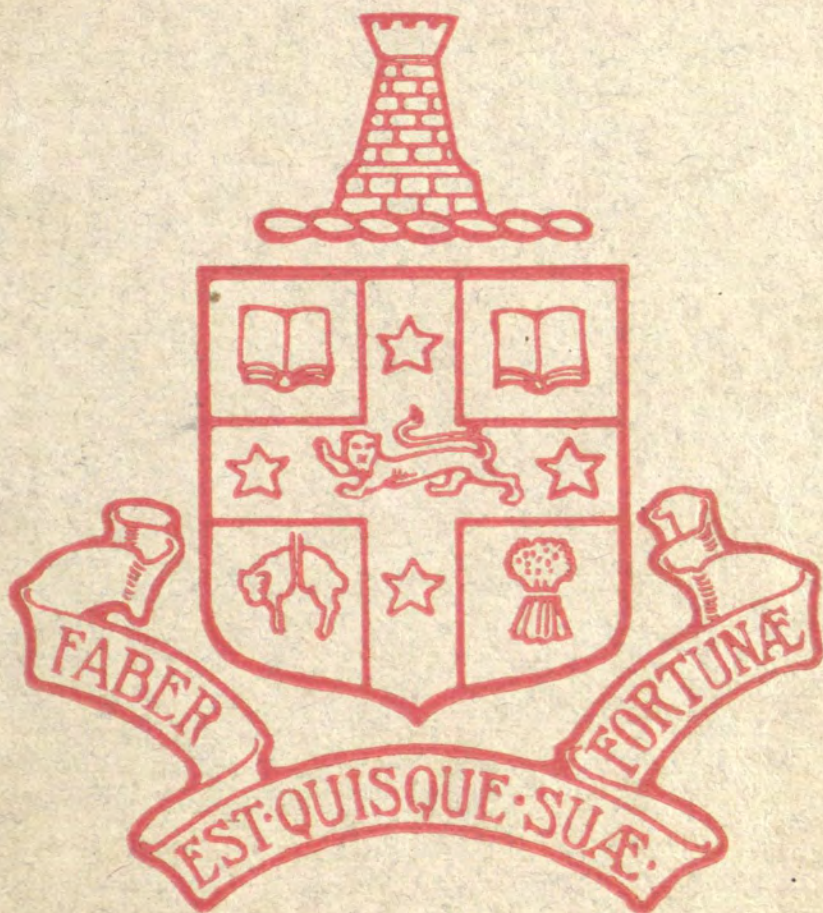
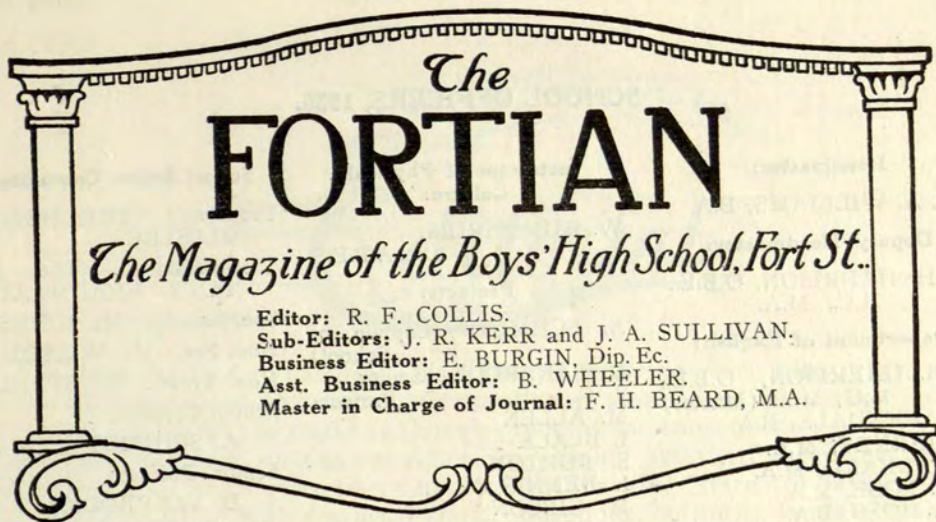


THE FORTIAN



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

JUNE, 1930.



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

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"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey," sang the poet many years ago, and to-day numbers of Australians, the apostles of pessimism, have taken up the cry, proclaiming it to the world as though proud of the consequences of their bad citizenship. Optimism, such as our American cousins practised after the recent Wall Street disaster, is more likely to alter the existing state of affairs than meeting the question with downcast spirit. But alone, optimism is useless, and it appears to me that the great imperfection in the character of our nation to be remedied is a reluctance to take up, with a lively enthusiasm, the vital problems of national importance, too many placing personal welfare before that of the country.

Now schools, high schools especially, are established to educate the people with a final aim to produce worthy and useful citizens—men to be the credit and pride of the land. If this object is not gained, then, not only is the enormous sum spent on education going to waste, but it is a reflection on the character of the people, an evidence of ingratitude. To mould the man of to-morrow, to make him unselfish, not indifferent to the country's national life, is the task of a great institution such as Fort Street. Here, each should be striving, not for personal glory, but to bring his school to the point of perfection. A desire to gain the most precious laurels for her, and a zealotness for her honour should prevail, and this, later, will broaden into an active patriotism urging us, in a like manner, to raise Australia to the highest position amongst all the nations of the globe.

But this fostering of a self-sacrificing spirit cannot be brought about by the mere attending of a school. It rests entirely with the individual himself whether he makes or mars his life. No teacher, however good, can be responsible for his pupil's soul, for "every man is the master of his own fate."

It is said that "self conquest is the greatest of all victories," and who are the men most beloved of us to-day? We may admire intellect and praise the man whose brain is able to conceive of something wonderful; we may be in awe of the wealthy or fear the powerful; but it is those who have given their all for an unselfish cause—their country, friends or humanity—rather than devoting their energies to the welfare of their own fortune, or the desire for fame, "that last infirmity of a noble mind," whom we truly revere. Men such as these are looked up to by others, and we feel they are nobler, higher minded, while we, who confine our thoughts chiefly to ourselves, well—perhaps we are just ordinary.

But now, during schooldays, is the time to build up a pure, unselfish character, to learn how to reject the claims of self-love and to repay the land which has done so much for us. Then, indeed, when we

". . . stand upon the shore of life,
Upon the threshold of a portal wide,
Behind the happy golden years of youth,"

we will feel confident that in the event of another crisis like the one of to-day, Australia will not be lacking in men able to raise her head up proudly once again.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Assembly Hall was crowded with parents and friends on Speech Day this year. A stirring address was delivered by the Hon. B. S. Stevens, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter. A great deal of the success of the function was due to the able and breezy chairmanship of the Assistant Director of Education (Mr. B. C. Harkness), who was also accompanied by his wife. The school was delighted to have the ladies present, and the presentation of bouquets to them by the Captain of the School was received with enthusiasm.

* * *

Anzac Day was observed here on 24th April, when addresses were delivered by the Head and Deputy Head Masters to the boys on the significance of the Anzac spirit. A fine musical programme of patriotic songs was conducted by Mr. Parker.

* * *

Again during the past half year our committee of ladies, led by Mrs. Rogers, have done yeoman service for the school. We appreciate very much their splendid work, and again appeal for more mothers and sisters to enrol in our band of helpers.

* * *

We are pleased to draw the attention of the school to an extract from a letter from a Master of another school who supervised our boys at Kosciusko. It reads as follows: "They had the distinction of being singled out by the management as being the best-behaved and most satisfactory of all the parties to visit Kosciusko this year." We are proud of this tribute from outside observers, and we feel

confident that Fortians will always strive to merit this commendation.

* * *

Recently some valuable trees have been planted in the school grounds. These are our gift to our successors, so that it is the duty of all the school to protect them zealously. The grounds are looking very well at present, but one thing needed to complete the beautification of the school surroundings is to have the slopes of the embankment facing Parramatta Road turfed.

* * *

The Director of Education, Mr. Smith, is to be thanked by the school for having a long-felt need satisfied. We have, owing to his personal interest in the matter, had the whole of the front pathways asphalted.

* * *

Owing to the generosity of Miss Hume-Barbour, and the efforts of Mr. K. R. Cramp, Inspector of Secondary Schools, the Boys' High Schools now have a very beautiful and valuable debating trophy, the competition for which is expected to commence next month. The school joins in thanking the donor and Mr. Cramp for this new incentive to study the art of debating.

* * *

The recent concert was a pronounced success. The thanks of the school are due to Mr. Treharne and the artists for their valuable help. The ladies' committee, Mr. Bauer and staff are also to be thanked for their splendid organizing work.

KINGLY CORRESPONDENCE.

It is without the intention of encouraging the many hundreds of Fortians to write to Royalty that I tell of my late hobby, that of obtaining the letter-paper and envelopes embossed with the crests of Royal monarchs and their relations.

It all began this way. A diary was sent to me as a gift from a pen-friend in England, and in it was set down an important event for each and every day in the year, including birthdays of people of note in England and the Continent, dates of accession to thrones, etc. This

prompted me first of all to write to King George of England, my letter arriving on his birthday. By return mail came a most encouraging reply and from then on, as occasion arose, letters were sent yearly to Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, Duke of York, Queen of Norway, King of Belgium, King of Denmark, King of Sweden, Princess Mary, Princess Louise, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and even the ex-Kaiser.

Most of the replies, of course, came through

the private secretaries, written in the language of the country, and were in some cases translated by the Consuls in Sydney, but the seals and crests on the paper and envelopes are wonderful, and each letter is a most courteous acknowledgement of one sent from Haberfield. With the ex-Kaiser's reply even came a post-card view of his present home at Doorn.

Some may enquire the reason and even laugh at the idea of expecting a reply from Buckingham Palace, but it was a boyish whim, and hope was brought to fruition.

The wording alone of the letters caused much forethought, making the task more fascinating; but such hobbies end, and no longer are

crowned heads, dethroned rulers, princes and princesses worried by letters from me. Yet securely wrapped and stowed away is a bundle of letters from many an interesting palace in Europe.

HARRY THORPE,
Old Fortian, 1919-21.

(It may be of interest to readers to know that Mr. Thorpe is somewhat famous for his hobby of "Kingly Correspondence." A few months ago a write-up of his doings in this direction appeared in the "Daily Pictorial." Once again we are grateful to Mr. Thorpe for his continued interest in our paper.—Ed.)

FACES.

"For me there is, perhaps, no more fascinating pastime, as I mingle with people day by day—as I watch the world go rolling past with its joy and sorrow, its love and hate, its successes and its failures, its kings and its vagabonds—than the study of the variety and diversity of the faces of life's motley crowd which heaves forever on. For, besides in the depth of character which generally expresses itself in the face, I find interest in the ever-changing expression, the definition of the features, the fineness of the profile, and, above all, the nobility and beauty of the eyes, "the windows of the soul."

Where do I seek my faces, you may ask. Everywhere, from the despair of the street where Henry Lawson looked "in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet," to the gaiety of the ballroom and the excitement of the sporting field where, flushed with the healthy vigour of youth, the younger generation finds an outlet for its soul. Perhaps at the luxurious palace where lofty, imposing majesty dwells in security, or at the place of authority where, serenely thoughtful, the "sad-eyed justice" delivers his gravely meditated judgment.

Firstly, let us gaze into the face of youth. There indeed is ambition, hope and confidence; soft smooth skin, rosebud lips and bright eyes; in the maiden, loveliness, grace and beauty; in the lover, chivalry and lips whereon forever hovers a sigh. The hand of time has not yet

traced upon these lineless countenances its tale of trial and sadness; for youth there is naught but anticipation, love, and joy!

But the scene changes. The years are advancing and we see the hard-working man of business, brows knitted and heavy responsibilities and cares on his shoulders, eyes stern and officious, yet beneath all lies the soft generous heart and kindly interest in others which light upon his countenance as he returns home at night, throwing aside temporarily the more difficult concerns of life.

Not all, however, have progressed so well, for whom do we now behold? One of life's neglected derelicts, abandoned by the hurrying world as a useless drag, one on whom fortune may once have smiled but whom struggle, strife and disappointment have forced through unemployment to the gutter—utterly disgusted with humanity's bitterness and dejection. Oh! what haggard, sallow cheeks, drawn lips, shaggy hair and gaunt, hollow, haunting, expressionless eyes!

Let us not linger on so touching a sight, but pass on to another face. The old man with grey hair and wrinkled skin appears. His deep blue eyes, that express homeliness and cordiality, are gazing back through rose-coloured glasses at sorrows, joys, loves, failures, successes; transfusing the grim, eventful past into a happy living remembrance.

Thus could I describe a hundred more of the

faces which I see from time to time—fat, healthy faces, rotund jolly faces, lonely forlorn faces, kingly faces, faces deeply contemplative, faces solemn and understanding, faces disfigured and scarred by war, soft innocent faces, pink-cheeked and delicate.

But, as I ponder over the countenances that surge every day, continually before me, they grow misty and gradually fade away and above all there rises and shines that one sublime

Face—the King of Kings'—one Face upon which we have never looked, yet all picture as the combination of every expression pure, noble, and beautiful, with sorrowful, loving, gentle eyes, majestically superior, gazing sadly upon an unbalanced, turbulent world intoxicated with undeserved blessings, bewildered in its greatness, yet rendered insignificant and despicable by its vice and selfishness.

VIDENS, 4D.

NIGHT.

Beyond the lake the crimson sun
Withdrew his fiery rays;
The rippling waters danced with fun
And shot up sparkling sprays.

The placid moon peeped o'er the brim
A song of night to tell;
And far above the cloudlet dim
The lark's sweet song did swell.

The purple veil of night spread o'er
The town and bush alike;
And tiny globes began to pour
Their gleam on ponds to strike.

The curling waves rolled on, and on,
Beneath the Milky Way;
The mellow moon was gone anon,
And Phoebus crowned the day.

H. WRIGHT, 4B.

AUTUMN.

Now Autumn breaks on Summer suddenly—
Not like to Spring, whose perfumed zephyrs
blow
Upon the door of Winter, till aglow,
She enters shyly and becomingly—
But with cold breath and manner rough and
free
That holds the threat of frost and swirling snow,
Chill Autumn wars with Summer—loth to go—
And frets the land and breaks the slumb'ring
sea.

Now Nature paints in tints of sere and brown,
But fretting ceases soon; there enters here
A tranquil peace in which all sorrows drown;
And as a fading rose still fills the air
With fragrance sweet, so Autumn's breath shall
crown
The tend'rest mem'ries of the moving year.

DAVID F. LEE, 4B.

THE SOUTHERLY BUSTER.

The wind that comes from the icy south,
The cheerful southerly buster,
Is the wind o' my heart, the wind that I love,
For it's free! How the clouds that cluster
Are scattered wide in a whirling tide
As the wind sweeps by
On muster!

Lord of itself, from the keen, cold south,
Faster and faster and faster,
Stopping for none, stopping for fun,
On it flies; and it knows no master,
For it tosses the seas and it lashes the trees
And it brings to man's work
Disaster.

T. W. MACDONALD, 5B.

THE WILD HUNT.

(An old Norse personification of a storm.)
 "On! On! Ye mighty chargers of the sky,
 Disperse the fleecy clouds of red and gold!
 Come Thor, come Tyr! Thou gods for battle
 famed."

And on, away the cars of Odin rolled.

The fire of Thor flashed through the yellow sky,
 And burnt and charr'd and blacken'd all the
 clouds.

His hammer thundered till the heavens rolled,
 And long-dead heroes muttered in their
 shrouds.

Amid the baying of the hounds of Death,
 Amid the shouting and the battle cries,
 The mighty host rides by in furious chase,
 Until the noise of conflict fades—and dies.

J. McAULEY, 2C.

FOREVER.

"Forever," croons my love, and clings to me.
 But fate's decreed that we must part some day,
 When one of us is borne by death away,
 To sleep beneath the yew or willow tree.

A score of times old sailors by the sea
 Have seen the ship make port all trim and gay,
 On one more voyage she northward makes her
 way—

Nor comes again. 'Mid ice forlorn drifts she.

Beneath my eaves, when blew the breath of
 spring,

For twenty years the birds returned to sing.
 This year no swallow twitters in the nest.

You pledge eternal love, O mistress mine,
 Yet, from farewells like this, I thus divine
 "Forever" ne'er on mortal lips should rest.

E.A.J., 5C.

BLACK CATS FOR LUCK.

A bright Wednesday morning—all my home-
 work done—visions of making at least a cen-
 tury at cricket and taking all the wickets. And
 a black cat sitting on the fence!

On my arrival at school the first cloud ap-
 peared in the hitherto clear sky.

When trying to get away with Third Year's
 ball I was promptly thrown in the mud, and
 recovered to find the enemy triumphantly re-
 treating, not only with their own ball but ours
 too.

Still believing this to be my lucky day, how-
 ever, I entered the classroom in high spirits,
 which were immediately lowered on a request
 from the teacher for my homework which, after
 a frantic search, I discovered I had lost. "Do
 it twenty times!" requested the teacher. At
 this juncture my faith in the black cat began
 to wane.

Two more "impots" did not improve the situa-
 tion, and I was feeling desperate, when the bell
 rang for lunch. So I decided to restore my
 early morning spirits with a glass of lemonade.
 The tuckshop was not very full, so I had no
 hesitation in ordering a glass of Marchant's
 best. Just as I was lifting it to my lips, the

rush started. Hemmed in on all sides, I was
 jostled and pushed till my lemonade went down
 the wrong way, namely my collar. This not
 only damped my spirits more than ever, but
 my person also. Muttering vengeance on all
 concerned, I fought my way out of the tuck-
 shop and removed the sticky substance with
 my handkerchief.

At the coming of cricket I felt slightly better,
 and took my stand at the wicket confident I
 should do something worth while. The bowler
 commenced to run; the ball came flashing
 through the air; I opened my shoulders—Crack!
 But this was not made by the bat hitting the
 ball but by the contact of the ball with the
 middle stump. Out for a duck! I walked off
 the field vowing to murder every black cat
 within a radius of fifty miles.

Coming home at last, tired and utterly dis-
 gusted, I heard the welcome sound of the tea-
 bell ringing as I neared the front gate. I rushed
 in and next minute I was lying flat on my face
 on the concrete path. With many groans I
 hoisted myself into a sitting position, and with
 set teeth extricated from between my legs—
 A BLACK CAT!!!

T. KOLTS, 2D.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL.

Probably the largest High School in New York is the George Washington High School. Fort Street would appear rather insignificant beside this great establishment in numbers, for the first issue this year of the "Cherry Tree" (the school newspaper, which appears fortnightly) states that 5411 pupils now swell the school's register, and the teachers number 220. Both boys and girls attend the school, which consists of the main building, with 3500 pupils and 84 classes; the Isham annex, with 1310 pupils and 29 classes; and Fort Tryon annex, with 601 pupils in fourteen official classes.

The "Fortian" is exchanged regularly for the "Cherry Tree," and from the last two editions of the paper received most of my information is gathered.

It would be, of course, an impossible task to explain with any attempt at detail the school's wide and varied activities in the space of this article, so I will merely touch upon as many as possible.

Beside the "Cherry Tree," which is really a newspaper containing write-ups on the various branches of school work, "The Fort George Lantern," a literary and fine arts magazine, appears half-yearly. The "Cherry Tree" has an editorial staff of eleven, while most of the reportorial work is done by the journalism classes. "For all good causes leading to an enlivening school spirit and upright citizenship the 'Cherry Tree' holds its columns open," is a sentence taken from this year's editorial policy. An idea of the paper's aims and the variety of the school's enterprises may be gained from these few headlines:—"Senior History Pupils Here to Enter National Oratorical Contest," "Tenth 'Lantern' in Warm Colours to Appear March 17; Literary Magazine to Publish Air Raid Story and Tale of Russian Horror," "School Directory Due Middle of This Term," "Cherry Tree's Nosey News Hounds on Trail," "Instructor Organizes First Harmonica Band," "Freshmen Sprinters Reap Track Awards." The "With Our Poets" column contains about six poems each fortnight, and in another part of the paper appears a review of the latest books.

The school engages in a great number of sports, including baseball, America's national game, golf, swimming and water polo, athletics and gymnastics, tennis, fencing, skating and a game recognised by the Americans as football, but closely resembling an armoured battle.

Every society, almost, seems to be in the hands of the students, even the General Organisation, which corresponds to our School Union. Membership in this entitles the student to many privileges, including admission to the dances held twice a term. The General Organisation controls the finances, etc., of the High School.

How many clubs really exist I do not know, but here are some of those mentioned in the latest "Cherry Tree":—The Writers' Club, the Georgian Players, the Fabian Club, the Aero Club, the Modern Literature Club, the Spanish Club, the Home Economics Club, the Natura Club, and the Pen and Pencil Club.

Evidently there are two sides to the musical life of the school. One is the classical and the other the jazz. The various sections of the school have their orchestras, which entertain the assemblies. A paragraph in the "Cherry Tree" reads:—

"'Lonely,' a fox trot, and 'Love's Burnt Refrain,' a waltz, are two of the latest musical compositions of Herbert Cohen, '30, writer and director of 'College Daze,' a musical comedy recently given for the De Molay convention. Within a week these pieces will be broadcast by a well-known orchestra."

So evidently modern music is taken seriously even in the educational establishments of U.S.A.

Thus, this great American High School furnishes a typical example of the United States' "up-to-date, live-wire, go-ahead" spirit. With such an extensive range of interests, the American school must certainly prove a most fascinating place to its students, and all the modern professions seem to be catered for therein.

R.C.

A PASSING TRAIN—AN IMPRESSION.

Sweet silence—deep—profound—encircles all . . .
 A distant rumbling—like a bittern's call—
 A crash! A flash where darkness stood before,
 And naught is left, except the engine's roar . . .

The echoes still resound across the vent—
 Now fading soft and soft; a traveller's tent
 Stands out against the faint background of
 dawn,
 And early birds recall approaching morn.
 R. GIOVANELLI, 3D.

A TRIP TO BOYD TOWN.

During the last Christmas vacation it was my good fortune to visit Boyd Town, an old convict settlement on the southern shores of Twofold Bay.

We left Bega, which is the most important butter manufacturing town of the South Coast, early one bright sunny morning, and arrived at Eden a few hours later. From there we could see a large portion of the bay, but as yet Boyd Town was indiscernible. Continuing on the Border Road for about six miles, we saw a sign-post, directing us to ruins of the once-flourishing settlement. The track was so rough and sandy that we were forced to abandon the car some three hundred yards from the house.

strange to say, had not cracked even after long years of exposure. Close by this was a well, but this had been long filled with stones.

The building was situated within a stone's throw of the bay, the sand from the shores of which had been blown against the walls, and and could even be seen in the quaint grassy courtyards. Nearby there was a small fresh-water stream, which had come from the hills.

The settlement was founded in 1843 by Benjamin Boyd, who built it on Spanish lines. Boyd possessed several vessels which were engaged in the coastal trade. He had also brought a large number of convict servants with him from Sydney.



1. Ballroom of House; note leaning chimney.
 2. Side View of House. 3. The Church.

The main building was about eighty yards long and thirty yards wide, surrounded by a high wall, which had been constructed to give the house a Spanish appearance. Both wall and house were constructed of red baked bricks, covered with a thin layer of cement. The roof of the house had once been shingled, but very few of these remained. Near the southern wing there was an old wooden horse-trough, hacked from a large turpentine log, which,

Every room in the house, except the hall, which was in the extreme centre, corresponded to a room of the same size in the other wing. There were many small rooms, which we took to be bedrooms, a bar or tap-room, and a large ballroom and dining hall. There was a curious tilt of the ballroom chimney, which had been caused by a moving of the foundation.

Far up in the adjoining hills was an old red brick church, built after the English style.

The roof had long been blown off, and several trees had fallen across the building, smashing whatever they fell upon. A belfry, some seventy-five feet in height, stood at one end of the church. This belfry had two big cracks in it, and we did not like to venture too near.

On each side were several buttresses, which added still more to its English-like appearance.

At three o'clock we left the decayed and ruined remains and returned home via Merimbula, after having spent an extremely pleasant day.

B. A. CCLEBORNE, 2D.

TO EGYPT'S LAST QUEEN

A LAST FAREWELL.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
With the salt spray o'er me flying,
And the grey waves by me sighing,
As I lie upon the sands.
And I think of other lands,
And I long to press thy hands,
As of yore, when we did float
In the painted fairy boat,
And hearken to the note
Of the ever-murmuring Nile.
Then in our hearts awhile
We seemed to cross the stile
Of the years, and to dream,
As we floated with the stream
And watched the waters gleam,
And ripple in the light of the moon;
And little thought so soon

To have listened to death's rune.
But I'm dying, Egypt, dying,
And on thy name I'm crying,
And for thy presence sighing,
As death's numb fingers seize me,
To tear my poor soul from thee.
And fling me on night's sea.
But hope is not forsaken
For I may live to waken
And they may be mistaken
That say it hath no shore.

But still, Oh love, the past is ours,
And all our dreams are too,
And dreaming and drifting down the hours,
I'll dream, my love, of you.

K. WISE, 5D.

SPEECH DAY, 1930.

On 15th May, Fort Street's great function, the annual Speech Day, was held, the ceremony commencing at 10 a.m. with Mr. B. C. Harkness, M.A., the Assistant Under Secretary for Education, in the chair.

Seating accommodation, as usual, proved entirely inadequate, and the majority of the pupils were forced to view the ceremony from the windows and doors.

On the stage we found distinguished visitors in the persons of the Hon. B. S. Stevens, State Treasurer, and his wife, both of them old Fortians, Mrs. Harkness, Mr. B. C. Olde, Stat-Member for the district, and the Mayor of Petersham.

The gathering was opened by the singing of the school song.

After the presentation of the Headmaster's report for the year, Mr. Stevens, the guest of the day, gave an address, which was very in-

teresting and instructive. In it he emphasised the fact that a sound education should be the ambition of every boy. His opinion, he said, was that a good all-round education should be given a boy, who should then have the choosing of his own career, for now there were 1000 opportunities for every boy, where before there were 1000 boys for every opportunity. In conclusion, as an old Fortian, he advised the pupils to keep up the traditions of their school.

Mr. Stevens then presented the prize he had donated for the best essay on "Public Finance" to A. Harris.

After votes of thanks and the reading of the Sportsmaster's report, Mr. B. C. Olde addressed the gathering. The prizes and cups were then presented to successful students by Mr. Harkness, who congratulated each winner individually.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

I have much pleasure in presenting the school report for 1929-30. The results will show that the high standard of last year in all our activities has been maintained.

Staff.—Since last Speech Day Messrs. Fairbairn, Stephens, Bates and McKilligan have been transferred to other schools, and have been replaced by Messrs. Wilson, B.Sc., Moss, B.A., Pelham, B.A., and Wallace, B.Sc.

Charity.—The boys' charitable efforts have been highly praiseworthy. During the year they have contributed £90 towards hospitals, ambulances, disabled soldiers and the Children's Hospital.

Ladies' Committee.—The School is again under a very great obligation to the Ladies' Committee for rallying to the help of the School whenever needed, and especially for their catering during the quarterly dances, on Play Day, and under the inclement conditions of our last Sports Carnival.

Donors.—We are deeply indebted also to the following donors of valuable contributions to the prize funds: Mrs. F. P. Kileen, Mr. Sunstrom, Dr. Evatt, Dr. Verco and the Hon. B. S. Stevens; to Mrs. J. Anderson for a handsome gift to the School Union, and to the following donors of swimming prizes: Messrs. Wm. Kerr, Hannon, King, McLean, Owen, Albert, Cutler, Roydhouse, Guiffre, and to Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt.

Debating, Empire Day.—The art of public speaking is being developed from 1st Year onwards. The good results obtained were patent at our Empire Day celebration. The function was carried out entirely by members of the 4th and 5th Year Debating Societies. The speakers dealt very capably with subjects of Empire interest, and were Schmidt (School Captain), chairman, Dane, Allen, Foster, Conlon, Nicholls, Sanbrook and Klineburg. Rapt attention and spontaneous applause rewarded these budding Ciceros, and justified the recent innovation.

Due attention was given during the year to the physical development of the boys. Statistics show that the proportion of T.B. subjects in America is greatest among students. In the apportionment of a boy's time reasonable consideration should be given to the separate claims of study, exercise and recreation; and that is

one of the reasons why we have limited to seven the number of subjects a boy may take in the Intermediate Examination.

The following is a summary of the results obtained in the Leaving Certificate, 1929:—

Passed, 86; 9 First-class Honours; 42 Second-class Honours; 174 A's; 337 B's. University Bursaries, 1; University Exhibitions, 25; Junior Clerks, Public Service, 6; Cadet Draftsmen, Public Service, 2; Teachers' College Scholarships, 31.

The following is a summary of the results obtained in the Intermediate Certificate, 1929:—

Number passed, 129; number A's, 395; B's, 481; number passed for Public Service, 20; number passed for Water and Sewerage Board, 7.

In conclusion, I would like to say that the number of prizes given is limited by our resources. Many deserving boys with marks a little less than those of prize-winners have, therefore, not received recognition, and so far as marks and merit are concerned, it should be said that the best passes do not always indicate the most praiseworthy efforts.

We have this year the usual number of boys in all years who, despite their parents' and teachers' advice, neglect to make the best of their membership of the school. The great majority of the boys, however, are working really well, and we expect them in all classes to make this a record year for good results.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

1. **Kileen Memorial** Prize for best Leaving Certificate pass by a Fort Street boy proceeding to the University: G. N. YOUNG.
2. **Raymond and Frank Evatt** Memorial Prize, for the best essay by a Fort Street boy on a subject chosen by Headmaster and approved by Director of Education.—J. BALDOCK.
3. **Dr. Verco** Prize for best Leaving Certificate pass in Mathematics.—R. SPOONER.
4. **Stevens** Prize for best essay on a commercial subject, approved by Hon. B. S. Stevens, Colonial Treasurer.—A. HARRIS.
5. **Rofe** Prize, presented by the Historical Society for the best essay by a New South Wales schoolboy on "The History of Moreton Bay to 1859."—N. ROSE.
6. **Suttor** Prize for best paper on Australian

History in Intermediate Certificate Examination.—J. KERR.

7. **J. Taylor** Prize for best Geography pass by a Fort Street boy in the Intermediate Examination.—I. HAY.

8. **Headmaster's** Prize for School Captaincy.—D. HAMILTON.

9. **Sunstrom Prizes.**

(1) For Highest Aggregate in Intermediate.—J. KERR.

(2) For Highest Aggregate in Fourth Year.—O. HARDY.

PRIZE WINNERS.

5th Year: Young, G. N., 1st Gen. Prof., 1 Eng., 2 Lat., 2 Aus. His.; Thompson, K., McPherson, C., Henderson, R., Ayling, R., Chambers, A., Baldock, J., Spooner, R., Scott, L., Overton, A., Hamilton, D., Church, F., Dennis, I., Parker, A., Halliwell, J., Hall, A., Reynolds, Harris, A., Rose, N.

University Bursary: C. C. Macpherson.

4th Year: Hardy, O., 1st Gen. Prof., 2nd Hist., 1st Lat., 1st Fr., 1 Maths. I., 2 Maths. II.; Stewart W., Verco, D., Sutton, W., Armstrong, A., Shepherd, J., Hudson, N., Schmidt, A., McDon-

ald, T., Vincent, K., Whitely, E., Mathieson, A., Jenkins, H., Burton, S., Allen, M., Freeman, F., Foster, G.

3rd Year (Intermediate Examination): J. Kerr, 1st Gen. Prof., 1 Hist., 2nd Lat.; Hazlewood S., Gailey W. G., Saul J., Bailey J., Plummer T., Hammer A., Sewell A., Wright E., Gee K., Willock R., Hay J., Salmond W., Wood W., Anderson K., Gibb C., Downs L., Dixon H., Ennis J., Ingledeu L.

Intermediate Bursaries: J. Kerr and T. Plummer.

7 A's Intermediate: Kerr J., Gailey W., Saul J., Bailey J., Hazlewood S., Gee K.

2nd Year: Henry N., 1st Gen. Prof., 1 Sc., 1 Fr.; Wheatley A., MacDonald W., Whybrow K., Giovanelli R., Cohen S., Harding W., Golding N., Ellis G., Bagster E., English H., Munro D.

1st Year: Surtees A., 1st Gen. Prof., 1 Ger., 1st Sc.; McAuley J., Bailey G., Paisley R., Caldicot J., Coleman E., Evans J., Style H., Hinchliffe J., Norrie J., Funnell W., Coleberne, Johnson M., Oram J.

J.R.K.

A TRIP TO GOSFORD FORESTRY RESERVE.

One bright and sunny morning a few weeks ago a party of boys from all parts of the State met at Sydney Railway Station with bags and rugs, ready to speed away to Gosford Forestry Reserve. Waiting at the station was Mr. Wright, who was in charge of the party. When all the boys had arrived and were introduced to each other a wild rush was made for the best seats in the train. After the noise had subsided Mr. Wright came through to see that everything was right, then away we sped on our journey.

The time soon passed with singing and talking, and about 12 noon the train pulled into Gosford Station. Immediately bags were collected, and we all got out of the train to await further instructions.

Waiting at the station was an ancient spring cart with "Old George" as commander-in-chief. We stacked our belongings on board and set out at a run for the camp, where we arrived after five minutes' toil through the scrub along devious paths.

After waiting for Mr. Wright to come up we burst into the grounds, taking all before us. Once inside, the party broke up, everyone exploring and spying out the best places to settle down. In the distance the cookhouse was spied, and immediately there was a stampede towards this popular little building. Next to the cookhouse a big marquee had been erected for the party of about thirty to sleep in. When each boy had brought his luggage and dumped it in the marquee, dinner was served and soon disposed of by one and all.

Each bench, which served as table, had two boys as "waiters," and in a few minutes everything edible had disappeared. After each chap had washed his plates, we made for the marquee and fixed our rugs and things in place for the night.

All that afternoon we explored the surrounding forest and river, Narrara Creek, and about nightfall returned to camp and had tea. Tea being over, Mr. Wright and Mr. Backhouse, the assistant, made out our programme for the

week, and we left for bed about 9 o'clock. Someone discovered a heap of sods of grass outside the tent, and at once a battle royal began. What happened afterwards can be better imagined than described. However, the result was that six of us decamped from the marquee and fixed our beds on the grass under a poplar tree.

No one could sleep that night, and as the moon was coming up the six of us collected our fishing gear and slipped off to the river to try our luck. We spent an exciting night fishing, and crept back to camp about 3.30 a.m. with our spoil; then we crawled into bed and curled up to sleep.

At 6 o'clock the whole camp was astir, and while the results of our efforts of the night before were cooking on the fire we all trooped off to the river for our swim and wash under the guidance of Mr. Backhouse. When everyone was just about drowned the bell for breakfast was rung, and with visions of our fish waiting for us, we led the race back to camp.

Breakfast being over, the objects of the trip were explained to us, and the party, led by Mr. Gollan, chief nurseryman, made an excursion through the pine forest. During the trip we had explained to us the methods of planting and caring for the trees after they had been transplanted from the nursery.

Of the various pine trees the one most studied was the "hoop pine" (*Auracaria Cunninghamii*). The peculiarity of this tree is that the bark runs round the trunk like hoops instead of up the tree, as is the case with most other pines. The foliage is of thick dark green spikes, which has brought to the tree the name of "puzzle the monkey," because of the difficulty a monkey would have in attempting to climb it.

Beneath all the pine trees was a thick carpet of pine needles, which served us admirably for mattresses.

On returning from the trip we went down for a dip in the river, and returned to camp with good appetites for our dinner.

The afternoon was spent in answering questions on the excursion, playing cricket, and swimming.

Wednesday was the best day of all. We set

out early in the morning, and after a tramp through the bush for a few miles arrived at the Jusfruit Cordial Factory, where we were introduced into the secrets of the manufacture of cordials. As a parting gift a gallon jar of orange cordial was presented to us.

After leaving the factory, the party proceeded through fern-clad gullies, arched overhead by delicate traceries of leaves, until at length we arrived at Kendall's Rock, set in the midst of all this beauty, with a little stream rippling along between the rocks. In this secluded corner of Nature we had read to us those two delightful poems written by Henry Kendall, "The Bell Birds" and "Narrara Creek." After exploring about for a while we set out for camp again with our precious cordial.

The following day, Thursday, another forest excursion was undertaken, this time to observe the flowers and insects within the pine forest. During this excursion we were shown how to calculate the age of a tree by the number of annual rings across its section. Each year the tree grows a new layer of wood, and after many years of growth the rings, which appear as concentric circles very close together, can be clearly distinguished.

The afternoon was taken up with cricket practice.

About 12 o'clock on Friday a lorry called down to the camp, and we set off for the Gosford Training School to see if we could show them some points in cricket. We were well received by Major Cookson and the boys, but were absolutely beaten in the match. However, we spent a pleasant afternoon, and left for camp again about sundown.

On Saturday the camp was astir with the first rays of the sun, and after our swim and early morning climb up one of the hills we returned to camp, paying a visit to one of the orange and lemon groves as we passed. On reaching camp we packed our bags, and, having bade farewell to our friends who had taken such good care of us, left for the station, very unwilling to leave the spot where we had spent such an enjoyable holiday, amid the beauties of Nature and far from the worry of textbooks.

"RASTUS" ENGLISH, 3A.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY DAY.

University, February 20, 1930.

Dear Fort Street,

Recent developments in the dramatic and theatrical world have given our annual Play Day an increased importance. The advent of the talking picture has given a final staggering blow to an already tottering drama, and now in Sydney all the leading theatres have ceased producing the type of play which is a true literary descendent from our greatest dramatist. Neither Galsworthy, nor Shaw, nor any of the great European dramatists such as Ibsen, has any possible chance of being produced in Australia, unless it be by private amateur companies. It might appear that the drama is on the last verge of senile decay, just ready to slip quietly and unmourned into its grave. But that view is unjustly pessimistic. There is a crest and a trough to every wave, and if the drama seems to be hidden in the depths, we may confidently hope that it will rise again. But what is going to happen in the meantime, while it has yet to climb the climbing wave?

This is where you come in. The main hope which the literary physicians give us, that the literary drama will recover from its present weakness, is that it has good nurses in the amateur companies of players. Some of you may know that there are now in Sydney two small repertory theatres, the Community and the Playbox, which are assisting to keep the drama alive, as well as giving encouragement to Australian playwrights. There are, too, in the suburbs several quite respectable companies of amateur actors. And I have hopes that there still exists at Fort Street a society which we formed in 1927, and which we called the "Fourth Year Dramatic Society." It was here that many of us began to take an interest in that fascinating subject, "The History of the English Drama." At the time the society had no specific aims, and we really did very little beyond producing several miracle plays, including the famous "Everyman," and getting several lectures delivered, and raising, by means of a concert, money for the new curtain for the hall.

A RICH REWARD

awaits the boy who puts his schooldays to the best advantage. Study, the preservation of health, and the careful use of money are solid foundation stones on which to build for the future, and the ability to save will enable you to go on with confidence to the attainment of your ambitions.

You cannot expect to save large sums while you are young, but it is the habit you form and not the amount you save which counts. Your small savings will grow if deposited regularly.



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But by now, if there have been any leaders, it should have been realised that there is for an amateur company of players a very special purpose, the production of modern (and even pre-modern) literary drama. Play Day, giving amateur actors and amateur play-writers a chance of displaying their talents, and creating a medium for the production of true drama, is of infinite value, not only to the school itself, but to the public as well.

You remember that in the Headmaster's vestibule there is a model of the Globe Theatre, made by Carter in 1927. Might I suggest that it would not quite be beyond the means of Fort Street to produce a model of one of those mediæval play stages, the pageants, on which the guilds produced their miracles. These pageants (as the waggons with covered tops and side-curtains were called) were drawn from square to square of the city, so that the people could see, one after the other, the whole succession of plays in the wonderful cycles of such places as York and Woodkirk. It would cause a first-class stir if somehow Fort Street could manage to create a pageant and produce

thereon in the school yard some miracle or morality such as "Everyman." I am certain that it would attract great attention from the University, and if the whole scheme was carried out properly, enough gate-money would easily be raised to pay for the waggon, etc. Of course, much study and careful planning would be needed. You would have to delve into some delightful source books, such as Thomas Sharp's "Dissertation" on the Coventry plays, where you would learn that John Freebody was paid "4d for crowing as the cock." But apart from such quaint old entries, you would get the real details of the scenery and costume, and so on. It would be best to try first Ward's "History of Dramatic Literature," and then Pollard's "Everyman," and for the plays themselves Marly's "Specimens of Pre-Shakesperian Drama." If there are any difficulties I am sure that Professor J. le Gay Brereton would be only too glad to place his wide knowledge of early drama at your disposal. I would help you in any slight way I could.

Hoping some brave soul may take this scheme on. Yours,

A.C.B.

A FEW OLD FRIENDS.

There is in our city a band of young fellows who pride themselves that at last they are no longer "kids." Really, you know, I should say "we pride ourselves," for I am just as proud as any of the others of my undergrad's gown and of my little bundle of scalpels and the like. But convention and my innate abhorrence of show decree that self shall be excluded.

But to return to the young fellows. They find themselves in a new world. That is the thing of paramount importance to them. No longer can they be decried as blobs and fools, no longer be informed that they have spent the night in hollow logs. Still, they are not sorry for that well-meant chaff, for it means they are Fortians. (You young chaps, be proud that it is not the pupils of every school who crawl to the tasks of the day glistening with moss from their bush abodes.) And now some of them have become more or less useful citizens; some are simply undergrads. Should any of you ever have an interest in the price

of fish, turn to the market reports in the "Herald" and realise you are reading words from the pencil of Silas Maley. Silas is our only literary man. And should any of you be in financial difficulties, and require help to pay that penny per week hospital money, hie you to Martin Place and seek out Ron Ayling from his corner in the G.S.B. Another man who juggles figures is "Kate" Thompson. "Kate" will be an accountant some day.

It is surprising how some chaps manage to disappear. I have neither seen nor HEARD (heard, mind you) anything of Preston-Stanley since we left school; but politics is in his blood, and when a man gets into Parliament he is soon heard of. And so I live in hopes of the resurrection of our lost friend. Charlie Winston surprised himself by passing the matric., and now is probably selling drugs somewhere in our city. Payne and Jamieson are also selling the goods of the pharmaceutical trade.

Rice and Richardson have gone to Sydney High; Rice to see if he can beat Reg. Ashbarry

over 100 yards, and Richardson to see if he can beat both of them.

But it is at the 'Varsity that the Fort Street fraternity meet in force. Note, my young readers, that 'Varsity is the correct term. Uni. is a word used only by the very freshest of freshers. We will deal with the faculties in order of importance, and so, of course, Medicine comes first. Not only are medicoes the most scientific lot of butchers on earth; they also belong to the noblest profession there is, and the one which demands the greatest sacrifices of its members. The young hopefuls are Gordon Young, Eric Sibree, "Sol" Sellick, Alex Parker, Normy Rose, "Hammo," Boxall, Redmond and Dave Klineberg. Quite a little crowd, you see. "Hammo" was fortunate enough to miss by a small majority the somewhat doubtful honour of being elected year rep. to the Med. Society. So far these students have been learning the difference between macroscopic and microscopic. They have decided the number of boys doing medicine is macroscopic; the number of girls is microscopic. A fortunate arrangement, perhaps (not only for the students, let me add, but also for the general community of some seven years hence).

In Vet. Science we have Eric Rogers. He is starting off by learning to be a real butcher, but hopes to join his more scientific brethren at the end of the year.

Down Phillip Street way one may see such gentlemen as Church, Baldock, Short and Reynolds. The last of these had to call on Signors L— and L—, of Surry Hills. Next day L— and L— were the subject of a newspaper report of some rather rough work. Reynolds, however, still graces Phillip Street, which, by the way, is the centre of the legal philosophy.

Reclining in Arts one finds Scott, Heydon, Henderson and Mote. And they are all taking Latin. 'Nuff said!

Science houses among others Wyndham, Maze, Hall and Rushbrooke. Harbour Bridges should be common sights in the future, for Tindall, Overton and Kirby have resolved to become engineers.

Should any of you desire credit, call on Sam Tout when he has finished dentistry. Don't ask for credit from any of the doctors. If you

can't pay, simply call it a bad debt and forget it. The doctors will forgive—they get used to it.

A word about Eddie Milverton. We were all expecting to find Eddie safe in Agriculture, learning to be a really high-class farmer. We expected him to do his old school a great service. We were fervently hoping he would find a way to prevent the grass growing on those tennis courts, and to induce it to grow on the rest of the grounds. If he had proved particularly brilliant he might even have devised a scheme to make that front lawn withstand the use of Fifth Year. But, seniors, despair your hopes! Eddie has let us down. He has gone to revel in the vicious atmosphere of Phillip Street. The grass must remain the despair—or the pride—of the school's gardeners.

A potential benefactor of his old school is Jim Melville. Jim is doing Architecture, and when the Government finds money enough to build that new hall, I'm sure Jim will tender an admirable proposal for but a small consideration. We look to Jim for big things—one of them at least big enough to hold the many friends of our fine old Fort Street.

Down at the Teachers' College are, among others, Dick Hooke, Sam Smith, Bert Curnow, Charlie Wiggins—and Fort Street has provided the "Terrible Three" of the coll., Sam, "Yank" and "Fatty." A formidable trio. And Ikey Ainsworth is showing the country lads at Armidale College how we do things at Fort Street. He is the star scholar of his year, and in addition has the bowling average of the cricket team. We expect to hear that Ikey has started a baseball club in the north. His enthusiasm may even induce him to invite "Babe" Ruth and his "fellas" to Armidale next December for a little advice and coaching. On the other hand, Ikey's enthusiasm may not. One never can be quite sure, can he?

I almost forgot to mention those cups that "Tec" Jamieson is donating to the school. Don't you worry about "Tec" being short of £ s. d. He declares that before long he will be earning at least fifteen pounds sterling (sterling, mind you, readers) per week as a member of the pharmaceutical profession.

By this time this band of young men is settling down to the exigencies of a young man's life. The "impecunious students" of our num-

ber have left behind the numerous welcomes which made pleasant for us our earlier acquaintance with our 'Varsity. Now we are beginning to feel the spirit of that 'Varsity, to feel the changes in her mood, to catch glimpses of her many-sided life, to realise that for a few years she will be a home for us. It is good to feel the awe her foreboding yet welcoming countenance inspires. It is the natural awe of a young man eager for knowledge as he looks from a distance at a grey-haired scholar, grown old and mature in his wisdom.

Yes, there is a spirit about this 'Varsity. It is good to feel it in one, but it can never quite be the spirit of good old Fort Street. It is not till one leaves his school that he realises fully what she has meant to him. It is at school that you are preparing yourselves for life. Once you leave school you must fend for yourselves. There is not the slightest doubt about that. One is not taught at a University; one learns. One is not advised what to do; one must depend on the character he has formed at school. It is only after one has left her that one can see his old school clearly. And now

that we can see her clearly we realise her faults, but we realise, too, the glorious privilege that was our association with her. And realising that, we remain, every one of us, no matter where we be or what we do, loyal Fortians. Our old school has given us a good start. Stick to her, every one of you. Give her all you can. I am quite sure that any success I achieved at school was by giving her all I could. I simply did my utmost to be a Fortian. My school was my life, and I enjoyed it. And I feel I have benefited by it. I feel my school has amply repaid me. And so she will you— admirably, as she has thousands who have gone before you. It is by striving for something good, for an ideal, that you build a character to serve you in life, and life can be a stern, stern affair. Make your school that good something for which you are living and fighting. Let her become the passion of your young life. And take my word for this, for I think I realise it now; your masters are a part of your school. Treat them as you do her. They are men whose position is not always without embarrassment, and they react to your treatment of them. It

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is a fact, chaps. Show them that you really desire their help and they will help you.

Above all, stick to your school, and you will

have her to stick to you. That is the most that I, as an old Fortian, but still a Fortian, can say.

PREHISTORIC DREAM.

While indulging the other day in the somewhat unusual pursuit of acquiring knowledge, I chanced to discover that the remains of a prehistoric mammal, the M——, were unearthed some time ago at O——, which, as you know, is a town in——. Then followed a description of the animal. Suffice it to say that he, she or it was no fit household pet. As my thoughts were of necessity dwelling (rather too uneasily to be pleasant) on the morrow's English lessons (it was then one a.m., and there still remained a ten-page essay to do), I naturally connected in my meandering thoughts this remarkable animal and our noble and illustrious seat of learning. Thoughts are apt to meander occasionally at that hour, and I began to wonder what the consequences would be if he (we shall honour him with the masculine gender for convenience) were to arise from his earthy grave and visit us.

Of course, so long as the visit was paid when I myself were happily absent, the animal would have my free permission (which of course would be a great relief to his mind) to devour his fill. Indeed, when I look about me I see certain places where he would be encouraged to do so. For instance, there is a lofty, vaulted chamber in the western side of the building, where many noble intellects relax in exciting shove-ha'penny tournaments, or are soothed by the fragrant scent of the tobacco leaf, where there are certain dignified worthies towards whom we feel no ill-will, but who, we are sure, would enjoy an indefinite holiday in the animal's somewhat extensive interior.

There was a time when we would have been perfectly safe from any such invasion, for M—— would inevitably have been bogged on the way in. Now, however, a thoughtful and untiring

Government has kindly provided him with a nice spongy asphalt path.

Should this inquisitive animal arrive during lesson time the consequences would be likely to be dire. Hitherto intrepid masters who fearlessly drive away (from a distance) vagrant dogs seeking only the poor comfort of a scanty crust and not, as many suppose, purposely introduced to interrupt the lesson, would be glad to take shelter under their desks when little M—— showed his pretty face in the doorway. We regret to think how inconvenient many gentlemen would find this protection owing to the scanty accommodation therein.

We understand that M—— shows a great partiality for paper and tin. If he could be tamed, he might be found useful around the schoolground at 1.10 p.m., but—heaven help the prefects' badges!

Fortunately the animal is not addicted to rocks, mud or orange peel, or we would tremble for our fifth year lawn.

Should M—— show his face in the library we might, nay, if he should do so suddenly, would, notice in the unrespected home of learning the unprecedented and unexpected condition of—silence! But there, it probably would not last long. Nothing lasts long in the library.

Of course this state of havoc could not be allowed to continue. The animal would have to be captured and disposed of. After carefully considering several plans, we have decided on one which is remarkable for its complete simplicity and absolute safety, and with which, the reader will be thankful, we close.

Coax the animal carefully, with the aid of a tuckshop pie, into a Thursday morning assembly, and then he could be easily secured when he had fallen asleep. D. J. A. VERCO.

EMPIRE DAY, 1930.

Empire Day this year fell during the vacation, and school celebrations accordingly had to be carried out before breaking up. Wednesday, 7th May, was chosen as the day on which to show our appreciation of that great and world-wide Commonwealth of Nations, the British Empire.

The speeches, delivered by members of the 4th and 5th Year Debating Societies, in whose

The speakers and their subjects were as follows: Mr. Nicholls on "The Future of the Empire;" Mr. Dane on "The Development of Colonies and Dominions and Their Position in the Empire To-day;" Mr. Allen on "Modern Heroes of the Empire;" Mr. Foster on "Women of the Empire," from Fifth Year; and Mr. Conlon, the Fourth Year representative, on "Australia and the Empire."



Block by courtesy of "Sun."

CONLON, KLINEBERG (top), ALLEN, DANE, FOSTER, SCHMIDT, NICHOLLS, SANBROOK, MR. BEARD.

hands the performance of the ceremony is now entirely placed, were not, however, affected by the unsuitability of the day, and as a whole the matter and delivery were quite up to standard.

Mr. Schmidt, the School Captain, occupied the chair, and opened the assembly. Four speeches, as usual, were given by speakers from the Fifth Year Society, and one from a member of Fourth Year.

SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON.

An old Fortian of whom the school is very proud, and who ranks with the late Professor John Hunter in possessing a reputation which is world-wide, is Sir Douglas Mawson. Such is his fame that no mention need be made here of his great achievements. The Editor recently wrote to Sir Douglas, asking that he would send a message to his old school. His very gracious reply was as follows:—

B. A. N. Z. ANTARCTIC RESEARCH
EXPEDITION. Adelaide, 23rd June, 1930.
Dear Mr. Collis,

I regret to have postponed replying to your

Throughout the ceremony patriotic songs were interspersed, conducted by Mr. Parker, and accompanied at the piano by Mr. Beard.

A vote of thanks was proposed to the speakers, and all concerned with the success of the gathering by Mr. Sanbrook. This was seconded by Mr. Klineberg, and the successful meeting was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

J.R.K.

communication of April 11th, but I have been overwhelmed with correspondence during the last couple of months, so that it has been quite impossible to keep pace with it, and at the same time to carry on the organization work of the Expedition and my duties at this University.

It will be impossible for me to prepare any article for the "Fortian" this year, but I hope that after the completion of the Expedition next year I may be able to meet you in this matter.

Yours truly, DOUGLAS MAWSON.

THE COLO RIVER DISTRICT.

At Lower Portland, where a small hand-driven punt crosses the Hawkesbury, the Blue Mountains precipitate the Colo into the expansive, opaque waters of the lower Hawkesbury River. This is about forty miles from Sydney. The Colo comes from the Kurrajong Range of the Blue Mountains.

Large river traffic cannot proceed far up the Colo, which is bordered on either side by farms, producing mainly fruit, with some maize and lucerne.

On the lower portion steep sandstone bluffs arise from the ruffled, blue depths. Further up stream, however, the valley becomes wider and allows more cultivation. The river is only about one hundred miles long, so after about twenty miles only very small boats can travel. Here, at low tide, are found long stretches of clean, golden sand, covered in places with the black waterlogged charcoal, which brings to one's mind raging bush fires, fighting men, scurrying animals and screeching birds. The water, now, can be drunk, and, it is declared by the oldest pioneers of the district, it is second to none in New South Wales for its purity. In fact, at nearly every house that is built near the river, a cask on two small logs is used to carry water for drinking and cleansing purposes.

Fish are plentiful in the lower course, and also in the very highest portion. The species usually found are mullet and perch, and as many river-eels as may be wanted to eat. Up high in the course of the stream waterfalls, splashing and sparkling through space, occur. These waterfalls have great eroding power, and holes of unknown depth are found. One, the Bunyip Hole, used to be the terror of the children. But they kept clear of it, only going there to fish. Of course, uninhabited portions are now entered. For more than sixty miles the course can be said to be without known occupation.

A road runs about thirty miles up the river from its mouth. It is a fine, bumpy road, and is wonderful in wet weather. Mostly Fords are in use in the district, because nothing else would keep together. A road from Kurrajong Heights crosses the river at about twenty-five miles up,

and penetrates the wild, mountainous, timbered country to the north-west.

The district boasts two schools, one in Central Colo and one in Upper Colo. Each school consists of one room, and is occupied by about ten to twenty pupils. Each is taught by one lady teacher.

There are no shops in Colo. Every Wednesday the butcher, baker and storekeeper come up from the Hawkesbury to Central Colo in their respective launches.

A small cargo boat is run down to the mouth of the river two or three times a week. She takes away fruit and much farm produce, and brings back empty cases, also fertilizer, farming implements, timber, or anything required by the farmers which cannot be procured from the store. The boat is only about seventy feet long and is flat-bottomed so as to allow her to rest on the sand at her wharf when the tide recedes (although the water is very fresh except in very dry weather the tide reaches up a mile or so above the wharf). She is capable of about eight to nine knots, and rarely has engine trouble. Her "crew" consists of captain and fireman-engineer, who sometimes change rank. She has two holds; the fore hold is for melons, pumpkins, etc., and the rear one for sleeping accommodation. The fore hold has a capacity of about fifty dozen good-sized melons (at least eighteen inches long).



The first photo shows the Colo cargo boat (the s.s. "Surprise," by the way) lying at rest near her wharf. Notice the galvanised-iron shelter on the bank. The photo was taken at low tide, and the trusty little ship is not shown

at her best. I leave it to your imagination to visualize her with packed fruit high in the bows and stern, proudly chugging her stolid way under a head-wind, with thick black smoke flying slowly behind her out of her magnificent funnel. Next to her funnel (if you can see it) you will notice the pretentious white wheel-room, where the captain steers his giant liner between the many shoals for a short distance along the middle course. Slightly above the level of the top of the galvanised-iron shed can be seen the road level. This portion is one of the occasional small patches of "fair" road.



The second photo is the view from the northern bank of the river at Central Colo. The photo was taken from high on the side of a hill, so that a good outlook is obtained. The river is seen in the near foreground and to one side. Its width here is about fifty yards, and as the low tide again prevented the best points of the river being shown up, sand-banks can be seen by looking closely. The road appears as a long white streak. The trees in the centre of the photo appear very small, and their stunted nature was caused by a fierce bush-fire which crossed the road and ran along the side of the hill at the right (the house near the right was not built then), and approached to within fifty yards of the house in the far centre. Several vehicles were burned, and the shed in which they stood was also, naturally, slightly singed. The people who own the house which was nearly burned say that they

fought their most strenuous fight on the fiercest day of the fire. In fact, several of them fainted more than once, but, happily, no one was seriously injured in any way.



The scene embraced in the third photo was also taken from the northern bank of the river, but somewhat lower (more easterly). The photographer was situated on a high rock looking over the river, but the foliage just shuts off the river, and once more the road is seen, and also the house seen in the preceding picture. A little to the left of this can be seen an expanse of water between two rows of hills. This is known as Gee's Swamp, and extends for nine or ten miles. In it are found huge mud-eels (I myself vouch that I saw one as thick as my own body). These have been known to swallow dogs whole, and the black tribes that used to live in Colo were in utter dread of the whole swamp. However, large perch are also found there. Fish from seven to eight pounds in weight have been caught (not by amateurs, but by men who know everything there is to be known about fishing). Of course, these would be accounted somewhat large, but I myself (ehem!) caught one three pounds (official weight, two and three-quarter pounds, but—er—you know). The waters of the swamp are doubtless undrinkable, but the fish do not taste at all muddy. An average depth of the water is ten feet, and it is somewhat brownish in colour. I do not know whether the swamp has an outlet or not.

H. WALLIS, 3A.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

They tell me C—nl—n of 4D, president of the 4th Year Dramatic Society, "has a horror" of any publicity for the above society. This

is the right spirit, C—nl—n. Keep it up, the society will flourish on it.

A certain 4th Year class is gradually recovering from a severe shock it received on the first day of the present term. A teacher who is absolutely against working during the holidays actually had all papers marked and handed out by the end of the first period. We don't insinuate that he departed from his principle—but still, how does he do it?

Alas! Sorrow upon us! No more do we, like the heroes of the past, fight, tooth and nail, for our bread—or our pie. A time-honoured custom that the strongest prevails in the tuckshop has been scrapped, and both the strong and weak are equally out of it. He who is wily enough to have a paper bag filled with newspaper is the only one who now succeeds to obtain his lunch early.

Judging by Fifth Year's favourite recreation, a shot putt would be very popular at the annual sports meeting.

Heard in the hall—"I want to hear silence!" What wonderful ears these mathematicians must have!

"Hoots" were very conspicuous at the tennis trials during the dinner hours.

The front path has at last received attention—tar!

If one of our unemployed should visit the Petersham oval dressing sheds on practice afternoon about 5 o'clock with a supply of towels I feel assured he would do a roaring trade. The community towel is becoming inadequate for the number of players.

On Speech Day our prefects showed what fine Girl Guides they would make.

The financial depression has evidently spread to Fort Street. A heavy tax has been placed on confiscated material.

Lost: Two football matches. Finder please return to 2nd Grade Football Team. Substantial reward offered.

Found: In region around tuckshop. One examination paper. Dirty white with many red marks. No reward wanted. Owner may have same as a gift.

Teachers' College students are always heartily welcome, as their advent means a brief respite from impositions and other troubles.

It has been noticed that in one class of the School a certain boy has gallantly inscribed on the cover of his homework book the well-known maxim, "Lest we forget." (All due apologies, of course.)

Recent newspapers definitely state that sardines are not packed in Australia. Having had great experience in this direction, I beg to differ, for the number of boys "packed" into Room 8 in some lessons makes the room resemble a sardine tin.—Sardine, 4A.

I wish to add that likewise the number of people "packed" into the Memorial Hall on Speech Day goes to support the Sardine's theory.—Squashed Kipper, 4A.

When your schoolmaster tells you that you have a brain like a sieve don't be amazed, for he is only praising you. Because, if it was so, the larger facts remain and less important ones pass away.



VIEW, INCLUDING GIB, BOWRAL.

D. J. LEE, 4B.

SPORTING

OUR SPORT FOR 1930.

In Fort Street at present our sporting activities, with the exception of swimming, are floundering in the trough of mediocrity, but it is hoped that in the near future our teams will rise to the crest of success.

For a school or club to lead in any sport, the competitors, besides having considerable ability, must be enthusiastic and determined. Nothing worth while is gained without effort. To develop enthusiasm they must be encouraged by those intimately connected with the sport. Great initiative does not come to one in his youth, and so an older person is required to inspire him with the necessary spirit.

A fine example of this can be found at the last C.H.S. swimming carnival. Our boys won the coveted shield due to their own merit and also to the tireless and enthusiastic spirit shown by Mr. Rose, the organiser, who made our own carnival such a wonderful success.

It is every great school's aim to turn out men in the true sense of the word, men who can look the world in the face, mix freely with their fellows and not feel restrained in any company.

The boy who gets 7 A's in the Intermediate might not be as successful in after-life as one who only gets 4 B's. Much more important than the assimilation of knowledge is the development of character. For a man possessed of certain traits can climb the Heights of Fame and Fortune without education, which is only a short cut for those who care to use it.

And these qualities of pluck, determination and fairness are best fostered on the field of sport, where one learns to be as good a loser as winner.

Mind you, I by no means advocate sport in preference to learning. On the contrary, sport and culture are supplementary, and the extremist on either side will be a burden to himself later on in life. He who only lives for sport will in the majority of cases curse himself for a blind fool when his brilliance is coated over by the verdigris of age, and not one of so many who were willing to help him,

when he did not need it, will stretch out a hand to save him from the quagmire of want.

A case in point is a sportsman, recognised as one of the best footballers the world has ever seen, who was at the last Easter Show—making seats.

On the other hand, the boy who has no interest in anything outside of his books often wrecks his precious health, becoming a burden to himself, and dies a premature death, all due to partaking in no recreation.

Avoid extremes in anything, for excesses endanger happiness.

He who strikes the happy medium is indeed blessed.

However, let us return to sport. Our future hopes seem a great deal brighter if we look around and see some of the promising sportsmen among the younger boys.

In Cricket our first eleven, of which many are from the lower school, performed creditably, being well up on the table of points. Third grade, formed exclusively from junior boys, are second in the competition, and many promising young players are to be found amongst them.

It is rather early to form a dependable opinion of Football. But let it suffice to say that the 1st XV has convincingly won the first two matches against Tech. High and Parramatta. The majority of players in the 1st and 2nd XV, many of them showing great promise, will be available again next year, so Fort Street can place good teams in the competition.

Little need be said of Swimming when in the capable hands of Mr. Rose, and includes in its ranks such boys as Carl Phillips, who is able to break records in the three divisions.

Last but not least important of the main sports is Athletics. A revival of our old-time prestige in that division seems very likely, for at the last C.H.S. meeting our team won the Under 14 Premiership, and a slight mishap caused the loss of the shield to the juniors, who had a six point lead before the last event. This evidence tends to convince one that without

doubt we have the material to build up a fine team, with proper coaching, when these boys become our seniors.

It is very pleasing to note that interest is now being taken in Athletics outside the school. Walter Jamieson, an old boy of the school, set a worthy example in donating two cups each year for the most outstanding performance in senior and junior. I am sure that the whole school heartily appreciates his liberal offer.

Interest of a concrete nature was shown by

an anonymous donor, who presented a beautiful cup to each of two of last year's juniors.

Now, if everyone was as interested as these persons in the school sporting activities, who doubts that Fort Street would soon be in the front line of sport, that coveted position where by rights Fort Street ought to be, to counter-balance the wonderful reputation for learning which our famous old school had nobly earned.

J. A. W. SULLIVAN, 4D.

SWIMMING.

Once more the swimming season has closed, and once more Fort Street is meritoriously placed in the leading position in this sphere.

Only one of the many distinctions achieved by this school was the remarkable performance of the senior relay team at the commencement of the season, in winning the Combined High Schools' Relay Race in record time—the record being broken by five seconds. The team comprised A. Schmidt, E. Gray, N. Kirby, R. Stewart, W. Phillips, B. Langsworth.

Following its great success, to complete the victory, the team gained the Brilliantshine Senior Swimming Shield.

Although very fine individual efforts were made by members of the Junior and Junior Cadet sections, we were unfortunate in not carrying off these divisions also.

Throughout the year the School relay team proved its ability by winning many inter-school contests, being victorious at each of the following carnivals:—Technical High, Combined High, Canterbury and Sydney High. In the last of these carnivals a new type of race was instituted, in which the three styles were incorporated, one boy swimming breast stroke, one backstroke, and two free style.

In an effort to commence inter-High School water polo a challenge match was arranged with North Sydney. Here again the School was victorious, beating their opponents by six goals to nil.

Our own carnival at the end of the season was agreed to be one of the most successful and interesting in the natatorial history of the School. The new year has brought forward some of the most promising youngsters the

School has ever been fortunate to possess:—C. Phillips, who won all the Junior Cadet events, and broke four records in doing so, being the most prominent competitor.

W. Weir, swimming a close second to Phillips, proved himself an able leader for the strong under fourteen team which we will enter for the C.H.S. this year.

F. Muller swam well to defeat C. Schmidt in the junior events. He shows great promise as a useful backstroke exponent. Both should prove valuable assets during the coming season.

The most interesting and hard-fought races of the day were the Senior Cup events. Here A. Schmidt and E. Gray contested keenly over every distance, and close finishes were witnessed. Three records were broken in this division—the 880 yards and 440 yards by A. Schmidt, the 220 yards by E. Gray. For the first time in the history of the School a dead heat for the Senior Cup resulted, each gaining 15½ points.

Supported by several strong juniors, they should stand a good chance of again carrying off the Senior Shield.

As a result of their keenness and ability in this sport, N. Rose, A. Schmidt and E. Gray have been awarded blues—the highest distinction bestowed upon the boys for their prowess in sport.

Thanks must again be extended to Mr. Rose for his unfailing interest and efficient organisation, and to the donors and advertisers for their generous and continued support of School swimming. The whole School is keenly appreciative of their interest.

FOOTBALL.**1st XV., 1930.**

Football has begun again, and although the team was not impressive in the first match, being beaten by Canterbury 23-13, yet in the two matches of the competition we have gained considerable condition.

The team is blessed with a weighty pack, whilst the speed of the back line shows great prospects. Many of our players are young, many raw, but they are improving, and we trust that when our combination is speedier and more efficient we will be able to hold our own with the best.

Victory was gained over Tech., after a severe match, by 6-3. Parramatta proved much less troublesome, being defeated by 16-8.

A few remarks on the outstanding performers may show what metal the 1sts are made of:

Langsworth and Armstrong, two gems from last year's team; Langsworth, a good five-eighth; Armstrong, our "Torres Vedras," the last defence as full-back, handles gracefully and kicks well.

Sender and Sullivan, two acquisitions to the

back line, are both speedy and both showing great improvement with practice.

Webb, Langden, Broadhead, junr., and Grey are our weighty ruckers.

Meanwhile, if our backs would handle better and our forwards ruck with more vim, and if the existent spirit of good-will and work is maintained, we will be respected by our opponents, and the 1st XV. will remain worthy of its school and the reputation of its predecessors.

2nd XV.

The second grade Rugby Union team has won neither of the two competition matches played to date, but there is reason to hope for success in the future. The match against Technical High was lost by 14 points to 3, and that against Parramatta by 8 to 5. In both cases the games were fairly even, but Technical High, after being three points down at half-time, ran over Fort Street in the second half.

The lack of practice has had a lot to do with

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the team's failure. A late start was made, and wet weather and holidays have also interfered. This deficiency was most evident against Parramatta, when the team played deplorably.

The main weakness among the forwards is their failure to keep on the ball. Improvement in line-outs and scrums is also necessary. Several of the backs fancy themselves as individualists, and fail to see the use of combination. They must learn to throw the ball about more before victory can be assured.

Nicholson, although light, is dependable in the full-back position. He tackles and kicks well. In this regard many of the players need instruction in tackling. Among the backs Walsh stands out as the best player. He runs strongly and makes use of all opportunities. Short and Beaumont are the best of the forwards, but the former should not attempt to go through on his own.

The selection committee elected by the team was: Captain, W. Rogers; Vice-Captain, S. Caldwell; Selector, J. Yates.

3rd GRADE.

So far the "thirds" have not tasted the sweets of victory, but as the majority of players are having their first season, the results so far are satisfactory.

The practice match against Canterbury was lost 28-nil, but as this was the team's first appearance, our boys performed very well, the game being more even than the points indicate.

The game against Technical High at the Sports Ground was lost 14-3, due to our team going to pieces in the second half.

If the backs will only combine better, handle the ball more clearly, and run and tackle hard, aided by better rucking from the forwards, we may expect better results in the future.

Those players who, under Mr. Foley's able coaching, have shown some promise are Wotton, Schmidt, Connolly and Sargeant.

4th GRADE.

Although the results, up to date, are disappointing, the selectors have by no means

1st GRADE.

The school is represented this year by Hudson (Captain), Gibson, Trevitt and Cummine; and to date have participated in two matches,

given up hope for the team.

The team has lost both competition matches, but the failure is mainly due to the inexperience of the majority of the players.

The forwards must learn to finish their tackle and to "heel," not "toe," the ball out of the ruck.

Wholohan (V.C.) is the "shining light" in the forwards, and the other forwards should follow his example in tackling.

The best players so far are Wholohan, Barnes and Harvie in the forwards, and Roulston and Miller in the backs.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Pelham for taking over the position as coach.

5th GRADE.

This team is doing very well, and has high hopes of winning the competition. The first game of the season, a practice match against Canterbury, was won 9-0. We followed this up by defeating Technical convincingly by 28-3, in which match Iddles scored 6 tries. (We claim this as a record.) Our next game, against Parramatta, was won easily, 37-3, and so we are thus far undefeated, but in order to defeat stronger teams, such as Sydney High and North Sydney, strict training will be necessary.

The team as a whole plays well, particularly the backs, who are working up a fine combination, but the forwards as yet lack a little "vim"; the most outstanding of them is Poole.

Although only two competition matches have been played, some of the players have scored well, the leading scorers being Iddles, 27 points (9 tries); Freeman, 20 points; and Mitchell, 9 points.

6th GRADE.

The sixth grade started off badly by being defeated by Tech., 19 to nil. However, they made up for their defeat by defeating Parramatta 18 to nil and Hurlstone 6-nil. The team is brightening up, and will soon be a good pack. The star performers are McLean in the backs, and Norris and Smyth in the forwards. Goddard is Captain and Thistlethwaite Vice-Captain.

TENNIS.

gaining a comfortable victory over Parramatta and suffering a defeat at the hands of Technical High.

Hudson and Gibson are perhaps the stronger

pair, having more understanding and combination than Trevitt and Cummine, who, however, will keep on developing their stroke production and court tactics as the competition continues.

Although this team is not as strong as that of last year, it will undoubtedly do its best to bring the honour of Premiers to Fort Street.

2nd TENNIS.

This year 2nd Tennis has to report both a loss and a win. Although not so brilliant as last year's, I think they form a steadier combination. There is little difference between the two pairs, but for the sake of play Allars and Bissaker form the first, while Wotherspoon and Deathlefs constitute the second. Whether we succeed in becoming the Premiers has yet to be seen, but we shall at least make a creditable attempt.

3rd GRADE.

Jackson (Captain), Bignold, Penman and Tubman comprise this year's Third Grade team.

Up to date the team has been successful in both matches, against Tech. by 7 sets to 1, and against Parramatta by 5 sets to 3. Both Penman and Tubman are models of consistency and accuracy.

The team will have to improve a little to win the championship, but there is little doubt that this can be done with application to their task. We are very optimistic, and hope to be in first place at the end of the season.

FOURTH GRADE.

This year 4th Grade consists of Cameron (Captain), Hunt, Keene and Bulgin. Both of the competition matches, against Technical High and Parramatta, have been won, the score being 6 sets to 2 in both cases. Hunt is the steadiest in the team; the others are roughly equal. If the team concentrates on its goal, the premiership, success is within our grasp.

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CRICKET.

FIRST GRADE CRICKET.

The first half of the competition has closed, leaving Fort Street well up on the competition table of points. The teams this year have been chosen by Mr. Outten and Armstrong, who were able to furnish us with a good 1st grade team. It is cause for disappointment that during the last few years Fort Street has been near the bottom of the lists at the close of each season. The team has been very successful so far this year, but there is obvious weakness, which has been a handicap in every match. This weakness is the fielding. In the team there are no more than four players who can be relied upon to do their work in the outfield thoroughly. Many catches have been dropped, and many runs have been given away owing to the poor fielding. The brilliant exceptions in this respect have been Mathieson and Langsworth, who can always be depended upon both in the air and on the ground.

Sharpe and Penman are the most improved batsmen this season. They have both batted consistently, and are at the top of the averages. Sanbrook, our opening bowler, has bowled accurately and with a good length, and, especially with the new ball, is very disconcerting to the early batsmen. But Armstrong has been our mainstay of the attack, and has obtained most wickets.

A word must now be said about the matches which have been played up to date.

In the first match of the season we met Canterbury, and were able to beat them outright. After a shocking display of fielding on our part, Canterbury compiled 155 in their first innings. We then batted and made 175, securing a lead of 20 runs. Canterbury batted again and closed with 6 for 100, leaving us 80 runs to get in about 30 minutes. Owing to the bright display of Langsworth in compiling 40, we were able to get the required runs with the loss of a couple of wickets. Sharpe, 41, was the other chief scorer in the match. Armstrong (8 for 56) and Sanbrook (2 for 35) bowled with a good length throughout the match.

We next met North Sydney, whom we beat on the first innings by 42 runs. They batted first and compiled 122, while Fort Street retaliated with 164. Sharpe (33), Walsh (33) and

Armstrong (28) were the chief scorers. Sanbrook (2 for 22), Langsworth (3 for 34), and Armstrong (5 for 46) were our main bowlers.

In the following round we played Technical High, and were defeated by 71 runs on the first innings. Technical High batted and made 204. The bowling was not up to the standard of previous matches. Armstrong (7 for 104) and Sanbrook (2 for 34) secured the wickets. In our score of 133 Sharpe (39) and Penman (27) were the chief scorers.

We next played Sydney High. Armstrong lost the toss, and we were sent in to bat on what looked like a sticky and treacherous wicket, but which was in reality ideal for the batsmen. We only had one day in which to play the match, for it had rained on the previous Wednesday. Fort Street closed their innings at 6 for 156, Armstrong (55) and Penman (not out 50) being the chief scorers. Sydney High now had an hour to bat, in which to compile 156, but at the end of the hour we had four of them down for 51 runs. Sanbrook (2 for 19) bowled accurately and with a good length, having the High batsmen in difficulties.

The competition has not yet finished. Two more matches remain to be played in the second half of the season.

In closing, we must thank Mr. Outten for the enthusiasm and the encouragement which he has shown to the team during the season.

J. ARMSTRONG (Capt.).

SECOND GRADE CRICKET.

The second grade team has been in rather an unfortunate position this season, because there have been about twenty players available for selection, and of these Cross has been the only outstanding performer, so that the filling of the remaining ten positions has been difficult. Having so many players has also been an obstacle preventing the building up of a strong combination.

In our first match against Canterbury we did well to win on the first innings. The match was played on Pratten Park. Scores: Fort Street, 123 and 165; Canterbury, 112 and 5 wickets for 117.

The next match we lost to North Sydney on North Sydney Oval. Scores: North Sydney, 98

and 66; Fort Street, 32 and 8 wickets for 80.

The third match we lost outright to Technical High School at Petersham Oval. Scores: Fort Street, 90 and 82; Technical High, 133 and 1 wicket for 57.

The last match, against Sydney High School, at Petersham Oval, was a draw. Scores: Fort Street, 4 wickets for 159, innings declared closed; Sydney, 4 wickets for 56. In this final match Cross played brilliantly, making 72 not out, and taking 3 wickets for 22.

The averages given below are based on a minimum of 50 runs for batsmen and 5 wickets for bowling:—

BATTING.

Batsmen.	Innings	Not out	Runs	Average
Cross	5	1	116	29
Trevitt	6	0	86	14.3
Stephens	6	0	70	11.7
Bonnor	5	0	55	11
Hunt	5	0	54	10.8

BOWLING.

Bowlers	Overs	Runs	Wickets	Average
Cameron	23.7	62	9	6.9
Cross	45.2	101	13	7.8
Black	12	53	5	10.6
Stephens	18	76	6	12.7
Hardy	20	95	6	15.8

In conclusion, we extend our gratitude to Messrs. Outten and Wallace for their keen interest in the team throughout the first half of the season.

THIRD GRADE CRICKET.

The first half of the cricket season ended leaving Fort Street second in the competition with 17 points, Sydney High coming first with 18 points. This performance was very creditable, as the team was wholly composed of members of the Junior School.

Fort Street defeated Canterbury by 3 wickets 14 runs. Canterbury retaliated by winning by 96 runs in the return match. After exciting finishes, Fort Street drew twice with North Sydney. Technical High was defeated by



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1 wicket 66 runs. The return match was a draw. The first match against Sydney High was postponed owing to rain. The second ended in a draw, time saving Fort Street from defeat.

The best batting averages were obtained by Wheatley, 25.5; McKnight, 19; Lilienthal, 17; Wark, 16. The highest score was 41, compiled by McKnight against Sydney High. We have in the team several young players, Wark, Smythe and Coverdale, who with more practice will become successful batsmen.

Maclean was the most successful bowler,

taking 5 for 5 against North Sydney. His average is 8.1. Wheatley has an average of 8, Coverdale 11, and Lilienthal 11. We have in Wheatley and Tighe promising break bowlers.

On the whole the bowlers were not as good as they ought to have been. The fielding was fair; some remarkable catches were taken, whilst many simple ones were missed. The batting was the best feature of the team.

In concluding, we heartily thank Mr. Perry for his valuable assistance to the team throughout the season, and to his keen interest our present position in the competition is due.

KOSCIUSKO, 1930.

After a lapse of one year, school parties again journeyed to Australia's winter playground, Kosciusko, during the recent May holidays. Fort Street was represented by ten boys, who in No. 9 party were combined with Parramatta and Mosman girls.

We were immensely disappointed on arriving at the hotel to find no snow within an easy radius, at least, not enough to ski upon enjoyably. Our hopes, however, were immediately

Australia, and the high mountains surrounding it supplied abundant snow for ski-ing and tobogganing.

On the second day of our stay at the Chalet about half the boys of our party, together with some others, covered the fourteen miles to the summit of Mount Kosciusko and back, a feat which has never before been equalled by any school party. The forward journey was accomplished in the remarkable time of an hour



raised again when the manager arranged that we should spend two days and the intervening night at the Chalet, which is a newly erected building (at that time only ten days old, in fact), in Charlotte Pass, about six miles from the summit. It is the highest habitation in

and twenty minutes, and before lunch the school flag was proudly floating from the cairn on the very top of Australia. It seemed to realise the importance of its position and, stiffening out beautifully in the keen breeze, united

well with the surrounding snow-covered mountains.

On the return journey a small hut was closely observed by the party, and by reading an inscription on the foundation stone it was ascertained that the building was a memorial to Laurie Seaman, who, with Evan Hayes, perished in a blizzard in August, 1928.

Fortunately Monday, 26th May, 1930, was a beautiful day, with a deep blue sky without a cloud, which made the glittering snow appear much more vivid than it really was.

After descending from the memorial we arrived at a tributary to the Snowy River. There, amid the gurgling and splashing of minute waterfalls, several Fortians drank of the most delicious liquid they had tasted for some days. It could hardly be called water, so sparkling was its effect, and so icy its temperature.

Then, revived by such a glorious gift of Nature, the small group marched onward, only to be hindered by a barrage of snowballs directed by Mr. C—, the official conductor of party No. 9. This onset led to further battles until Charlotte Pass was again reached.

Then we "humped our blueys" and skis for some miles to the motor lorry. When all were aboard the general rumour was, "Where is Mr. C—? What has happened to him?"

These questions, however, remained unanswered, for the lorry started for the hotel without the worthy leader of party No. 9. Had he been treacherously led from the track by "Hannibal," or rather, Mr. R—, a gentleman learned in Classics, in revenge for that first bombardment of snowballs? Nay.—The conductor of the party felt rather damp, so decided to go to the Chalet to dry his clothes. Then at 5 p.m. he started on a pleasant eleven-mile walk through juicy, soft mud about a foot deep to the Hotel Kosciusko.

The remarkable part, however, of the whole adventure was that this unfortunate gentleman appeared in evening dress well before eight o'clock that evening, so that this interesting occurrence gave a happy ending to Fort Street's trip to the Chalet.

The remaining days were spent at the hotel in ski-ing, golfing, tennis, shooting, dancing, and taking part in a fancy dress ball, in which most of the prizes were won by Fortians, and once more, when our party sadly left, the tour had been responsible for cementing many friendships and helping to strengthen the bonds between the various High Schools.

M. T. RUDDOCK, 5C.

A. K. SEWELL, 4D.

THE MOUNT ISA DISTRICT.

Mount Isa is a silver-mining town in North-Western Queensland, about 2000 miles from Sydney. The rise of this settlement to importance has been meteoric. Two years ago postal statistics gave the population as four, and now there are over three thousand inhabitants.

Five years ago Mount Isa was just a rugged range of mountains, attracting the gaze of the traveller only as a break from the great flat plains. A prospector, Campbell Miles, was on a prospecting trip into these parts from Broken Hill. One night he camped on the flats of the Leichhardt River at the foot of the Mount Isa ranges. As the sun set across the hilltops its rays reflected a light yellow glow. The same phenomenon at sunrise decided for Miles that a silver lode lay in those hills. He had some ore assayed, and finding it good, pegged out the best claim. Soon many claims had been pegged

out. A Mr. Cobalt took an option over the leases, and an English company put capital into it, but later surrendered its option. After a period of depression the Russo-Asiatic Company took over the mines. The Government built fifty-five miles of railway in two years, and the Rifle Creek dam was built, with an estimated capacity of 1,400,000,000 gallons, from which water is carried through twenty-three miles of pipe to the mines. A picture of the dam is shown. (Photo No. 1.)

Before this wall had been constructed the river bed had been dry for ten months of the year.

The mine is still in the constructive stage, no ore having yet been taken out. A new mining system is being developed. Instead of all the ore being hauled straight up, it will be dropped to the 350 feet level, taken along drives, accumulated at a central hauling shaft, and

there sent to the surface. It is known as the glory holing and caving system. There are eight of these glory holes or shafts, all of which are connected with the haulage shaft. The men and supplies will go down a supply shaft. The mouth of the ore shaft is at the top of the hill. The ore will be hauled there and go through the crushers and gravitate to the flotation plant. The material will then be pumped right over the hill to the smelter on the other side, and the lead ingots will be delivered into the railway trucks.

The Mt. Isa Mines Limited are trying to make the miners absolutely independent of the town people. They all live at the mine settlement, which is two miles from the town. All the houses have been built by the mine company. They are weatherboard structures, and are all enclosed with wire gauze, have a sewerage (septic tank) system, have water laid on from the mine dam, and the electric light. For all this the workman pays ten shillings. The mine people are also building a store, a butcher's shop, a Post Office and a bank on the field.

In vivid contrast to the orderly layout of the mine is the actual town. It is situated in almost the worst country imaginable, aptly described in Henry Lawson's reply to a poem written by Paterson in favour of the bush,

where he speaks of "Sunny plains" and "shining rivers." Lawson wrote:—

"Sunny plains! Great Scott! those burning wastes of barren soil and sand,
With their everlasting fences stretching out across the land!

"Miles and miles of thirsty gutters—strings of muddy water holes
In place of 'shining rivers'—walled by cliffs and forest boles.

Barren ridges, gullies, ridges! where the everlasting flies—

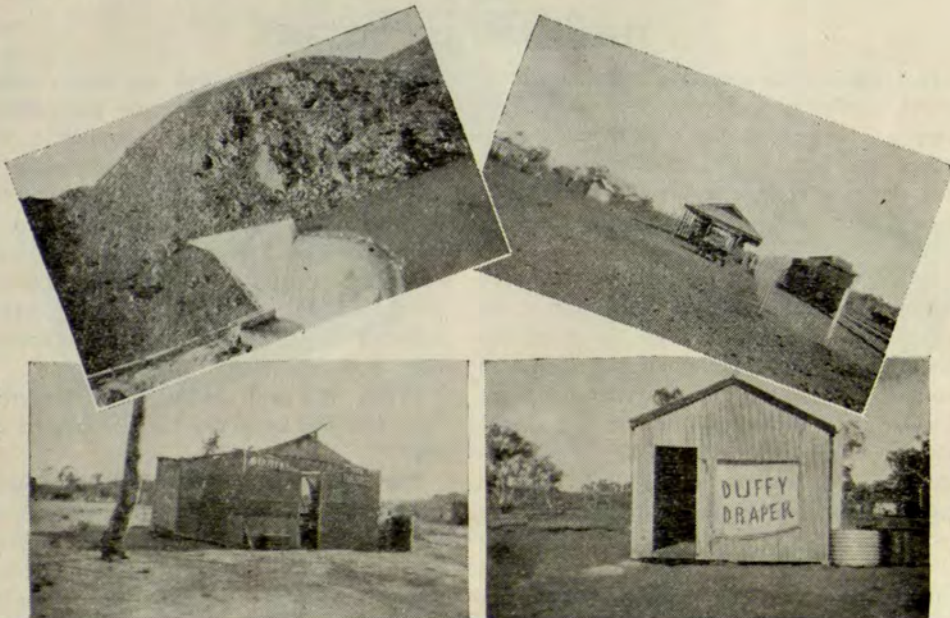
Fiercer than the plagues of Egypt—swarm about your blighted eyes!

Bush where there is no horizon! Where the buried bushman sees

Nothing—nothing! but the sameness of the ragged stunted trees."

The country on all sides is one barren plain with hardly a tree or a ridge to break the monotony.

The poor nature of the land can be seen in the photograph of the railway station. (Photo No. 2.) The soil is far too stony for anything to be grown.



The town itself is much worse than anything to be seen anywhere near Sydney. Most of the houses are made from chaff-bags or galvanised iron, and very few have floors. Many of the people even live in tents. I have a friend in Mount Isa who lives in a two-roomed galvanised house, with a floor, and soon after his arrival there he was told by a lady that he had an aristocratic home, as she lived in one room without a floor.

The town is very poorly planned. A striking example to show this is the fact that the hospital is three and a half miles from the town. The building is of two storeys, the staff quarters being upstairs and the wards downstairs. The female quarters are in the hottest part of the structure, being next to the laundry.

It is very difficult to buy much in Mount Isa, and my friend, although he has been there three months, has not yet been able to obtain a Primus. Prices are also extremely high. At the boarding house in the photograph, for instance, one must pay 35/- for a week's meals. This might not seem unreasonable at first, but when one finds that seventy people dine there daily and that the manager often serves the food with his fingers, it may be a little clearer to him.

The shops are of the lowest standard possible, and the majority are, like the houses, either built of galvanised iron or sacks. Photos 3 and 4 show examples of each.

At the time of writing, in Mount Isa there is a beer strike on, and all the hotels have been declared black. Pickets have been set outside

all the bars, and anyone seen entering is also proscribed. All shopkeepers refuse to serve any man thus treated. Some time ago the postal authorities had to pay off an assistant because he was on the black list.

Talkies were installed in Smith's Theatre about a fortnight ago, but as Mr. Smith also owns a hotel, the beer strike committee declared the pictures black. On the opening night a crowd of 600 collected outside and jeered those who entered. However, as the police were there in full force, there was no violence and the hall was comfortably filled.

On Monday, May 26th, Mount Isa had its first fire. Two tubes of gas at a cordial factory exploded, the report being heard at Rifle Creek, seventeen miles away. The building immediately caught fire, and as there is as yet no fire brigade in the town, the building was completely gutted.

There is no regular water service in Mount Isa, and, as it rains once every seven years, water is very scarce, and costs 5/- per hundred gallons.

In addition to silver, there is a little copper found in the district, although this industry is now almost dead, most of the work being done by individual prospectors.

Altogether, I think Mount Isa is one of the most unpleasant places with which I have had acquaintance. Its flies, high prices, poor homes and lack of conveniences would make life rather unpleasant.

I. HAMILTON, 4C.

A SCENE THAT IS CHANGING.

There it stands like two huge fingers pointing outward. Slowly the space between the tips is becoming less and less as the fingers grow daily, until at last they will unite and form one of the greatest engineering feats in the world—the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Each time I stand and gaze upon the structure I see it in a different aspect.

Stand on the point at Lady Macquarie's Chair in the early morning and you will see a gaunt, grey shap stretching up toward the heavens, to be lost in the dewy mist of the morn.

Look at it at mid-day, and the scene is changed into one of golden glory.

Then gaze upon the self-same monument of man's achievement at sundown and lo! your breath is taken at the rich colourings of the scene as the Bridge is silhouetted against a sky wherein are contained colours which can only be rendered by that wonderful artist, Nature.

Yet there is another scene. You are above those mighty fingers in an aeroplane, in the very air into which they are steadily climbing. Look below! The Bridge casts a shadow of

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I am the chap who is always saying, "Let's go to the M.B.C." The centre panel of this page shows how far I am justified in keeping on saying it.

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mightiness on the silvery waters where play
toy boats; the structure dominates everything,
even mammoth ocean-going liners are dwarfed
under the shadow of the steel.

"Dull would be he of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

ELGAR D. TREHARNE, 4B.

THE KOOKABURRA.

You hear my mocking chuckle in the west
Where the glaring mid-day sun beats on
your head.

In the dairies of the east you'll hear my jest,
When the cows are softly lowing in the shed.
The squatter loves to hear my song of glee.
I'm the emblem of Australia's sunny clime.
My laughter makes your greatest troubles flee;
I'm the harbinger of gladness all the time.

With my ha-ha-ha-ha, he-he-he-he-he-e,
Just come to me and listen for awhile.
Before I'm really started
You'll forget you're broken-hearted;
You'll be surprised to find you still can smile.

If the city's roar and bustle gets you down,
And you feel you're sick of life, and all its
care,

Just pack your bag, and get right out of town,
And take a breath of good, clean, country air.
I laugh, and laugh at you from some old gum,
And in a little while I think you'll find
You're laughing too—no longer feeling glum,
And all your worries seem a mile behind.

With my ha-ha-ha-ha, he-he-he-he-he-e,
I knew if you would give my plan a trial
You would soon forget your troubles,
They would float away like bubbles.
The poorest man can always spare a smile.

T. INGLEDEW.

A SONG OF THE BREEZE.

As through the grey city on feet tired and
gritty
I tramp 'mid the dust and the heat,
The voice of the breeze, floating on o'er the
trees
Seems again and again to repeat:

"I come from the ocean whose cool swelling
motion
The liner bears proudly along;
From gay sunny beaches and long rocky reaches
Where surf beats its dull, ceaseless, song.

O'er wide lonely mountains, by clear laughing
fountains,
I pause, just to gather for you
A whisper of quietness, a glimpse of their
brightness,
A flash of the green and the blue.

O! leave the town's squalour and come to the
harbour
Where trim yachts tack deftly away,
And white wings are flashing through foam-
capped waves dashing
Up s'ywards the green sea's salt spray.

Let me banish your trouble, it will burst like
a bubble,
If you follow me on as I roam.
Leave life's care and worry, come, follow me,
hurry!
You'll find happiness dwells at my home.

I bring to the city, so dusty and gritty,
A refuge that's sure from the heat;
And brows hot with fever, soon find a reliever,
In cool zephyrs soothing and sweet."

VIDENS, 4D.

A BUSH SUNSET.

The mopeke's mournful note awakes the echoes
in the glade,
At the stilly hours of evening, when the light
begins to fade,
And the last pale rays of sunlight come a-filter-
ing through the trees,
Whose leaves like fairy dancers, flutter gaily in
the breeze.

The sun, a blazing golden orb, sinks slowly to
its rest,
Tinting with ruddy glowing light the dust pall
in the west,
Which, mirror-like, the crimson glow seems
dimly to reflect
Upon a ridge of flaky clouds in robes of pink
bedecked.

But soon this tranquil scene is gone, the
struggling sunbeams fade;
The wallaby, with hastened spring, retires into
the shade
Of aged and stunted ti-trees, there to seek
a night's repose,
As the sombre veil of darkness marks the long
day's sleepy close.

And now the bush is deathly quiet, nigh every-
thing is still,
Except the night birds croaking out their dirges
from the hill.
Thus, day departed, night descends upon the
slumb'ring land,
To bring long hours of dreary dark, the shade
of Nature's hand.

K. GEE, 4D.

HOW I WASHED THE PUP.

May I preface my remarks, dear reader, with
an inquiry? Have you ever washed a pup?
What? You have not? Well, I will tell you
how I did it.

I waited for a nice sunny morning, and when

deavouring to dry her washing next door. But
I wander from the point.

While the copper was boiling I prepared the
component parts of my complicated system of
pup-washing. I collected together one knob



COOLUM BEACH.

J. HAY, 4A.

that nice sunny morning did arrive I filled the
copper to within an inch of the brim. I then
kindled a roaring fire under it, much to the
annoyance of Mrs. Drinkwater, who was en-

deavouring to dry her washing next door. But
I wander from the point.
While the copper was boiling I prepared the
component parts of my complicated system of
pup-washing. I collected together one knob

Next I prepared myself for the fray. My old

gardening clothes, a heavy canvas apron, and a "flu" mask with a few drops of Eau-de-Cologne completed my defensive armour.

By this time the water was boiling, and I placed it in a tub and brought it down to the required temperature with cold water. Into this I poured the sheep dip. I mixed my shampoo in a dipper of water and filled the remaining tub with some cold water, into which I dissolved the knob of blue.

My next task was to catch the pup. I walked out into the yard and gently called, "Alfonso! Alfonso! Come on, boy!" Turning a deaf ear to these blandishments, he trotted off to the far end of the yard. Seeing all my cajoling was in vain and that even a pork chop would not tempt him, I decided to bring other methods into use. Creeping up behind the fruit trees, I suddenly charged upon him. Then commenced a stern chase. Around the yard, through the trees, down the side, under the hedge, across the lawn, out the gate, up the lane, in the back, through the fowl-yard, and round and round the shed we ran. At last, terror-stricken by my showers of abuse, he cowered down at

the door of the wash-house. Grasping him by the scruff of the neck, I plunged him into the tub of warm water.

I gently lathered him with the cake of Palmolive soap and washed him down to the accompaniment of barks, growls and splashes. After I had shampooed him properly and submerged him several times, I gently lifted him out of the warm tub and flung him into an icy cold tub of blue water. Here I repeated the submerging process with the finesse of an expert. Gently lifting him out, I clasped the collar around his neck, attached the lead thereto, and carried him out into the sun.

I gently wiped him down with his beautifully soft towel, cleaned his teeth, filed his nails and clipped his dainty little moustache. These necessary jobs done, I seated him upon his little cushion and left him to enjoy the sun.

I then returned to that beastly occupation of cleaning up the dirty remains of his weekly ablution, coming back to find him—rooting in some dirt which was just within his reach, and as black as ever.

LEONARD F. C. BLUNT, 2C.

AN EXCURSION THROUGH NATIONAL PARK.

Some weeks ago our distinguished head classics master announced to his classes that on the following Saturday he, supported by the latest addition to classics staff, would lead an

It was observed with surprise that the most noted athletes of the school did not join the happy band, and several were relieved to hear that the champion walkers had engagements elsewhere.



COBBITY CHURCH.
D. J. LEE, 4B.

On the appointed day, at about 8 a.m., a number of young men, looking remarkably like an assembly of tramps, boarded a train at the Central, curiously enough, without its leader. However, when the train stopped at a well-known station, the party perceived its conductor, in somewhat nondescript attire, hurrying along the platform, followed by what appeared to be a pack-mule, but which later turned out to be a boy. Arriving at Sutherland, the whole party met for the first time and, much to the joy of the smaller boys, boarded a steam tram, which carried it in a remarkably short time to Cronulla, where the lads, young and old, purchased provisions.

expedition through some of the finest scenery in Australia—along the coast south of Port Hacking and then across country to Audley.

Descending to the water's edge, the party embarked on a fine speedy launch, which sailed almost immediately, but had to return to port

for two old boys of the school, who arrived in a great hurry, with profuse excuses. The launch soon made up for lost time, leaving a trail of white foam on the deep blue-green water. About half-way across the bay a lovely view was obtained—on one side the river stretching away between high brown banks and green hills, and on the other the yellow-fringed bay, showing through the heads a glimpse of heaving ocean fading into hazy distance. In spite of this beautiful stretch of water it is reported that the swell made one wise lad feel ill.

All too soon the launch berthed at Bundeena, where all disembarked. Here the party began its walk, and some amusement was occasioned when one smart little fellow attempted to emulate the second-in-command in jumping a log and turned a double somersault in the air before landing on the broad of his back, without even, as he loudly declared, "squashing" his lunch or breaking a bottle of "provisions" he was carrying at the time. An exhausting walk followed, up hill and down dale, and it was noticed with some amusement, especially by one small auburn-haired Fourth Year boy, that the leader stopped very frequently at the steepest and roughest places—ostensibly to admire the scenery.

Arriving at a fine beach, with a nasty undertow, a halt was called and, behind a large sand-hill, a nice lagoon revealed itself. Almost all the party bathed their already weary limbs here—the costumes being of very antiquated style, so much so that one worthy gentleman remarked that Adam had worn the same when first he swam. From this point the party split up and various smaller parties wandered over the hills admiring the scenery until they were reminded, by a well-known feeling, that mid-day was approaching, and that the rendezvous was still some distance away. On topping the hill overlooking the meeting-place, a lovely little lake, glittering in the sunlight, and almost enclosed by high walls blackened by water and topped with trees, was seen. As the party assembled on a tiny flat on the shore, clothing was discarded, and the usual twentieth century bathing costumes donned (several family parties were encamped nearby). With shouts of joy the lads rushed into the water, finding to their surprise that it was brackish.

Dinner was then eaten, the company sitting

round the fire in bathing attire; then, after enjoying another swim, the party was preparing to move on when the two irresponsibles who had delayed the launch strolled in. They were last seen enjoying some steak which had been cooked after being fished from the bottom of a questionable haversack.

The next few miles' walk was along a bumpy road following a ridge, whence a glorious and uninterrupted view of the open sea was obtained. At a wayside spring, apparently known only to their learned leader, after clearing away a quantity of undergrowth, the whole sixteen cooled their parched throats and laved their heated brows with some deliciously cool, sweet water. With frequent complaints as to the condition of the road, the sixteen invincibles jogged on until the spot was reached where another swim had been proposed. A despairing wail arose when it was found that what had been advertised as "a perfectly good swimming hole" was nothing but a pool of yellow soupy mud. So, after a light meal, the party advanced up a grade described as "pretty steep." With the help of saplings this precipice was safely negotiated.

On surmounting the next hill, the highest yet, after gazing for some moments over the surrounding country, the leader and his lieutenant turned off the road down a long steep hill, trackless and covered with boulders and big trees. Down this mountain at a tearing pace they went, and on arriving at the bottom of this terrible descent the lieutenant and five of the party found themselves on Lady Carrington's Drive, several minutes ahead of the rest. Following the winding drive, with towering brownish rock walls on one hand and the beautiful winding river with its verdant banks on the other, the young classics master, seemingly inspired, held forth on the beauty of the scenery. Then, while expounding his views on education in general, he paced along in such style as to keep his followers, two of them little chaps, at a jog.

After three miles of glorious scenery seen through the gathering dusk, the travel-stained little party emerged from the timber near Audley River weir, where the speed at which they travelled was a source of much amusement to the parties scattered over the green. Not a moment did they pause, but attacked that

deadly hill, climbing it in record time. Here, at the station, was a welcome sight, a train—a haven of rest for weary legs! This train departed before the arrival of the main party, and it is not on record what those lads said on finding that some time must elapse before the arrival of another, especially as a light rain was beginning to fall.

Later, in the train, there were wild guesses at the distance travelled, one lad even producing a pedometer to verify his estimate of twenty miles. As the train moved rapidly on

through the darkness and the drifting rain, the rattle of the wheels and the feeling of restful ease was so soothing that the two little boys began to nod, and one had to be forcibly awakened when his home station was reached.

At length the train stopped at the Central, and, almost twelve hours after leaving in the morning, they alighted, wearily and stiffly; then one more wild swift ride—then home, a luxurious warm bath, tea, and Oh! how welcome! . . . bed . . . and . . . slumber.

N. HARRIS, 4D.

ON FIRST GOING TO THE TALKIES (To See "Disraeli")

(With apologies to Keats)

Full often have I to the pictures gone,
And many goodly movies have I seen;
Through richly curtain'd exits have I been
Where dazzling incandescent glow-lamps shone.

But I had never the famed talkies heard,
Which banished hence the tuneful orchestra;
And poured canned music on the listening ear,
Till Arliss thrilled us with the spoken word:

Then was I swept across the spreading main
And landed on historic English soil;
And heard the cultured accents once again
And thrilled to see Disraeli deftly foil
The plots by which the Russian schemers strain
To snatch the fruit of the great statesman's toil.

B. BARRACLOUGH, 4C.

THE MIDNIGHT TALE.

All within the country mansion of Sir Henry Fulham were warm and cosy, but outside the lightning flashed, the thunder growled, and in the distance the great town hall clock boomed forth the twelve strokes of midnight.

"Yes," said Sir Henry to his most intimate friend, Professor Von Stokes, the distinguished German scientist, "If a native learns to love and honour a white man, he will lay down his life to save him from danger."

"Dat is all piffle," replied Von Stokes. "If a native gets a chance to knife you he will do it,—behind your back."

"Well," said Sir Henry, "that is your view on this subject, and I don't think it is the right view, because I personally believe in native honour and love. To illustrate my reason for this profound belief of mine, I will tell you a little story."

Von Stokes lit his pipe and settled down

more comfortably into his armchair, and the other commenced his tale.

"It was five years ago that a man travelling under the assumed name of Smith attempted to reach the source of the Amazon, where there was supposed to be a hoard of jewels in an ancient Inca temple. For companions he had a gentleman, also travelling under the assumed name of Brown, and an American negro called Rufus.

"Obtaining provisions and a canoe, the three men set off up the river, and about two months later we see them making camp with only another day's paddling to be done before they reach the source. That night, amidst the roars of the wild animals and the buzzing of the hordes of mosquitoes, that, as Rufus said, 'We hab brought all de dashed way up de river,' terrible, blood-curdling cries were heard, and outside the light cast by the fire, kept burning to frighten wild animals, dark shining forms of

stark-naked Amazon Indians were seen flitting among the tree trunks. At the sight of them Brown rushed to the river, jumped into the canoe, and paddled for his life, leaving Rufus and Smith on the bank with no hope of escape from the advancing circle of natives.

"At this quick action and disappearance of Brown in the only canoe, Smith was filled with anger and contempt, while anxiety invaded his heart, for in the canoe were their guns and equipment, which they had not yet unpacked. The natives suddenly made a dash, and Rufus and Smith were knocked down, kicked and half smothered by the mass of evil-smelling humanity.

"They were bound hand and foot and tied to poles, which the natives slung over their shoulders, leaving the two adventurers suspended in the middle. The natives then pushed through the dank, musty-smelling undergrowth and started down a faintly worn track, at one moment cutting a way through clinging creepers that scratched the burdens' faces, and at other times up to their waists in slimy, green, oozing swamp that sucked at the unfortunate pair's faces as the natives struggled onwards.

"Several hours later the Indians reached more open country, and soon came to a village, through which they passed. All the inhabitants came out to see the capture made, spitting and throwing dirt at the two unfortunates. They were then thrown into a filthy hut that was more like a pig-sty, so sloppy and smelling was the floor.

"All through the night the two explorers lay awake, and in the morning a dirty individual came into the hut and announced himself as being the chief of the tribe, and he conveyed to them by means of gestures and drawings on the slimy floor, into which he stabbed his finger as if with great pleasure, that only one of them was to be kept alive, the other was to be handed over to the witch doctors as a sacrifice. He then went out, after telling them that the sacrifice would be made at sunrise the next day.

"All the while during that long hot day the two companions argued as to which one was to be the sacrifice. Both said it should be he, and at sunset no decision had been made.

"Fatigued and hungry, Smith fell asleep just before midnight, and when he awoke he found

the sun shining brightly through the bamboo door, and—no Rufus. Springing up, he dashed at the door, split it asunder, and ran down the village to where he had seen the altar, where sacrifices were made, the day they came to the village.

"From where he was he could observe a crowd of natives around the sacrificial stone, on which was lying a body—a blood-stained body—and it was that of Rufus. My God! How he ran, plunging through the ranks of people, striking, kicking and cursing till he came to the altar. On it lay poor Rufus covered in blood. Ghastly gashes covered his half-naked body, his legs had been burnt till only a mass of charred flesh remained, and the skin had been burnt from his face, from which his nose, ears and eyes had been removed.

"With tears running down his face, Smith clutched at Rufus' hand, and feeling something queer in the touch, looked down and found that bamboo splinters had been pushed up the sacrifice's finger nails as an extra torture.

"Horror-stricken, Smith dropped the negro's hand, and turning to him, asked, 'Why did you do it, Rufus?' Poor Rufus, however, was almost beyond speaking, and could only murmur, 'I—lubbed—you,—boss,' and then he gave a shiver and his head fell back. With a smile of contentment on his face he had made his departure.

"Smith then turned and cursed and raved at the Indian, till at last, exhausted, he fainted. When he regained consciousness he was lying in a native hut, and near him stood the dirty old chief, who said in his sign language: "Our River God is satisfied with us. One sacrifice is enough. You are a brave man, so we will let you go free." Several days later, when Smith had regained his strength, the chief led him to the river as if he was his greatest friend, and, giving him food and drink, put him in a canoe, pushing it out into the middle of the river, where the current caught it and whirled it downstream. The last he saw of the village was the old chief bowing down before the altar on which were still signs of the bloody sacrifice made there by the natives.

"Remaining always in his canoe, and bravely paddling continuously, about two months later he came in sight of the mouth of the river and the residence of the Governor, where he

stopped, and was received with great joy by the people who had believed him to be dead. He inquired for Brown, but no information was forthcoming, so saying nothing about his contemptible deed, he told them he must have been drowned while seeking help. Smith later returned to England, sorrowing at the loss of such a friend as Rufus, and so," said Sir Henry, "I think my story will illustrate what I wished to express."

"Yes," said Von Stokes, "Rufus was certainly

very brave, and I believe you are right in your views on the subject we were discussing. If I am not impolite in being so curious, could you tell me who that cur Brown really was?"

"Well," said Sir Henry, "I will. He was the Honourable Mr. Markus Manning, English millionaire and society's favourite."

"Then Smith," said the professor, "was—"

"Yes," said Sir Henry, "you have guessed right, it was I."

L. LITTLE, 4A.

NOISES OF THE NIGHT.

"Mary," said John, "it's a glorious night, and I've decided to sleep out in the hammock, beneath the stars, with the heavens as my canopy." (John had read the last two phrases in a book, and only added them as an after-thought.) Mary, the practical minded, only sniffed, and passed a remark about the heavy dew and the general state of the weather.

Anyway, John, loaded with blankets, departed to the lower end of the garden, where his hammock was swung between two trees. After labouring in vain for some time, John managed by sheer good luck to get the blankets properly arranged on the hammock, and, after carefully wriggling down from one of the trees into the hammock, he fell to contemplating the stars above and fixing his mind on higher things.

But he did not stop long in the other world. He was brought quickly back to earth by an ear-splitting din in the next yard, followed by a terrific bang. "Curse those fellows next door. Couldn't they leave their bikes alone and go to bed like other respectable citizens." He never did like motor bikes anyhow. He wished they were all scrapped, and—

Yes, it was a lovely night. He wouldn't miss this for worlds. The wind sighing through the trees above him was so restful; yes, it was lovely to be at peace with Nature, to hear the soft sounds of the night bird, to—

John's thoughts broke off abruptly. He felt something crawling across his forehead, and he had an indescribable fear of all things that crawl. He jumped, and with one sweep sent the beetle flying to the ground.

The hammock began to swing sickeningly from the force of the blow—and a second later

John found himself seated on the hard, unsympathetic ground.

He swore to himself as he rose painfully to his feet. This sleeping out wasn't so wonderful after all. In fact, if it wasn't for Mary he'd go straight to the house now.

By the time John had rearranged his hammock all night sounds of the city had ceased. He climbed into the hammock, and had just shut his weary eyes when something cool dropped on his face. However, he was resolved to go to sleep, and did not take any notice. Further drops fell, however, and, opening his eyes, poor John observed that it was raining lightly. Nevertheless, he smiled happily when he remembered the rain-cover he had placed at the side of the tree, and leaned cautiously over to gain possession of it. He pulled it gently, but it refused to come. He pulled harder, and then a most remarkable thing occurred. The hammock gave way under him, and for the second time that night he was deposited on the ground. At the same time the rain became a little heavier. John picked himself up, and this time he did not hesitate. He raced as fast as his legs would carry him towards the house.

It seemed ages before he reached it, wet through and more miserable than a Scotchman who has lost sixpence. He crept up to the window, climbed through, and was tip-toeing to his own room when he felt a terrible desire to sneeze. He sneezed so loudly that his wife nearly jumped out of bed with fright. He was then treated to sundry lectures from her on the foolishness of sleeping in the open. These lectures did not cheer him in the least, and he had only just crept into his bed when

he heard a terrific clatter at the back door, together with many cries of "Milk Ho."

"John!" shouted Mary, "you've forgotten to put the milk-billy out." John sadly crawled out of bed, tripped over the cat, made a hefty

kick at it, and nearly broke his toe on the sideboard table. But all this is so sad, after such a happy beginning, that I feel incapable of continuing.

NEIL CURTIS, 3B.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

On being shown a specimen of Chinese writing, one who is not already acquainted with that language would wonder, perhaps with cause, how such hieroglyphics as those employed by the Chinese in their literature could be comprehensible. The following are a few characteristics of that language which will, no doubt, seem queer to most readers.

First of all, in the Chinese language there is no alphabet, but instead there are some twenty thousand characters, each representing a word, but not one connected in any way with another. Owing to this and other difficulties, a Chinese student as a rule has to attend school for at least seven or eight years before he is capable of writing an intelligent piece of composition.

Every word in the language is a monosyllable, and, although the same vowel sound may have several meanings, ambiguity is avoided by indicating the difference in meaning by the intonation of the voice. Thus every word has to be uttered in a different tone, which causes their speech to sound almost like a quaint song.

The Chinese method of reading a book is just the reverse of our method. They read

from the right of the page to the left, and from the back of the book to the front. Also, instead of a hard, steel pen, they use a soft brush for writing.

Their method of teaching differs greatly from that of most other countries. In the classroom the pupils repeat the sentences read by the teacher, in their loudest tone of voice; the louder it is the more the teacher is pleased. Strange to relate, a student is not considered to know a book unless he can quote it in full. Thus there are many Chinese scholars who can quote over thirty or forty books, word for word, without an error.

The only subjects taught in the real Chinese school are Chinese, History, Mathematics, and perhaps Science in the higher classes. There is no poetry in Chinese, but the prose is supposed to be rhythmic, though it is doubtful if we could appreciate it.

The above facts, it is hoped, will give an idea of the Chinese language, and encourage anyone who intends to study that interesting tongue.

F. CHONG, 4D.

HONEY-HUNTING.

The sun beamed forth from a glorious Australian sky, radiating kindness and joy. The birds gave utterance to their soul in echoing song, vying with each other in their efforts, and a gentle zephyr sighed amidst the responsive leaves of the bushland.

In fact, Nature was in complete agreement with mankind—or, at least, a small portion of it, for it was on this day that Dick, Jack, Dad and myself had decided to rob a wild bees' nest—that is to say, Dad was to perform the act while we boys, not being equipped for the fray, were to have a gallery seat at the play.

After great bustle and excitement—for we

always believe in making a fuss when we do decide to do anything—we set out with three large buckets (such is the boundless optimism of youth), a long rope, an axe, an iron wedge, and a small billy-can in which to collect the loose honey. Dad was attired in the following singular manner: A large piece of net covered his hat, face and neck, and was tucked into the top of his coat, which was buttoned up to the neck. Also a large pair of gloves protected his hands and were pulled over his coat-sleeves and fastened with string, as were his thick woollen socks, covering the legs of his trousers. All this was a matter of precaution,

you know, for many people may be found who solemnly declare that those vicious insects, namely bees, will sting.

We had nearly reached the scene of action before we discovered that Bluey, Jack's dog, was following us. We tried to scare him off home, but he, being a mongrel, and therefore not endowed with any sagacity, refused to go. He just stood off a little, with his idiotic head cocked on one side, one ear erect and the other flopping anywhere anyhow, just moving far enough to avoid the persuasions we hurled at him, and, most exasperating of all, he had a superior look of self-confidence in his eyes which plainly said, "You can't make me go home," and when we moved so did he, but you know how persistent dogs can be at times.

At length we arrived at the dead tree in which the bees' nest was situated, and saw a constant stream of flitting, indistinct bees entering and leaving the hollow end of a thick branch about thirty feet above the ground, which was broken off about twelve feet from the trunk. A large bulge in it caused Dick to say, "I'll bet there's some honey in that, Dad; just look at the bulge into which the honey can flow." (Again that unquenchable optimism.) Dad looked sceptical and said, "They are native bees and never store much honey. Anyway, it really isn't much good, being too dark and watery."

Saying this, he tried to throw the rope over the branch, and succeeded after several vain attempts. Then Dad tied a large loop in one end of it. When he was seated in this and holding the axe we hauled him up and tied the rope to a stump.

He then set to work to cut off the limb, while several bees, doubtless realising the scurvy

trick about to be played on them, buzzed around him angrily.

At length down came the limb with a rending crash, and out came the bees. Bluey, thinking his presence no longer obnoxious, jumped and barked joyously, evidently thinking it a great joke, until some of the angry bees buzzed at him; then, with a yelp of terror, and knowing that misery likes company, set off in a "bee-line" for us, who, divining his object with horror, tried to turn him from his course by throwing the first thing we touched at him. But Bluey, no longer superior, but still consistency his main trait, came towards us faster—if possible.

Then Jack and I, throwing discretion to the winds, set off in an opposite direction to Bluey as fast as possible, but Dick, using his common-sense, dropped out of sight behind a bush, knowing that Bluey would follow his master. Dad always said Dick had more sense than any of us, and now I agree with him.

In a trice, Bluey was hard upon our heels, but not so close as the bees were to him, so it seemed from his yelps. We were running towards a small creek, and rose together to jump it. Fear lent me wings, and I cleared it. But apparently Jack's failed him, for he was much fatter and heavier than I, and he landed in the middle of the muddy water. So did the dog. So did the bees, but I did not stop to see the results. But at this moment I heard Dad explode with laughter, and, being safe, I turned round inquiringly.

"Why, you fools," choked Dad, with tears rolling down his face. "Those are native bees, and won't sting you."

With a gurgle Jack subsided beneath the muddy waters.

J. A. SULLIVAN, 4D.

CORRESPONDENTS.

(The number of articles which failed to find a place in the current issue is so large that it is obviously impossible to comment on all here, so the most outstanding of each year have been selected for criticism. In general the response has been very pleasing, but 5th Year are not taking the interest in the "Fortian" which they should. Among the contributions for next issue

I look for a revival of 5th Year, hope that 2nd Year sustain the good standard they have established, and expect to find a few good, humorous sketches.—Ed.)

5th Year: M.S.R.—The beauty of your language is marred by straining after rhyme. . . . "Berowra"—First stanza good, but others lack power.

4th Year: L.C.—Well written, but seems artificial and overdone. . . . A.G.H.—A good story, but considered too long. Try and shorten it. . . . L.C., 4D—Good work, but does not hold enough interest. . . . P.P.—Clever, but the subject censors it. . . . W.A.—With revision and improvements this would suit. . . . L.B.—The ideas, though well expressed, are scarcely sufficiently interesting. . . . J.M.—Needs lengthening. Submit with photos for next issue. . . . B.B.—The ideas are at present too jumbled. Arrange in better form. . . . W.G.—Good, but was excluded to make room for narrative articles. May use later. . . . L.N.—See previous answer.

3rd Year: T.R.—If there are photos to illustrate, with revision this would do. . . . E.S.—Good work, but the sequence of events is puzzling. Explain more fully. . . . N.H.—Clever. Try a subject that won't be censored. . . . R.L.—You have poetical ability, but concentrate on one contribution. . . . B.C.—Good so far, but not enough adventures. . . . X.Y.Z.—Shows careful thought, but too puerile in expression. . . . J.H.—The story interest is good, but composition scarcely vigorous enough.

2nd Year: F.D.—Submit again, stating where you gained the information. . . . B.W.—The climax is disappointing. Try and invent a more suitable ending. . . . A.S.—With better expression and arrangement the subject matter would be quite effective. . . . R.P.—Revise the tenses and submit again, stating whether you actually saw the district. . . . J.E.—Bad arrangement detracts interest from the work. . . . F.W.—A good effort, but not vigorous enough. . . . R.W., 2D—A lengthy article on the G.S.B. appeared in last issue. . . . K.W.—Introduce more interesting personal incidents and cut out some of the bare description. . . . R.W.—Certainly original, but lines too irregular.

1st Year: J.N.—Shows careful thought, but rather orthodox and "tame" for a story. . . . J.T.—Although good work, the "Fortian" is hardly the place for it. Why not make a personal request to the master in charge. . . . L.M.—Concentrate on one article of sufficient merit instead of so many mediocre ones. . . . N.E.—Good idea of writing poetry, but falls below required standard. Try again. . . . D.W.—Style very interesting, but choose a less common subject.

EXCHANGES.

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges received during the latter part of 1929 and up to the present date:—

"The Masonian," Masonic School, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W. "The Chronicle," Sydney Girls' High School. "The Canterbury Tales," Canterbury Boys' High School. "The Novocastrian," Newcastle Boys' High School. "The Magazine," Fort Street Girls' High School. "The Torch,"

Battersea Central Boys' School (England). "The Lens," Lismore High School. "Our Girls," Maitland Girls' High School. "The Magpie," Maitland Boys' High School. "The Record," Sydney Boys' High School. "The Sea Point Magazine," Sea Point Boys' School (South Africa). "The Ehrindian," Glen Innes High School. "The Cherry Tree," George Washington High School (U.S.A.). "The Prospector," S.W. High School (U.S.A.).

A FRAGMENT.

The moon hath raised her lamp,
A lamp of golden glory set in pearls;
Pearls ever moving in the evening breeze,
And skies of lazuli and diamonds scattered free.
The tree-tops gently stir,
And Nature sighs, and sleeping, dreams of love—
The love of birds, of beasts that roam the
world,
And flowers that grow alone in fields of
emerald green.

T.M.

EVENING ON THE WATER.

Fishing on a summer evening, when the sun is setting and has moved below the horizon, is a beautiful experience.

Leaving the shore with an attempt at both speed and the quiet so necessary if we were to catch the timid black bream, my brother and I moved out across the bay to a pre-selected position, and, safely moored, proceeded to lay baits around the boat for unwary fish. When preparations had been completed, we sat down to contemplate the beautiful colouring of the western sky, before the lower edge of which loomed a dark headland, casting shadows across the softly glowing water.

The colouring in the sky overhead moved slowly towards the horizon, disguising a lowering dark cloud in a canopy of beauty. Rudely our imaginations were shattered as a cork rolled into the bottom of the boat, and as rudely our hopes of a catch were dismissed when nothing further happened.

Again turning our eyes to the silhouette in the west, we noticed a brilliant flash, occurring repeatedly, which resolved itself into those tiny fugitives that live in the sea, the shoals of almost transparent fish, ever the prey of all larger denizens of the ocean.

Recalled to our senses by a tremendous clatter, we perceived with rising hopes that my brother had hooked a fish, and all else was forgotten as we waited for the great fighter, slowly being drawn to the boat, there to meet with several blows on the head, after which it found its way into a basket.

By now the sun had set, and across the bay were wafted the sounds of music, borne on the cool evening breeze, piercing clearly the still, but not foreboding, peace around us. Towards the south shone the fires of campers,

casting their reflections across the intervening swell, while to the north blazed the lights of the township.

Above appeared three swiftly moving forms, seagulls, bound for a destination further south, announcing their presence with plaintive cries, which gradually died away, and our eyes turned towards the headland, now almost indistinguishable.

Again a revolving cork caused us to turn, and the line was inspected, and, after rebaiting, was returned to its position, while we resigned ourselves to contemplation of the lantern now alight in the bottom of the boat, occasionally springing up as a ripple slapped the boards beneath us, or the fish already caught thrashed against the basket, for these sounds seemed like a rattling cork.

A determined rush of line out of the boat, followed by another, announced my catch, but it was disappointing. Though the largest I had ever caught, the beautiful silver fish refused to fight until landed, and then all attempts to quieten it proved fruitless. Finally it subsided while we began to busy ourselves killing mosquitoes, that swarmed down upon us as we lay under the protecting shore.

And then the phosphorus appeared, making the anchoring ropes gleam and sparkle as with a thousand minute explosions. Slowly we wound in our lines, for no fish would bite when this luminosity appeared, and, with comparatively little regard for silence, we rowed into shore.

When we arrived home we added still more to the perplexity of a holiday household, which continually provided amusement by remarks on the finny creatures we had inveigled from their element.

STANLEY HAZLEWOOD, 4D.

THE MURRUMBIDGEE IRRIGATION SCHEME.

If anyone desires an instructive as well as scenic holiday, let him proceed to the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, the largest of its kind in Australia. But first let us glance at the origin and progress of this wonderful spot.

The land at present occupied by the area was in 1913 merely a large sheep-run, but when

the Burrinjuck Dam was completed and a scheme of irrigation put into execution, the country was thrown open to development, and now has a population of 17,000, about half of which is to be found in each of the two irrigation areas, Yanco and Mirrool, whose centres are Leeton and Griffith respectively.

The production of citrus fruits has alone almost trebled itself during the four years 1925-29, and the output of wine at present is approximated at one-and-a-quarter million gallons per annum.

The scheme provides for 6000 farms, and of these 1775 are taken, 590 being occupied by returned soldiers under the repatriation scheme, and about 18,600 acres are under orchards in various stages of growth. Rice now occupies 19,924 acres, which is rather great, considering that the rice industry was only commenced four years ago. At present the capital invested in the M.I. area is £9,000,000.

Water is diverted from the Murrumbidgee into the main canal by the Berembed Weir, and runs for 47 miles before any water is drawn off. Its total length is 93 miles, and a complete system of reticulation and drainage channels has been provided.

Water is measured by acre feet; that is, an acre of water to a depth of one foot. All along the road can be seen concrete chambers, each holding an axle, to which is attached a large iron wheel with blades, and as the water flows in it turns the wheel. A counter is attached to the axle, which registers the number of revolutions, from which the quantity of water delivered is calculated.

It should be the desire and aim of all patriotic Australians to visit this Garden of Eden, and all should resolve, too, to buy only Australian butter, cheese, rice, wheat, wines, bacon, fresh and dried fruits, preserves and all Australian-made goods wherever possible. This materially helps the country, and hence every individual.

What more could one desire for scenery than to drive through the rugged, awe-inspiring surroundings of the Burrinjuck Dam, that wonderful feat of engineering, or on the other hand, to wander slowly through the far-reaching, regular fields of rice, or down leafy lanes of

fruit trees, seared with colour by the hands of autumn!

On travelling through the land, one realises the boundless possibilities of the area, especially with a direct supply of water and 5000 h.p. of electricity from Burrinjuck. I feel certain that the M.I. area will in the near future prove a boon to Australia. The sooner the citizens of our native land take a greater interest in the scheme, the sooner the area will be fully developed and its true worth realized.

Why, even at this early stage extremely complimentary reports of the exports of the Leeton Canning Factory, which is capable of treating 120 tons of fruit per day, have returned from England and abroad, and the rice grown on the area has exceeded the Australian consumption, and the growers are now negotiating for overseas markets.

The oranges, mandarins, lemons and grapes are indeed worthy rivals for those imported from California, and it is only a matter of time, I think, before locally grown fruit will displace that imported from America.

So you can see that, even though at present the scheme is only about one-third completed, its products are beginning to gain a footing in the world's markets, and no one can prophesy the heights to which this wonderfully practical scheme may rise.

Who can tell whether the M.I. area will or will not become the productive centre of Australia, or what great cities may arise from the townships of Leeton and Griffith? It is impossible to say. But the possibilities of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area are tremendous, peopled as it is by the determined, hard-working but open-hearted pioneer men and women, who are typical of Australia, this wonderful land of sunshine and plenty, which will undoubtedly occupy a supreme position among the nations in a very few years.

J. A. SULLIVAN, 4D.

AMBITIONS.

Oft have I longed a pirate bold to be,
To sail the seas with all my merry clan,
The heaving waves of oceans wide to scan,
Though this is nought but idle fantasy.
Sometimes a writer famed I long to be
To sway emotions, thought, and soul of man,
To love, enjoy, make pleasanter life's span,
To shape men's lives and mould their destiny.

But I have found that worldly things are vain.
The greatest object of this puny life
Is, here on earth, celestial things to gain.
For we are placed on earth's confined domain,
That, after struggle, sorrow, pain, and strife,
We may a better home at last obtain.

A. LUMB, 4C.

MOODS OF SUNSET.

The sun sets o'er the hill so low,
 The fleecy clouds seem filled with snow,
 Storm-clouds bank behind them high,
 Like mountains, towering to the sky.
 A solemn stillness fills the air,
 And all the world seems hushed in prayer.

The sun sets o'er the hill so low,
 The fleeting clouds fly to and fro,
 The west wind laughs in frolicsome mirth,
 Leaves flutter down to the frosty earth.
 Where, seized by a vortex, they're whirled from
 sight,
 For God is here, and God is Might.

The sun sets o'er the hill so low,
 Pervading the air with a homely glow,
 The clouds are tinted with pink and gold,
 The curtain of night begins to unfold.
 Birds are cooing in trees above,
 For God is here, and God is Love.

J. ENNIS, 4D.

THE TROUBLES OF TIMOTHY TIMS.

Timothy Tims was awfully blue
 Because he was made to cram
 At geometry and Latin, too,
 For a lovely (?) school exam.

The night before the exam. took place,
 He had a very strange dream.
 He felt himself being hurled into space,
 Astride of a yellow moonbeam.

Around him were prehistoric men,
 In prehistoric clothes;
 Each of them measured six foot ten
 From his head to the tip of his toes.

And loud they shouted in a chorus,
 "Timothy Tims must die!"
 Just then a very small (?) Brontosaurus
 Just happened to fly by.

He grabbed little Timothy by the neck,
 And, killing a man or two,
 And giving the others a friendly (?) peck,
 Into the air he flew.

He flew right over the great Arctic Sea,
 Passed Asia, and in three twinks
 Had dropped little Timothy Tims
 Into the land of the Sphinx.

So down to earth came poor little Tim,
 With such a bump on his head!
 And you'd have been glad if you had been him,
 To find you had fallen from the bed.

W. CLARKE, 5A.

TO A BIRD.

Joyful creature of the sky,
 Swift and free,
 Fleet as arrow full in flight,
 I sing to thee.

High up from the world thou go'st:
 Nor carest thou
 What want and sorrow dwell below
 Nor wond'rest how.

E'er since the world began, have men
 Aspired to thee,
 And till the world shall end, wilt thou
 Above all be.

J. McAULEY, 4C.

THE TRAGEDY.

Two dusky figures were crouching down among the huge black rocks as though waiting to surprise an unseen foe. Such was the case.

Everything was silent and still, when suddenly there was a scuffle of feet, and an excited voice from the direction of the would-be killers:—

"Got him! and in the jaw, too, I believe," in an excited voice.

"Here, not so much noise there, or you will spoil everything. Is he running?" anxiously retorted the other.

"My word. Ah! Here he comes back again. Stand by with that knife there and get him before he does any damage," warned the first speaker.

For what seemed an eternity the two figures

remained in the same position, speaking only in low whispers. One of the men held a gleaming knife in his gaunt hand, while the other seemed to be constantly working at something with his arms. At last this regular movement ceased, and, with a hoarse whisper, the coarse-looking individual spoke:

"Here he is, half dead. Cut his throat, quick."
R—i—i—p!

Ah! Both the murderers uttered sighs of relief as they carried the deathly white captive up the slippery rocks. A match was struck as they laid the victim down.

"Phew! What a fish, eh! I believe he is the largest jewfish that has been caught here this year," cried the happy fishermen.

G. R. BAILEY, 2D.

A DESIGNER OF FAME.

The recent achievements of Raymond McGrath, old boy of Fort Street, have won him a fame in the world of architecture rivalling that which he already held in that of literature. Winning first prize in several sections of the competitions for architects promoted by the London "Daily Mail," he has been universally acclaimed by the architectural journals of England as one of the first designers of the day. After quoting extracts from appreciations of his work appearing in English journals, the "Union Recorder," Sydney University, adds:—

"It is interesting to find the co-operation of Mr. McGrath's Sydney University studies in Arts and Architecture—under Professors Brereton and Sadler and Wilkinson especially—coming to such recognition in a great English architectural journal. It was not for nothing that he studied English Literature and Oriental History for the normal lengths of time and won the English Verse Prize as often as the rules allowed, along with his technical work in architecture. It is not inappropriate that he should be a Wentworth Travelling Fellow of Sydney Uni-

versity carrying out William Charles Wentworth's purpose of adding long personal contact with European art and culture, in their own homes, to what the student gains from their tradition here. It is also to be remembered that he entered Sydney University for his first artistic opportunities there, as a Public Exhibitioner. In one of the essays in Professor Brereton's last book, "Knocking Round," there is a reference to McGrath as one who 'handles words with an artist's instinctive feeling for sound and colour values' . . . one who is 'a pictorial artist and an architect as well as a poet,' in relation to the claim that 'young poets are not daunted by the academic discipline of Sydney,' which is a University where 'literary gifts are recognized and encouraged.' Here is more proof of that fact and that the interpenetration of the arts (including literary scholarship) and science and the applications of science, is recognized in it as desirable and helped by the efforts of many different specialists as well as by the generosity of State and private benefactors."

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION RESULTS.

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

1, English; 2, History; 3, Geography; 4, Mathematics I; 5, Mathematics II; 6, Latin; 7, French; 8, German; 11, Elementary Science (Physics and Chemistry); 15, Business Principles; 16, Shorthand (Theory); 21, Music; 23, Greek.

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

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

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

Anderson, Keith H., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.

Andrews, Leslie S., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5A 7A 11B 15B 16B.

Atkins, Gordon T., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5A 11A 15B.

Atkinson, William C., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.

Bailey, Jack E., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Barnes, Robert, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 8B(o) 11B.

Bignold, Bernard C., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.

Blessing, William, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 11B.

✓ Bonnor, H. Lawrence, 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B.

Brereton, Lionel Le Gay, 1B 2B 4B 5A 7B 11B.

✓ Broadhead, Ernest, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

✓ Broadhead, Lionel K., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.

Brown, Basil S., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Burgess, John Alexander, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Carmichael, David, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 8B (o) 11A.

Chatfield, Charles C., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.

Chave, Bernard A., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 11B 15B.

Collins, Leonard C., 1B 2A 3A 4A 5A 11A 15B 16B.

Collis, Ronald F., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 8B (o) 11B.

Conlon, Leonard T., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A 23A.

Craik, Duncan S., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Cross, Noel J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B.

Deboos, Charles W. L., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5A 11A 15B.

Dethlefs, Max, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 8A (o) 11A.

Dickman, William, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 11B.

Dixon, Hubert C., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Dodd, Fred M., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 8B (o) 11B.

Dodd, Jack M., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 8B (o) 11A.

Downs, Kenneth L., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 8B (o) 11A 15A 16A.

Drabble, Frank K. C., 1B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11B.

Edgecombe, Gordon H., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B.

Ennis, John R., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.

Farrant, Ronald, 1B 3A 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.

Ferguson, Donald, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B.

Fiatt, George N., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.

Funnell, Harold, 1B 2A 3B 5B.

Furse, Anthony W. L., 1B 2B 5B 6B 11B.

Gailey, William G., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Gee, Kenneth, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Gibb, Cecil A. G., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.

Gordon, William L., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.

Griffiths, James L., 1B 2B 4A 5A 11A 15B 16B.

Hamilton, Hugh G., 1B 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Hamilton, Ian Charles, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11B.

Hammer, Alfred G., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A 23B.

Harris, Norman, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.

Harrison, Keith R., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.

Hawdon, Leslie A., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.

Hay, James C., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.

Hazelwood, Stanley J., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 8A (o) 11A.

Hirst, John A., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Holden, Walter H., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.

Howard, Herbert O., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Hunt, Roy C., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 8B (o) 11A 16B 21A.

Iddles, Keith O., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B 15B.

Ingledeu, Thomas S., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 11B 15B.

Jackson, Sydney W., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 11A.

James, Warren E., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Johnson, Roi Maxwell, 1B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.

Kerr, John R., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A 21A.

King, E. Harold, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.

Lamb, Thomas J., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Lee, David J., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11B.

Little, Leonard Wm., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 16B.

Lovell, Errol D., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.

Lowe, Donald C., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A 23B.

Lumley, Thomas I., 1B 4A 5A 6A 8B (o) 11B.

Macdonald, Neville L. G., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Machan, Percy W., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B 15B.

Macinnis, Marcus L., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Magee, Paul Frederick, 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B 23B.

Masters, Ronald G., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.

McAuley, John L., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.

- McCulloch, Raymond Wm., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 McDonald, James M., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 McLeod, Kenneth T., 1B 3B 4A 5A 11A.
 Melville, John A., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B.
 Miller, John C., 1B 4A 5B 7B 11B 16B.
 Mills, William H., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Morse-Evans, William H., 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B 15B.
 Murray, Lloyd, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Nall, Ronald L., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Neave, George G., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Neilson, Gordon R., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Nicholson, Edward, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B.
 Noakes, Lyndon C., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 O'Neill, Keith A., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B 21A.
 Orkney, Richard W., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Fage, Ivan A., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Passmore, Alan, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B.
 Patterson, Phillip H., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A 23B.
 Piggott, Allan A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11A 15B.
 Piummer, Thomas W., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A (o) 11A.
 Porter, Douglas E., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Pulsford, Aubrey W., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B 16B.
 Raymond, Frank, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 11B 15B.
 Russell, William V., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A 21B.
 Salmond, William C., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B 23B.
 Sargeant, Allen H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7A 11A 16B.
 Saul, Jack L. R., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Scott, William B., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Scribner, Edwin B., 1B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Sewell, Arthur K., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 8B (o) 11A 21A.
 Shanahan, Paul A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 15B.
 Sheldon, Beverley L., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Shepherd, James H., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 8B (o) 11B.
 Sheppard, Sydney Chas., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Sherington, Charles A., 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Sherington, Frank, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Smith, Hugh H., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Smith, Laurence H., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Stewart, Frederick G. F., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 11A.
 Stewart, Gordon F., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Street, Maxwell N., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Sullivan, James A. W., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Thatcher, John Wm., 1B 2B 4B 5A 7B.
 Thompson, William M., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Treharne, Elgar D., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A 21A.
 Valentin, Reginald A., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6B 8B (o) 11A.
 Waddington, Ronald S., 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Wheeler, Benjamin G. M., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 11B.
 Willock, Richard E., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Wood, Walter, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 8A 11A.
 Wookey, Donald Wm., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 11A.
 Wotton, Roy A. W., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Wright, Eric S., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Wright, Harold J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Yates, Kenneth M., 1B 2B 3B 5B.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed, in accordance with the following statement:—

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I.; 6, Mathematics II.; 7, Mechanics; 8, Modern History; 9, Ancient History; 10, Physics; 11, Chemistry; 14, Geography; 16, Japanese; 17, Lower Standard Mathematics; 22, Greek.

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

tests in French or German.

- Ainsworth, Victor Isaac C., 1B 2B 4B (o) 5B 8A 11B.
 Armstrong, Victor Robert, 1B 3B 5A 6A 8B 10B.
 Ayling, Ronald Arthur, 1A 2B 3H2 5A 6A 9B 10B.
 Baldock, James Orme, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2 11H2.
 Bennett, Edgar Alfred, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 9B 11B.
 Benson, Gordon Henry, 1B 2A 3A 5A 6A 7B 11H2.
 Benson, Philip William, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10H2 14B.
 Bock, Francis Cyril, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 11B.
 Boxall, John Stephen, 1B 2B 3A 5A 6A 8B 10H2.
 Carson, Kenneth J., 1A 5B 6B 8B 11L 14B 18B.

- Carwardine, Walter Jeffreys, 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B 18B.
- Casey, Arthur Jack, 1B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
- Chambers, A. McL., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10H1.
- Church, Fredrick J., 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H1 10A.
- Cohen, Ronald Francis, 5A 6A 7B 10B.
- Curnow, Andrew Bertram, 1B 5B 6B 8A 14B.
- Davidson, Sydney James, 2B 5B 6B 11L.
- Degen, Frank James, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8H2 11L.
- Dennis, Ivan, 1B 2B 3H2 5A 6A 7A 10A.
- Dey, John Fletcher, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 11A.
- Elliott, Jack Raymond, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 8A 18A.
- Elston, George William, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10H2 11B.
- Gee, George Frederick, 2L 3B 5B 6B 11L.
- Grant, Walter Morley, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A 11B 18B.
- Gray, Edgar Elliott, 1B 3B 5B 6B.
- Hall, Arthur John Charles, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 11H1.
- Hall, John James, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 7B 10A.
- Halliwell, John, 1H2 3B 6B 8A 11L 18A.
- Hamilton, Donald G., 1H1 2B 4A (o) 5B 6B 8B 11A.
- Harris, Albert Henry, 1B 3B 5A 6B 8B 11A.
- Harris, Arnold Carlile, 1B 5B 6B 14B 18B.
- Henderson, R. G., 1H2 2H2 3A 5B 6A 9A 22A.
- Heydon, Peter Richard, 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 9B.
- Hooke, Theodore Alex., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
- Horsley, Geoffrey Rowley, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 9B 10B.
- Jackson, Lawrence Walter, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 11B.
- Jamieson, Claude Frederick, 1B 3B 5B 11B.
- Kirby, Noel Spencer, 1B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10L.
- Klineberg, David, 1A 2L 3B 5B 6B 8B 10L.
- Lean, George Beattie, 1H1, 3B 5A 6B 8A 10B.
- Lovell, David John H., 1B 5A 6A 10B.
- Maley, Raymond Charles, 1H2 3B 5B 6B 8B.
- Matheson, Mervyn William, 1B 5A 6B 11B.
- Maze, Wilson Harold, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10B 14B.
- McClelland, Keith, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
- McCredie, Ronald Hudson, 1B 2B 5A 6A 10H2 11A.
- McPherson, Cecil C., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10H2.
- Melville, James Hector, 1B 5B 6B 7B 10A.
- Milverton, Edward F., 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8A 11B.
- Morrow, George Joseph, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 11B.
- Morton, Geoffrey Edward, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B.
- Mote, Russell L., 1B 2A 3A 5A 6A 9A 10H2.
- New, Douglas Charles, 1B 2L 3B 6B.
- Norman, Arthur Leonard, 2L 4B 5B 6B.
- Overton, Arthur E., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 10H2.
- Parker, Alex. H., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7A 10H2.
- Payne, George Elliott, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 10B.
- Peel, Donald Alfred, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 14B.
- Phillips, William Berge, 1B 2L 4B 5B 6B 8H2 11B.
- Preston-Stanley, Harold, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
- Redmond, Kenneth Bodelle, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 11L.
- Reynolds, Raymond George, 1H1 2A 3H2 5A 6A 9A.
- Rice, Howard Bartley, 1B 2A 3A 5A 6B.
- Richard Leslie, 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6A 7A 10A.
- Richardson, James Albert, 1B 5B 6B 7B 10B.
- Rose, Norman Henry, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 8H2 10A.
- Rushbrooke, Ronald Leslie, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
- Scott, Leslie Gordon, 1B 2H2 3A 5A 6A 8B 9B.
- Sellick, Smedley William, 1A 2L 4B 6B 8B 11B.
- Short, William Ian, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8A 11B.
- Sibree, Eric Wilberforce, 1H2 2B 3A 5B 6A 8B 11B.
- Smith, Thomas Pallett, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 14B.
- Spence, Athol Andrew, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
- Spooner, Robert Lindsay, 2L 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H2.
- Thompson, Kenneth B., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A(x2) 11H2.
- Tindall, Leslie Thomas, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 7A 10H2.
- Todd, William Alfred, 5B 6B 7B 11B.
- Tout, Samuel Albert M., 1B 2A 3A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
- Trevitt, Jack William, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 9B.
- Trotter, Maxwell Thomas, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2 10A.
- Turnbull, David Royle, 5A 6A 7B 10B.
- Wiggins, Charles Herbert, 1B 5B 6B 11B.
- Williams, Alan James Napier, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B.
- Willis, Hugh Shiel, 1H2 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 14B.
- Wyndham, Robert Alex., 1B 2B 3H2 5B 6B 9B 11B.
- Young, Gordon Neville, 1H1 2A 3B 5A 6A 9A 11A.



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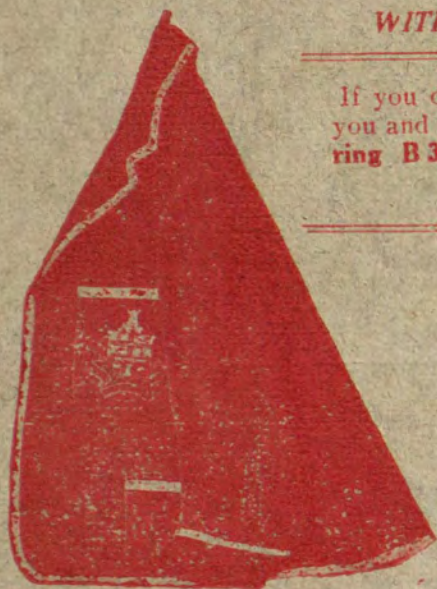
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