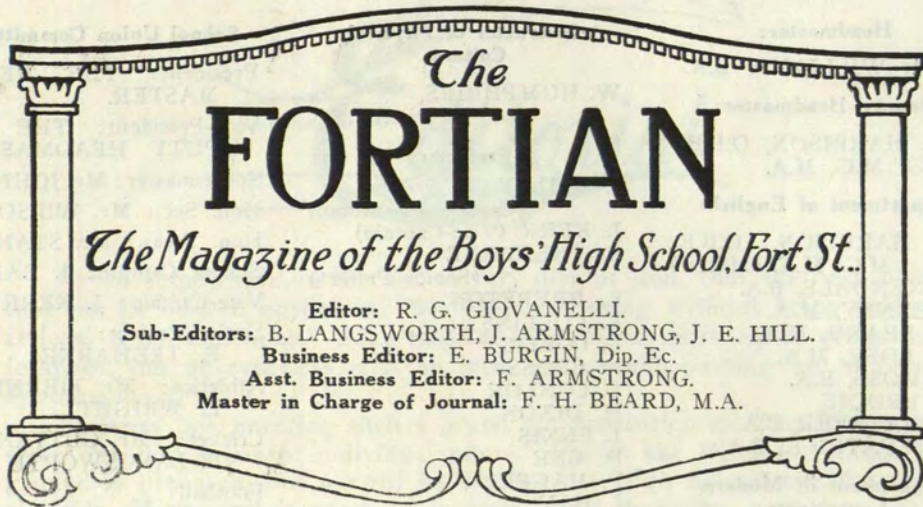


# THE FORTIAN



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

DECEMBER, 1931.



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## SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1931.

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# Editorial

I read somewhere, in the not so very distant past, that the best advice that can be offered anyone is: "Do the right thing without being told, or at least when told once." Like most advice, this is more easily given than followed, but nevertheless it is an ideal well worth passing on to fellow Fortians.

In every boy entering such a grand old institution as Fort Street, are sown the first seeds of individual effort. For in the Primary School the ground is prepared, but not till he reaches the High School are the crops planted. If the soil is good, as it must be of necessity, and the seed is watered, and the growing plant carefully tended, there will be a plentiful harvest of success—not financial success only, but the success in life that comes with full fruition of the intellectual and moral powers. There are always too many satisfied to live on their neighbour's fruits, until too late they realise their folly. Perhaps there is too much truth in Gray's lines,

"Alas! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play."

Success should be the goal of every Fortian. We are proud to remember that our School has produced some of the greatest men in the history of Australia. But every product of the School should be a great citizen in an educated democracy. The High School system has had a remarkable growth and has proved an unquestioned success in the past. But the public looks to us to continue to justify the expenditure involved in giving us free secondary education. And we are going to show them that Fort Street is a public necessity, not an extravagant luxury, even in this crisis.

If we are to repay the community, there is no time for slackness. We must use all the powers with which we are endowed, and the advantages provided for us, to fit ourselves to be leaders in that world over whose threshold we step when we have completed our five years here.

Then, just as hard training is necessary before severe physical exertion, so we must be fitted in our training for the campaign of wits to follow; and just as physical fitness must be retained, so must mental power. For

"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows or in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures."

Speaking at the Senior Dinner, Professor Brereton remarked that Fort Street boys who had distinguished themselves at the University were all

marked by originality, adaptability, and capacity for hard work. He instanced the brilliant poet and architect and artist, Raymond McGrath, who had recently achieved an international reputation. On entering the University, not content with his already full studies in literature and architecture, he spent his leisure hours in the Fisher Library with books on Art, and made himself an accomplished etcher and wood-engraver! It is this seizing of every opportunity and doing the little extra which characterises the Fortian who is fully living up to the old motto:

"Faber est suae quisque fortunae."

### NEWS AND NOTES.

The numbers in the School were increased by five additional classes being housed at Crystal Street. These boys are an integral part of the School, and participate in all its activities.

\* \* \*

The annual picnic took place at National Park on October 5th. A large number of parents and friends enjoyed a very pleasant day.

\* \* \*

Play Day, which is looked forward to each year by both friends and boys of the school, was held on 27th August. A departure from past years was the holding of two night performances. The standard of the plays produced was equal to past years. Some very fine history plays were staged by 1st Year boys, the most outstanding being "The Vengeance of Harmachis" by 1D class. The School is deeply indebted to Mr. Moss for his enthusiasm in this aspect of the School work. Mr. Humphries' work in connection with the scenery was also invaluable.

\* \* \*

The 1930 Hume Barbour Champion Debating Team was honoured by a request from the Director of Education that they should go to the broadcasting studio for a test for the purpose of selecting one of them to broadcast a good-will message to England on May 11th, under the auspices of the English Union. G. Foster was selected to do this, and great satisfaction was expressed at his effort.

\* \* \*

Speech Day this year was specially interesting because of the fact that Mr. Elliott made his last visit to the School prior to his retirement. We were delighted also to have Miss Elliott at this function. Many fine tributes to Mr.

Elliott's worth were paid during the various addresses.

\* \* \*

We congratulate Harding on winning the Sutor Prize for Australian History at the Intermediate Examination.

\* \* \*

We are pleased to note that the Old Boys' Union has been revived. With such enthusiastic officers it should prove a great help to boys leaving the school. Students leaving and all Old Boys should get in touch with Mr. Snelling, the Treasurer, 14 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

\* \* \*

Armistice Day was celebrated as usual this year. Scribner placed a wreath on the Honour Board. Mr. Williams spoke of Australia's sacrifice, and the duty of all to recognise what has been done for them, and to make sure that none of those who suffered by the war should be neglected.

\* \* \*

The annual cricket match between present and past pupils was played on Petersham Oval on Wednesday, 14th October. During the luncheon tendered the visitors by the present cricketers, Mr. Williams welcome the Old Boys and assured them that the School was always pleased to see them.

\* \* \*

Once again we record our appreciation of the worth of the Ladies' Committee. Their work on Play Day and at the social functions throughout the year has been of very great assistance to the School.

\* \* \*

The School wishes Messrs. Bendeich and Humphries a speedy recovery from their recent serious illnesses.

The Prefects elected for 1932 are: F. Armstrong, E. Bagster, B. Cohen, H. English, T. Griffith, R. Giovanelli, W. Harding, B. Langsworth, V. Lilienthal, W. Pennington, B. Scribner, I. Sharp, H. Sundstrom, K. Tubman, T. Walsh, A. Wheatley.

### MY VOCATION.

"What are you going to be when you grow up, sonny?" This is the question which I had had hurled at me, time out of number, by well-wishing relatives and friends. It had ever been my privilege to look silly and shame-faced and mutter something like "Oh! I don't know," or "A sailor." With increasing years I had gained more sense, but somehow that rapid volley still seemed to rattle me. This could never go on, so I decided to choose a suitable occupation to satisfy myself, if not my friends.

The life of a bootmaker appealed to me from the first, even after I learnt that he didn't make boots; but this occupation was snatched away from me, in its prime, by a singular occurrence. I once had the dissatisfaction of knowing a bootmaker, but always in his presence I had a feeling in my nose that "something" was going through the various stages of putrefaction, and that "something" was something in his breath. Wouldn't that put you off boot-making? Walter Scott said

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead."

Now, what I want to know is, in the cobbler's trade,

"Soles there a man with breath so dead" as this bootmaker? This man was an exception to the general rule of bootmakers, and I afterwards learnt that his chief epicurian dish was a mixture of garlic and asafoetida.

I weighed many occupations in the balance, but they were all found wanting. Lack of avoirdupois barred me from being a policeman, but surfeit of it prevented my name ever being published among the jockey disqualifications. Boo making reminded me too much of boot-making, and I would have been a bootblack only I developed "housemaid's knee." All seemed fruitless until an idea shone out, as resplendent and clear as a neon light—I would

be a grocer. This gratified my father, too, for often in confidential moments he had said, "Be a grocer, my boy—small profits, quick returns!"

Here was an occupation open to me, and I soon jumped at the offer of a job as grocer's assistant. It sounded easy, but, Alas, poor Yorick, I was not created to be a grocer. I have studied the correct procedure of a grocer, but I never could practise my theory. The grocer spies a prospective customer, with a snakelike wriggle throws himself across the counter, stops himself several inches away from the customer's chin, and politely says, "Are you being served, madam?" Receiving a negative reply, he anticipates the order, slides across the two feet of floor space, and obtains the article. He thumps it down on the counter, cocks his ear towards the customer, and shouts with startling rapidity, "And the next, please?" This has such an effect on the buyer that it needs great will-power to reject his advance. Juggling the two-shilling piece proffered, he eyes it gloatingly, shouts to the universe, "Seven and a half, two, Mr. So-and-So," and changes it himself. As the customer leaves the shop bamboozled, he regards her good-humouredly for a second, and with a sigh turns to serve his next customer. I was sacked for incompetence.

Thus you may picture me, buffeted by the winds of circumstance, without an occupation, and broken in spirit. All trades and work seemed closed to me, until I met Providence. No! Providence is not a moneyed philanthropist. Providence is—well—Providence. Providence gave me food! Providence gave me an occupation! I have discovered my vocation. I have gone on the dole!

R. I. SHARP, 4A.

### AN ELEGY.

Five years have passed since first, with fearful tread,

In adenoidal innocence I came  
With trousers short and brilliant badge on head,  
To seek for knowledge in these halls of fame.

What learning I have gained but time will show,

Yet I have gathered many a memory rare;  
And now my muse impels me, ere I go,  
These sprightly reminiscences to share.

In yon dim year when first I knew the thrills  
That physical geography imparts,  
Amidst young rivers, penepains and hills,  
I drank in wisdom from the weather charts.

Ambition stirred my schoolboy love of fame,  
And pain and labour wrought the action  
dread;  
On wood I carved my time-enduring name,  
Then, disillusioned, visited the Head.

The next three years by memories are blest  
Of muscles growing huge, with constant drill,  
With hands to sides, and well-expanded chest;  
My mind is filled with martial echoes still.

When up the weary hill I used to plod,  
I'd realise before I reached the gate,  
The school would be assembled on the quad,  
And on the stand the Arbiter of Fate.

\* \* \*

The evening shadows fall upon the past,  
A new morn waits my eager questing gaze;  
Yet in my heart will flame, while life shall last,  
My golden memories of those happy days.

With stately tread and calm, majestic air,  
I've seen him, conscious of my hidden sin,  
Tracking the errant paper to its lair,  
Dragging to light the coy banana skin.

Then Play Days, when ambitious talent strove  
To clothe anew dim History's ancient bones,  
And basso females cooed of peace and love,  
And First Year heroes ramped in dulcet  
tones.

Alas that infants cease now to revere  
Those that are mighty, in that little nest  
That constitutes their world, and now Fifth  
Year  
Are targets for a First Year's ribald jest.

My memories now are tinged with discipline,  
Of ages spent under the tyrant yoke;  
Of ages spent writing the weary line,  
And ages more reiterating "Spoke."

#### EPITAPH.

And when in years to come with pipe and glass  
And friend, in magic firelight's ruddy gleams,  
I'll see the five thought-galleons, drifting, pass,  
Burthened with schoolday jokes and work  
and dreams.

T. INGLEDEW, 5A.

### PLAY DAY, 1931.

Sequined Cleopatra, petite and scintillating—burly policemen with false noses and impossible corporations—society ladies clad in the height of fashion—powder, paint, lip-sticks—pipes, cigars and cigarettes that remain unlit—people sipping lemonade (from whisky bottles) with the nonchalance of inveterate drinkers—denizens of the underworld—gorillas—such is Fort Street's Annual Play Day.

With such a diversity of plays and such an array of talent among the actors, there was very little to mar the success of the function. Apart from its purely entertainment value, the Play Day is an agent for encouraging the adaptability which is present in Fort Street boys, is dominant in revealing the histrionic powers which exist therein, and is a promoter of the enlightenment gained by vitalizing history.

Play Day took place in the Memorial Hall

on the 27th August, and fine acting, combined with solid organization, made it a financial as well as social success. Two night performances were given, enabling more classes to have the coveted distinction of having their plays presented at night.

The following plays were enacted at night, and a few words about each may not be amiss:—

"Elegant Edward," a crook drama, in which Wright and Wooky shone. "The Bathroom Door," a clever farce, notable for the fine womanly portrayal by Clark as the Prima Donna. "The Vengeance of Harmarchis," by rD, a dramatization of Rider Haggard's version of the death of Cleopatra, and easily the best-acted play of the series. "An Old Tale Retold," a quaint and amusing little sketch notable for its tableau beauty and the acting of Watson as the Lady Violetta. "The Pot



Top: 1D—"CLEOPATRA."  
Bottom: 1C—"AN OLD TALE RETOLD."



of Caviare," a good play, dealing with an incident during the Boxer Rebellion; though the acting was slightly inferior to the setting. "The Rope," a drama marked by brilliant acting by Saul and Treharne. "Though Kings are Mighty," a 1st Year play of good quality. "Find the Thief," a diamond mystery, which kept the audience guessing until the last speech. "The Crimson Coconut," a laughable burlesque on an anarchist plot. "A Certain Rich Man," a psychological drama which was perhaps slightly too deep for the public; and "The Boy Comes Home," play produced by the 4th Year Dramatic Society and written by A. A. Milne, which speaks for itself. Another play worthy of

mention is "How They Solved the Mystery," a thriller, sustained throughout by clever acting.

A pleasing feature of the programme was the high standard of acting maintained by 1st Year boys. When one considers that the acting of the other years was fine, it is a tribute to them to say that theirs was finer. A main factor in their success was the untiring efforts which Mr. Moss made in tutoring them. Thanks are also due to him and Mr. Bauer for taking charge of the make-up, to Mr. Humphries for arranging the scenery, and to the English staff for the assistance rendered the various casts.

I.S.

### "CRAM."

It was night, and I was sitting gazing at a triangle drawn roughly on the exercise-book before me. It was a badly-drawn triangle, breaking all those rules of geometry about two sides being together greater than the third, and indeed, now that I examined it more closely, its angles were—well, they weren't exactly correct—not exactly, if you see what I mean. I sat staring at that three-sided piece of architecture, and I must admit I looked at it apologetically. If I hadn't stared so rudely at it in the first place it wouldn't have started the conversation, and I wouldn't be writing about it at all. But you see, I was rather sorry for having broken those rules, compounded through the years by those old philosophers. Ah! Think of the years, the days, the sleepless nights some well-meaning mathematicians have spent in making that triangle a thing of irreproachable integrity, with its angles together equal to 180 degrees and so on. Yet I, an insignificant mortal, not even an apology for a mathematician, had with three inebriated strokes of the pen, created a triangle which would have made poor Euclid turn in his grave (or was he cremated? I'm not sure). But wherever he was he would most certainly have turned, for you know, even worms turn sometimes, for what reason I do not know, since they're the same on both sides.

Well, to proceed with this narrative (which is absolutely true, of course), I was gazing fixedly at the triangle. What happened after

that I cannot account for. Indeed, I won't even try to do so. Perhaps it was the lateness of the hour, or it may have been that mine was something entirely new in the line of triangles, something exclusive. At any rate, believe it or not (or both, or neither), that triangular apology for a geometrical figure had the audacity, the impertinence, the unpardonable effrontery to stand on its base angle (ah, how base it was, too!) upon the angle A, and stare back sullenly at me—at me, its poor old father (at least, it belonged to me, didn't it? I was at least its guardian). Yes, it stood there, its hands in its pockets (any points p and q on sides AB and BC), staring most rudely at its benefactor. I who had worried over its future for at least half an hour, wondering if it would meet the sad fate of being annihilated on the following day by the master—this, then, was my thanks. "Oh ingratitude" (as Shakespeare—or was it Archimedes?—said), "thou art not so unkind as Manly's winter winds."

You know, a thing like that would try the patience of Job. To see an insignificant, misshapen, irregular, law-breaking triangle stand on its angle A and stare at the face (I mean hands) that created it. Oh, what's the world coming to? Oh dear, Oh dear, I seem to be indulging in circumlocution. I must proceed.

Well, I couldn't stand it any longer. I took the law into my own hands—and boxed its ears (angles B and C) twice, soundly, for its bad manners and its unpardonable ingratitude.



Top: 1A—"THOUGH KINGS ARE MIGHTY."  
Middle: 1B—"PENELOPE."  
Bottom: 2C—"KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

Have you ever experienced the pleasure of hitting a triangle across the ears? No? Oh well, perhaps you may in time, when you become a little more familiar with them. But take my advice, never try a quadrilateral—it's too big; it will probably bite you.

Well, I chastised this triangle severely, remembering all the pain he and his brethren had caused me hitherto. I told him as I hit him that it hurt me more than it hurt him. Strange to say, he didn't appear at all convinced, and seemed to convey the impression that he'd rather not see me hurt myself just for him. He was, I must admit, a brave little triangle, for while I was punishing him, he did not utter a single theorem or any other sort of groan—contenting himself with expletives in innuendo like any gentleman. When I had desisted however, he looked at me bravely in the face and said, in a hurt tone of voice:

"That's a nice way to treat a poor defenceless triangle. Why, you should be ashamed of yourself; you make an abominable attempt to construct me, and just because I'm not exactly symmetrical—you lambast me. You have no reasoning power. You're the same in your politics. You make a hash of your Parliaments and then moan about the inevitable result. Personally, I think you humans are an ignorant lot."

Of course I was much incensed at this from a mere triangle. I did not ask him to explain himself, however, fearing that there might be something in what he said. It would be a shame and disgrace if a diminutive triangle should show that we are, in spite of our learning, still ignorant. No, no! Such things must not be allowed—must not be tolerated. I intimated as much to the figure before me by raising my hand to smite him again. But this time he raised his own arm, and I brought my open palm right down on the point C. I didn't see the point of this at all; but inter-geometrical complications were averted when the triangle again spoke (in a voice very much like a quarrel between an acute and an obtuse).

"Listen," he said; "how would you like to make the acquaintance of some of my mathematical relations and friends?"

I answered that if they were a little better

mannered than he, I would be pleased to do so.

"Very well, then," he replied, "follow me. My name, by the way, is Trio."

I think we went through the back cover of a trigonometry book, though I'm not sure. At least, I remember arriving at an enclosed park, the area of which, of course, is unknown, though students have been trying to find it for generations. It was not exactly a beautiful enclosure,—it was, er—well, you know what mathematical enclosures are like.

My newly-formed acquaintance, Trio, pointed out on the other side of the field the notorious Alpha and his lady-friend Beta, both Greeks, and rather slippery customers.

"You see those two," said he, "they are always encroaching on our family's precincts. They and their family are rebels; they belonged once upon a time to our family, but broke away—eloped, I believe—and now live on the other side of the field."

"But," I asked, "who owns the field?"

"Oh, that belongs to the X family. They are well-known philanthropists, that family, often helping students to work out those mythical problems that Algebra provides for them. Of course, people abuse the privilege and use X to mark the spot where the body was found. X has 25 relations, and Alpha and Beta are first cousins to it. Come on and I'll introduce you to Pi. Have you ever met Pi before?"

I said I had, but that he was no friend of mine.

"Well," continued Trio, "you must meet him personally; he's such a peculiar fellow—all brains, you know—has 22 on top and only 7 below, so of course he's top-heavy. But he's very clever in dealing with circles."

I answered firmly that I was not at all desirous of meeting Pi again.

"Oh, but he's very interesting, you know," he answered, tugging at my sleeve, "he came from China, you know, originally."

I said that I did not know, nor, I added, did I care.

"Yes, his real name is Fi, from Fi, Fo, Fum, but we call him Pi for short. Oh well, if you won't meet him, perhaps you'll like to see our law-courts."

I answered that I would be delighted, and so I accompanied him to the court—a great

rectilinear room at the end of which was a large equilateral polygon of a rostrum on which a circumscribed circle (with a triangle on his head as a sign of power) was perched, moving his head majestically from side to side on a given locus. Numerous other triangles, polygons, circles and pentagons were busy around the place, for a trial was even then in progress. I asked my companion what was going on and what business was done here.

"Well," he replied, slightly appalled at my ignorance, "here they make all those laws you learn at school. It is a sort of Parliament and Court combined. You see that hexagon over there? That is the Upper House; his work is to veto three times all the laws passed by the Lower House, whereupon they automatically become law. So you see it's really a matter of form that the hexagon remains. He's remained from the beginning of Parliament, and he sort of belongs there—just as a matter of form, you understand. Just at present they're discussing the Communist question. You see that equilateral triangle down there? He's the Communist lawyer; he's trying to prove that two triangles should be congruent—equal in everything."

I asked him what chance the lawyer had of proving his case.

"Oh, he may prove it easily enough if only he can find a flaw in one of the old laws (we call them theorems here), and he will show that it's not necessary for two triangles to be equal in all respects in order to be congruent. Oh, he's a clever lawyer; he once proved—"

I interrupted his eloquence. "Trio," I said, "I desire to return immediately. Things are too slow here."

I listened. In the distance I heard a great crash. I looked questioningly at Trio.

"That," he said, "is merely two tangents meeting a circle from an exterior point. It's quite a common occurrence for such clashes here, and sometimes the poor circles are quite cut up about it. Indeed, some of the tangents aren't really tangents at all, merely lines travelling under false pretences, and of course they cut the circles. When they're found out to be secants instead, they are charged at the court of travelling without a licence and under false —"

"Come," I said, "I'm tired of all this; moreover, I want to tell my friends about the scandalous way you mathematical figures carry on behind our backs. I want to tell them. . . I want . . . I want—"

Suddenly I found myself gazing at an ill-drawn triangle on my book, just an ordinary triangle, slightly misshapen but still—only ordinary. A clock was striking the awful hour of midnight. I was very annoyed with that triangle keeping me up so late just to see his land, with its laws and theorems; I was also a little annoyed at the shameless fashion in which it stared at me from the page. So I took up my pen, yawned at the offending triangle, and wrote beneath it—"Q.E.D."

"PYTHAGORUS," 4D.

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### PEACE.

While others boast of cities neat and prim,  
Of streets with flowering gardens, gay and  
bright,  
Of parks, for peace and coolness in the night  
When sunset's glow has faded from earth's  
brim;

While others talk of forests, deep and grim,  
Of ferns and staghorns hidden from the sight,  
The pale moon filtering through the leaves the  
light

That yet but shows the foliage faintly dim:

Not such as these my fancy's picture seems,  
Yet some of each I see, in colours sad—  
Sad and quiet, in my home of dreams:

For by a winding road, o'ergrown with grass,  
Close to a village, far from town life mad,  
My few remaining days I hope to pass.

R. GIOVANELLI, 4D.

### SPEECH DAY.

Although marred by wet weather, Speech Day, held on the 21st of May, was as great a success as it always is. The hall was packed with visitors, and very few of the boys, other than the prize-winners, were able to obtain admittance. However, by means of two large amplifiers placed outside the hall, those unable to enter were enabled to hear the whole of the proceedings, while seated in classrooms.

Mr. W. J. Elliott, the Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools, presided, and was accompanied by Miss Elliott, to whom the School Captain presented a bouquet.

Among the speakers were the Hon. J. Lamaro,

M.L.A., Minister for Justice, Mr. B. Olde, M.L.A., member for Petersham, Mr. L. Martin, M.L.A., who attended in the stead of Mr. B. S. Stevens, M.L.A., Mr. K. R. Cramp, Inspector of Secondary Schools, and Mr. H. Snelling, who represented the Old Boys. All speakers paid a high tribute to the work of Mr. Elliott, who retires shortly, after a most successful career as Chief Inspector.

The reports of both the Headmaster and the Sportsmaster were well received, favourable reports in both educational and sporting activities being tendered.

### HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

Since last Speech Day the number of classes in this School has increased from 20 to 25. All the classes are larger and more or less congested. Five new Fourth Year classes are housed in Crystal Street, but their members are considered and treated in every respect as Fort Street boys. Our present numbers are 877 boys and 36 masters.

I am pleased to be able to express complete satisfaction with the efforts put forth by the whole staff on behalf of the boys and the school generally, but I am constrained specially to mention Messrs. Parker and Humphries for the great service they render outside their special teaching periods.

The following pupils, because of their outstanding personality and school services, were elected by the boys and teachers to the highest honor the school can confer—the prefectship: J. Bailey (Captain), J. Kerr (Vice-Captain), E. Treharne (Senior Prefect), and L. Brereton, L. Collins, R. Collis, N. Cross, L. Conlon, H. Dixon, J. Ennis, D. Gee, J. Hay, N. Harris, S. Hazlewood, D. Lee, P. Magee, R. Nall, P. Patterson, J. Saul, J. Sullivan and H. Wright.

The pupils have a generous measure of self-government, and these Prefects are their recognised leaders. They keep a jealous eye on the conduct of the boys before and after school. Great as is our desire to turn out good scholars, our desire to turn out young gentlemen is greater still. Our senior boys realise that the best return they can make their great school is to compel observers to remark on their quiet

good manners and kindly consideration for others on all occasions.

Complaints have reached us lately, however, from the railway authorities concerning the conduct of certain First Year boys on trains and trams. Parents can do much to check this foolish behaviour, and perhaps to obviate serious accidents.

It is a very pleasing duty for us to enumerate on Speech Day the various permanent school benefactions. They are, in the order of their establishment:—

- (a) The Killeen Memorial Prize, £5/5/-, given by Mrs. Killeen in memory of her late husband, Lieut. F. Killeen, first President of the Limbless and Maimed Soldiers' Association.
- (b) The J. Taylor Memorial Prizes, subscribed by his fellow members of the staff.
- (c) The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize, presented in memory of his two brothers killed in the war, by Dr. Evatt, of the High Court Bench.
- (d) The Verco Prize, presented by Dr. Verco.
- (e) The Stevens Prize, presented by Mr. B. S. Stevens, M.L.A.
- (f) The Rogers Trophy, presented by Mr. W. Rogers.

We are much beholden to Professor Brereton, of the University, for the honor he did us in judging the boys' literary contributions to the Fortian, and for his kindly and helpful criticisms thereon.

The weekly penny subscriptions managed by

the Prefects, and the donations of parents and friends on Play Day enabled the School again to make its annual contributions to hospitals, ambulance and the children's preventorium. In this way we disbursed £92 last year. It should be said in this connection that our boys receive every attention in their frequent visits to Lewisham Hospital.

As in past years, too much praise cannot be given to the members of the Ladies' Committee for the great sacrifice they made during the past twelve months in helping the School to make a success of Play Day, of Sports Day, and of the term dances.

The Mayor of Petersham, Mr. McKinley, through the good offices of the Town Clerk, Mr. Shepherd, made us a very generous gift of stone, and with this we were enabled to enhance greatly the appearance of the School front. The School welcomes, too, the intention of the Mayor to build swimming baths in close proximity to the School.

The last annual picnic at National Park was a very enjoyable affair; there was an increased attendance of parents, but we hope for a much larger number this year.

The participation of the fathers in the Fourth and Fifth Year dinner in the School Hall was an innovation that bids fair to become a permanency. The ability of their boys to make good after-dinner speeches was an eye-opener to the fathers present, and the parents' attendance should be greater on the next occasion.

Last Empire Day was left, in accordance with a practice originating here in 1929, entirely in the hands of the Seniors' Debating Club. Well-prepared addresses on appropriate topics were

delivered by Cooper, Conlon, Kerr, Scribner and Ennis. After the function this team, by invitation, proceeded to Pymont School and gave similar speeches to the assembled children and parents.

This year's Play Day was quite up to the standard of former years. A great deal of the success was due to the hearty co-operation of the friends and parents, who made possible the dressing of the casts—and to whom the thanks of the School are due. It is difficult to make comparisons, but we would like to mention the ten historical plays and the following boys:—Foster, Treharne, Clarke, Watts and Scribner, as being worthy of special notice.

As evidence of the existence here of a good School spirit, and of a real desire to do something practical for the School, it is pleasing to record that the following classes, 5D, 5C, 2D, 2B, 3A, B, C and D, have raised among themselves £16/10/-, and purchased eleven historical pictures specially selected for them by Mr. Rose, their History Master. These pictures can be seen in the Library.

With some exceptions the efforts made by the 1st, 2nd and 4th Year pupils during the past year were well up to Fort Street standard. The successes of the best workers will be mentioned later at the prize-giving.

As regards the achievements of our Intermediate and Leaving Certificate candidates during the last few years, it is gratifying that they have shown a distinct advance each year on their previous years' already high standards, and 1930's results indicate that the onward movement is being maintained.

#### PRIZE LIST.

##### FIFTH YEAR.

O. HARDY: Killeen Memorial Prize; Highest Aggregate; H.1 French, H.1 English, H.1 History, 7 A's Leaving Certificate; First Place Teachers' College entrance exam.

W. I. STEWART: Verco Prize for Best Mathematical Pass at Leaving Certificate Examination; 2nd Aggregate; H.1 Mathematics, H.2 Chemistry, 6 A's L.C. Exam.

I. DENNIS: 3rd Aggregate; H.1 Maths., H.2 Physics, 6 A's L.C. Exam.

D. VERCO: 4th Aggregate; H.1 Physics, H.1 English, H.2 Maths., 6 A's L.C. Exam.; Champion Debating Team.

T. W. McDONALD: 5th Aggregate; H.1 Maths., H.2 Physics, L.C. Exam.

A. S. MATHIESON: 6th Aggregate; First Place in English; H.1 English, H.2 Maths., L.C. Exam.

A. F. SCHMIDT: Headmaster's Prize; 7th Aggregate; H.1 Maths., H.1 Physics, L.C. Exam.

H. J. JENKINS: 9th Aggregate; H.1 and second place in State in History, H.2 Chemistry, L.C. Exam.

F. FREEMAN: 10th Aggregate; H.2 Maths., 7 A's L.C. Exam.

A. KERSHAW: Evatt Memorial Prize; H.2 Latin, H.2 English, L.C. Exam.

G. MORROW: H.1 Chemistry, H.2 English, L.C. Exam.

S. CLARK: First Place in Economics.

L. JACK: Taylor Memorial Prize for Best Pass in Geography at L.C. Exam.; A. pass in Geography.

M. ALLEN: H.1 Maths., H.2 English, L.C. Exam.; Champion Debating Team.

G. FOSTER: Best Sustained Character, Play Day; Champion Debating Team.

K. VINCENT: B. S. Stevens Prize for Economic Essay; H.1 Physics, L.C. Exam.

Note.—H.1—First-class Honours;

H.2—Second-class Honours.

#### FOURTH YEAR.

S. J. HAZLEWOOD: Highest Aggregate; First Place in German, Maths., Physics; Second Place in Mechanics.

J. BAILEY, 2nd Aggregate; First Place in Physics, English.

J. R. KERR: 3rd Aggregate; First Place in History, Second Place in Chemistry.

F. CHONG: 3rd Aggregate; First Place in Maths. II, Second Place in Physics.

J. R. ENNIS: Second Place in English.

P. PATTERSON: First Place in Latin, Second Place in Greek and French.

L. CONLON: First Place in Greek.

W. SALMOND: First Place in French.

W. E. GAILEY: Second Place in Maths. I, Latin.

J. BENSON: First Place in Chemistry.

L. LITTLE: First place in Economics, Geography.

L. COLLINS: Second Place in Geography.

J. HAY: First Place in Mechanics, Second Place in Maths.

E. TREHARNE: Best Interpretation of Part, Play Day.

#### "FORTIAN" PRIZES.

D. LEE: Best contribution of Verse to "Fortian," 1930.

H. DIXON: Best Short Story, "Fortian," 1930.

#### THIRD YEAR.

A. WHEATLEY: Highest Aggregate; Second Place in Maths. I, Science, Third Place in Latin; 7 A's Intermediate Exam.

E. G. GIBSON: 2nd Aggregate; Second Place in Geography and Commercial Subjects; 8 A's Intermediate Exam.

C. J. LOUITTIT: 3rd Aggregate; First Place in Commercial Subjects; 7 A's Intermediate Exam.

S. B. COHEN: 5th Aggregate; First Place in Maths. II; 6 A's Intermediate Exam.

J. J. MACLEAN: Taylor Memorial Prize for Best Pass in Geography at the Intermediate Examination; 3rd Aggregate; First Place in English; 7 A's Intermediate Exam.

W. G. McDONALD: First Place in History and Latin.

K. G. WHYBROW: First Place in French, Second Place in Maths. II and Latin.

W. HOLLISTER: First Place in German.

K. V. TUBMAN: First Place in Science; 5 A's Intermediate Exam.

D. S. SHERRINGTON: Second Place in History.

N. P. HENRY: Second Place in French.

D. J. MUNRO: Second Place in German; 4 A's Intermediate Exam.

R. G. GIOVANELLI: 4th Aggregate; First Place in Maths. I; 5 A's Intermediate Exam.

C. J. CLARK: Best Female Impersonation, Play Day.

#### SECOND YEAR.

A. M. SURTEES: Highest Aggregate; First Place in English, Latin, Maths. I, Science.

J. McAULEY: 2nd Aggregate; First Place in French, Second Place in Latin and English.

E. P. COLEMAN: 3rd Aggregate; Second Place in French.

A. D. MCKNIGHT: 4th Aggregate; Second Place in Science.

M. J. BENTLEY: First Place in History.

B. A. COLEBOURNE: First Place in Greek.

M. L. JOHNSON: First Place in Maths. II.

D. J. MCKENZIE: Second Place in Maths. I.

H. B. GILES: Second Place in Geography.

W. FUNNELL: First Place in Commercial Subjects and Geography.

#### FIRST YEAR.

L. RASMUSSEN: Highest Aggregate; First Place in Maths. I, History and Science.

W. SHEARER: 2nd Aggregate; Second Place in History and English.

L. SMALL: 3rd Aggregate; First Place in Maths. II.

R. MCKENZIE: 4th Aggregate; First Place in Latin, Second Place in Maths. II.

K. WALKER: First Place in English.

R. COFFILL: First Place in Science, Second Place in Latin.

H. STEWART: First Place in French.

H. MIETZKE: First Place in Geography.

G. GUSTARD: First Place in Commercial Subjects.

J. TODD: First Place in German.

D. WATTS: Best Individual Costume, Play Day.

## INTERMEDIATE RESULTS.

One hundred and twenty-five boys passed. They took 1015 papers, and passed in 813, averaging passes in 80 per cent. of papers taken.

The boys gained 250 A passes, distributed thus:—English 64 (for which Mr. Tierney was largely responsible), History 24, Geography 6, Maths. I 41, Maths. II 12, Science 40, Commercial Subjects 7, French 34, Latin 18, German 4.

The following were the best individual passes in order of merit, judged on the best seven subjects:—

- (1) Allen Wheatley, 7 A's.
- (2) Edward Gibson, 8 A's and 1 B.

- (3) Cecil Louttit, 7 A's, 2 B's.
- (4) Ronald Giovanelli, 6 A's, 2 B's.
- (5) Samuel Cohen, 6 A's, 1 B.
- (6) Reginald Sharp, 6 A's, 3 B's.
- (7) John McLean, 7 A's, 2 B's, and best pass in Geography, carrying the J. Taylor Memorial Prize.
- (8) Harold English, 4 A's, 5 B's.

W. B. Harding won the Suttor Prize for the Best Australian History Paper in the Intermediate. This prize has been won by Fort Street boys in the last two examinations.

J. Kerr was awarded the Parkes Memorial Bursary on his pass in the previous Intermediate Examination.

## LEAVING EXAMINATION.

Eighty-five boys passed the Leaving Examination. Each boy took on the average 6.9 papers and passed in 5.5, i.e., in 80 per cent. of his subjects.

They gained 220 A's and 66 Honours. 26 were awarded Teachers' College Scholarships. Oswald Hardy and A. Mathieson secured 1st and 6th places respectively.

Three were winners of University Bursaries, and 21 carried off University exhibitions; the number would have been greater if Teachers' College Scholarship winners had not been required to forego their rights to hold exhibitions.

The honours were distributed as under:—

English and History, 50 A's, 19 Honours, 6 of them 1st Class.

Maths. I and II, 85 A's, 26 Honours, 14 firsts.

Physics and Chemistry, 45 A's, 18 Honours, 6 Firsts.

Mechanics, 17 A's. (No Honours are awarded.)

French and German, 9 A's, 2 Honours, 1 First.

Latin and Greek, 10 A's, 1 Honour.

Economics, 3 A's

Geography, 1 A.

(Maximum pass is 7A's, 3HI, or 6A's, 4HI.)

The ten best passes were:—

- (1) O. Hardy, 7A, 3 HI, 1st place T.C. Shps., Exhib. Arts.
- (2) W. J. Stewart, 6A, 2 HI, 1 H2. Exhib. Science, Univ. Bursary.
- (3) Ivan Dennis, 6A, 2 HI, 1 H2. Exhib. Engineering.
- (4) David Verco, 6A, 2 HI, 1 H2. Exhib. Arts.

- (5) Thomas McDonald, 4A, 2 HI, 1 H2. Exhib. Engineering.
- (6) Alex. S. Mathieson, 5A, 1 HI, 2 H2. Exhib. Law.
- (7) Andrew F. Schmidt, 4A, 3 HI. Exhib. Engineering.
- (8) David Perkins, 4A, 3 HI.
- (9) H. Jenkins, 5A, 1 HI, 1 H2. 2nd place in the State in History, Univ. Bursary, Exhib. Law.
- (10) F. Freeman, 7A, 2 H2. Exhib. Arts.

The Exhibitions were distributed as follows.

**Arts:** Burton, Verco, Freeman, Jackson, Kershaw, Shepherd, Trevitt and Tuck.

**Law:** Jenkins, Mathieson.

**Science:** Stewart, W. J. Rogers, Wm. Morrow, Fisher, Short, C. A. Vincent.

**Medicine:** Porter.

**Engineering:** Schmidt, McDonald, Dennis.

**Notabilia:**

- (a) Oswald Hardy won the Killeen Memorial Prize of £5/5/- for the best pass of a boy proceeding to the University.
- (b) A. Kershaw: Winner of the Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize of £5/5/- for the best essay on an Australian subject.
- (c) W. J. Stewart: Dr. Verco's Prize for the best pass in Mathematics (£1/5/-).
- (d) K. Vincent: B. S. Stevens Prize for the best essay on an Economic subject (£2/2/-).



- (e) M. Allen, G. Foster, M. Green, D. Verco: Winners of the debating championship of Metropolitan High Schools. They had an unbeaten record, and gained bronze medallions for themselves, and brought their school the great honour of being the first school to win the Hume Barbour High School Debating Trophy.
- (f) The Headmaster's Prize for School Ser-

vice goes to A. Schmidt, School Captain for 1930.

- (g) L. Jack: Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography.

This summary, Ladies and Gentlemen, I believe bears out my earlier statements that the staff is doing its work efficiently, and that the boys are maintaining the high prestige of this historic old school.

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### NARRABEEN.

Where bounding breakers crash and roar,  
 'Mid their eternal spray,  
 Where dance the lights on lone seashore,  
 From headland down to bay;  
 Where tall palm nods in dim twilight  
 'Neath moon's pale, silver sheen,  
 And low lake laps all through the night,  
 Lies beauteous Narrabeen.

No grim, dark wharf her beauty mars,  
 No pier her beach adorns,  
 But Nature sleeps beneath the stars,  
 Where plaintive willow mourns;  
 In time of Cook, the natives toiled  
 On pleasant hills of green—  
 Those hills remain, by man unspoiled,  
 Around my Narrabeen

On Manly's beaches many days  
 In ecstasy are spent;  
 In Bondi's or in Coogee's bays  
 On pleasure folk are bent;  
 But when I wish for holiday  
 Where crowds are seldom seen,  
 To hill and lake I hie away—  
 Back to my Narrabeen.

F. JOHN O'BRIEN, 2B.

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### MORNING.

How peaceful is the scene; the purest blue,  
 Like to the azure of a maiden's eye,  
 Extends across a cloudless morning sky;  
 No artist e'er conceived a lovelier hue.  
 The sands, yet damp and glistening with the  
 dew,  
 Grow gold as lordly Phoebus mounteth high.  
 The sparkling waters ever softly sigh  
 And Nature smiles. All sunlit is the view.

Ah! Could the whole wide world so happy be  
 As I upon this dream-like morn in May!  
 Could all the dead, dull monotone of Life,  
 The weary wars of creed and class, the strife,  
 Of nations cease for one thrice glorious day,  
 And all men love and live in unity!

R. F. COLLIS, 5D.

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### THE ORIGIN OF EDITORS.

Do you know what gives rise to our editors? It's no good saying yes if you've never had an article rejected by the "Fortian," so I can-

not help feeling compassion for those poor souls who have never had this delightful experience, and who consequently cannot under-

stand the emotions that swell in the breast of the budding journalist who has received back his contribution with a polite note to the effect that the whole composition is childish.

First we feel a bit peeved (to say the least of it), for it's obvious to us, if to no one else, that our contribution was better than any that were printed; but this feeling of resentment soon passes away and, strange to say, in its place comes a smug satisfaction. After all, weren't the first efforts of all our literary geniuses spurned and despised? All you need really is a little perseverance. Thomas Hardy ought to know, and his idea of a good journalist was one who wrote thirty articles and had thirty articles rejected. And then what did he do? Why, he set to and wrote another.

So you see, these dunderhead editors never can recognize genius when it takes its first unsteady steps. Of course, they'll be sorry later that they didn't hang on to the manuscript—it will be worth something then—but they've not an atom of foresight. It's really a tragedy what foolish people are made editors—

we suppose it must be influence. Now, if someone really clever—say ourself, for instance—were editor, well, we'd revolutionize this editing business; we'd give praise where it was due, and kind words of wisdom, not sarcasm, to the sensitive, faltering genius as he first poked out his horns—whose career a harsh word might wreck. You can't realize what a responsibility rests on editors—the editors don't, anyway.

Our career was nearly wrecked, but we persevered, and now we've decided to become an editor and show the world how it should be done.

Thus the seeds of a great ambition are sown, and the hopeful one first decides to become the editor of our leading daily in the just cause of genius.

Now, did you know this is how editors are made? And did the Fortian realise the good work it was doing in so regularly rejecting our contributions?

L.S.L.G.B., 5D.

[Is this the thirty-first article?—Ed.]

## Two Special Values for Youths!

**GREY FLANNEL  
Sports Trousers**

**10/6**

Cool and light for summer wear! These trousers are neatly tailored, specially roomy, and with the fashionable wide legs. Side strap belt and hip pockets add to their smartness and comfort. Fit 14 to 19.

**AUSTRALIAN MADE  
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**12/6**

The Australian-made hat is taking the lead with all youths who consider smartness and economy! The popular snap brims in light, mid or dark grey and fawn. Special grease-proof leather lining. Sizes 6 to 7.

**BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING, NEW STORE ONLY.**

**JUDICIOUS SPENDING HASTENS PROSPERITY**

# DAVID JONES'

FOR SERVICE AND QUALITY

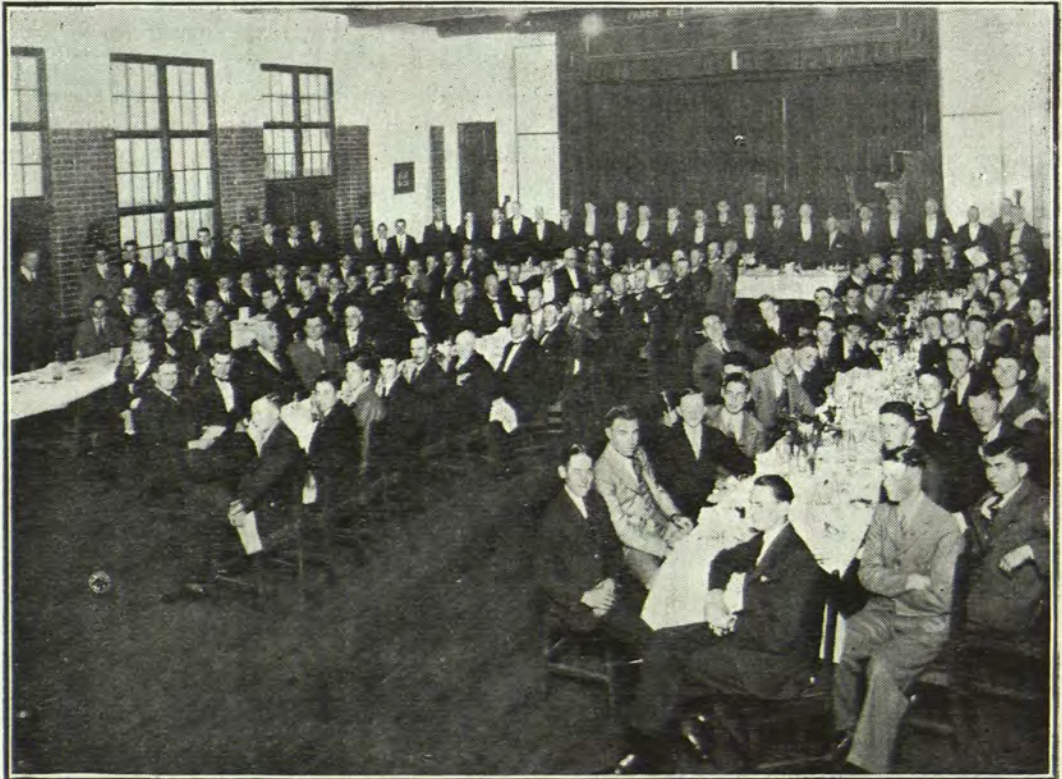
### THE SENIORS' DINNER.

The dinner of the departing 5th Year took place on Thursday, 4th November, and a large crowd was present. After the dinner, which was certainly one of the most satisfying events of the programme, the speeches were opened with a toast to the King.

Bailey, the School Captain, who presided, supported by Kerr, proposed the toast of the School and Staff. Both commented on the friendship existing between the masters and members of 5th Year. Mr. Williams, the Head-

where they got their start in life; for although Fort Street was one of the greatest schools in N.S.W., it was one of the worst as far as endowments were concerned. Scribner supported the toast, to which Treharne and Brereton replied.

The other toasts were to the coming seniors and the Old Boys' Union, which were well received. Messrs. Snelling and McIntyre spoke in reply to the latter, while Sharp amused the gathering by his inimitable witticisms.



SENIOR DINNER, 1931.

master, replied, mentioning that the friendship referred to was very real. The Headmaster gave the departing seniors some good advice, and dealt very effectively with a recent newspaper statement that High Schools produced snobs. Snobbery, he said, could not exist in an atmosphere of learning and true wisdom.

The next toast on the list was one to the departing seniors, proposed by Mr. Harrison, who urged all to bear in mind that if at any time they were sufficiently financial to endow the School, they should remember the place

Mr. George Foster was once more greeted with the rounds of applause that always await him, and it was like old times to be able to give him numerous recalls.

In reply to the toasts of "The Visitors," Mr. Melville and Professor J. Le Gay Brereton gave interesting speeches, both touching on the high standard of pupils turned out by the High Schools—Fort Street in particular.

During the evening items were rendered by various boys, and plenty of vigour was intro-

duced into the singing of community songs, to which, it may be added, the chinking sound of the meeting of bottle and spoon was an effective accompaniment.

The evening ended with Auld Lang Syne, the war-cry and the National Anthem, the dinner being considered one of the best and most enjoyable for many years.

### ANCIENT HISTORY.

At Fort Street School in Petersham,  
By Sydney's silver sea,  
The lucky lads in 1D class  
Learn Ancient History—  
How, in the days of dinosaurs,  
The cavemen, strong and bold,  
Chased mighty mammoths for their lunch,  
And with stones knocked them cold;

How, in the land of pyramids  
And tombs and sheiks and sand,  
Old Queen Hapshupset roamed about—  
The mistress of the land;  
How Thutanhamen, when he died,  
Was luckiest of men;  
They put in beer and apple-pie,  
In case he woke again;

How when one died in that country—  
They did in every town—  
So that his body would not tire  
He was buried sitting down;  
How when a man sat down for good,  
To keep the wogs away,  
They starched him stiff and bricked him in,  
And there he is to-day;

How water for the cabbages  
Was hoisted from the stream  
By 'Gyppoes, working night and day,  
With little time to dream.  
Because the rags were then unknown,  
—And Fords were but a joke—  
They cultivated carrot plots  
With help of poor old moke.

In Mesopot's unknown, sandy wastes,  
Upon the Plain of Shinar,  
They wrote in pictures none can read—  
Just as they do in China.  
Now you should have a good idea  
How this work seems to me;  
So when you're next in Petersham  
Drop in for History!

IKHNATON, 1D.

### KISMET.

#### A Story of India.

The setting sun lit the rugged mountains with a rich glow, gilding the steep cliffs and lofty crags. Outlined sharply against the sunset, a black silhouette against the orange background, stood a solitary figure gazing down into the valley over which flickered the last rays of the sun. Shading his eyes, he carefully observed a small cluster of buildings far below, lying almost in the shadow of the mountains. Work was over for the day, and little groups of men left the buildings and disappeared in various directions over the darkening countryside. The keen eyes of the mountain tribesman saw them gradually converge after leaving the fort, and saw them met by a couple of horse-

men. The light was fast fading now, but as the watcher strained his eyes the group broke up and disappeared into the darkness, while the two horsemen turned and galloped away towards the foothills.

The sun disappeared with startling suddenness, and a black mantle descended over the valley and mountains, enveloping all in its black folds. With the fading of the light a chill wind arose and moaned eerily through the crags and defiles. The watcher turned and disappeared up the steep track on the mountain-side—a clatter of falling stones rolling and bounding away to the valleys below showed that he had mounted a horse and was clamber-

ing away towards an encampment further in the hills. The chill wind moaned among the rocks and crags, a few howls of wandering wild beasts rent the air, and the coldness of Indian mountain night covered valley and hill.

Morning glinted over the valley, and the sun began to drive away the mists enveloping the mountains in their embrace. With the sun arose Captain Robinson, commander of the little fort in the valley; and he dressed and walked downstairs to the little stone-paved courtyard. Large blocks of stone lay around, and piles of sand and cement, for the little fort was being reconstructed and reconditioned.

Hollow-echoing footsteps made him turn round, and he beheld the short, thickset form of Lieut. Mackie approaching. "Good morning, lieutenant," he greeted him, and the other man responded in a cheerful manner. "The work's getting on well, now," said Robinson; "it should be finished in two days if the men keep at it."

"Yes, that's right; these hillmen are so deucedly unreliable; they'll go chasing some family enemy just when they should be at work," said Mackie.

A clatter of tin dishes appraised them of breakfast being nearly ready, and they went to the kitchen to partake of that meal.

Half an hour later they emerged. Robinson looked around. "I say, Mac, what time is it?" "Seven o'clock," said Mackie. A worried look creased the captain's brow. "Where are the workmen? They should be here now."

"Yes, I just noticed that there's no sign of them—something's in the air, I'll bet."

The mists had disappeared, and the bare outlines of the mountains sharply cut the blue of the sky, while here and there a snow-clad peak glittered and shone. But there was no sign of life but a few solitary birds wheeling overhead—"Mountain vultures," muttered Mackie uneasily. The workmen were nowhere to be seen.

Some time later, half a score of men arrived and took the reprimands of Captain Robinson in ominous silence. They looked chastened and uneasy, and went about their work half-heartedly. A soldier was told off to superintend them, and Mackie and Robinson disappeared to their quarters.

The heat grew intense, and the limitless, waterless plain glared white in the bright sun-

light, while the mountains, menacing, seeming to overhang the valley, shimmered in a heat haze. There was a terrible and all-pervading silence, no movement or sound anywhere around the fort; the clatter of the utensils and subdued buzz of voices in the courtyard only serving to accentuate the silence of the plain.

Dinner was called, and all sound ceased. Robinson sat in a small room poring over a map and thinking out a plan of construction that was engrossing him. A scuffle outside broke in on the stillness, and a swelling volume of voices made him rise. The door burst suddenly open, and a limp figure stumbled and crashed into the room, pursued by a Hindu, who was shaking with rage. The workman screamed at the figure, "Thieving dog, not one small coin do you keep, English —!" Robinson broke in on his torrent of anger, and said with an imperative gesture, "That's enough, now, go!" As the native disappeared, he turned and looked at the figure sprawling on the floor.

The man was dishevelled and unkempt, and his shaking hands showed his bad condition. A sickly grin creased his dirty countenance, which still had something arresting about it—a pathetic air, something which hinted at former dignity; the eyes were bleary and had a hunted look, but it was the hands which arrested Robinson's gaze. Despite the grime and dirt adhering to them, they were well-shaped, with long, slender fingers, once well-kept. Robinson gave a despairing look at the depraved figure, and felt a sort of anger mingled with pity. "Why—why the devil can't you behave like a gentleman with these tribesmen? How do you expect me to be able to keep peace among them, with men acting like you?"

Wilson, the vagabond, wandering trader, out-cast from human society, grinned pathetically and shrugged his shoulders. "I—I'm a'right—only had a bottle or two—wine and cards. I won—always did win at cards. Just can't help it—cute, y'see captain, with my fingers. Fellows in the guards didn't like it either."

Robinson became a little less contemptuous and looked down on that most pathetic of all beings, a drunken, broken gentleman with his bitter foolish smile and beautifully shaped, slender fingers. "What guards?" he asked.

"Why—why, my dear fellow, the Guards, of course; one of us has always held a commis-

sion in the Guards." Robinson thought of that life—young and promising—a youth with everything before him, killed by cards and drink—now kicked around by Hindus for cheating. The captain felt an impulse of pity. "Look here, would you—" but cut the impulse short, thinking of the difficulties with the natives. "Look here! If you don't keep better than this, and get stirring up the hillmen by cheating at cards, I'll lock you up! Understand?" Wilson understood and, getting up, shambled from the room.

Robinson looked away to the hills, quivering in the haze, mysterious and wild. He thought of the difficulties he had to overcome and—. A sudden knock on the door startled him from his reverie, and he called "Come in." Corporal Jones, one of the men at the fort, entered and saluted. "An Afridi tribesman gave me this paper and asked me to give it to you, sir." Robinson took it mechanically, and opened the dirty piece of paper. His sharp exclamation startled the corporal. "My G—! corporal, bring Lieutenant Mackie to me at once!" Mackie entered a moment later, and looked with concern at his chief's anxious face. The captain thrust the paper into Mackie's hands, and said harshly, "Read this and tell me what you think." Mackie read aloud.

"To captain the commander of Jung-la Fort. We will call on you to-day. Suggest you not at fort to greet us. Ram Das."

"When did this come, sir?" he asked.

"Just now," replied Robinson.

"Our workmen must have known of this. They've all gone since dinner!" was Mackie's startling reply.

"Gone!" exclaimed Robinson. "Then there's only about a dozen of my white soldiers to resist Ram Das!"

Old Mackie's face hardened, and he replied grimly: "Yes, and that wily robber has about fifty wild hillmen with him."

Robinson saw that decisive action was needed, and rapped out swift orders: "Have the men called in and I'll tell them what to do."

The men entered and lined up. Robinson addressed them in a few short sentences. "There will be an attack by Ram Das, the dacoit. I shall expect you to fight well for your lives and country." Then, turning to Mackie, he said, "Take these fellows and get some bags

filled with sand and dirt piled around this building. It's about the strongest one here, and we can't hold all the fort. If we give Ram Das a warm reception he might sheer off. I'll go out and keep watch from the old tower for our polite friend." After his men had trooped from the room Robinson followed and crossed the courtyard to an old tower. He climbed to the top, from which he obtained an uninterrupted view of the plain away to where the mountains rose abruptly and steeply towards the sky. The heat was terrific and Robinson had difficulty in keeping awake. There was little shade, and the burning sun scorched his shoulders and neck, while the glare of the white dusty countryside blinded him.

What perils these quiet and heroic frontiersmen went through! Living in daily fear of a raid—the workmen unfaithful, the wild hillmen living close amid the fastnesses of those rugged mountains of brown bare rock—they guarded the gateways of India, that huge and mysterious land of glories and triumphs—of squalor and misery. What cared these hardy souls for wild tribesmen and dacoits; their work was to guard India and they did it silently, without ostentation, in the broiling heat of midday, or the chilling cold of the night. So Captain Robinson sat in the ruined tower of the old fort, gazing tirelessly around the countryside. Four burning hours passed away, but no illusive clouds of dust rose on the dry plain. No thumping of hoofs announced the coming of Ram Das, but only silence—a vulture or two overhead, but no other hint of human being or animal.

At last, as the mountains began to cast ever-lengthening shadows into the valley, Robinson saw a cloud of dust away towards the hills. Out of it emerged the forms of horses and men—the dacoit and his band! The captain ran down the stairs, and seeing old Mackie, ran across to him. "I say, Mac, here comes Ram Das; call in the men behind the barricade out of danger. He'll be here soon now."

The men were soon behind the pile of bags, fingering their rifles uneasily, itching to fire at the oncoming horsemen. Robinson gave quick orders. "Wait till they get close. Don't waste a shot; make each one tell!"

The thundering of hoofs broke the stillness;

a cloud of dust arose and thinly dissipated in the air.

"I see their game," shouted Mackie, "they mean to rush us and try to overpower us by force of numbers!"

Some horsemen dismounted, others rode straight on; their long fantastic knives glittered in the sunlight; their rifles gleamed dully and wickedly in the dying light of day.

"Now fire!" shouted the captain. "The nearest, Jones, the nearest, man, for your life!" The firing continued without slackening, and slowly the line of hillmen retreated. They retired and prepared for another charge—now in the semi-darkness.

The flash of a dozen rifles stabbed the lowering veil of night with red streaks of light. The sunset glowed dully, while dark shadows covered the valley. The firing ceased, and lights in another building of the fort showed where the hillmen had retired, some fifty yards away. Robinson saw it was no use stopping out in the cold after an hour and a half had passed. A high clear moon soon lit the plain with a flood of white light, and the multitudes of stars glittered and shone in the heavens. Two men were detailed as a guard, and the rest went into the storeroom. A lamp was lit, and the men sat around eating their meagre suppers.

Wilson, who had distinguished himself by his coolness in handling a rifle in the morning, although he was extremely unsteady on his feet, sat in a corner, his head between his hands. Robinson and Mackie held a whispered conversation together, and the men carried on quiet talks.

For two hours not a shot had sounded; the soldiers had relaxed, forgotten the danger, and they talked loudly. Robinson called the guard in from outside and told them to eat some food.

Wilson, with a startling shout, called out sharply, "Keep under cover there, you fools!"

With the suddenness of a lightning flash, shots broke out in swift succession. They spattered against the walls, and two men rolled over and lay in grotesque shapes on the floor. The men crouched swiftly to the ground.

The ex-Guardsman smiled grimly and said, "That sort of thing is apt to wear down morale very quickly." Sergeant Smith, a tried soldier,

looked around and gazed at Wilson. "What do you know about it, anyway?"

The depraved trader and gambler smiled with his half-bitter smile, and the lurking, pathetic light in his eyes "I observed it in South Africa and elsewhere I—" Shots broke in on his speech and cut it short. The men looked uneasily at each other; things were anything but cheerful.

Sergeant Smith looked up and asked: "Anyway, how is this going to end?" Old Mackie considered him and replied gravely, "I've a kind of feeling that we've bitten off more than we can chew with any degree of comfort—but we've got to chew it!" he said harshly. Time slipped by, and the men glanced around at each other. Waiting was unnerving them. "What would you do?" said Smith to Jones. Jones was perplexed, and began stating the facts. "We'll get starved and drilled with lead by that scum. Besides, they might attack us before morning and—"

The conversation was cut short by Wilson, who suddenly arose with a determined air and said in a quiet voice, "Gentlemen, I have a suggestion. There is a way of turning the fortune of war completely. Perhaps some of you may have observed that, except for the guards, the enemy has retired to the other shed."

Robinson and Mackie were interested, and nodded. Wilson went on: "Now, it is possible for one of us to put out of action every man within that shed! It is a case of them or us!" Robinson was puzzled—"But what is your suggestion?" Wilson replied: "There is, as you know, a room under that shed containing two cases of dynamite." Old Mackie immediately raised an objection: "But the battery and wire necessary for detonation are in the shed itself. It would be impossible to get them without giving the show away."

Wilson replied: "There is still another way—dynamite can be exploded by impact, captain—the impact of a hammer grasped in a man's hand!" An amazed silence followed, and Wilson continued, "One of us can crawl unobserved to the storage room beneath the shed and settle all difficulties—his own included!" Mackie saw another objection, and asked, "But who's to go?" Wilson smiled grimly, a mirthless smile, and quickly dived a hand into his pocket. He

brought out a pack of cards and said, "Gentlemen, a gamble—the last for one of us!"

Sergeant Smith started forward and said angrily, "No you don't! You ain't going to slide out on your darn cute fingers! You're in this the same as the rest of us." His friend Jones backed him up, "That's right! You get that cove dealin' cards and you can lay it won't be him as gets the job."

Robinson stood up and spoke decisively. "That's enough, all of you. The lot can stand out if you like, and Wilson and I will draw." Old Mackie stepped forward. "Not at all; not at all; I'll stand in with you, captain."

Smith was a little nonplussed, but proposed an amendment. "All right, we'll stand in if Captain Robinson shuffles and we draw according to names, 'A' first, and so on." The men nodded assent, and Wilson and Robinson were agreeable. Robinson shuffled slowly and methodically, the click-click of the cards sounding loud in the breathless silence of the room. The pack was placed on the table, and the men drew silently, turning up their cards either smilingly or downcast. At "R" the captain paused and drew his card. As he turned it up there was a gasp, and the men were horror-struck. The card was the king of diamonds, the highest yet! His senses were dulled—England and his home seemed far away then. At "W," Wilson, the last man, came forward. There was a queer smile on his lips as he slowly slid his hand over the pack. Jones was impatient—"Come on! Turn it up!" Wilson complied and gasped, "The ace of hearts!" For a moment the men were dumbfounded and almost openly jubilant. Private Thompson shouted "Bitten, Wilson; bitten this time; never could deal aces but to 'imself!"

Wilson had paled under the shock, but smiled in his queer, pathetic fashion as he took his coat off. "Won't be much use to me now." He tightened his belt and remarked, "Oh well, it's up to me now," and prepared to go. Robinson noticed how calmly Wilson took his work. He felt a sort of admiration for him. Even if he was a waster and a drunkard, he took it decently, and impulsively the captain held out his hand. Wilson shook it. The other men crowded forward after their leader's example and shook hands. Then, with a last whispered farewell, the door was opened silently—a stray

beam of moonlight for a moment lit up the ex-Guardsman's face—still with his pathetic, half-bitter smile. The phosphorescent gleam of the moon accentuated his profile—a handsome profile as the head was silhouetted against the white globe of the moon. Behind lay the mountains, immense, ominous, like a great mysterious shroud hiding a dark secret buried in their black depths.

Then, with the light tap of the closing of the door, he was gone, and the men sat grouped around, silent, awestruck. There came no sound from without, not a shout to show discovery—far away in the hills rose in the thin air the howl of a wild animal—free, untamed, savage, quivering in long-drawn cadence through the night.

Corporal Jones muttered something in a harsh whisper to Smith, which sounded loud and rasping in the stillness, "I say—" A terrific explosion shook the room to its foundations; a horrible booming roar rent the night, clove the all-pervading silence in twain. A bright blue light filled all the cracks of the walls, lighting up the whole room with a brightness as of day, as the lamp was thrown to the floor.

Captain Robinson restored it to its position and lit it while the men arose from the floor where the force of the explosion had thrown them. The captain was placing a chair upright when a sudden sharp exclamation startled him, as it flashed through the whole room—"Aces! Every one of 'em aces!" Sergeant Smith bent over Wilson's coat, which was lying on the floor—three cards poking from one of its pockets. "Diamonds, spades, clubs," he slowly enumerated. Then he broke off and stared around at the ring of startled, eager faces—"I wonder!"

The ace of hearts still lay on the table where Wilson had dropped it.

Smith picked up the pack of cards lying on the table, and swiftly went through it. The face of the hardened soldier paled as he turned to the bystanders—"There are no aces!"

Robinson was incredulous, and suddenly realised what the discovery meant—"No aces! My God, Wilson's slender fingers have worked their magic for the last time!"

The echoes of the explosion sounded deeply in their ears from afar, like the distant boom of the sea on a palm-fringed shore. The sound



echoed and re-echoed, finally dying away in a deep murmur from the hills—those illusive black shapes—no longer lit by the moon, which had disappeared—but dim blurs against a fast greying sky.

The chill dawn wind moaned drearily around

the little hut—the last howls of the animals in the hills died away—the stars paled, the dim, sepulchral grey light of dawn lit the sky. The wind moaned again—arose and uttered its mocking sound and died away with the far-off echoes—died away into silence.

H. C. DIXON, 5D.

### MY OLD BIKE.

Scarce a noise was heard on that stormy night,  
As my bike to the scrap-heap I carried;  
Not a person saw the sorry sight  
I made when my old bike was buried.

For the old order changed and gave place to  
new,  
As an old and wise sage had said;  
For that night it was I that trod the road,  
And the bike was carried instead.

As I passed through the gloom and the wind  
moaned low,  
I thought of the days spent together,  
Of the fun I had had as we used to go  
Sailing along like a feather.

Borne on the wings of a summer breeze  
Just tipped with the foam from the sea—  
That was the life of contentment and ease  
That appealed to my old bike and me.

We would leave some morns with the rising  
sun  
And speed away to the west,  
To see for ourselves just where it was  
That the pelican built her nest;

And as the day used to draw to a close,  
With the sun sinking into the plain,  
We would make a halt and take our repose,  
And be off in the morning again.

At times the call of the sea would urge  
Me off on my bike for a roam,  
To watch the billows that dash and surge  
As the wind whips the tops into foam.

But now all those joys have passed away;  
The soul of my bike has fled.  
I do not know if 'twas senile decay,  
All I know is—my best friend is dead.

Sadly I write of the bike that has gone,  
And vainly consider some other—  
But he's happy there, so I let him sleep on,  
For he's gone with many a brother.

H. ENGLISH, 4A.

### AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Fourth Year is ever discovering new interpretations of ancient abbreviations. The last rendition of N.B. is stony broke.—The derivation is ascertained by going back to the Latinised form, and giving it the proper pronunciation—not a bean!

\* \* \*

A certain member of the first-grade Soccer team, at a recent 4th Year debate, gave a very glowing account of the evils of co-education. It is amusing to note that, when he later went to Wollongong with the team, the presence of the fair sex at the tea-table caused him to

change his views considerably, as he showed in an after-dinner speech.

\* \* \*

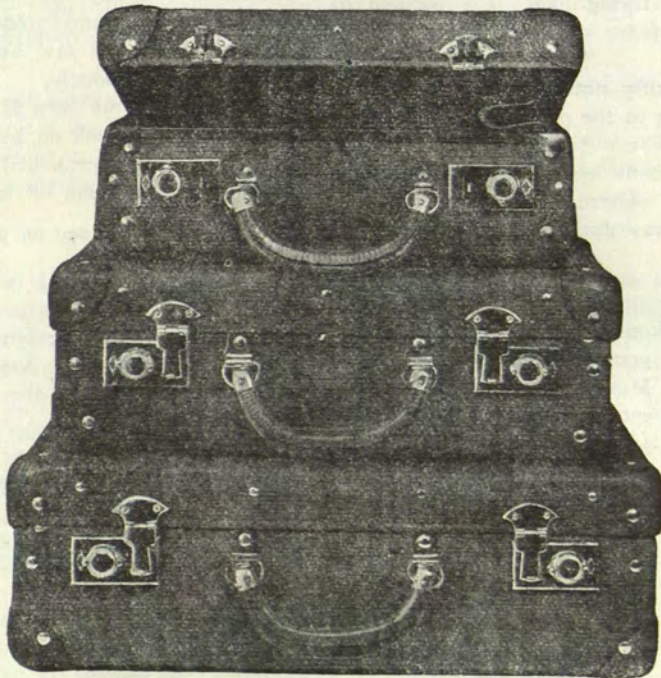
The result of the school junior mile was as follows: 1st, Williams; 2nd, Clements; 3rd, McGilvray. Remainder dead beat.

\* \* \*

From an old issue of the Fortian, we note that a party of boys, under a well-known leader, visited the G.S.B. Now certain sceptics are implying that this is one of the reasons for the collapse of that institution.

## DO YOU KNOW!

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4th Year history student (during discussion of 16th century): "The people of Germany were anxious for a change."

Teacher: "Of air?"

Student: "No, sir; of Diet."

\* \* \*

4D French have recently learnt a new French idiom. "Elle tient la queue de la poele" means "She is the boss." The explanation is that "la poele," "the frying pan," is a weapon of offence.

\* \* \*

We have recently noticed a marked change in climate, owing to the proximity of Siberia.

\* \* \*

That kissing scene in 1st Year's "Vengeance of Harmarchis," where Cleo shows Tony a point or two, was done extremely well, and

caused not a few heart-beats among the audience. We would like to know who provided the experience.

\* \* \*

An instance of not looking before you leap was exemplified in the last sports meeting. Two boys were conversing with a master (who shall be Mr. X.), and the three, deeply interested, evidently did not notice a fourth comer, who, apparently under the delusion that the three backs he saw belonged to three of the fellows, said loudly,

"Eh! Has anyone seen X.?"

Mr. X. did not look up, but enjoyed the joke, when the rudely-awakened miscreant noticed his mistake, and slunk off looking very foolish.

(Continued on page 47)

### THE TASMAN FLIGHT.

In the early hours of the morning of 7th January, 1931, a young Fortian, Guy Menzies, took off from Mascot aerodrome, and accomplished an epoch-making flight in the "Southern Cross Jr.," a 'plane already famous, being previously owned by Kingsford Smith and flown by him in the then record flight from England to Australia.

The arrangements for this flight were carried

human life seen on the trip till New Zealand shores were sighted. Never was the sight of land so welcome to the young flyer as on this occasion.

His objective was the aerodrome at Blenheim, but, owing to bad visibility, his course was altered slightly to the south. Flying low over the township of Hokitika, he sighted a



out in the strictest secrecy for various reasons, the main one being that, had the authorities controlling aviation had any idea of this impending flight, their permission would not have been granted.

In the pilot's own words he described the flight as being a very lonely one; no ships were seen, and a few fishermen's boats near the Australian coast were the only signs of

swamp near some habitation, and, seeing no other possible place to land, decided to risk the swamp, which he did, with the result that the 'plane turned over and the propellor was damaged, but the pilot was unhurt. After his landing, the inhabitants of the district rushed to his aid. On being told that the aviator had flown from Sydney, they refused to believe it, and it was only when numerous cables of

congratulation came pouring in that they realised it was actually true.

The New Zealanders showed wonderful hospitality and kindness during his visit there. His tour of this country was an extensive one.

He was in the area devastated by the earthquake, and flew over Napier, reporting on the damage done.

B. MENZIES, 2B.

### REVERIE WRITTEN IN A HISTORY CLASSROOM.

The schoolbell clangs the hour of starting day,  
The growling herd of schoolboys shuffles in;  
Dejected victims wind their weary way,  
And leave the world to politics and sin.

And now into the classroom do they throng,  
And now their voices drone across the air;  
Save where the pigeons croon their lazy song,  
Naught else but cheerless silence reigneth there.

When suddenly from dreams I know not what,  
To earth I am return-ed with a jolt;  
Staccato-like I hear the question shot,  
Directed at me like a thunderbolt.

"Who was King Charles the Fat?" I do not know;  
Nor did I know, poor fellow, he was fat;  
I did not even care until just now,  
For I was not responsible for that.

Undoubtedly he'd gormandized each day,  
Or insufficient exercise he'd done;  
Perhaps he'd started growing the wrong way,  
Or may have been a politician's son.

"I see," the voice goes on, "you know not that;  
Perhaps you'll tell me now before you doze  
(Since ignorance you show of Charles the Fat),  
What was the length and breadth of Charle-  
magn-e's nose?"

I cast my eyes to ceiling and to floor,  
And inspiration therein do I seek;  
At last give the dimensions of the door;  
I guess that his proboscis was a freak.

And now I'm left alone there with my thoughts,  
And often impositions to be done;  
And in a reverie I see cohorts  
Of History's heroes passing one by one:

Here comes brave Caesar, breaker of Troy's wall,

Dress'd in his armour there with lance in rest;  
'Twas said he heard the crash when Rome did fall,

And bravely helped rebuild it with all zest.

Now comes King John, the cause of many woes,  
Who liked his ale, as History does allege,  
And was the man as everybody knows,  
At Runnymede was forced to sign the pledge.

Marcus O'Reilly, next upon the list,  
Rome's greatest censor, who, with angry looks,  
At portions where the maid and hero kissed,  
To save their morals, banned the people's books.

Now Caesar Borgia strutting into view,  
His sister Cleopatra by his side;  
Discussing with her some swift poison new,  
Narrating how his latest victim died.

Now comes fair Lizzie, Egypt's virgin queen,  
Her boy-friend Walter Raleigh with his coat,  
Which from the mud had somewhat lost its sheen  
(In gratitude she later cut his throat!).

Savonarola, virtuous and inspired,  
Who hated lip-sticks, powder puffs and guile,  
Annoyed his girl-friend, Florence, till she hired  
The executioner to cramp his style.

And Nero, from a party coming home,  
In search of further thrills he twangs his lyre,  
Takes petrol from his car and sprinkles Rome,  
And jazzes as the town goes up in fire.

Now stalks Napoleon's slow and stately tread,  
From Moscow town with downcast eyes re-  
turning;  
The Bolsheviki had declared it Red,  
He found "the birds had flown" and left it burning.

I'm wakened from my dreaming soon to find  
 The class is over, all the rest have gone,  
 And with my spectral friends I'm left behind;  
 I re-inter them and depart alone.

Back to their musty grave now are they sped,  
 Down to the deepest depths of History books.  
 For epitaph I'll write at their grave's head  
 (So each man sees it even as he looks):

"Here let us lie; disturb ye not our bed,  
 Why should ye dig and delve out our past  
 lives?  
 What matters it to thee if Queen Anne's dead,  
 Or that King Henry had but eighteen wives?"

G.H., 4D.

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### MYSTERY.

Herlock Sholmes paced up and down his study with his head bowed in deep thought, and swung round just in time to run into his idiotic friend, Hotson, who rushed into the room. He stopped for a minute and then continued pacing.

"Hotson," he suddenly snapped out, whereupon Hotson, who was busy smoking one of Sholmes' cigars, leapt up with such a start that, as his hair obeyed Newton's first law of motion, he became bald and grew a beard in five seconds.

"Hotson," he repeated, "I have an interesting little problem, which my friend Cohen gave me to solve as a pastime, as I have no cases at present. I will place the facts before you:—

"He is in a large building, surrounded by complete darkness. A few people are shifting uneasily and many loud and prolonged whispers, are heard—a hiss—and then silence. A queer crackling sound issues from one part of the building, while from another comes a quick flow of unintelligible sounds. Now and then a short laugh and a groan are heard, as some fortunate fellow proves superior to his neighbour. Now, the sound of muffled footsteps; a light approaches, flashes for a second, and is gone. A mumbling, and the footsteps retreat. A sigh is heard, and the queer crackling grows louder."

"Now, Hotson, there are the facts. Where was he, and how do all those facts connect with each other?"

"Seems to me like a Spiritualistic meeting," ventured Hotson, tugging at his beard. "What do you think?"

"Um——" answered the great detective. "Well, since you ask, I will tell you. I have already worked out this little problem. To begin, the large building was the Prince Edward Theatre and, of course, the darkness was due to the absence of lights. The great flow of unintelligible sounds was Maurice Chevalier speaking French in 'The Big Pond.' The short laugh and groan now and then was because one brilliant student understood a little of the dialogue and laughed, while his less fortunate neighbour groaned in his ignorance, and the whisper, hiss and then silence was some poor fellow asking his companion the meaning of the words; his companion, who was just as ignorant as he, tried to look wise and interested, and silenced him with a hiss. The muffled footsteps and the light was a person being shown to his seat by an usher. The sigh at the end was caused by Maurice saying that he would now speak a little in English."

"But what of the queer crackling?" asked Hotson.

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot. That was due to three fellows eating those delicious 'Smith's Potato Crisps.'"

"Marvellous," murmured Hotson.

N. HENRY, 4D.

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### GARDENING.

Strange though it may seem, there are in this world a few freaks of nature who like gardening. These poor, misguided individuals

can actually contemplate with joy a day's solid work in the garden.

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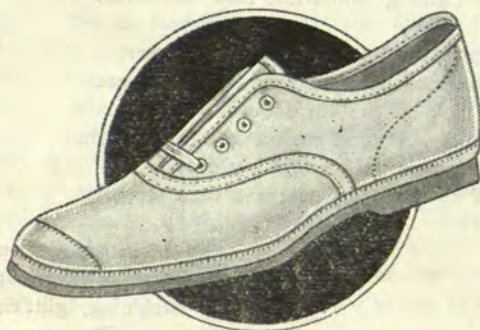
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Box 2712 C, G.P.O.

there is the theoretical part of gardening. This gives us the picture of the man on the land sitting on a tractor, reading a book, while the machine, drawn by his engine, sows or cuts and stacks the wheat.

Then there is the practical part of gardening. This gives us the picture of myself separating weeds from the buffalo, or nearly breaking my back turning over tons of mother earth.

Now let me give you a few hints on how to spend a day in the garden.

The first essential is to watch the weather report in the paper. When this report states that on the following day it will be cloudy and overcast till about 9 a.m., after which it will clear up and be an ideal day for picnics, then is your chance, as it is almost certain to be a beautifully fine day until 9 a.m., after which it will pour all day.

On the night before the eventful day, draw the attention of the family to yourself by a gentle cough. If this measure fails, kick the cat, and, if this doesn't work, knock a vase over. Having drawn the attention of the family to yourself, strike an attitude (something after the Napoleonic stand will do) and announce

your intentions for the morrow. (Break the news gently for fear somebody faints.)

Next morning arise at seven o'clock, and, having had breakfast, get out of doing the washing-up by saying that you wish to start work at once.

As it is now only eight o'clock and there is still another hour to go before it starts raining, spend half an hour making up a diagram showing what gardens you intend to do first.

It is quite possible to spend a quarter of an hour in getting the tools ready. A good idea is to drop the spade gently onto your foot and then you can hop round holding your toe for at least five minutes.

At last everything is ready. Start on the garden which has the least number of weeds in it, and which appears to have the softest ground.

If about nine o'clock the sky becomes overcast and the rain begins to sprinkle, do not stop, but work on with feverish energy until the downpour absolutely compels you to stop. Then go inside with sundry grumblings about the weather spoiling a work of love, sit down and read a book for the rest of the day.

A. JENKINS, 3C.

## PARADISE.

The day is still and warm and clear  
And silent, save where one can hear  
The flutt'ring of a wand'ring bird,  
Or where the river may be heard,  
While winding thro' the drooping weeds,  
Or twining snake-like thro' the reeds.

Upon the bank, between the trees,  
The verdant grass bends in the breeze  
Which on the surface of the stream  
Plays soft, and makes it like a dream  
Of gorgeous scintillating drops  
Of clear-cut crystal; and then stops.

And when his glorious colour's seen  
As he sinks down upon the sheen  
Of dark'ning, glitt'ring, verdant plain,  
I'll know I'll not see him again;  
Nor shall I moan that my day's o'er,  
For I would not have asked for more.

The river's surface now is clear,  
Save now and then, where there and here  
Some careless, swooping swallows break  
The water, still as of a lake;  
And from the sky of azure blue  
The sun beams down, the earth to woo.

And in this Paradise sublime,  
Away from vice, away from crime,  
In peace and quiet I would dwell,  
And let the runnel sound my knell;  
And when the sun, in great array,  
Makes his farewell unto the day.

GEORGE HORAN.

# OLD BOYS' PAGE

## FORT STREET OLD BOYS' UNION.

At an enthusiastic meeting held in the School Memorial Hall on 8th October last it was decided to revive the Union, which had not functioned for some time.

Mr. D. E. S. Kennedy was appointed President; Messrs. C. J. Bauer, C. A. Macintosh and A. V. Maxwell, K.C., Vice-Presidents; Mr. H. A. Snelling, Treasurer; and Messrs. H. Carter, A. Conlon, D. Hamilton, T. Hornibrook, L. Langsworth, T. McInerney and C. Solomon, Committeemen.

The annual subscription was fixed at 2/6 for Members having left school within the last five years, and 10/- in other cases.

The policy of the Union in the future will be to pay more attention than was previously the case to the younger members, upon whose support its success very largely depends.

Besides entertainments, the Committee have under consideration proposals for services to the School and Old Boys which should prove invaluable in the future.

To maintain a link with the School, a notice board has been erected there, upon which information regarding the Union's activities will appear from time to time.

All Old Boys and those present boys who are on the point of leaving school are accordingly invited to get in touch with the undersigned, who will be pleased to supply any further information desired.

NEIL HALLEY McINTYRE,

Secretary,

Room 101, Manchester Unity Building,  
185 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. (Phone: M 6271)

## MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.

The Old Boys' Union will be holding a Moonlight Excursion on Saturday, December 12th next, leaving from Fort Macquarie. An excellent evening is assured, and all Fortians are invited

to attend. Tickets are 2/5 each, and may be obtained from the Secretary or any of the Committeemen.

## OLD BOYS AND THEIR DOINGS.

The congratulations of all Fortians are extended to:—

**Dr. H. V. Evatt, K.C.**, a former School Captain, on his appointment to the Bench of the High Court of Australia, after a scholastic and professional career which has perhaps never been excelled.

**The Honorable D. G. Ferguson**, who recently retired from the Supreme Court Bench. Mr. Justice Ferguson is one of the School's most distinguished Old Boys.

**Dr. R. J. Waddington**, one of the most popular Old Boys of the School, on his appointment to the office of Superintendent of the Western Suburbs Hospital.

**Dr. K. Starr**, who figured brilliantly in the recent final examinations in Medicine, and who

will be remembered as a former Librarian at the School.

**Dr. S. Lovell**, who was Captain in 1923, on his appointment to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

**Mr. Charles E. Butchart**, Deputy Registrar in Probate, on his recent admission as a Solicitor.

**Mr. H. Hogbin**, who has been appointed a Lecturer in Anthropology to the University of Sydney.

**Mr. K. W. Ellis**, who received the University Medal on graduating in Law at the end of last year.

**Mr. G. Lytton Wright**, who received the Medal two years ago, and has been practising as a barrister for some time.



feated on the first innings by 92. We, however, almost obtained an outright win, Canterbury having to get 106 with four wickets in hand when time was up. The outstanding performances were those of Sharpe (50 not out) and Penman (54 not out), Ruddock (4 for 10) and Armstrong (5 for 48).

In the third match, against North Sydney, rain prevented us from gaining what looked a certain victory, the scores being North Sydney 145 (Armstrong 6 for 62 and Ruddock 4 for 40), Fort Street, 1 for 73, of which Armstrong scored 49 not out. Thus the match was a draw.

The next match, against Parramatta, was an awful exhibition, Fort Street being beaten by 55 on the first innings, Parramatta compiling 218 and Fort Street 163. Cross (35 and 4 for 18) and Langsworth (3 for 1) were the outstanding performers.

Against Sydney High we managed to obtain a draw after a one-day match, owing to the stubborn defence of Walsh and Hammer. These two boys were the last men in, and for half an hour sacrificed runs to save the side from defeat. Much praise must be given to the playing of these two lads. The scores were Sydney High 150, Fort Street 9 for 83.

In our last match against Technical we proved too strong, and won on the first innings by 3 wickets and 102 runs. Scores were Tech., 119, Fort Street 7 for 221. The outstanding performances were by Armstrong with 96 (eleven boundaries) and Langsworth with 65 (seven boundaries) and 4 for 28.

The most catches were taken by Armstrong (5) and Langsworth (5), while the figures of Chatfield, our wicket-keeper, are byes 73, catches 4, stumpings 5.

Below are the major batting and bowling averages:—

BATTING.					
Batsmen	Innings	Not Outs	Highest Score	Runs	Average
Armstrong	.. 8	1	96	267	38.14
Langsworth	.. 6	—	65	144	24
Sharp	..... 5	1	50 n.o.	96	24
Penman	.... 7	1	54 n.o.	137	22.83

BOWLING.					
Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Penman	.. 21.6	5	61	5	12.2
Armstrong	. 107	13	454	32	14.18
Langsworth	66.5	10	210	14	15
Buls	..... 22	5	113	7	17.57

In concluding we would like to extend our thanks to Mr. Outten for the interest he has taken in us this season, and hope that he will coach the 1st XI. for many years to come.

## 2nd XI.

This season has not been one of exceptional standard, yet the team was able to give good

displays in each match. The first match, that against Canterbury, was lost on the first innings. Then followed a match against North Sydney. This resulted in a draw, which was mainly due to dreary hours of play by Lilienthal.

Parramatta compiled 268 and Fort Street replied with 107. This was remarkable, because the first wicket fell for 68. Following on, Fort Street was saved from a defeat by Hudson, who gave a whirlwind display of 24.

Against High, our next opponents, we had only a one-day match, as it had rained on the first day's play. Winning the toss, Fort Street batted and totalled 187 for 5 wickets (Hunt 63, Wheatley 36). High then batted, and compiled 2 for 102 at stumps.

Technical High compiled 109. Hokin obtained the excellent average of 8 for 11. Fort Street batted, and after a good showing by the opening batsmen (Yum 91 and Lilienthal 67) the score was 2 for 163 at stumps. Again the unexpected happened, and on the next day's play the School was dismissed for 201. Tech. then batted, and were dismissed for 93. Fort Street only required 2 runs to win, and these were easily obtained by Yum.

With another match to play, the team will have secured a fair position in the competition.

In concluding this report we must state that much of our success was due to the capable coaching of Mr. Wallace, and the whole team sincerely thanks him for his interest.

## 3rd XI.

Third Grade started this season with a team that promised good results, but there are only a few batsmen who can be relied upon, these being Richardson, Wark and McLean, Richardson obtaining the highest average of 63.5 runs.

The bowling has been fair, and mostly left to Watts and Wark. However, Richardson is a promising bowler, but has not yet had a chance. Wark's average was 9.

The fielding on the whole was fair, Watkins stopping some good ones at first man, and Wark returning some hot shots that accounted for more than one of the opposing team being run out or stumped.

The first match was played against Canterbury, who defeated us by 7 runs, the scores being Canterbury 135 and Fort Street 128. In this match Taylor saved us from a bad loss by compiling top score of 46.

The next game was against North Sydney, but owing to the rain on the second Wednesday, the match was a draw, with the scores North Sydney 84 and Fort Street 5 for 78. Watts bowled well during the first half of the game, taking 7 wickets for 32, while Wark and Richardson attained top scores of 19 each.

Fort Street was extremely lucky in the last match, passing Parramatta's score of 189 by 25. We will conclude by thanking Mr. Burtin-

shaw for the enthusiasm and zeal which he showed throughout, and for the time he spent in giving us useful advice.

### OLD BOYS' CRICKET MATCH.

As usual the annual cricket match between the past and present boys was played at Petersham Oval. The Old Boys' team, ably captained by W. Seale, who has been chosen to practice with the New South Wales Sheffield Shield team, contained many prominent Old Boys. In regard to the Present Boys' team, nothing need

gether putting on 101 for the fourth wicket partnership. Armstrong was the most successful bowler, obtaining 5 for 90. The team was dismissed just on the time appointed for dinner. Both teams proceeded to the School and there partook of the elaborate dinner prepared by that able person, Mr. Milverton. During the



OLD BOYS' XI. 1931.  
 Top (left to right): R. JONES, E. MILVERTON, G. ARTHUR, G. SCHRADER, P. HIGGS.  
 Bottom: S. WILLIS, L. McINERNEY, W. SEALE, W. SAWKINS, W. RUDD.  
 Absent: NORRIS.

be said, as every true Fortian should know of whom the team is comprised and the capabilities of each member.

The match was commenced in the morning at 10.30, with the Old Boys batting. Right from the start everyone concerned entered into the game with great interest and the usual vigour of all Fortians. The Old Boys, after a merry time, compiled 237, to which total Seale and Arthur contributed 42 and 39 respectively, to-

dinner Mr. Williams spoke upon the hearty way in which these matches were conducted, and then called upon Langsworth, the Captain of the School team, to say a few words. After these two speeches Seale and McInerney spoke for the Old Boys.

After this happy dinner was concluded we again proceeded to the oval. The School team, in reply to the Old Boy' total, scored 190, of which Buls scored 48 and Penman 45. Seale

**Mr. A. K. Stevens**, who attained first place in the last third year Law Examinations, and received a further scholarship on his performance.

**Mr. Raymond McGrath**, one of our most brilliant Old Boys, who is established in practice in England, where he was recently married.

### SPORTING.

H. P. (Bill) Seale is an Old Boy who is distinguishing himself in the cricket world. He plays with the University first grade side, and has been invited to practise with a view to selection in the State team. We all hope that Bill will be "sending 'em down" against the South Africans before the season ends.

Another who has been prominent in cricket for several seasons, and who is looked on as one of the State's most promising young batsmen is Cyril Solomon, of Petersham. Cyril has represented the State at Baseball, and played for the Colts' team at cricket, so that his step up into the State team (which should not be far distant) will not find him inexperienced, despite his youth.

Ray Thistlethwayte has been running in great style over the long distances for the University Club lately, and last week at the Sports Ground he beat the State champion in the mile.

In the swimming world we are well represented by Old Boys. Carl Phillips, Doug New, Schmidt and Gray are all hailed as coming champions, while other regular swimmers like Austin Waddington and Malcolm Stevenson are also worthily following in the wake of Keith Kirkland, an Old Boy who was the star of older times.

"Jock" Lee and Bert Sundstrom were both awarded Blues for tennis at the Varsity this year, and Roger Jones, although precluded by his cricket and studies in Law from playing

regularly with that club, has been doubles champion (with his partner) at the annual tournament for several years now.

Still prominent after many seasons in Rugby Union football are Myer Rosenblum (who, by the way, was admitted to practise as a Solicitor of the Supreme Court the other day) and Harry Crow, now both of Western Suburbs, while quite a few Fortians are emulating the deeds of Dudley (Snowy) Seddon, who "repped" both at football and cricket, and Dr. Alby Lane, who captained the N.S.W. side, among others, by playing Rugby League. Clyde Cant, who was formerly a star in Rugby Union, and has played first-grade cricket for Manly and Wests for several years, appeared last season for Wests in the League finals, while Jack Lowe has been prominent for University Amateur Rugby League Club for some years, and this year was unfortunate to break his collarbone. Another who is doing well at the game is J. Duckworth, who played for Balmain, and who, according to the paper reports, will next year be capitalising his talent in this direction with one of the League clubs in the North of England.

Thos. B. McInerney, one of our best-known Old Boys in all spheres, was a pronounced success with the University League last season, and has eyes on the Englishmen next year. Tom learned his cunning on Gundagai fields, developed finesse as Captain of the School XV. in 1927, and achieved prowess with Glebe-Balmain after leaving school.

### FORT STREET.

#### A Tribute from an Old Boy.

Some talk of old and hoary crumbling walls  
Where ivy withers and the moss decays,  
Of pristine cloisters and archaic halls—  
'Tis fame, not edifices, paves a way.

Yon ancient throne of learning on the hill,  
Whose fame before her spreads o'er all the  
earth;  
O! hallowed mem'ries keep we of her still,  
Our "wicket-gate" on to life's rugged path.

O cherish her, ye sons who have her now!  
We cherish memories, who have gone before,  
Ye, having her, "set both hands to the plough"!  
What others won her, ye must win—and more.

The School forgives—ye know not what ye do;  
Eternity is lost in wasted time.  
The hours fly by—but O remember too,  
The school is yours forever—yours and mine!

RESURGAM.

# SPORTING

## CRICKET.

### 1st XI.

Although this year's first grade cricket team has proved fairly successful up to date, it has not gained the great success of last year's team. We have so far played six matches, thus leaving one more to be played against Central Technical, before the premiership is decided. We are very strong in batting this

year, whose name does not matter), who are very slow in anticipation and running.

About half-way through the season we lost the services of Cross, Ruddock and Didlock, much to our regret, as these members had proved very successful and helpful while they were in the team. However, we have gained new young talent in Gray, Miller and Hammer.

Our first encounter was with Hurlstone, a



1st XI. 1931.

Top (left to right): A. HAMMER, R. HUNT, C. PHILLIPS, J. ARMSTRONG (Vice-Captain), T. WALSH  
K. GRAY.

Bottom: V. MILLER, E. BULS, B. LANGSWORTH (Captain), B. PENMAN, I. SHARP.

Absent: C. CHATFIELD.

year, but cannot say as much for our bowling. This has been observed throughout the whole competition, much to the disappointment of all concerned. As regards the fielding, the team has shown much improvement, but there are still some members of the team (one in par-

new team to the competition, whom we defeated on the first innings by 4 wickets and 18 runs, the scores being: Fort Street, 6 for 140, Hurlstone 122. Penman in this match scored 55 (ten boundaries), and Cross obtained 3 for 23.

We next met Canterbury, whom we also de-

and Schrader were the most successful bowlers of the Old Boys, obtaining 2 for 26 and 3 for 31 respectively.

The Old Boys then batted again and scored 7 for 103, when Seale closed and sent the School in once more. This time the School team compiled 6 for 63 in the short time that was left.

Thus the match ended in a victory for the Old Boys on the first innings by 47 runs. The School team congratulates the Old Boys on their victory, and is waiting anxiously to turn the tables next year.

B.L.

### SWIMMING.

The swimming season 1930-1931 will stand out as one of the finest and most successful in the history of the School. Since the last issue of the "Fortian" two Combined High School and one School Carnival have been held, and no fewer than 11 of the 18 School records have been broken.

For the first time in the history of the School the minute was broken for 100 yards.

A. Schmidt, Captain of the School, finished a fine school swimming career by being the first Fortian to break the minute, when he won a heat of the 100 yards Combined High Schools Senior Championship in 59 seconds.

Carl Phillips also broke the minute in a heat of the 100 yards Combined High Junior, when he did the splendid time of 59 3-5 seconds, thus breaking his own school record by 2-5 of a second. These two swimmers also performed meritoriously in the New South Wales Swimming Association Carnivals. A. Schmidt gained first place in the 100 yards second grade scratch race, while Carl Phillips won the Under 15 State Championship, and also gained second place in the 220 yards Junior Championship of New South Wales, in which he did the splendid time of 2 minutes 27 3-5 seconds. The merit of this swim may be shown by comparing this with the time done by Barney Kieran in 1905, in the last swim of his life, when he made the world's record in Brisbane for 220 yards of 2 minutes 28 2-5 seconds. Phillips also obtained third place in the 100 yards Junior Championship of Australia.

At the C.H.S. Carnival in December the School was successful in winning the Under 14 Shield, for the first time in its history, and was runner-up in the Senior and Junior Shields. The winning of the Under 14 Shield was mainly due to the fine performances of Arthur Burge, who broke the Under 14 School 33 yards Breast-stroke record by 2-5 of a second. At our School Carnival he annexed the Under 14 Cup, winning every event.

In the senior events, A. Schmidt won the 100 and 220 yards championships, in which he broke the corresponding records of the School. In winning the 220 yards Schmidt won the Kieran Memorial Cup for the School, for the first time in its history. E. Gray also performed meritoriously, but despite their efforts, Fort Street was beaten by its keen rival, Sydney High. In the relay race our team was beaten

by, metaphorically speaking, "a finger-nail" by "High," who thus won the Shield.

In the junior events Carl Phillips won the 100 yards free-style, breaking the School record by 2-5 of a second; he also obtained several minor places.

A. Schmidt and C. Phillips, as the two most outstanding swimmers, were awarded Swimming Blues.

At our School Carnival in February records continued to be broken. I. Peatty won the Senior Cup from F. Lysaght. In this division C. Phillips broke the 880 and 440 yards records. In the Junior Cup, C. Phillips won every event, smashing five of the six records. B. Bignold was runner-up. A. Burge easily won the Under 14 Cup, breaking the 33 yards backstroke and breast-stroke records. L. Robinson was the runner-up. For the runner-up of this division Mr. Taylor donated to the School a cup.

The feature of the Carnival this year was the Old Boys' race, in which every Senior Champion since 1922 except D. New took part. These included R. Nicholl (1922), the Australian Universities 100 yards Free-style record holder, F. Holt (1923), W. Mackintosh (1924), A. Waddington (1925), M. Stevenson (1926-27), E. Gray (1929-30), A. Schmidt (1930).

This race was started by Guy Menzies, the famous Tasman flyer, an old boy of the School. W. Backhouse won this event from F. Holt and R. Nicholl.

The Old Boys' relay team easily won the Invitation Relay race from Sydney High.

The diving display was very good, and the antics of the two clowns, the Roberts brothers, of Parramatta, brought roars of mirth from the crowd.

In the C.H.S. Carnival in March, the School did not do so well as in the previous Carnival, third place being obtained in each division.

A. Burge was again prominent, and broke the Combined High Schools and School 33 yards back-stroke records, and in a heat of 33 yards under 14 breast-stroke he established a record for the School.

In the junior division Carl Phillips won the back-stroke, and also gained several other minor places. His time of 59 2-5 seconds in the 100 yards junior was a C.H.S. and School record, but this time was bettered by R. Shaw, of Sydney High, in the final.

# INTRODUCING "THE FIRSTS"

1



Meet the baby-faced school kid, with the skill of a Kirrax and the assurance of an International - John Charles, in a pretty movement

2



Here it is! the secret of that beautiful body. - Bending Bangsworth in a characteristic pose!

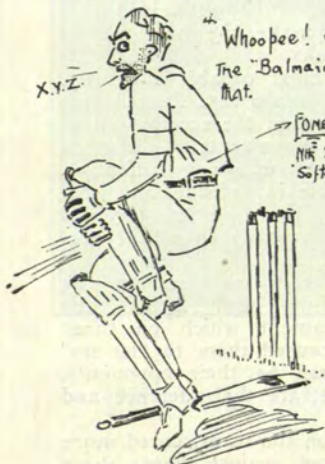
3 - Balls were made to hit says Noel J.C. So were stumps! - Mind the trotter's Noel



X.Y.Z.

Whoopie! watch him jump. The "Balmain Boy" bowled that.

[ONE of the batsmen from Mr Sydney sweetly murmuring softmurmings].



6

When "Blont" executes his famed 'body swing' it is a treat to watch - that is, providing he doesn't trip.

[WHATOH! the 'striders']



5

"Block! block!" says Ben's bat. "TRA-LA-LA" say the trial bowlers [I don't think] when Woodfall was named the "Rock of Gibraltar" no one knew BEN was alive

In the senior events the School performed very indifferently, I. Peatty obtaining third place in the 50 yards championship.

The feature of this carnival was the high standard of the swimming, no less than 15 records being broken.

The thanks of the School, and especially of the swimmers, are due to Mr. Rose, whose untiring efforts resulted in making the School Carnival the most successful held for many years.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

#### 1st XV.

At the opening of the 1931 Rugby Union season the followers of the code predicted an eventful one for the 1st XV. The practice matches with Parramatta and Canterbury proved most disappointing; the team gave a very scrappy display on both occasions, but developed a very sound combination between backs and forwards when the competition matches began.

The team had no difficulty in reaching the semi-finals, but was then defeated by Hurlstone, the ultimate premiers, after a very fast, hard, clean game at Pratten Park, in the presence of the Headmaster, Mr. Williams. We offer Hurlstone our heartiest congratulations.

Among the backs, Armstrong at full-back occasionally reproduced the form which he showed last season. His defence was not so sound as previously, but his line-knicking was accurate, and proved a valuable asset.

The wingers, White and Walsh, played well throughout the season. White was sound in defence, and although a little slow off the mark, he was a determined runner. Walsh this year proved his worth as a winger, in which position, by his resolute running, he outplayed his opponents on numerous occasions.

Sender, at out-centre, through his speed and dash often finished off some fine passing rushes. He is quick on his feet, and loses very few opportunities. His goal-kicking was of the very highest standard, and on occasions decided the result of the match. Langsworth, playing in the position of inside centre, showed improved form and with Vic Miller provided a tricky combination which opened up many good scoring movements. However, he is inclined to "hang on" too much, and if this is remedied, he will undoubtedly prove one of the stalwarts of next year's XV.

Vic Miller, a recruit from the thirds, in the position of five-eighth, proved the most "heady" player in the team; his "dummies" are worthy of mention, but his defence is not all that could be desired. However, a promising future is assured him.

Austin ably filled the position of half, and with his well-timed wicking often gained much ground. He handled well, set his backs moving, and at opportune moments used the blind side.

Broadhead (Vice-Captain) was the weightiest member of a solid, well-balanced pack of hard-working forwards. He distinguished himself in

the rucks and tackled solidly; fast and spectacular in the open, he made the most of his opportunities, and scored brilliantly and consistently.

Hendry, Melville and Johnson combined well in the front row. Hendry's raking kept the backs well supplied with the ball. He showed remarkable stamina, and distinguished himself at taking the ball at the toe, and was a constant rucker. Melville was somewhat lighter than the other forwards, but played a good hard game in the open, which unfortunately caused him to be put out of action on two occasions. Johnson was the speediest member of the forwards, and through his good condition was ever ready to finish of any movements. As Captain he kept the forwards up to the mark by his excellent example of consistency and stamina. His tackling was by far the most remarkable feature of his play.

Peatty and Barraclough in second row formed the nucleus of the pack. Peatty was a solid rucker and a fine forward, and shone in the line-outs. Barraclough, although valuable in the line-outs, did not make the best use of his weight in the rucks.

Russell and Bailey most capably filled the important positions of breakaway. Russell was very quick in getting round the scrum, and in supporting the backs' movements. His open play from the line-outs was very effective. Bailey was most reliable in defence, and protected his half well. He used his physical capabilities to good advantage in all departments of the game.

On the whole the team was perhaps the fastest in the competition, but lacked the match-winning temperament which on three memorable occasions caused them to "let up" after establishing a lead on their opponents, allowing them to penetrate their defence and to run out winners.

During the competition the team scored more points than were scored against them; these were gained chiefly by Sender (33), Lansworth and Broadhead (15) and Walsh (12).

The School's thanks are due to Mr. Austin and Mr. Cant, who gave their valuable time and seasoned advice so willingly.

The team, on and off the field, upheld worthily the highest traditions of Fort Street, being modest in victory, and taking defeat like true Fortians.

The Fort Street lads, Armstrong, Broadhead, Langsworth, Russell and Sender, formed the backbone of a C.H.S. team which visited New-

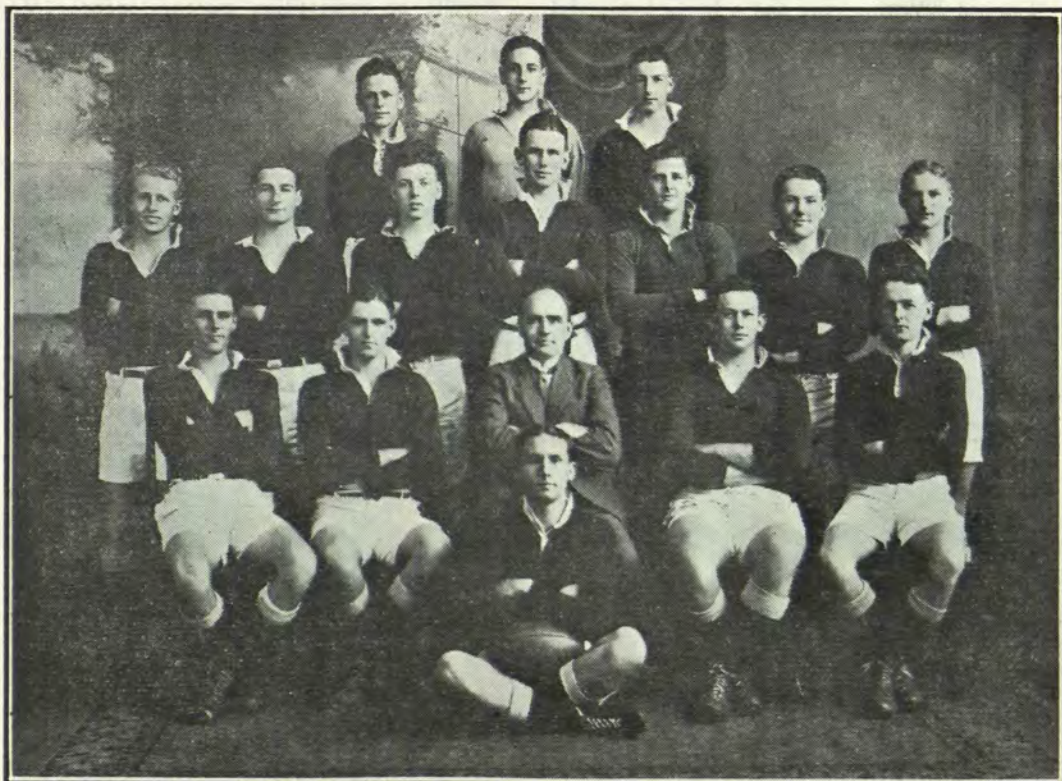
castle and Maitland, and later Hawkesbury. They are to be congratulated on their fine performance. At Maitland Armstrong kicked a winning goal, and Broadhead scored a try at which the country lads still marvel.

#### Results of Matches Played.

V. Parramatta, won 9-3; v. S.H.S., lost 6-14; v. Technical, won 19-6; v. Canterbury, lost 8-11; v. N.S.H.S., won 22-16; v. Hurlstone A.H., lost 10-17.

ter on two occasions—in the first and last matches.

With regard to the players, Nall, Phillips and Rogers were outstanding in the forwards, while Hamilton, Howard, Peadon and Dane played well at times. The latter apparently forgot himself on the football field, as there was seldom a match in which he did not try to tear an opponent to pieces. Towards the close of the season "Blue" Hamilton developed into



1st XV, 1931.

Top (left to right): B. LANGSWORTH, J. HENDRY W. MELVILLE.

Middle: WHITE, J. BAILEY, J. SULLIVAN, BARRACLOUGH, I. PEATTY, L. SENDER, V. MILLER.

Bottom: J. ARMSTRONG, C. JOHNSON (Capt.), MR. AUSTIN (Coach), L. BROADHEAD (Vice-Capt.), J. AUSTIN.

Seated (with ball): T. WALSH.

#### 2nd XV.

If "seconds" did not enjoy a successful season they certainly learned how to take a defeat in a sporting manner, and this, no doubt, was mainly responsible for the pleasure which the members of the team derived from every game during the past season. Despite the fact that only on one occasion did we taste the sweets of victory, the team's confidence was never dormant. However, over-confidence spelt disas-

a good forward, and often took the ball through "on the toe," particularly against Sydney. In the line-outs Nall was always conspicuous, and Phillips showed us that he is a fine tackler.

Sargeant's play at half-back was generally good, and Nicholson, the five-eighth, and the top-scorer of the team, was quick to take up opportunities, but his play was spoiled by greediness. Rogers, at centre, used his weight to advantage in attack, and, together with Wookey, was always reliable in defence.



Had second grade retained the services of Anderson, Parkins and Bennett, it would be safe to assert that the team would have gained a higher position in the competition than runners-up in the minor premierships.

In conclusion, the members of the team wish to thank Mr. Kirkwood for the assistance rendered by him as coach, and to congratulate Sydney High on their winning of the premiership honours.

### 3rd XV.

The 3rd XV. this year had a fairly successful season, although the team was beaten in the final against Canterbury. The first play-off for the final was drawn 0-0. Although the team was light, it gained some decisive victories.

Jacobs (Vice-Captain), Breckenridge, Shade,

weakened the forwards. Although Harvie did not play in some early games, his tackling was a feature later on. Barnes and Wotton, the halves, played well in spite of the buffeting they received from the opposing forwards. The scoring of the wingers, Watson and Hoskett, was mainly confined to the opening matches.

The centres were Roulston (Captain), and Wogan, the hard running of the latter being a feature. The full-back, Williams, played with reliable consistency.

Results of competition matches were: V. Parramatta, won 17-0; v. North Sydney, lost 0-6; v. Canterbury, lost 0-3; v. Camdensville, won 23-3; v. Sydney, won 19-3; v. Technical, won 11-0; semi-final v. Sydney, won 5-3; finals, v. Canterbury, drawn 0-0; lost 3-13.



### 4th GRADE RUGBY UNION PREMIERS.

Top: W. SIMPSON, C. CUMMING, A. d'ARGEAVEL, D. FERGUSON, E. McGLEN.  
 2nd Row: W. McLEAN, T. KOLTS, N. KIRBY, Mr. F. T. BRODIE (Teacher in Charge), A. FURSE,  
 A. HANSON, R. WINES.  
 Sitting: A. DYCE, J. MITCHELL (Vice-Captain), W. ATKINSON (Captain), R. McCULLOCH, R. KEITH.  
 Front: J. WAKEFIELD, A. POOLE, A. BURGE. Inset: N. HART.

Harvie and Sherington were the pick of the pack, all of whom, however, played well. Sherington's absence in the final greatly

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Wilson for his interest and advice; to him the successes were mainly due.

**4th XV.**

This team was successful in the competition, winning the final by defeating Hurlstone, five points to three. We started badly, and did not secure a victory until about the fifth match, but then the unerring determining of the team as a whole bore fruit. We defeated North Sydney in the semi-final, thus displaying marked improvement, for in the first match they defeated us by twenty points to three.

The backs were a fairly well-balanced combination, and showed their grit, especially in the late games. Poole and Mitchell were consistent wingers, and the latter's right foot proved very effective in a few games. Kerr and Wines formed a good inner attack, with Atkinson and Cumming as halves.

At the final match of the competition the forwards were a very improved pack. Ferguson and Hart were outstanding, with Keith, Wakefield and Furse making good use of their boots. The majority of our players were new to the Union code, so our performance is the more creditable.

We wish to thank Mr. Brodie for his keen attention and good advice, and hope to see many of our members in higher grades next year.

**5th XV.**

This team was unsuccessful in the former part of the competition, and failed to get in the semi-finals, being beaten by Canterbury, High, North Sydney and Sydney Technical. After this result the team made a successful rally, and gained a victory over each other team of the lower division, thus becoming fifth in the competition.

The scoring was distributed rather equally among the players. The most outstanding forward was Watson, who "livened up" the game from time to time, while Burge was prominent. Hansen, Geldard and Mort (full-back) played well in the backs, the latter being consistently safe.

**6th XV.**

We have not been very successful this season, but we were never badly beaten. The worst defeats were against Canterbury and Technical, who each beat us by 12 to nil.

We have some promising payers. Bush, Goddard and Melville played well in the backs, and Bushel and Norris were the pick of the forwards.

We extend our heartiest thanks to Mr. Bendich for coaching us during the season.

**1st GRADE SOCCER.**

"A season surpassing all others" is the only phrase to describe the magnificent results of the 1931 team. The honour of being premiers is alone something highly prized, and the ambition of all teams yet to achieve this ambition, and maintain an unbeaten record throughout the season! It is almost too good to be true. Yet true it is, as the other teams discovered, to their own detriment. The outstanding success was not due to any individual, but to the team as a whole, though if anyone is to be mentioned as exceptional, it is without doubt the Captain, Roy Stewart, who performed his responsible task with the wisdom and skill of a veteran.

Camdenville, the first opponents, were defeated, after a good match, by 3 to 0. However, the shooting of the forwards left a great deal to be desired. The backs gave a solid display, while the halves were always in the picture. From this match it was easily seen that the team would soon mould itself into a versatile combination.

The next to be played was Hurlstone, who, although conceding us weight, extended us in a fast game, in which we were victorious by 6-2. Wright scored 3 goals.

Sydney High, last year's premiers, gave us the hardest game of the season. Played at the school's home ground, Concord, the play was so even that at half-time neither side had scored. After the resumption Fort Street's stamina triumphed, and in the last 15 minutes

we scored 4 goals. High made a final rally, but the backs stood the test, and we ran out winners by 4-0.

Travelling to North Sydney, we met the home team on a sodden ground. They offered very little opposition, and we ran out winners by 8-0.

In the first match of the second round the School received a shock from Camdenville, and were lucky to run out winners by 2-1. Though staleness and bad shooting had much to do with the narrow victory, one cannot help praising Camdenville for their plucky showing.

The Hurlstone match was abandoned owing to the state of the weather.

The return match against High must go down in the annals as a "glorious victory." Before the match Stewart and Wright outlined a plan whereby the forwards were to rush off from the whistle, and by means of short, snappy passes to hustle and confuse the defence. This plan was carried into practice, and was immediately successful, 3 goals being scored in the first five minutes. The match ended with a victory, 9-1, a magnificent triumph for the forwards. Sharp scored 4 goals and Wright 3 goals. The last match was forfeited by North Sydney, and thus the season ended with Fort Street as undefeated premiers.

In the match v. the Rest of the High Schools, Fort Street was again successful, winning by 3-0. In a practice match against Wollongong High School we were defeated by 6-2.

The following are the individual players, with notes on their play:—

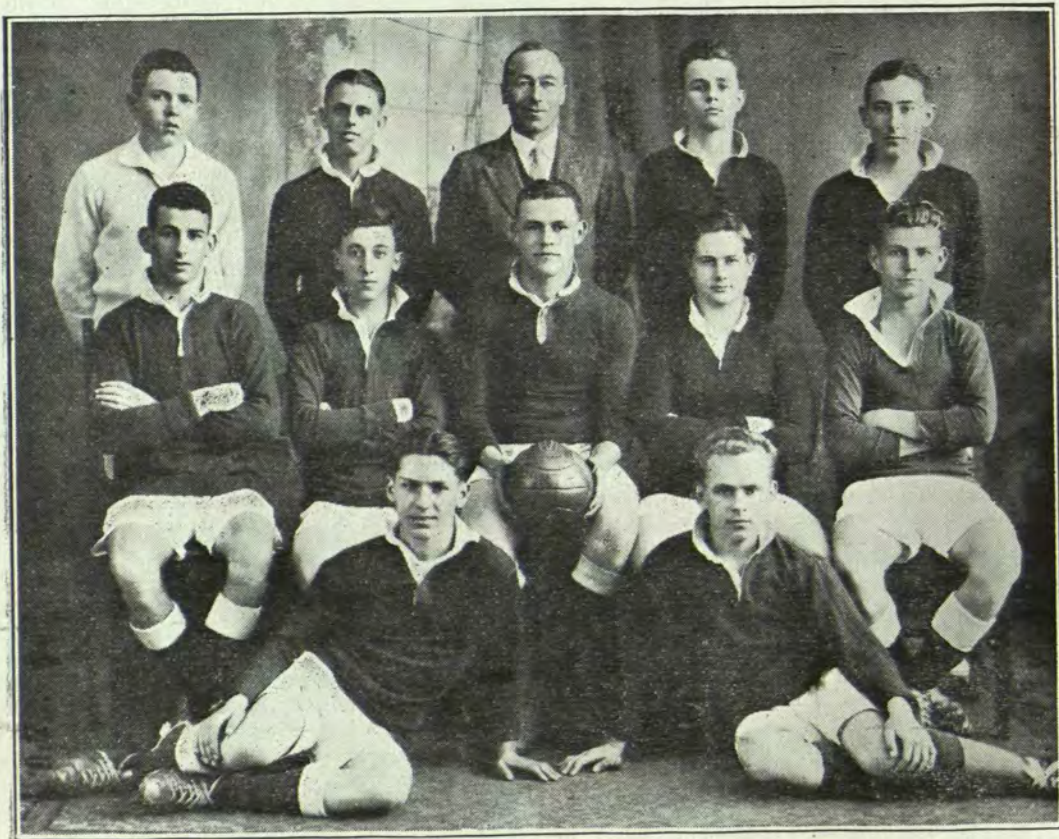
**Richardson**, the right-winger, was new to 1st grade, but played very well. Next season, with acquired confidence and experience, he should be a valuable player.

**Sharp**, the inside right, though the smallest of the team, was not afraid to be where the ball was. His alacrity off the mark, his dashes

goal-kicking was splendid, and he was first in the scoring, obtaining 13 goals for the season.

**Taylor**, the inside-left, worked in excellent combination with Lilienthal, and played a consistent game throughout the season.

**Lilienthal**, the left winger, was easily the speediest player on the side, and he often led the forwards down the field. His only fault was a tendency to hang on to the ball too long,



1st XI. SOCCER.

Undefeated Premiers, 1931.

Top (standing): K. STEWART, A. RICHARDSON, MR. ROBERTS (Coach), M. GROAT, A. LEE.  
Middle: V. LILIENTHAL, T. WRIGHT (V.-Capt.), R. STEWART (Capt.), C. CHATFIELD, B. KENNEDY  
Bottom: I. SHARP, M. TAYLOR.

down the field, and his heading were fine. He gained representative honours in the C.H.S. Soccer. He was the second best scorer, with ten goals for the season, and we hope to see him again in the vanguard next year.

**Wright**, the centre forward and vice-captain, fed his wing well, and made an excellent combination with Sharp. His "feather-weight" was often against him, but his ball-control and trickiness always stood him in good stead. Representative honours also came his way. His

and when he has banished this and gains a little more ball control he will certainly be one of next year's best players. He is yet another of the five C.H.S. representatives.

**Kennedy**, the left half-back, was as cool as the proverbial cucumber. He was a dogged and polished player, and one could always rely on him to stop his opposing forward.

**Roy Stewart**, the centre-half and captain, was the welding force in the team, and his persevering and untiring playing gained the re-

spect of his team-mates. He was elected Captain of the C.H.S. team, and his personality and ability were one of the main factors in the success of that team. It is with regret that his team-mates think of his leaving at the end of the year, and we all raise our hats to the player who had so much to do with our success.

**Lee**, the right-half, was a steady player, and always did a share of the hard work.

**Chatfield**, the right back, and the "baby" of the team, made his weight felt more than once. He was indeed a solid barrier, and his heavy kicks often set the forwards in motion. To him also came C.H.S. honours.

**Groat**, the left back, was as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar. Although of slighter stature than his fellow back, he always stood the strain, and his kicking was phenomenally accurate.

**K. Stewart**, the goalie, is the hardest player to criticise, as he had very little to do, but when he had anything to do he proved his mettle as a fine goal-keeper.

In conclusion, we must, on behalf of the team, express our thanks and appreciation to Mr. Roberts, the coach, for the interest he has taken, and the valuable time he has spent in tendering advice to the team.

### 2nd GRADE SOCCER.

The 2nd grade Soccer team completed the second round of its competition on Wednesday, 19th August, when it defeated North Sydney at Naremburn. This match gave Fort Street the premiership, with only the very narrow margin of one point to spare; Sydney High was the runner-up.

The team's effort was a noteworthy performance, it being the first time the school had entered this competition for quite a while.

At the end of the first round Fort Street was undefeated, each match being won with a fairly safe margin, but in the second round the team had to fight very hard to retain its position at the head of the competition. A scoreless draw with Camdenville, and a 1-nil defeat at the hands of Sydney High were, on paper, the worst performances, but both matches were clean, hard-fought and fast games, thoroughly enjoyed by all players.

Throughout the competition the team played splendidly, placing sportsmanship and cleanliness, the especial behest of its coach, Mr. Roberts, before all other considerations. The most outstanding player was Raine, who, at centre-half, played consistently well throughout the season. He seemed to be able to kick from any angle. The other half-backs, Hagon, who led the team through the competition, Kelly and Eddy, and the backs, Little and Murray, all played well, although their play was sometimes marred by mis-kicking. Little and Hagon were especially strong in their defence. Robinson, in goal, was always prominent, and executed some wonderful saves. The forwards played a fine game, and were ever on the mark; still, a little more combination would not be amiss. All of them, Chambers, Allison, Acland, Groat and Steel, did their share of scoring. Groat was the most consistent forward, and Acland procured the most goals.

With the experience gained during the past season we hope to see many of our players in first grade next year, where I am sure they will emulate the deeds of the present first grade heroes. The team as a whole unanimously accord a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Roberts for his valuable advice throughout the season, and for the great interest which he displayed.

### ATHLETICS.

This year it has been a pleasure to note the increased interest that has been displayed in the Athletics. As in previous years, the Athletic Club trained at Goddard Park, and some solid training was put in. A pleasing sight was the way in which the juniors came out and the enthusiasm they displayed. We look to these younger boys for our future champions.

On the 26th August we held our annual Sports Meeting, and some fine running was witnessed on Petersham Oval. Although the oval was in a poor condition, J. Sullivan established a new record for the Hurdles, and also won the Broad Jump. A. Hammer performed very well, winning the 100, 220 and 440 yards. The Shot Putt, which has displaced the Pole Vault, was won by N. Cross. B. Langsworth featured prominently by winning the mile, and next year we expect great things from him. The Senior Cup went to A. Hammer, with J. Sullivan and B. Langsworth second and third respectively. It was a pleasure to see a few

of our prominent Old Boys in the Old Boys' race, which was won by R. Thistlethwayte.

In the Junior, P. Magee was the outstanding performer, winning the 220, 440 (record), 90 yards Hurdles and the running Broad Jump. The 100 yards was won by T. Walsh, who equalled the record. P. Magee won the Cup, with T. Walsh second.

In the Under 14 division, A. McKnight and S. Raine were the star performers, and tied for the Cup.

At the C.H.S. this year we did not do as well as we expected to do, though we had very good teams in each division. The senior team came third, J. Sullivan winning the Hurdles, and the Medley Relay team, consisting of Sullivan, Cross, Hammer and Sender, broke the record in 1 min. 39 1-5 secs. B. Langsworth secured third place in the mile.

In the Junior, P. Magee won the 440 yards,

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equalling the record of 54 2-5 secs. The School came fourth in this division.

In the Under 14 division the School came third.

It was gratifying to note the increased interest this year at the C.H.S., the crowd from

Fort Street being about the biggest it has been for many years.

Though the Athletic season was fairly successful this year, with the younger talent that is coming on, we expect to figure more prominently at the C.H.S. next year.

## TENNIS REPORT.

### FIRST GRADE.

The 1st grade Tennis team was composed this year of Hudson (Captain), Bissaker, Penman and Hunt. On paper this is a very strong team, as each player has very good ability. But in the matches it was beaten on account of the lack of team work and concentration.

Penman, the stylist of the team, has a particularly fine range of strokes, of which his forehand drive and smash are the outstanding.

Hunt, who won the School Cup last year, partnered Penman. They combined particularly well together, and achieved very fair results. Hunt, although a safe player, did not reveal the variety of strokes of Penman, but made openings by his accurate tossing.

Bissaker, who partnered Hudson, did not reveal the form which enabled him to reach the final of the School Cup last year. His service, too, is weak, as is his forehand, but he has a backhand well above the average player.

Then last, but not least, Vic Hudson, the Captain, who played brilliantly at times, and "not so well" at others. Hudson has a fine variety of shots, of which his serve, forehand drive and volley stand out. Hudson this year played exceptionally well to win the School Cup, defeating Dick Hunt in the final.

### SECOND GRADE.

This year's 2nd grade team, consisting of G. Ross, L. Cummine, R. Wilmott and C. Yeo, readily combined together. We did not come up to expectations during the first round, but in the second we gave a creditable performance,

and G. Ross successfully captained the team to an eight-love victory against Sydney Technical High in the semi-finals. However, Sydney High were too good for us in the finals; so we take this opportunity of congratulating the victors.

### THIRD GRADE.

Tubman (Captain), Huntley, Bignold and Bulgin comprised this year's 3rd grade team, who worked wonderfully together during the whole competition.

In the knock-out round we came through undefeated. Parramatta had the right of challenging us, as they had won the first round. Unfortunately for us, Bulgin left school a few days before the challenge match was played. McInnis was put in his place, but he was not up to Bulgin's standard, and so Parramatta defeated us after a well contested match. They succeeded in beating us by five sets to three.

In conclusion, the team would like to congratulate Parramatta on their success.

### FOURTH GRADE.

The 4th grade tennis team, consisting of Moore, Dethlefs, Stewart and Macinness and Melville, who shared fourth place, have had another successful year. By having an undefeated record, we have repeated the performances of the previous two years. The competition was undecided until the match with Technical High, who were winners of their division in the knock-out round.

## BASEBALL.

### FIRST GRADE.

The 1st IX. has just concluded a highly successful season; in fact, the most successful since the innovation of the game four years ago.

The side was materially strengthened by the four Petersham players, Buls, Yum, Chappell and Bevan.

The commencement of the season was very poor, and it looked as though Street was wiped off the slate altogether, being defeated twice out of three games played. However, the second round commenced favorably with a meritorious victory over the premiers, Canterbury, by 7-6.

Then followed a succession of wins—over Technical (twice) and North Sydney (twice), but we met our Waterloo in the final game

against our old friends, Canterbury, being defeated 12-10. But most of those who saw this game will admit that, had we combined in the first five innings as we did in the last three, it would have been a real game. However, this defeat did not displace us from the top position, but merely made us on an equal footing with Canterbury and North Sydney for the premiership, and we congratulate these schools on their performances.

It might be mentioned that Buls, Yum and Magee gained selection in the C.H.S. team which defeated Tamworth 25-2.

In conclusion we thank Mr. Dunne for his keen interest and valuable hints afforded us throughout the season under adverse conditions.

### RESULTS.

Played 9; Won 6; Lost 3.

v. Canterbury: Lost 1-17; won 7-6; lost 10-12.  
 v. Technical: Won 27-2; won 11-9; won 17-4.  
 v. N. Sydney: Lost 8-11; won 21-11; won 15-12.

### 2nd GRADE.

The team finished second in the competition, after a successful season. We played eight games, won six and lost two—both against Canterbury A's. The record of the matches was as follows:—

V. North Sydney, we won 7-4; and in the second game the same score, 7-4, occurred—again in our favor; v. Tech. A's we won the first and second games by 14-4, 12-6 respectively, while the match against Tech. B's was abandoned owing to rain; v. Canterbury B's we won 25-5; while against Parramatta we had a rather hollow win, namely 21-1; v. Canterbury A's we lost the two games—2-9, 3-5 respectively.

Canterbury were our only real opponents, and we congratulate them as undefeated premiers. We had a good chance to win the final had we beaten them, but we lost 3-5.

Halifax, our pitcher, pitched almost without a break during the season, and also made some big hits. He averaged about eight K-2's a match. Yum, on second base, played a good game, and is expert in dealing with venturesome runners to his base. Woodlands, who caught for the last three games, is good at assisting Yum on his put-outs on second. The outfield performed well, and not many "flies" were muffed—Rust being prominent.

Our big hitters were Halifax, Woodlands, Tighe and Colebourne, all of whom performed well in the matches against North Sydney.

I think the most improved player this season is Robertson. He is hard to pitch to, being a left-hander, and this helped us considerably.

The team which represented us was: Halifax (pitcher), Hodson and Woodlands (catcher), Moffat (first base), Yum (second), Watts (short stop), Tighe (third), Colebourne (left field), Rust (centre) and Taylor and Robertson (right field).

In conclusion, the team would like to thank Mr. Dunne for his keen interest and coaching.

## REPORT OF SCHOOL UNION FOR 1931.

During 1931 the Committee of the School Union was faced with an extremely trying position. The difficulty of course was finance. The substantial credit balance carried over from 1930, together with current subscriptions for 1931, was banked with the Government Savings Bank at the time of its closure, and from then onwards the Committee endeavoured to carry on with subscriptions as they were received. As was to be expected, these proved inadequate on account of the number of exemptions that had to be granted.

To make the position more acute, the Department ceased its payment of the rent of Peter-sham Oval, and this amount of £60 per annum became an added responsibility of the Union.

Only by adopting a policy of rigid economy was it found possible to carry on.

During the year considerable reductions in expenditure had to be made.

The first issue of the Fortian was suspended. Books could not be bought for the library. Fortunately the present equipment of the library is fairly extensive. Supplies of sporting material were curtailed, and requests for reductions in the rent of the oval were granted.

Although the actual amount expended was not as large as in previous years, in view of the difficult circumstances, all activities of the Union were reasonably well catered for.

Early in the year the Blues Committee met and recommended the presentation of twelve Blues. These were authorised by the Union. The details of the awards appear elsewhere in this issue.

The question of School sport badges was discussed at considerable length, and several important decisions were made. Prefects may now wear the blazer badge at present being worn by members of first-grade teams. Permission to wear this badge was also granted to members of the School Debating team. It should be noted that the small metal replica of the blazer pocket badge is not recognised by the Union. It is not an official School badge, and should not be worn.

The sports badge is to be copyrighted, and in future it cannot be purchased without the written authority of the Sportsmaster.

In conclusion the Union Committee desires to thank all those friends who have made donations or otherwise helped the School through a difficult period.

It appreciates the action of Mr C. Jamieson in presenting a Senior and Junior Cup for Athletics, and is especially grateful to the Ladies' Committee for the very willing and able assistance they have given at all School functions held during the year.

**AROUND THE SCHOOL.**

(Continued from page 26)

The beauty of Cleopatra on Play Night proved so bewitching to O—n, of 2B, that he was seen, by a fortunate few, carrying the lovely "lady" down the masters' staircase. Who says that the days of chivalry are gone?

\* \* \*

A certain mathematics master—no names, please!—is often puzzled by the whereabouts of 2B at the assembly. He generally asks each class in turn: "Are you 2B?" He is not original, however, for even Shakespeare himself asked: "2B or not 2B?—that is the question."

\* \* \*

Though we doubt not that the 5th Year

gentlemen adhere to the rule of "Love ye one another," the less virtuous 4th have altered it (just slightly) to "Shove ye one another" when passing on to the quad. at general assemblies.

\* \* \*

Lost: At National Park, October 8th, one suit of clothes (complete). Finder please return to "Ben Citrus," 2B. No reward offered. Also one shoe, in six fathoms of water. Easily identified by extraordinary length. Finder may have same if it is of any use, by paying for this advertisement.

**SPORT BLUES.**

Blues were awarded by the School Union, for outstanding merit in sport during 1930, to the following boys:—

**Cricket:** B. Langsworth, J. Armstrong, R. Sharp, P. Penman, D. Sandbrook.

**Swimming:** A. Schmidt, C. Phillips.

**Football (Rugby):** J. Armstrong, E. Gray;

**(Soccer):** R. Stuart.

**Tennis:** V. Hudson, E. Gibson.

**EXCHANGES.**

The magazines of the following schools have been received since last issue:—

Bowral (the Wingecarribee), Hamilton Boys' Intermediate (The Burrabee), Hay, Kogarah (The Regent), Maitland Boys' (The Magpie),

Newcastle Boys' (The Novocastrian), Parramatta, Sydney Boys' (The Record), Sydney Technical, Tamworth (Koala), Wollongong (The Gleam), Yanco Agricultural.





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