from Omar Khayyam. They speak of the "Magic row of moving shadow shapes" and say the "movie finger writes," just as their confreres, the theatre folk, say that "the play's the thing" and "a play there is—" When I see this latter I always think, in the case of "movie plays," that they should add the context, "some ten words long, but by ten words it is too long." They would then, in most instances, approach nearer the truth.

But the picture industry is in grave danger, for there is a slight but virulent decay at the root. A fortune is waiting for the man who, with an inventive faculty, discovers flea-proof seats, and for him who excludes onion-eaters from the palaces of pleasure the thanks of the multitude are waiting.

Until these two evils are banished, as any thinking man can see, the pictures can never reach any pitch of perfection, for they will eat into the very heart of the industry.

R. G. REYNOLDS, 5D.

BOYS . . .

Your TUCK SHOP stocks

'Fresh Food' Ice Cream and Eskimo Pies

They are the Best, so therefore patronise the shop that sells them.

Also—Tell your parents that

**"FRESH FOOD" MILK, CREAM, BUTTER AND ICE
are the best.**

Ring M 2981 and the cart will call.

THE N.S.W.

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THE GATE OF ETERNAL MEMORIES.

Silent as the graves from which they go,
 Silent as the hearts they used to know,
 Cold, e'en as death (though death be not their
 load),

Here they shall stand, the Ghosts of Menin
 Road!

The clouds across the face of night do fly,
 The moon, fair mistress of the wind-swept sky,
 Shines down on the earth where men to death
 must yield,

Shines down on the poppies that grow on
 Flanders' field.

With men for evermore their name doth live;
 To them Life everlasting God doth give,—
 The Gate of Menin Road has seen them fall,
 The Gate of Menin Road has heard their call,—
 Eternal as the poppies blossoming red
 Over their graves, under their feet who bled.

"RUATARA," 4B.

POST-SCHOOL REFLECTIONS.

(With apologies to Thomas Hood)

I remember, I remember

The school where I was taught,
 The quad. whereon each summer sun
 Its usual mischief wrought;

The tuck-shop where we shoved and pushed
 (As gents perforce must do,
 Unless restrained by Mr. F—,
 And let in two by two).

I remember, I remember

A Fourth-Year lawn—they said.

Its fountains gay were garbage tins,
 The turf was crusts of bread.

'Twas there that tree-guards were taboo,
 There parked the super-six;
 And guileless youths, with impulse fine,
 Its cover would help fix.

I remember, I remember

Those pedagogues of yore,

Whose jokes, time-honoured even then,
 Still spice their learned lore.

All due respect our mentors had

As we from boyhood grew.

Their paths must have been strewn with thorns,
 Because we felt a few.

S. BURTON, 4B.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

To those it concerns:—The news has been
 secretly whispered from the best available
 source that in a small narrow alleyway in
 George Street, large Mintie tins in good con-
 dition can be bought at the ridiculously cheap
 price of 9d per dozen, or 12 dozen for 8/11.
 Now, you bargain hunters, it's up to you!

To all Knights and Prospective Knights:—

It will interest you to know that the dinkiest
 little suits of armour in all the latest fashions
 can be made from "Laurel" kerosene tins, and
 so cheap, too!

If you don't believe it, come to our Play Day
 and see for yourselves.

"... and at the close of this assembly the
 5th Year boy who was late during the week
 and"—(Oh! the frailty of human nature!)—
 "did not report that lateness"—(shame on him!)

—"will come forward, together with the 5th
 Year boys who were late this morning." (The
 fiends!)

At the close of the assembly, 5th Year to a
 man troop slowly forward in a long stately
 column.

Heard with witnesses:—

Member of staff to son who was discovered
 at 10.30 parade of miscreants: "Well, why were
 you late?"

Wicked son: "Please, sir, my parents forgot
 to arouse me sufficiently early."

Collapse of member of staff.

"Now, lads, this is your —; arrange your
 parties, bring your young lady, and make this
 function a financial, as well as a social, success."

What was the meaning of the obligato ac-
 companiment to this speech by the 4th and 5th

Years at our General Assembly a few days ago? It was not understandable—it was astounding!

The following text books, we understand from valuable sources, have been set for study in 1931:—

Section 1.—SPECIAL STUDY.

- (a) "Starvation"—by Phyllis Quick.
- (b) "A Schoolboy's Troubles"—by Ben Dover.
- (c) "The Starved Sheep"—by Pauline Lamb.

Section 2.—GENERAL READING.

- (a) "The Dressmaker"—by Emma Tuck.
- (b) "Movies"—by Watson.
- (c) "Spotted"—by Bob Down.

One of the inevitable "antiques" always associated with 5th Year has brought under our notice a letter, dated 1387:—

Mye chere editere,

I haven beene imprisonyed fore one yere in ye Towere offe Londonne So I haven composed this epique onne ye prisyonne.

Y amme etc.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

"I wishe I hadden someone fore to lovyee mee,
Someone for to callen me therne owne;
I wishe I hadden someone to liven wythe,
Y amme tyred of liven al alonge."

Editor's note:—A careful study of statistics reveals that Geoffrey died the day after the completion of the immortal work.

A First Year boy who was playing cricket with a stone for a ball was recently informed by a prefect that Stone Age cricket was prohibited. As he kicked one of the old saucepans which decorate the lower playground he inquired hopefully if Iron Age football was still allowed.

Talking of applied history reminds us of a junior class which has been converted into a feudal manor, paying homage (and impositions) to its leige lord, their history master. We even hear something of a presentation of "Magna Carta," but so far no offending serf has been executed.



PREFECTS, 1929.

Back Row: E. BENNETT, L. NORMAN, A. CHAMBERS, M. MATHIESON, R. AYLING, T. DENNIS.
Centre Row: C. WINSTON, L. SCOTT, S. SELICK, E. GRAY, E. SIBREE, T. CHURCH, R. COHEN,
N. ROSE, C. McPHERSON.
Bottom Row: J. LOVELL, W. MAZE, D. HAMILTON (School Captain), L. TINDALL (Senior Prefect),
A. OVERTON.

THE GOVERNMENT SAVINGS BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

[A party of boys, accompanied by Mr. Parker, recently visited the new building of the Government Savings Bank, and, by courtesy of the Directors, were shown all of its wonders. This account will allow the rest of the school, in some measure, to share their privilege.]

The recently constructed Government Savings Bank of New South Wales is probably, at the present time, the most impressive and magnificent edifice in Sydney.

A significant fact is that only 2 per cent. of foreign materials were used in its construction, and these only because they were unobtainable in Australia.

The building is square in shape, faced on the outside with beautifully polished porphyritic granite, while above this are the artistic columns which follow the Ionic order.

Throughout the structure extensive use is made of marbles which were entirely quarried in New South Wales. Most extensively used is a coloured variety from Rylstone. Other varieties, including a white and a black and white, are made use of in many places. Artificial marbles are also utilised, but although it seems a pity that natural marbles, which abound in New South Wales, were not entirely used, it must be said that those artificially produced are excellent imitations.

The woodwork throughout is entirely Australian, and is very effective. In many places, as in the Board and President's Rooms, the panels are in four pieces, but these pieces are very hard to distinguish, as they are perfectly matched.

Also in the Board Room is a magnificent table made from one piece of Queensland maple. It is highly polished and looks very beautiful. It is also unique in having a sister piece which was exhibited at the Wembley Exhibition, and which is now in England.

Effective use is made of simple mosaics on the higher parts of the walls and on the ceilings.

Above the central staircase is a dome in which there are stained glass windows depicting the various phases in the development of Australia and her industries. This portion of the building is, in my opinion, the most beautiful,

both architecturally and with regard to its adornments in the form of stained glass, natural marbles and mosaics, of which extensive use is made.

From the President's Room a close view of the columns may be obtained, which in reality support no weight at all, but are hollow inside, and are utilised to contain the safes in private offices.

Brass is practically the only metal used in the building, and this is treated by some process to prevent corrosion and to obviate constant polishing.

The bank is artificially heated and cooled, and the air purified. A huge fan in the engine-room, which is kept spotlessly clean, sends the air circulating through the building. When it reaches the top it is washed and cleansed and redistributed.

If the electric lighting should fail it is automatically restored within thirty seconds from a private supply.

All the clocks are electrically controlled from one central clock, which is constantly kept right.

From the top of the structure a glorious view of the Harbour Bridge, and of Sydney and its environs is obtained. Old Fort Street School stands out plainly against Flagstaff Hill, and the Post Office clock-tower is prominent above everything else.

The bank also has its own shooting gallery to keep the tellers in practice, its own dining room, which holds fifty tables and a well-stocked kitchen, with a staff of waitresses and cooks. There is also a laundry to wash the linen and table-cloths of the dining room and kitchen.

One of the most wonderful things about the bank is the fire escape. This is in the form of a folded ladder on the second floor. If fire should occur the glass window of a box containing the releasing lever is broken, and the chain holding the lever freed. Automatically the window in front opens and the ladder shoots out into the street.

The express lifts at the bank move at 600 feet per minute, or ten feet per second, and to save time the doors automatically open or close as the lift arrives at or leaves a floor.

In many of the departments machines to add, subtract, multiply and divide are used.

These have hardly ever been known to fail. The multiplying and dividing machine gives an answer to nine places of decimals.

The system for preventing burglary in the building is very intricate and overlooks not even the slightest detail. At many points are placed bundy clocks at which the night watchman signs his name and registers the time at which he visits the clock.

There is a patrol passage around the vaults, in which the safe deposit boxes, the war loan bonds and the bank's money are kept, and although this is right-angled, one is able to see along all sides from any point by means of mirrors. There are periscopes here with which one may look along the passages above, also a microphone which connects with several vantage points in the building, and two telephones which connect with Police Headquarters and another branch of the bank.

The safe deposit boxes are absolutely fool-proof. They can only be opened after a guardian key has been applied by the attendant, and as each key is chosen from 4400 and the lock is adjusted to fit it, only the holder of the key can open the lock—with the help of the attendant.

The door of the safe deposit vault weighs thirty tons, and can only be opened after the time to which the time locks are set, and as the controls are on the inside it is well-nigh impossible for a cracksman to open it. The walls of the vault are made of criss-crossed steel, which is proof against blowlamps.

Thus I have endeavoured to describe, to the best of my ability, one of the finest buildings in Sydney, and one which, as I have said before, is 98 per cent. Australian, and I think we should be heartily proud of it.

DAVID J. LEE, 3B.

TO THE THRUSH.

Sweet minstrel of the dawn !
 Oh thou, whose fluted note
 From out the woods,
 Across the hills,
 With thrilling call fulfils
 The promise of the morn !
 Dull coat of grey,
 Sweet note of joy,
 That comes from softest streams.

Oh fantasy sublime,
 Oh bird of soul supreme !
 Hark to the notes,
 First of the morn !
 Song of joyful passion,
 Song of youth's delight.
 Dull coat of grey,
 Sweet note of joy,
 That echoes through the trees.

M. S. RUDDOCK, 4C.

OUR SCHOOL—PERHAPS.

How joyous are the hours spent within thy walls, O Temple of Learning. With what impatience do we count the hours away from thee. Intervals are long and periods are fleeting, and the misery imposed upon us when, of necessity, we must visit the tuck-shop, is all but too hard to bear.

What is that spirit of unrest which pervades the anxious throng between the tenth and eleventh hour, the hour of play?

They are not happy away from their beloved books; they have nothing of interest, and time hangs heavily. In vain are the wares of the tuck-shop placed before them in inviting array. Conversation is carried on in hushed tones.

But hark! What is that note which sounds shrill and clear? Pandemonium is let loose; duration vile is over.

The bugle calls to study, and with bright faces and sparkling eyes they rush, eager to pit their skill against declensions and the intransitive verb.

Handsomely framed and hung in a place of honour is a relic which is proudly exhibited to all visitors, largely because it belongs to a past age and is now extinct. In letters of gilt at the foot is the word "Impot"—a lost word—perhaps!

L. BLUNT, 1C.

THE TRIP TO THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT DUNTRON.

As it is customary for the First Grade Football Team to make a trip to some interesting part of the country at least once during the season, this year we were fortunate enough to travel to the Royal Military College at Duntroun.

Though we tasted defeat at the hands of the "army officials," still, the tour was exceedingly beneficial in that we not only learned some good points in football tactics, but also assimilated some important knowledge concerning the country surrounding the Federal Territory, and were entertained with a most interesting lecture on the structure, procedure and history of Parliament House. Though we were well accustomed to strict discipline at the hands of certain school authorities, nevertheless the military exactness and efficiency of the college members astounded several of our party.

It is in the interests of football and general school routine to forward such activities as these, for they not only serve to engender a more sustained and friendly feeling between the party members themselves, but also raise the school's name in regions where its fame is not so indelibly stamped. Such happy schoolboy parties, shallow though they may appear on the surface, are, nevertheless, intrinsically most valuable to the good name of a school if they are carried out in the true sporting spirit.

* * *

"Toot!" The huge and awe-inspiring mass of grey steel shuffles uneasily forward, snorting and belching forth steam which is churned in agitated volumes. The giant gradually gains speed as if suddenly aroused from his simmering browse at the platform by the shrill siren blast of the locomotive whistle. Brakes screechingly grind, the last doors are securely shut by moves off precisely at 7.45 a.m. on its 200-mile journey.

Fort Street's First and Second Fifteens combined took their places in the corridor carriage, all being well except that Sam Willis, supposed to be the guardian of the flock, had missed the train, and at 7.50 a.m. was sitting

on Newtown Station as the express rattled by. Nevertheless, the team did justice to their new experience, and amused themselves in various ways on transit. We will draw a veil, as the novelists say, over some of the incidents of the journey, obscuring alike Harry's hat and Pud's badge, the "Owlet's" gorging, Silas's financing and B—x—l's perambulations.

Duntroun being reached, a neat lorry, with cushionless seats and bumper bars overhead to keep the passengers within, met us and conveyed us to the college. After being officially received, and roaming the college precincts, all were put to bed at 10 p.m.—"or not, as the case may be, sir."

Four a.m.: All was still. An approaching car was heard—by any who happened to be awake. A thud and clump of boots on the gravelled walk announced the approach of a nocturnal wanderer.

"Here's a room empty."

Crash! "Sam," the belated traveller, made his arrival announced by thudding into Pud's door. "Nock's" raucous voice shook the whole building: "That you, Sam?"

Eight a.m.: All up and dressed!—Breakfast.

Ten a.m.: A trip to Parliament House and Canberra district, where we saw some shops and the Prime Minister's dwelling. Someone said he saw Mr. Bruce in the garden watering the pumpkins, but I think he was under a misunderstanding, as spats and sandshoes are much alike when viewed at a distance.

Three p.m.: Football match; good combination; fine tackling and best team work produced by Street this season. Went down 30-16 (Smith 2 tries, Langsworth 1; Willis 2 goals and 1 penalty goal).

Six p.m.: Tea and speeches; Sam replies brilliantly in an oration characteristic of a gentleman named "Edmund."

After tea Harry amused HIMSELF by singing a song, and Jim distinguished himself at the piano, while all joined in with some community songs.

Ten p.m.: Left college and caught train home. All tired and weary, but nevertheless happy.

THE SENIOR DINNER, 1929.

On the evening of Friday, the 25th of October, about one hundred seniors, including a sprinkling of Fourth Year boys, and a good representation of the staff, met at David Jones' for the annual dinner to farewell our late Fifth Year boys.

After the function had been declared open, many of our hitherto regarded fearless stalwarts began to quake with nervousness and fear at having to undergo such trying ordeals as Pommies Saratoga and Strawberry Bombe, but after a trying quarter of an hour they eventually decided with the Fortian spirit not to show the white feather, and so nothing was left unchallenged.

an appreciable interval our popular captain, Hamilton, rose and, after emphasizing the honour of belonging to a school like Fort Street, and thanking the staff for their untiring efforts on the boys' behalf, proposed the toast to "The School and Staff." Our senior prefect, Tindall, then ably seconded the captain's remarks, and the toast was drunk with much enthusiasm. We were next entertained by another senior, J. Melville, who played some of the latest song "hits" on the piano to the accompaniment of a droning noise from various parts of the room.

Mr. Williams, in replying to the toast of the school and staff, said that Fort Street's main object was to produce not only honours stu-



5th YEAR, 1929.

After the appetites of a hundred hungry schoolboys had been partly appeased, the more serious part of the evening was begun. The toast of the King was first drunk, and then we united in singing the old school song. After

departs, but, more important still, perfect gentlemen. Departing seniors should always keep a warm feeling of gratitude towards their school, and should develop a sense of public responsibility which would allow them to fol-

low worthily their public-spirited predecessors.

After another slight digression, J. Baldock arose with an expression of child-like innocence on his face and made a very naive remark about not liking long after-dinner speeches. Strangely this statement raised quite a titter from various sections of the audience. The speaker looked quite surprised at the stir his words aroused. Of course he had never dreamt of a hidden meaning—no, never! (Preposterous—!) Baldock then went on to speak of the joys and privileges of the Old Boys' Union, and proposed the toast of that institution. Mr. Langsworth, an old School Captain, in replying on behalf of the old boys, expressed their need for clubrooms, and also exhorted the seniors to join up immediately with the Union.

The toast of the evening, that of "Departing Seniors," was proposed by Mr. Porter and C. Dane on behalf of the staff and 4th Year respectively. Mr. Porter dwelt on the loyalty of

the seniors and their being true to their responsibilities, while Dane predicted success in after life for all of them. R. Nicholls and F. Church jointly responded and thanked everyone for the kind wishes expressed.

The last toast, to "Our Future Seniors," was proposed by R. Reynolds and S. Sellick, and was responded to by A. Schmidt and D. Sanbrook, the captain and senior prefect respectively for 1930.

During the evening we had all taken part in some popular community songs, and had been entertained in the true spirit by a jovial song from Mr. Parker.

A most enjoyable evening was concluded at a little after 11 p.m. with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

The party broke up and went on their respective ways after numerous individual handshakes and wishes of God-speed.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA.

Oh, count thy beads! mother old;
The night is dark, and the waves beat high;
List to the surge and count thy beads.
The billows foam, the westerlies moan,
And shriek aloud of the death in the sea.
Far out on the deep, on the perilous deep,
The fisherman's craft is rocked by the waves.
Hark to the sound of the ravenous waves,
As they rock in a slumber, a slumber of death.
The rocks on the shore beckon the foam.

A shriek of a soul lost in the deep;
A cry wrought of anguish, a cry from the deep!
Down on the beach, on the wreck-strewn beach,
Hoping and praying, in a pitiful group,
Stand the wives and the lovers, the mothers
and friends.

The billows foam, the westerlies moan,
And shriek aloud of the death in the sea.

B. SHORT, 4A.

A TRAGEDY.

The body lay in the grass. It was still and rigid, and the face was as white as a ghost. The mother of the murdered girl lifted up the body and put it on a stretcher. Then, turning to the woman by her side, said, "Oh, look at my poor, dear Muriel!"

Detectives William and John were investigating the case. After a while they spoke to the two onlookers. "We suspect a criminal called 'The Wolf,' who has been working around here lately," they said.

"If you catch him what will the law do?" questioned the mother of the victim. "He will be severely thrashed," replied the detectives sternly.

"And how do you know it was 'The Wolf'?"

asked the mother. "Aw, just like all women," muttered the first "tec." "Oh, do tell me," pleaded the lady.

"Well, look at this," replied the "tecs," and they lifted up a tattered dress which had been buried in a garden bed nearby.

Just then a big Alsatian ran up, but dropped his head guiltily at sight of the dress.

"You naughty Wolf," cried Dorothy. "I hope Daddy beats you real hard for spoiling my best dolly."

"I'm sure he will," said one of the detectives, "for he has been digging up Dad's garden a good deal lately."

H. JOBBINS, 1C.

THE SHORT CUT.

The settlement lay in the valley,
A full seven miles ahead;
I thought that I never would reach it,
And my heart was heavy with dread.

The dam had burst in the mountains,
The flood was sweeping down;
Unless I could get there and warn them,
Every soul in the village would drown.

My horse gave the best that was in him,
But to me he seemed only to crawl.
The road was all boulders and pot-holes,
And I thought every minute we'd fall.

At the blue gum I branched from the bush
track,
And spurred for the Bushrangers' Leap—
It would cut off five miles from the journey,
But the going was rocky and steep.

My horse reached the top with a scramble,
And I steadied him there for a breath.
The township was safe if we jumped it,
If not—we would meet them in death.

The river ran smoothly beneath us,
It was ninety feet down if an inch.
I patted my horse on the shoulder,
For I knew that he never would flinch.

We went straight for the cliff-edge and over,
And struck the deep water below;
The river closed, seething, above us,
As white as the wind-driven snow.

We rose to the top, nearly choking
But safe—we would still be in time;
We swam for the side of the river;
There was only a low bank to climb.

We were out—in an instant I'd mounted,
And off we went over the plain;
I could hear a dull roar in the distance.
On! On! and I loosened the rein.

At last I swept into the village
At the end of my terrible ride.
"Fly! Fly! The dam's burst in the mountains,
Make a dash for the foothills," I cried.

The people rushed out of their houses,
Seized the children, and ran for the hill;
The flood waters roared in the distance,
Though the air was so peaceful and still.

As the last person climbed into safety,
A huge yellow wave thundered down,
And I said as they all crowded round me,
"Thank my horse, for 'twas he saved the
town."

TOM INLGEDEW, 3A.

RETURNING HOME.

Of all the enjoyable moments a traveller experiences I think there is not a happier one than when he arrives back at his native city.

Aroused from my slumbers I sat up in my bunk and stared at the darkness around me. Something seemed amiss, and, as I blinked and rubbed my eyes, I realised the ship had stopped. That customary roll, the creak of beams and the throb of engines had ceased. Glancing towards the port-hole—a blinking light—I suddenly realised we were in port, in Sydney—home!

Hurriedly dressing, I hastened from my cabin to the upper deck to catch first glimpse of that harbour I had so often thought about when many miles away. The deck was deserted and, save for the blinking of a gas buoy close at

hand and the continual warning flash from South Head, all was still.

With a clanking of chains and scraping of iron links the anchor was dropped. The ship swung around, and all was quiet again.

Gradually the bluish haze in the east took a faint yellow tint, and that slight breeze that heralds the dawn brushed my cheek. It was the cold breeze of an early June morning. As I looked at the nearest shore now silhouetted against the morning sky, the headlights of a car flashed, turned away and disappeared; a row of street lights blinked and went out; the rumble of a cart and the bumping together of milk cans across the water told me the city was awaking.

The sky had now assumed an orange glow

which displayed gradually the distant city buildings. The water was now beginning to show this change, turning from drab green to a deep blue.

The silence was suddenly broken by the screeching of gulls wheeling near the stern, evidently attracted by some scraps the cook, already preparing the breakfast, had thrown overboard. A sailor passed with a bucket and mop, and the appearance of two fellow-passengers in the gangway told me the beauty of the morning was mine only to share.

The sun had now risen and had touched the tallest buildings with its warm glow. One by one the office windows threw back the shining rays. A tangled mass of steelwork above a distant headland told us how much the Bridge had progressed in our absence.

When those troublesome things, such as doc-

tor's inspection and breakfast (for even the latter is an irksome delay on such a morning) were completed, the ship nosed its way past Circular Quay to its berth.

What a different sight the wharf presented from that afternoon some months ago! It was packed with people, faces upturned, looking for their particular friends, while excited faces lined the rail looking for friends on the wharf. The air was filled with coo-ees, shouts, and a hundred other noises. But what did this matter? We were home.

This was the most enjoyable moment of my travels—the culmination of all my experiences. I experienced perfect content as I stood thus, all ready to tell of my holiday, ready to see my native city, ready to be back home!

"GESEWHY," 4C.

SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT.

Since our last issue we have to report a victory and a defeat.

Both debates were with our sister school, Fort Street Girls', and were on a very high plane.

We were victorious on the first occasion. It rather tickles our vanity to have this victory attributed to the nervousness and timidity which our noble carriage and majestic mein struck into the womanly hearts of our opponents.

On the second occasion the position was reversed. Perhaps our leader was disconcerted by a pair of grey eyes regarding him in an

"exceeding strange manner." At any rate, we were defeated.

The representative team for the school was composed of the following well-known members: D. Hamilton, J. Baldock and B. Caplan. We congratulate them on their splendid performances through the season. We are also indebted to Mr. Beard for taking such a keen interest in us, and to Messrs. Henderson and Grose for adjudicating. Finally, we extend to our future team wishes for the best of luck through their season.

THE MOUNTAIN.

O thou great and craggy height,
Gaunt and grey in the fading light,
Tell the story of all the years,
Tell of the happiness, tell of the tears.

Recount the tale of war's dread pall,
How nations rise, then fade, then fall,
How kingdoms crumble to ashes and dust,
And empires die as die they must.

Dost thou think of the iron bell's toll
For those who heard the war drum's roll
And followed far, and gave their life
For home and country in weary strife?

O thou great and wondrous Mount,
Who canst the long, dead years recount!
Look far down through future ages
And read Time's book in its later pages.
J. McAULEY, 1C.



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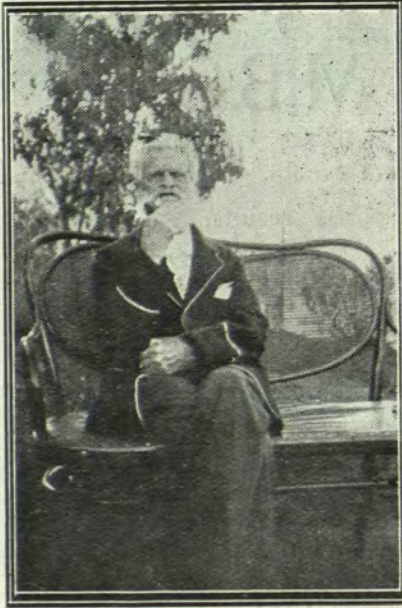
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OUR OLDEST FORTIAN.



A short time ago I had the opportunity of visiting Mr. S. E. Crook, my grandfather, who now lives at Young, and, knowing that he attended Fort Street School when a boy, I asked him all he could remember about his school-days. As he was only twelve when a pupil, and as he is now nearly eighty-six, he could not remember everything, but the information I received is very interesting.

He was born on the 21st of June, 1844, and was a scholar at Fort Street from 1851 till 1856, when at the age of twelve he went to live at Parramatta. He was taught by Mr. Frederick Bridges, then a pupil-teacher, afterwards Chief Inspector, and Mr. John Garden was the Headmaster. The others whom he could remember were Mr. Cullen, the Assistant Head, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Adams. There were about two hundred and fifty boys in a large room, and he remarked that the cane was not used sparingly in the "Good Old Days," and he frequently received his share of it.

Before going to Parramatta his home was at "Bleak House," Balmain, on the water-front, and after school he used to go out with the other boys in a boat, tie up to the anchor chain of a sailing boat in the bay, and fish. When they became tired of fishing they would go straight into the water from the boat and have a swim, as sharks did not then frequent the harbour in great numbers. All the time he lived there he only saw one shark, so it was not a very dangerous sport.

A description of our present school, which I gave, was very interesting to him, and he is looking forward to seeing this issue of the "Fortian" containing the news and work of his old school, which he attended seventy-three years ago.

R. S. VENABLES. 3C.

ON THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

Its echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and for e'er.
From the mighty depths of Hvergelmir—
The mighty bowl
Of youth and love and age and fear—
With solemn sound it flows away.
Memories it leaves us; many a day
That sound so dear
Comes back to haunt us. Hope, tho' gay

Were nought did once its echoes fall.
And, should I one day want its call,
I should away
Through crannied nook and lofty hall
To seek its song where'er it floats—
Hark to its silvery, ringing notes—
And love it all.

"RUATARA," 4B.

NIGHT—A VIGNETTE.

The glaring sun hath slowly sunk
Down through the fiery portals of the west.
The last glad evensong that did but now
Float through the deep'ning shadows of the
glade
Is silenced; and the songsters sunk in sleep.
And rising slowly in her mystic pomp,
The moon doth o'er the solemn face of Nature
Her silver mantle fling.

While from the vast infinity around her
The clear, pellucid glory of the stars
Floods through the ever-changing veil of clouds,
And clothes the trembling shadows of the wood
With a divine and mystic aureole,
Which with its chast'ning and transcendent
splendour

Mysteriously inspires and transforms
The sleeping face of Earth.

The vast and massy crags of ancient granite,
That with their awful strength the mountains
crown,
Fling up in all their sempiternal grandeur
Their dim and ghost-like spires towards the
sky.
The brook that wanders 'neath their ebon
shades
Leaps in a shimmering glory o'er their verge,
And floats, a silver ribbon on the breeze,
To the sleeping pool below.

K.L.W., 4C.

A SONNET ON A MOUNTAIN.

I gaze upon the lofty mountain crags,
Inspired with awe at their great magnitude;
A downy mist about each summit lags,
And softens all that else would make them
rude;
The gentle morning breeze, which wafts the
sound
Of rippling waterfalls, soon draws away
The soft and snowy mantle that surrounds

These mighty peaks, and shows them to the
day.
Among the ferns that grow in shady nooks
Beside the trees that are draped o'er with
vines
Run sparkling little streams and noisy brooks,
Whose echoes sound in far-off stately pines.
To see such natural grandeur near and far
Reveals to men how frail and small they are.
"TARA," 5B.



SPORTING

ATHLETICS.

This year has witnessed a rejuvenation of our school's athletics, mainly due to the fine performances of the juniors in the C.H.S. sports. The school team proved itself to be a fine combination in the under 14 section, winning the shield. Magee, who cleared 4ft 9in in the high jump, was the best of the Fort Street team. The juniors occupied the position of runners-up in their division, but the school registered some fine performances. Sullivan equalled the hurdles record in the fine time of 13 3-5 seconds, while Hammer won both the 220 and the quarter mile, in which event he lowered the record to 55 seconds. Our seniors were not conspicuous, though several minor places were gained.

Unfortunately, our Sports Day this year brought a veritable flood of water, and this necessitated the postponing of the sports until after the C.H.S. meeting. This was doubly unfortunate, as the worth of F. Rogers as a sprinter was not recognised until after the C.H.S. sports, when he won the sprint in good time from Cross. Fred Rogers was the outstanding senior at our own sports. He won the hurdles in the record time of 18 seconds from C. Johnson, who was unable to beat Rogers to the tape after they cleared the last hurdle together. Rogers also won the 100 yards, and both high jump and pole vault through forfeit. Cross gained victory in the half mile from Baldock, whose spurt was not so effective as that of Cross, who was second to Rogers in the Senior Cup.

Sullivan was the most prominent of the juniors, winning the cup after a stern struggle

with Hammer. His superiority in the short events and the jumps proved him a fine athlete, though Hammer's performances were but little inferior. The hurdles in this division were clocked at 12 3-5 seconds, a fine performance for a junior.

The under 14 years cup was easily won by Magee, who has developed into an excellent runner and jumper. He created new records in the high jump and broad jump at 4ft 11in and 16ft respectively. Tubman ran well to finish second to Magee.

A noteworthy feature of this year's sport was the fine performances at Goddard Park on Wednesday afternoons. Although the seniors were not well represented, the younger athletes were most enthusiastic, and performed commendably at times, though the lack of a reliable stop-watch resulted in some extraordinary performances. An innovation at Goddard Park was the introduction of jumping and hurdling events. Outstanding performers were Baldock and Rice in the senior division; Hammer, Sullivan and Passmore among the juniors; while creditable runners among the younger boys were Magee, Coffil and Dixon.

The thanks of the school, and especially of the athletes, are due to Mr. Johnson, the sports-master, whose untiring efforts resulted in an enjoyable Sports Day. The committee of ladies is also to be thanked most sincerely for their much appreciated efforts in the catering. The interest which is now being manifested in Sports Day indicates that the school will soon resume its former places of distinction in the athletic world.

TENNIS, 1st GRADE.

For the second year in succession Fort Street has been runner-up to North Sydney in the First Grade competition. Congrats. to North Sydney. However, the full team (G. Scott (Captain), and A. MacCallum, R. Reynolds and

A. Hall) played consistently throughout, the former pair losing only 7 sets out of 36 played. Reynolds and Hall (a newcomer to the team) did not develop combination quickly enough, and in the crucial last match with North Syd-

ney lost all four sets although playing determinedly, being beaten by a better combination with better stroke production. However, in spite of second place, the competition was very satisfactory, and each player improved his game considerably.

In P.S.A.A.A. tennis championships (so far

as they have been decided) MacCallum won division 4 in the singles, while Scott and MacCallum and Reynolds and Hall won zones 4 and 5 in the doubles respectively. It is hoped that on the 30th of October these boys will succeed in the final.



SECOND GRADE TENNIS TEAM.

Left to Right: D. TURNBULL, E. BENNETT, V. HUDSON, H. DOUGHTON.

TENNIS, 2nd GRADE.

This year the Second Grade Tennis team, represented by E. Bennett (Captain), D. Turnbull, V. Hudson and H. Doughton, gained first place in its competition. At the beginning of the season we were unfortunate in losing A. Hall, who was promoted to First Grade, but Doughton, although a little weaker, played consistently throughout.

The play of the team as a whole was of a high standard, as was shown when it met and defeated the North Sydney team, its strongest opponents. It is to be hoped that the school will maintain its place in the first ranks of this grade competition throughout the coming year.

TENNIS, 3rd GRADE.

The Third Tennis team this year consisted of M. Gibson (Captain), W. Short, J. Trevitt and P. Heydon. The team played an enjoyable series of matches, winning seven of the ten games played. Finally we were placed runners-up to North Sydney, whose team was undefeated. Gibson, with his powerful overhead shots, was probably our best player, but he was given good assistance by the other members of the team. Short, Trevitt and Heydon performed with fair success in the P.S.A.A.A. Annual Tournament.

TENNIS, 4th GRADE.

The school was represented by C. Hardy (Captain), Allars, J. Dodd and F. Dodd. That the team was undefeated throughout the whole season speaks volumes. It shows the strength, consistency and determination of the players, and although there may have been a few inconsistencies, the performance of the team overshadowed them.

The team defeated Canterbury twice and Parramatta once, by 8 sets to 0, but, nevertheless, once or twice we were hard pressed, especially when essaying to overcome Technical High. However, we were determined to win, and by dint of strenuous efforts and by good combination we won the day.

The combination of J. Dodd and F. Dodd was invaluable. They constituted our van-

guard, piercing the weak parts in the defence of the enemy, thus enabling the rearguard, Allars and Hardy, to gain a firmer hold among the enemy's ranks. Our motto was: "Well begun is half done." The van, realising the importance of their task and the reliance placed upon their efforts by their captain, always did their best, and succeeded excellently.

The rear, though perhaps not quite as strong in attack as J. Dodd and F. Dodd, knew how to defend our position from the attacks of the enemy when it was necessary.

The team always played and acted with the true Fortian spirit, and their captain was very well satisfied with the efforts and the play of the team.

BASEBALL A-GRADE.

Owing to a series of accidents at a critical point in the competition, the team did not, in the final score, show in the position it deserved. We succeeded in gaining third place in the competition. A chapter of accidents occurred in the match against North Sydney. On this day our two pitchers, Sellick and Ainsworth, were unable to attend the game. The team seemed demoralised at the beginning, and then, to add to this, Jack Parker, when sliding to third, received a very serious fracture of the arm. This necessitated the loss of Alex Parker, our able catcher and captain. Madsen then began pitching and made a very fine showing. The team responded, but the lead gained was too large for us to pick up.

The team-work in the majority of matches was well up to standard. In particular, in our second match against North Sydney the team-work was beyond all expectations. We gained a lead in the beginning, and retained it all through.

Our battery this season was beyond reproach. There seemed to exist between pitcher and catcher, Sellick and Parker respectively, a mutual understanding, and they worked in perfect harmony. Ainsworth relieved Sellick pitching, giving a very fine performance in the match against Canterbury.

On first bag Ainsworth also played a solid game. Madsen and J. Parker relieved at first occasionally.

Before his unfortunate accident, J. Parker put up a creditable performance on second bag.

Our short stop, Lean, helped us out of many difficulties, and his fielding was consistent throughout.

Madsen on third bag played a fine game at times, but was rather patchy.

In the outfield the outstanding performer was Rushbrooke, whose catching during the North Sydney match was perfect. Other positions in the outfield were ably filled by Hamilton and Mathieson.

Our batting throughout the year was in general consistent. Several home hits were registered by Ainsworth, Parker, Sellick, Harris, Mathieson and Hamilton.

Others to be commended were Madsen and Lean, the latter being only K.'d once during the competition. In some matches J. Parker's batting was not up to the mark.

Ainsworth, Rushbrooke, Parker and Sellick were chosen to play in a combined team against

the premiers, Canterbury. Ainsworth and Sellick were unable to play because of the holidays occurring at the same time as the match; their places were filled by Lean and Hamilton. Of these players, Parker gained C.H.S. laurels and Hamilton played "Combined Rest" against Canterbury.

some very promising players, who will be able to enter the first-grade next year with some good experience.

The team extends its hearty congratulations to Canterbury and North Sydney, who were premiers and runners-up respectively in the competition. The team is looking forward to



FIRST GRADE BASEBALL.

Back Row (left to right): G. GEE, A. HARRIS, M. MATHIESON, R. RUSHBROOKE, F. MADSEN.
Centre Row: S. SELICK, V. AINSWORTH, A. PARKER (Captain), D. HAMILTON, A. LANE.
Bottom Row: P. MAGEE, J. PARKER.

Mr. Dunn, in charge of the two teams, helped us with some very sound advice. His interest in us was appreciated by all the players. His help to the juniors aided them in producing

a well-contested battle next year, and we have hopes that the remaining players of first-grade, aided by the boys from the lower grade, may succeed in winning the shield.

BASEBALL, 2nd GRADE.

The recently completed season proved successful for Fort Street juniors. Although we finished in second place, we had a very good chance of coming out on top but for the absence of the captain, Magee, in the final game.

The results of the games were:—

V. North Sydney, 27-9, 17-9, 21-4.

V. Technical, 14-11, 17-8, 15-4.

V. Canterbury, 9-19, 11-3, 11-21.

All the team performed well, and should form an experienced team for next year.

After the school competitions finished a C.H.S. team was chosen to play in succession: V. Grammar; premiers v. C.H.S.; v. Grammar.

The two games against Grammar were closely contested, but against the premiers Magee,

pitching for C.H.S., kept the premiers down to 4 runs.

In these games Fort Street managed to be represented by four men out of the nine in

the team. These were: Magee (p.), Halifax (c.), Moffat (1st), Tighe (3rd). All these boys are promising players, and should prove valuable assets to future teams.

RUGBY FOOTBALL, 1st XV., 1929.

Though the prospects predicted for the school XV. this season were not fully realised, still, by gaining third place in the competition, the team managed to uphold the generally high prestige set by past years. We congratulate Sydney (first place) and Parramatta (second place) on their well-earned success and consistency. With respect to Fort Street, however, it is regrettable to note that "inconsistency was the most consistent feature" of their football.

Commencing the season with a faultless back division, the machine-like combination crushed Canterbury twice and easily accounted for Sydney, its team-work and spirited attack giving rise to most enterprising play. However, contrary to general expectations, as the competition advanced the team seemed to grow rather stodgy and even stale, and play (though at times brightened by some thrilling movements) as a rule tended to be "ragged and lifeless"—the most generous criticism that could be ascribed to the Technical and North Sydney matches, when our football reached its lowest ebb.

Another faulty feature of our play was the apparent lethargy that attacked us during the last ten minutes of a game when the issue was most doubtful. Grit and determination were attributes most conspicuously absent, which fact clearly showed that though we practiced regularly, training was not serious enough. Instances of this costly play were frequent when an extra spirited movement or a more grim defence (as the case might be) perhaps would have enabled us to carry off the honours of the match.

Yet again, to demonstrate our instability, the team rallied splendidly to the occasion in our first meeting with North Sydney and again at Parramatta, and during these rare occasions we not only gave signs of our best football, but practically snatched victory in each instance.

Paradoxical though these facts may appear, nevertheless they are validly true.—Fort Street

proved itself to be a team of contradictions, a combination of moods and inconsistencies.

The team members, though individually capable, generally failed to clinch a movement through erratic play or over-anxiety; sometimes, on the other hand, at the critical moment, when anticipation and gritty attack would have resulted in a try, points were thrown away by the absence of a hard determined dash for the corner.

On reviewing the individual scorers, it is most astounding to notice that of 15 tries scored no less than 11 are credited to forwards. These figures no doubt prove the looseness and lack of team combination in the back division. It was by these mistakes that the pack was enabled to shine and prove its worth in loose forward play.

It is a pity that the team did not acquit itself better, for there was sufficient talent latent in its ranks to mould a fine scoring machine.

However, Mr. Austin, though disappointed perhaps at the mediocre display, may feel assured that the members have gratefully appreciated his ardent enthusiasm and untiring efforts towards the team's success, and in Armstrong, Langsworth, Howlett, Stewart, Johnson and Broadhead a good backbone may be developed for 1930.

The school gained the following representatives in the Combined High Schools' matches: C.H.S. 1st XV.: Willis (Captain), Elliott.

C.H.S. 2nd XV.: Langsworth, Milverton, Smith, Lovell.

Summary of the competition matches:—

Position in comp., Third.

Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Pts. for	Pts. against
10	4	4	2	78	91

Matches:—

V. S.H.S. Won 17-8; lost 0-31.

V. C.H.S. Won 20-9; won 14-6.

V. P.H.S. Lost 8-11; lost 3-8.

V. N.S.H.S. Drew 3-3; drew 9-9.

V. T.H.S. Lost 4-6; (forfeit).

Scorers:—

Player	Tries	Penalty Field			Total
		Goals	Goals	Goals	
Total	.. 15	.. 4	.. 7	.. 1	.. 78
Willis	.. 1	.. 3	.. 7	.. 1	.. 34
Lovell	.. 4	.. —	.. —	.. —	.. 12
Broadhead	.. 3	.. —	.. —	.. —	.. 9
Smith	.. 2	.. —	.. —	.. —	.. 6
Elliott	.. 1	.. 1	.. —	.. —	.. 5
Milverton	.. 1	.. —	.. —	.. —	.. 3
Redmond	.. 1	.. —	.. —	.. —	.. 3
Stewart	.. 1	.. —	.. —	.. —	.. 3
Johnson	.. 1	.. —	.. —	.. —	.. 3

RUGBY FOOTBALL, 2nd GRADE.

Played	Won	Lost	Pts. for	Pts. against
12	6	6	165	129

Although we lost six matches, we were by no means disgraced, and finished second in the competition with Technical High and Hurlstone, Sydney High being the premiers. We heartily congratulate them on their well-merited win.

The team was not very consistent throughout the season, which was no doubt due to illness and the promotion of some of the players to the First Fifteen owing to illness in that team.

The outstanding players during the season were Mobbs and Skinner in the backs, and Grant and Wiggins in the forwards, while Campbell did very well at full-back and showed great improvement as the season went on. Another player to show improvement was Rogers, who at the end of the season had developed into a fine winger, and should find a place in next year's First Fifteen.

When we consider that at the beginning of the season only seven of the team had ever played Union football, the team did very well to finish near the top of the competition. This was due to the fine coaching of Mr. Stevens, and on behalf of the members of the team I wish to say that we have appreciated his coaching very much. What success we gained throughout the season was due to his untiring energy. Many of the players will never forget his little talks at half-time, and effects of these talks can be seen by the fact that we won most of our matches in the second half.

Of those who played with seconds this season, Skinner and Rogers at least should gain a place in next year's First Fifteen.

RUGBY UNION, 4th GRADE.

This team was not very successful in the recently concluded season, only one match being won. The lack of success was mainly due to a lack of combination between the players, this deficiency being noticeable in both back and forward divisions. Individually many members of the team played well, but selfishness and unwillingness to pass the ball brought failure to many promising movements. Lack of players was another depressing feature. The team included about twelve regulars and three or four casuals. Players had often to be recruited from lower grades to make up the full fifteen. Jenkins, Wotton and Carmichael played well in the backs, while Hamilton shone—rather dismally—in the forwards.

RUGBY FOOTBALL, 5th GRADE.

Although this team did not do as well as was hoped in the last edition, it nevertheless performed creditably. The one feather in our cap was that we were the only team to defeat North Sydney, who won the competition. Nicholls, the full-back, headed the points score list with over 40 points, while Iddles secured 18 tries. The results of the matches were:—

V. Sydney High, w., 23-9; l., 21-8.

V. Canterbury, l., 11-3; l., 14-0.

V. Parramatta, w., 6-0; w., 17-0.

V. Hurlstone, w., 8-0; d., 10-10.

V. North Sydney, w., 10-9; l., 23-8.

V. Tech., d., 3-3; w., 16-5.

RUGBY FOOTBALL, 6th GRADE.

Sixths finished third in the competition, winning six games and drawing one. The team was very unlucky, as it lost three matches by three points. The majority of the points scored against us were by Canterbury, who beat us by 17-3 and 16-0.

There was no outstanding player or scorer in the back division. They all scored tries, but only Coverdale succeeded in scoring three times. Honey, Barnes and Maclean stood out as the best players in the forwards.

All the players wish to thank Mr. Beard for the interest shown in them during the season, and to congratulate Canterbury on winning the competition undefeated.

Points for, 51; against, 57.

CRICKET.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Since the commencement of the second half of the school cricket season, one match has been completed against N.S.H.S. at Longueville, Fort Street losing on the first innings by 79 runs.

The school won the toss and sent N.S.H.S. in to bat, a very strong wind favouring the opening bowler, but this did not seem to aid us very much, for at one period of the game N.S. had lost 1 for 158. However, Armstrong, though most uncertain in his length and direction when first brought on to bowl, finished the day with rather good figures considering the position N.S. had attained at an early stage. Armstrong bowled 13 overs and took 5 for 75. Willis bowled 17 overs, taking 3 for 70. Atkins got the other wicket for a cost of 28 runs, and at times bowled splendidly; but generally he tries to gather too much pace. Sluggishness was again a noticeable feature of the fielding, and catches quite within reasonable range were not attempted. The team should realize that fielding is just as important an art in cricket as scoring runs, and no possible chance should be allowed pass without a serious attempt either to prevent scores or anticipate dismissals.

North Sydney's innings closed for 217, and Fort Street batted at the close of the day and were in a most promising position, 0 for 63 (Armstrong being 42 n.o. and Langsworth 18 n.o.). However, though these two batsmen entertained us with a most polished display of batsmanship, recording 77 before Armstrong stepped in front of his wicket, the team helplessly collapsed after Langsworth departed. Armstrong reached 51 (five 4's) while Langsworth, much more stubborn and restrained, scored 26. Both batted well, Armstrong being the more attractive and freer in his methods. The only others to show any cricket ability were F. Sherrington and Bennett, who scored 13 and 15 n.o. respectively. Fort Street's innings closed for 138.

North Sydney batted a second time, losing 3 for 148, Willis (2 for 34) gaining the wickets.

Against Canterbury the match is unfinished. Canterbury have batted and have been dismissed for 149. Lovell made a reappearance after a prolonged absence, and bowled very well, keeping a good length. He obtained 4 for 44 off 18 overs. Sherrington took 2-19 off 5 overs, bowling much better than usual. Willis took 1 for 37 off 15 overs, his bowling lacking sting and fire. Armstrong off 12 overs secured 1 for 45, the wicket being too dead and lifeless to suit his tactics.

A feature of the match was the brilliant fielding of certain members, Langsworth, Milverton and F. Sherrington being exceedingly conspicuous.

Fort Street batted in a bad light, and have lost 2 for 15, the position not being too promising at present for the school side.

Though the school has met with little success in the cricket field this season, Messrs. Johnson, Outten and Stewart are forwarding a movement to gain a stronger team for the future by extending the junior school better cricket facilities than has been the case of late years. This move perhaps will not bear results till a few seasons hence, but a gradual improvement is much more advantageous to the school team than a haphazard, ill-experienced crew of representatives each year, who gain their places not by merit but, as has been the case, "ex officio."

On behalf of the team, I would like to extend our sincerest thanks to Mr. V. R. Outten for the close interest, important hints and beneficial criticisms which he has given during the season, and though the team was most weak, still, the party members conducted themselves both on and off the field without reproach, and if they didn't acquit themselves well, yet, what is most important, they played "cricket" and took defeat as true sportsmen should.

Following are appended the batting and bowling averages of the leading players in each department, limitations being 10 runs average in batting and 5 wickets in bowling:—

BATTING.

Batsmen	Inns.	N.O.	H.S.	Total	Av.
1. Armstrong	4	—	51	91	22.75
2. Willis	5	1	32	70	17.50
3. Milverton	4	—	28	61	15.25

BOWLING.

Bowlers	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
1. Lovell	43	6	139	13	10.7
2. Willis	72	13	219	10	21.9
3. Armstrong	51	2	289	12	24.08
4. F. Sherrington	17	—	122	5	24.40

2nd GRADE CRICKET.

Since the last edition of the "Fortian," the Second Eleven has maintained the consistency that had gained it the high position in the competition. However, with three matches uncompleted, it is difficult to give our exact position, but it is generally estimated that we are lying second.

In the first match of the latter half of the season, we met North Sydney High School at Petersham Oval. Weakened by the absence of Ainsworth, Atkins, Hall and Skinner, doubts were expressed as to our ability to offer resistance to such a strong team; but the remainder of the team, together with some new recruits, rose to the occasion and put the school in view of a possible victory. North Sydney were dismissed for 83 after a promising start of 2-73. Sanbrook bowled five men at the moderate cost of 17 runs, while Walsh, one of the new recruits, gained 4-26. "Street" then batted, and the score stands at 5-45, of which McCallum registered an aggressive 18. The match is to be completed later.

The second match was fought against Canterbury at Pratten Park, and the school has already a first innings lead. Canterbury batted first, and were quickly dismissed for 72. Walsh bowled finely to capture 7-25, while Sanbrook gained 2-6. Fort Street then batted and registered 115 after a beginning that promised a much greater score. Walsh compiled a patient 23, while Cross, C. Sherrington, Hudson and

Skinner batted well to gain double figures. With this handy lead we hope to gain a four-point win when the match is completed next week.

Of the batsmen, Skinner has scored 79 runs at an average of 20, and Cross has made 92 at an average of 11.5, but apart from these two the team lacks a reliable batsman. Walsh came to light late in the season, and has compiled 35 runs in two innings.

Of the bowlers, Sanbrook has a slight lead, having taken 15 wickets for 62 with an average of 4.1. He is closely followed by Walsh with 11-51, averaging 4.5. Atkins and Cross have both taken over ten wickets, the former with 11-85 at 7.7, and the latter with 17-173 at 10.2. Cross has been severely handicapped recently by a hand injury. The "hat-trick" has been performed twice during the season, Walsh achieving it against Canterbury and Sanbrook against North Sydney.

The fielding has been just fair, with individual exceptions. Many wild returns made the work doubly hard for Hudson, the 'keeper, who performed very creditably under the circumstances.

Hamilton was an inspiring leader with a happy knack of winning the toss. His policy of sending his opponents in to bat proved successful on numerous occasions.

Finally we extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Stewart, who has shown a keen interest in us throughout the season, and who has often given us valuable advice on all points of the game.

We hope, when the three matches are completed, to be very well up in the competition, with an ultimate goal of the premier position.

3rd GRADE CRICKET.

Third Grade has had rather a lean season since the beginning of this summer, having sustained four first innings defeats in four matches played—against Canterbury twice and North Sydney twice.

Among the players Chatfield and Sharp have shown themselves far keener than the other members of the team. Chatfield has proved himself as a batsman, bowler and field, while Sharp has been brilliant as a batsman and fieldsman.

I'm sure that Third Grade will do much better in the future if the players will take more interest in practice and show more enthusiasm.

There are certain members of the team presumably studying for the Intermediate Examination. No doubt the Intermediate is a positively stupendous examination, but Fort Street has managed in the past to carry off honours both in examinations and in the field

of sport, and there is no reason why we should not maintain this high standard.

It is, therefore, to be hoped that terrifying examinations such as the Intermediate will not warrant players' absence from practice and laxity in the field on future occasions.

In conclusion, we extend our gratitude to Mr. Perry for his valuable coaching throughout the season.

THE SCHOOL UNION.

Recently the Committee has had under discussion the question of the award of Honour Badges for prowess in sport. A system has now been adopted, and is in operation. The awards will shortly be finalised for 1929. Following is the resolution adopted by the Committee:—

"That the right to wear a shield badge (replacing the present monogram), and a strip bearing the name of the sport engaged in, shall be awarded to each boy who has played in three First Grade High School Competition matches in Cricket, Rugby, Soccer, Baseball or

Tennis, or who has represented the school at C.H.S. Senior Athletic Carnival or Swimming Carnival, the cost being borne by the boy; and that a special award of a blue Laurel Wreath be made by a Blues Committee to boys of exceptional merit, the cost being borne by the Union. The Blues Committee shall consist of the Sportsmaster and the Masters in charge of Senior Teams."

Precautions have been taken that the badges mentioned will only be obtainable on the authority of the Sportsmaster.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As a retiring editor, I wish to thank all of you for your whole-hearted co-operation and support during my term of office. The long list of rejected contributions shows the large number of boys who have in them the true enthusiasm and spirit of Fort Street. The fact that your contribution has not been used should not make any of you unduly dejected, but it should prove an incentive to you to put a little extra colour into your next article that will display a true estimate of your worth. So, once again, I thank you all for your willingly-given and indispensable aid.—G.D.S.

4D.—F.R.—Hardly suitable; "Egomet"—Poetry seems forced. It does not run smoothly. Prose is not sufficiently interesting; J.T.—Good effort, but not the exact atmosphere; R.A.—Too calm and matter of fact.

4C.—H.T.—Rime and rhythm forced; R.G.—Not sufficiently interesting; L.B.—Very interesting, but why not apply your ability to something local? P.K.—Rather too blasphemous;

J.W.—Nearly. Not sufficient general appeal; "Iota"—Interesting style, but story rather pointless; H.L.—You don't use your imagination. The statements are too stiff and practical; D.B.—Very nearly. Undoubted ability, but subject unsuitable.

4B.—I.K.—Poem, nearly, but metre too irregular. Essay, well written, but pointless in a school magazine; A.R.B.—Concentrate on one contrib. that will be worth while, rather than a large number of mediocre ones; E.A.S.—Rather overdone; A.T.—Lacks "fire"; Ruatara"—Too calm, you don't seem to put any enthusiasm into the work; R.P.—Your life wouldn't be worth living if I printed that.

4A.—L.J.—No poetical music; B.S.—Good vocabulary, but too irregular; G.F.—A little overdone; L.M.—Too much like the style of the satires of Swift.

3D.—"Bill"—Too irrelevant; H.D.—Events in story too orthodox; J.S.—Not sufficiently interesting; L.B.C.—Some are very clever, but "howlers" can be found anywhere.

3C.—R.C.—Good work, but we don't want to bring back the tragic memories to those who are trying to forget.

3A.—R.F.—Too much "blood and thunder;" F.R.—Too much "a la 'Daily Guardian'"; G.T.A.—Lack of atmosphere and an absence of poetical music in poems; narratives—too short; K.L.—The expression of your thoughts seems forced; E.N.—"Chronicle"—Too personal; "Hero"—The same idea has been used often before; T.I.—Quite good, but we must put a

vividness in description; E.B.—Story good, but the atmosphere is not quite right.

1C.—N.F.—Too brief. You don't go deeply enough into the subject; M.N.—Poetry is broken and disjointed; A.J.—I think you have overstepped the limits of remotest possibility; W.P.—Idea good. Sketch not up to standard; A.F.—Idea good, but sketches a little weak; E.W.K.—Too orthodox; ! * ! ? !!—and they lived happily ever after; D.C.—Not the type of sketch we want; A.E.—Description is lack-



PRIZE-WINNERS, SWIMMING CARNIVAL, 1929.

Back Row: W. PHILLIPS, N. ROSE, D. PORTER (Gold Medal, under 14 division).
Centre Row: D. NEW (Runner-up, Senior Cup), E. GRAY (Senior Cup), Mr. L. ROSE (Organiser),
 A. SCHMIDT (Junior Cup), B. LANGSWORTH (Runner-up, Junior Cup).
Bottom Row: A. FARQUHARSON (Diving Trophy), J. WALSH (Under 14 Cup).

limit to your contribs. somewhere; J.H.—No point in essay.

2D.—R.G.—Prose is over-exaggerated, poetry is not natural; "One Who Know"—Fancy Fort Street boys doing things like that!

2C.—J.B.—Good sketch but pointless.

2A.—R.H.—Almost, but you don't get quite the atmosphere; B.S.—Lacks interest; C.L.—No

ing in vividness; H.W.—Interesting, but not suitable; M.J.—No "life"; H.L.—Good effort, but hardly interesting enough; A.S.—Hardly up to standard; R.W.—Not the type of contrib. for a school paper; H.J.—Good work, but would only interest very few boys; J.S.—We have had too many accounts of experiences with dentists before; E.B.—Interest is not sustained.

1B.—R.W.—Not of general interest; B.A.C.—No point in story; N.V.O.—Oh! What vain longing!

1A.—H.H.—Interesting, but crowded out by other descriptions.

O.P.—I think we all know National Park; R.S.—Almost. Some good description; V.S.C.—

Idea isn't developed enough; S.S.C.—Not the correct type of article for Fortian; "Sammy P."—Keen sense of humour. A little too personal in parts; "Tamah"—No point in the essay; R.W.—This theme has been rendered farcical by the number of times it has been treated before.

EXCHANGES.

Exchanges received since the last issue include:—

The Ibis, Leeton; The Eehrindian, Glen In-

nes; The Record, Sydney High; The Lens, Lismore; Canterbury Tales, Canterbury.



Final Term

and thoughts turn to

HOLIDAYS

Well, it is over—and visions of holidays transport you to another world. The fragrant bush, the open air—the swel-ling surf, birds, trees, sunlight, and Nature calling as she has always done.

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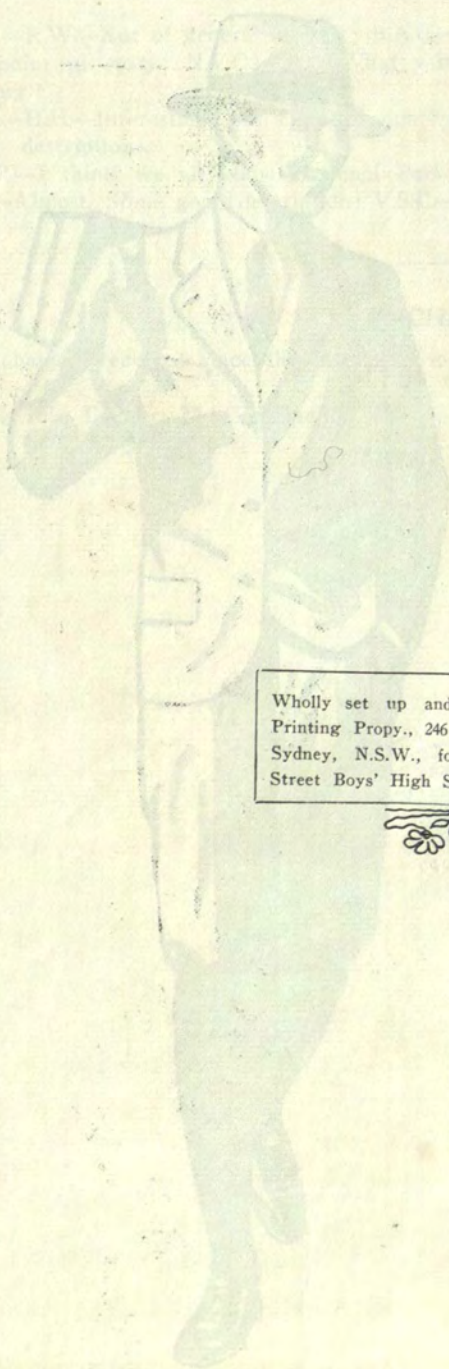
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HOLIDAYS

and thought turn to

Final Term

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