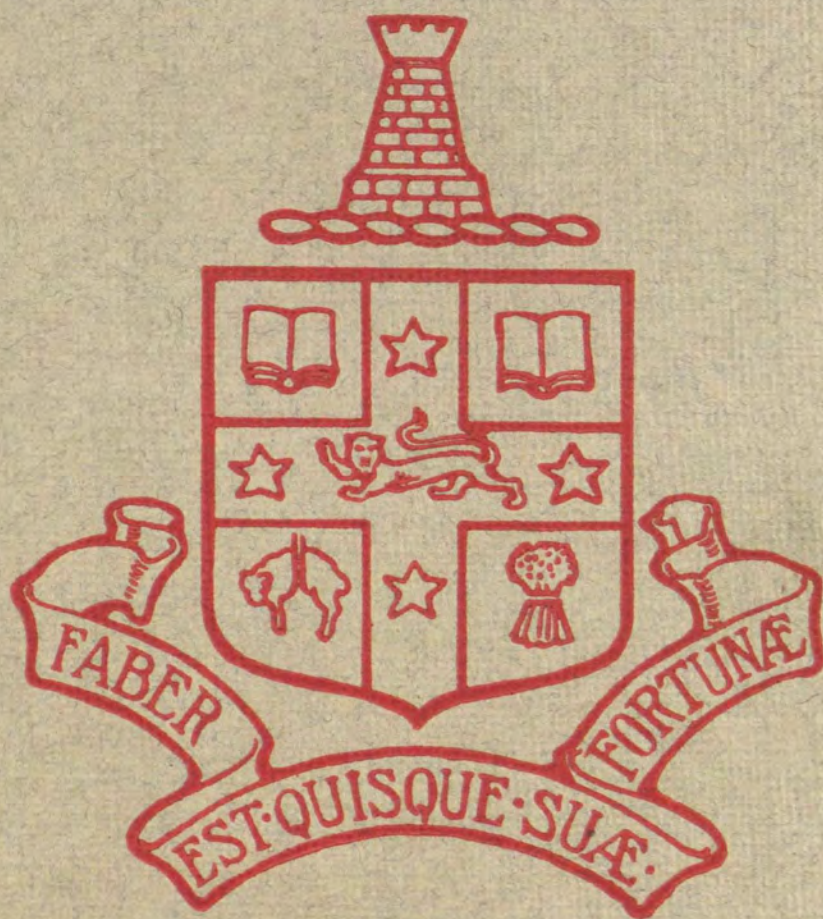
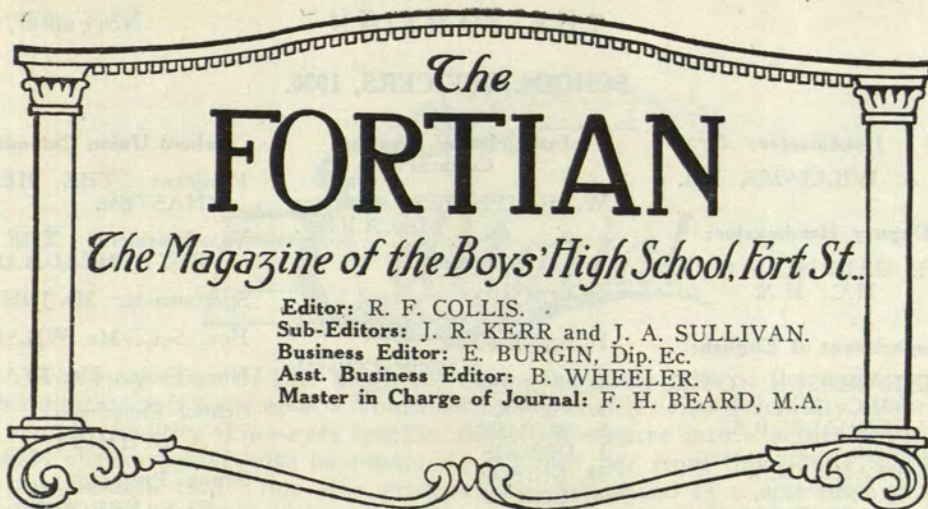


THE FORTIAN



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

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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1930.

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J. A. WILLIAMS, B.A.

Deputy Headmaster:C. H. HARRISON, O.B.E.,
M.C., M.A.**Department of English:**C. H. HARRISON, O.B.E.,
M.C., M.A. (Master)
J. BAXENDALE, B.A.
J. TIERNEY, M.A.
F. H. BEARD, M.A.
L. N. ROSE, M.A.
J. B. MOSS, B.A.
F. J. BRODIE.
A. H. PELHAM, B.A.
(Cantab.)**Department of Modern
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(Master)
C. J. BAUER.
R. JERREMS, B.A.
L. FOLEY, B.A., Dip. M.L.
R. CALDWELL, B.A.**Department of Classics:**W. E. PORTER, M.A.,
Dip.Ed. (Master)
J. J. DUNNE, B.A.
A. P. LUNDIE, M.A.
A. H. PELHAM, B.A.
(Cantab.)**Department of Mathematics:**D. J. AUSTIN, B.A. (Master)
E. H. PARKER.
R. K. WILSON, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
V. OUTTEN, M.A.
A. W. STANLEY, B.A.
J. R. PERRY, B.A.
E. F. HALLMAN, B.Sc.**Department of Science:**B. H. ROBERTS, B.Sc.
(Master)
E. T. WALLACE, B.Sc.
Dip.Ed.
H. S. STEWART, B.Sc.
L. A. JOHNSTON, B.A., A.T.C.**Department of Commerce:**E. BURGİN, Dip.Ec.
(Master)**Instructor of Physical
Culture:**W. HUMPHRIES,
Dip. A.P.E.S.**Prefects:**A. SCHMIDT
(Captain of School)
D. SANBROOK
(Senior Prefect)
M. ALLEN
I. BLACK
S. BURTON
I. DENNIS
M. GIBSON
A. GORAN
E. GRAY
O. HARDY
C. JOHNSTON
I. KEENA
T. W. MACDONALD
A. MATHIESON
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D. VERCO
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A. GORAN (Secretary)
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J. HYDE
P. KLINEBERG
D. SANBROOK
J. SHEPHERD
R. STEWART
D. VERCO**(4th Year)**Mr. A. H. PELHAM
L. CONLON
L. CUMMINE
J. KERR
J. HAY
D. LEE
E. TREHARNE
J. SAUL**Dramatic Society:**Mr. HARRISON
L. CONLON
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D. LEE
J. SULLIVAN**School Union Committee:**President: THE HEAD-
MASTER.
Vice-President: THE DE-
PUTY HEADMASTER.
Sportsmaster: Mr. JOHNSON
Hon. Sec.: Mr. WILSON
Hon. Treas.: Mr. STANLEY
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KERR WISE
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LEE CROSS
HAMMER SAUL



The rosy dawn of Life heightens above the misty hills of the morning, shedding its soft light upon a Youth. Rippling muscles rise gracefully above a smooth, healthy skin—eyes sparkle, shapely lips curve into a joyous smile, ruddy cheeks crease with happiness Far, far from this young mind is the thought that Time—the grim reaper—lies ahead of a character yet untried and yet untouched by the sorrow and bitterness of Mankind. The clay must be moulded while the dew of Youth yet glistens upon those supple limbs. What is to be the spirit to predominate in the moulding?

Alfred Noyes, a leader in the ranks of modern poetry, singing of the "Hills of Youth," confesses sadly:—

"At midnight now, in an ebb of the world's loud roar,
I catch but a broken stave of the songs that left me,
On hills that are mine no more,"

while Longfellow tells us how he finds his lost youth "Among the dreams of the days that were." Surely, then, the object of such fervent longing in later years, on the testimony of characters like these—this "Springtime of Life"—surely it deserves the utmost care in its disposal. It is to be a period we can recall with the sincerest of pleasure—an age to be lived joyfully again in the ageing imagination. Let it not, therefore, be tinged with the sad grey of regret, but make it to be a gem serene, which shall shine out from the long rolls of recollection with as glorious a lustre as the stars on a summer's night.

To the poetic-souled boyhood was a "golden time" wherein to dream immortal dreams—on the shadowy Past, the monotonous Present and idealistic Future. To the soldier it was a period of eventful action—of deeds and thrilling adventures. The philosopher reviews it as the time when his mighty schemes were receiving their first shape and solidity—when his thoughts and ideas swelled with the hopeful colour and guileless ambition of Youth. For a hundred other souls it held a hundred other attractions; but it is our concern to find the spirit that should be prevalent in the schoolboy of to-day.

A primary essential is that he should endeavour not to waste each hour in idle, fleeting thoughts on the pleasures that unfortunately surround the moderns, but live every moment to the full by taking an active part in the worth-while interests available to him. Brief spasms of meditation on the wonders of the Past are perhaps permissible, but, with the Present teeming with deeds to be accomplished, the wisest plan is to "warm both hands before the fire of life," to do things thoroughly, and above all, energetically. Greatness cannot be achieved if the individual is unable to regard circumstances and events in their right proportion. Present-day newspapers display a surprising deficiency in the latter respect. How often do the insignificant

frivolities of the day find glaring two-column reports, while the things that really matter lie obscurely in some remote corner, or are more often omitted entirely! This ability to interpret the World in its true values and select the important details is the key to a successful career.

Manifold, indeed, are the factors necessary to the production of a perfect Spirit of Youth—Truth, Justice, Friendships, Gratitude, Fairness, till it seems that the words could flow from my pen forever. Time and again has the nobility of these things been impressed upon us, and there seems no necessity to extol again their merits. I only emphasise the benefit of considering thoughtfully such advice on Life's important matters as it is often our privilege to receive. It is indeed an advantage to be taken readily.

But the frailty of human nature—especially of Youth—forbids that I should speak of a perfect Spirit. Even the greatest character seems to possess some impediment from reaching to the very highest boyhood, despite the repeated warnings of Age and Experience, despite its own desire to emulate the ideal, still retains an indefinable freedom of thought and action. Perhaps it is this spirit that lends Youth its fascination. It finds expression in Love and Hope. It is a charm poetic as the nightingale's ethereal song, intangible as thought, and utterly incapable of expression through the austere medium of cold prose. Once again, therefore, I seek the verses of the bard:—

"A boy's will, is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long, thoughts."

NEWS AND NOTES.

Thanks to the splendid efforts of the Ladies' Committee, the last term dance was an unqualified success. Sufficient money was raised to complete the payment for the hire of Petersham Oval, and so the school was relieved of any embarrassment in that direction.

* * *

The money raised at the school fete has now been invested in Commonwealth Bonds, and the interest will in future be used to pay the rent of Petersham Oval. This money can be obtained at any time it is needed to carry out the proposed alterations to the present Memorial Hall.

* * *

The annual school picnic to National Park was held on Thursday, October 9th. A large number of parents were present, and a very pleasant day was spent.

* * *

Play Day this year was held on 28th August, and the standard of the productions was up to that of previous years. A special feature was the Ancient History pageants, and scenes from the lives of Cook and Nelson. On Friday evening, 30th August, a crowded audience viewed the plays with enthusiasm.

The school achieved splendid success this year by winning the Hume-Barbour Debating Trophy. All Boys' High Schools in the metropolitan area took part in this competition. Special thanks are due to Mr. Moss for his fine work in connection with the team.

* * *

Several members of the Parkes Bursary Trust visited the school and presented the prize for 1929 to J. R. Kerr. Dr. Bohrsmann, Mr. F. Boulton, Mr. A. Halloran and Mr. MacIntosh spoke inspiringly of the school traditions and the work of Sir Henry Parkes.

* * *

The seniors of 1930 were farewelled by the school on Tuesday, 4th November. Farewell speeches were delivered by Mr. Williams, Mr. Harrison, the Captain, Vice-Captain, and Senior Prefect Elect for 1931.

* * *

This year the school dinner to the seniors took place in the Memorial Hall. A new feature was the presence of some thirty fathers of departing seniors. The function was very successful. Some of the speeches of the boys were of outstanding merit.

Congratulations to J. Bailey, J. Kerr, E. Treharne on their selection as Captain, Vice-Captain and Senior Prefect respectively for 1931.

* * *

A luncheon was held in the school during the progress of School v. Old Boys cricket match. We are always pleased to see old boys at the school, and it was a happy thought of Mr. Outten's to arrange a function of this kind.

* * *

Thanks to the good offices of Mr. A. Shepherd, Town Clerk, Petersham, the council has made the school a very generous donation of dressed stone, to be used in the beautification of the front lawns facing Parramatta Road.

* * *

Armistice Day was celebrated in the Memorial Hall. The Captain of the School placed a wreath on the Honour Board, and the Headmaster spoke of the sacrifice of old Fortians, and pointed out that the present boys had

obligations to fulfil to their predecessors. He also spoke of the ideals and work of the League of Nations. The school filed past the Honour Board at the conclusion of the function.

* * *

Seniors of 1930 and any other old boys are advised to get into touch with Mr. H. H. Snelling, Solicitor, 14 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, with a view to resuscitating the Old Boys' Union.

* * *

The Ladies' Committee, under the guidance of Mrs. W. J. Rogers, has worked enthusiastically throughout the year at several school functions where their services were required—the Term Dances, Sports Day and Play Day. Their services, their time, and their hearty co-operation were generously given on all occasions—often at a great disadvantage to themselves, which evidences much their great interest in the school and their appreciation of what the school has done for their sons. Our best thanks are due to them.

PREFECTS FOR 1931.

The following boys have been selected from the present Fourth Year to act as School Prefects for next year:—

Bailey (Captain), Kerr (Vice-Captain), Tre-

harne (Senior Prefect), Sullivan, Saul, Collis, Cross, Gee, Patterson, Magee, Collins, Hay, Conlon, Dixon, Wright, Hazlewood, Ennis, Lee, Harris, Nall.

A RESOLUTION.

I yawned once again and doggedly fixed my drooping eyes on the conglomeration of Latin words which whirled before me. It was no use. There was no finite verb in the sentence. So, as usual, I resolved to leave my Virgil till some other time, and to go to bed and rest my weary limbs and overworked brain.

Only too glad to give in so easily, I packed my books into my bag and, after asking Dad to wake me at half-past five in the morning, I went into my bedroom and began to undress. Only then did the unoriginality of my plan strike me, as I had often heard other boys talking of rising early every morning—every morning, mind you—only to be scoffed at by their friends; and at the same time I realised that I had generally led this sneering, little dreaming that in time I, too, would follow in their footsteps.

I laughed silently at the incongruity of life, and slipped eagerly between the fresh, inviting

sheets. Snuggling down into the soft pillow, with the cool eiderdown drawn up to my chin, I began to think of the enormous amount of work I would do in the morning, ranging from the offending Virgil to the following week's geometry. So enthusiastic did I wax that I thought my exhaustion had evaporated, and began repeating mechanics' definitions and trigonometry formulae in a meaningless, disjointed manner. In this pensive mood I passed quite imperceptibly from the realms of toil into Elysium—the land of dreams.

Several minutes after, or so it seemed, I heard Dad's voice coming from a distance, saying that it was a quarter to six, and that he had been trying to wake me for at least ten minutes. I rolled over, wondering what he was growling about. Preposterous, I thought, to be wakened in this rude manner so early in the morning. I groaned unintelligibly and lay still again.

Dad, now fully exasperated at my sluggish

response, said that I could get up or stay in bed as long as I liked as far as he was concerned, and marched off, leaving me wondering at his strange behaviour.

Suddenly I realised that I had decided to rise early that morning to add to my already great and far-famed erudition. I smiled faintly and thought of the work awaiting me, and conjured up fanciful pictures of myself reading "The Vicar of Wakefield" after I had completed all that I had to do. Only then did I understand how comfortable I was and how pleasant it was to lie thus thinking of nothing definite, but allowing my mind to wander wherever it chose.

However, I reproached myself for wasting precious time, but appeased my conscience by immediately making up a time-table on which I could work when I got up. So interested did I become in this fascinating study, that I did not notice that I was still in bed, or that my thoughts had diverged from work to gymnastics as I pictured the futile attempts of a beginner to do a flying leg act. I began chuckling to myself, but my merriment was rudely cut short by Dad saying that it was already a quarter to seven.

This came as a shock to me, for only a moment before it had been a quarter to six. This worried me considerably, but I began counting the number of subjects I had to prepare before school, and was relieved to find that Latin stood alone, although there were plenty of geometry exercises which needed completing, but as we had not been ordered to do them, I complacently ruled them out.

Rolling over and pulling the sheet up around my ears, I settled down comfortably, deciding that bed was too good to leave and Virgil too hard to translate. Still my conscience pricked me, so I agreed to prepare the Latin at school during the lunch hour. Thoroughly contented at last, I dozed off and dreamed, although I don't know why, of balloons and white horses on board a steamer on its way to America. The ship had just left Honolulu when my reverie was shattered, as the clothes were snatched off the bed and my boisterous brother, in his inimitable manner, shouted out that breakfast was ready, and that if I did not soon get up I should be late for school.

So angry was I with him that I leaped from my attitude of repose to wreak my vengeance on the offender. However, he was too wise to stop, and laughed uproariously at the success of his enterprise. I, too, smiled grimly as I realised how neatly I had been tricked into what I had been trying to do for at least two hours.

Nevertheless, now that I was up, I began to feel happy again, and although I knew that it was only necessary to form the resolution and make one spring and the deed was done, yet I decided that in future I would lie in bed until the last possible moment and, if my homework wasn't completed, always to agree that

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

J. E. BAILEY, 4D.

EPISODE. A Short Story.

To have an empty railway carriage and a good novel together very rarely falls to my lot. If the novel proves good, the occupants of the carriage generally compensate for it in that respect, and vice versa, and I echo the poet's sentiment that "a good book and a shady nook" are rarely found in company.

Thus it was with mingled feelings of light-heartedness and pleasurable anticipation that I seated myself in the 455 from town, about—let me see—two weeks ago. The day had been hot, excessively so in my office, where I had been sitting all day, and I devoutly prayed that the carriage might remain empty.

My destination was Parramatta, a good hour's run from town, and an hour's solitude after the office grind, where

"The fetid air and gritty, of the dusty, dirty city,
Through the open window floating, spreads
its foulness over all,"

is a boon granted very infrequently to me.

Therefore, imagine my consternation when the door was suddenly wrenched violently open and an old red-faced and be-whiskered gentleman stumped in. Advisedly, I say stumped in, because his mode of walking seemed to express his mood. He looked like a fiery old colonel with a fierce attack of gout.

His progress along the platform had been announced by sundry grumbings and mutterings as to the fullness of the box-carriages, and, if my eyes did not deceive me, a smirk of satisfaction flitted across his face as he saw my unoccupied carriage. I buried myself deeper in the novel, after mentally coming to the conclusion that his acquaintance was not to be cultivated.

As though in direct antithesis to this fiery apparition, a shrill, piercing whistle smote my ear, gradually approaching. Suddenly a bag sailed neatly through the window, to land on the seat next to Grumpy; the tousled head of a larrikin popped through the door, and an angel voice sweetly inquired how we all were. The door opened and he stepped in.

I admit, reader, his entry could have been more dramatic—something like this:—

"Simultaneously a bag whizzed through the open window, knocking Grumpy's bowler off his head, and the door was wrenched open. Grumpy, in anger, rose to his feet, only to be winded by a human projectile which hurled itself through the door, hit the old man, dropped to the floor, unrolled, sat up and said, 'Good-day, everybody.'"

But it wasn't. He just entered, as any other person would, surveyed Grumpy and me through mischievous eyes, and planked himself down opposite my friend of the red face. Straight away I closed my book, for the study of man, through the medium of literature, has always given place in my life to the study of man himself, and judging from Grumpy's face, which was gradually assuming a purplish hue, the prospect at least was exciting.

The tousled head belonged to a boy—a larrikin of the slums.—I surveyed him from his boots upwards. Strange to say, his boots were carefully laced and polished. A pair of trousers, which looked as though they had been through the Great War, covered his legs, a shirt and coat, having no pretensions whatever to cleanliness, his upper limbs, and a flaming red tie matched an uncovered shock of hair, surmounting a face covered with freckles. His general appearance created an impression of untidiness, but this was counteracted by a far-away, dreamy look in his eyes, which proclaimed him a boy of more than average intelligence.

As he took stock of his surroundings, his

hand wandered abstractedly to his pocket, and he produced an old clay pipe, the worse for wear, which he leisurely filled from a pouch. Then, as though carelessly (I have now come to the conclusion that it was done purposely), he pulled down the windows and filled the carriage with smoke.

The production of the pipe seemed to Grumpy to be "adding insult to injury," and, gradually getting angrier, as the boy gradually grew calmer, a torrent of words poured from his lips in an impassioned outburst. Grumpy was living up to his reputation! But did the boy flinch? Not he! He merely waited until Grumpy paused for breath, and then he said, in a calm, matter-of-fact voice, "Agreed."

The boy's calmness and his serious, or semi-serious tone, for I seemed to see the vestige of a smile hovering around the corners of his mouth, provoked Grumpy to further paroxysms of anger; and I began to entertain serious doubts as to his sanity, for his ravings were too natural to be feigned. The boy, however, was fed up. Looking Grumpy straight in the face, he said:—

"Look 'ere, whiskers, whether this 'ere carriage be a non-smoker or not, I'm goin' ter smoke, and 'ere I sits."

By this time I think my big friend had found out that his point was not to be gained by bluff. Personally I could see no common sense in his objection, for, seeing that there were only three of us there, all smokers, as I observed on looking at Grumpy's hands, there could be nothing wrong in the boy smoking. But it seemed as though he had taken a personal dislike to the boy. However, he cooled down and a sneer appeared on his face, which assumed such an expression of supervilious haughtiness that I was almost inclined to laugh at the vanity and pompousness he displayed. Resorting to sarcasm, he made good use of a biting tongue, and once or twice I observed the boy flinch.

But outwardly he kept a calm mien. This angelic characteristic of the boy's seemed to be Grumpy's weak spot, and again he broke out.

The drama was becoming monotonous, and I turned to the window. For a while I looked at the passing scenery and tried to shut my ears to the uproar going on behind me. Suddenly Grumpy's voice rose to such a height

that involuntarily I turned round. The boy had incited him to such a state of anger that I believe he would, on the slightest provocation, have flung him out of the window.

Never will I forget Grumpy as I saw him then. With his face purple with passion, and with his hands stretched in a supplicatory attitude above his head, he invoked the gods to vent their wrath on the boy.

"To think that a whipper-snapper like you should dare to laugh at Black Jock, king—" Suddenly realizing that he had said too much, he stopped, and his hands remained above his head as though hung there.

Then the boy did a dramatic thing. Out from his pocket he whipped a pair of handcuffs and, jumping up on the seat, he snapped them on Grumpy's wrists in a twinkling. The situation was tense, dramatic! The air seemed charged with electricity! For the moment Grumpy was bewildered. He stared at the boy, myself and the handcuffs in turn. The boy was murmuring to himself, "Black Jock, Black Jock." I myself was so paralysed by the

unexpected turn of events that I could not move.

Then Grumpy went berserk. His pent-up rage thundered out. He jumped, raved, shouted, kicked, and his huge frame seemed almost to rock the carriage. The boy tackled him round his legs and clung to him like a tenacious terrier. I tried to grasp his head. At last, after what seemed an eternity, he struck his head on a rail and subsided.

I picked myself up gingerly and turned to the boy. Breathing hard, he was standing looking out the window, filling his old clay pipe from his pouch. In the struggle, the red mop had been torn off, revealing a head of jet-black hair, which gave him a decidedly more intelligent appearance. In his eyes was that same faraway, dreamy look, which I had noticed when I first saw him.

"You are—" I gasped.

"Clynton Wayne, detective, at your service," he said, smiling.

And so I met Clynton Wayne.

PHIZ, 4D.

DOWN THE FEDERAL PASS.

The Federal Pass is a track which runs through the valley between Katoomba and Leura Falls. We commenced the pass at the Katoomba Falls end, which is the steeper of the two to descend. These falls, although certainly not very large, furnish a pretty sight as the water runs over a tall cliff, and, swaying with every gust of the wind, dashes on the rocks among the greenery far below.

The first half of the path is through typical Australian bush. The tall, spare gum trees, with the sun glinting through their leaves, the ferns and occasional palms, and the dry-looking undergrowth, so noticeable in summer, gave a very native setting. Occasionally, on coming to a clear space, we would stop and look at that curious pile of rocks, "The Ruined Castle," perched lonely and desolate like a mediæval stronghold on the top of a hill, or at the bulk of Mt. Solitary, standing out clear against the sky.

Once, on looking upwards through the trees, I saw a huge outcrop of rocks, and recognised the gaunt, clear outlines of the "Three Sisters." Viewing this mammoth work of Nature from below formed an agreeable contrast to the

customary view, and greatly increased the size of the work. As I looked at them, I wondered how many thousands—nay, perhaps millions—of years it had taken to mould those huge rocks into their fantastic forms. However, we at last passed on again, and after skirting the base of the "Three Sisters," we found the character of the surroundings changed entirely.

The widely-spaced gums gave place to tall, green trees, much closer together, and with thick "monkey-ropes" hanging from them. The undergrowth became denser and greener, and the sun, shining brightly, only partially penetrated the tops of the trees, casting chequered patterns of light and shade on the path. The soft plashing of water now and then broke the stillness of the air, as some little stream flowed gently through the bush, for the cries of birds were few and far between.

In the middle of the Forest (as this region is named) was a large, clear spot where we could rest and listen to the low, musical tinkle of the stream running through the rocks and ferns. Here was peace, in the true sense of the word, where one could lie back and dream

in the cool recesses of this shady nook. Certainly no better spot could be found—

“ . . . far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife”

where the cares and troubles of the world would be but a memory, and the hurry and bustle of the city could be forgotten 'midst a scene of simple but lovely natural beauty.

As we proceeded onwards once again, sand began to appear on the path, and the faint, rushing sound of a fairly large volume of water was borne to our ears. The track soon descended into a glen, carpeted with soft sand, in the farthest part of which a rather large stream fell a distance of about thirty feet in two falls known as Linda Falls. The sunlight gleamed through more strongly here, and glistened on the sparkling water of the cascade, flashing and dancing down the slope among the verdant bushes and delicate flowers lining its sides. Looking at it a little to the side, one could see a delicate rainbow of soft colours, formed by the spray from the falls. Together with the green ferns and palms surrounding it, the whole scene made a fairy-like picture of entrancing, poetic beauty, which we reluctantly left.

The last interesting place seen on the walk was the “Amphitheatre.” Here the path winds

in towards a perpendicular cliff which juts out on either side and surrounds about half the spot. It was much cooler and greener here, for the water occasionally dripped from the cliff on to the path, which wound along in the shadow of the overhanging rocks. Soon after we left this cool spot the faint, dull boom of Leura Falls could be heard in the distance. The path wound upwards to almost underneath the falls, and gave an excellent picture of them above us.

The sun shone full on the glinting brown rocks and sparkling cascade which spread out over the rounded top, as it rushed down towards the base near us, and we were struck by the aptness of its title, “The Bridal Veil Falls,” for exactly this effect was shown. Thereafter steps appeared, and we began the long climb up from the Federal Pass, with the splashing of Leura Falls or the creek winding downwards always near us. At the top we stopped and looked out over the beautiful Jamieson Valley, bathed in the morning sunshine, and flecked with light and shadow, and the almost limitless expanse of soft blue and green of valley and mountain far away in the distance.

“SPERANS,” 4D.

THE IDEAL SCHOOLMASTER.

If one were to try after the manner of Izaak Walton to write of “ye compleat schoolmaster,” it would be a difficult task. There are so many schoolmasters, and their work is not as simple as catching fish.

J. M. Barrie, in “Sentimental Sammy,” has given a lightning sketch of a man transformed into a schoolmaster thus:—“He cut one of his braces into a pair of tawse, thus with a single stroke of his knife making himself a schoolmaster and lopsided for life.”

Charles Lamb describes the older type of schoolmaster of his day as “revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes and prosodies,” and contrasts him with the more modern schoolmaster who “is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything.”

Still more familiar is Oliver Goldsmith's pic-

ture of the schoolmaster in “The Deserted Village”:—

“Yet he was kind: or if severe in aught

The love he bore to learning was in fault.”

Strangely enough, one of the oldest references to the relations between teachers and scholars contains a very modern idea. In 1st Chronicles, Chapter 25, there is a description of a kind of choir school, in which there were twenty-four classes of twelve pupils each. They cast lots for their duties all equally, “as well the small as the great, the teacher as the scholar.” There is something so “matey” about this arrangement that it seems to belong to the present day more than to the time of King David.

With the encouragement of this august precedent, let an ordinary scholar look at an ideal schoolmaster and tell what he sees. He may not see all, and he may not correctly describe what he sees; but he does see something at-

tractive and interesting to himself and perhaps to other boys who read his attempts at description.

Even the best master may be misunderstood. His temper may give way under the strain put upon it by his class, and his sarcasm become much too pointed to be pleasant, and the impositions which he gives may be on too liberal a scale.

That strange thing called "personality" counts for a lot in a master's effect upon boys. It is personality which makes a boy think of a master as a "thorough gentleman," and admiration leads the most ordinary boy to copy what he admires. The master who is always the same has a much better chance of influencing boys than one who is different with different boys and under different circumstances. Like a good cricket ball, the ideal master is resilient, and manages to retain his form even when buffeted by an unruly class. He never gives written impositions, knowing what their effect on handwriting will be. He can enjoy a joke even when it is against himself. He can mix freely with boys, unconscious of any loss of dignity. There is no "great gulf fixed" between him and his class. He realises that he was once a boy, and that the boys will one day be

men, some of them possibly cleverer than himself.

Such a master wins the gratitude of every decent boy. He is "the man who made me and gave me a start in life." He is the kind of man for whom a boy would, to quote Mr. Justice Piddington concerning his teacher, Mr. J. F. Castle, "sit up for hours memorizing declensions so as not to forfeit his favorable opinion." ("Worshipful Masters," by A. B. Piddington.)

To such a man boys are boys, and are willing to confide their troubles, the highest tribute (though at times perhaps a burdensome one) which a boy can pay to a master. Many things happen in a school which need correction, and it is only a master with courage who believes that he can correct without punishing. He believes that even the apparently indifferent boy will come to see the folly of not playing the game.

It may seem that a great deal is expected of the ideal schoolmaster, but ideals are always exacting, and it is well to "hitch your waggon to a star."

BARRACLOUGH.

[Masters frequently give us their ideas of the ideal High School pupil, so we feel sure they won't mind the position being reversed for once.—Ed.]

PLAY DAY, 1930.

"Restore to him his heart!"—

What's that? A wonderful surgical operation, a jest, or a —? No, neither; it is just a line from one of the plays presented by First Year at the annual Play Day, which was held with greater success than ever on Thursday, 28th August.

The proceedings were carried on as last year, a full dress rehearsal on Tuesday, Play Day on Thursday, and the great night performance, the ambition of all budding producers, on Friday night. The whole programme was carried on by boys and masters with businesslike smoothness.

The great gathering of parents and friends in the Memorial Hall very early on the Thursday showed the keen interest taken in this side of the school activities. This year a real theatrical atmosphere was created by the fine scenery which was rigged by Mr. Humphries

and his helpers, who transformed the usually bare stage into a modern playhouse.

So high was the standard of acting and production that various boys received mention in the press. The best plays were selected to be produced on Play Night.

The programme included:—

2D: "The Still, Small Voice." A fine history play written by 2D boys according to the custom established two years ago. It depicted with dramatic force incidents in the life of "England's Idol," Lord Nelson.

The next play on the programme was "A Question of Passports," a dramatic episode adapted from the short story by Baroness Orczy. The production gave a vivid picture of France during the Revolution.

Then followed a history pageant by 1A, "Circe and Odysseus." The piece was well con-

PLAY-DAY REPAST - 1930.

(1)

"MENU."

- 1. Soup.
- 2. Meat & Vegetables.
- 3. Sweets
- 4. Cheese & Biscuits
- 5. Liqueurs
- 6. Decorations.
- 7. "Nightmare."
- 8. "Music."



(3)

5th YEAR SUPPLIED
 THE "SWEETS" -
 "AND THEY LIVED (?)
 EVER AFTER."



POOR "FATHER"
 PROPERLY IN
 THE SOUP.
 "5th YEAR"

A very uncommon variety
 of "CHEESE"

(4)(A). "A.K.A."

A (B)



THE "SCOTCH FINNER"

FORGOT TO "LAY" WHEN MEAT AND VEGETABLES
 HE INTERCEPTED SOME BY "JOA SMITH 'ORSE
 STRAY DOOR-SHOOT."
 -"DEALER."



(2)

(Continued on Page 13)

structed, and showed what first year boys could do.

A remarkable, rollicking comedy, "The Frenchman from France," adapted from the "Adventures of Aristide Pujol," was next presented by 5A. G. Foster, in the role of the Frenchman, played the part with so much balance and insight that he deserves all the praise he received.

After interval came a play which gripped the audience, held them still, made them think. A beam of light played across the wall, a shot rang out.—I speak of "Doomdorf," presented by the 4th Year Dramatic Society.

The dressing of the "Heart of Ani" (a play written from the world's oldest book, the Egyptian "Book of the Dead") would have made any wardrobe manager turn green with envy. The stage was set with remarkable skill

so as to give every costume a chance to show itself. This history pageant was produced by 1D class.

"The Blank Cartridge" was next—a humorous shooting incident produced by 4A.

The 5D play, "A Night in an Inn," was next presented, and was notable for the fine balance of the cast and the thrilling appearance of the "Green Idol."

If the audience gasped during the performance of the "Night in an Inn," they certainly gasped during the last play, but gasped with laughter. This play was "April Fools," written and presented by 4D class. A rollicking farce, in which hopeless mix-ups with horse dealers, crime and undertakers, left the audience in a good mood, even though such a fine entertainment had come to an end.

AMARD.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Recently a Mr. L—n, of the 1st XV, was (it is rumoured) up before Court. It appears that Mr. L., who is an ardent footballer, was caught in the act of stealing a large quantity of Bulli soil from North Sydney Oval on a certain Wednesday afternoon after a football match in which he had played.

* * *

Owing to Mr. Johnson's valiant efforts, the rush for boats this year at "Auderly" was very orderly.

* * *

Such frequent references, on the part of the School Authorities, to a certain School Spirit have lately induced many of the weaker-minded juniors to believe the school is haunted.

* * *

The motto of the slacker:—

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone,—
Dodging duty at the double,
Leaving work alone.

* * *

Wanted to hire. A reliable typewriter between 3.30 and 5 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays, for doing Latin impositions.—Apply Room 6 (after 3.30 p.m.).

* * *

A prominent Fifth Year debater is becoming

more renowned than ever on account of his wonderful sub-conscious mind. Such is fame!

* * *

An energetic member of the staff has evidently taken to heart the crushing defeat Fort Street suffered at the C.H.S. Athletics. Affected sincerely by the poor display, he is now training coming champions in the lunch hour.

* * *

The Fourth and Fifth Year "lawns" have recently received a topdressing—of stones.

* * *

No Fort Street scholar should experience the slightest difficulty in obtaining a position whenever he leaves school. Everyone receives a thorough course of education in the disposal of refuse.

* * *

Daring colour in dress is the latest rage in certain parts of the school. Let's hope they don't go too far, or Dame Fashion might invade First Year.

* * *

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness," in spite of the rangers, thought many at the school picnic. At any rate, the action of certain Fourth Year lads resembled that of a happy dog.



"Liquers"
where withal -
"Wheeled" in
4th year.



TABLE DECORATIONS
By "SCARLET Pimpernel."
4th year



THE NIGHT MARE
WAS PROVIDED BY
SKYR IN "THE IDOL'S
EYE."



FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE.

Last year Mr. Bauer made it possible for some of his pupils to write to boys in German High Schools, and several letters from Germany were published in "The Fortian." At the commencement of this year I obtained from Mr. Foley the address of M. Henri Besson, a student at the Ecole Normale et Instituteurs, Perigueux,

France. I have at the time of writing received three letters from Henri.

In the first one he writes in the usual foreigners' English, "I received your letter yesterday, at 10 p.m., when I was coming back to school from my Easter holidays. It has been an agreeable surprize for me. I am also very

fond of correspondence with friends of the different countries of the world. I have correspondants in United States of America, England, Holland, Yugo-Slavia, Indo-China, Malta, Senegal, and now Australia. (A wide range, eh?)

"You ask me for correcting the mistakes which are in your French. I'll do, but in return I'll trouble you for correcting mines.

"Now I'll speak a little of myself. As you know, I am a boy more than seventeen years old. My birthday is May 27, 1912 . . . I am middle sized, 1m. 64 tall and 60 kgms. of weight. I am now at the ecole normale et instituteurs de Perigueux. I am in the second form, and in one year I'll be an institutor. [A teacher, no doubt.] At my school we do not learn Latin, but we learn English and I like it."

Each letter is divided into two parts, the first in English and the other in French. The extract below is taken from his last letter:—

'Le 17e siecle, "le siecle de Louis XIV" marque une epoque de plus fecondes dans la litterature francaise. Les grands noms abondeat dans presque tous les genres. Neanmoins c'est

l'art dramatique qui brille de plus vif eclat. Le premier grand nom de cette epoque est Pierre Corneille, "le pere de la tragedie francais . . ." La premiere representation du "cid" en 1636 fut un formidable succes pour Corneille. Ses autres principales tragedries sont "Horace," "Cinna," et enfin "Polyeucte." Apres 1643 il ne dama plus que de mauvaises pieces ou des pieces inferieures.

'Apres Corneille vers 1660 vient Jean Racine qui lui hui peint la force des passions de l'homme avec tous les ravages qu'elles causent. Beaucoup trouvent qu'il est un aussi grand tragedien . . . Vous connaissez peut-etre quelques unes de ses oevres. "Britannicus," "Phedre," "Athalie" sont les plus connues. Dans sa jeunesse Racine fut l'ennemi de Corneille deja vieux. Ils ne reconcilierent peu a peu.

'Je crois que ma lettre commence a etre assez longue. De plus je crains de vous dire des choses que vous savez deja. . . Dans ma prochaine lettre je compte vous parler d'une des plus grandes gloires francaises,crivain lui aussi du 17e siecle le comedrien Jean-Baptiste Poquelin dit Moliere. C'est lui qui en 5 jours,

HOW TO GROW UP

Do your best in all things. In the classroom, in the home, and on the playing field, strive to excel—the habit will repay you.

Remember, too, that the habit of saving is easiest formed while you are young and of untold benefit as you grow older.

Regular savings soon accumulate.

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up to £1000.**

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OF N.S.W.

fit apprendre et jouer, apprit et joua lui meme a la court de Louis XIV une comedrie.'

In his first letter he sent some pictures of Perigueux, which is famous for its Gallo-Romanic ruins. These pictures include a view

of a former arena of the third century, while another shows an old temple dedicated to the Egyptian dieties Isis and Osiris.

T. J. LAMB, 4D.

THE DUMBBELL.

We were sitting round the camp-fire yarning of old times and old friends, and Bill had just mentioned Jim O'Reilly. "I can tell you a yarn about Jim that's pretty scarce, 'cause Jim didn't like it being told, and neither did I, for it concerned me, too, you see," slowly said old Joe Thompson; "but now he's dead, it doesn't matter. You see, Jim and me was humpin' Matilda back to Sydney after the shearin', and one night we landed at a pub about 'alf-past six. We could 'ear a lot of noise goin' on in the dinin' room, and after we 'ad a drink we walked in. There was a couple of flash commercial travellers just finishin', chatterin' and jokin' loud-mouthed—you know how—and a pretty girl, all smiles, waitin' on them. We was only a pair of dusty swaggies, and I saw a dark look come over her face when her eyes lit on us. The bagmen soon finished, and then left Jim and me alone with the girl. Jim said 'Hullo' to her, but I could see she'd made up her mind not to speak to us, bein' below her notice.

"You'll remember Jim wasn't a bad-lookin' cove, and a bit gone on the women, so he winked at her once or twice when she handed us our tea. She never opened her mouth. Well, we finished the first course and, when she was handin' us our puddin', Jim whispers to me in a voice loud enough for her to 'ear, 'Ain't she a beauty?' I bet you never seen a girl prettier than her.' But she never spoke or even looked as if she had anything to say.

"Then Jim said to me, 'I never thought girls was so pretty. You 'ear a lot about them Robinson girls, but none of them can 'old a candle to this 'un.' But she just sat at the other end of the table starin' at nothin'. Then Jim whistled in that funny way of his, and when she looked round he smiled and passed

the empty tea-cups down to her. She took them and filled 'em up for the fourth time, and passed 'em back without sayin' a word. When I drunk that cup, I was feeling fed up—" "Naturally, with all that tucker," broke in Sandy, the joker.

"—so I stood up, but Jim caught 'old of me arm and said between 'is teeth, 'Hang on a bit, I'll make her speak yet.' I said, 'You 'aven't got a chance.' Jim said, 'Betcher a fiver,' and we shook 'ands on it, and I sat down again. Jim ordered some more tea by jingling 'is teaspoon against 'is cup. While she was gettin' the tea, Jim says to me out loud, 'Did yer 'ear about the scandal about Tom Carver an' Mrs. Strong—or was it 'er daughter.' But she never batted an eyelash, only passed our cups back. Jim took a sip an' then roared out, 'Look 'ere, this is only warm water. We want tea!'

"She took the cups back without a murmur and made some fresh tea.

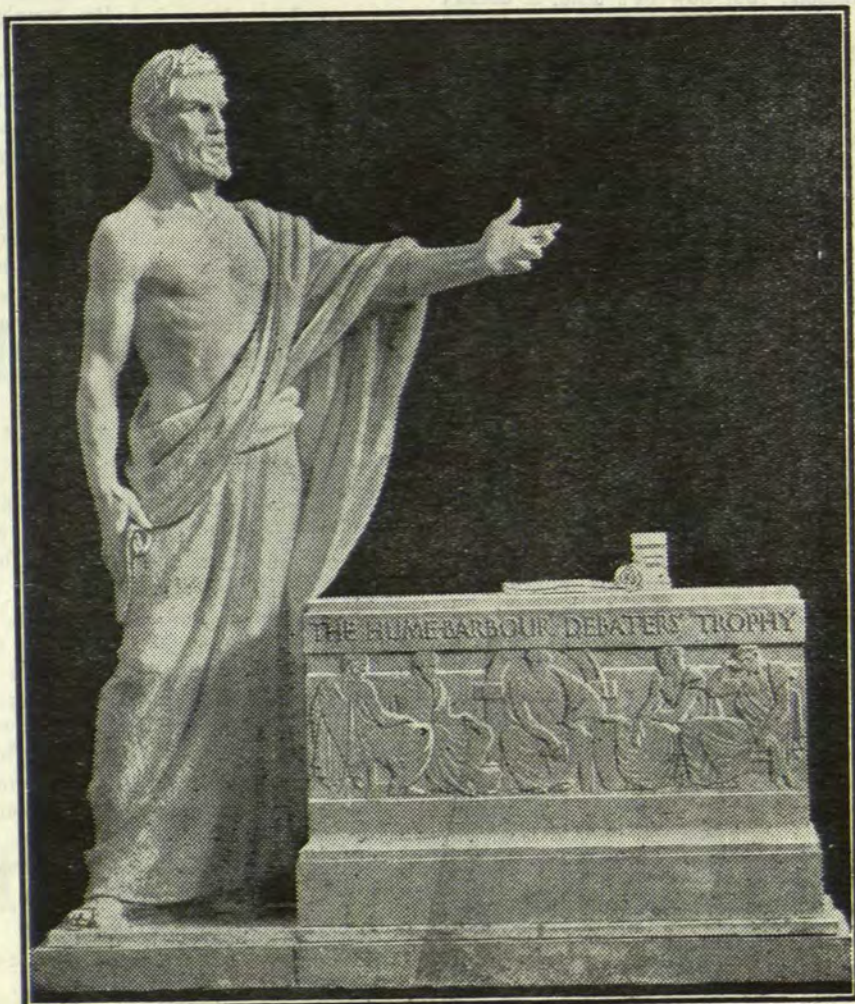
"So there we sat drinkin' tea—we had about a dozen cups, and I was so full I 'ad to tilt back me 'ead to get any more in. She started to clear up at the other end of the table, so at last we got up and staggered out. We met the boss of the joint just outside the door, and Jim said to 'im, 'What's wrong with that girl in there? She never said a blooming word all the time we was in there, no matter what I did or said.' The boss just opened his mouth an' roared laughing. But he saw Jim not lookin' too pleasant, so he stopped and said, 'Well, there ain't anything unusual in that, the poor girl's dumb!' And he started to laugh again. Jim gave 'im a beaut sock in the jaw, and then we left."

"MICKY THE MOUSE," 4D.

HUME-BARBOUR DEBATING TROPHY.

Thanks to the good offices of Mr. Cramp, Inspector of Secondary Schools, and the generosity of Miss Hume-Barbour, a prominent member of the Historical Society, the Boys' High Schools of the State now have a very valuable trophy to compete for in debate. We are very pleased to report that Fort Street is the first winner of this trophy. Its team was unbeaten throughout the competition, and its speakers, Allen (Captain), Foster, Verco and Green, gained high praise for their logic and eloquence. The final debate took place in the

Assembly Hall of the Education Department before a large audience. Our sister school was well represented by teachers and girls, and their encouragement was much appreciated. The opposing team was Canterbury High School, and their speakers are to be congratulated on a very fine effort, but the adjudicators (Mr. Mack, K.C., and Messrs. Ferguson and Moffitt) gave Fort Street the victory by a comfortable margin. The school looks to the present Fourth Year debaters to exercise every effort to retain the trophy next year.





The Hume-Barbour Debating Team: G. FOSTER, M. ALLEN, A. GORAN (Sec.), M. GREEN, D. VERCO.

THE SENIOR FAREWELL AND DINNER.

On the 2nd of November this year the school gathered in the Memorial Hall for the celebration of the annual function, the farewell to the departing seniors.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Harrison in turn extolled their merits, and gave them some good advice for the future. Other speakers were J. Bailey, J. Kerr and E. Treharne, the Captain, Vice-Captain and Senior Prefect respectively for the coming year, and Mr. Porter and Mr. Wootten on behalf of the staff. A. Schmidt and D. Sanbrook, our popular Captain and Senior Prefect, replied on behalf of the 5th Year, and gave the incoming Prefects some sound advice.

Entertainment was provided in the form of a pianoforte solo, a few selections on the mouth-organ by a worthy 1st Year-ite—and George.

George, by the way, deserves the special thanks of the school, for he has never failed to produce the goods whenever called upon, and his enthusiastic reception at this function should serve to emphasize our appreciation of his efforts.

The ceremony was concluded in the usual manner by the seniors marching out to the strains of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows," led by the Captain and Senior Prefect.

Then followed that touching little scene on the "quad," when with tears in their eyes they called the masters (by their Christian names) to come and be cheered.

Yet once again they were to assemble in the Memorial Hall—for the Senior Dinner. This is the first year that this function has been held in the hall, and I think that it is an excellent innovation.

Another departure from the usual custom was made when the fathers of the Fifth Year were invited. As usual, the Prefects for the coming year were present, and at a little after 7 o'clock everyone sat down to a "right royal" repast, and, as one of the speakers afterwards said, one had only to look at the depleted tables to see that the departing Fifth Year were quite as good at eating as anything else.

The reply to the toast to the Visitors was made by Dr. Verco, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Steward, all of whom have shown great interest in the school.

We were also honoured by a few remarks from an old favourite and ex-teacher, Mr. Mote, who was received with great enthusiasm.

Throughout the evening the speeches were interspersed with songs by Mr. Parker, a piano-



PREFECTS, 1929.

The more serious part of the evening was then begun with the toast to the King, proposed by the chairman, our Captain, A. Schmidt. Then followed at intervals the toasts to the Staff and School, the Departing Seniors, the Future Seniors and the Visitors. All were drunk with great gusto in soft drinks, of which there was an excellent supply.

The speakers of the evening were Mr. Williams and Mr. Harrison, of the staff; Messrs. Schmidt, Sanbrook, Allen, Green, Foster, Verco, Gibson, Klineberg, Bailey, Kerr and Treharne among the students.

forte duet, community singing, and, as usual, George Foster.

Both the Senior Dinner and the farewell were marked by the great popularity of the departing Fifth Year, especially the Captain and Senior Prefect, and when the evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," the seniors were kept busy autographing menu-cards and receiving the wishes of the company for the best of luck in their coming examination.

THE BADJA RIVER.

During one of the Christmas vacations I was fortunate enough to visit the Badja River, a noted stream of the Monaro district.

On arriving at Cooma, we travelled by car in an easterly direction to the accommodation house, which was situated close by the river. The Badja River is thirty miles from Cooma, and is one of the best streams in the district as far as rod fishing is concerned. The rainbow trout, which are the only fish found in the river, are wonderfully coloured. They have a distinct rainbow effect on their skin, the most prominent of these colours being a pink streak which extends from the gills to the tail, and fades into lighter shades each side. The river

many excellent pools and "straights," there are also some very scenic waterfalls, which are numerous in the gorges.

One remarkable feature of so small a river during the summer is that before entering the Umeralla it works its way underground through sand for almost one and a half miles, and then reappears in the form of many springs.

On each side of the river within a few miles of its source the country is thickly wooded, and the surface of the ground is covered with small bushes and tufts of very strong grass, but further down the river the timber has been cut away by mill-owners, and it is comparatively



water is seldom discoloured, and provides very good still-water fishing, especially at the beginning of the season, which lasts from 1st November to 14th April. At the beginning of the season the fish are plentiful and always ready to "bite," but towards April they slacken off, or become "educated," as the fishermen say.

Beginning as a small creek in the Great Dividing Range, the Badja River flows for sixteen miles in a south-westerly direction, until it meets the Umeralla River, and from there its waters flow along to the Murrumbidgee. Besides

bare. There are some very large outcrops of granite near the house, which is about ten miles from the river's source. These outcrops are generally found on the top of a hill only covered by short grass, and they afford a picturesque scene when viewed from the road below. Another beautiful scene is the falling snow. The snow falls regularly each year in this district, and the rivers freeze for weeks, but unfortunately it very rarely occurs in Christmas vacation.

K. HENDERSON, 2D.

ON COMPANIONSHIP.

On thinking about the people whom I am privileged to call friends, the thought struck me that this world of ours would be a terrible place without our God or our friends. How could we exist without the Divine comfort, administered to us by the Almighty, or without the hearty companionship, offered to us by the loving hand of Friendship? There is a striking parallel to be drawn from the two types. Friendship is the mortal fulfilment of the immortal ideal.

Friends are an incentive to us to accomplish great things. Indeed, it might be truly said that "praise from a friend is praise indeed." Of course, I am speaking of intimate friendship, in which a deep and lasting affection exists between two people, not a mere superficial state of camaraderie, formed and forgotten in a moment.

I have often wondered why man abhors loneliness, and now I am convinced that man is born with a definite relation towards his fellow-creatures. His very dependence on his fellow-man forms between them a state of mutual understanding, which may or may not ripen as the years go by, but which alone can satisfy man's craving for companionship. Humanity must fraternise, and the type of life a man leads depends largely on the friends he makes.

Each friend we make has, therefore, a definite purpose in our lives, so we should always love and cherish our friends, esteem that bond of comradeship with our fellow-men, which is so beneficial to us, and do unto others as we would they should do unto us.

PHIZ, 4D.

MICKY THE MOUSE.

I perceive that our magazine has been neglected in the past in one important section, namely, the nature story. One magazine may

have a story about "Gekho the Goat," while another interests its readers in "Polly the Parrot," but our paper seems to have been neglect-

Reinforced at the Points of Greatest Wear— The "Monitor" School-suit!

David Jones', always studying the making of boy's suits, have found that the points of greatest wear are the seat, knees and elbows. Accordingly they have reinforced all these places so as to give the maximum of hard service.

These are New Features!

- | | | | |
|--|---|----------------|-------------|
| ALL WOOL GREY
WORSTEDS, PLAIN
OR HERRINGBONE | 1. Each suit has specially made double seat, knees and elbows to withstand hard wear. | Plain
Knees | 53/6 |
| | 2. There are 12 brace buttons, so that when one comes off, there still are some to use. | | |
| | 3. The sleeve lining has tucks for lengthening. | Below
Knees | 57/6 |
| | 4. The coat is half-lined — just like Father's. | | |

LOWER GROUND FLOOR

DAVID JONES'

ed in this important detail, except that a monster visited the school in the last issue. A monster is only half an animal, however, compared with such a mouse as my Micky.

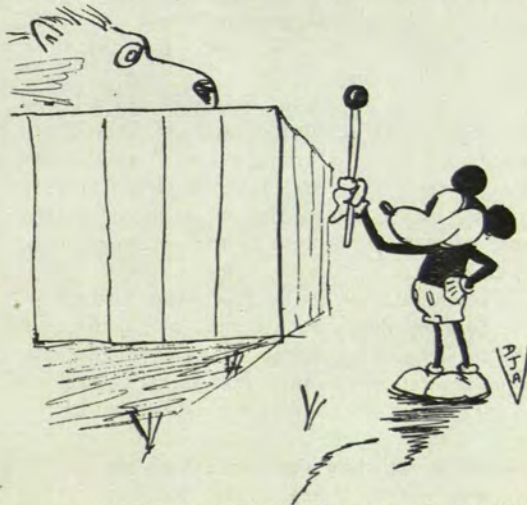
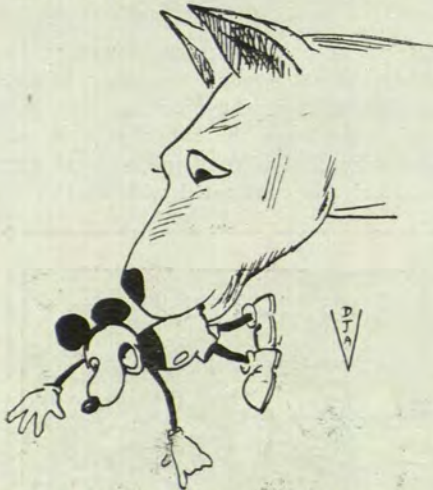
Micky awoke one day and found himself in a soft furry nest with four other little pink, wrinkled mouselets. All mice are small judged from our standard, but Micky was particularly diminutive. However, time added weight to the subject under discussion, till he was a respectable size and could throw his weight about with good effect. Soon Micky began to make a name for himself on account of his tremendous courage.

He had already killed five less pugnacious mice in friendly squabbles when the acid test

with much wagging, he dislocated the ferret's jaw. Seizing the opportunity offered by this strategic move, he ran in under the ferret's guard and bit into his neck, fastening his teeth in a strangle hold.

Tired out by the titanic conflict, Micky retired to lick his wounds and receive the congratulations of the family and friends. The ferrets, not appreciating the chance they would have with the rats of the neighbourhood, fled precipitately.

I could tell you many more adventures of this remarkable mouse; of how he chose the prettiest little mouse with pink eyes and pearly teeth for his bride, of how they reared several families of pink mice; but time will not permit



was applied to his fighting ability. The owner of the barn, hoping to free it of the swarms of rats, sent ferrets down the rat-holes. Micky suddenly came upon one of these ferocious and wiry animals, which he had never seen before, and he could not tell whether he ought to look him in the face and pass by or turn tail and flee.

The ferret, however, decided for him, rushing forward in an attempt to extirpate our friend Micky. Such a lashing and commotion resounded through the ancestral tunnels that the farmer above thought the ferrets and the rats were fighting a pitched battle, and went away to obtain reinforcements.

The ferret managed to get a firm tail-hold on Micky, but, with a snap of his tail, muscular

me to tell you more than how he passed in his check, so to speak.

Micky had acquired the habit of sallying forth on the hunt to bring in whatever game he might see, such as a sleek cat, or, now and then, a fowl. On this eventful day, however, he made his way to the dairy, intent on having some milk which he had come to like. Hearing a fearful noise in the next building, he raced in to see what was the cause of it. Alongside a great clanging chaff-cutter was a somewhat large kangaroo dog. In the ensuing fight the dog threw the mouse into the chaff-cutter.

It has been noticed since that the cows of this herd are the most ferocious in Australia.

C. A. SHORT.

A LETTER FROM JOHN GALSWORTHY.

"... He tries not to leave letters unanswered, and to meet every request." It was this criticism, written by Leon Schalit about John Galsworthy, which first prompted me to write to him who is probably the most eminent English author of to-day.

The reply came some two months later, brief but friendly, and very interesting.

In a large, widely-spread handwriting, the author recalled his visit to Australia in 1892,

and expressed his regret at not being able to come here again.

However, more interesting than this reference to his visit to Sydney was a secret which he divulged, and which is probably known to very few in Australia, namely, that the English writers who have most influenced his work are Shakespeare and Dickens.

L.S.L.G.B.

THE SCHOOL PICNIC, 1930.

This year the School Picnic was delayed till October, but this only made the school look forward to it all the more, and vow that they would get 100 per cent. more fun out of it when it did come.

The school, boys and staff, gathered at Central Station at about 8.45, and not long afterwards we were scrambling for a seat in the special train that Mr. Johnson, with untiring efforts, had obtained for us at the moderate cost of 1/- each, despite the increased cost of living.

The impatience to be there was curbed on the journey down by attempts at singing and much sustained practice of that enlightening conglomeration of sound that forms the school war-cry, and much was the mystification of the quiet and sedate suburban train travellers peacefully minding their own business on the stations that we passed when the above weird and wonderful noise was gently wafted to their ears.

We reached our destination (National Park, should anyone have forgotten), and captains of boats commenced the marathon cross country race to the boat-shed. Having arrived there in varying stages of exhaustion, they had to wait until the less energetic part of the school and the still less energetic staff ambled along about half an hour later. Then, much to the disappointment of those who were at the head of the queue, it was learnt that an enterprising member of the above-mentioned staff had worked it out who was to get first boat, and so on, down to the last. (We happened to be somewhere near that position, as our Editor will strongly testify.) Before long, however, all those who wished to indulge in

a few hours on the ocean wave were more or less satisfied, and began to sort themselves out from a terrible tangle of oars and rudders.

The Mecca of everyone then seemed to be the highest navigable point on either of the branches that unite at the picnic ground, and many and varied were the experiences of our would-be sailors. On rounding a bend one would suddenly be confronted with a craft of



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semi-nude river-pirates (or so they seemed to the unpractised eye, but to the calm and collected like myself, B—L—O seemed to figure very prominently). These pirates were armed to the teeth with tin cans, syringes, and any other appliance capable of holding an appreciable amount of water, and they did not hesitate to use them.

The "landlubbers" were divided into two separate classes—those who went, under the able guidance of Mr. Porter, to view Nature in its primeval grandeur, and those who remained on the picnic ground.

Here an excellent athletic programme was run (so they tell me), but no one seemed to have informed Fourth Year of the fact, from what I can gather. Fourth Year was having a better time on the river.

I do not think there were any serious accidents during the day, unless the fate of poor

Ha—m—r, of 4D, can be called one. This poor, deluded chap thought he could pass the day on the river in a pair of immaculate (?) creams. He soon found his mistake—when he fell (?) in. Anyhow, the result was that Mr. Ha—m—r had to go home in a pair of borrowed shorts and a raincoat.

The day ended all too quickly, and at about half past three a solo on a familiar whistle brought all boats slowly and reluctantly to their rightful resting place for the night. Then began the slow tramp up the hill and the final reward—a rest on a respectable, soft seat.

We were able to manage, however, to raise a few more war-cries and cheers, a couple more songs, and an excellent sore throat each, but, nevertheless, we all crawled into bed that night declaring that it was the best picnic ever.

J.R.K.

DOWN SOUTH.

An Unofficial Account of a Recent Geographical Excursion to Canberra and the South Coast.

I propose to deal only with the country we passed through, and neglect the social side of the excursion, as I do not wish to take up too much space in this paper. I am certain you will all be interested in the doings at the 'Varsity, so this is why I am communicating the account.

The party left Martin Place at 8.9 a.m., G.P.O. time, and proceeded from the city via Pitt Street, Parramatta Road and Liverpool Road. The landscape is more or less shut in by houses until Bankstown reservoir is passed. Beyond this, grand panoramas, especially to the south and west, are obtained. The south to south-eastern skyline continues very regular and unbroken for a great distance. In the west the view embraces the plains to the mountains; it has a charm of its own.

From here we pass through country only gradually being opened up, to Liverpool. Some belts of still uncleared forest are passed; elsewhere there is scrub. The settlements are usually long-established.

The road follows the George's River to Campbelltown, passing through cleared grazing country. Beyond to the east is the barren sandstone country, covered with forest, stretching away to the horizon. Then we followed the railway line to Camden. This rural country

has a typical old-world aspect. The town of Camden, situated on a rise, surrounding the old church, the spire of which dominates the landscape, I gather recalls rural England.

Here the Nepean is crossed, and we passed through gradually more undulating country, culminating in the Razorback, near Picton, which the road crosses by an easy route. From here extensive views of the plains and the Blue Mountains are obtained, Mounts Hay, King George, etc., being clearly distinguished. The road descends now into the town of Picton.

Beyond here the abrupt change from cleared country to virgin forest indicates a change in the geological formation. The sandstone country extends nearly to Mittagong. It is featureless, monotonous forest country, but the abundance of wattle, out in flower, gave a magnificent effect. There is little settlement. Bargo is the only town of any size at all.

A detour was made to Picton Lakes. The water in these is stagnant; there are reeds along the banks, and a somewhat more varied scrub growth near them.

Mittagong is situated in a wide valley, almost shut in by hills. It is here that the Nattai River enters the mountains; it forms a considerable gap in the hills. To the south-east is

the Gib, a prominent landmark visible for miles around.

Beyond the Gib is the flat country of the Bowral-Moss Vale district, usually occupied by dairying or agriculture. Bowral is best remembered as being the home-town of our Don Bradman. Here many city business men have country residences. Moss Vale is a considerable size.

From Moss Vale to Marulan the road leaves the railway, and passes through undulating country, occupied by sheep stations. This country presents a monotonous alternation of cleared land, dead trees and some still standing forest. The homesteads are far apart. The road is, as a rule, ballasted with local rock, but a large stretch, towards Marulan, is concreted.

From Marulan to Goulburn the country becomes more broken; the road and railway follow the broad Wollondilly Valley; this is surrounded by high wooded hills.

Goulburn, "The Windy City," is only seen after passing a ridge a mile or so distant. It is tolerably uninteresting. By daylight the war memorial on a quartzite hill to the east

gives the impression rather of a blot on the landscape. The railway station and yards are at the extreme southern end of the town.

Between Goulburn and Canberra, and east from there to beyond Braidwood, the structure of the country is alternating ridges and valleys. The ridges, composed of quartzite, are occupied by a light—and to the south stunted and gnarled—eucalypt forest, and undergrowth is almost entirely lacking. The valleys are clothed with grassland, or are cleared and given over to pastoral pursuits. The road follows the valleys as far as possible, crossing the ridges by easy transverse valleys.

Lake George is seen from the vicinity of Bungendore. Beyond it is the relatively unbroken ridge of the Cullarim Scarp, which is crossed beyond Bungendore to reach Canberra.

Queanbeyan is first seen from the summit of the ridge, a mile or so to the east. Here is a grand panorama. To the west is the Canberra district. To the south some high peaks in the Gourock range are seen. There was some snow on these at the time of the visit.

The first things that strike one about Canberra are whitewash and red tiles. The buildings

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are practically all made of brick and covered with roughcast. Red tiles may be associated with "red tape." However, the general aspect of the place is very pleasing. It is situated on a broad plain, crossed by the Molonglo River. From the plain rise sundry mountains of a fairly uniform height. Mt. Stromlo, on which is the solar observatory, is situated about eight miles to the west. On and near it is an extensive forest reserve.

From Canberra to the coast the road crosses the "grain" of the country. Of the structure of it I have spoken before. About five miles before Braidwood is reached the Shoalhaven River is crossed. Braidwood is situated on a broad plain, and is of considerable size. Here the large party attracted the curiosity of the townspeople.

The section to Moruya is the most interesting. Some miles from Braidwood the road crosses the Shoalhaven-Moruya divide. There is an abrupt change in the scenery. The country becomes very broken. The road gradually descends a tributary valley for a few miles, coming out suddenly above the Araluen Valley. The panorama is a splendid one. The valley is wide, shut in by high hills, and becoming more broken somewhat lower down. The meandering course of the Araluen River is easily discerned.

The road descends into the valley, about 1000-1500 feet in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, by a contour course. The effect of the pressure caused by the rapid descents on one's ears was noticed by many of us.

Araluen is a straggling, tumble-down township, the centre of former gold-mining activity. The gold-workings are passed before the town is reached. From here nearly to Moruya the road follows a very tortuous course along the left-hand side of the river. Three large tributaries come in from the right. Numerous hairpin bends occur where the road follows up short valleys cut by stormwater streams, crossing these by bridges or causeways, and maintaining a fairly level grade. These are only passable with difficulty by vehicles of any size. Most of this section also was done in the dark; the night ride was, I am sure, fully appreciated and enjoyed.

The main thing about Moruya is the large number of hotels; there are four of these. Evidently the populace—the town is not very

large—like plenty of beer! The granite quarries are two miles from the town, towards the sea.

From Moruya north the Prince's Highway is about five miles inland, due to the broken nature of the coastal "plain." It passes through a magnificent temperate forest, the trees forming a striking contrast with those in the Canberra region. The principal occupation is timber-getting; many of the villages are situated round the sawmills. Some grand views of the sea on the right, and the highlands to the left, are obtained. Bateman's Bay, the estuary of the Clyde, is crossed by punt; it is the largest harbour passed south of Jervis Bay. The highlands rise steeply from the plains to an elevation approaching 2000 feet. The road comes to the seaboard at Ulladulla, the port for the Milton district, where dairying and agriculture are carried on. From Milton to Nowra sandstone country is passed, though the general characteristics of this are much the same as that between Picton and Mittagong. Nearer Nowra it becomes practically featureless.

Jervis Bay is a fine harbour, recalling Botany Bay, but on a large scale.

The Shoalhaven enters the sea by an inconspicuous mouth, blocked by a sandbar. Shipping enters it by way of Crookhaven, with which it is connected by a canal, made by convict labour.

From here we visited Cambewarra. Extensive views are obtained of the coast south to Milton, and also the lower Shoalhaven. Kangaroo Valley is also seen. This view rivals that from Sublime Point, which we visited later in the day.

The return journey was up the coast to Bulli. The Kiama Blowhole was in "full working order" under the influence of a stiff south-east wind, with a good surf. It afforded a great spectacle.

The Illawarra plains are given over principally to dairying. Port Kembla is developing as an industrial centre. Numerous coal mines occur from Wollongong to Coalcliff. The coast presents a series of alternating headlands and long, sweeping beaches. Harbours are wanting.

From Bulli we ascended Bulli Pass, and continued along the road to the city. There is little of interest in this country, at least from a scenic aspect. I will say no more about it, and here take my leave.

C. G. CRAFT.

A MODEST PROPOSAL.

Some time ago (I can dimly recall it) there was a great deal of talk about a new hall. Someone had, it appears, told the authorities the old one was too small. However, the matter did not cease with the "big noise." It was driven home with force to all the Mayors, State Treasurers, Members of Parliament and parents the said authorities could induce to attend a Speech Day (nominally, but more like an indignation meeting). There was a deep plot beforehand between the lads and the authorities to fill the hall as it had never been filled before, "to create an impression," they put it (though I think it was very deceitful to try to hoodwink the trusting Ms.L.A.). The boys were to poke their heads in at the doors, windows, and all other gaps in the wall—to crowd eagerly down the aisle as if anxious to catch every word (more deceit). Well, as I said, the project was not left at that.

Satisfied that "the impression had been created," the authorities announced a Grand Fete. It WAS grand. The hall was converted into something resembling a Persian market, and bargain hunters from all quarters frequented it every night for about a week. America was transferred to the first floor, and wide-eyed youth gazed enthralled upon the "shooting" of thrilling scenes from Beery Wallace in "The Empty Mug," etc. The Art Room became a Palais Royal, where the care-free might "trip it on the light fantastic toe" to the stately, ecstatic strains of "Horsy, Keep Your Tail Up" and other "hits." In many corners that in daytime housed the aspiring intellects of youth, were to be found dens of entertainment which the aforesaid youth sought out to rest the aspiring (or perspiring) intellects when the night shades had fallen.

Thus, by dint of hard work, good wares and attractive saleswomen, a goodly amount for the fund was raised. Of course, things were slightly disorganised for at least a fortnight, but that didn't matter. Nothing mattered, in fact, so long as the moneys were obtained. Even concerts, fancy dress balls and other such frivolous forms of amusement were resorted to, and the struggling students were compelled to give nights which they longed to employ in the useful acquisition and revision of knowledge, in attending these functions, in order to

show a lively school spirit. An old familiar exhortation was worn threadbare in those few energetic weeks, but at last the carnival finished and the school subsided to the old routine.

Every lad, from the tiniest first year toddler to the mighty senior, now expected to see the old hall reverently removed and a towering stone structure assume its place. But, alas, the majestic new edifice came not! Nor has it yet arrived.

But, let me tell you, it **will** come. Perhaps when our great-grandchildren grace the honoured quad. of Fort Street it will be a thing of reality. However, despair not, ye who raised the cash, there is yet hope for the present generation if the Government lights upon a gold-mine or some interested student's rich benefactor dies. But, lest the authorities should commit some other drastic mistake in the building of the next hall, I consider that the few humble suggestions I wish to forward would quite satisfy all members of Fort Street at present. Of course, more fastidious members might join as the centuries roll by, and a hall after my plan would become inadequate and obsolete. In that case another Grand Fete would solve the problem.

The type of building I suggest is a three-storeyed one, so that the roof would be level with that of the school. Externally, it would be an architectural gem, into the details of which I do not propose to enter. Electric elevators would run between the various floors for the scholars' convenience, and there would be stairs for the masters. Elevators for the latter would tend to laziness and corpulency. The basement of the building would probably be rather extensive, and could be converted into a general store and restaurant. Space also could be allowed here for the erection of a plant to heat the building in winter time, and other such details.

Of course, the centre of the ground floor would be a very large auditorium, with plush seats, galleries, and so on. A fine stage, with all the latest accessories, fitted with a screen for the showing of "talkies," would be an essential addition. Generally speaking, I consider the plans of the State Theatre would be suitable for this portion of the building. Several other rooms would also be situated on this floor;

possibly a very small area could be devoted to a homework room for the so-inclined. This would be fitted up with automatic typewriters, and perhaps some brainy American could be induced to invent a sort of mechanical homework oracle. It would be much appreciated by the studious-minded, and form a fine ornament for the apartment in discussion. Of course, if the school voted against such a room, it could easily be excluded.

A few points concerning the fine entrance gallery need explaining. This, of course, would be at the front of the building and contain busts and paintings of famous ex-students and perhaps a master or two. A few suggestions are: The schoolboy with blue blood, "Fatty," or Mr. X., as the best-looking master. (N.B.—These are **only** suggestions.) However, let us pass up in the lift to the first floor (for you will perceive the imposing structure is already taking form in my active mind).

It is a matter of general taste as to what use the main space on the first floor be devoted. A skating rink and dance hall combination appeals strongly to me, but some may prefer a cricket practice wicket or a gymnasium. Perhaps an extra floor could be added for the latter conveniences, since we have a master itching for a gym. and a staff which must find some outlet for its surplus energy. A boxing ring in the proposed gym. would be a source of great entertainment for all in the dinner hours. Another room would contain ping-pong and billiard tables, and perhaps a few large blackboards for 3rd Year to play noughts and crosses. Tables would be handy for Ludo, dominoes, and other such fascinating pastimes. No doubt many will clamour for a "Minnie" golf course, but this dangerous sport tends to take the mind off lessons too much. First Year may demand a place for playing marbles, but a moralizing talk by a certain authority would soon induce them to forsake this juvenile vice, and take up the manly sport of athletics. The first floor would be now entirely occupied, but if there happened to be any space left, a running track could be constructed around the skating rink, for school spirit to be shown in the athletes' spare time.

My lofty scheme for the top floor would indeed delight the heart of Mr. R—, for I pro-

pose wonderful large baths, built after the style of those found at Pompeii. They would be entirely of marble, with the usual conveniences—spring-boards, slabs, and a diving-tower. A luxurious Turkish bath, a barber's shop, dressing rooms and sandy places for sun-baking would range around the baths, and if a machine for the artificial production of surf were discovered, one of these useful contraptions would be immediately installed. This, of course, may be too expensive, and the old method of roller-production—namely, the heaving in of the healthiest looking senior, would have to be resorted to. The water would be warmed in cold weather, and a small quantity of school spirit poured in now and again would lead to the enlivenment of the schoolboy's duty.

The most attractive part of the building, probably, would be the roof, upon which a fine modern aerodrome would stand. Most boys will be travelling to school by air in the near future, so it would be just as well to have the landing ready. No further discussion need be given to this well-known topic.

The whole place, of course, would be electrically lighted and equipped with radio sets, electric fans and telephones throughout. No doubt there are many other modern conveniences I do not think of at the moment, and suggestions for improvements on this plan are cordially invited, for I would like to see everyone connected with the new hall fully satisfied.

One way of obtaining the necessary money under present circumstances would be to send all the boys out to work for a few weeks. This is certainly a more effective and thorough method than a Grand Fete, which so upsets the course of school work, although, during the last Fete, the boys acted manfully, and I never heard one complaint. But, after all, in the words of a famous master, "What are exams?" Knowledge is the thing that counts.

I conclude this maddest, or rather modest, scheme with a parting admonition that these are only suggestions, and urge the lads not to be disappointed if the proposal is not adopted promptly. Maybe, as the centuries pass by, when a new hall stands proudly above the school, a noble-hearted generation will arise

and raise a fine monument to the hardy souls who withstood the wintry blast in the old hall and raised their voices cheerily in the words of the school song; yea, I can e'en visualize a little throng of 1st Year innocents in 2030,

gazing with veneration on a picture of the old hall, with the words upon their lips:—

"Our predecessors wrought great deeds that will not perish."

R.F.C., 4D.

ON NOTHING.

It's all very well trying to write on something, especially for a paper like the "Fortian," when one can think of nothing about which to write. However, after much hard consideration and deliberation, I have come to the conclusion that the best subject upon which to write is nothing.

Nothing is that infinitely small piece of something or other which eminent scientists and brilliant masters of physics find it so hard to define, but which we simply describe as the hole in a Life-saver or the part of an apple that is outside the skin, or the present that your Scotch friend gives you at Christmas, and so forth.

It has often been said by many of the distinguished philanthropists of this illustrious institution that the heads of many of its miscreants contain the answer to the riddle. But here they are sadly mistaken, for most boys maintain that if they are credited with no

sense, and therefore are supposed to have little or no intelligence, yet there is something in their heads which may, now and then, be mistaken for brains.

In these times of financial depression and stringency, nothing is more prevalent than nothing. At present I have nothing in my pockets; many other people are feeling the same way; but still we go whistling along.

What would the world be like without nothing? All we should do would be to go to theatres or eat chocolates or do Latin translations all day long. We would become bored with life, and want to go away or even commit suicide—which, according to many, might be better for some of us—all for the sake of nothing.

Let us then rejoice and be glad that we have nothing to worry about, nothing to write essays on when other subjects fail us.

L. H. SMITH, 4C.

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MORE NEWS FROM THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

This story is of a trip made recently by a friend of mine residing in Mount Isa, Central Queensland.

He set off with several companions, travelling in a north-westerly direction through thickly timbered country to May Downs cattle station, a distance of fifty-six miles. This farm may well be termed a little out of the way, for the nearest railway station is Mount Isa, and the closest neighbour is at Yelvertoft Station, twenty-five miles away. The homestead is a weatherboard cottage, which has suffered greatly from white ants, and the black boys have to exist in a hut in a far worse condition, three hundred yards away. It is only a brave woman who would give up a gay city life to go and make it possible for her husband to live.

George Essex Evans has shown us the real sacrifice that has been made by the gallant "women of the west" in his immortal poem:—
 "For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet
 plies his arts,
 They only hear the beating of their gallant,
 loving hearts.
 But they have sung with silent lives the song
 all songs above,
 The nobleness of sacrifice, the dignity of love."

After replenishing both the food and fuel supply, they continued the journey, and, after crossing several gilgais and dry river beds, Johnson's Lagoon was reached. It was here that Lieutenants Parer and MacIntosh were lost, and utilised a piece of stove piping as an exhaust pipe on their 'plane.

A few ducks were shot, and the sound startled many emus and kangaroos. Fifty miles further on an ant-bed was passed, standing about ten feet high.

As the water in the bottle was dwindling, and the mercury hovered around the century, a forced march was made for Camooweal, where, to the disgust of all, it was found that 1/6 had to be paid for a drink. Still, they paid it! This place has much less right to the name "town" than Mount Isa. There are two hotels (both of which were full on arrival), a post office and wireless station, two stores, about ten houses, a hospital and an aerodrome.

At various places about the town notices bearing the following inscription were seen:—"All

cars must be parked facing the building they are in front of. Any person disregarding this notice will be fined not more than £2. By order, Shire of Barkley Tablelands." Upon inquiry it was found that there were five cars in the town.

Leaving Camooweal, and travelling on an excellent road, they left the timbered country behind, and open plains were entered upon. This is ideal aeroplane country, and
 "The heavens filled with commerce, argosies
 of magic sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
 with costly bales,"
 can here well be imagined.

After forty-eight miles of comparatively fast travelling, Barkley Downs Station was reached, and, although the manager was in Mount Isa, they were cordially invited to stay the night.

Next morning trail was struck for Lake Nash and Central Australia, which territory was entered after several hours of travel. The car was certainly now a ship in the sea of sand, and every now and then beautiful tempting mirages appeared.

The lake was reached early in the afternoon, and here my friends found a really modern oasis, for the homestead is practically a new house, and is fitted with every modern convenience, including electric light, hot and cold water, spacious gardens, and wireless.

Also on the selection there is a police station, a telegraph station, a store and a blacks' camp.

They soon left for Urandangie, travelling by the stock route, and every few hundred yards for the next 250 miles dead stock could be seen. I think that this country can be best described by an extract from Ovilvie's "Team Bullock," when the poet, speaking about Bunt's bullock team, writes:—

"Three flaring dawns had seen them yoked,
 Three scorching noons had watched them
 pass,
 With slaver on their lips—half choked—
 Since they had drunk or tasted grass.
 The sun bit like a burning glass."

When the trip was made the plains were said to be drier than they had been for many years.

While on this stock route my friends came across some drovers, and were invited to stay

for afternoon tea, to which they consented. They were asked if they liked eggs, and replied in the affirmative. A number of these delicacies were placed in a pot, but as soon as they had hit boiling water there was a loud explosion like a pistol shot. Quickly the visitors developed a dislike for eggs. Some suspicious-looking bread was produced, and after the ants had been brushed off it, an oily substance, which looked more like olive oil than butter, was poured out of a bottle and spread on with a shaving brush. Thoughts of a pleasant cup of tea and perhaps fresh toast quickly faded, and the party suddenly found that they were in a hurry, and left with empty but still healthy stomachs.

After that they entered the sandy deserts, and passed several unfortunate camels which had been left by some droving plant, as they were too old to go much further.

Urandangie was reached at 7 p.m., and the proprietress had to be roused before they could gain admittance to the hotel. Travellers are few and far between here, and sometimes not a single drink is sold in a week. The total population, including children, does not exceed thirty. Here a doctor who was one of the party, made himself useful, for medical assistance was urgently needed for the school-teacher.

In the country now being entered upon five inches of rain have fallen in eight years, so that the place is in a deplorable condition, and is probably the most barren country in Australia.

From Urandangie the tracks of a mob of cattle were followed until they had been completely blotted out by a dust-storm. From then on the compass was the only guide. As far as the eye could reach stretched a level plain of sun-baked desert. Occasionally the tops of posts were seen, and it was found that they had once formed part of a fence, but had been obliterated by sandstorms.

The car came across some wheel tracks which it was thought would lead to the Walgra Station, but soon it was found that they were leading west instead of east. The party were now in a bad way, for only an hour's supply of petrol, and less water, remained. However, what was thought to be Carrandotta Station was seen, but on closer approach it turned out to be another mirage. It had been a flock of sheep that had deceived them.

They then turned back, crossed the Georgina River, and soon came upon a road. Soon the homestead was sighted, and the car stopped dead about ten yards from the house for want of petrol.

After refreshment for car and passengers had been taken, the journey to Dajarra and Duchess was begun. Again good country was being traversed, and the road was well used, as it was the postman's route. Ardmore Station was the next stopping place, and a badly ploughed-up road across the Selwyn Ranges had now to be used.

The night was spent at Duchess, and next morning a quick journey home was made.

IAN C. HAMILTON, 4C.

RETRIBUTION.

The forest lay still and quiet in the broiling heat of the noon-day sun in midsummer. High in the gleaming blue vault of the heavens flew a huge condor, circling in great rings. Spreading itself out below was a sweeping vista of forest and river. In the midst of the interminable green of the tropical woods, overhung by a haze, lay a small clearing near a creek which wound its tortuous course through the forest till it broadened and emptied its waters into the mighty Amazon, greatest river in the world.

In the clearing by this stream were two huts. Evidences of civilisation lay around them, but were overgrown by the creeping vegetation,

showing the neglect of the occupants. Rising above the encroaching bushes and creepers was a solitary cross, marking the last resting place of some unfortunate trader, but, like everything else showing civilisation, it was gradually disappearing.

On the verandah of the larger of the two huts, called by courtesy a bungalow, reclining in cane chairs and smoking cigars, were two men. One was a fairly good-looking and powerful man, but his lined face showed traces of dissipation, while his fair hair and blue eyes showed British nationality. It only needed the voice, quiet, cultured and speaking good English, to make this certain. His companion was

small and swarthy, with black hair, dark eyes and an indolent mien—a typical Brazilian. Robert Morrison, the Englishman, was speaking.

"I'm about tired of this. Here we are; been in this God-forsaken place for two years now, stores nearly run out, and the supply boat five months late. I tell you, Pedro, I feel like quitting!"

"Yeess," said Pedro Gonzales, reflectively; "an' zere is no trading goin' on at all."

"H'm, yes; even the neighbouring Indians haven't got a thing to give us; the trading store is practically empty."

Morrison fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair as he spoke and looked over the luxuriant forest surrounding the little trading station. The utter silence was getting the better of his nerves. Glancing upwards, he noticed the condor circling high above him. A strange feeling of dread gripped him. What was that bird doing there? Was it a foreboding of evil? He felt that he could not bear this solitude any longer. The sudden scream of a gay-hued parrot seemed to snap something in him. He turned savagely at the placid Gonzales and yelled, "Say something, 'can't you! Speak man, or I'll go crazy!"

Pedro looked suddenly alarmed, and a ferocious gleam appeared in his eyes as he glanced at his companion. He, too, was feeling the strain.

"Madre de Dios, but what do thees Indian want?" he said, pointing away to half a dozen men approaching the bungalow.

"Go an' see," said Morrison laconically. Pedro glanced at him slyly and swiftly picked up a heavy whip. He descended the steps and stood before them and addressed the chief in the native dialect.

"What do you lazy men want here, eh?" he snarled fiercely. The chief scowled and said, "We come for stores."

"You can't have any," yelled Pedro.

"But you must give us some; we starve!" was the astonishing reply.

"Must! Must!" shouted the Brazilian. "You filthy native scum, get out, quick!"

Raising the whip, he lashed the chief across the shoulders. The howl of the unfortunate man roused Morrison, and, looking up, his face

darkened with anger. Drawing his revolver, he strode down near Pedro.

"What are you doing, you fool?" he said. "Haven't I told you to keep that whip off the natives, eh, haven't I?"

"I weel do what I like," yelled Pedro like a maniac.

"You—! What—!" gasped Morrison. "I'm your boss, and I tell you to stop, so stop, and quickly."

"I won't!" screamed the furious Brazilian. "Well, take that, you dirty yellow dog," Morrison lifted his revolver savagely, and with a quick movement put two bullets through the heart of Pedro Gonzales. The body fell to the ground in a heap, with Morrison staring open-mouthed at what he had done. "My—I I'm a murderer!" he muttered dully, and looked around vacantly. The natives had disappeared. He was alone.

Suddenly galvanised into action, he rushed into the bungalow and feverishly gathered together a few clothes and his small stock of money. He took down his rifle, hurriedly grasped a box of cartridges and a few provisions—the last of their scanty stock—and with his hat crammed ludicrously on his head, dashed towards the creek, where a canoe was lying on the bank. Throwing his few belongings into it, he took a paddle and, pushing off, jumped in and disappeared downstream.

Looking backwards, he saw the forest lying still and quiet, the solitary cross standing forlornly above the green, luxuriant vegetation, the white, crumpled figure on the ground in front of the deserted "bungalow," and over all the huge condor, high in the heavens, slowly circling, circling

Two days later, in the supply boat coming to relieve the station, James Robinson saw through his binoculars the figure of a white man paddling a canoe down the Amazon, but little did he dream who it was.

Four years later the Great War broke out. Men flocked from all the colonies at Britain's call for soldiers. Australia responded to the call, and immediately offered 20,000 men, the nucleus of the A.I.F.

On 25th April, 1915, the memorable landing at Gallipoli took place under the devastating fire of the Turkish troops. Trenches were

captured, and later the men settled down for a long campaign. Those in the first trench, on a gently sloping hill beneath the Turkish entrenchments, had the most gruelling time. Bullets and shells and an occasional bomb falling thickly at a desperately short range kept proceedings lively.

Among those defending the first trench was a certain Corporal Morrison, well known throughout the regiment for his taciturn demeanour and heavy moustache.

Some months afterwards, on the night of December 17th, 1915, Gallipoli was evacuated, and with the army went Sergeant Morrison, D.C.M., still with his famous moustache. From thence the Australians and the other troops were sent to Flanders to serve there. The regiment containing Morrison was stationed on the front line near Verdun. Day after day, from February to November, 1916, the Germans hurled their attacks on Verdun, but failed to take that battered stronghold.

Morrison thought that he was used to the tumult of battle after his experiences at Gallipoli, where he had earned a wonderful reputation for coolness under fire. In those terrible attacks on Verdun he found for the second time in his life that his nerve was giving way. The first time was because of silence and solitude; the second because of noise, thundering and crashing of battle, the cruel heartlessness of war. With this feeling coming on, he became reckless.

Bravery earned him the offer of a commission, which he accepted, becoming Lieut. Morrison, and incidentally, more prominent in the regiment. One day, when leaving the district headquarters behind the lines, he came face to face with a man wearing the badges of a captain's rank. He gave a sudden start, which did not pass unnoticed by the other, as he recognised him as James Robinson, the man who ran the supply boat on the Amazon for the Para Trading Company.

Morrison's head was in a whirl as he walked down the street, but he reassured himself. He could not be recognised under his moustache. However, this contributed to his restlessness in the lines, and he became somewhat uncomfortable and irritable.

At last the Allied counter-attacks began. Under Earl Haig the battles of the Somme

commenced, and participating in these were the Australians. It was early one morning in September, 1916, when an attack was ordered for 5 o'clock. Lieut. Morrison was temporarily commanding a company in the absence of his superior, Captain Fairburn, who had been wounded.

Overhead, the whine of shells and the dull crash of explosions showed that a barrage was beginning, to cover the advance of the troops. As it became lighter the German guns commenced to fire and shells fell thickly around the British trenches. Occasionally a splutter of machine gun fire broke out, and now and then a German aeroplane would swoop down, dropping bombs and provoking a burst of rifle fire towards it, all helping to swell the tumult of sound.

Morrison sat uneasily in the trench with the feeling that something would happen soon. His overwrought senses cried out to him for action instead of that nerve-wracking experience of waiting, waiting till the time to go over the top. A man approached. "Lieut. Morrison?" he asked. "I am Captain Robinson, come to take charge of 'C' Company." Morrison rose and mechanically saluted. Such was the irony of fate! He had to serve under the man who knew his disgrace, but, however, did not know the murderer of Pedro Gonzales was with him. This thought calmed Morrison.

The zero hour approached, and, rising, he took his place in the company. Suddenly came the order from Captain Robinson, "Now, men, over and at 'em!" Climbing silently up, his revolver gripped in his hand, Morrison only mechanically noticed the majesty of dawn breaking as he ran across the shell-torn battlefield.

Shot and shell, shot and shell! Machine guns clattering, rifles and revolvers spitting death, tanks groaning and roaring away in front, leading the attack—men falling, but still the forward movement went on. Morrison awoke from his stupor suddenly. The scream of a shell and the crash of the explosion drowned the warning of his comrades, and amidst the flying dirt and iron he felt something strike his shoulder and send a shoot of pain through him.

Once again in his life his mind snapped; he bounded forward, shouting madly and firing

his revolver; saw his captain fall, grasped him quickly, and as he stumbled with him over the first captured trench, collapsed and lay in a heap on the ground.

Morrison and Company was a very thriving business firm in Sydney. The strange part of the history of this firm was that a shell-shocked man, with his memory gone, conducted it successfully. However, it was true, and Captain Morrison, V.C., sat behind a huge maple, glass-topped desk, in a large room on the seventh floor of the magnificent twelve-storeyed building owned by the firm, and transacted all its large deals.

Because of his lost memory Robert Morrison did not mind being clean-shaven, but it would have been otherwise if he had remembered anything of his early life. However, a South American affair of twenty years before was not likely to crop up in Australia. . . .

Morrison lived a quiet life. He did not work a great deal at business, and his home life was placid and comfortable at his large residence at Mosman, where he lived with his wife and two children. This quiet and industrious existence, after the turmoil of his early years, had turned him into a fine and much-respected man. He was always foremost in works of charity, and had endowed numerous hospitals and homes. It was therefore whispered that, because of his distinguished war record and fine peace record afterwards, he would receive a knighthood soon.

On the morning of June 3rd, 1930, Robert Morrison took his accustomed place behind his maple desk and looked at his correspondence. Selecting half a dozen letters, he took them out to a balcony to peruse, in the morning sunlight. He was just settling down when a knock came at his door. "Come in," he called. There entered the wreck of a man. One sleeve was empty, the figure hobbled along painfully, and the face was lined and careworn. Morrison racked his brains as he looked at him. Where had he seen that face before? He gave up the conundrum and said, "Good morning, sir. Come out here in the sun, Mr. —?" "Robinson," replied the man.

"Robinson, Robinson; haven't I heard that

name somewhere before?" muttered Morrison. Captain Robinson, for it was he who entered, sat down and prepared to speak. He looked compassionate, for he had heard of the tragedy the war had wrought on Morrison. Strange it seemed, but he too was puzzled; he thought he knew the face opposite him, but could not think where he had seen it.

Suddenly, in a flash, the truth came to him. He remembered the white man in the canoe on the Amazon, the dead body of Pedro Gonzales lying where it had fallen in front of the "bungalow," and the absence of Morrison, the trader. Of course, this must be the man. Glancing downwards, for they were on the seventh floor, he saw a huge bird flying along, pursued by a motor car underneath it, following its passage along the street.

"By jove," he gasped, "a condor! Look, Mr. Morrison, a South American condor escaped from somewhere!

"A condor?" the puzzled expression crept into the famous business man's eyes, "where—?" A terrific noise drowned the rest of his speech. It sounded like the terrible, staccato drumming of machine guns, but it was only a riveting machine on a nearby building. Morrison stood up suddenly. The deafening noise filled the whole street. His face was convulsed, his hands clenched and unclenched in an agony of fear.

"My God!" he shouted; "those guns, those eternal guns! Firing, firing, firing everlastingly!" He broke out again: "Robinson, Robinson, condor, that bird of prey! I remember, I remember! I killed Pedro Gonzales." His voice rose to a scream. "Stop that noise! Stop it! I can't stand it!" He rose to his feet, staggered, tripped; and before Robinson could stop him, was hurtling through the air from the balcony, his scream of terror ringing through the air!

Ten minutes later, they picked him up and bore him to his office. Clutched in his hand was only one letter. It bore a Royal crest. A doctor was hurriedly summoned, but Robert Morrison, famous business man, was dead; dead in a moment of victory; the appearance of a bird had destroyed the influence and work of years! Captain Robinson reverently opened the letter. It told ex-Captain Robert Morrison, V.C., etc., that on account of his "great public

and charitable services and fine war record," he was awarded a K.C.B. "But," said Robinson to himself, perhaps brutally, but sadly all the same, "it did not say he was the murderer of Pedro Gonzales. He thought he had escaped

retribution for that deed, but the vengeance of God took him in the moment of success! Yes, retribution . . . retribution!"

H. C. DIXON, 4D.

A BUTTERFLY.

I saw a butterfly to-day:
I wondered as it fluttered by
Beneath the blazing summer sky,
Why little things so small and free,
Should venture on life's troubled sea.
I pondered why the God on high
Should stoop to make a butterfly;
A little, petty, trifling thing,
With all its beauty in its wing.

And, as I thought, it came to rest,
Its quiv'ring wings together press'd;
Then, suddenly, in it I spied
Man's happiness exemplified.
That sweet, elusive goal of life,
Which comes in peace and goes in strife,
Which all men seek and few may find.
The quest in life of all mankind.
The gift to man of God on high,
All hidden in—a butterfly.

J.E., 4D.

MIDDLE HARBOUR.

Great, ever-changing, shapeless masses, yet grander and more awe-inspiring than any work of man, slowly and majestically they pass along the horizon.—Why do clouds always keep to the horizon on a calm day?

The horizon is Roseville, and I, as I often do, am watching it from the southern fore-shore of Middle Harbour.

The grass I am lying in is lank and dry, and though I know not the name of even one of the twenty odd varieties growing here, nevertheless I can enjoy to the utmost their crisp feel and leafy scent. I wonder would the ants, the butterflies, the tiny flies and beetles that I see, would they, denizens of this forest, enjoy their home more if they knew the names of these enormous trees; and I think as I press my head to the warm, sweet-smelling earth, how tall is this grass? As tall as I see it or as tall as that little ant sees it?

Murmuring and busy, seeming unconscious of my presence, yet sensible of my slightest movement, a native bee hovers for a moment by my head and begins a glad little song of spring. However, he waits not to be introduced to my dog, who suddenly breaks in upon this little community I have found within twelve inches of my eyes. He too feels the spring, and shows it in his twinkling eyes and merry bark, and by a desire to roll on all and sundry in the thick grass. The spell is broken. No longer am I a member of an enchanted state,

where each blade of grass is a towering forest giant.

The broad expanse of water before me scintillates in the warm, penetrating sunlight, and in the distance the oars of a rowing-boat flash with regular precision.

Suddenly a bee comes, seemingly out of nowhere, and passes by me into nowhere. Hardly two seconds and back it comes, humming down the invisible highways of the air. If I listen I hear them, coming, going, passing, repassing. . . .

Birds there are here, too. I hear the harsh chuckle of the butcher-bird mingle with the gladsome call of—Peewit! Peewit! In smaller bushes I notice wrens, bright, chirpy little blue fellows, and I see the flutter of the tiny silver-eye, dark green and so hard to distinguish. Later, I know, there will be kookaburras to usher out the day.

But now all is warmth, all is peace and harmony; the twitter of the birds, the drone of the flies and the bees, the rustle of the grasses and the glitter of the lake of gems before me, and the great high headlands ranged in rows. So big and grand they look; so well able to ward off the buffets of the outside world from this haven, to keep out vandals from this sanctuary of Nature, vandals who may spoil this paradise where everyone is busy, everyone is happy, where there is always an atmosphere

of peace, and now an atmosphere of unmitigable spring.

But to-morrow vacation ends, and my mind dwells, not on the long, weary days of work ahead, but on the daily journey through a city filled with clanking trams, hideous red 'buses, noisy machines of every description, each adding to the noise and the dust and the dirt;

it dwells on the shops, on the houses and the tenements, dry and dusty, facing hard, dirty pavements. I have to pass from this paradise I now lie in to this city. City? Men call it that, but Nature no doubt thinks it a horrible, festering sore on the face of the earth.

L.S.L.G.B.

THE WIND.

The bold sea-dogs of Devon,—
The bravest of the brave—
Would bow their heads when angry Wind
Played havoc with the wave.

The Wind ne'er twice will play you fair,
And evil is his name;
The power that fills the creaking sail
Will fan the forest flame.

O! When the day is hot and drear,
And dust lies thick and dry,
The hot West Wind will sear your face,
And burn and blind your eye.

Beware that shiftless truant Wind,
He knows no lord or master;
And if, one day, he pleases you,
He'll trouble you thereafter.

J. McAULEY, 2C.

CHEERY AUSTRALIANS.

The sun had gone down in the glory of eve,
And departed the last scarlet blush,
When, happily out broke a sound that we've
heard,
Ere the fall of the night's cloaking hush.

'Twas the merry refrain of summer's great host
Which arose from the gums all around;
For one might well say, it was winter's last
post,
For ev'ryone knows that bright sound.

The rollicking sound of the locust's first song
Is the happiest sound of the year;
For though many a creature sings a sweet song,
There are none that can bring us such cheer.

Australians and locusts will always be one
In the silver-sheened haze of the heat,
When under the blazing caress of the sun
Their tattoos the sun's lovers beat.

H. C. HANSEN, 2A.

GALLIPOLI.

Silent, forbidding, grim, it stands;
Deep waters lap its dark grey sands;
Low, ominous tones the bleak wind moans,
Sweeping from o'er the gloomy sea.
Yon frowning cliffs, all battle-torn,
Yon lonely crags, by Nature worn,
What has it been thy lot to see,
When sulph'rous clouds rolled o'er thy head,
And Death, in winged flight, swift sped;
When from thy shore, the cannon's roar,
The scream of shell, like fiends of Hell,
Disturbed thy calm serenity?
And every hill and hollow, filled

With sound of battle, never stilled,
Echoed the din, in sound akin
To thunder's roar; while on the shore
The sand was ploughed in furrows deep,
Which, dark'ning as the shadows creep,
Gaped like some cruel devil's maw.

But now, thy hour of glory passed
(That hour the Destinies had cast),
Forlorn thou stand'st, in memory
Of Mars' dreadful revelry.

K. GEE, 4D.

A BRILLIANT FORTIAN.

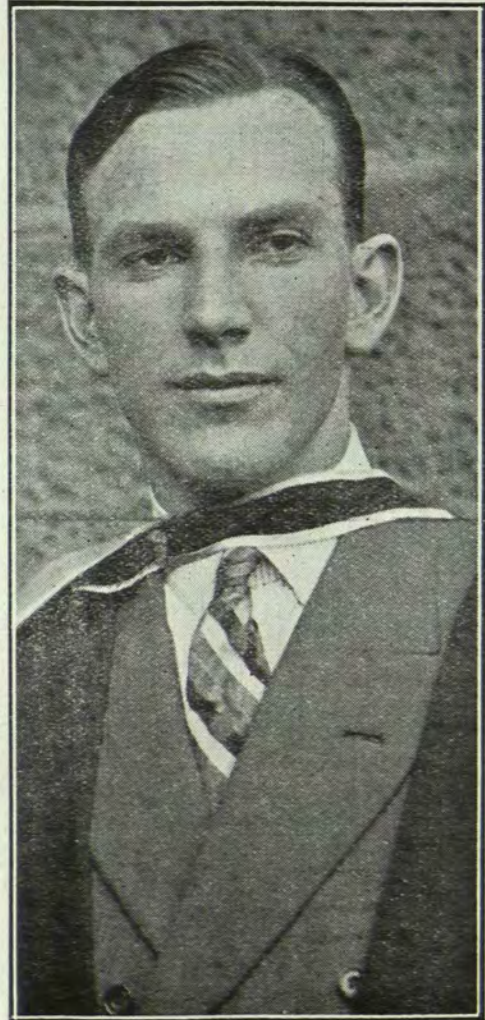
Kenneth W. Starr was a prefect at F.S.B.H.S. in 1924. Having passed the L.C. with four Honours, he entered the Faculty of Medicine at the University, and in the years 1926-1930 inclusive he was dux of his year, carrying off with him in his triumphal career prizes too numerous to mention.

To the writer of this article, who labours under the disadvantage that he has only a layman's knowledge of medicine, the most important prize is the Maguire Prize for an Essay on Radium, which he shared with another student. Judging from general opinion, it seems that radium is destined to become one of the ruling factors in the world of Science, and especially in that section relating to medicine.

Seemingly not content with all these honours, Dr. Starr at his graduation carried off the University Medal with 1st class Honours—an achievement of which Fort Street as a whole should be proud, and we wish to congratulate the doctor on his brilliant pass. Having reached the climax of his University career in this way, Dr. Starr left the Varsity with honours "heaped thick upon him," and he is now helping to lessen the suffering of humanity at the Prince Alfred Hospital.

This article is not written as a mere boastful effusion, although Fort Street is justifiably proud of the success which her child has achieved, but it is written with the sincere desire that the school will take this brilliant student as an example, and will try to emulate him.

J.R.E.



TO NIGHT.

Night is closing o'er earth's beauty,
Spreading wide her cloak of grey,
Wrapping all in peaceful slumber,
Hiding us from cares of day.

Night, with diamond-studded mantle,
Dark locks crowned by the moon,
What if thou should'st go forever
Granting not earth's greatest boon?

For thy solitude we'd weary,
Ever mourning for thy peace;
For if thou should'st go forever
Then day's cares would never cease.

M.D., 4D.



SURE SONG.

Ere the glittering shafts of sunrise shoot be-
twixt the dew-decked trees,
Or the silvery notes of songbirds rise to greet
the morning breeze,
Comes the surf's song at the dawning, with its
murmuring, dreamy call,
Ever throbbing, ever sobbing, as the wavelets
curl, then fall—
Now a-moaning, now a-droning, still a paean
soft and low—
And it wakes me very gently, in a manner kind
and slow.

When golden in the sunlight gleams the cres-
cent of the sands,
And sultry winds are whispering of the hazy
western lands,
Sounds the surf's refrain at noontide with an
invitation gay,
To the splashing and the dashing of the ever-
moving spray—
To the churning and the turning as the
tumbling rollers roar—
O! To sport with smiling summer 'mid the
surf for evermore!

When the waste of ocean glimmers in the sun's
last splendid glow,
And sands yield all their noontide gold as
twilight shadows grow,
Still sings the surf its tireless song, in strains
now loud and grand,
Glorious crashing, softened plashing, on the
seashore's glistening sand—
Ceaseless beating, swift retreating, as the gold
glints o'er the wave—
Like the swelling of an organ is the surf's
majestic stave!

The long night's weary, weary hours drag by,
as tired and worn
I hear the ocean's patient beat sound on until
the dawn
Once more breaks through the moon's dark
realms and scatters wide her beams.
Another day—yet how soon gone! Ah, then
to me it seems,
That, when a rosier dawn shall break upon
that heavenly shore
The music that shall stir us there will be the
breakers' roar—
With their ringing, ever bringing thoughts to
wake a dreaming soul,
Never tiring, still inspiring, upwards, to the
far bright goal!

R.F.C.

CHARADE.

My first is in "facon" but not in "way,"
My second is in "pouvoir" but not in "may,"
My third is in "reine" but not in "queen,"
My fourth is in "ete" but not in "been,"
My fifth is in "faire" but not in "do,"

My sixth is in "par" but not in "through,"
My seventh is in "nettoyer" and also in "clean,"
My whole is the name of our magazine.
Answer: FORTIAN.

M. PERRY, 2D.

MELANCHOLIA.

Oh thou, the face of perfect sadness grown
To numbness that can know no pain, no sound
Complaining left thy lips; thine eyes, grown
round
With galling tears, can move the very throne
Where sits in sympathy perceiving heart
That knows no sorrow but can feel thy one—
Oh, such a sorrow! More than when we part
From loving friends, and know that they are
gone.

And deep within those eyes surge sigh-born
thoughts—
Oh, eyes whose tears swim down to quivering
lips!—
This weary, weary life to thee but Death
Seems; then when thou at last drawest fleeting
breath
In death, death thou escapest; at the ports
Of Paradise thou stand'st; home thy soul
slips.

T.M.

DEATH OF ENGLAND'S ADMIRAL.

Move me not, my Spanish victors,
From the deck whereon I lie,
As the life-blood from me flows—
God has willed that I should die.

I have fought my life's hard battles,
I have won where others lost;
But in serving King and country,
I must pay the last dread cost.

These my ships are lying shattered,
Sinking to the water's edge;
Fire is eating all their timbers;
England's sons have kept their pledge.

Not a soul have all my foemen,
Who will carry Spanish chains,
Who will grace a Spanish dungeon,
Who will suffer torture's pains.

When the life has left my body,
Bear me to the good ship's side,
Send me where the tumbling water
Rocks me on the swelling tide.

Where the sunlight far above me
Filters to my grave below,
Lighting all with eerie splendour,
Side by side with friend and foe.

T. PLUMMER, 4D.

SHADOWS.

I love to lie awake at night
And watch the phantoms tall—
Deep black against the bright street light
That shines upon my wall.

Hist! There's a rumble in the distance.—
A whistle rends the night;
The air stands still a-tingling,
The shadows dance with fright.

The train comes by with streaming lamps
That pierce the darkness' pall;
The flicker of phantom carriages
Races 'cross the wall

Then, when the train has gone its way,
And the engine stops its roar,
The flick'ring lights all cease to dance,
The shadows come once more.

J. McAULEY, 2C.

OPTIMISM.

When you meet that goblin Trouble,
Brave his challenge, face to face,
Think of those who suffer double;
Wear a smile around the place.

When the world seems drab and dreary,
When you feel like giving in,
Brighten up! Just laugh! Be cheery!
And you'll find you'll always win.

Not alone that goblin meets you,
But with Grief and Care and Pain.
Should he only find he beats you,
Then he's sure to come again.

When you've failed in tries repeated,
Don't renege! Stick in! You can!
Don't acknowledge you're defeated,
Grin and bear it! Be a man!

J.R.E., 4D.

TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS.

A long-standing promise of a trip from Mackay to Bowen was to be fulfilled, so out we set one bright December morn, about the ninth hour, with our roadster well loaded and our helm set due north. At this hour the hive of industry was just beginning to buzz, for in the tropical north life goes on very slowly, and we swung across the "Old Pioneer" with its river craft all lying high and dry, for

the tides that when high had supplied enough water to render the river navigable for quite a distance had receded, and the phenomenon of a waterless river stood exposed to our view.

Immediately after crossing the river the roads (such as they are) became very broken and rutty, caused by the hauling of sugar cane to the mills, but the magnificence of the country through which we passed, the bold, rocky, un-

developed, heavily foliaged expanses, detracted from what might have been a temper-trying experience, and left us in a state of wonderment rather than of complaint.

Quickly passing through this country, we were soon among the sugar farms, nearing Farleigh. Here we passed an old mill, once the largest of its kind in Australia, but since surpassed by a sugar mill erected recently on the Tully River. Passing through Farleigh we were able to catch a glimpse here and there of kanaka farmers, the last of a dying race.

The next place of interest was "The Leap"—a huge precipice near the road, so named because a gin when pursued by police had there leapt to death. From here we sped on through Mount Jukes to Kuttabull, where our rate of travelling was greatly reduced by an encounter with still rougher roads. Labouring on at a very slow speed through Stoney Creek, we reached Bloomsbury, where refreshments were obtainable at the railway station.

Journeying then over more very rough roads, we at last reached the MacConnell River, which, like most North Queensland rivers, is bridged only for railway traffic. The road crossing is very dangerous, since in dry weather it is sandy, and in wet weather is not crossable. We reached it, however, in dry weather, and our only trouble lay in struggling through the loose sand. This was accomplished by pushing the car so that it had no chance to stop and become bogged.

Having safely crossed our first dangerous river, we hurried on in lighter mood, until, after an uneventful hour or so, we arrived at the second river, the Andromachi. This river is very similar to the MacConnell, and is dangerous because of quicksand and shifting crossings. What was a good crossing a month before might now be a death-trap, for flood waters and alligators very dangerously alter crossings. We were fortunate, however, and crossed without mishap.

The main road then lay through the private property of Mr. Lascelles, an uncle of the Viscount Lascelles, who married Princess Mary. Besides growing sugar cane, this gentleman rears a lot of cattle, and it is on his station that some of the finest Hereford and black-poll Angus cattle of Queensland are reared. The country here is flat, and the motorist crosses many beautiful plains.

Half an hour's driving from this station brought us to Proserpine, a little town situated ninety-eight miles north of Mackay. Here there is a large sugar mill, and one might safely say that every person in the town is in some way connected with the sugar industry. Proserpine is known chiefly in the south because it is from here that all the alligators which travel south come. They breed in a quiet arm of the Proserpine River, where they are baited and caught.

Having spent a little time in looking around Proserpine, we once again hit the trail for Bowen. We passed through a very thickly populated Italian area, known as Kellyville, and it was here that the Proserpine River had to be crossed. The crossing was very treacherous because of the dry sand, but forewarned is forearmed, and we crossed by first laying wire netting on the sand and driving over it. It is in this manner that the experienced traveller crosses all sand.

The country from here was rough and stony, and there were no made roads or even tracks. With only our bush sense to guide us, after a tiresome and troublesome journey we reached Half-way Creek, so called because of its position between Proserpine and Bowen. It is at this creek that many motorists get lost and are obliged to spend a night in the open air, because they turn out of the bush instead of into it.

After passing for a few miles through this bush, the road lay once more through beautiful, plain country, for the most part uninhabited, until Freshwater Creek was reached. This creek is only about nine miles from Bowen, but it is none the less treacherous for that. In its bed we saw twelve burnt chassis, destroyed by fire caused by the heating of the engines as they laboured through quicksand and mud.

From here the road to Bowen was good, passing through open, level country, used chiefly for grazing. Then, just as we were entering Bowen at eight o'clock in the evening, we passed the famous salt works.

After a good sleep, we were out bright and early in the morning to have a look at Bowen. We found that the town, which is larger than Proserpine, but smaller than Mackay, warranted its name of Sleepy Hollow. It is, nevertheless, a town of wonderful beaches, situated

on the best harbour in Queensland, Port Denison. On its pier, for the purpose of loading coal and sugar, is the largest and most wonderful travelling crane in Australia.

Then the salt works were visited, and we found they were large pans scooped in the mud-flats. At the very high tide the water flows in; it is then blocked and evaporated by

the intense heat of the sun. Large deposits of salt are thereupon left in the pans to be scooped up and purified.

In this way we spent a very enjoyable holiday, visiting other places of interest, such as the coal mine and the meat works.

C.A.G., 4D.

4th YEAR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

This society has been functioning with great success during the year, its activities being capped by the production of "Doomdori" on Play Day and Play Night. There have been several presentations during the year before the school. The society's aim was to show the different stages of drama. First a piece from "As You Like It" was produced, and then, in striking contrast, "Noah's Flood," one of

the old miracle plays, which was remarkable for the scenery, a real ark being constructed for the purpose.

The members of the society wish the coming 4th Year boys to create a dramatic society and try to set a finer example of dramatic art before the rest of the school, to inspire them to further efforts for the great Play Day.

AMARD.



1c: GRADE CRICKET TEAM.

SPORTING

CRICKET.

1st Grade.

It is many years since Fort Street won the cricket premiership of the Combined High Schools, but at last we have the pleasure of reporting our success.

The cricket has been on the down-grade for many years, but at last has regained its former glory.

The team is strong in batting and bowling, but some of the players are risky in their fielding.

Since last term we have two competition matches and the Old Boys' match to report.

The first one was against Central Technical. They had first use of the wicket, but were only able to make the low score of 96. Sanbrook (4 for 23) was by far the most successful bowler. We then batted, and got the far better total of 6 for 216, where our innings was closed. Of this total, Walsh contributed 59 (9 boundaries), Armstrong 56 (11 boundaries), and Langsworth 44 (7 boundaries). In the second innings, Central Technical made a complete crash, getting only 31. Langsworth obtained the figures of 3 for 3 for this innings, while Walsh ended up with 4 for 15. The result was an outright win for the school.

The next match was against Parramatta. Here again our opponents had first use of the wicket, but were dismissed for 126. Sanbrook again headed the averages with 3 for 23. In our first innings, Armstrong 31 (with 6 boundaries), Langsworth 48 (also 6 boundaries), and Sharp

25, were the best scorers, while sundries, 39, helped greatly towards our score of 193. In Parramatta's second innings they scored 5 for 72, playing out time. We thus obtained a win on the first innings.

Below are the major batting and bowling averages for the season:—

BATTING.

Batsmen	Runs	Innings	Not out	Highest Score	Average
Armstrong ...	224	8	0	56	28
Walsh	105	4	0	59	26.25
Sharpe	171	7	0	41	24.43
Penman	96	5	1	50 n.o.	24
Langsworth ...	179	8	0	48	22.38

BOWLING.

Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Walsh	12	1	42	7	6
Sanbrook ...	92	14	259	27	9.6
Armstrong ...	95	6	454	35	12.97
Langsworth ..	53	9	179	13	13.8

In closing, we have to thank Mr. Outten and Mr. Johnson for the great interest they have taken in us, and for the help they gave us in practice; we also congratulate Sydney High and Technical for their fine showing, and for their obtaining 2nd and 3rd places respectively in the competition.

The team also wishes to express its gratitude to Giovanelli for acting as scorer throughout the season.

THE OLD BOYS' MATCH.

The school played its annual fixture against the Old Boys on November 5th at Petersham Oval.

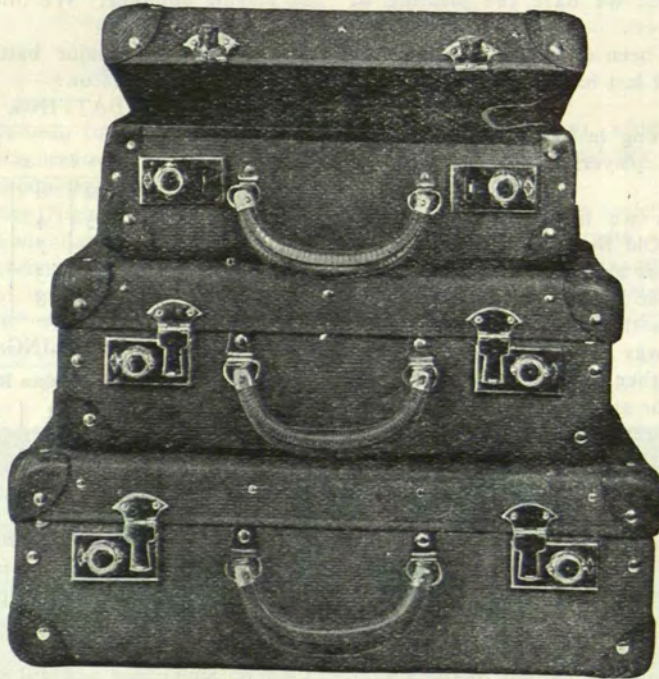
From the school's point of view the match was the most enjoyable of the season, and certainly the most successful Old Boys' function held for many years. The serious atmosphere always present in the competitive games was conspicuous by its absence, and both teams played in that carefree picnic spirit demanded by such a reunion of past and present boys.

The Old Boys were represented by the following: Seale (Captain), Sawkins, Milverton, Jones, McInerney, Rudd, Higgs, Willis, Arthur, Schrader and Hulles. The school fielded its usual eleven.

Little need be written about the individual efforts or the scores in the game. Every member of the Old Boys' team assisted in the bowling, and Captain Seale generously abbreviated his turn with the ball when five school wickets had been bagged for 23. Arthur batted in a most energetic fashion, and enter-

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tained the spectators with some vigorous drives over the fence.

The match was played as a whole-day fixture, thus giving an opportunity for the First Eleven to invite the Old Boys to luncheon at the school. Rather should it be designated a banquet, as a sumptuous repast, set out on gaily decorated tables, had been arranged by

Mr. Milverton, to whom the school records its thanks.

The Headmaster, in a short speech, welcomed the Old Boys back to the school, and his remarks were supported by the Deputy Headmaster. Messrs. Seale and Sawkins suitably responded.

2nd Grade.

Since the last edition of the "Fortian" the Second Eleven has completed its competition. The end of the round found the team well up on the competition table.

Following on the football season two matches remained to be played, and these were against Central Technical and Parramatta respectively.

The first match, versus Central Technical, was played at Jubilee Oval. Fort Street won the toss, and sent the opposing side in to bat. Due to the consistent bowling of Cameron (3 for 25) and Bulgin (2 for 6), "Tech." only compiled 60.

The school replied with 90 runs, of which Green, using the long handle, rattled up 25.

"Tech." were unable to improve very much on their first innings total of 60, and scored 83, Cross taking 7 for 8.

Our task now was a practically easy one, for we required only 53 for an outright win. The opening pair, Bonnor and Moore, succeeded in doing this without loss, each scoring 27. Fort Street thus won the match by 10 wickets and 1 run.

The next and final fixture was decided at Cumberland Oval, Parramatta. The toss again fell our way, and "Parra" were sent in to bat on a sticky wicket. A very fair effort on their part resulted in 132. Fort Street's innings proved disastrous, and yielded only 63. Hunt played nicely for 24.

Parramatta's second visit to the wicket opened promisingly, but at 3.30 p.m., when the innings was declared closed, five wickets had fallen for 89.

We now faced a total of 157, and 85 minutes were left in which to play. The task at first seemed impossible, although at 5 p.m. our team had just failed to achieve its object by 17 runs, with two wickets still intact. Of our total of 8 for 140, Cross compiled 54 and Hammer 20. Parramatta won on the first innings by 69 runs.

The most noticeable improvement in the team was the wicket-keeping of Bonnor, who "kept" splendidly throughout the two matches. The fielding of the team has been quite up to standard.

In conclusion, we extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Wallace, who has taken a very keen interest in the team throughout the whole season.

3rd Grade.

The 3rd grade team ended this season very successfully, coming second in the competition. This was very pleasing, since every member of the team was from the lower school.

Thanks are due to Mr. Perry for his enthusiasm and interest in the team.

[Report received too late for full publication. —Ed.]

FOOTBALL—RUGBY UNION.

1st XV.

The football season has closed, leaving the 1st XV. in a creditable position, "runners-up" to Sydney High.

The forwards have even been our winning factor, for they were heavy and active, but unfortunately out of proportion with the smaller but speedier backs.

Now to deal with the personnel of the team. Amongst the backs Armstrong stood out very

well as full-back. He handles well and tackles with determination. Our speedy wingers, Rogers and Sullivan, were unfortunately starved during the season, but the former has a good stride and avoids well in a match, while the latter, in mixing football with athletics, did not quite live up to the great promise he showed at the beginning of the season. However, they were both very game and keen.

Sender at outer centre is the making of a

fine footballer; though small, he is game, sturdy and fast. He will be valuable next year. Walsh and Langsworth at inner centre and five-eighth respectively, are both fast and inclined to be clever, but also selfish. This is a trait that must be eliminated. Our half, Austin, was nervous, heady and clever, but rather too slow.

Amongst the forwards, our Captain, "Dick" Broadhead, shone out in inspiring the whole team by his own example and by his work in the rucks and determination in the open.

Gray, Webb and Langdon, the hefty trio, were the backbone of the team. Gray excelled in the rucks, Webb in the lineout, and Langdon was in everything. Broadhead Junior is stumpy and heavy, but fast off the mark and a very useful man in the team.

Johnson (vice-captain), Russell and Melville were somewhat lighter than the rest of the forwards, but just as game.

Johnson was very popular, rather fast, and a good tackler. Russell has plenty of football brains, but tires too quickly. Melville as hooker acquitted himself very well, considering that he was changed from outer centre to that important position.

In conclusion, this year's team was a good one, in which the forwards were big and experienced, and the backs young but very fast.

The team wishes to extend its hearty thanks to Mr. Austin, who gave very valuable advice as coach.

The school gained the following representatives in the C.H.S. team: 1st XV., Broadhead (vice-captain), Langdon, Armstrong. 2nd XV., Gray, Webb, Rogers, Langsworth, Johnson.

Results of matches played were as follows:—
V. Technical: Won 6-3, won 3-0; v. Parramatta: Won 16-8, won 36-0; v. Hurlstone: Won 22-8, lost 8-16; v. North Sydney: Won 9-0, won 14-3; v. Sydney High: Lost 18-5; v. Canterbury: Won 11-5.

2nd XV.

Of the matches played by this team only one, against North Sydney, resulted in a victory, while another was drawn. Despite this lack of success, it may be said that only on one occasion our opponents did not have to play their hardest in order to win. Only in three

matches was the game lost by a margin of more than three points.

Great improvement was manifested by all players towards the close of the season. This showed that they realized their mistakes and profited by them. Moreover, a permanent team was not fixed upon until late in the season, as some players withdrew, causing confusion.

In the back division, Anderson, Parkins and Nicholson defended solidly. In the forwards, Ben Short made good use of his weight, and Whitney stood out in attack and defence. Finally, every player, whether back or forward, did his best.

In conclusion, the team wishes to thank Mr. Wilson for the time he spent instilling into them some of the finer elements of the game.

3rd XV.

This year 3rd grade was weak owing to the inexperience of the players, many of whom had never before played in competition matches. Nevertheless, these boys performed creditably, and showed stamina and opposition even though in a hopeless position.

This team only recorded two wins, one against North Sydney, and another from a forfeit. In the match against Norths, Scott, who had never played football before, scored the only try, giving the team a win of 3-nil.

The only other teams we performed creditably against were "Tech." and Sydney High.

The outstanding backs were Wookey and Bagster, both of whom tackled well and low, a policy which should have been taken up by the whole team. Bagster as full back kicked accurately and followed up well. The backs were strengthened near the end of the season by Smith and Collis.

The best forwards were Nall and Philips.

The team thanks Mr. Foley for the time he gave up in training it.

4th XV.

The 4th grade team this season was unfortunate in only winning one match. Several games were lost narrowly, and only once did we field our strongest team.

The team's tackling was weak. Our only three reliable tacklers were Williams, Tuck and Roulston. Williams played a safe game

at full-back, and saved several tries which seemed certain. The shortage of backs was another drawback to the team. Forwards filled these positions as well as they were able, but at times the three-quarters were unreliable.

Shade improved wonderfully through the season, and should do well as a forward next year. Our two half-backs, Barnes and Miller, played well individually, but their combination was not too brilliant.

Thanks to Mr. Pelham, the team showed great progress, and many new players learnt the game this year under his coaching.

5th XV.

This team succeeded in realising the hopes expressed in the last edition of the "Fortian," and, going through the season undefeated, it

against our opponents' 23, and in only two games did we score less than seven tries. So easily did we win that we defeated the runners-up 23-3 and 26-0, and if we may assume two non-played games as victories, we gained 10 more competition points than any other team. We were also victorious in several non-competition games, including one against the "4ths," but the late finish of the season prevented a match being arranged with "3rds" or "2nds." [Why not "1sts"?—Ed.]

Iddles, the Don Bradman of the team, in ten matches scored 28 tries, 3 goals, making 90 points, and an additional nine points in non-competition matches made his total for the season 99. A red and blue guernsey is to this player as a red rag to a bull, and in two matches against Tech. he scored 13 tries. Yet



5th GRADE FOOTBALL TEAM.

gained the first football premiers'ip which the school has won for three seasons. The results speak for themselves:—We scored 265 points

it was not a one-man team. Freeman, the captain, played with his usual skill, and notched 69 points, being ably assisted by Atkinson, who

frequently got the side out of a tight corner, while Coverdale at times went through the opposition like an international, and on one occasion scored four tries. Among the forwards McLean and Poole played with great dash.

In conclusion, we wish to express our thanks to Mr. Brodie for his kind services as coach throughout the season.

6th XV.

This season 6th grade finished fourth in the competition. It showed up well against all but High, Technical and Canterbury.

McClellan, at five-eighth, played solidly and well throughout the season.

The results of the matches are as follow:—
v. Technical, lost 0-19, 5-13; v. Parramatta, won 18-0, 8-3; v. Hurlstone, won 6-0, 14-3; v. North Sydney, won 12-0, 6-5; v. Sydney, lost 3-46, 0-46; v. Canterbury, lost 0-15.

SOCCER.—1st XI.

Due to the fact that there was no competition last year, we had a scarcity of players at the commencement of this season; yet in spite of this we were runners-up in the competition.

Owing to misfortune in the final against Sydney High, the team was defeated by 4 to 3, although in the second half Fort Street demonstrated its combination and dash.

From the first match the forwards showed their great scoring abilities which, together with the sound defence, made a combination which improved from match to match. At times it was spoilt by inaccurate kicking, which was mainly caused through not having a ground near the school for practice.

The efforts of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Stewart were appreciated by the team, and the position at the end of the season speaks for itself.

The prospects for 1931 are very bright, for in Lilianthal, Wright, Cross, Chatfield and Stewart especially there is the makings of a well-balanced team.

SUMMARY OF COMPETITION.

Matches:—v. C. Tech. S., won 3-nil, won 3-1; v. B.S., won 5-1, drew 2-2; v. S.H.S., lost 4-2, won 3-1; v. N.S.H.S., won 4-0; v. G.S., won 2-0; v. H.S., won 3-0; v. S.S., won 7-1.

Played 11; won 8; lost 2; drew 1.

Final match v. S.H.S., lost 4-3.

TENNIS.

1st Grade.

The team which has represented the school since the last issue of the "Fortian" is comprised of Hudson (Captain), Gibson, Trevitt and Allars, who had previously been the mainstay of 2nd grade.

The performances of this team have been a disappointment; the most notable fault being its inconsistency, and it is here that the reason for so many defeats may be found.

Our "victims" were Parramatta and Canterbury, each of whom we defeated twice, while we were defeated by Technical and North Sydney twice and Sydney High once.

In the P.S.A.A.A. annual tennis championships conducted recently, Hudson and Gibson had the distinction of winning the senior doubles championship, thus retaining the honour which Scott and McCallum gained last year.

In conclusion, we wish to extend our con-

gratulations to Sydney High on their success in the competition.

2nd Grade.

The second grade tennis has had a fair run of luck through the second round of the P.S.A.A.A. competition. Their first match, against Parramatta, resulted in a win for them by two games (4.41 to 4.39). Hurlstone also went down, gaining 2 sets to Fort Street's 6.

Fighting hard to win by two games, Tech. High narrowly missed following Parramatta's example (4.37 to 4.39).

A scratch match against first grade resulted in a win for the firsts by 6 sets to 2. It was an interesting match, and quite a fair number of spectators were present at Pratten Park to watch it.

Sydney High carried off the laurels in the next match by winning 5 sets to 3. The match was a good one.

Then our old rivals, North Sydney, carried the match off on the following Wednesday, winning by the apparently easy margin of 7 sets to 1. However, 6 sets went to 6-5, and the remaining two were 4-6 and 6-4 respectively, so the win was not so very easy after all.

The tennis season finished with Fort Street running fourth in the competition.

However, in spite of their defeats, they are confident that, had the full team been available every match, they could have run out very close to the top. This was proved by the fact that, when the full team was present, Fort Street always won; but, owing to a family bereavement, one of the mainstays of the team was absent for the three most important matches.

Taking all in all, and considering the broken team, the competition has been very satisfactory, with every match being fought out with a keen healthy spirit. Especially was this so when playing North Sydney.

Before closing I must say that the team has upheld to the best of their ability the clean name of Fort Street, both on and off the court. One player is worthy of note; that player is young Frank Bissaker. Right through the

season has his experience in competition matches held him in good stead, and if he continues next year his chances for first grade are very bright indeed.

3rd Grade.

The 3rd grade tennis team for 1930, consisting of Jackson, Tubman, Penman and Hunt, have had an excellent season, and have completed the matches as undefeated premiers. Every other school has been defeated decisively, Parramatta and Sydney High being the only schools that gave us any trouble at all. The pairs are fairly even, Penman and Hunt being, if anything, a little steadier than Jackson and Tubman. The combination of the team and the fine Fortian spirit shown by each player have been the main reasons for our well-won success.

4th Grade.

Fourth grade finished a very successful season with an unbeaten record, and by so doing repeated the performance of last year's team. The competition was undecided until the match against Sydney High, who had not then been beaten.

BASEBALL.

1st Grade.

Owing to bad luck, the team representing Fort Street was unfortunately unsuccessful this year.

The team was well coached by Mr. Dunne, supported by G. G. Madsen, captain, and P. Magee, vice-captain.

In the first match of the season we gained a well-earned victory, defeating North Sydney, the premiers, by 16 runs to 15, after a hard-fought game. From this match onwards the team fell to pieces, being defeated badly in every match but the last. These defeats were mainly due to the outfield, who gave some of the worst exhibitions ever seen at Centennial Park.

There were some exceptions, however, Bonnor, playing centre field, pulling down some wonderful flies at times. The infield played well, Magee, pitcher, and Sanbrook, third base, hardly ever making mistakes. The only mistakes made in the infield were due to ignorance

of rules and positions, since most of the players were beginners.

Four of our players succeeded in being chosen for The Rest against the Premiers: Magee, who played left field for the first half and pitcher for the second; Stevens, who caught for the second half; Madsen, who played centre field for the first half, and Sundstrom, who changed with Madsen for the second half.

In conclusion, the entire team expresses its thanks for the time devoted and assistance given it by Mr. Dunne.

2nd Grade.

This team played brilliantly throughout the season, and succeeded in winning the 1930 second grade baseball competition. We won eight games, drew one, and lost one.

The matches were: v. North Sydney, first and second games we won 15-4 and 9-8 respectively; v. Tech. A's, the first game we won 15-9,

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and lost the second 12-9; against Tech. B's, we won both games, 25-4, 24-5; while against Canterbury A's the scores were 9-9, 15-10, and against their second team 15-1, 15-3.

In the match against Tech. A's we were beaten 12-9. The team spirit was not as strong and eager as in other fixtures and, as we started off with seven home in the first "dig," the team

catcher, improved with each game. Rust, centre field, was easily the best outfield playing second grade this year, and took some very hard "flies."

The team which played throughout the season was: Hallifax (pitcher), Hodson (catcher), Moffat (first base), Taylor (second base), Tighe (third), Watts (short stop), Cole-



2nd GRADE BASEBALL TEAM.

looked on the match as already won. Tech. rallied and passed our score, keeping us down and preventing more runs. This was the only game lost throughout the season.

Moffatt, at first base, played splendidly during the whole season, while Hodson, the

bourne (left field), Rust (centre), and right field was filled by Bennet, Carter, MacKenzie and Moore.

In conclusion, the team extends hearty thanks to Mr. Dunne for the kind and businesslike manner in which he handled its training.

ATHLETICS, 1930.

In athletics, one of its most important sporting functions, the school had an off year.

At the Combined High School meeting our representatives displayed only mediocre calibre. They did their best, and cannot be blamed. But it was a poor best, and the school at no time looked like winning an event. What they lacked was combination and, in many cases, solid condition, this lack being the result of patchy training. A competent judge said that Fort Street lost the medley relay by bad

changing of the baton through no practice together. The successful team in anything is one that pulls together, not individually.

The school can help much more than it has done in the past by turning up to all C.H.S. meetings in full force.

Our own sports meeting was a great success. The presence of a number of teachers and girls from our sister school, Fort Street Girls' High, contributed very much to this, and also to the interest taken by many boys who were

absent from the C.H.S. carnival. I wonder why?

At this meeting the athletes performed very creditably. Rogers won the Senior Cup again, with fourteen points, from Sullivan (ten points). The winner's performance was most outstanding, for in three successive years he has won a Junior Cup and two Senior Cups. This year he won the 100 yards, 220 yards, high jump, pole vault, and came second in the broad jump championships. Sullivan won the hurdles, second 100 yards, second high jump, second pole vault, third in the 220 yards; while Cross, who will do valuable work for us next year, won the broad jump and 440 yards championships, and came second in the half mile.

In the juniors, Magee and Walsh had everything their own way, and the former's superiority in the jumps enabled him to win comfortably with sixteen points against Walsh's ten. Magee won the broad jump, hurdles and pole vault, and ran third in the 100 yards, second 220 yards, and third in the quarter-mile championships. Walsh won the 100, 220 and 440 yards championships.

Magee's performance during his years at Fort Street is very fine. He has won three under 14 years cups, and now a junior cup.

* * *

The under 14 division performed very creditably, and a great fight was staged, but Evans won the cup by a narrow margin from Nicol and Steele, who dead-heated for second place. If these boys train on consistently they will develop into fine athletes on reaching the Senior School, and in the future the results will be better.

* * *

The athletics position, judged by our showing against other schools, is not nearly satisfactory. To keep up the great name of the school in this department of sport should be your aim, so, Fortians, get together and train hard.

No one can criticise you so long as you get in and do your share, and then sweeter will be the fruits of victory. To try is the utmost anyone can do. But if you are unable to do this, at least help those who are endeavouring to uphold the honour of Fort Street, by coming along and barracking for them and the school.

J.A.S.

PARONOMASIAS.

Paronomasias are those weird and wonderful attempts at wit that are called in everyday life "puns." But just a plain, one-syllabled word like "puns" would seem too puny for a great magazine like the "Fortian," hence the learned heading. So much for the name; now let us find out a few things about these queer quibbles, for which some boys, especially those in Fourth Year, have an exceptional weakness.

First, there are several different types of paronomasias, such as those that are intended to be and are witty, those that are intended to be but are not witty, those that are not intended to be witty but are, and so on, and so on.

Their chief use is in wit and humour, but they are also used in expression of ridicule or contempt, such as sarcasm and satire.

The delivery and effect are the chief things to be noted in an elementary study of the pun, and so I will devote the greater part of this short study to dealing with these two points.

When you are trying to make a pun, you should make sure that the audience is in the correct mood and humour to appreciate it. For example, if you are trying to be witty to

someone who is in a serious frame of mind, you should first gradually transfer his thoughts from deep seriousness into lighter vein, and then deliver your "coup de vigueur." Otherwise you might suffer bodily injury at his hands for trying to be "funny." Again, if you are trying to ridicule some person by means of punning, you should first make sure that your audience despises him and has the same opinion of him as you; otherwise someone might not realise that you were quibbling with contempt and so laugh. If this happens, all effect is lost, and the whole affair is rendered farcical.

If you set out with the intention of winning your audience by the interspersion of paronomasias in your lecture, but, as often happens with beginners, find that they do not always see the point and appreciate your wit, immediately leave off punning and resort to other means for convincing them; for puns can either make you or break you as a speaker.—By using strong, apparent puns you make the audience revere you, whereas if your quibbles are weak and not readily "seen," the audience becomes tired of you, and, to use a colloquialism,

"absolutely fed up." The best plan for anyone who finds himself in such a position is to practise at home on the family; naturally they will think you are just trying to be "funny," but if you can make them even smile you will know you are making good progress, while, if they actually laugh, you can be sure you are a first-class punster.

Thus, in this short essay, I hope I have been able to set before you a few of the elementary essentials in the art practised and exalted by the greatest orators and writers of the ancient and modern schools of literature.

R. W. McCULLOCH, 4D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Again we find it impossible to publish critical replies to the large number of rejected contributions. The more promising work, therefore, has been selected. I take this opportunity of thanking all those who have given their able support to the Fortian this year.—Ed.]

5th Year: C.A.S.—Too gruesome for a school paper.

4th Year: H.O.H.—Well expressed, but contains little interest. L.W.L.—This conclusion has been used too much before. J.B.—Interesting, but too brief. D.W.—Swing of lines good, but meaning lost in striving for rhyme. I.C.—Would have been suitable last year. "Nemo"—Humour not forceful enough. W.G.—The language has not a poetic ring. P.F.M.—Well written, but scarcely enough interest. A.G.H.—"Scrappy," and theme is not fitting for school paper.

3rd Year: "Rennat"—Expression not clever enough. Several weak lines. A.S.—Some promising points, but arrived too late for further consideration. R.L.—Several stanzas good, but metric system too irregular. "So-and-So"—Above average, but scarcely up to standard

yet. B.S.—Interesting, but other better descriptions crowded it out.

2nd Year: "—" 2C—Quite clever in parts, but overdone. J.E.—Alteration in metric scheme not justified. Rhyme deficient. A.E.—Good so far, but not long enough. B.W.—Does not show careful enough revision. W.F.—Your work too closely resembles a homework task. R.P.—Almost. Very well expressed, but scarcely interesting enough. R.W.—Climax is disappointing. E.B.—Witty, but point is too obscure. G.V.—Subject used before. H.C.H.—Some clever touches, but too indefinite. G.R.B.—Nearly. Make it more interesting.

1st Year: "A. Mysterio"—Tends to fall from sublime to ridiculous. D.M.—Not enough personal ideas given. M.C.—This always happens. Put more life into it. G.G.—Length of lines too irregular. Theme does not seem genuine. G.F.—Shows much promise. Revise. K.S.—Thrilling at the time no doubt, but no point in Fortian. K.C.—Concentrate on one article of sufficient merit, and take more care in composition. J.D.T.—Is this a personal experience? K.T.—Introduction seems foolish, though latter half is humorous.



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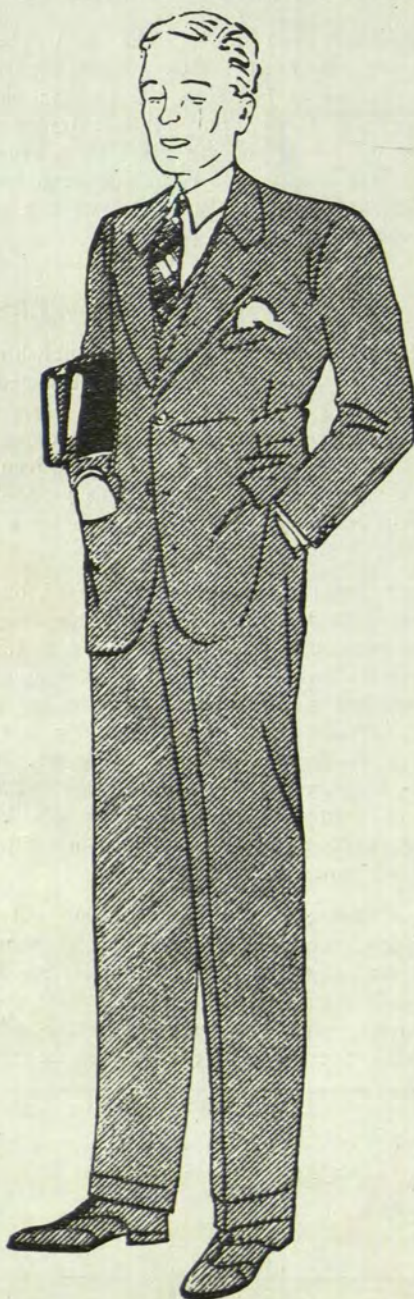
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