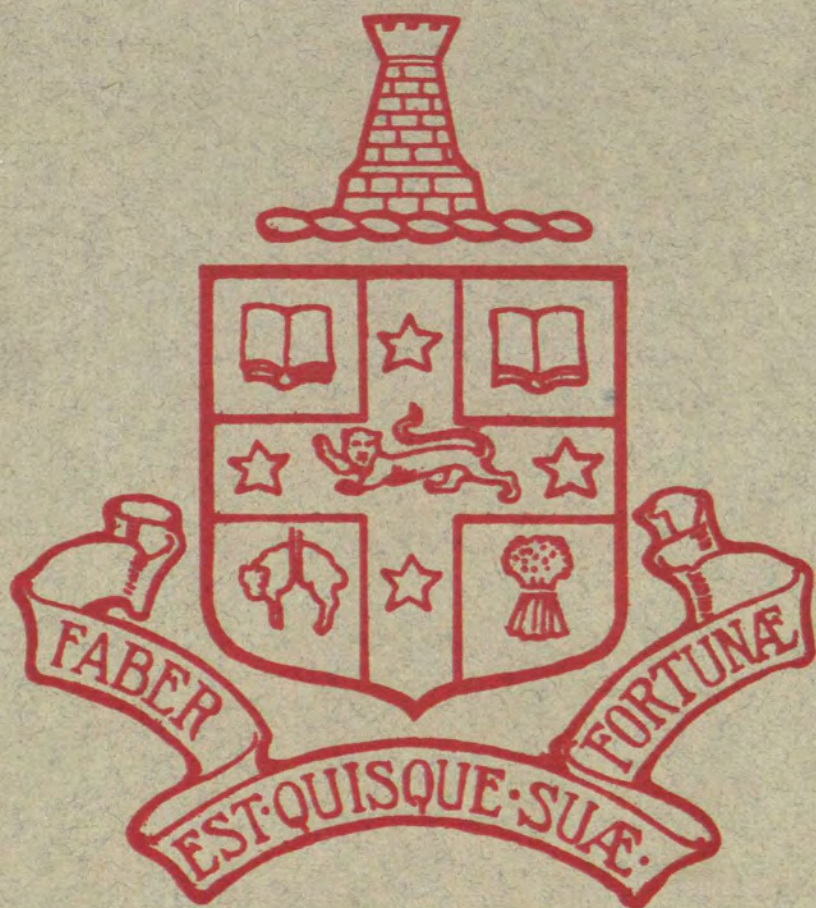
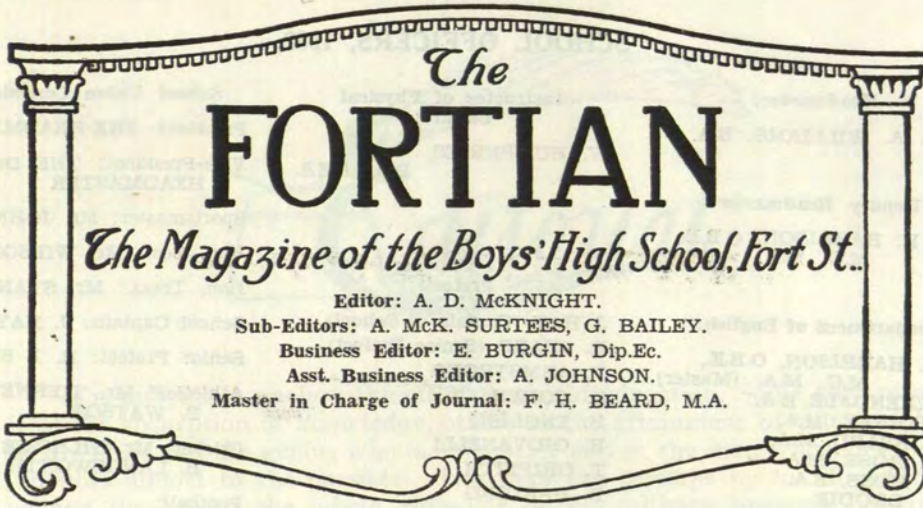


THE FORTIAN



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

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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1932.

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Senior Prefect: R. I. SHARP

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Soccer: Mr. ROBERTS
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C. PHILLIPSLibrary: Mr. ROSE
K. TUBMANTennis: Mr. WOOTTEN
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B. WATSON



It is difficult to analyse the ultimate aim of education. Some may regard it as the absorption of knowledge, others as the attainment of culture. We all are in awe of the genius who is immensely clever, the man whose learning amounts almost to the possible. This man can perhaps by his discoveries change the life of the whole globe, or by his military prowess or great statesmanship make one nation supreme and reduce many to the lowest depths of impotence. Whole governments and people may sway before him. But yet our awe cannot change to respect and love if he does not possess the cultured mind and refined bearing of a gentleman. The latter is the man we most wish to emulate.

History provides us with scores of illustrations of this contrast, and perhaps there is none better than the comparison between Dr. Johnson and Joseph Addison. The former has been likened to a sulky bear, and, while society paid homage to him for his knowledge, with his acquaintances the desire of friendship was animated by a desire to see the monster in the flesh. But how different was the grave and gentle Addison, who possessed every human characteristic which is attractive, which is fascinating, which is lovable! The acme of refinement, he was beloved of all that knew him, and enjoyed the respect of his whole age. Why the difference? It is Richard Steele, Addison's friend, who gives us the explanation. When writing of Addison's home he says:—

"The boys behaved themselves very early with a manly friendship, and their sister, instead of the gross familiarities and impertinent freedoms in behaviour usual in other houses, was always treated by them with as much complaisance as any other young lady of their acquaintance. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit or sit at a meal in that family. I have seen the old man's heart flow at his eyes with joy upon occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were strangers to the turn of his mind; but a very slight accident wherein he saw his children's goodwill to one another created in him the god-like pleasure of loving them because they loved each other."

From this we see that the bearing of a man is fashioned in his early life. The home plays a big part in this development, but a big part also is played by the school, for the highest culture must be accompanied by learning. A man may possess great erudition and yet lack winsomeness and all endearing qualities. But the truly cultured person is one whose education has broadened his sympathies, deepened his faith in his fellow-man, and enlarged his desire and capacity to help his fellows. True culture is alien to intellectual or social snobbery. It brings with it what Chaucer would have called "parfit gentiltesse."

So, Fortians, let us aim at making ourselves beloved, let us be always ready to help our fellows, and act always as true gentlemen, remembering the Headmaster's farewell words to departing seniors: "It is a fine thing to be a scholar, but it is a finer thing to be a gentleman."

The genius may live, die, and be forgotten—even though his work may survive him—but the truly cultured person will leave behind a great army who will love and reverence his memory, and who will say of him,

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

NEWS AND NOTES.

Fort Street again won the Hume Barbour debating trophy this year. This is the second occasion in three years that we have gained this distinction. We congratulate Wilson, Scribner and Wheatley on their fine performance.

§ § § §

Play Day was held on Thursday, 25th August, with an evening performance on Friday, the 26th August. The very high standard characteristic of this function in recent years was maintained. So many plays were of high class that it was very difficult to make the final selection for the evening performance.

§ § § §

We regret to record the death of Mr. B. C. Olde, M.L.A., after a protracted illness. Mr. Olde was always a keen supporter of the School, and has been present at our Speech Day for several years. We extend our sympathy to his relatives.

§ § § §

The School congratulates Mr. F. Wilson, an old boy, on being appointed to the position of Secretary of the Prince Alfred Hospital, and wishes him every success in his new sphere.

§ § § §

The Old Boys' Union is very active on behalf of the School. After the success of the addresses on the legal profession by eminent legal men, they arranged for addresses on the medical profession. These were delivered to a large audience by Dr. C. Collins, D.S.O., M.C., Dr. Porter, and Dr. Lovell. These addresses were greatly appreciated by both parents and boys.

§ § § §

Congratulations to the following on their selection as Prefects for 1933: G. R. Bailey (Senior Prefect), B. Coleborne, W. Downes, J. Evans, W. Funnell, A. Jenkins, H. Leggo, A. McKnight, J.

McAuley, D. McKenzie, C. Phillips, R. Paisley, A. Richardson, A. Surtees, A. Thompson, H. R. Watts, N. B. Watts.

§ § § §

We extend our sympathy to Messrs. Dunne, Humphries and Giles on their illness, and hope that they will soon be restored to health.

§ § § §

Congratulations to 1st and 3rd grade Rugby footballers, and 1st grade Soccer, on winning the premiership in their various grades. It was particularly pleasing to note the win of the 1st Rugby team.

§ § § §

It is pleasing to see that the good work done on Play Day at the School is being continued by the Old Boys' Union Dramatic Society. With representatives of the Fort Street Old Girls' Union they produced, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Moss, "The Young Idea" at St. James' Hall on September 20 and 21. The unanimous opinion of the audiences which filled the hall on the two nights was that the production was excellent and the acting of a very high standard.

§ § § §

The School is grateful to the Committee of Ladies for their splendid help on Play Day and at the School Socials during the year.

§ § § §

The improvement and beautification of the School grounds continue, the latest improvement being the planting of a new lawn on the eastern side of the School. Everybody was proud of the School gardens this year—the display of roses being particularly fine.

The Annual School Picnic was held on Thursday, 29th September. Many parents and friends journeyed to National Park, and a very enjoyable day was spent in ideal surroundings.

§ § § §

The attention of parents and boys is directed to the chief condition of promotion from one year to the next, which is that a boy must gain 350 marks out of 700. Long experience has shown that a boy who has failed to qualify in any one year also fails when promoted to the next year, and so the wisest course is to repeat the year in which he has failed to attain the required standard.

During Music Week a delightful programme of vocal and instrumental music was presented at the School by Mr. John Mansfield, L.A.B., and party. The items were much appreciated by the boys.

§ § § §

Dr. Harvey Sutton visited us again this year in connection with Health Week, and gave the boys some sound advice on the motto "Mens sana in corpore sano."

§ § § §

Lionel le Gay Brereton is carrying on his literary activities, already shown in the "Fortian," by editing the "Arts Journal" at the University. Congratulations!

AU REVOIR.

"Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
After the use of the English in straight-flung words and few."

Though I have written au revoir, I am afraid, fellows, that for most of us it is good-bye to you, and so I take this opportunity to say farewell on behalf of the departing seniors. I neither wish to be lachrymal nor bordering on over-sentimentality, but we're all "darned" sorry to go. It is just when you reach the years of discretion that you realise that school is not such a bad place after all. How well we remember the junior years—the new, unused pages of Heath's French Grammar—the web-like structure of Mortlake gasometers seen through an inviting window!

A sea of faces, smiling, grave-looking, even "tiger-ish," but all kindly, float on the seas of my memory as I write. There's the master to whom we gave the ruler, and, as he pointed to the board, pulled it back with the string attached to one end. Do we remember the heavy tread along the verandah as we tested the principle of a chair swinging on one leg, and all too late our experiment was viewed by foreign eyes before stable equilibrium could be regained? Shall we ever forget the poetical expression of another friend as he accidentally sat on the sharp corner of the table?

These are some of the lighter recollections of my own early days at the old School, but let me be serious. We are each and every one beholden

to these gentlemen. In first year the plastic clay was thrown on the wheel of school life—may I talk of the staff collectively as the potter moulding us—some of us to become slender delicate vases, others rough utensils, but all useful; to each one his use, in every one a new creation. Sometimes the clay was hard, or perhaps a few foreign pebbles were present, the one to be softened and moulded right, in the others the pebbles to be thrown away. Partly by the material was the finished product determined, but more by the skilful artisan, the guiding hand. We have now at last been taken off that wheel which, unlike other machines, does not "depreciate," but becomes ever more perfect. And our thanks go to the potter. Our Headmaster and gentlemen of the staff, we thank you.

I have a few words to say to the present fellows. What we have done for the School lies in the interpretation of time! Our time is over—and in your hand lies a great responsibility. I appeal to the Prefects, to the seniors, to the younger members of our large family, to keep our flag flying, and wherever there is a trial of strength, scholastic or sporting, show the other schools that Fort Street will be there. Cheer—shout—laugh. Even if you are losing at the contests, let the others think you're winning. Don't forget, we've left you, but we are watching you and trusting in you. We have handed on the torch, and you must carry it well.

Through the long, and yet paradoxically all too short years, now drawn to a close, we seniors.

have formed a large family; but in this family we have split into little groups of two or three, and formed life-long friendships. As the years draw on let us not drift apart, but meet in "numbers greater" with our predecessors in the fine Old Boys' Union. Let us join our comrades round the tables, let us clink our glasses to the memory of some old friend, be he teacher or

pupil, and keep our love for the old School ever-green.

Cheerio, fellows; good health and fortune, gentlemen; good luck accompany all true Fortians, and please think kindly of those who leave you.

"We're down, hull down on the long trail, the trail that is always new."

J. C. HAY (School Captain).

FACES.

The faces that surround us in our early childhood are for the most part shrouded in mist. It is our actions rather than our thoughts which are imprinted in the deepest recesses of our minds. But sooner or later we break through the shell of our absorption in the trivialities of childish deeds and begin to observe the people about us.

All the people that came under that first observation of mine come to me now as merely pairs of legs surmounted by a vague mist which covers their faces. After some time the mist clears and several definite faces appear in my memory.

One of the first of these is a tall, stern woman wearing the only dress I have ever remembered in my life. It was black and had some shiny black beadwork on it. Her face was (or at least I thought so then) rather dire and awful—tight lips and eyes which could become very hard. She was the headmistress of the Infants' School which I attended. My clearest recollection of her is when she put a refractory scholar across her knee and spanked him before the whole class. This punitive work was usually accomplished in a small adjoining room, which combined a Holy of Holies with a Dante's Mouth of Hell. It was dark and gloomy, and many were the tales of horror that we imagined about it.

I remember when we received our first lessons in school etiquette from her. Those rigid precepts come back in their entirety to-day:—What to do when a teacher addresses one; what to do when a stranger enters the room; and the correct procedure for entering an alien classroom. The other day I heard a master complain that school-boys no longer have any manners. I thought of Miss R—.

Among the few significant faces of my Primary School days comes that of the boy with whom I had my first real fight—"bung rules" it was

called. I see him now with his dark hair, his freckled face and perpetual blink. What the provocation was I cannot call to mind (being in these cases usually slight), but I well remember sneaking down a back lane into a paddock, accompanied by a crowd of boys. The details of the fight have also escaped me, except that I lost! We were going at it pell-mell when a workman on the other side of the paddock sang out some foolish remark. I turned round to see who it was, and my opponent sneaked up behind me and nearly laid me out with a blow on the eye. I have never quite forgiven him for that.

In those days we used to go for walks up into a part of the district that was very little inhabited. There still remain a few trees, and some of the clay gullies have not yet been filled in to make houses on them. To get to this spot we had to pass by a ramshackle white house with a fence whose white paint was peeling off in little ugly flakes. Over the fence used to hang an idiot, and he would gibber and chatter at the passers-by. Naturally we children used to hate and fear him, with his greasy curly hair, his inane face and hanging jaw, and above all the dirty, grey, flannel singlet, which he always wore. He was harmless, they used to say, and he was sometimes allowed to play in the street with an old pea-rifle (which I always imagined to be loaded). One day he began to rave, and was taken away.

Among a gallery of familiar faces these three stand for significant stages in my life. Each one is associated with, and is a symbol for, something definite—my first lessons in discipline, my first experience of the unfairness of struggle, and my first introduction to horror and ugliness. There are others which signify the more beautiful things of life, but it is always these three that stand out strongest through the mist of the years.

"INCOGNITUS." 4D.

STRANGE PETS.

What a subject! Well, Lamb wrote on "Ears," and "Old China," and Leigh Hunt on "Getting up on Cold Mornings," but whoever heard of anyone writing on such a hideous and impossible subject as "Strange Pets"? It simply isn't done, that's all about it. And so it is with that exquisite reason to back up my argument that I have chosen this subject.

Of late we have heard much of the goldfish, but what of his poor little silver brother? Alas! His popularity has been waning for many years, and he is now only kept by those conservative few with a papered dining-room.

Anyhow, I once had a strange pet; yes! She's dead now, poor soul, but she was a dear when she was alive—was Annie, my performing silverfish. I suppose she has a pair of wings and a halo now, and is eating the gold-leaf off the Golden Gate, or is munching the moth-balls in St. Peter's second-best Sunday suit. Not that I wanted to keep her—Oh, no! Not at all, but you see, I could hardly help it, for every time I tried to trap her by administering a small quantity of sodium chloride to her tail, she would gaily lift up her skirts and flit under the dining-room wall-paper.

Well, one day she was seized by most terrible pains in the region of her tetrabranchiate cepha-

lopod, and the only thing which could have accounted for this was that I had accidentally dropped a packet of Persil into her bath-water the previous day. The doctor said she had died from an excess of oxygen.

And my second?—Oh! He was Jabberwocky, a pet pterodactyl, and such a darling—only 200 feet long by 100 round the hips, and so docile! The very thought of him brings tears into my eyes, for I always remember him sitting on his third pair of hind legs, with that wistful look on his face, reciting,

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

He was always delighted when he finished this, and he would never fail to come and lick my hand in appreciation, but if I had not been a good swimmer I daresay I would have been drowned several times.

But he found out that other people keep strange pets, too—when he trod on Carnera's pet corn. The doctor said he died from the lack of oxygen.

Of course this is all sheer nonsense, but still it is a "Fortian" contribution, and is on "Strange Pets," and that's all that matters.

H. STEWART, 3D.

AN ORIENTAL SIDELIGHT.

The Sultan of Shammultipolygamæ sat on his high silken divan, like some Green God of the Mountains, musingly stroking his long silken beard and puffing contentedly at his bubble-bubble. His thoughts dwelt pleasurably on Phlappa Tasha and Houplah, two recent acquisitions to the royal harem. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and they were both water-melons!—the Eastern way of intimating that they were peaches.

Suddenly the purple hangings of the apartment were drawn to admit the entrance of Ammad Ismad Allmad, the Sultan's Grand Vizier, a slim young man of medium height and handsome appearance. He bowed profoundly, executed a graceful nose-dive and ploughed a neat furrow in the rich Persian rug. Slowly and confidently he spoke in a dirge-like wail: "Most illustrious, super-excellent and omnipotent of kings! Sultan of Shammultipolygamæ, Imperial Master of the Seven Golden Ashtroughs, and Keeper of the Six

Sacred Saveloys, hearken unto the words of your humble, miserable and most loathsome servant."

"Speak or remain silent!" commanded the Sultan, stroking his Persian cat.

"You must know—," continued the Grand Vizier.

"What's the matter?" broke in the Sultan, as he absent-mindedly applied a deft kick to the cat and again fell to stroking his beard. "Has ill befallen the harem?"

"Even as you say, Oh most idolatrous and impudrescible of kings!" At once his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth with a strong flavour of woldery wine and cloves, and his teeth and knees rattled like a stick on a paling fence. The Sultan had stirred.

"Speak, vassal, varlet, vagabond!" thundered the Sultan in unsurpassed wrath, "or thine head shall pay the forfeit."

The Grand Vizier found his tongue after a short search, and continued: "Oh, thou most ignominious ignoramus and kleptomaniac of kings, this morning I called the roll as usual, but imagine my dismay when only seventy-nine answered to their names."

"Then one of the Sultanas is missing. Is my cake dough?" howled the Sultan, striking with his tooth-pick at the grovelling figure on the mat. "Who is it?"

"It's Phlappa Tasha, the favourite," moaned Ammad Ismad in agony of apprehension.

"Tell me all!" roared the Lord of the Harem. "Or by the fez of my father, I swear you shall be cast to the cockroaches at dawn!" and he changed his tooth-pick for his nail-file. "Does anyone wot of her whereabouts?"

"Not one of us wots, your most hilarious highness, but we suspect Biffer Tishu of violating the sacred precincts of the harem and abducting the favourite."

The Sultan of Shammultipolygamae rose wrathfully and kicked the unfortunate Vizier savagely. "Remind me in the morning without fail that you are to be thrown to the porcupines at sunrise. If you fail to do so I shall regard

it as a serious breach of discipline and treat it as such."

That night Ammad Ismad set the court alarm clock for 4 a.m. But the clock ran down, and it was the sun's heat that woke him at seven. He could not really enjoy his favourite breakfast of cloves in axle-grease and woldery wine. "Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness," but just three hours overdue, he skidded on his left ear into the royal presence.

"By the hop of the sacred wallaby!" hooted the incensed Sultan. "This is over the hedge. I had intended to feed you to my carnivorous caterpillars, but such a death would be too noble for you. I must devise some severe sentence. Lemme see—Ah! I have it! Jever hear of Avogadro's Hypothesis?" he roared. "Well, whether or not, for your criminal carelessness I condemn you to relate and explain it to my remaining seventy-nine wives. Then your body shall be thrown to the cobras and your head to the white ants. Now, no back-talk. I have spoken!"

Well done, Allmad's lad! Grant that he made a clean ending!

E. F. CAMERON, 5A.

NIGHT AND RAIN.

The sad Madonna broods o'er all the earth,
Her dusky robe has veiled our fevered sight,
And through the dripping trees I see the birth
Of a new moon upon the silent night.

And now, to me, a greater Presence far,
Than e'er I've felt in high and holy fane,
Or at the passing of a monarch's car
Seems to be here, in this dim night and rain.

The dripping trees' dim outlines through the gloam
Are fingers pointing heavenwards for me
To guide my thoughts to that imperial Home,
Which was, and is, and evermore shall be.

No pealing organs sound through lofty aisle,
No white-robed choirs here praise the Maker's
name,
No solemn prelates walk in stately file,
No incense here, no sacrificial flame.

Here is a dusky altar, holier far,
For canopy the deep blue arch of heaven,
For holy light, a distant gleaming star,
For incense here, the rose's gentle heaven.

O Omnipresent! Those whom men think wise,
Who gazing on the wonders of this night,
These gentle tears, these odorous drops, have eyes
Yet, seeing, lack that blessed inner sight,

Have pity on them, grant that they may see
Thy deep, inevitable, endless might,
And snatch a glimpse of that Immensity
That pillar and that blinding throne of light.

CHARLES J. CLARK, 5D.

WHY?

A typical Australian early spring day. The air fresh and cool, and the sun warm but not hot, in a sky of sheerest azure unmarred by a single cloud. The gentle ocean swell rolls smooth and green to break in white foam upon the weed-covered ledges at the foot of the cliff. Far from the bustle and noise of the city, with not one jarring note to break the sense of perfect peace of Nature in her gentlest mood.

A feeling of peace and detachment, an aloofness from the work and worry of everyday life, fills me, and I can turn and contemplate the city, watch the struggles and futilities of its million odd inhabitants, with the passionless disinterest of a being from another planet.

The giant arch of the Harbour Bridge dominates the panorama, and a feeling of elation steals over me when I realise that other mortals, even such as I, are responsible for the building of this and the many noble structures whose glittering faades scintillate in the brilliant sunshine. Surely now man may build an altar and worship at the shrine of his own ingenuity. For has he not conquered Nature and wrested from her tribute to his own greatness? Has he not outgrown the puppet and become the master of his own destiny?

Verily he has done all this.

But

The feeling of elation dies down to merge into one of deepening humiliation and shame, as the other aspect of the picture of man's achievements unfolds. It is there seen that this beautiful idol, reared in our own image, has indeed feet of clay, for side by side with the march of man's conquest and increasing subjugation of Nature go increasing hardship, want, and privation of the masses of mankind.

The achievements, the beauty, and the culture of modern civilisation stand revealed as an empty mockery and sham, when it is realised that the bulk of the people have not the knowledge, the opportunity, or the means of appreciating and enjoying them.

The world grows richer every day, the production of the necessities of life becomes less and less laborious, and more and more plentiful, and yet each advance, instead of making life easier and better for everyone, heaps added luxuries upon the few, and increases the difficulties of the many in the provision of the bare means of subsistence.

In every country of the world millions of people are unemployed and destitute, saved from actual starvation only by the enforced charity of their more fortunate fellows.

What has caused this lamentable state of affairs? Is it a world-wide failure of crops? Is it flood, fire, or cataclysm? No! It is not that there is a shortage in human requisites through these or any other causes; it is because there is an abundance.

The only explanation of this shamefully anomalous position is that, whilst man has progressed to great heights intellectually, morally and ethically he has remained stagnant, and attempts to govern a twentieth century civilisation under the selfish barbarous code of his primordial ancestors.

Man's insatiable greed to own and possess to the exclusion of his fellow-man causes much effort and energy to be wasted in competition and antagonism, and drives the weak and ill-equipped to misery and want; whilst by intelligent co-operation and sharing of effort and reward, all would be able to partake of Nature's bounty to an extent perhaps not realised by even the most fortunate few under the present chaotic conditions.

It therefore becomes increasingly evident that unless man attempts at once the reconstruction of society upon a more intelligent and humane basis, that that beautiful superstructure of civilisation which he has reared will collapse upon its rotten foundations and obliterate him, to make way, perhaps, for a worthier species.

R. WHOLOHAN, 4D.

THE MELBOURNE CUP. BY ONE WHO DID NOT SEE IT.

Being hard-pressed by some youthful admirers to reveal to them by word of mouth the wonders of the famous race, which I had boasted of

seeing, I began to recount, in blissful ignorance, the fascinating story:—

The weather was beautiful. A slight tornado

on the previous night had removed the first layer of mud from the concrete track, which, although brilliant and level on the straight, was sloping rather steeply at the bends.

The horses were then whipped out of the paddocks and the gorgeous drays were attached. The competitors then leaned back on the ropes and listened to the referee giving final instructions. "Now, boys," he said, "no tickling allowed. And go easy on the hair-pulling and 'rabbit-killers!'" Fully humiliated with thoughts of the great penalties for breaches of these regulations, the pilots commenced to tune up the horses, and when the gong sounded, they served drop-kicks with the sun at their backs.

When the first set had been declared a draw, the umpires drew stumps as the result of a foul, and cautioned the forwards about rough work in the scrum. The competitors, therefore, toed the mark, and in an instant they were racing towards the chariots. Gaining these, they lashed the horses into a fury and broadsided round the first bend with throttles wide open. The full-back gathered nicely, but meanwhile the tail of the team, with a loud shout of "Fore!" scored a home run, meandering past the judge's box with a lead

of 60 in the first innings, and with two kings against one.

As the favourite was still miles behind, the race was re-run. The horses donned their crash-helmets and faced the water—the gun barked! "One, two three . . ." counted the umpire, and soon they were all speeding for the tape. By skilful manoeuvring, the stroke headed the field, but the favourite was banking well and completed a fine nose dive. He struck the hairpin in the bend with such force that he scored a "cannon off the cushion," thus throwing the others into a bunker with a right to the solar plexus.

The goalie saved from a corner-kick and, with a powerful backhand, holed in one. The crowd cheered wildly and it seemed that Battling Bazinski had gained a fall. However, the wicket-keeper fielded the ball, and with careful aim scored the possible at six hundred yards.

The horses were pedalling well, and seemed to be a little unsteady on the starboard bow. They now ran down the line to score a try, but, alas! they yielded to temptation, pulled out their yo-yos, and spent a pleasant afternoon.

C. FERGUSON, 3D.

THE MOON'S MESSAGE.

The breezes were filling a night in November
 With scent of the rain that had sweetened the day;
 Though ages shall roll, I shall always remember
 The moon stepping out, as the clouds broke away.
 Since I was a child, I've surmounted my troubles,
 And rare solace found in its beauty serene;
 Each time gruff mischance pricked my youth's
 Gladsome bubbles
 Came comfort, soft-streaming, where sorrow
 Had been.
 When steel rails resounded the train's measured
 Labour,
 And mountains sped by in the dead of the night,
 I, scanning the country for lack of a neighbour,
 Made peace with the world in the moon's
 Gracious light.
 Ah, hard was the parting, and tender the fingers
 That beckoned me back from the struggle
 Ahead;
 But ever the moon's message solemnly lingers,
 "Be patient: truth conquers," was all that it
 Said.

Out west, in still summer, the night tip-toed to
 me;
 No zephyr enchanting could break the dead
 hush;
 Till song of the locusts and grasshoppers drew me.
 Away from my care to the wealth of the bush.
 Through shafts of tall timber and eucalypts, peer-
 ing,
 The shy mellow moon's face came softly to view,
 A bath of its brilliance ensteeped all the clearing,
 And strengthened the dreamer with courage
 anew.
 One night on the harbour the full moon was
 streaming
 —A ribbon of silver from Manly to me.
 A heavy remorse left my heart, and my dreaming
 Returned to November, when sweet words were
 free.
 Too swift is the change from contentment to
 sorrow;
 Too often our gods are but fashioned of clay
 —But faith in Creation is faith in the morrow;
 The dimness of morning soon melts into day.
 F. JOHN O'BRIEN, 3B.

A VOW FULFILLED.

The screaming wind of winter, bitterly cold from the snows of the Blue Mountains, swept down with sonorous force upon Sydney and its suburbs, upon a certain night in July, when this story properly begins. The moan of the wind, the swish of the rain, the soughing of tree-tops, all combined to give a sombre aspect to the scene, and very few people were to be found struggling with the elements on such a night. The majority preferred to stay at home, reading or drowsing over a warm fire, and listening with comfortable contentment to the weather outside.

And this was the case with a certain home in Balmain, where a man and his wife sat looking into a roaring fire, and conversing in between long intervals of silence. After one of these silences, the man said slowly, "How long ago is it since you last heard of him, Mary?"

"About eighteen months ago, dear, just after —" She hesitated.

"Yes, I know. There is no need to speak of it. And, Mary, you do not regret what you have done? You never feel that perhaps you would rather have never taken this step." He looked at her anxiously.

"No, George; there was once a time when I thought that things might have been different. That I might have been happy. But now I can see that it would have been impossible. And, I am quite content. But why do you ask?"

"I don't know, but I have a feeling that something is going to happen—that there is danger near us." He looked round uneasily.

"Nonsense, George. It is only the weather that's getting on your nerves." But almost involuntarily her gaze went round the room. They both laughed, a trifle nervously perhaps, and fell to gazing into the fire again.

Neither saw the leering, drink-sodden face with the water streaming from the matted hair, which was pressed white against the window-pane. Neither saw the demoniacal light of madness and hate which blazed in the red-rimmed eyes of the man who gazed in on this idyll of peace.

The woman continued the conversation which they had been carrying on before the silence.

"And, above all, George, you have been kind to the one I love best on earth. That is the thing which has made me happy, which has—" She broke off and stared in amazement at her husband. His gaze, which had again been wan-

dering round the room, had become fixed on the window. The blood had drained from his face, and his eyes were dilated in horror.

Instinctively, her eyes followed his; she saw the leering face, and flinched back from the revolver which the demon at the window was pointing at her. With a cry of horror, her husband sprang between her and the window; came a soft "phut," a sound of falling glass, and her husband stopped short, gasped, and crumpled. A second "phut," and the woman fell across his body and their life blood flowed, mingled together upon the floor. The window was thrown up and the murderer stepped softly into the room.

The last burning rays of the sun shone down upon the figures of a youth of about nineteen and a man about fifty years old, who toiled slowly up a steep and rugged hill. Every now and then they would stop and rest, for the going was extremely arduous.

For the first part of the climb neither spoke, for each had learnt that talking for the sake of making conversation is futile. Moreover, the older man appeared to be thinking deeply; he would turn to the youth as though about to speak, hesitate, and then walk on in silence.

Finally, however, after one of these moments of indecision, he spoke,

"Harry," he said, "you remember how worried I was this morning when you came upon that hidden string of beads. I never meant you to see them, for they open a chapter in your life which it were better to leave closed. But all day I have been thinking the matter over, and I have come to the conclusion that it is only right that you should hear of your father's and mother's death.

"Father's death," echoed the boy in surprise. "But—but you are my father!"

"No, lad, I am not your father," and there was a light of pain in his eyes, as one who said something against his will. "I am your uncle." He was silent again, as if struggling with some unseen power that wished to hold him back. Finally he burst out:—

"God knows, I've tried to keep it from you as long as I could. But it is your right to know the truth. Your parents were both murdered—shot!"

Harry stopped short. "Murdered—shot," he

repeated in a puzzled voice. Then, as the full significance of the other's statement came home to him, his face went ashen-grey. To his distorted imagination everything seemed to have taken on a more sinister aspect; the sun had disappeared; the wind sighed more loudly through the gigantic gumtrees. He shivered and, in a harsh whisper, which startled even himself, asked, "Who did it?"

"I do not know, lad." The man also seemed to feel the effect of his surroundings. "As you know, I do not like the city. That is why I never go down to Sydney with you. All my life I have lived up in these mountains, safe from the trouble and turmoil of city life, gold prospecting. About sixteen years ago a message came up to me that my sister (your mother) and her husband had been murdered. Naturally, I went down to Balmain, where they lived, as soon as possible. You were their only son, about two years old. I did all I could, and so did the police, but they never found the murderer, nor could they find a motive for the crime. So, after everything had been settled, I returned into the mountains and brought you with me. I have never gone back to the city because I hate it, hate it for all the misery it has caused me and mine. Those beads were your mother's. You used to play with them when you were a baby, so that is probably why you seemed to remember them."

The old man finished, and they trudged on in silence. By this time they had topped the rise and were walking quickly down the other slope towards a little log cabin which was just visible in the deepening dusk.

Suddenly the boy spoke. "Uncle," he said the word with difficulty, "Uncle, it may sound foolish and melodramatic, but one day I intend to seek for that man. And, if he is not already dead, I will bring him to justice."

A smile, perhaps of pleasure, perhaps of pain, creased the old man's care-wrinkled face, and, laying his hand gently upon the boy's shoulder, he said, "No, Harry, lad, don't say that. He who hates his enemies will never win. Hate—that is the terrible destructive force, the curse of mankind. You show the right spirit, son, but, after all, these things are over and done with. Let the past bury the past."

The boy did not answer; so he said, "Let's talk of something more cheerful. When are you going to Sydney again?"

"Next week, I think," Harry answered. "We've panned a fair deal of gold from that creek, and besides, we need clothes."

By this time they had reached the cabin door. Harry pushed it open and walked in. The other, with one last look around, followed him.

It was six months later, about eight o'clock at night. Harry and the old man sat in the small cabin which had been their home for so many years. Supper was over and they were sitting before a roaring log fire, talking.

The knowledge of the tragedy in his parents' lives had seemingly little affected Harry, and with the usual carefree abandon of youth he had flung off practically all thoughts of it. After all, as his uncle had said, it had happened long ago, and it was perhaps better to let it rest.

Harry was talking excitedly.

"I tell you, uncle, it must be worth at least £100. It is the best find we've had for years." He looked at the nugget of pure gold which glistened in the firelight. "Let's do something to celebrate. Uncle, let's go to Sydney for a holiday."

A look of eagerness, almost of longing, came into the other's eyes. But smilingly he shook his head.

"No, Harry," he said, "that would be no holiday for me. This is the place I love, up here, where everything is fresh and pure, and unsoiled by the dirt and grime of the city. But I tell you what we will do. To-morrow we will start out for a place about fifty miles from here. There is great shooting and fishing there. What do you think of that?"

The boy nodded his agreement.

"Very well," his uncle continued, "we had better get everything ready to-night. Just reach me that gun from the corner, please."

Harry swung backwards on the two back legs of the rough, home-made chair, reached over and picked up the heavy rifle. Then came disaster.

As he swung upwards the chair slid forward and toppled over. Harry, in attempting to save himself, swung the arm with the rifle wildly in the air, and brought it down with a crash. Simultaneously the rifle exploded, the loud report seeming to fill the small cabin with roaring echoes.

His uncle jerked upright, half rose in his chair, and fell forward, clawing at his breast and screaming. With a cry of horror, Harry picked himself up and rushed to his side.

"Uncle, uncle, you're not shot! God—say I haven't shot you—I haven't shot you—tell me—speak to me!" he cried, his words tumbling out in incoherent profusion. He bent down on one knee and turned him over, who, now that the first shock of the bullet had passed, had become more composed.

"Yes, Harry," he gasped, "But it was an accident. Quickly, lift me on to the bunk—I have not long to live, and there is something I wish to tell you."

With great difficulty, the agitated youth half carried, half dragged the man he had shot on to the bunk. He lay still, breathing harshly.

"Uncle, perhaps it isn't mortal. Perhaps it missed your lung," cried the boy.

"No, son—it is my lung.—Water."

The man's frame was wracked by a terrible cough, and bloody foam appeared on his lips. Hastily the boy procured water, and the man sipped, gratefully.

"Now, lad," he said, "come closer and listen." The distracted boy leant over him.

"I lied, boy. I am your father. I was a drunken beast and ill-treated your mother. She divorced me and took you with her and married another man."

The man's breath was coming in short, painful gasps, and he spoke with difficulty.

"I—loved—you, Harry. But I drank—more than ever—couldn't bear—think—you and her—another man.—Became mad with rage—half drunk—and—and—"

He was sinking lower and lower.

"—And—and—God forgive me—I—shot—both—your mother's murderer."

Wild-eyed with horror and fear, the boy stared at him.

"I fled—you—mountains—I suffered—terrible remorse—never touched—drink—again."

He was nearly done, but, summoning all his ebbing strength, he sat up and cried,

"Harry, my son, my son, say you forgive me, quickly, before I am gone!"

The boy sat motionless. Seconds passed. The logs in the fire fell with a crash, sending a shower of sparks upwards, lighting up the fever-flushed face of the dying man, and the pallid one of the boy. A shudder passed through the boy's frame.

"Yes, I—I forgive you, father," he lied. With a sigh of happiness the man slipped back. Once his eyes opened, and he whispered something.

The boy bent over, but caught only the last words—" . . . your vow."

A faint sigh, and a soul went out on the night breeze.

BEOWULF, 4D.

THE SENIOR DINNER, 1932.

There is no doubt at all about the success in every way of the Farewell Dinner to the departing Fifth Year, which was held in the Memorial Hall on 5th November this year. About one hundred and sixty students were present, including the Prefects for 1933, together with a number of the staff and a large representation of fathers.

To put the whole dinner in a nutshell—a perfectly impossible task, since it occupied three long tables in the decorated hall—nothing was left to be desired, and nothing was desired to be left.

After the most astonishingly rapid disappearance of even formidably-named dishes such as "Mayonnaise" and "Charlotte Russe," helped along by a considerable amount of soft drink, the serious part of the proceedings was begun with the proposal of the toast to the King by the Chairman, J. Hay. This was followed by

the School Song. Throughout the ceremony toasts were proposed and replies given at various intervals. J. Hay, the School Captain, and I. Sharp, the Senior Prefect, gave the toast to the "School and Staff." Mr. Williams, the Headmaster, replied to this, saying that Fort Street not only taught students to be scholars, but also to be gentlemen. "The Departing Seniors" was proposed by Mr. Harrison, on behalf of the Staff, and G. Bailey on behalf of Fourth Year. Replies were given by A. Wheatley and H. Sundstrom. The health of the "Future Seniors" was in turn proposed by S. Wilson, seconded by S. Cohen, to which A. McKnight and J. McAuley replied.

Great emphasis was laid upon the fact that all Fortians, on leaving school, should join up with the Old Boys' Union. This Union has done a great deal for the School and hopes to continue to do so. Mr. Bauer proposed a toast to the

Union, which was seconded by R. McCulloch. Mr. D. Kennedy was unfortunately unable to be present, and the reply was given by Mr. N. McIntyre.

Of course, the visitors were not to be forgotten, and to them a toast was proposed by B. Scribner, seconded by W. Jacobs. Three of the fathers, Messrs. F. Barraclough, H. Melville and C. Pennington, gave replying speeches, and each expressed his thanks for what the School had done for his own boy.

One very astonishing feature (astonishing, that is, to those who hadn't suspected such talent) was the vocal efforts of several members of the staff—Messrs. Gilhome, Jerrens and Parker.

R. Giovanelli, of Fifth Year, rendered a piano-forte solo, and B. Scribner favoured us with a recitation on the "Old School."

Those who weren't too full for words joined in the community songs which were interspersed at various intervals. These were conducted by Mr. Bauer, and later Mr. Parker, while J. McAuley assisted at the piano.

After the joining of hands in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," followed by the National Anthem, there was a rush for autographs, and when this died down, everybody departed, having spent a very enjoyable evening.



SENIOR DINNER, 1932.

EVENING—A TRIOLET.

The vesper bells ring faintly sweet,
 Dim evening sanctifies the air.
 The labour of the day complete,
 The vesper bells ring faintly sweet.
 The twinkling stars bow low to greet
 Their queen, the Moon, so pale and fair.
 The vesper bells ring faintly sweet,
 Dim evening sanctifies the air.

C.J.C., 5D.

Every boy at Fort Street is vitally concerned with what The METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE is doing for the young man!

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PANSIES.

Once we were tiny pansies
 Of yellow, white, and blue,
 With kindly upturned faces
 Peeping shyly out at you.
 We grew beside a fountain
 And drank the sparkling spray,
 Which kissed our smiling faces
 Upon a summer's day.
 And if, by chance, some passer
 Came strolling down the way
 And saw us by the fountain,
 Where laughing dew-drops play,
 In him we 'roused a feeling
 Of sweet felicity,
 For oft the greatest joys of life
 Lie in simplicity.

Now we are kingly pansies
 With faces large and round
 Drooped are our tired and heavy heads
 Lulled by the bees' low sound.
 From orange to rich purple,
 Crimson to deepest blue,
 We're striped and blotched and ruffled
 And with bands of ev'ry hue.
 Though all this majesty is gained,
 Lost is our greatest charm;
 These royal robes do count for nought
 'Gainst simpleness and calm.
 Still dance the crystal fountain-drops
 Into the fountain bowl,
 But no more are we there to 'rouse
 That peace within a soul.

H. STEWART.

IN MEMORIAM.

IAN PIERCE WALLACE.

On the 9th of November last, in Western Suburbs Hospital, young Ian Pierce Wallace, aged 21, passed on.

For five years he came to our School, and in those years (1923-27) he endeared himself to all by his sunny disposition.

On leaving school he completed his Pharmacy course, gaining top place in his final. He was just about to take an important position in the pharmacy business when his sudden death from

cerebral hæmorrhage occurred.

Our hearts go out to his widowed mother, sisters and relatives in their great bereavement, and if there is any consolation to be had in the loss of an only son just on the threshold of manhood, perhaps it may come from the knowledge that his old masters and former schoolmates cherish his memory and sincerely testify that their lives were made richer by the contact of his with theirs.

L.N.R.

KENNETH WILLIAM SCUTT.

There passed away on 15th April, 1930, at Inverell, one of the best beloved of our old boys, Kenneth William Scutt. Recently the beautiful memorial, a photograph of which is given, was erected in Inverell Cemetery. It was designed by Mr. Parker at the earnest request of Mr. and Mrs. Scutt, who wished to perpetuate their son's connection with the school he dearly loved.

Our deceased friend was born at "Caroda," in the Bingara district, on 4th June, 1907. He began his school career at the Gravesend Public School. For nearly two months his parents had tried to tempt him to attend and, as an inducement, had purchased a schoolbag for him. About two o'clock one day he asked, "Where's my bag?" His mother

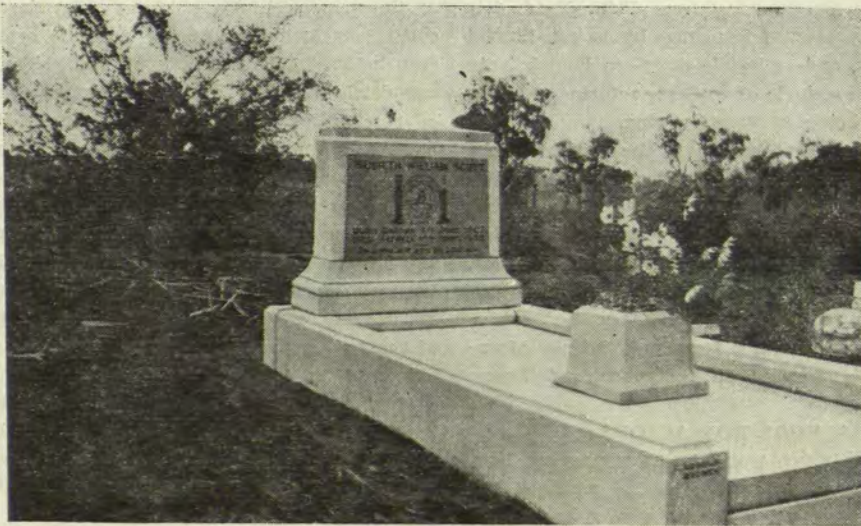
got it and away he went. Arriving at the school, he announced, "I come to school," placed the bag under the master's desk, and seated himself between his sister and another girl. This incident was to be typical of everything he did throughout his life. He was always rather slow in making a decision, but once his mind was made up he acted, and there was no retreat.

For about twelve months he remained at Gravesend, then proceeded to Warialda Public School. In Warialda he began to take a keen interest in football, and finally became captain of the local club, known as "The Bantams." Every spare moment was spent out in the open, frequently on horseback with rifle on shoulder, and accompanied by his dog.

In 1921 he came to Fort Street. In that year he played in our Fourth Grade team, but in 1922, when only in Second Year, he was promoted to First Grade. In 1923 he represented us in the Combined High team, and competent critics regarded him as the best forward the School had produced. But meanwhile his other activities were not neglected. His school work was always well and conscientiously done, while his interest in church affairs was proved by his confirmation in 1922 in All Saints', Petersham, under the late Canon R. E. Goddard, M.A.

He left after obtaining his Intermediate in 1923, and entered the service of Mr. J. A. McGregor, Stock and Station Agent, Warialda, transferring in 1927 to the employ of Messrs. Murray and Eather, Inverell. In 1926 he was selected to play with the Combined Country First League team, and narrowly missed a place in the Australian team that visited England in that year.

It is hardly necessary to say more. The deceased was a young man that any school on earth might be proud to name as one of her sons. When duty called, whether in city or in country, whether in school, in church or on sports field, he was always ready. Popular with all, young and old, boys and teachers alike, he was an inspiration to all. Born and bred in the country, he loved the open spaces with a great love. Their freedom and purity had entered his very soul. To have known him was to know the meaning of "gentle-man." The courage he showed on the football field, he displayed in everything he attempted. Well do I remember one First Grade match on North Sydney Oval. Mr. Keller and myself were watching the game, when we noticed that something had happened to Ken. We called him off the field and asked what was wrong. Though obviously in pain, he insisted that it was nothing serious and went on playing. After a



GRAVE OF K. W. SCUTT, INVERELL.

Such in brief outline is the career of the late Ken Scutt. The "Inverell Times" of 17th April, 1930, thus describes him:—

"Ken Scutt was a clean living, clean minded and well spoken young man. His unassuming yet winsome personality earned for him the highest respect and esteem of young and old alike. Unselfish to a degree, he was ever ready to help others not so fortunately placed, whilst his unimpeachable character made his company much sought after."

few minutes we were certain that all was not well, and again called him off. I took him to a local doctor, who said the collar-bone was broken. Fancy a forward insisting on playing with a shattered bone!

Sir James Barrie has told us: "Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes . . . Courage is a proof of our immortality." From Ken Scutt courage never went. He died in the full bloom of youth, but by us, Fortians, who knew and loved him, he can never be forgotten. J.B.

PLAY DAY, 1932.

As usual, Play Day this year was an outstanding success. It is pleasing to note the steady increase in the quality of all the plays, more especially of the First Year. These young aspirants to histrionic honours treated us to pathetic love scenes under the spreading wistaria vines and darksome tragedies by the Nile thousands of years ago. While congratulating those players who were selected to appear on Play Night, we do not under-rate the others. The variety of subjects which were represented formed a veritable kaleidoscope of colour and sound—modern comedy, Arabian wonder plays, African tragedy, and many other unclassifiable efforts. For a brief space the Memorial Hall was changed into some Aladdin's Cave, where we were haunted by Leopard Men, society murderers and willowy Grecian housemaids. There was some archery practice from First Year, and some whip-throwing from Fifth Year; fair damsels were rescued from fires by certain Second Year heroes, and—mirabile dictu—in Fourth Year we had the spectacle of a player refusing, actually refusing, a bottle of Woldery wine.

Judging from the number of the audience looking in the windows, the function passed off very well. Our thanks are due to the Ladies' Committee for excellent lunches served on the first floor, and amongst a host of other helpers, Mr. Humphreys, whose untiring labours were responsible for so much beautiful scenery.

The following cutting from the "Sydney Morning Herald" appeared on the morning following Play Night:—

SCHOOL BOY ACTORS.

Six chosen plays, from the 23 which had been performed during the week by the pupils of the Fort Street Boys' High School, were staged at the

School Memorial Hall before a large audience. The chosen plays were "Dido, Queen of Carthage" (form 1B), "Allison's Lad" (form 5A), "The Gods of the Mountains" (form 4B), "The Princess and the Woodcutter" (form 1C), "Campbell of Kil-mohr" (form 5D), and "The Spartan Girl" (form 2C).

All the plays were well performed, and the boy producers, in many instances, displayed a remarkable sense of technique. In three of the plays there was some fine female impersonation by the boys. As Dido, Blackett, a boy of 11 or 12, displayed a striking sense of dramatic values. He spoke his lines clearly and justly, and it was difficult to believe that so much feminine grace and such regal austerity as marked his performance were at the command of a boy so young. Capital as his performance was, the portrayal of the princess in the "Princess and the Woodcutter," by Arthur, a lad also about 11 or 12, was even better. A long blue frock and golden plaits completely hid his identity, and in a part full of possibilities, not one escaped him. He was piquant, whimsical, and coquettish, in turn, and acted and spoke his lines with all the self-assurance of an experienced player. Allen, who was the woodcutter, also acted and spoke splendidly, and the love scene between them was hilarious. Brennan, as the queen, made much business of his knitting, and his portrayal of the old woman, in the test of the three suitors, was done with a high sense of humour.

Phoebe, the Spartan Girl, played by John, was the delight of the evening. John showed himself to be possessed of an innate sense of the sprightly, and lifted the performance into the realms of sheer delight.

MADNESS.

He lived in a world of whirring wings,
Of great black wings that came and went
Across the deep red eyes of night;
They told him he was mad—

he wasn't sure;

'Twas all so safe amid the beating wings.
Yet oft between the change and change of twilight
into half-light

into night,

There came a creeping sense of fear
Of something indefinable but near,
That whispered like a white wind in his brain
And lifted up the corners of his soul.
But soon it passed, and he was free again;
Until a stronger gust than all the rest
Disturbed his brain and whirl'd him

'neath

the sod.

J. Mc., 4D.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

[The fact that Fifth Year's sense of humour has not all been ground out by the L.C. menace is proved by the following witticisms by "5C Noodle."—Ed.]

A man is like a worm—he crawls around until some chicken picks him up.

§ § § §

"It's really shocking," as the man said when he trod on a live electric wire.

§ § § §

A clergyman declares that playing golf helps him to think. If he wasn't a clergyman he would probably put his thoughts into words.

§ § § §

In deaf and dumb institutions they summon the mutes to dinner by ringing the dumb-bells.

§ § § §

In some parts of the world farm labourers are paid in vegetables. Occasionally a man who is short of beans will ask for an increase in his week's celery.

§ § § §

The popular song of the Scotch hikers is "Any Lorry."

A good sport is a man who gives his straw hat fifty yards start before chasing it.

§ § § §

Boys don't usually care about keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion." That is probably the reason why they always brush it off their coats when they arrive home.

§ § § §

The chief difference between a girl chewing her gum and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow generally looks thoughtful.

§ § § §

An open secret is the shortest distance between two girls.

§ § § §

A man may dote on one woman, but there are always antidotes.

§ § § §

The latest fashion decree states that there will be no change in men's pockets this season.

§ § § §

By a "5C NOODLE"

FOR THE CRICKET SEASON!

White Twill Shirt 5/6

Get one of these white mercerised Twill Shirts this season. They're comfortable fitting, with two styles in collars—open or turned down.

They'll last you a long while. In sizes 11½-14 inch neck, at the two low prices, 5/6, 6/9.

Cream Trousers 7/11

These well-made, durable Cricketing Trousers are made to stand up to hard work—long days in the field or at the batting crease will not impair their condition. With cuff bottoms and belt loops, to fit boys and youths from 5-15 years, and for only 7/11.

YOUTHS' CLOTHING NEW STORE

David Jones'

For Service and Quality

THE KIND HEART.

Then the landlady ushered me into the room
 And she stood with her hands on her hips,
 While my eyes vainly tried to pierce into the
 gloom:

"I 'opes yer will like it," I heard her voice boom,
 And she paused with a cynical smile on her
 lips.

"This 'ere room 'as a 'ist'ry," I heard her declare,
 "A real prince went and died in this room.
 You'll see 'is name carved on the chest-o'-drawers
 there

—A Rushun 'e was, with 'is black curly 'air.
 —They tell me 'e 'scaped fram an 'orrible
 doom.

That there bed in the corner is where 'e used
 sleep;

On that piller 'e sobbed and 'e cried;
 —Wake the 'ouse up 'e would, when 'e started
 to weep;

But 'e never told nothing—my lands! 'e was deep.
 'Twas in that there same bed that 'e died.

For yer see, it was lonely 'e was, poor young lad,
 And 'is wife and 'is mother were dead—
 (Them there Bolsheviks killed 'em all orf—and
 'is dad)

So yer see it affected the prince pretty bad.
 —One day 'e just went and took arsenic of lead.

Yes, I found 'im just there, on this 'ere very
 sheet

With 'is 'and clutching 'old of 'is throat . . .
 'E was dead, cold and stiff from 'is 'ead to 'is
 feet

And 'is poor royal 'eart had just give its last beat.
 —On the wash-stand just 'ere 'e 'ad left me a
 note . . .

'Mrs. Smithington-Walsh' (which is my name, yer
 know)

'Mrs. Smithington-Walsh,' the note says,

'I've got somethin' to ask of yer just 'fore I go:
 Fulfil me last wish before I be laid low:

Send the box 'neath me bed to me sister at
 Fez.

'Send the box to me sister, me last livin' rriend,
 —And the letter that's there, and the ring.

Say I thought of 'er always—right up to the end
 And this last souvenir I now back to 'er send.'
 —So I opens the box and I takes out the thing.

Well, you just should o' seen it—all flashin' an'
 bright

As it lay in the old velvet box;
 A large di'mond it was, 'eld by golden claws tight
 And it shone like a star when it comes out at
 night.

—There was hair twined around it—two little
 black locks.

Now I thinks to meself—that's all right prince,
 thinks I,

But you can't treat Yours Truly like that—
 ('E was six weeks behind in 'is rent in July,
 And 'e should o' paid up if 'e wanted to die,
 Instead o' just quittin' and leavin' me flat);

Then the fun'ral expenses I would 'ave to pay,
 So I makes up me mind on the spot.
 Then I orf to the pawnbroker's just down the way
 (And I took mighty care over what I should say),
 —And 'e offered me three-hundred pounds fer
 the lot.

But I always 'ad motherly love fer the lad
 And a reverence deep for the dead—
 So I sends to 'is sister 'is letter so sad
 And the two locks of 'air in the box that 'e 'ad,
 —Yes, a prince went and died in this very same
 bed."

GEORGE HORAN.

IMPROVING THE FORTIAN.

My Dear Editor,

After having closely perused the pages of your
 excellent paper (Yes, you cynics, I read the
 poetry, too), I have come to the conclusion that

you are not working along the right lines. Your
 magazine is much too general. You would do
 better, I think, to divide it into sections—some-
 thing for the Fifth Year, something for the

Fourth, and so on. Now, this is my idea of an ideal paper:—

Fifth Year.

Dear Fifth Year Students,

You will all be thrilled to hear that this spring the daring new Parisian collar stud will be worn in Sydney. The gorgeous effect of this will be heightened by a dinky little crepe-de-chine waistcoat with pearl buttons and coloured ribbons. With it will be worn a yellow coat, cut low down (from one of his father's!) and a pair of trousers.

All our readers are invited to come and see our exclusive mannequin parade, to be held in the Teacher's Common Room next week. The first grade Rugby footballers will be displaying the dainty new suspenders which have taken Sydney High School by storm.

Next week I am going to tell you how to knit yourself a pair of bed socks, so don't forget to order our paper early.

Yours,

FASHIONPLATE PHILLIP.

P.S.—Don't forget the bargain sale next week at the Tuck Shop. Green Coupons given freely (if you spend over £1).

Fourth Year.

When Chaucer said, "In spring, young men's thoughts turn to love," it is quite evident that high schools were not instituted. Otherwise he would have said, "In Fourth Year, young men's thoughts turn to love." This being the case, why not have a little service bureau, to give advice to broken-hearted young gentlemen? Let me illustrate.

Dear Mr. Tomothy Ticks,—I would like to introduce myself to a young damsel who sits on Strathfield station every afternoon. Please tell me how to do it.—Bashful Bertie.

Ans.—Dear B.B.—Walk past her, and as you do so, tread on her foot—hard. You'll soon get acquainted.—T.T.

Or, Dear Mr. Tomothy Ticks,—I have been talking to a girl for some time, and although I am extremely attractive, she is cooling off. What ought I to do.—Worried Willie.

Answer.—Dear W.W.—Eat more Lifebuoy Soap!!

Or, if the matter was personal, just the reply need be printed, such as:—

Dear M.M.—From your description of yourself

we do not think she was smiling at you—she was laughing!

Third Year.

This is the year when the boy's mind must be moulded by good classical literature. What better could we offer him, then, than a real hair-raising, blood-curdling, six-shooting serial story, guaranteeing a murder on every page. For example, here might be the closing paragraph for one part:—

"Fascinating Frank of the Fighting Fusiliers stared deep into Dirty Dan's eyes and saw no hint of mercy. The steel-blue gun in the villain's hand would, in a second or two, spit (without a splash) death. Frank tensed himself to meet the shock of the steel bullet.

(To be continued next week.)

(Well, lads, it looks as though Frank's done for now, doesn't it? How can he hope to escape and save his pals? Don't forget to order your copy of this bumper story next week. Isn't she a thriller?)

In passing, I might suggest that when the Intermediate draws close you include a few crossword puzzles to give them something to do of a night.

Second Year.

Second Year certainly had me puzzled for a time, so I decided to go and watch them at play(?). I found a squalling, shrieking mass of about two hundred boys all trying to jump on to one harmless little tennis ball.

"Peace, children, peace," I said loftily. It was a pretty big piece and it hit me in the back of the neck. Now, I object to being hit with an ice block on the back of the neck. A curious little whim of mine, but nevertheless I do. So I think that the best thing to do for this erring year is to publish a list of rules on social etiquette, e.g., Don't:—

- (1) deposit ice blocks on my neck. A good motto is, "Keep your school mates clean."
- (2) put your feet in your school mate's dinner.
- (3) eat water melon in school.
- (4) clean your boots with the blackboard dusters.

First Year.

My idea, here, would be to run various little competitions:—

- (a) A marbles competition, with a marble bag (made by Fifth Year) as the prize.

(b) A plasticine competition. All the leading doctors will tell you that the child is naturally lazy. Why, then, can we not take him as a baby and train his dear little mind into ways of activity, notably plasticine modelling?

(c) A little column for "Jolly things to make." Here is the sort of thing I mean:—

"Empty the matches out of a match-box and gum or tack on to it anything you can find about the house. You can then find hours of pleasure in finding what you can do with it."

(d) A poets' corner. Teach him to admire beautiful sonorous poetry, by making him write some himself, e.g.,

"I have a little pussy cat,
Her fur has moth-holes in it,
And she is so ungrateful, for,
She will not let me pin it."

Now, then, my dear Editor, get to work. Produce a paper on these lines and—you will be cast to the "lions."

A. JENKINS.

AUSTRALIA.

"On I go and onwards, over seas where man hath never yet sailed, and I see a great land under new stars and a stranger sky, and still the land is England!"

And still the land is England!—a land of woodlands and sea breezes, and glens where the notes of the bell-bird mingle with the sounds of running water and dropping leaves.

Then there is the dawn, with the soft "doo"

of the peaceful dove, the hazy wattle gold, and the mist between the blue-gums.

In the golden hush of noon, one can see in the distance the mountain ranges, and faint hard lines of forests, both half hidden in the queer shimmering light that is so characteristic of a day in midsummer, and no sound is heard save the incessant buzzing of cicadas, while the very

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Boys

Here is the Hat you want!

IN FUR FELT, WITH SNAP BRIM, AT ONLY

Here is the type of hat you have been waiting for! Made with your type of brim, your fitting, at your price, and in spite of their low price there is lots of wear in every hat. In felt, and the tonings are Fawn, Slate, Steel, with self bands. Snap brim. Good value! **Anthony Horderns' Price, Each**

6/6

YOUTHS' FELT HATS

Youths' Felt Hats, in smart shades of Fawn, Slate, Steel with self bands; also Silver Grey with blue band. Made with the popular snap brim. Sizes 6½ to 6¾. **Anthony Horderns' Price 7/11**

BOYS' CRICKET CAPS

Boys' Good Quality Cricketing Caps, moderately priced. In Plain Navy, Royal, Maroon with unbreakable peaks. Sizes 6¼ to 7½. **Anthony Horderns Price 2/3**
Each

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Day and Night.

SYDNEY.

Postal Address:
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leaves, hanging limp from the trees, seem asleep.

Evening time; and the shadows are falling; birds call from the depths of the timber; and out of the twilight a cuckoo calls; while the dew falls softly. On some post the little boobook owl sits silent; twilight fades and the moon rises.

Then there are the cattle camps and shearing sheds, the fields of golden wheat, and the great rolling stretches of plain, where the stockman "Sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended

And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars;"

and the trackless wastes where the summer sun, a tiny ball of fire set in a brazen sky, shines down upon rolling sand dunes and a stony desert that hold the secret of the fate of such men as Leichhardt and Lasseter.

How many of us, listening every day of our lives to the boisterous mirth of the kookaburra, realise the wealth of animal life with which we are blest? No country in the world has such unique fauna; for the lion, tiger and the bear were known since the world began, while our own little affectionate koala, the kangaroo, platypus, and many another were unknown one hundred and twenty years ago.

It is the same with our bird life. No country possesses as many species as do we, and there is scarcely an order of which at least one representative will not be found here! There are few things more lovely than a concert of our native birds, or the sight of their plumage as they flash about in the sunlight.

Our flora, too, represents the true spirit of our land; the splendid waratah that stands alone in a rough place; the gold of the wattle for wealth; and the sweet purity of the honeysuckle for its womanhood.

But it is perhaps natural that a country so blessed by Nature should have her own poets to write about the life that is her own—and she has; men like Gordon, Paterson, Kendall and Lawson. It was the latter who, in his stirring "Star of Australasia," foretold the boys out west who would forsake all for the land they loved, and would—

"Stick to their guns while the mountains quaked to the tread of a mighty war—

And who'd fight for the Right, or a Great Mistake, as never men fought before—"

and they did; for Anzac, Beersheba, Gallipoli and Flanders are great names that will be carried down the ages on the wings of glory; while to-day a machine-gun on a marble tablet in a tiny country town perpetuates the memory of their Glorious Dead who once—

"—lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved, but now they lie

In Flanders fields,"

and dying that we might live, left "some corner of a foreign field that is forever England" . . .

"On I go and onwards, over seas where man hath never yet sailed, and I see a great land under new stars and a stranger sky—and still the land is England"—and that land is our land—Australia—the land of the Rising Sun.

D. McPHERSON, 3B.

IN 2000 A.D.

Deep bedded in the chronicles of old,
On parchment's yellow leaf, this tale is told:
How, in the days of nineteen thirty-two,
A deed was wrought of merit just and true.
It tells, I wist, with power in word and phrase
Of noble task; or so the record says.
This act, forsooth, in virtue passes all,
'Twas done, 'tis said, to ease a nation's call.
(But haste, thou lazy pen, whence starts this tale?
—I'll start it straight, before my readers fail.)
On hallowed ground, a tract of land there stretched,

As dry a tract as from Sahara fetched.
And on this desert waste, thrice every day,
Humanity's tired feet were forced to stray.
At length the State, to save undue expense,
Tipped gutter sweepings on the land from thence.
But evil oft holds good to some extent,
And many willing hands their labour lent:
So that the plain was transformed once for all,
And blessed with Nature's verdant grasses tall.
And thus, by strenuous work of brain and brawn,
Behold, to Fort Street's fame, the Fourth Year
lawn!

C.G.R., 4D.

THE MEMORY.

A lump that creeps into my throat!
 A vision come to stay and float
 Before my very eye.
 A needle probing always deep
 To pierce my heart and slowly creep
 Where deeper mem'ries lie!

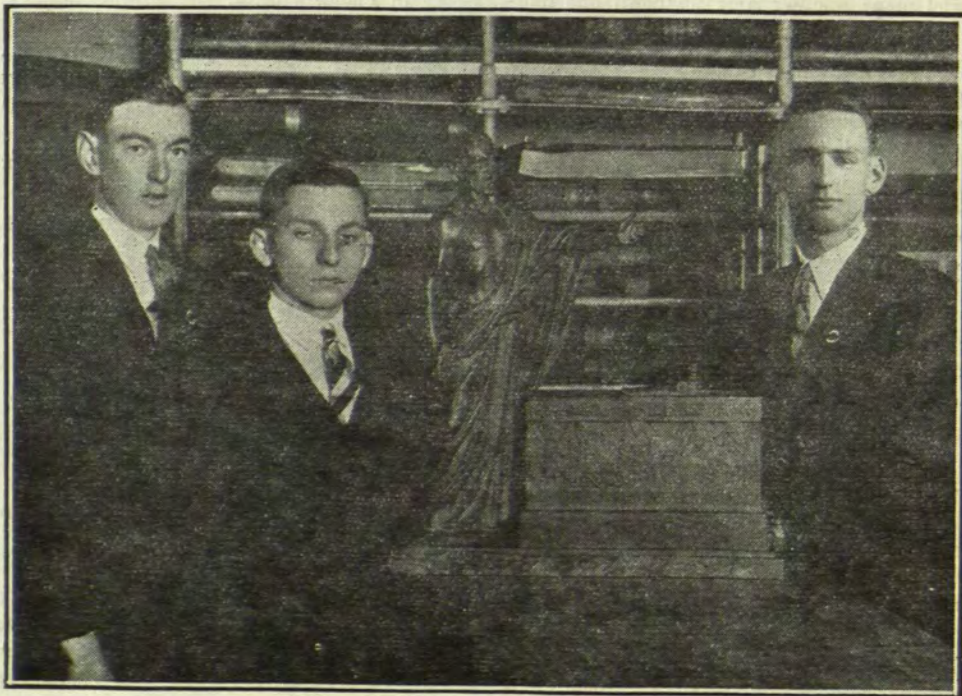
And so I keep that mem'ry dear
 Where oft I see and oft I hear
 A face so fond of me;
 A voice that's charged with help and love,
 A love that's changeless as above
 Is God's pure piety!

And thus I see my mother true
 Who always tried to guide me to
 A better pathway yet.
 Now, she remains a memory
 To cheer and guide despondent me—
 A thought I can't forget.

So now I turn to life's hard fact
 Where all is plentiful, yet lacked
 By helpless, hopeless man,
 Who leans yet more upon the God
 Who rules the sea, the air, and sod,
 As only Wisdom can.

If e'er in life I caused thee pain,
 Ask God forgive me once again—
 Unworthy, wretched me.
 And pray to God, the King of all,
 To guard me from that fatal fall
 And save eternally.

R. T. DARK, 3D.



HUME BARBOUR DEBATING TEAM.
 A. WHEATLEY, S. WILSON, B. SCRIBNER.

THE HOUSE THAT SIR HENRY BUILT.

[The following curious old manuscript was recently unearthed by a Fifth Year student in the course of some historical research in the Mitchell Library.—Ed.]

Once uponne aye tyme theyre lyved a brave olde manne naymed Sir Harrie Parkes, whose foundedde innumerayble estabylshments forre ye furtherants of youth's skollastic abillyties. One offe theyse was foundeyd in 'fort yeight, and as "yeight" ys thee Eskimo-Australyan worde for "tree" or "s(tree)t," theye called ye buyldinge "Fort Street." (There were afterwarde im- planted many trees withe tree-gardes attached.) A streete was layed yn frunte of ye skoole, and, yn ykeepinge with the nayme of ye skoole, yt wasse called "Parramatter Rode." At Fort Street ys nowe one of ye sonnes offe Sir Harrie.

An ymportante feature offe ye skoole ys the presence of aye numbere offe rumes, wheyre ye skollars retreatate for chewition. Thoyses roomyes onne ye grounde floore ayre constantlye haunted bye thee visyion offe a fayce atte ye windowe, and are subsequentye visyted bye severale yejec- tions.

Aye dais wasse alsoe eyrected yn ye yquan- wrangle to supporte ye publik prosecutore. Fromme heyre ye deathe-roles are readde and introductyions arraynged with ye headde-mastyre. Heyre alsoe ys yexhybitede ye loste ypropertye, "whyche maye be hadde at ye konklusion ofe thys yassemblye."

Yn ye lowere partte offe ye buyldinge faycinge ye sunnsette theyre ys anne exkwisytle yfur- nished restrong. Heyre a roaringe tradde is dun— (atte 12.15 ye roare canne bee hearde half aye myle awaye). Sweets ayre solde atte 4, 5, 6, orre eyven 8 a penny (accordynge to thee degre offe one's ackwaintance withe ye prefects).

Forre thee convenyence of ye masterr's theyre ys aye sepparate spayce sette aparte knowne asse "Ye Martyrs Common Rume." (Common away, quick!)

Heyre therre ys aye kowe belle toe summon alle us poore kowes to ye folde where we alle gette fed (up!). Yn thys departmente there ys alsoe an urn where yteae ande sumtymes othere morre enlyveninge beverages are distylled. Thysse meatyng playce of ye privileged classe also fayces the sunsette, and fromme ye wyndowes a veyre dystante vyewe maye bea obtayned, onne ay klear daye one beyng abyle to seea even ass farre ays ye sunne.

Ye annuale examinations arye hell(d) everye sick munts. Ye skollers kum sootablye attyred for ye ockasion, mostye offe themme wearyng a troublede looke and aye fewe papyr-fastenerse.

A quarterlye magysene ys also published halfe- yearlye, and all ykontributions arre gratefullie axceptyde. (Butte ymoste offe themm aree throwne unto ye grate—which wille ydoubtlessly be ye fayte ofe thys, sew wee wyll notte wastye ye gentelle readeres' tyme anny ylongere.)

Thanke-yew forre youre kind attentyion.

H.H., 5C.

THE ELVES.

On a cold and dreary night,
In the dim and fading light,
Mid the glowing coals the fire-elves play their
game;

When the yule logs crack and splutter,
And the flames flicker and flutter,
They build castles in the orange of the flame.

On a bright and sunny morn,
When the dew moistens the lawn,
Round a gnarled old tree there peeps a tiny fay.
On a mushroom sits the king,

Whilst around him in a ring
The woodland fairies dance away the day.

On a crisp and snowy night,
By the moon's clear silver light,
The snow-elves dance and sing whilst at their
play.

When the fir-trees sparkle brightly,
And the sleigh-bells tinkle lightly,
The king rides forth upon his jingling sleigh.

H. STEWART.

OLD BOYS' PAGE

The O.B.U. is making steady progress, and with the support of a large number of fresh Old Boys next year, is sure of becoming an increasingly valuable and valued part of Fort Street.

§ § § §

The annual meeting held last August reported a credit balance of £155/1/5, an increase of £18/2/7 for the year.

§ § § §

It is fitting that a Dramatic Society should form a prominent feature of the affairs of Old Fortians, and this part of our Union is particularly happy and robust. In September Noel Coward's 3-act play, "The Young Idea," was produced, and Mr. J. B. Moss, who was in charge, contrived a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. Mr. Moss, by the way, will be keen to give particulars to any of you senior fellows who "love the footlights' glare."

§ § § §

Those of you who want an introduction to the O.B.U. and its Dramatic Society—and, by Jove, every Fortian should—have an excellent opportunity on December 3rd, when a Social and Dramatic Evening will be held in the School Hall.

§ § § §

The Annual Dinner, held on Tuesday, 25th October, proved to be the biggest reunion of Old Boys for many years. In every way it was a splendid success, and showed clearly that the O.B.U. has found a very real place in the life of old Fort Street.

§ § § §

In pursuance of its policy of catering for its younger members, the Union has recently held a hike and another tennis tournament.

§ § § §

The high traditions of the Old School are being well maintained at the University. This year's Rhodes Scholar—who came from Grammar—told me that "Fort Street and Grammar seem to run everything up here." He said Grammar without thinking, of course, but the mention of Fort

Street was a well-deserved tribute. A few Fortians prominent in 'Varsity life are:—

Peter Heydon last year reorganised and made a splendid success of the Public Questions Society, and this year is doing the same for the League of Nations Union. In addition he is Premier of the Politics Club's model Parliament.

§ § § §

Rai Thistlewayte is looked on as the best miller the 'Varsity has ever had. He recently broke the Australian 1500 metres record. "Barney," by the way, is a candidate for the 1933 Rhodes Scholarship. Our best wishes go to him.

§ § § §

Harold Maze is doing brilliantly in Geography and is prominent in the Science and Geographical Societies.

§ § § §

Don Hamilton is president of both the Student-Christian movement and of the Social Problems Society. In his spare time he helps to sub-edit "Honi Soit," the 'Varsity newspaper.

§ § § §

Jack Shepherd is a sub-editor of "Honi Soit" and secretary of the Social Problems Society.

§ § § §

Alan Gillies, a somewhat older matriculant, is president of the Undergraduates' Association, a member of the Students' Representative Council, and a prominent committeeman of the Medical Society.

§ § § §

Among the older Fortians, **Guy Howarth** (who wrote the School Song) is gaining a great reputation in the world of letters, particularly for his researches on the minor poets of the seventeenth century, while **Raymond McGrath** is highly considered in European Art circles. His house-planning has a most striking and pleasing originality. Both these Fortians are Wentworth Travelling Fellows of Sydney University. Mr. Howarth has just returned to Australia; Mr. McGrath is still in England.

THE PATH OF RECTITUDE.

Night had fallen in Grosvenor Square. It had fallen so softly and so silently that no one had noticed it particularly except perhaps two men of very different types who had, however, a common object in view. By "in view" I mean that both were intently watching a stately mansion on the other side of the road—a mansion that belonged to a very wealthy retired politician. Perhaps it is superfluous to say "wealthy" of a retired politician, since, as everyone knows, a politician doesn't retire until he's wealthy or until people find he's not such a clever deceiver as they had supposed, and is no better than our ordinary "common-or-garden" confidence men or our professional pickpockets. This mansion was the property of a man who did not belong to the latter category, and had by fair means or by foul, by hook or by crook, and by various other "conventional" means, succeeded in remaining in office long enough to amass a considerable amount of wealth.

The two men watching the house were well aware of this fact, and the intentness with which both were examining the house from a safe distance was concerned with the wealth that was reputed to lie in a large steel safe in the study of the abovementioned politician. Besides their close scrutiny of the house, they had other things in common. For instance, each was surreptitiously studying the other, although as they were about five hundred yards apart, and neither was directly in front of the house, neither could glean very much about the other. Each night for the past week they had taken up a stand in the same places that they occupied to-night, and had remained still, save when some uniformed arm-of-the-law passed by, whereupon each would begin walking as though he were intent on getting somewhere, but being careful to avoid the other, as though each wished to speak to the other, but neither dared begin.

One of these men was a short, inoffensive-looking, be-spectacled being, who had had about forty years' experience of this world, and still looked as if he thought it a perfect habitation. Benevolence seemed to beam from this queer little man, and he was not the sort that one would have imagined was inclined to or even capable of standing every night for a week in the chilly autumn winds watching a house. Many

people would get up at most unearthly hours to obtain, after a tedious wait, a view of a procession, but few would be inclined to repeat the action the next day and the next, and so on for a week. But our friend with the benevolent expression didn't seem bored, and to-night especially his face was more beatific after eight nights of waiting than it had been when he first began his nocturnal vigil.

The person further along, whose attention was occupied between the house and the benevolent gentleman, was of a vastly different type. Dressed in an old tweed suit and a muffler, he had a dilapidated cap pulled well down over his eyes. On his face was a grim expression, and he seemed like one who has an object in view—a very pressing object, which he intended to achieve or perish in the attempt. In fact, he was almost perishing already with the cold, and kept continually rubbing his hands together and stamping the numbness from his feet.

Another long weary hour dragged by as though it were supporting a burden it could hardly bear. At length, the disreputable watcher cast a side-long glance at the benevolent gentleman, who was smoking a diminutive pipe, and who seemed completely in harmony with the world in general and with this part of the locality in particular. Then he took out a dirty tobacco-pouch and began rolling himself a cigarette, which he placed between his thin, hungry-looking lips, and, pulling his ragged cap down further over his eyes, he sauntered up to the severe gentleman. For a week he had awaited an opportunity to speak to this person, but to-night he knew he had to do so or else he would never accomplish his object, which was so closely connected with the money in that house opposite. He shuffled up to the other man and in a marked Cockney accent he said,

"Say, Guvnaw, cun ya giva bloka match?"

The benevolent gentleman evidently could, and hastened to do so, beaming kindly at his wretched companion the while.

"Certainly, certainly, my good fellow," he said in his cultured and refined voice, like a father addressing his son who has suddenly made a success in life.

"My man," he continued, even more kindly and with the suspicion of a tremor in his voice, "my

man, I don't want you to be angry at what I'm about to say to you; but I must tell you that for the past week I have watched you and I read your thoughts. You have evil in your heart, my poor fellow; the devil is tempting you to do evil—to rob the goods of your fellow-man in this fine house opposite. Now, now! Don't be angry with me—I won't betray you. I know your intentions, but I understand and sympathise with you. This is my hobby—to help those in need and to spread peace and goodwill among men. I read the evil in their hearts and I know that they are not really bad, not wholly without scruples, but that, like yourself, my dear brother, they are oppressed and starved by circumstances. Oh yes, I know it, my poor fellow. I know and understand, and that is why I have watched you, hoping to eradicate the evil that is in your heart."

While he was talking, the other's lean face had become expressionless, perhaps through amazement, perhaps through cunning. At length he opened his mouth, and in a confused way he began to answer, gathering his words together better as he understood the other's meaning.

"Aw, look 'ere, guvnaw—look 'ere, don't unnerstand youse gents. Youser sorta—well—aw, I dunno. Yer say yer know what I'm gunner do—an', an' yet yer say yer ain't gunner call no 'flat-foots.' What's yer game, guvnaw, c'mon, what's yer little game?"

"My dear, poor deluded fellow," answered the other in a tone that was like a mother crooning a lullaby to her baby, "you have been so deluded, so deceived as to think evil of all men. Ah, could you but see that I don't want to call a policeman, that I don't wish to give you over to the law, that my sole aim is to put you on the path of rectitude and show you the road to salvation! Oh, I know, I know what you will say—you will tell me you are starving and have a wife and children to keep—and I believe you, my dear fellow—I believe you sincerely. But it is far better to go hungry than to commit the awful sin of theft. Now, let me give you some money to supply the wherewithal to live and let me exhort you, pray you, and beseech you from the depths of my soul to desist from your wicked object."

The benevolent gentleman, smiling with tears

in his kindly eyes, took out a five pound note from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to the other, who had pulled his cap down, completely to shadow his face so as to hide his expression. The kind gentleman could imagine the emotion that the other wished to hide—or he thought he could—but who can tell the workings of another's mind?

The decrepit-looking individual took the note without a word.

"And now, dear man, my brother-in-the-sight-of-the-Lord, let me once again beseech you to leave this street, to leave this place, and to return to your home and to buy bread for your hungry family."

Without a word the poor wretch turned and walked away, his body shaking in uncontrollable emotion that the benevolent gentleman naturally took for sobbing as the result of his eloquence.

When the other had disappeared around the far corner, another beatific smile appeared on the kind gentleman's face, and so glad was he, that he not only smiled, but he laughed . . .

Ten minutes later the street was deserted, and the politician's house was dark except for one little speck of light that now and then flashed from the study, as if someone were flashing a torch inside. And indeed someone was flashing a torch, and that someone was soon bending over a steel safe in the corner and turning a combination lock, with his ear pressed close to the door of the safe, listening intently for that click that was to announce the opening of the safe door. Soon he had the massive front swinging open and he put out his arms to grasp the contents of the safe. But suddenly another click was heard, and simultaneously a pair of cold handcuffs snapped together over his extended wrists. In an instant a light flooded the study—and there stood our benevolent gentleman, handcuffed, beside the safe, with the decrepit down-and-out fellow whom he had but recently put upon the path of "rectitude" flashing a torch full in his face.

The benevolent gentleman smiled a beatific smile as he gazed at the handcuffs on his wrists, and then he gazed up at Inspector Sanderson, of Scotland Yard, who had removed the cap that

had shaded his piercing eyes, and whose voice was no longer Cockney.

"Well, well, dear me, Mr. Sanderson," said the benevolent gentleman, "but you are a cleverer

man than I would have credited. And all the while I thought I had shown you the straight and narrow path of rectitude. Dear me, dear, Oh dear!"

G. HORAN, 5D.



PREFECTS, 1932.

Left to Right, Seated: SHARP (Senior Prefect), MR. HARRISON (Dep. Headmaster), MR. WILLIAMS (Headmaster), HAY (Captain).
 Standing, First Row: ARMSTRONG, GRIFFITHS, PENNINGTON, GIOVANELLI, HARDING, COHEN, ENGLISH, TUBMAN, ROGERS.
 Back Row: LANGSWORTH, WALSH, SCRIBNER, SUNDTROM, LILIENTHALL, WHEATLEY.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Heard on the quad: All those wishing to see "The Young Idea" see Mr. B—r at the conclusion of the assembly.

§ § § §

Class captains with hospital collection books are seemingly very popular. At any rate, they are often requested to come again.

§ § § §

Heard in the classroom: "I have taught murderers. One chap, I remember, whom I taught had a motor bike, and one day gave me a lift. He afterwards served seven years in prison."

Another case of the Consorting Act?

§ § § §

The two School buglers are progressing rapidly. They now play two-part music.

§ § § §

It is said that a certain master and his wife were besieged at the School Picnic by an army of boys who had just won their Life Saving Medallion.

§ § § §

Wanted: A position for the humorist who used to satirize the Fourth Year lawn.

Heard in the classroom, by an astonished (?) class: My best friend, I think, was my direct antithesis. He was the "whitest" man I ever knew.

§ § § §

Alas for the good (?) name of Fourth Year. Owing to an extensive study of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's works, spirits have taken their grip on one more fellow.

§ § § §

Anyone wishing to learn any facts about the great English poet, "Anon," apply to D-w-n-s, of Fourth Year. He has made an exhaustive study of this popular writer.

§ § § §

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

The thing that's got us worried—
It has torn our very souls—
Is to find that piece of butter
On the Tuck-shop's buttered rolls.

§ § § §

Fourth Year students are still searching for the cynic who suggested that, now we have the Fourth Year lawn, all we need is a new Fourth Year.

§ § § §

The Fifth Year send-off this year was a "thundering" success.

§ § § §

That entrancing little game of "Yo-Yo" is not

as modern as people think, for Stevenson tells of its use in "Treasure Island." Thus, one of the lilted sea-songs runs,

"Three live men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-Yo and a bottle of rum,"

or words to that effect.

§ § § §

Heard in the Science room during revision of examination paper: "I wouldn't take mercuric chloride in solution." What a pity!

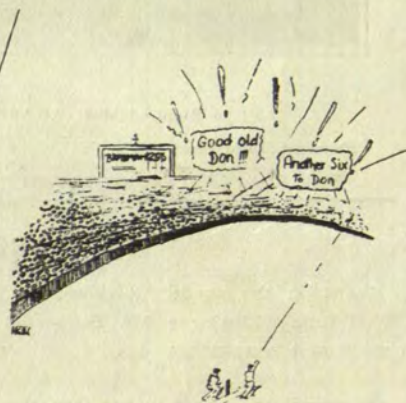
SONG FOR YOUTH.

The earth is ours, for we are young,
The old are grey, their last song sung,
But we have time upon our side,
And we care not.

Our hearts are older than the years,
And yet are ever, ever young;
We have not spilled upon the ground

Our dreams,
Nor sold the songs we've sung.
We still can hear
The night winds' sigh,
Our heart's still beat,
A lone bird's cry.

J. Mc., 4D.



THE QUESTION ——— and ——— THE ANSWER

Now that exams are over, scenes, such as above, may be witnessed on any day when a big match is played in Sydney



SPORTING

CRICKET.

1st XI.

Unfortunately, because of the adverse position of the holidays and the exams, only one competition match has been played since the last issue of the "Fortian." This was against Tech. High, and it resulted in a win for the School on the first innings by 16 runs. Fort Street scored 150 and Tech. High in reply tallied 134. In our second knock eight wickets fell for 75. The outstanding batsman was Jack Armstrong, who compiled 37 and 43 (run out). Bruce Langsworth headed the bowling with 4 for 25, while Armstrong and Sharp with two wickets each, both bowled well.

The match against Sydney High had to be abandoned because of our opponents having to conclude a G.P.S. match commenced on the previous Saturday.

The Old Boys' match will not be played in time for any report to appear in the "Fortian," but a keen game should take place between Seale, McInerney and Co. and our own stalwarts.

The team at the beginning of the year was considered to have an excellent chance of winning the competition, but owing to a defeat at the hands of North Sydney, now at the end of the season we occupy third position.

Perhaps never in its history has the School been represented by such a strong eleven. Bruce Langsworth, the Captain, was a very fine bat, but never had any luck, and did not get the runs he should have. However, his medium-paced bowling was a valuable asset, while his brilliant fielding was a very strong inspirational force in the team.

Jack Armstrong was a prolific run-getter, and he got many wickets with his slow bowling; however, he bowled many loose balls.

Ian Sharp, another good solid bat who did not enjoy the best of luck. He came to light this season as a slow bowler, and broke many dangerous partnerships.

Keith Gray, a left-handed batsman, got many runs and was very consistent. He also fielded well in the covers.

C. Chatfield, wicket-keeper, was solid but hardly brilliant. As a batsman, however, he was good and dependable.

T. Walsh was a good all-rounder. A hard-hitting batsman, a good slow bowler, and a smart slip field, he was indispensable.

Of the remainder Phillips, Wark, Hokin, Lilienthal and McKnight were all good bats, while Woodlands bowled well.

On the whole the team was strong in batting, but the bowling was only mediocre, there being no outstanding trundlers at all, any who obtained wickets being in the team for their batting.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Gilhome for his untiring energy in looking after the interests of the team. He was always willing to give up his own time to improve the general play, and our success was in a large measure due to him.

SECOND GRADE.

Bad luck in the shape of wet weather has sadly jeopardised Second's chances of winning the competition this year. Nevertheless, it has done fairly well, and ought to come within the first three.

The matches for the last half of the season have already been dealt with in this year's previous report, so the continuation commenced a week or so after the September holidays, when Fort Street played Sydney High at Petersham Oval. Unfortunately, however, the match was only one day, since the previous Wednesday had been wet. Fort Street beat Sydney High in the first innings, and thus gained a place amongst the first three.

Hunt excelled that day with top score of 36, while Stephens and McKnight followed him with 19 and 18 each. Watts captured the bowling with 4 wickets for 23, Wark and Yum gaining 2 wickets each. The final scores were Fort Street 148 and Sydney High 100.

The next match was played at Rushcutter Bay against Technical High, who were running first in the competition, and who proved too good for us, beating us on the first innings with the scores standing at Tech. 138 and Fort Street 52. Hunt again managed to get top score with 18; Keavney following him with 17. The rest of the team fell to pieces, and barely got a dozen runs among them.

Coleman and Keavney bowled well the first day, and both captured 4 wickets for 30; however, the bowling was weak on the second day, and only 5 of Tech's wickets fell for 134.

There is still another match to be played, against Ultimo, against whom we should have a good chance of winning, although there is no chance of coming first in the competition now, since we dropped back to 5 points behind the leader owing to the last match.

Thanks are due to Mr. Wallace for the interest he displayed in keeping Second Grade up to the mark, and for the amount of his valuable time he spent in umpiring for the team in remote playing fields.

THIRD GRADE.

Third Grade were unlucky in not being able to continue in the competition, as we were only

1 point behind Canterbury, who still carried on.

We have only played one match this season—against Canterbury. Rain prevented play on the first day, but on the second Wednesday we were lucky to obtain a draw. They were dismissed for the modest total of 92. The bowlers were: Jardine 2 for 4, Iredale 2 for 10, McKenzie 2 for 12, Richardson 2 for 18, and Hurcombe 1 for 22. We went out to bat with the prospects of a first innings win, but we were sadly disappointed. Our opponents' fielding was excellent, and, keeping two medium-fast bowlers on, they stopped us from getting many runs. When full-time had been played we were 6 for 35. Highest scores were made by Read (10 not out), Hurcombe (8) and Morrow (7).

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Burdettshaw for his interest and advice at all times during the competition.

GRADE RUGBY.

1st XV.

The Rugby season has been one of success unparalleled in the history of Fort Street football. This success was due to the coach and mentor, Mr. D. J. Austin, who instilled the fundamental elements of the game into the team, and polished it off with the finer points of football.

The team played, altogether, six competition matches, being undefeated in all of them, and scoring 75 points to their opponents' 23.

By far the most deserved victory was over Hurlstone, whom we defeated 13-8. It was in this match that Coleman gave us a handy lead by scoring a very difficult field goal.

The team could not always reproduce this form, and against Parramatta, either through being too sure or through lack of practice, gave an exceedingly scrappy display, and was consequently lucky to win 9-3.

We were unfortunate to lose the services of A. Sargent early in the season, because as half he combined well with Coleman, and always knew what to do at an opportune moment. His place was taken by M. Roderick, who played very cleverly, using his dummy to good advantage.

Dealing with the team generally, it could be said that the backs combined well and the forwards worked well individually, but failed to follow on when anyone broke away, thus losing frequent chances of scoring.

Now to discuss the team individually:—

J. Armstrong (full-back): One of the old stalwarts, played sound football. He kicked and handled well, and often surprised by good, hard, low tackling.

R. Allen (wing): Speedy and determined. Defended well in a tight corner, but was never given sufficient opportunity to display his scoring ability.

L. Sender (out-centre): Very quick at making openings and using them to advantage. Defended well, and broke the attack of the opposing line with his smother tackle. C.H.S. representative.

B. Langsworth (vice-captain): As inside-centre was quick off the mark and hard-running, adopting attack as his method of defence. This practice was suitable on occasions, but often left too much tackling to Sender and Coleman. Chosen as winger for C.H.S.

E. Coleman (five-eighth): Was pivot of our attack, and generally played good football. Tackled hard and low, and was very sound as five-eighth for C.H.S. v. Royal Military College.

M. Roderick (half): Very heady, but inclined to hold on too long. Dummied well, and got off the mark quickly. Was a winning factor v. Parramatta.

T. Walsh (wing): Hard, straight-running player, quick off the mark, and sound in defence. Handled well, and combined well with Sender.



1st GRADE RUGBY PREMIERS. Back Row: Keavney, Coleman, I. Peatty, Barraclough, Watson, Breckenridge, McLean. Second Row: Sender, Broadhead, Mr. Austin (Coach), Langsworth, Walsh. Front Row: Jacobs, Shade, Allen, Wotton.



3rd GRADE RUGBY PREMIERS. Back Row: Wogan, Edgcombe, Hay, Monaghan, Ingledew, Hart, Wotton, Sheather. Second Row: Sherrington, Shuttleworth, Mr. Wilson (Coach), Roulston, Riley. Front Row: Kemp, Wines, Williams, Wholohan, Harvey.

B. Watson (wing): A player of promise, good in attack and reliable in defence. His handling was at times weak, due mainly to over-eagerness, which is a good fault.

W. Keavney (out-centre): Was never given sufficient opportunity to prove his worth, but played hard and fast. Has a good defence.

L. Broadhead: Captain, Combined High School representative. The mainstay of the forwards. Used his fourteen stone to great advantage in the scrums and rucks, besides being particularly good in the open. His break-through on occasions was worthy of a fast winger, and his spectacular dives for the line were very popular with both teammates and barrackers.

I. Peatty: Had a good season, handled well, and ran hard, joined in all movements, and kept in good condition throughout the season. C.H.S. representative.

B. Barraclough: Very useful in line-outs. Used his weight in the rucks and played a plodder's game. His weakness was his defence.

S. Rogers (front row): Played consistently throughout the season. Dribbled well at opportune moments, and kept well on the ball. Tackled hard, but handled indifferently. C.H.S. representative.

C. Shade: Performed well for his initial year as rake. Rucked and dribbled well, but was slow in backing up. Began many forward movements.

G. McLean (front row): Revelled in rucks and worked hard; was the best defender on the side. Game and heady, he was an excellent forward.

W. Jacobs (breakaway): Filled his position well. Was a "tiger" for work. Did good work against High, being responsible for the breaking up of many of their back movements.

I. Breckenridge (breakaway): Like his namesake, was very efficient in his position. Was a great menace to the opposing backs. Tackled hard, and protected his half well.

The team gained six positions in the C.H.S. team, these being Broadhead, Langsworth, Sender, Coleman, Peatty and Rogers, all of whom played well in their positions, especially against Royal Military College, when Fort Street gained the whole score.

While the season has been a good one, the team fully realises that this was not due to individual play but to combined effort, fostered in it by Mr. Austen, to whom the team is extremely grateful for his services and efforts.

A summary of the matches is as follows:—

| Competition Matches. | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|-------|
| Fort Street | v. Canterbury ... | 22-0 |
| | v. North Sydney ... | 6-3 |
| | v. Technical High ... | 14-3 |
| | v. Sydney High ... | 11-6 |
| | v. Hurlstone ... | 13-8 |
| | v. Parramatta ... | 9-3 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | 75-23 |
| | | <hr/> |
| Non-Competitive. | | |
| | v. Canterbury ... | 28-5 |
| | v. Old Boys ... | 36-10 |
| | v. Old Boys ... | 18-17 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | 82-32 |
| | | <hr/> |
| Total points for | | 157 |
| Total points against | | 55 |

2nd XV.

Of the Senior Grades, the Seconds at the opening of the season stood in a very favourable position for bringing the Premiership to their School. That the team definitely had ability and a good system of combination was clearly shown in the match against Central Tech. But a sad lack of necessary practice will play havoc with any team, however good, when on the field; so the Seconds discovered.

Little more remains to be said with this exception, that the team played the game for the game's sake, and the promotion of Watson and Keavney to First Grade was justly deserved on their performances.

Thanks are due to Mr. Kirkwood for his coaching of and interest in the team, and heartiest congratulations are forwarded to First and Third Grades for their splendid feat in obtaining their respective Shields.

3rd XV.

Regaining the form they had shown in early matches, the 3rd XV won the premiership by defeating Technical 6-nil in the final.

The team possessed a light but speedy pack of forwards who, although not always rucking hard enough, played a good loose game, and ably assisted the faster backs.

Sherrington and Sheather, the breakaways, by good tackling spoilt many opposition movements,

and always played well. Wholohan as centre-forward raked consistently well, and was given good support both in the rucks and scrums by Shuttleworth and Hay. Monaghan was invaluable for his weight in second row, where Edgecombe, the line-out expert, rendered valuable service. Riley and Harvey played well in the open as well as in the line-outs. The halves, Wotton and Kemp, by use of the blind side and the dummy, varied the attack and gave the centres many opportunities, which Roulston (captain) and Wogan capitalised by the former's speed and the latter's cut-in and determined running. Wogan was the team's heaviest scorer. Williams as full-back played soundly, but at times ran his forwards too much by not finding touch with his kicks. Wines and Hart, the wingers, ran hard and straight to score their tries, but were starved toward the end of the season, this being very noticeable in Hart's case. Ingledew tried hard, but was unfortunate in not finding a regular position.

Ultimo provided our hardest game, and Technical in the final the most exciting, whilst in the competition the latter provided the most disappointing match, as the full-back scored the try that beat us.

Results of competition matches:—

V. Camdenville, won 29-0; v. Hurlstone, won 34-3; v. North Sydney, won 22-3; v. Canterbury, won 22-6; v. Ultimo, won 22-11; v. High, won 17-6; v. Parramatta, won 12-6; v. Enmore, won 17-3; v. Technical, lost 8-3. Final v. Technical, won 6-0.

Total for, 184; against, 46.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Wilson, who by his keen interest, sound advice and hard training of the team made all our successes possible.

4th XV.

This team was not very successful in the first half of the season, but in the latter half showed up prominently, beating Hurlstone 27-0 and Parramatta 14-3.

However, this proficiency was shown too late in

the season, and we failed to enter the semi-finals by 1 point.

As regards the actual play, the backs could scarcely be credited with having a brilliant combination, and the forwards failed to give them the necessary backing, and with a few exceptions failed to follow on.

The best of the back line were Mitchell (captain) and Poole, who excelled at Glenfield, scoring 3 tries each. Bailey was also a steady player, but was several times accused of dropping. The forwards improved greatly during the season, the most consistent players being Delaney, Jamieson, Kirby and Burge. Our full-back (Mort) was a heady player, and showed himself an accurate kicker and a solid tackler.

We are sure that if the team had attained earlier in the season the splendid form which it showed in the Hurlstone match, we should have been successful in gaining premiership honours again.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Brodie for the great interest he showed in coaching this team.

5th XV.

We were fairly successful this season in our competition, being runners-up to Tech. High, who beat us in the final by 17-10. During the whole season we lost two matches, one to Sydney High and the other in the final.

We started off shakily, but gradually improved and reached the semi-finals, in which we met High. High had previously beaten us, but in this match, owing to the good play of Hinchliffe and Bush, we turned the tables on them.

In the final against Technical we were being beaten 12 to nil at half time, but in the second half we scored 10 points to their 5.

Bush played well at half back, and was always on the move. Goddard played solidly at full-back, and converted most of our tries. The forwards were a good pack, the most outstanding being Norris and Hart.

We wish to thank Mr. Bendeich for his enthusiasm in coaching us during the season.

SOCCER.

"A" GRADE.

Again, for the second time in succession, the "A" grade Soccer team has been successful in winning the premiership.

The team has had a wonderful season, and its success may be accounted for by two factors, namely, constant and thorough practice, and efficient coaching by Messrs. Roberts and Waterer.

The team has had only 6 goals registered against it, in reply scoring 36, the greater number coming from Skipper Wright and his inside men, Taylor and Sharpe.

During the season, the School team met a very strong team of Old Boys, ably led by Roy Stewart, the captain of the successful 1931 team, and after a very fast and hard game, the School ran out winners by 5 goals to 3. The standard of football reached in this match was exceedingly high, showing that Soccer is being greatly developed in the High Schools.

Two teams were taken to Wollongong, and Fort

very fine goalkeeper. He has a strong kick, catches the ball safely, and never becomes flurried.

We can well say that we possessed the best pair of full-backs in the competition, Chatfield and M. Groat, and it was mainly due to their fine defence and good clearances that so small a number of goals were scored against us.

Centre-half Deveridge, greatly assisted by his wing-halves, Watts and Raine, always gave the forwards a great feast of the ball, enabling them to net most of the team's goals.

The most prolific goal-getter in the team was



1st "A" SOCCER TEAM.

Back Row: WATTS, M. GROAT, LILIENTHAL, Mr. ROBERTS (Coach), POPE, D. GROAT, RAINE.
Second Row: LEE, SHARPE (V. Capt.), WRIGHT (Capt.), CHATFIELD, DEVERIDGE, GLASSON
ROBINSON (Goalkeeper), TAYLOR.

Street can boast that every member of the "A" team was included in these two teams, and in the C.H.S. team there were seven players from our team included, namely, M. Groat, Chatfield, Deveridge, D. Groat, Sharpe, Wright and Taylor.

There was always a wonderful understanding between the players, and the team work and combination was always worth watching.

In Robinson the team has the makings of a

Tom Wright, and he received great support from his inside men, Sharpe and Taylor, and also from the wingmen, D. Groat, Glasson, Pople and Lilienthal.

In conclusion we wish to thank Messrs. Roberts and Waterer for the great interest they have taken in the team throughout the season, and hope they will follow up many more "A" grade

Soccer premiers in this School, with the same interest as they did with the 1932 team.

1st "B" SOCCER.

The 1st "B" Soccer team, although standing in the shadow of the "A" team, by no means disgraced itself in the competition. In the opening matches inexperience and lack of combination brought failures against the Fort Street "A" team and North Sydney.

The outstanding characteristic of the "B" team was its tenacity. Showing marked improvement towards the end of the season, the only teams to defeat it were Sydney High, Camdenville and Hurlstone, each team only on one occasion.

The outstanding players were Carson in the forwards, Hurcombe in the halves, and Iredale right-back.

Iredale, moreover, was selected for the C.H.S. team visiting Wollongong. Fort Street "B" team was selected to play the early match against Hurlstone Agricultural College before the Tasmania v. South Australia match at St. Luke's Oval. The match resulted in a four to nil victory for Fort Street "B" team.

The final position in the High School first grade Soccer competition was fourth.

The team express their appreciation for the interest and coaching assistance of Mr. Waterer during the season.

SECOND GRADE.

Throughout the season the team played very

well, but were unfortunate at the beginning in losing Watts, our left-back, who showed such fine ability that he was promoted to 1st grade. Following this we lost our popular "Chooky" Easton, the fast inside left, who fractured his arm in a practice match, and thus we had lost two of our best players.

In the first round the team at such a disadvantage did remarkably well by winning two and only losing one match; the other two were drawn. Praise is due to every member in the team for this feat.

The second round we lost Glasson, the best player in the team, for two matches, but still the side performed very creditably by gaining three matches out of five. In these matches mention should be made of the halves and backs for playing so consistently, and also the goalkeeper, Prothero, who showed some real fine play in that phase of the game. Although the forward line were a little light, under the leadership of Glasson they did some very fast and hard play. The backs, under the lead of the captain, Hagon, played a determined game, and their defence was well worth praise.

Lastly, we should not forget our coach, Mr. Waterer, who helped the team in every way by encouraging and advising the players; the whole team owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Waterer for his untiring exertions for the good of the team.

BASEBALL.

FIRST GRADE.

This season's Baseball team seemed rather weak at the start, since such noted players as Buls and Magee had left the School. This left the team to be picked from a few old hands and the rest who had not played before.

However, the team, on the whole, played well throughout, and only just missed being leaders of the competition, coming second, and being beaten in the last match against North Sydney at Mosman Oval.

The team as a batting side was not very strong, and there were very few dependable bats, although Stephens, Yum, Watts and Turnbull generally managed to hit the ball.

The outfield owes its laurels to Gray, who took some rather good catches. The infield was fair,

and R. Yum played well at second-bag; he also helped the side out of two or three corners by a few hits that did credit to his size.

A. Yum and Woodlands made a good combination as catcher and pitcher. A. Yum has some good throws over to second-bag, while Woodlands' pitching improved each time.

The team would like to thank Mr. Dunne for his able coaching and the interest he displayed in the team.

SECOND GRADE.

The team commenced the season well by beating Canterbury "B's," Canterbury "A's," Technical "A's," Technical "B's," Parramatta, and then, with only a win over Enmore required to top the competition, we were defeated by 7 runs to 6. This made us equal with Parramatta in the point

score. We therefore had to play Parramatta once again. We held them well for five or six innings, but then our outfielding fell away and Parramatta scored 7 runs. In the last few innings we made a few desperate rallies, but we were finally beaten by 11-7. We congratulate Parramatta on winning the competition.

Regarding the individuals of the team little need be said, except that B. Rust gave some very fine exhibitions as pitcher, and J. Moffat excelled as a first bag. The team as a whole played well, and for the game's sake.

We thank Mr. Dunne very much for the time he spent in coaching and umpiring for the team.

TENNIS.

THE SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP.

There were approximately forty entries for the School Cup this year, and keen interest was shown throughout the entire proceedings, both by the competitors and non-competitors.

The first round introduced a "dark horse," who defeated Stan Huntley of 2nd Grade; it was none other than Vic Stevens, who should do well in grade next year.

In the second round R. Willmott, one of the finalists, narrowly escaped defeat by a 3rd grader, F. Armstrong.

At length, when the semi-finals were reached, the four first-graders alone remained. After a strenuous fight R. Willmott defeated G. Ross, and F. Bissaker defeated R. Hunt. There was not much in these matches, as each player seemed a certainty.

The final calls for special notice. F. Bissaker led R. Willmott by one set, and 3-0 in the second, and then he sprained his ankle. R. Willmott might have claimed the match, but he showed the true Fort Street spirit, and consequently the match was replayed, in which F. Bissaker defeated R. Willmott in straight sets.

FIRST GRADE.

The First Grade Tennis team this year was composed of G. Ross (captain), Dick Hunt, F. Bissaker and R. Willmott. In theory this team is rather a strong one, as each player has very good ability; but in the matches in which the team was defeated the opposition proved too severe. Tech. High was the thorn not only in our side, but also in that of the other teams, and the fact that they were undefeated marked the outstanding ability of the team. Fort Street offers them congratulations.

Bissaker, the winner of the School Cup this year, has improved his service somewhat, although it is still rather weak, as is his forehand. But the mainstay of his consistency is due to exceptionally strong backhand and his consistent vol-

leying.

Willmott partnered Bissaker as the second pair, but the opposition given by the "old men" of the other teams did not allow them to get on top very often. However, without their help the few matches we did win would have assuredly been registered in favour of our opponents. Willmott plays a fair game, but his service is his weak point, as his backline game has considerably improved.

Now we come to Dick Hunt, who has one weak point that might be noticed, namely, his service, but he counterbalances this by his outstanding consistency and his accurate placing. His volleying is of rather a high standard, and he frequently brings off in almost every game volleys that fly off at unnatural angles.

Then lastly we come to Ross, better known as "Gordon" to the team; he partnered Dick Hunt, and they did reasonably well as a pair. Ross has a strong service and a reliable forehand drive, but his volleying is weak as compared with that of his partner. In the latter part of the competition this pair played confidently side by side at the net.

In conclusion we hope that although we came about fourth or fifth, next year may see the team first on the list.

SECOND GRADE.

The Second Grade Tennis Team this year was composed of K. Tubman (Captain), S. Huntley, H. Bosenberg and R. Ramsay. Tubman and Huntley strove hard for their place in the First team, but they were not quite up to the standard required. Tubman has an effective service and he volleys well, but he is rather too keen to do fine strokes; however, he has good promise in him.

Huntley, on the other hand, is content to get the ball back, but he is handicapped by a weak backhand.

This pair combined to make the first pair in

Second Grade, and their results were on the average good.

Bosenberg and Ramsay were the second pair, and a strong second pair they made. Bosenberg, serving well, opened up opportunities for the ever-ambitious Ramsay, who quite frequently was successful in his winning shots.

This team certainly seemed as though they were going to carry off the competition this year, but they just failed, perhaps on account of the lack of concentration needed at times, but, however, on the whole the four did reasonably well.

THIRD GRADE.

The Third Grade Tennis team, consisting of F. Armstrong (captain), Cameron, B. Taylor and B. Billing, had a fairly successful season, and although making a rather poor start, it ended much better, having only lost two matches out of a total of seven. The two defeats were from

both Sydney and Sydney High, and were very hard battles. The two best matches of the season were played against Canterbury and Sydney High, where in the first case the team won by one game, and in the second lost by three games. At the end of the season it was in a good position, running third on the list.

FOURTH GRADE.

Once again the Fourth Grade Tennis team, consisting of Melville (captain), Gardiner, B. Jones and Tindale, have had a successful year. By winning the competition without defeat, the team repeated the performance of the previous three years, making in all the fourth year the competition has been won by Fourths. Some keenly contested games were seen, but despite poor combination in the opening matches, the team improved with age, and came through with flying colours. Keep it up, Fourths!

ATHLETIC REPORT.

It is pleasing to note that the standard of Fort Street's Athletics has not declined. But our team at the C.H.S. was seriously weakened by B. Watson leaving the School about a week beforehand. All the other competitors deserve praise for their performances, especially the junior team, which should have won its shield, not tied, but on account of the conflicting number of cross lines one of our competitors mistook the finishing line and stopped almost dead.

The Under 14 team did not come up to expectations, but I was given to understand that

a couple of the boys were not quite themselves on the day.

Training at Goddard Park was entered into very seriously this year, but the seniors were conspicuous by their absence. The teachers in charge of this branch of sport expressed high satisfaction with the manner in which the afternoons were conducted. This reflects credit upon the president, who worked untiringly in the interests of the boys all the time. The innovation of timing the events by stop-watch was greatly appreciated.

A BULLOCK DRAY.

Cracking stockwhips and barking dogs,
A rough old dray and a load of logs.
Yoked-up bullocks plodding along,
A sun-tanned driver humming a song.

Along the bush-land's dusty road,
The bullocks pull their heavy load.
Onward, onward. Onward still!
For the logs must reach the distant mill.

And when at last the goal is won,
The homeward journey is begun,
And through the bush they make their way,
From dawn to dusk, all through the day.

And now the station-house is seen.
'Tis a shanty built where a bushfire's been.
And soon within the camp-fire's fold,
The trip's long story will be told.

R. SANGWELL, 1D.

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A SECOND YEAR BOY'S IMPRESSIONS OF PLAY DAY.

The crowded hall is bathed in an atmosphere of anticipation. In the rear, a mass of swaying heads and craning necks, every individual trying desperately to catch sight of the rippling red surface, now drawn apart in jerky movements to the extent of several inches, and as rapidly drawn back to its original position, with the result that the eager crowd referred to, disappointed by the false alarm, lapses back into a position of patient endurance, until a fresh movement infuses a renewed vigour into their expectant intellects. In the middle, with legs crossed and in a lounging attitude, the occupants of seats favoured with a convenient view of the proceedings peruse their programmes, occupying themselves in dreamy conjectures as to the nature of the personnel of the next play, in the same manner as that in which schoolboys attempt to divine the "goodies" and "baddies" of an unknown illustration. In front, all amusements forgotten in a thrill of excitement, the audience attempts to cure its impatience by searching for "clues" by glancing, or rather peering, through the narrow opening between the bottom of the scarlet curtain and the floor of the stage.

At last the nervousness of the first, the boredom

of the second, and the impatience of the third group are remedied by an unexpected drawing apart of the curtain. A sigh of disgust by those who have been engaged in perusing their programmes, or rather by those who have discovered that their attentions have been directed to the wrong play, ushers in the first few speeches. Afterwards, the play proceeds without further interruption—a medley of colour, of grease, of paint, of the remains of old clothing, mixed with humour, intentional or otherwise, to form a play. The audience, united now as one group in its undivided concentration, analysing each speech, each word, forms a unique atmosphere of tenseness.

Ah! Now is the crisis. The audience, satisfied that the play is about to end, glances anxiously at its watches, losing some, or most, of its tension in the realisation of approaching lateness. Yes, their prophecy is fulfilled. The last scream of the dying man, the last blissful embrace or the final joke has passed, the curtain gradually closes, and the crowd files out through the nearest door, and soon the glimmering life of the hall has given way before the approach of lifeless night.

R. A. CARY.

ARMISTICE DAY. HALLOWED REMEMBRANCE.

Like Ophelia's rosemary November 11 stands for remembrance. It will be remembered as long as mankind finds instruction in history, for it marks one of the most stupendous achievements in human experience. On that memorable date the work of the soldier in battle was completed, and there are no words that can characterise adequately the endurance, the heroism, and the devotion of millions of men, who offered their lives and all that life contained in order that victory might be won, and mankind freed from the curse of militarism and war.

Especially on this date do we remember and honour our own fallen heroes. How fadeless is their glory! It will never die as long as we are a nation. Throughout the years that are to be, Armistice Day will bring memories of deeds of bravery, of grim heroic determination, and a courage that knows no fear. They who fought to make Australia a nation have blazoned their

names in the Immortal Book of Gold. To their graves,

" . . . Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

To-day the fields of war lie far away. Along the broader path of peace, the dead with the living move shoulder to shoulder, still fighting for the honour of Australia.

With the passing of the years Armistice Day enhances the symbolism for which it stands, because peace is the inherent longing of mankind. In the two minutes' silence, amid laurel leaves, Radiance roses and rosemary—for fame, love, and remembrance—the living pledge afresh that the land their loved ones defended will become "the living substance of their lofty dreams." Australia's brave sons and daughters are prepared to fight with equal fervour the bloodless battles of peace time.

To the serious-minded Armistice Day is a dream day, and each successive year finds the significance for which it stands more evident, that liberty is possible only under the dominion of order and law, and that unity is not incompatible with the amplest freedom. Reverently we accept the hallowed legacy of our fallen heroes, and

follow on, while in trust we strive patiently for the peace that the fulness of time will bring as the price of their sacrifice.

"Wayfarer tidings to the Spartans bring,
That here we lie, their words remembering."

C. JARDINE, 3D.

BEROWRA WATERS.

If you are fortunate enough to own a car, and have not as yet driven along the Great Pacific Highway till you come to the scanty little township of Berowra, and then taken the unobtrusive turning to the left, which is almost immediately opposite to the still more scanty little railway station, and which is modestly indicated by a tipsy signpost bearing the lettering "To Berowra Waters," you should do so some fine Sunday afternoon when the touch of spring is in the air and the heat of noon is past, when the birds are singing and the tree-tops are nodding lazily before a kindly breeze.

When the opportunity presents itself, you will travel smoothly along the great white winding strip of concrete with the westering sun upon your left. You will be passed by cars stained and splashed with red mud and dust from up Newcastle way, cars, sleek, well-groomed and shiny, returning from picnics at Kangaroo Point—too proud to cross to the other side and have their shiny faces dulled, and, in short, you will be passed by every kind of vehicle generally used on Sunday afternoons.

Before long you will turn aside in front of the tipsy signpost and pass down a dusty red and stony road, and after the first bend or so you will commence to go downhill between gnarled old gumtrees and stunted shrubs, and soon the road will lead you down—always down—with cliffs on your right, an occasional creek crossing the road before you, and a wide sweeping valley on your left, with "Arcadia" on the hilltop in the blue distance. In five minutes or so, the old stony road, with its hairpin bends, will tire of showing you the way, and with one grand final sweep will bring you face to face with an old worn log which will stop you from plunging twenty feet or so into the water below. Here you must stop for a few minutes to take in the beauty of the scene spread out before you. For on your left you can see a little tumble-down boat-shed

with a small flotilla of shrivelled-up rowing boats, and important-looking steam and petrol launches with their grotesque and ever-changing reflections, lying peacefully before it. Twenty years ago this old boat-shed flourished under the name of Smith's, but Smith has long since gone down the Hawkesbury to build more boats, and the business has declined. Look over there to the right and you will see the cause of the decline nestling under the hill—an up-to-date weatherboard building sporting on its side in silver lettering the legend "Rex Jones, Rowing and Power Boats For Hire," in front of which a large number of spic and span boats nudge and jostle one another, as if impatient to break loose and drift downstream at their own sweet will.

Probably you will see several pleasure boats busily wending their way upstream, and perhaps there will be a yacht or so doubling for Calabash Bay, half a mile or so across the emerald stream. Now if you turn nearly round you will notice a stony roadway leading right to the water's edge. Down here you must drive your car, and if the little old punt is not chugging your way already, just ring that brass bell on the post over there and wait.

In a very short while the gangway of the punt will scrape up the stones towards you, and the puntman—an old fellow in worn-out sandshoes and patched trousers and jersey—will open the white picket gate, and, touching his faded blue peaked cap, will wish you good-day, and motion you to a certain corner of his punt, "Becos," as he will afterwards explain to you, jerking a dirty thumb over his left shoulder, "all the water she takes gits inter this corner, and so,"—starting the engine and crossing to a long-handled pump at the side, and beginning to pump vigorously, he will continue,—"when a car comes aboard the water runs back under this 'ere pump, an' then I can pump 'er hout—dang it (this to the pump

which will need priming), she's gone dry—better luck next time."

Abandoning the effort, he will tilt his cap a little more rakishly over one eye, lounge up against the white-railing fence, and commence to give you the history of the place, from the time of "Old Smith what uster keep the boat-shed" up to the present times "wiv their Lang and Stevens Governints."

If you are lucky he will be about run down by the time the punt has reached the other side, and if you give him a small tip he will remain almost speechless until you have driven off the punt and up on to the road, which, having had a rest, will lead you up—ever up—round twisty bends and towering cliffs which hurl back the echoes you arouse with magnified intensity, and with their thunder send the birds in the trees and undergrowth soaring up to find out the cause of the noise.

You will notice the elusive scent of boronia and see the many coloured bush flowers, with the waratah—the king of them all—growing in much profusion. And soon the kindly little bush track will deliver you up to the tender mercies of the main road, which will take you through the little orange-growing towns of Arcadia and Gallston, through wide-spreading orchards with the round, golden fruit still hanging among the deep green leaves. If you pass through when the trees are covered with the ivory-coloured blossoms you will probably be almost overpowered by the over-sweet scent which hangs heavily upon the countryside for miles.

At last you will cross the Gallston Bridges, wind slowly up the zig-zags, and turn once more into the great Pacific Highway, and if perchance you should feel that your time has been wasted, then the fault will be all of your own making.

I. McC., 4B.

A TEST MATCH.

One sunny morning in December, seeing what a lovely day it was likely to be, I decided to see a Cricket Test Match to be played that day between the Englishmen and Australians at the Sydney Cricket Ground.

So, after having my breakfast, when no one was looking, I stealthily crept to the high shelf where my money-box stood, and, brushing aside the cobwebs, removed it to my coat-pocket. With much clinking, clanking, and a guilty conscience, I escaped from the house to the backyard, and after a quarter of an hour's cutting, slicing, twisting, turning, smashing, and drawing blood, I was the proud possessor of four shillings. With this I was quite satisfied (although I expected at least double that amount), and returning to the house, informed my astonished mother that I was "shouting myself" to a Test Match.

Thus, with a happy heart, a light step, and four shillings, I set out for the railway station, where I bought a railway ticket to Sydney (costing ninepence return), and finding that the next train was not due before twenty minutes, went to the shopping centre to get some lunch.

Having purchased a good meal (two sixpenny chocolates and a bag of peanuts) I returned to the station minus two of my four shillings, caught the train, and alighted at Sydney with a sticky face, one chocolate, and half a bag of peanuts.

On the tram I managed successfully to dodge the conductor, but at the Cricket Ground entrance did not have such luck, for, after a quarter of an hour's trying to convince the man at the gate that I was eleven, I sadly slapped down one-and-six and entered the ground with a miserable feeling, an angry disposition, and sixpence.

As it happened, several other people must have decided to see the Test Match that day, for there seemed to be about seventy thousand people there already, and so I was obliged to squeeze into a seat between a stout, elderly gentleman, and a rough-looking customer with an ugly face.

Craning my neck to get a view of the game, I saw that the Australians were batting, and that the batsmen were, unfortunately, hitting a lot of fours. I say unfortunately because, every time one was hit, the elderly gentleman would expand with delight, and the other "gentleman" would cheer loudly, and thump me on the back.

Soon I began to feel the gnawing pangs of hunger and reached for my pocket, to find that my chocolate had melted and that my neighbour was steadily reducing my half-bag of peanuts, with an expression on his face which said "Get them back if you can!" So I squeezed out of my position and went to purchase a meat-pie, had it knocked out of my hand after two bites, and

sat down again (in another place) with mixed feelings of hunger, grief and bankruptcy.

From my new position I had a clear view, and, forgetting my troubles, enjoyed the match for about a quarter of an hour; then the sky became overcast, and it started to rain. Play was abandoned for the rest of the day, and so, these being nothing to stay for, I left the ground.

After waiting about an hour under a tree for the rain to stop, I plodded through the mud to the station, and from here the going was comparatively easy. On arriving home I went to bed with a disgusted feeling, a severe cold, and a resolution not to patronise the Sydney Cricket Ground again.

J.L., 2D.

FORTIAN'S SUCCESS ABROAD.

J. A. Coverdale (Fourth Year) left here last year to live in England. He has now completed a course at Taunton School, Southampton, and in the London General School Certificate Examination held in June, gained distinction in no less than five subjects. Of 101 successful candidates from his school only one other gained

so many distinctions. Coverdale has thus gained the Certificate in Honours, and exemption from the Matriculation of the University of London. He writes of a school camp on the Sussex Downs five miles from Beachy Head, and of bicycle tours through the New Forest. Wouldn't some of his old class and football mates like to join him!

THE FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

The early morning mists had just started to lift when the great liner was shepherded into her berth by a fussy little tug. On the deck stood several other passengers besides my parents, my sister and myself. The silence which hung on the damp September air was rent by the hooting of the tug as we gazed around us. The city of Vancouver lay before us, gradually rising above us, as the city was built on the foot of a hill. Did I say hill? If I did, I made an almost inexcusable mistake for, rising into the clouds which hung in a thin layer around its summit, as we thought, was a huge rugged mountain, patches of green showing amongst the brown rocks. "That's quite a mountain," I said to an experienced traveller beside me. "I wish I could see the summit of it, but those clouds hide it." Handing me his field-glasses, he replied, "Have

a try with these."

I focussed them on the clouds to see if I could make out the top of the mountain, but I could not see anything which might have been the searched-for spot. Suddenly some mysterious impulse made me look above the clouds and there, with my naked eye, I saw the upper part of the mountain, and the summit, thickly snow-capped, towered above me as though it would topple over and crush the city below it. The clouds mentioned formed a huge ring around the mountain half way up, and even to this day I feel as though I was fooled just by a mountain and a cloud, but photographed on my mind is an indelible picture of that awe-inspiring peak of the Canadian Rockies.

E. TREVOR, 3D.

PIONEERING DAYS.

The full moon, rising over the blue, rugged mountain, hung in a silvery veil. Trailing clouds of gloomy fog floated overhead, and a light mist canopied the lonely little humble house. Inside we were all sitting around the rough open fireplace.

Rodger Hazlitt, grey-haired, with sunburnt face and rough hands, my old friend and host, was watching the dancing flame while speaking in

a low voice to the little company. Opposite him sat his wife, a woman of middle age, her careworn face framed in long silvery hair. She was mending some old clothes. Their pretty little sunburnt daughter, Fancy, was listening attentively to her father's oft-repeated stirring stories of pioneering days.

"Oh, Rodger!" his wife suddenly gasped. The invaluable old cattle-dog Bluey, had just uttered

a broken yelp, and Rodger was grasping for his rifle in the corner. He had hardly risen when two muffled ruffians forced open the old door and stepped inside.

"It's all right, Hazlitt! Where's that money you brought home from the cattle sale this afternoon?" demanded one, taking a step forward.

"Oh, boils and plagues plaster you over, you rotten rogues! I hid it up in the mountain," replied the old man. "It's all I have in my old age, but I suppose it's a matter of getting you some, or——" There was no more said, and Rodger took a piece of candle and went out. We followed.

We passed by the old dog, killed in his innocence, then past the stockyard and up a steep ridge. Some young cattle scattered down the hill; by channels of coolness lonely curlews piped; a rabbit disappeared down his burrow and took the hole in after him. We soon came to a

monolith, down which trickling water glistened in the golden moonlight. We proceeded along this cliff a short distance, and then Rodger lit the candle and led the way into a deep, low, moist cave. I obeyed his signal to stay back, but the other two followed him into the ghostly darkness, shattered only by the rays from the light. Suddenly the light was blown out. One of the wretches whispered "Come on!" They dashed towards the old man. Two deafening roars rumbled round the cave. Trembling and nearly fainting with fear, I advanced blindly into the pitch darkness. I had only taken a few steps when the old man's hand gently caught me.

"Jever hear of this cliff before? They have fallen thirty feet," he whispered, though there was no need to whisper. "This is my secret pathway. I thought you knew. Now we can go back and inform the police."

"NOREMACE," 5A.

SERIALS.

The first thing which seems to crop up in the discussion of serials is their use, and they seem to have quite a variety of uses.

The first seems to be that a serial acts as a kind of medium to cause juveniles to give their vocal cords much strain, not to mention whistling, stamping, hooting, booing, hissing and clapping, and many other etceteras. The idea of one going to a suburban picture theatre on a Saturday afternoon to enjoy the pictures is absurd, for not only is it a waste of money, but one grows tired of closely viewing a person's tonsils, which never seem to be off view from the time the serial starts until it ends.

Then there is a second use. The serials in boys' magazines (a "tray" at all dealers) extort, or tend to extort, weekly moneys from youths, whether those moneys be well earned or well "cadged" by the said youths. They all seem to end each week in the same strain, with words inserted in a rectangle, resembling a tomb-stone, thus:—

"Will Two-gun Tom, the Texas Tom-cat, gain the further side of the chasm before the rope snaps? Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment. Order your copy at the local newsagent now and save disappointment."

All "picture show" serials seem to be a continued misfortune for the "Goody" until the final

chapter ("The Hour of Reckoning") when the "Goody," overcoming all difficulties, wins through, captures the "Baddy," rescues the heroine, to whom he is finally united in matrimonial bliss, and so the serial ends. During its hectic course there have been papers snatched from hands, persons thrown to alligators, explosions, druggings, collisions, fires, fights (amid much enthusiasm from the onlookers), and "tender" love scenes, in which the heroine (who, by the way, can't act for "sour apples") and the hero (who is worse), ogle one another, embrace, rub noses and go through all the gesticulations which tell the tortured and restless audience that they are ma-a-adly in lo-o-ove. But they are well matched, for the man who would marry the heroine would be cursed for life (in more ways than one), while the girl who would marry the hero would well earn a V.C.

The writer of this once had the misfortune to witness one of these orgies. The vice-villain (not the arch) having snatched the formula for making diamonds, had decamped to his private hut in the mountains. Having got out his goods and chattels and having lit a fire, he apparently soon got up the necessary 5000 deg. cent. on the kitchen stove!

Such is the glamour of the serial. If "Bold Bill Badman the Bozo from Bones' Bluff" is not

"on" you may be assured of "Daniel Diggumot the Daredevil Detec." All are shown mostly in twelve thrilling chapters, all have their "against fearful odds" and their "clue," and the serial

will never die as long as there are children to sing out and stamp and discuss the prospects of the hero of beating the bad-egg at a box-on.

R. MORRISON, 3C.

A TRIP TO WEST AUSTRALIA.

Just three years ago, I was fortunate enough to spend a four months' holiday in West Australia. Perhaps some of the Fortian readers who have not visited the other States would be interested to hear an account of the same.

Leaving Sydney by the s.s. Katoomba, 28th December, 1928, the vessel ploughed its way down the south coast for 240 miles, rounded Gabo Island and sighted Cape Everard. On the cape stands a stone obelisk, erected to commemorate the first sighting of the Australian coast by Captain Cook. South-east Point was next passed, and the ship steamed up Port Phillip and berthed at Melbourne.

Melbourne is a very beautiful city with wide, well-laid-out streets. St. Kilda Road, which runs in a perfectly straight direction for many miles, is particularly picturesque. However, Melbourne beaches cannot be compared with the beautiful beaches of Sydney.

Leaving this city, Cape Otway, Nelson and Bridgewater were passed. Later Margaret Brock Reef lighthouse could be seen on the horizon. Backstairs Passage was navigated, Yorke Peninsula was rounded, and the ship steamed up St. Vincent Gulf, named by Flinders, and berthed at Port Adelaide. Here, life-boat drill was demonstrated by the members of the crew.

The city of Adelaide, seven miles from the port of the same name, may be reached by bus or train. The streets are well laid out, and there are some very fine public buildings, with beautiful gardens, while in the distance can be seen the peaks of Mt. Lofty and Mt. Osmond.

Leaving Port Adelaide and steaming down the gulf, thousands of seagulls followed the vessel, while land could be seen on either side for about two hours. Later Kangaroo Island was passed while steaming through Investigator Strait, named after the ship in which Flinders made his voyage of discovery.

The Great Australian Bight had now been reached. Here we were in mid-ocean for three days. Sports were held on board during the day, and concerts and fancy dress balls in the evenings. The head of the Great Australian Bight is marked by twin rocks, which lie near the shore off con-

spicuous sand-hills, which extend from Neptune Islands to Albany.

My first impression of Western Australia was very favourable, as entering Princess Royal Harbour, on which is situated the township of Albany. I was reminded somewhat of our own beautiful Port Jackson, though on a much smaller scale.

Leaving Albany, Eclipse Island was passed, and Cape Leeuwin, the south-west extremity, was rounded, and the vessel steamed along the west coast, passing Cape Naturaliste and Rottnest Island, then entering between the North and the South Mole, berthed at Fremantle. A beautiful view of Cottesloe Beach was obtained from on board deck, as we entered these heads.

Perth is picturesquely situated on the Swan River, twelve miles from Fremantle, and may be reached by train or bus. Perth possesses many beautiful parks and gardens, King's Park being the city's greatest pride. It covers the summit of Mt. Eliza, and comprises an area of 1023 acres. Most of it is still in its virgin state, possessing all the fragrance and charm of the bush, bedecked with a profusion of lovely wild flowers, for which this State is famous. Beautiful drives, however, have been run through the park, with avenues of flowering red gum trees, and the frontage overlooking the Swan River has been laid out with lawns and flower beds, quaint little grottoes and miniature lagoons covered with a profusion of waterlilies. It is said that no other city in Australia has anything to compare with King's Park.

A popular beauty spot is the Mundaring Weir, where the famous goldfields' water supply is situated. Water is pumped from this weir to Kalgoorlie, a distance of 350 miles.

The hills of the Darling Range, with its tumbling falls, and many beauty spots, in spring-time particularly, are one immense garden, where wild flowers of endless variety and profusion create a riot of colour amidst the green of the forest, are visited by thousands of people every week, special flower excursion trains being run each week-end.

Perth has 7000 acres of park lands altogether,

including the Esplanade, which fronts the Swan River and continues practically unbroken for about

thirty miles. It has been well named "The Garden City of the Commonwealth."

R. ARTHUR, 1C.

THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

Sir Roger, the noble knight, had spent the whole of the morning burnishing his armour and weapons. As he defiantly whistled "Scots wha ha'e with Wallace Bled" and "The Gathering Song of Donald Dhu," he thought how he would rush forward to the fray and give his enemy, the fat freckled fool, who had grossly insulted his lady-love, the father of a hiding with the flat of his sword.

Bravely he marched past a sombre, grey castle, and, casting his eyes proudly upwards, saw the white scrap of linen fluttering in the breeze and the face of the beautiful lady smiling her approval.

Ten long minutes passed, and his adversary appeared on the common, looking mightily fierce, methinks, and brandishing his staff. Unlike Sir Roger he bore no armour, unless you might so regard many hundreds of freckles.

Sir Roger gave one last glance to the castle seventy-five yards away to see that all was well, and dashed boldly forward, defending himself with his shield, and raising his sword. But, alas! the fat bully advanced too, and gadzooks, this personage had the advantage of a staff at least three feet longer than the knight's sword. This the freckled one wielded wickedly around his head and, catching the noble one unawares amidst,

sent him rolling breathless and headlong upon the grassy sward.

Sir Roger gallantly suppressed his ejaculations of dolour as the staff rose and fell on his nether regions for a full half-minute.

A loud, shrill, piercing feminine voice awoke the echoes. The small maiden of eight years rushed down from the third storey of the dingy flat in the slums and ran through the dirty lane to where her small hero was lying. The piebald bully fled at her approach, carrying his cruel weapon with him. Tenderly raising her seven years knight from his most undignified position, she wiped away his tears with the same dirty piece of cloth which had fluttered so gaily twelve minutes prior, I ween, from the top floor.

"Oh, the big, blustering bully," she almost cried between her fast-flowing tears. "I knew he'd hurt you, Roger dear."

But at this the knight suppressed his dew-drops no longer, and crying pitifully he murmured, "I'll give him another hiding for calling you 'ugly'; he won't do it again."

Then the knight and his lady disappeared down the alley arm in arm, carrying pieces of the broken wooden sword.

BRYAN COLEBORNE, 4D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Fifth Year: N.H., Entry was good, but not up to standard of former article; just missed publication. H.R., "Voice of the Sea" very good, but needs some revision. A little obscure in places. C.J.C., Poetry good; couldn't use it all.

Fourth Year: H.A., Play good, but too pointed. S., 4B, Idea good, but expression and continuity weak. L.J.G., Expression weak, also idea is over-used. D.C., Story good, but not quite as good as those published. Brush up for next issue. G.D.H., Story good, but setting is obscure.

Third Year: G.G., Idea good, but expression weak; try again. C.B., Poetry fair, shows great promise. L.R., 3D, Poem is on a topic uninteresting to most. M.C.H., Idea good, but not breezy enough in style. Revise and submit again. K.F.W., 3D, Too much written in this style; shows promise; try something more original. R.F., 3D, Idea excellent, but too jerky in style. D.W.,

Article not up to standard of that published on same subject; however, good. L.S.G., Prose work too long and poetry is weak; try again at prose.

Second Year: G.C., 2B, Poetry good, but reflects on school discipline and therefore unsuitable. A.F.R.J., Your style is good, but the four articles submitted are not very topical; submit more on different subjects. C.L., 2C, Your article well written and interesting, but is not your own investigation.

First Year: H.D.H., Good articles, very promising, but not quite good enough; try again. R.A., 1C, Poetry good, but just falls short; revise and submit again. C.McK., Your article is of topical interest, but the style is not yet good enough; try again.

[Only a few, from many promising contributions, could be dealt with here.—Ed.]



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