



THE
FORTIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF
FORT STREET BOYS'
HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSHAM

JUNE, 1932.

The
FORTIAN

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

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The other day as I was walking idly along a corridor I casually glanced at a memorial to one John Dettman, an ex-pupil and Headmaster of Fort Street. On the bottom of the slab were the words—

"Aliis non sibi semper consuluit itaque omnibus carus fuit."

[He always thought of others and not himself and was thereby dear to all.]

As I reflected upon this Latin, I thought of the beautiful nature the subject of this memorial must have had. How unselfish a man must be so that those who know him best can say on his death that he has always considered others before himself. To act even on occasions for the good of others instead of in furtherance of our ends is very difficult, but to follow that practice throughout our whole life seems almost inconceivable.

[Yet this ideal can be followed, as many lives have shown. One of our most illustrious Old Boys, the late Professor Hunter, spent his life in alleviating the misery and suffering of others, not troubling one whit what his own personal gain was, but always thinking it his bounden duty to spend his mighty gifts for the betterment of less fortunate people. And did not Professor Hunter thereby become dear to all, as the second part of the eulogy says?

Here is an ideal which every Fortian should follow, and we should not perform the slightest action without first considering whether it will injure others, even in the smallest way.

If this thought were only kept in mind by every person in the community, then the world would be a far happier place to-day. If every boy would act as the subject of the memorial did, then our School would advance in both sport and study as the onrushing tide.

However, as Fortians, we should concentrate every effort on attaining a pre-eminence like that of Professor Hunter, and, having gained such a position, should apply all our knowledge and power to bettering the conditions of others around us. But the important point is that, if this habit is cultivated at school, it will continue with us in after life, so that it may be said of us also,

"Aliis non sibi semper consuluit itaque omnibus carus fuit."

NEWS AND NOTES.

The School congratulates the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens on his elevation to the Premiership of New South Wales. Mr. Stevens is an old boy of Fort Street.

* * *

Speech Day this year was held in the Strand Theatre, Parramatta Road, kindly lent by Mr. Wadell. The School Hall is much too small to hold the Speech Day audiences, the number of boys on the roll being nearly 1000.

* * *

The Empire and Foundation Day celebrations were held in the School Hall on May 9th. Speeches were delivered on suitable topics by Wilson, Scribner, McKnight, Sundstrom and Sharp. This function, run wholly by the School Debating Society, was a great success.

* * *

The All Schools' Head of the Air race was won this year by Mr. R. Cropley, an old boy. He carried H. English, one of the prefects. Mr. Cropley handed the magnificent Grace Cup over to the School to hold for the ensuing 12 months. Congratulations.

* * *

Since the last issue of the "Fortian" the O.B.U. has arranged two lectures or sets of addresses by prominent Old Boys in the legal and medical professions. In each case there was a good attendance of parents and boys. The thanks of the School are due to these gentlemen, Messrs. A. V. Maxwell, K.C., LL.B., P. C. Spender, LL.B., and P. Halse-Millett; Lieut.-Col. A. Collins, H. K. Porter, M.B., Ch.M., S. H. Lovell, M.B., B.S., who have come forward to help their alma mater. Another indication that the O.B.U. is a very live body is that a debate between a team of Old Boys and present boys took place last week. After

a very interesting and instructive debate the School won by a narrow margin. The visitors were Messrs. G. Amsberg, LL.B., J. McDougall, LL.B., and C. McLelland, LL.B.

* * *

The School, under the able direction of Mr. Humphries, won the Hendry Cup for Life Saving. It is interesting to note that the original holders of the cup were Fort Street boys. Mr. Humphries has been made a Life Member of the Royal Life Saving Society.

* * *

The School congratulates J. Hay and R. Sharp on their election to Captain and Senior Prefect for 1932.

* * *

We are very pleased to note that the School gained record passes in the L.C. examination. S. Hazlewood gained 100 per cent. in each of the Physics Pass and Honours Papers, and F. Chong 93 per cent. in the Honours Maths. Papers.

* * *

R. Sharp, Senior Prefect, was selected to deliver the good-will message to the Premier of New South Wales on the occasion of the opening of the Bridge. He broadcast the message so well that the Headmaster has received congratulatory letters from many parts of New South Wales.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. V. Outten on his promotion to the position of Master of Mathematics at Newcastle High School. Other members of the staff who have left us are Messrs. Hallman, Johnston, Caldwell and Keneally.

* * *

Messrs. Gilhome, Crumlin, Dennehy, Hanley and Everett are welcomed to the staff.

THE OPTIMIST AND THE PESSIMIST.

Everyone has his pet vice. With some it is chewing tobacco; with some it is the fluid that comes out of certain bottles; with some it is collecting other people's silver, by night; and with a certain class of individuals it is optimism.

You may talk to, implore, argue with, or swear at a real dyed-in-the-wood optimist all day and make no more impression than a flea

on a piece of cake. His pig-headedness is maddening. He is shallow. The reason for his so-called optimism is a scatter-brained refusal to look at facts or to weigh possibilities. It indicates a lazy attitude towards life. Consider his stock phrase, "Everything will turn out all right in the end." By this he means not that he will shape events, but that events will shape him. He is surrendering up the tiller of his life to every stray whim of Chance.

Not for him were these lines written:—

"I am the master of my fate;

I am the captain of my soul."

There are pessimists and pessimists. At the word "pessimism" instantly comes into the mind the picture of a long-jawed, gloomy person. For this we have largely to thank public prejudice, and cartoonists. This creature of the mind is not a true pessimist at all. It is the same tale all over again. The few black sheep in the fold give all a bad name. This gloomy, unnatural person is as bad as the optimist. He also will not analyse facts, but, instead, imagines fearful happenings in store for himself.

"Every argument is a polygon," said Ethel Turner. The pessimist worthy of the name goes round the question and views it from all

angles. He forms his opinions. He neither disregards pleasant possibilities nor forgets bad possibilities. His is the confidence of reason. He gains a certain strength from this attitude of itself. There is a calmness in his outlook.

It is a fallacy to say that the pessimist cannot be happy. He is happier than the optimist. Continued unreasoning jollity flags. It becomes jollity no more. It borders on the hysterical. Is it not better to be happy when the time arises, tempering your happiness with the knowledge that it will not last? You then strive to get all the enjoyment possible out of your happiness.

So let us then stand for true pessimism as the doorway to happiness and the gateway to a glorious future.

J. Mc., 4D.

FATE.

Mr. Debson was one of those men whom nobody likes—a sour-faced, grumpy man who thought only of himself.

He was not married, and did not write to his relations, but lived like an outcast in a lonely cottage in the open country, about three or four miles from the town of Midby.

He was not poor; on the contrary, he was a very well-to-do business man, and every morning from Monday to Friday he drove in his car to Midby, where he carried on a fairly successful business as a pen-knife manufacturer—a small concern, but one which yielded sufficient for Mr. Debson to accumulate a small fortune. It was hard work to look after this business, for he acted as secretary and general manager himself. Night after night he would be at his desk—writing, writing—forever writing! Sometimes he would sit for hours thinking of his business and forming plans for the future, or striving to solve a difficult problem that may have arisen in his commercial career.

He was almost a monomaniac. Everywhere he went he talked of business. His one concern in the world was—pen-knives. He fairly worshipped them. To him they were more than mere pen-knives, they were his gods; yea, his very existence. He always carried about a dozen of them with him.

If he needed a pencil, he would pick up one with a broken point, and sharpen it—with a

pen-knife. If he ate an apple, he peeled and cut it—with a pen-knife. When finished, he would pick his teeth—with his pen-knife. If he cleaned his nails, it was with a pen-knife. For anything and everything, when he could possibly do so, he used a pen-knife.

People began to take notice, and often it happened, as he drove down the street in his car, someone would point and remark to his companion, "There goes old Debson. They say he has made a pile of money out of that business of his. If you ever think of giving him a present, for goodness' sake don't give him a pen-knife. He has millions of them, uses them for everything. In fact, I think he would eat them if he could. Wherever you see him, he always has at least half a dozen sticking out of his pockets. He must be mad."

Debson took no notice of the pointing fingers or contemptuous faces of those he met. They were nothing to him. All that mattered was that he had all he wanted—his pen-knives.

Anyway, he told himself, he had plenty of money, and if he needed anything he could easily buy it. Why, he was going to buy a new suit for himself in two days' time—his birthday! His birthday! He smiled—if that sour grin could be called such—as he remembered that he would soon have spent forty-seven years in this world. Forty-seven years of a bitter, scraping, miserly life they had been. He had saved and stored up his money, spend-

ing little, buying only the bare necessities, and now he was rich.

He had decided to live comfortably when he turned forty-five, but had not been able to bring himself to give up his business. Now, however, he had fully made up his mind to do away with his hard life and live in luxury. Two more days and his working life would be ended. The new suit was to be purchased in honour of the occasion.

Thus it was that, two days later, he drove to Midby and bought an expensive, well-tailored suit. His face covered in grins, almost hiding the wrinkles which lined it, he drove home again, and, having put on his new suit, went for a stroll in the woods near his cottage. It was a beautiful afternoon, and Debson walked on and on until he came to a rather steep wall of rock. He made his way along the face of it and came across a small path, which led up to the top. Up this he climbed slowly, thinking. What was this path doing here? Who made it? It was obvious that it was used fairly regularly. It puzzled him.

Ah! He had it. He had read in the newspaper some weeks before that blasting operations were to be carried on several miles out of Midby, in order to obtain stone for building purposes. Meanwhile, he had reached a large pit, about twenty feet deep, blasted out of the rocky ground. He thought he heard voices, but as he heard no more, he guessed he was mistaken. He advanced to the edge of the pit and looked down.

Suddenly a whistle shrilled.

He started, his foot slipped, and he fell to the bottom of the pit. He landed on his feet, and the result was that a jarring pain shot through him. He groaned. Perhaps his leg was broken and there was no help at hand (he thought) out here. Then he remembered the

whistle. That meant there was someone about. At this, a sudden chill seized him. Perhaps some more blasting was being done—and he was in the pit. Now he remembered. That whistle was the signal for the lighting of a fuse. In his boyhood he had seen this sort of thing done more than once, and that whistle meant five minutes before the fuse would burn to the explosive. He looked around him. He grew hot and then icy cold, and beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead. His knees shook. He was in an agony of fear.

At least a minute had passed since he had heard the whistle, he guessed. Four minutes of life, unless something happened. His eye caught sight of something about ten yards away from him. He dragged himself across the intervening space. An eternity of time it seemed to him, though in reality only another two minutes had elapsed. He looked closely at the long thin piece of something that came from a hole in the side of the pit, passed along the face of rock for several inches and entered another hole like the first.

His brain, sick with terror, failed to grasp the meaning of it. Then a gleam of hope shone in his eyes. "The fuse," he gasped. "I'll cut it. When the men find that the charge hasn't exploded they'll come to find out the reason, and they'll see me here and help me."

And then—he closed his eyes, everything swirled round him, the intense mockery of the situation forced itself upon him, and he screamed. Something snapped in his brain and he went mad, and in his last moment, just as the deafening roar of the explosion shook the ground and a mountain of rocks were hurled on top of him, he realised the extreme irony of it, for—he hadn't a PEN-KNIFE!

A. SURTEES, 4D.

HOME.

There's a cottage where the willows
 Cast long shadows on the pillows,
 And the murmur of the billows
 Cannot stir the calm, sweet air.
 Oft there comes a sudden yearning,
 As I see strange faces turning,
 And my memory is burning
 With the thoughts that I find there.

Once the many stars shone brightly,
 Once the mopoke called me nightly,
 Once the future hung so lightly
 While the years slipped quickly by;
 But when youth too fast has faded,
 When the romance has been shaded,
 And the world seems somehow jaded,
 From the homeland comes a cry.

It's a call for re-uniting
 When we've done our little fighting,
 And the once dull clouds are lighting
 With the glow of other years,
 Then the joy of old time takes me
 And all earthly care forsakes me
 While to love the old home wakes me—
 Love of laughter and of tears.

J. JOHN O'BRIEN, 3B.

THE DEW.

All is hushed, and in the sleeping air
 There hangs the dewy fragrance of the morn,
 And on each tiny blade of grass there lies
 A scintillating gem, but newly born.

The diamantine sparkle of the stars—
 Though vanished from the kingdom of the
 sky—
 Appears once more to twinkle in each pearl
 And flash with glittering brilliance 'fore the
 eye.

Each little quivering dew-drop is a jewel
 In one vast, glittering space of crystal sheen;
 And each a minute bead of brightest splendour,
 Fit treasure to adorn the noblest queen.

Then, with one final burst of glistening radiance,
 As though they would outshine the coming
 day,
 Kissed by the warming breath of morning
 sunshine,
 Their happy faces smile, and fade away.

A. SURTEES, 4D.

THE APPROACH OF NIGHT.

I walked down across the yard, leaned on
 the slip-rails and gazed far out across the
 paddocks. Far away I could just see the faint
 blue line of mountains rising up like phantoms
 in the distance. Just in front, the paddocks
 stretched for about a mile and then merged
 into a towering forest.

Summer was passing rapidly, and already the
 days were beginning to shorten. Autumn was
 coming with his conquering host to occupy the
 throne of Summer. Already the leaves were
 turning yellow and some had fallen to the
 earth.

Far away I could see one of the boys from
 the farm rounding up the cows which had
 been peacefully grazing. Far up above an
 eagle-hawk circled round and round, and the
 whole air was filled with the evening songs of
 birds. The sun was gradually sinking down
 far in the west like a great golden ball, and
 its last rays filtered through the branches,

tinting the leaves with gold, red and silver,
 and fell upon the soft green grass at the bases
 of the trees. The last dying rays lighted upon
 some small fleecy clouds which were floating
 by, and gilded them, making them look like
 magnificent ships, full of gold, rubies and glit-
 tering diamonds, which were gliding on a sea
 which reflected their beauties a hundredfold.

How wonderful it would be, I thought, if the
 seasons did not change; how wonderful it
 would be if every evening could be so peaceful,
 so calm, and with such a wealth of colour as
 this one was!

Gradually night's oncoming hosts spread over
 the countryside, the banners of day were
 furled, and a soft, velvety mantle of darkness
 enveloped the land

I turned and slowly retraced my steps to the
 house. One more day was gone, and Autumn
 was too rapidly descending upon us.

K. WATKINS, 4C.

HOMEWORK.

How short-lived are those joys which we
 experience at various times in our lives!

I found this to be especially true when, on

a certain Tuesday morning, I shut the gate
 for once in my school life without banging it,
 and with my homework ALL done. For once

in my life I had the satisfaction of knowing that ahead of me there lay a train journey which I had never enjoyed to the fullest extent before, except of course the time I rode in the train on the day of my admittance to the realms of learning.

I walked quickly down the street, and the weight of my bag seemed to have a strange significance; I had brought all the books for the day's work.

That notebook! How it fascinated me! I must have another look at it! I pulled the volume in question out of my coat pocket—the "volume" is the name conferred on a certain small black-covered book, known to most schoolboys as a "homework-book." I opened it and ran through the previous records of homework done; homework expected to be done; and—impositions for homework undone. The writing in this little book shocked me, and I turned quickly to the last page, where I had written in INK, in GOOD writing, the list of the various subjects and the homework, viz.—

Latin: None till Wednesday;
 Maths.: Done;
 German: Done;
 French: None;
 Science: For Thursday;
 English: Done.

I hastily placed the book in my pocket and removed the heel of my boot from the toe of a gentleman who had turned the corner in the opposite direction.

"I'm sorry," I said.

He mumbled something which I did not, and certainly was not meant to, catch.

On arrival at the station, the first words that fell on my ears were, "Done your German?"

"Yes."

"What did you put for this?"

I opened my case, extracted a book, and emptied the neatly folded pages of a writing-pad from between the leaves. After a hasty glance at each, a chill gripped my heart.

"I—I've lost it," I gasped.

Nothing more was said. It was understood that it should be done in the train. The entrance of an aged couple into the already crowded carriage soon put all such notions out of my head. "I shall do it at dinner-time." Alas! the sin of procrastination! The German was still undone when the lesson arrived.

Let me continue. After several such episodes, the homework list read:—

Latin: (none till Wednesday;) two exercises in C. and E.

Maths.: (done;) (the wrong lot.)

German: (done;) (Lost.)

French: (none;) two proses.

Science: (for Thursday;) for Tuesday.

English: (done;) (left at home).

And now there is another page in my "volume," on which is written in PENCIL in BAD writing, the following:—

German: "Do twice." (Imposition.)

Maths: "Do the right lot." (Imposition.)

Latin: Two exercises three times each. (Imposition.)

French: Two proses twice each. (Imposition.)

Science: "I must do my homework 500 times."

English: "Bring it done twice to-morrow."

* * *

My arm, my wrist, my thumb, my fingers— in fact, my whole hand and arm are aching.

Oh! How short-lived are those joys which we experience at various times in our lives! Once done in time, saves . . . !

"ONE WHO KNOWS." 4D.

WHERE PINE TREES GROW.

It seemed as though I had always lived—and I felt as though I always wanted to—at "Carawatha," which is, in the Aboriginal tongue, "Where Pine Trees Grow." Certainly it was a very apt name for the dear old place. It stood by the side of the country road, in 2500 acres of land, and surrounded by pines. As far as the eye could reach they grew where the land was uncleared. In the front of the house the trees grew close together, their short

brown trunks and bushy foliage making a barrier which I always thought beautiful under the white light of the moon, or the first glorious rays of the morning sun. On the right the red road wound its way to Coonabarabran, and I still can see in fancy the part it made in the green trees where it crossed through the timber.

The country was undulating, cut into a patchwork of colours by the different paddocks. Some were green or gold where either the green

wheat or the stubble stood, others were seas of white waves where the winds played among the fox-tail grass in summer time, or bare and brown where the thin sheep fed among the black thistles in the days when we longed for rain.

The paddocks were for the most part cleared, but here and there a dead tree lifted gaunt bare arms to the sky, or a glossy little kurrajong grew in among the waving crop. In one of the sheep-paddocks stood Lone Pine, which my uncle had named, perhaps thinking of another in Gallipoli, where the soldiers sleep. And I loved them all—bare paddocks and basalt ridge, wishing for nothing better, for it was all I could remember.

In those days I was too small to ride by myself, and often used to go out with my father mustering for the shearing. On those chill winter days I went wrapped up in woollen coats, and seated before my father on Gus, the big-grey. Mustering days were always exciting, and none of it was lost by me when, with cracking whips and yapping dogs, the musterers would all ride out on a cold morning and, with white breaths and many a merry jest, ride off to the "Red Tank" or "Windmill" paddocks after the sheep. Then the dogs would slowly but surely gather the sheep into a little pack near the fence until the men took charge of them. Suddenly a youngster would break away from the pack and scamper off among the thistles. With a rush the dogs would cut him off, and he would come silently back.

When it was full moon we would often spend the day gathering the sheep, and send them down to the sheds at night. Nothing would delight me more than to jog along slowly behind the sheep, down the track at the side of which Lone Pine raised his long, bare arms to the moon, until the pale light on iron roofs and tanks in the hollow showed where the homestead was.

Then there were the lovely autumn days when the wheat had to be sown. I delighted to climb on to the drill beside the driver and watch the little streams of wheat that ran out from the back, making a dozen little golden paths on the soft brown earth, and the long chain that covered them over.

On harvest days, when the sun was a tiny ball of fire set in a brazen sky, I used to climb on to the stripper, and with my horny brown

feet buried in the golden grain which flowed into the box from the hoppers, would sit and watch the dirty cloud of husks which followed the machine along the strip, and gaze in wonder at the big Clydesdales straining at the swingle-bars, and wonder if I would ever become as strong as they.

Sometimes a little fat quail ran out from the crop, followed by a knot of little white chicks. I would plead with my father or the man driving the harvester to "please catch me one!" Sometimes would come the long-drawn "wee-who-beck," and with a groan the machine would stop, and the cloud of husks blow over us. The driver would then plunge about on the edge of the crop, kneeling on all the prickles within reach, and would suddenly reappear bearing in his hands a little white ball. I would put the little creature into my pocket with my hand on top, take it under a kurrajong, and there "cuddle" the little captive all day long. My childish mind thought it was a very charitable action to keep the chick warm in a greasy hand on a hot summer day, but when the pine trees began to cast long shadows across the road, and the parakeets were calling to each other from the gum-trees, I would take pity on the helpless little bird and let it run back to its mother among the golden wheat stems.

There was a small orchard at the back of the grain-shed where the orphan lambs, Freddy and Snowy, lived. I know of no more beautiful place than an orchard in the spring, with its rows of pink and white blossoms and myriads of bees. In ours grew a large almond tree. When the sunbeams were flitting among the blossoms of this sea of glory, I would climb into the friendly branches, where I sat for hours to watch the little wild bees that came and burrowed in the blossoms, or the big blue and black butterflies that came to suck the nectar. Like myself, all Nature seemed to love this almond tree of mine, and I used to wonder why everything came straight for it. Sometimes a flock of little parakeets would come tumbling pell-mell through the air, and with one accord fly straight in among the blossoms, and each selecting one for himself, would bury their red and green heads in the heart of the flower and suck the moisture with their hairy tongues. How well their plumage blended with the almond tree!

I lay out on the verandah thinking. Tomorrow we were leaving, and might never return. I looked up at the sky for a long time at the little wisps of white cloud skipping across the face of the moon, while across the road the timber lay still and beautiful in the soft moonlight. Sleep was slowly coming

nearer, nearer. I wondered whether there would be any moon where I was going, or any little white clouds. I wondered— Somewhere a dingo howled far off among the ranges, then a night-heron down at the dam called softly, and I slept.

D. McPHERSON, 3B.

BEAUTY.

The setting sun, a fiery lake
Of purest beaten gold;
The clouds like ashes in the grate
Before the hearth is cold;

The starry sky, calm and serene
When Night's sweet breath is chill
And earth is silent, hushed, asleep,
The houses all are still;

This half-wild climbing rose, by day,
A miracle of white—
But like a fairy tracery
Of shadows, in the night;

The sunny trees with shining leaves
Of every shade of green,
Oh! with what art and tender care
All Nature's work has been!

Such things are beauty, pure and rare,
Their wonders never cease;
They bring vague longing to our hearts,
And give an inward peace.

J. Mc., 4D.



Mr. B. S. B. Stevens (standing), Mr. G. R. Thomas (Director of Education) and the Headmaster.

(Block kindly lent by the "Sun.")

SPEECH DAY, 1932.

May 12th of this year saw the School on the move—down Parramatta Road—to the Strand Theatre, where the annual function of Speech Day was held.

Among other notable visitors at the gathering were Mr. B. S. B. Stevens, now Premier of N.S.W., and Mrs. Stevens, Mr. B. C. Olde, and Mr. G. R. Thomas, Director of Education, who presided.

The assembly was opened at 10 a.m. with the enthusiastic singing of the School Song. This was followed by the Headmaster's Report—one of outstanding scholastic achievements for the previous year.

Mr. Stevens then addressed the large number of boys and parents who were present, and advised all Fortians to confide in their parents, and also to keep up the traditions of the School.

The Sportsmaster read his report of the sporting activities for 1931.

Mr. Olde then addressed the gathering, after which the successful students and athletes were

presented with prizes and cups, each boy being congratulated by Mr. Thomas.

The successful meeting was concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Enrolment and Staff.—Whilst the pupils have increased in numbers by 92, the Staff has been reduced by 1. We have this year 35 teachers on the Staff and 951 boys on the rolls. In all there are 25 classes, for which the present regulation numbers are: 1st Year 45, 2nd Year 45, 3rd Year 40, 4th and 5th Years 35. Long experience in Secondary Schools has shown that for efficient High School work the lower school classes should be limited to 36, and the upper school classes to 25. That was Mr. Elliott's recorded opinion. Decrease in the number of teachers and increase in their teaching periods have led to the splitting of subjects, in that certain teachers have to take periods from others in order to make up their own quotas. Parents have seen the disabilities attached to this, and I have received complaints from them. There is reason to believe, however, that when the "depression" lifts the "status quo" will be restored.

DONORS OF PRIZES.

Dr. Evatt, of the High Court: Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize, for the best essay on a subject chosen by the Director of Education and the Headmaster—£5.

Mrs. Kileen, in memory of her husband: Kileen Memorial Prize for best pass by a Fortian proceeding to the University—£5.

B. S. Stevens, Esq., M.L.A., Leader of the N.S.W. Opposition: Stevens' Prize for the best essay on an economic subject—£2/2/-.

Dr. Verco: Verco Prize for the best pass in Mathematics at the Leaving Certificate—£1.

Old Boys Union: Prize for the best Fortian of the year—£1/5/-.

Staff and boys, in memory of the late Joseph Taylor, long a greatly beloved member of this Staff: J. Taylor Memorial Prizes for Leaving and Intermediate Geography—£2.

Mr. H. Lockley: Shrubs and trees for the front garden.

Mr. W. E. Lyons, 498 Parramatta Road: Furniture for the stage.

Donors of Sports Trophies and Prizes will be mentioned in the Sportsmaster's detailed report.

Training in Debate, Speech-making, etc.—At the Seniors' Farewell Dinner last November, the ability of the boys to manage such a function, and to think and speak on their feet, as evidenced by their splendid after-dinner

(Continued on page 12.)

A SUNSET.

A rugged blue mountain range was silhouetted against a background of deep crimson and gold, and as I sat there, admiring and wondering, my thoughts went back to the mighty Creator, Who had formed such beauty. It was the most beautiful sunset I had seen for many a year, so I decided to wait there till darkness came over the land like a black veil, getting thicker and thicker, until the heavens became bright with glittering stars.

The clouds were like red, gold-tipped monsters, floating high above, and seemingly threatening me in their glory, while the sun, as if loath to leave this scene, sank gradually but surely behind the dark, rugged line of mountains which formed the horizon. As I

looked, it seemed as if Nature was calling me, in the soft whispering of the breeze, and in the beautiful scene which lay before me. But the dark shadows in the valley below became longer and longer, as if warning me that all this would soon be over.

It was only too true. The sun had slipped from my gaze, and the clouds were fast losing their colour. Only those nearer the horizon retained their glory, and then it was short-lived. Oh! If only these scenes would last longer! As I turned reluctantly away, I thought, with not a little remorse, that it might be a long time before I would see such a magnificent scene again.

B. H. PETERSON, 2D.

speeches, was an agreeable surprise to their fathers, who attended in large numbers.

From the first year onward the boys are required to address their classmates on English and historical topics. In the Upper School each class has its debating committee, and every boy is expected to take his turn in the Friday afternoon debates, governed by the rules that obtain in Parliament.

Our Empire Day ceremony is carried out by a committee of Seniors, and the speakers are selected from the best debaters. Their thoroughly prepared speeches, embodying the best ideals of Empire Day, are enthusiastically received and applauded by both teachers and boys. The best address this year was given by S. H. Wilson.

One of our best speakers, Reginald Sharp, Senior Prefect, was chosen, because of his diction, to broadcast the "Goodwill Message" on the occasion of the official opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge by the Premier. Country listeners-in have written to me praising his enunciation and phrasing.

The School Union.—As some misconception seems to exist with regard to the Union fees, I would impress upon parents that the Union provides funds for the School Library and the School Magazine, as well as the boys' sport. The contributions amount to threepence per boy per week. Last year, unfortunately, the Union funds were locked up in the Government Savings Bank; only one issue of "The Fortian" could be published, and the Union had to borrow money to pay for the use of the Petersham Oval.

Sport.—To provide some form of sport or organised game every Wednesday for 950 boys is no easy task. Mr. L. Johnson's work in this respect is most efficient and praiseworthy. He is loyally assisted by the Staff. As regards football, I am pleased to say that, the Rugby Union having guaranteed to show us more consideration, and give us real assistance for the future, we have, in common with the other High Schools, decided to continue playing the Union code.

Sports details will be given later by the Sportsmaster.

Play Day and School Charities.—Every class in the School prepares and presents a play on Play Day. Practically all the plays are representative of some aspect of class work. Some of

the best plays in recent years have been enacted by 1st Year classes, and based on the Ancient History course. There have also been some very fine presentations from Australian History.

Some excellent work is done in the preparation of plays by the classes. A dramatic committee arranges for several plays to be discussed, and after careful elimination one is selected. Many of the plays are wholly the boys' own work, or are adaptations from their English texts.

The Dramatic Society of the 4th Year does good work throughout the year.

Twenty-four plays were acted last Play Day. To meet the wishes of the parents and friends, two night performances were given, each with a different programme, and the attendances were splendid. The proceeds greatly increased our Hospital Fund. We gave last year £80/8/- in all to Renwick Hospital, Rachel Forster Hospital, Alexandra Hospital, Lewisham Hospital, Auburn District Hospital, the Red Cross, Furlough House, and the Childrens Preventorium. The boys' penny a week contributions are earmarked for the Fort Street Cot in the Renwick Hospital. The Ladies' Committee, under Mrs. Rogers, once again gave unselfish and valuable service to the School by catering for the visitors on Play Day, and thereby considerably augmented our charity funds.

Annual School Outing.—The Annual Picnic was held at National Park. An increased number of parents and friends attended. I am sure they enjoyed the day. Boating, walking and sports were the main attractions.

Great good, and a better mutual understanding, I am sure, accrues to boys, parents and teachers from this social outing.

The Old Boys' Union.—Imbued with the true Fortian spirit, the present Committee of the Old Boys' Union is very active in its efforts to keep the Old Boys together, and to render service to their alma mater. Already they have plans for a series of helpful addresses to parents and boys in the Memorial Hall, by old Fortians who are outstanding in the professional and business world. The first of the series was well attended and highly appreciated, as indeed it was bound to be, when we had such fine speakers and such legal lights as an Acting Judge of the Supreme Court, Mr. A. V. Maxwell, K.C., Mr. P. C. Spender, LL.B., Gold Medallist, and Mr. P. Halse-Millet, head of a



prominent Sydney legal firm. Mr. Maxwell it was who started the first debating club in Fort Street. The mention of Mr. Spender's gold medal reminds me that during the last five years the LL.B. Gold Medal has been won four times by old Fortians.

Public Examinations.—Last year the "Intermediate" results were well up to the standard of former years.

In 1931, 116 boys were successful. They secured 247 A's and 499 B's. Whilst the maximum was seven subjects for the general course, the average pass consisted of 6.43 subjects and 2.1 A's per boy.

The Hume Barbour Prize, presented by the Royal Australian Historical Society for History, was won by C. B. Phillips, and the J. Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography was awarded to J. Prince.

Passes of Merit were:—

7 A's: A. Surtees, D. Carr, B. Coleborne, A. McKnight, J. Evans and M. Johnson.

6 A's and 1 B: H. Allen, G. Bailey, E. Coleman, R. Paisley, T. Roche and S. Coldham.

5 A's and 2 B's: L. Cameron, G. Hodgson, O. Porter, H. R. Watts.

4 A's and 5 B's: W. Funnell.

4 A's and 3 B's: A. Rutherford, N. Schroeder, J. McAuley, G. Dale, N. Doherty, W. Downs, R. Geldard and A. Richardson.

4 A's and 2 B's: K. Henderson and A. Jenkins.

The best passes in order of merit were those of Surtees, Johnson, Coleborne, Paisley, Roche and Funnell.

Remarks.—With regard to the number of subjects taken by Fortians in the "Intermediate," it may be asked why we limit it to seven in the general course.

Realising that every boy has, or should have, home duties, that he must have reasonable recreation, and that a judicious choice of seven subjects gives a well balanced training of his mental faculties and a sufficient body of knowledge for entry upon Leaving Certificate study, we have decided that a curriculum of seven subjects adequately meets all these objectives.

There are a few facts concerning post Intermediate work that every parent should know.

(a) The Intermediate Certificate may be withheld from any pupil who cannot give a satisfactory reason for absenting himself during November and December from the Fourth Year

studies which begin within a week of the end of the Intermediate.

(b) The loss of his six weeks' instruction is too great a handicap for even the most capable Fourth Year boy to carry, and very seldom is the lost ground recovered.

(c) A pass in only four or five B's indicates a sad lack of the knowledge requisite to take up Leaving Certificate work. Last year, out of 285 Fourth Year boys, 94 left because they could not do Fourth Year work, and 28 failed to get promotion to Fifth Year. These latter would have a better chance of passing their Leaving creditably if they repeated Third Year.

(d) Fort Street absorbs boys from Intermediate High Schools in its own zone, but its organisation does not provide for pupils who have NOT done the three years Intermediate course in one or more languages in addition to English.

Leaving Certificate.—Eighty-nine (89) boys passed. They gained 202 A's, 302 B's and 12 L's. The average pass was six subjects out of 7 per boy.

The Honours gained were: **English**, three First-class, seven Second-class; **History**, one First-class, three Second-class; **Latin**, one Second-class; **French**, one Second-class; **Mathematics I.**, ten First-class, seven Second-class; **Mathematics II.**, ten First-class, seven Second-class; **Physics**, eight First-class, seven Second-class; **Chemistry**, three First-class, six Second-class.

In all the boys gained 72 Honours—35 Firsts and 37 Seconds. This is the highest number for any school in the State for 1931. It is a record in Firsts for Fort Street, and is probably a record for the State also.

Comparative Results of the three best schools, giving average results for each boy who passed:—

School	1st Class Honours	2nd Class Honours	A's	B's
Fort Street15 plus	.28 plus	2.06 plus	3.33
Second School	.07 plus	.20 plus	1.23 plus	3.79
Third School ..	.04 plus	.21 plus	1.15 plus	4.03

Thirteen (13) boys gained three Honours each, and six (6) gained three First-class Honours each.

The efficiency of the Fifth Year teachers who prepared the pupils is manifested by these

results. It should be noted, too, that the cumulative effect of the instruction given by the Staff generally during the first four years made these results possible.

Scholarships, Exhibitions, etc., Gained:—

- (a) Barker Scholarship No. 2 for Mathematics.
- (b) Horner Exhibition for Mathematics.
- (c) Four (4) University Bursaries.
- (d) 28 University Exhibitions.
- (e) 25 Teachers' College Scholarships.
- (f) 11 Public Service Clerkships.

High Distinctions and State Places Won:—

1. Highest Aggregate and First Place in State, S. Hazlewood.
2. First Place in University Exhibitions, S. Hazlewood.
3. First Place in University Bursaries, W. Gailey.
4. First Place in Mathematics, F. Chong.
5. Second Place in Mathematics, S. Hazlewood.
6. First Place in Physics, S. Hazlewood.
7. Second Place in Physics, W. Gailey.
8. Third Place in Chemistry, R. Melville.
9. Third Place in Teachers' College Scholarships, J. Bailey.
10. Fourth Place in Public Service Clerkships, G. Corner.
11. Fourth Place in History, J. Kerr.
12. Fifth Place in University Bursaries, J. Bailey.
13. Fifth Place in Chemistry, E. Treharne.
14. Sixth Place in Chemistry, J. Kerr.
15. Sixth Place in Mathematics, W. Gailey.
16. Sixth Place in Physics, D. Perkins.

S. Hazlewood gained the highest aggregate marks, and was, therefore, top of the State in the Leaving Certificate Examination. His average per paper was so high that, although his possible marks were 20 less, his total was higher than that of the candidate who was awarded the General Proficiency Prizes.

That he was not awarded these prizes is difficult to understand. The explanation is that the University makes its so-called General Proficiency Awards on **six subjects only**, and, as a consequence, only nine (9) of Hazlewood's papers out of his 7 A's and 3 First-class Honours were considered, whilst the whole ten (10) of the successful applicant's, out of 1 B,

5 A's and 4 First-class Honours, were taken into account.

As regards the **relative values placed by the University** upon the Scholarship Subjects, one is at a loss to know why Latin and Greek, whilst they have a very real value in a High School curriculum, should be given so much preference over other subjects, that a candidate who takes Classics Honours must beat a candidate who takes Mathematics and Science Honours, the position being that under this mediæval system of values Ancient History receives 50 marks more than Physics and Chemistry, and Latin and Greek each 50 more than any other subject.

Special Prize Winners:—

- (a) **Kileen Memorial Prize** for General Proficiency to a Fortian proceeding to the University: S. Hazlewood.
- (b) **Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize** for the best essay on a subject chosen by the Director of Education and the Headmaster, "Should Australia be More Enterprising in the Pacific?": J. R. Kerr.
- (c) **Stevens Prize** for the best essay on an Economic Subject, "The Socialisation of Industries": A. R. Bellhouse.
- (d) **Verco Prize** for best pass in Mathematics at L.C.: F. Chong.
- (e) **Barker Scholarship** No. 2 for Mathematics: F. Chong.
- (f) **Horner Exhibition** for Mathematics: F. Chong.
- (g) **Old Boys' Union Prize** for the best Fortian of the year: S. Hazlewood.
- (h) **J. Taylor Memorial Prize** for Geography: L. Little.
- (i) **Headmaster's Prize** (a) for School Service: E. Treharne.
- (j) **Headmaster's Prize** (b) for Best Address, Empire Day: S. H. Wilson.
- (k) **Modern Language Association Prize** for German, Leaving Certificate: S. Hazlewood.
- (l) **Modern Language Association Prize** for German, Intermediate Certificate: A. M. Surtees.

The sectional prizes for each year will be described at the prize giving, as will also the Sports trophies.

PRIZE LIST.

FIFTH YEAR.

S. J. Hazlewood: First for General Proficiency, 89 per cent. Highest Pass in State at Leaving Certificate Examination. Kileen Memorial Prize. 1st in State for University Exhibitions. 1st in State in Physics—H1. 2nd in State in Maths. I.—H1. 2nd in State in Maths. II.—H1. 1st Place in German A, 86 per cent. 2nd Mechanics A, 96 per cent. 2nd Latin A, 82 per cent. Modern Language Association Prize for German.

W. G. Gailey: Second for General Proficiency. First for University Bursaries. Second in State in Physics—H1. 3 H1 and 7 A's at Leaving Certificate Examination.

F. Chong: Third for General Proficiency. 1st in State in Maths. I.—H1. 1st in State in Maths. II.—H1. Barker Scholarship No. 2. Horner Exhibition. Verco Prize for Mathematics.

J. E. Bailey, School Captain: Fourth for General Proficiency. 3rd Place Teachers' College Scholarships. 2 H1, 1 H2, 6 A's at L.C. Examination.

J. R. Kerr, Vice-Captain: Fifth for General Proficiency. 1st English H1, 1st History H1. 1st Chemistry H1. 3 H1, 6 A's, 1 B at L.C. Examination. Evatt Memorial Prize.

R. Melville: Sixth for General Proficiency. 1st in Chemistry H1. 3 H1 at Leaving Certificate Examination.

L. Conlon: 1st Latin H2, 1st Greek A, 87 per cent. 3 H2, 6 A's at L.C. Examination.

P. H. Patterson: 1st French H2.

T. W. Plummer: 2nd German.

J. C. Hay: 1st Mechanics A, 97 per cent. 3 H1, 5 A's at L.C. Examination.

H. Harris: 2nd History H2.

L. S. Le Gay Brereton: 2nd English H1.

G. G. Corner: 2nd Physics H1. 4th Public Service Examination. 1 H1, 2 H2, 5 A's at L.C. Examination.

L. W. Little: J. Taylor Prize for best pass in Geography at Leaving Certificate Examination.

E. D. Treharne, Senior Prefect: Headmaster's Prize for School Service. H1 in Chemistry at L.C. Examination.

A. R. Bellhouse: Stevens Prize for Economic Essay.

FOURTH YEAR.

A. W. Wheatley: 1st General Proficiency, 90 per cent. 1st French, 86 per cent. 1st Maths. I., 93 per cent. 1st Mechanics, 99 per cent. 1st Physics, 97 per cent. 2nd English, 77 per cent. 2nd Latin, 82 per cent.

S. B. Cohen: 2nd General Proficiency, 83 per cent. 1st Maths. II., 97 per cent. 1st Chemistry, 86 per cent. 2nd Maths. I., 92 per cent. 2nd Mechanics, 93 per cent.

S. Wogan: 1st in History.

R. Sharp: 1st in English, 81 per cent.

W. A. Scott: 1st in Geography, 81 per cent.

C. M. Whiddett: 1st in Latin.

W. J. Hollister: 1st in German.

H. P. English: 1st in Economics.

N. P. Henry: 1st Greek, 80 per cent. 2nd Chemistry, 85 per cent. 2nd French, 86 per cent.

R. G. Giovannelli: 2nd Mathematics II., 96 per cent.

P. L. Gibson: 2nd Physics, 84 per cent.

S. Wilson: Headmaster's Prize for Best Empire Day Address.

C. Clarke: Best Senior Impersonation and Sustained Character on Play Day.

H. Sundstrom: Most Marked Progress.

A. J. Nixon: Sundstrom Prize for Best English Pass in 4C.

THIRD YEAR.

A. M. Surtees: First General Proficiency, 86 per cent. 2nd English, 84 per cent. 2nd German, 87 per cent. 2nd Science, 84 per cent. 7 A's at Intermediate Examination. Modern Language Association Prize for German.

A. D. McKnight: 1st Latin, 86 per cent. 2nd English, 84 per cent. 5th General Proficiency, 83 per cent. 7 A's at Intermediate Examination.

A. T. Roche: 1st History, 92 per cent. 5th General Proficiency. 6 A's at Intermediate Examination.

J. P. McAuley: 1st German, 86 per cent. 1st French, 86 per cent. 1st English, 85 per cent. 2nd Latin, 86 per cent.

R. E. Paisley: 1st Maths. I., 95 per cent. 2nd French, 82 per cent. 4th General Proficiency. 6 A's at Intermediate Examination.

G. R. Bailey: 1st Maths. II., 98 per cent.

J. Colclough: 1st Science, 85 per cent.

M. L. Johnston: 2nd General Proficiency. 2nd Maths. II., 93 per cent. 7 A's at Intermediate Examination.

B. Coleborne: 3rd General Proficiency. 7 A's at Intermediate Examination.

A. J. Prince: J. Taylor Prize for Best Pass in Geography at Intermediate Examination.

W. Funnell: 1st in Commercial Subjects. 6th General Proficiency.

C. Phillips: Hume-Barbour Prize for Australian History, presented by Royal Australian Historical Society.

SECOND YEAR.

L. J. Minty: 1st General Proficiency, 77 per cent. 1st Commercial Subjects, 86.5 per cent.

H. G. Mietzke: 1st Geography, 87 per cent. 2nd Commercial Subjects, 85 per cent. 2nd Science, 90 per cent.

F. J. O'Brien: 1st English, 84 per cent. 1st History, 91 per cent.

D. N. Murray: 2nd English.

- D. B. Roberts:** 2nd Geography, 82 per cent.
A. B. Slater: 1st Latin, 86 per cent. 1st Maths. II., 90 per cent.
A. E. Greentree: 2nd Maths. II., 89 per cent.
H. F. Stewart: 1st French, 91 per cent.
T. R. Woodrow: 1st German, 87 per cent.
E. D. Trevor: 1st Maths. I., 93 per cent.
W. G. Shearer: 1st Science, 96 per cent. 2nd General Proficiency, 76 per cent.
J. A. Coffill: 1st Latin, 86 per cent.

FIRST YEAR.

- R. A. Carey:** 1st General Proficiency, 82 per cent. 1st Latin, 97 per cent. 1st French, 96 per cent. 2nd English, 86 per cent.
L. M. Ringland: 2nd General Proficiency, 81 per cent. 2nd Science, 85 per cent. 2nd French,

- 88 per cent. 2nd Maths. II., 94 per cent.
J. M. Ward: 1st English, 87 per cent. 1st History, 89 per cent.
F. J. Karnaghan: 2nd History.
E. E. Singleman: 1st Geography, 76 per cent.
D. R. Whiteman: 2nd Latin, 95 per cent.
D. N. Alderton: 1st Maths. I., 93 per cent.
J. V. Lyons: 1st Science, 86 per cent.
F. G. Rigg: 1st Maths. II., 96 per cent.
D. A. McLean: 1st Shorthand, 75 per cent.
B. Tory: Best Junior Impersonation and Sustained Character on Play Day.

"FORTIAN" PRIZES.

- G. Horan:** Best Original Poem.
H. Dixon: Best Original Story.

SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT.**1931 SEASON.**

You have heard from the Headmaster a glowing report of scholastic achievements on the part of our boys. While our successes in sport have not reached the all-round excellence at which we aim, they are none the less satisfactory when we consider the number of activities over which our efforts are spread.

We regard sport as being essential to the student. The body must be kept fit in order that the mind may be able to assimilate, without the sacrifice of physical well-being, the lessons taught in the classroom.

There is another aspect of sport which we consider very valuable. There is the training in team work. A boy who goes through the school without engaging in some form of team sport misses something which cannot be made up to him in any other way. A member of a team learns to subordinate individual interest for the common good; there is no room in a team for the selfish boy; there must develop a habit of taking defeat with a smiling face; there is no room in a team for a squealer; the knocks and bumps encountered must be accepted as part of the game; there is the tacit acceptance of responsibility and the development of a moral and physical courage which refuses to yield to an onslaught for fear of damaging the reputation of the team. In short, what better training could there be for the battle of life?

It is considerations such as these that we wish to place before the parents of our boys. There is an increasing tendency on the part of parents to prohibit their boys from joining

in the old time team sports of the winter season, and especially in the game of football. Our competitions are so carefully graded that there is little cause for anxiety. There can be little damage done, for instance, when two teams, both composed of boys whose maximum weight is 6st 3lbs, are contesting a hard-fought game for premiership honours. Visit our sports grounds and see the teams at play, and you will realise what your own boy is missing.

The School Union.—Misconception appears to have arisen in some quarters with regard to the management and activities of the School Union, and it seems advisable to explain briefly what our arrangements are.

The Union Committee of Management consists of an equal number of masters and boys. The representatives are elected annually by the various bodies engaged in the numerous activities of the School. In general, there is a master and a boy for each activity.

Membership of the Union costs 10/- per family (about 3d per week). Membership carries the right to participate in the sporting activities of the School, the use of a fine library, two copies of the "Fortian," and the privilege of engaging in our social activities, debating, music for assembly purposes, and the like.

The allotment of fees is as follows:—Out of every 10/- sport receives 6/-, the Fortian 2/-, the library 1/6, and the general fund 6d.

Boys who are not in a position to pay Union fees are granted exemption wholly or in part, according to circumstances, and receive full

privileges of membership.

An audited balance sheet is produced and discussed at each annual meeting. Copies are handed to the boys' representatives on the Committee, and they are always encouraged to criticise and discuss it. The balance sheet is always open to Departmental audit, and a copy may be seen by any parent on request. The work of officers of the Union is distinctly honorary.

Award of Blues.—As a result of the past season's activities "blues" for outstanding merit in sport have been awarded as follows:—

Cricket. B Langsworth, Captain of the School XI and of the Combined High Schools' XI.

I. Sharp, a consistent batsman for several seasons.

Rugby Union. B. Langsworth, L. Sender and L. Broadhead, all of whom have represented the School for several years, and have also been selected to represent Combined High Schools.

Soccer. R. Stewart, I. Sharp and T. Wright, all members of the Premier Soccer team and

of the Combined High Schools' team.

Baseball. P. Magee, the mainstay of the School's Premier IX.

Tennis. V. Hudson, Champion of the School, and winner of the Anderson Trophy.

Swimming. C. Phillips, State Junior Champion in sprint events, and the School's Junior Champion.

A Burge, a distinguished competitor in State Junior Championship and School distance events.

Athletics. A. Hammer, Senior Champion of the School.

J. Sullivan, C.H.S. Hurdles Champion.

We participated in the competitions conducted by the P.S.A.A.A. in Cricket, Rugby Union Football, Soccer Football, Baseball and Tennis, and also competed at the Annual Athletic and Swimming Carnivals of the Combined High Schools.

[The Sportsmaster's reports of individual branches of sport are omitted, as reference is made to them in the Sporting section.]

Life Saving.—Following our usual practice, a large number of boys were prepared for the

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examinations of the Royal Life Saving Society, and the following awards were gained:—

Instructors' Certificates 5, Teachers' Certificates 4, Bronze Cross 4, Bar to Bronze Medallion 1, Bronze Medallion 58, Proficiency Certificates 68. Total 140.

Special efforts have also been made to ensure that every boy in the School shall be able to swim, and very good progress has been made in this direction.

Mr. Humphries, our very capable instructor, is to be congratulated on the high honour of being made a Life Member of the Royal L.S. Society in recognition of his fine work over many years. This year his team gained the Hendry Cup.

Playing Fields.—The difficulty of securing suitable playing fields has become more acute owing to the lack of provision of adequate transport facilities, and the increased cost of travelling to and from sports grounds. Our aim is to secure areas which are within walking distance of the School. Unfortunately, there are no large areas available in the immediate vicinity, so we have in the past been forced to go far afield to meet our requirements. Fortunately, we can report a slight improvement in the position. Ibrox Park, in the Leichhardt Municipality, has been secured for the Soccer enthusiasts at a reasonable rental, and arrangements are now in hand with a view to obtaining the right to use another enclosed playing area in Haberfield.

Donors.—We again express our appreciation of the generosity of those worthy ladies and gentlemen who show a personal and practical

interest in our welfare by donating, year after year, valuable trophies for prizes at our annual carnivals.

We wish to thank:—

W. J. Rogers, Esq., of Haberfield, for presenting the Senior Cup for Athletics.

C. Jamieson, Esq., of North Strathfield (an Old Boy of the School), for presenting trophies for senior and junior athletics.

Mrs. Anderson, of Ashfield, who provides the annual tennis trophy.

W. Kerr, Esq., Jeweller, of George Street, Sydney, for donating a cup for senior swimming.

T. Hannan, Esq., of Parramatta Road, Leichhardt, for giving a cup for junior swimming.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Taylor, of Cheltenham, for presenting a cup for under 14 swimming.

And Messrs. W. Cousins, of Angus and Robertson; Roydhouse, of The Press, Burwood; B. Owen, of Owen's Bag Stores; Neil McLean, of Hay Street, Leichhardt; King, of Parramatta Road, Leichhardt; Guiffre, of Parramatta Road, Leichhardt; and the Macrae Knitting Mills, of Newtown, for other valuable swimming trophies.

The whole staff has contributed towards the sporting successes achieved; but our special thanks are due to those gentlemen who have taken charge of our grade teams in the various departments. This has necessitated the sacrifice of much of their spare time in preparing their teams for competition play, and travelling to distant suburbs to supervise matches.

The organisers of our annual carnivals and the manager of the life saving squads are also deserving of our gratitude.

OLD BULLI COAL MINE.

Most of the South Coast coal mines have no pit, but tunnel straight into the side of the mountain. This is the case with the old Bulli mine, and the method saves the expenses of the pit-head gear, which is necessary for operations where the coal seam is deep below the surface of the earth.

Of course, one of the first essentials of coal mining is to have some means by which coal, taken from the face of the seam in the tunnels, can be transported to the open air, and later sent away to be used.

There is a large plant of modern machinery in this mine, which works an endless hawser over four miles long. This hawser enters at one side of the tunnel, and comes out at the other; by this the coal is brought out. The skip (as the truck used in the coal mine is called) is clipped on to the hawser by a pit-boy, who waits till some empty skips come. He unclips these and takes them (hauled by pit-ponies) to where the men are working at the face of the seam.

Many men are employed in the mine to take

out the coal. They first blast part of it in the seam, and then loosen it with picks. The coal obtained is tipped from a height on to what appear to be huge sieves. The coal-dust falls through into a large bin, and the coal itself rolls into the waiting railway trucks, which carry it either to the mine company's own jetty, to be sent either by sea to Sydney, to Port Kembla, or to the main railway line, to be transported by rail to various places.

As the mine is on a hill, away from the main railway line and the jetty, the coal has to be carried down the hill. Two sets of rail tracks are laid for this purpose, one for up and one for down traffic. When a full truck goes down the hill, a hawser, attached to a wheel at the top, pulls up two or three empty trucks. The trucks are assembled at the bottom of the hill and taken to their different destinations.

The pit-ponies used in the mine are small, but thick-set and very powerful. Larger horses are used for hauling timber from the side of the mountain, to be used in strengthening the tunnel roofs. Great care is taken of these horses. They are groomed frequently and fed well.

When the men come from working in the mine, they are very grimy, being covered with coal-dust, and a good bath is needed. There are large cleaning rooms where the men can

have a hot or cold shower as they please. The hot water is obtained by means of the furnaces of the machine plant, and a supply is always there.

Among the most interesting parts of the mine are the tunnels, of which there are three in all. Two are used by the men who receive regular pay, which is about 18/6 a day. These tunnels are the oldest, and one is six and the other five miles long. There is a communication between them about four miles from the entrance. The other tunnel is not so old, and, after proceeding some distance into it, one is forced to walk in a stooping position. The men who work here are paid for the amount of coal they mine, and not at a fixed rate. One man has made a record in this tunnel by earning £20 in one week.

All the tunnels are, to within a fair distance from the face of the seam, lit by electricity generated by the mine company's own power station. Past this point the miners use a small lamp with battery attached. The battery is not very large, but is, nevertheless, heavy.

The mine company, in drawing water for the use of the miners and mine in general, helps with water for the town water supply.

My visit to the mine was the most interesting incident in my life, and has left in me a desire to see other mines.

J. REDMOND, 4C.

FORT STREET'S PART IN THE OPENING OF THE HARBOUR BRIDGE.

"Some are born great—and some have greatness thrust upon them," wrote the sage many years ago, and his saying was amply borne out in one of the most important events of this century, the opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

When the plans for the opening ceremony were being formulated, it was thought that the schoolchildren of the State should play some part, so a scheme was brought forward by Mr. McCoy, Headmaster of Darlington Junior Technical School. His plan was to compose a message of good-will and congratulation, and let schoolboy runners carry it from school to school to Sydney, starting from the centre of the State. It was to be signed by the Headmaster and two pupils of

each school passed on the route.

The message was to start from Tottenham, which is the town nearest to the geographical centre of the State. Fort Street Boys' High runners, having received the message from Petersham, were to run to Fort Street Girls' High School. The parchment having been signed there, two Fort Street boys, accompanied by two Fort Street girls, were to take it to the Minister for Education on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th March. The brass cylinder containing the missive was to be left in the Minister's safe keeping until the Saturday morning, when two Fort Street boys were to collect it and run to Fort Street Girls'. Here it was to be given to another Fort Street boy, who, accompanied by a Fort Street girl, was to run the remaining 300 yards along the

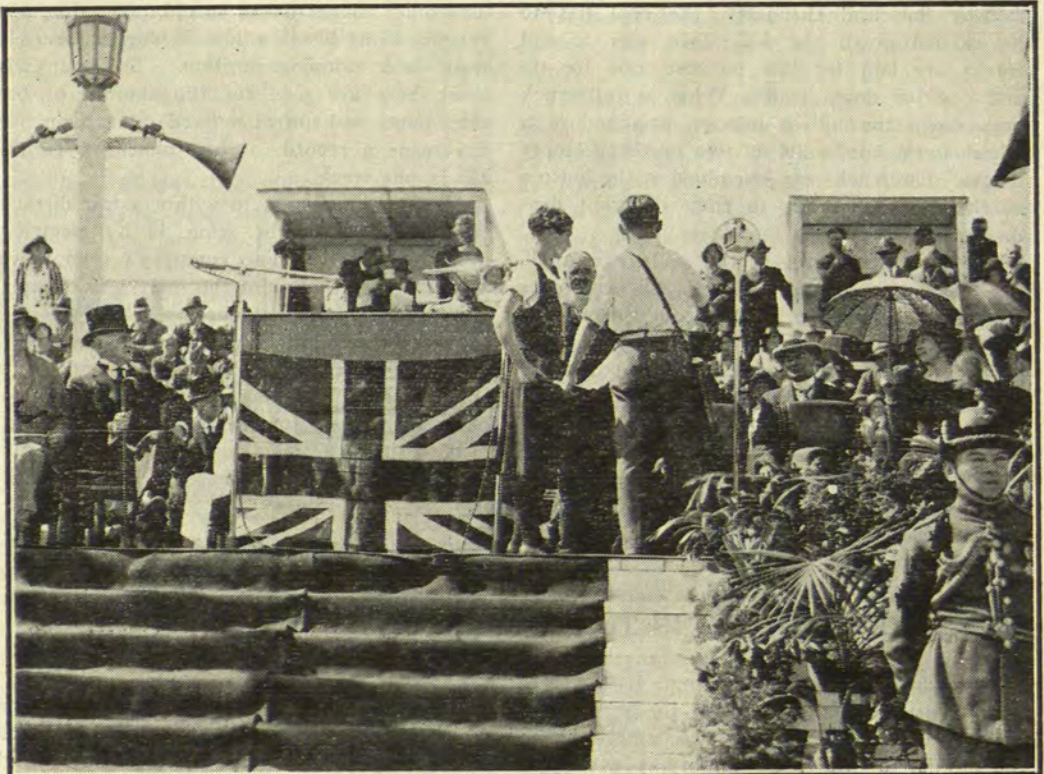
Bridge approach and present it to the Governor. Seats on the dais were to be provided for the presenters.

This all—was to be, but man proposes and the weather disposes. The Thursday afternoon was wet, and the message had to be conveyed to Fort Street Girls' School by car, L. O'Brien and S. Raine being the couriers. These two boys also signed the message on behalf of Fort Street. The highest honour, however, was

Year, conveyed the message from the Education Department to Fort Street gates.

No fault can be found with Sharp. His voice and diction were without blemish, and the fact that the Headmaster received many congratulatory letters from all over New South Wales, testifying that Sharp was by far the best speaker of the day, is something of which all Fortians should be justly proud.

Sharp the schoolboy became overnight the



OUR SENIOR PREFECT, R. I. SHARP, ACCOMPANIED BY THE CAPTAIN OF FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH, HANDING GOODWILL MESSAGE TO PREMIER

given to Ian Sharp who, accompanied by Beryl Lambie, captain of Fort Street Girls', presented the message. The important task of understudying Sharp was assigned to A. McKnight, of Fourth Year, who, with K. Tubman of Fifth

Year, conveyed the message from the Education Department to Fort Street gates.

“Some are born great—and some have greatness thrust upon them.”

URIAH HEEP RESIGNS.

(An Incident in the History of the High and Dry Society)

We are all well acquainted with the various members of the High and Dry Society, or if

we are not, then it's not the fault of modern education; no need for me to enumerate them--

let them speak for themselves.

Mr. Pickwick, of course, took the chair; that is to say, he occupied it; he couldn't have taken it, literally speaking, anywhere, since Scrooge had an interest in it and was watching it as carefully as if it had been a ghost. However, Mr. Pickwick occupied the chair, and he occupied it admirably, it being a rather copious chair and he rather a copious gentleman, taking him all round.

The meeting took place as usual in the Old Curiosity Shop, all the members being curious to see curios, so as to have something with which to divert themselves throughout a business that they knew from previous experience would be none too frivolous.

They were gathered around the Louis something table, Mr. Pickwick at the top, and Mr. Micawber (who had been the runner-up for the chairmanship) at the opposite end, with a glass of punch at his elbow. It was a very large gathering, even servants being admitted, since the question in hand was a more than usually important one. For the last few weeks they had been vigorously discussing certain vital questions such as whether fish perspire (suggested by Mr. Pickwick himself), and whether a boy should receive sixty or only fifty lashes for daring to teach his grandmother to suck eggs, or be maimed for life, physically and mentally, for presuming to know more than his master (both suggested by Mr. Squeers).

However, to-day the question for consideration was one that affected them all personally—a question, as Mr. Micawber put it, that “cast a most lamentable and exceedingly undignified suspicion on all and sundry.” But as I have said, I prefer to let them speak for themselves.

Mr. Pickwick with some difficulty extricated himself from the chair and rose to open the meeting.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said he, with a fine flourish of his hand, magnanimously including them all, “Ladies and gentlemen, you are perhaps aware of the reason for to-day's meeting.” (Hear! Hear!) “Nevertheless, I will briefly endeavour, I mean endeavour briefly to put the case before you for your distinguished consideration.” (Hear, Hear!) “Lately, gentlemen”—(“What about the ladies?” interposed Mr. Micawber—always a ladies' man.) “Quite right, sir, quite right—I accept your correction—one should never forget the ladies, God bless 'em.

Well then, ladies and gentlemen—the question, as I have said, is—er—er, was—” (“You 'avn't said vot it vas yet, sir,” said Sam Weller) “Sam, Sam!” said Mr. Pickwick severely. “In short, my friends, in a word and to speak briefly—we have a traitor in our midst.” (Loud cries of “No, no!”—little screams from the ladies.) “I repeat, friends, that there is a Judas in our midst.”

Here a commotion ensued. The Hon. Mr. Fagin, M.H.D.S., angrily pushed back his chair and thumped the table.

“Sir,” he said, garing at Mr. Pickwick, “Sir, I take that statement as a personal insult to myself.”

“Sir,” said Mr. Pickwick. “Sir!”

“Sir,” said Mr. Fagin, “I repeat that I consider your statement a personal insult to myself.”

“Will you be so kind as to explain yourself, sir,” said Mr. Pickwick, his spectacles bobbing up and down on his nose like a cork floating on the ocean.

“I will, sir, I will,” retorted Mr. Fagin, wagging his elongated nose in imitation of the chairman. “I consider any reference to one of my race as a personal insult to myself. You, sir, have cast a despicable slur on my untrammelled honour by mentioning Judas—as all the world knows my nickname is Judas. I therefore demand that you retract your words.”

“Sir,” said Mr. Pickwick, “I consider myself justified in using the word—there is more than one Judas in the world—I refuse to retract.”

“You refuse, sir?”

“I do, sir.”

“Then, sir, I wag my nose at you, sir.”

“You dare to wag your nose at me, sir?”

“If I'd three noses I'd wag three, sir.”

At this juncture Little Nell got a fit of the tantrums and had to be carried out. She always did get a fit of the tantrums at such crises. Everything was soon smoothed over, however, for by this time Mr. Pickwick had lost the thread of argument, and Mr. Fagin's attention had been attracted to Mr. David Copperfield's watch-chain; Mr. Fagin had a weakness for watch-chains—especially other people's.

“Well friends,” continued Mr. Pickwick. “to put the matter in a few words—someone, someone, I regret to say—amongst us, someone

in our highest confidence, someone whom we have nursed as a viper in our bosoms, someone . . ." (Hear, hear!) "In a word, friends—one of this society has infringed all the rules pertaining to the same—has traitorously given information of our proceedings to the outside world, has . . ." (Hear, hear!)—"has, to put the case briefly" ("Exactly," said Mr Micawber)—"has called me, me, your honoured chairman," (Hear, hear!) "your respected fellow-member of this admirable society—has called me—Oh, I blush to think of the awful contumely" ("Come, come," soothed Nancy Sykes—always a sympathetic soul, Nancy)—"well, then, friends, I have been called 'an impossible old fool.'" (General consternation, expressions of sympathy, a cynical laugh from Uriah Heep.) "But, ladies and gentlemen, that is not all—that is by no means all" (Little screams of expectation of further horrors, from the ladies.) "Nay, not only did this as yet undiscovered person call me an impossible old fool, but he (I would not offend your firm chivalry, gentlemen, by saying 'she'—he, I say, has given information to a certain daily newspaper to the effect (I quote the rascal's own words, friends), 'that the club calling itself the High and Dry Society is a set of impossible and ridiculous characters under the chairmanship of an impossible old fool.' Those are the very words, friends, the very words." Mr. Pickwick wiped away a tear from beneath his spectacles, while an uproar quite unprecedented rose from the various members of the society. Cries of "Shame, shame," mingled with the raucous laughter of Uriah Heep, made a curious din that caused poor David Copperfield to put his hands over his ears. Then the opinion of each of the members was begged by the chairman, for the purpose of throwing light, if possible, on the traitor, and to devise the best course to be taken in regard to the newspaper's statement.

Mr. Micawber, who had just returned from a holiday in the Debtors' Prison, was not feeling in the best of condition to display his eloquence. He said he preferred to "wait until something turned up." This was considered a most sensible view of the matter, and Betsy Trotwood ceased knitting for a moment to remark that she wondered nobody had thought of it before.

Barkis then intimated that he was "willin',"

but when asked to enlarge on that statement merely shook his head mysteriously, and repeated that "he was willin'."

A diversion was now caused by Mr. Pickwick ordering Nicholas Nickleby to "be more decorous, sir," as our young friend had been ogling at Dora, which of course is a thing not tolerated in the best circles.

Mr. Bumble now rose, smelling strongly of brimstone and treacle, "upon a point of order," but he was not allowed to proceed far in his objection, because Oliver Twist at the sight of him waving his great clumsy hand (which evidently brought back unpleasant reminiscences to the boy), immediately fell into a convulsion, and he also had to be carried out. Mr. Bumble, on seeing the lad in this condition, recommended an unusually large dose of his famous remedy—brimstone and treacle—as he said it was the panacea for all bodily ills, as well as being handy, he added in parenthesis, for filling cracks in the roofs of houses and indispensable for mending broken china. On hearing this recommendation, Oliver immediately recovered, which curious fact Mr. Bumble attributed to the power of brimstone and treacle, the very name of which he said was sufficient to cure some maladies.

Little Nell had now recovered also, and was graciously lending her doll to Pip. The discussion was proceeding at length under the able order of the chairman, but after about three hours' debate, the furthest point that had been reached was voiced by Mr. Micawber, who said he preferred to "wait till something turned up," and by Mr. Barkis, who said he was "willin'." The word "traitor" was in every mouth, as naturally the idea of betrayal was "too horrible for words," as Mr. Snodgrass so admirably expressed it in his forty-six minutes' speech on the subject.

But "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings"—as the proverb says—comes truth. At least, that was what happened at last, for dear, sweet, good, delicate, loving, faultless, kind, unselfish Little Nell removed her chewing-gum from her mouth and pointed an accusing finger at Uriah Heep.

"That's the man, that big ugly horrid man," she said; "he's the traitor. I don't like him. He's got dirty teeth and I bet he doesn't wash his face—not all over—not behind his ears, at any rate. He did it, he did it, he did it."

Naturally a general hubbub ensued. Mr. Squeers grasped a ruler (an involuntary action, through constant usage), and waved it at poor Little Nell.

"Children," he said with the requisite amount of severity, "should be seen and not heard."

Little Nell began to weep, and sobbed all over her grandfather's vest. He didn't mind, however—he was used to it, and it was an old vest, anyhow. Nell then fainted, giving her grandfather his cue to tell them all that "his little Nell wasn't dead—she was only sleeping," in which no one contradicted him.

When the noise finally abated, Uriah Heep rose in his place and began his defence, for it seemed apparent from Nell's accusation that Uriah must indeed be guilty.

"I'm an 'umble man, I am, yer honours, I'm a very 'umble man. My poor dear, dead father was an 'umble man also, likewise my mother. The 'Eeps 'ave been an 'umble family for jennyrations." (At this juncture, happily, Mr. Pickwick awoke and said "Certainly, my dear Heep, certainly," and lapsed off again in the arms of Morpheus.)

"I must add, therefore, yer honours, that bein', as I think I 'ave mentioned, an 'umble man, I sometimes find it 'ard to earn a livin'. Now I must tell yer honours that the other day I was offered a large sum of money to give my personal opinions on this 'ere society in general, and on the chairman in particular. Now, you know, yer honours, honesty is the best policy in a case such as this. So I tells the

newspaper-man wot offered me the money—I tells 'im the truth, the 'ole truth and nothin' but the truth." (Confusion; shouts; screams from the ladies; cries of "Traitor.")

"Yes, yer can yell and shout as much as yer like, but yer can't touch me. I've got Bill Sykes waitin' just outside the door if any trouble occurs." (David Copperfield, who was just about to drop a vase on Uriah's head, suddenly decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and desisted. Bill Sykes was no gentleman, and David knew it.)

"Any'ow," concluded Uriah, "I've been thinkin' fer a long time of 'andin' my resignation in. This 'ere society's not 'umble enough for me."

At this juncture Bill Sykes made his appearance and told his wife to return home and wash the dishes she'd left in the sink instead of wasting her time here.

At the sight of him all the ladies fainted off singly or in pairs, according to which method was the more convenient at the time; the gentlemen made rather ungentlemanly exits, headed by David Copperfield, with Mr. Pickwick puffing up in the rear, and the children scampering under and into any convenient curios.

Meanwhile Uriah Heep calmly lit a cigarette and puffed contentedly at it.

"And the 'umble shall be elated," said Uriah to his cigarette. But the cigarette made no reply

G. HORAN, 5D.

EMPIRE DAY, 1932.

Because of the fact that Empire Day occurred during the vacation, the celebrations were conducted previous to the commencement of the holidays.

Both Empire Day and Foundation Day were celebrated by the school in the usual manner, on Wednesday, 4th May, in the Memorial Hall.

J. Hay, Captain of the School, took the chair, and the assembly was opened with the singing of the School Song.

As is the usual custom of Fort Street, five speeches were delivered by members of the 4th and 5th Year Debating Societies, who entirely conducted the proceedings. These inspiring speeches were quite up to the high standard of the School, and it remains for every

loyal Fortian to live up to the ideals of patriotism and citizenship set forth by the speakers.

The four Fifth Year representatives and their respective subjects were:—S. Wilson, "The British Empire as a factor of peace, and the League of Nations"; H. Sundstrom, "The Heritage of the British Empire"; I. Sharp, "The Recessional and what it means"; and B. Scribner, "Foundation Day." A. McKnight, of Fourth Year, spoke on the subject, "The Empire Builders."

Mr. Parker ably conducted the singing of patriotic songs, which were sung at intervals throughout the ceremony, Mr. Beard being at the piano.

A. Wheatley, of Fifth Year, proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers and all connected with the gathering. This was scconded by W.

Pennington, also of Fifth Year, and the successful meeting was concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

STUDY AND SPORT.

When a delinquent schoolboy is condemned by an irate master to serve that period of penal servitude known vaguely as "detention," he is generally told that "he comes to school to work."

Now, if the subjects were more interesting, there would certainly be no resistance to work. But, as a review of any school time-table will show, time is devoted to the teaching of such subjects as History, Maths., and Latin

If more time was given to sport, for instance, in teaching how to play cricket, tennis or football, a much better state of affairs would result. The ambition of every human boy is to imitate Bill Jones of the First Eleven, who can hit a ball over a pavilion, a road and a pond, rather than to resemble that pale student Harry Brown, who, although he belongs to the top class and can speak French like a native, could not score a single off a wide long-hop.

According to one sensible person, an athlete is "a product of Nature, while the scholar is the outcome of artificiality." I am in a firm state of agreement with this dictum, for what benefit does the scholar gain, physically or morally, by knowing who was Tribune of the plebs in 60 B.C., or how to factorize a homogeneous symmetrical expression of the third degree?

I can foresee the time when I, by that time a bewhiskered grandfather, will gently pat my grandson on the head and utter words of

praise as a reward for his efforts in annexing the school prize for "A treatise on the execution of a back-cut." Perhaps the tears will flow as I remember that I too might have won distinction, or at least a prize, at Mathematics but for the superior excellence of my forty fellow-students, coupled with my own inability to resolve into factors a simple trinomial expression.

I may weep as I recall the anxiety on Wednesday morning as we waited for our afternoon's sport, and contrast that state of affairs with that of the schooldays of our grandchildren, who take part in sport all the week except Friday afternoon, when they assemble in a classroom to learn the theory and technical terms of the various sports.

An ideal education would be a knowledge of arithmetic, to calculate batting averages and keep pace with our tradesmen and politicians, coupled with a knowledge of English, which is invaluable in writing sporting articles and autographs. A knowledge of science would not be scorned, as we must know how our sporting equipment is manufactured, and the various points to be observed when shaving before a convex mirror.

But this is only a prediction—nay, a delusive impression of what might happen. When reading this article kindly remember the old colloquial saying, "Pigs might fly."

A. W. SKY, 4D.

LONGING.

Out of the stars that shine
In dark'ning skies,
A voice is calling me.
Like from some far-off time
More dreamt than known,
It comes enthralling me.

Though like the breath of night,
So clear and sweet,
This voice hath power unbound.
Burns then my soul; alight
In fever's fire
With thoughts too full for sound.

J. Mc., 4D.

OLD BOYS' PAGE

Fortians have reason to be satisfied with what has been achieved by the Old Boys' Union during the first year since its revival. The year closes with the general meeting in August.

* * *

The year's social programme has included a launch excursion, a card party and several social evenings.

* * *

As we go to press indications are that the Old Fortians' Ball will be the feature of the year. The Girls' Union is tremendously keen, and the O.B.U. is on its toes to see that it does its share to see that the traditional "social and financial success" is by no means an ample description of the gathering at Hordern Bros. on June 16th.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we record the death, on 26th April, 1932, of Mr. C. A. MacIntosh, at the age of 77 years. Mr. MacIntosh was one of our oldest Old Boys, and his enthusiasm for the School and the Union was proverbial. He was for some years President of the Union, and was a Vice-President at the time of his death.

* * *

A notable feature of the year's work is the partly completed series of addresses to the School on the professions. To date the legal and medical professions have each been the subject of an extremely pleasing evening. A splendid link with the School is being maintained, and a valuable contribution is being made to the great job that Fort Street is doing.

* * *

In conjunction with the O.G.U., an Old

Fortians' Dramatic Society has been formed, and has held several social and dramatic entertainments and play readings.

* * *

The School and the Union are deeply appreciative of the energy shown by an Old Boy, Mr. F. K. Manderson, B.Arch., who has in hand the project of replacing the old back gates of the School by the gates from the old Fort Street on the hill. These have been made available by the Education Department, and the O.B.U. is determined that they shall not be lost to Fort Street.

* * *

The Union's official blazer is plain maroon with a handsome pocket of simple design.

* * *

We congratulate the School XV. on the severe way in which they recently handled the Union's team. The Englishmen have nothing on the lads from Fort Street when it comes to running up cricket scores.

* * *

The Union hopes to turn the tables when a team of leading barristers shows the School "that in Australia a unified form of Government is preferable to a Federal Government."

* * *

Our sportsmen will have charge of the Moore Park courts on the evening of Friday, 24th June, when an Old Boys' tennis tournament will be held.

* * *

And now, as ever, our word to our younger brothers is: "Press on, young sirs. Right willing is the strife, but green is the laurel for him who strives well."

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF STAMP COLLECTING.

Recently in connection with the celebrations on the opening of the Harbour Bridge, there was held in Sydney the 5th Australasian Philatelic Exhibition, or exhibition of stamps.

During a visit to this interesting exhibition I was astonished at the variety of subjects which are depicted on stamps of the different

countries. I might say that, as over 150,000 different postage stamps have been issued by all countries of the world since Great Britain originated the adhesive stamp in 1840, it is only natural that a great variety of subjects should be treated.

It would be advisable in a case like this to

give an account of the values of stamp-collecting under a number of headings. As a first heading let us take Geography and Stamps:—

Now we naturally associate maps with geography, and now that map stamps are becoming common their educational value increases. A very fine map stamp is that issued in 1898 by Canada, showing a map of the world, with the British Empire and its possessions coloured in red, which colour recalls to mind a recent map stamp of Soviet Russia, which stamp naturally had as the predominating colour red, marking the Soviet Republic and its territories in Asia. Numerous other countries have issued map stamps, among them Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland, Cyprus, Greece, Mongolia and Costa Rica. The products of different countries are also shown on different issues. A fine example of the value of stamps for advertising the natural resources of a country is the 1914 set issued by the Mozambique Company. The set shows scenes from the sugar, maize, tobacco, coffee, ivory, rubber and tan-bark industries. The Belgian Congo, Germany, Canada and Egypt are among other countries which have issued agricultural stamps.

A curious little State which, but for the stamps it has issued of late, would remain unnoticed in geographical studies, is the tiny independent State of Andorra, situated high up in the Pyrenees Mountains on the border of France and Spain. With an area of only 160

square miles, and a total population of about 6000, Andorra had enjoyed an almost unnoticed and forgotten existence for the past 650 years until the issue of a set of stamps a few years ago aroused interest in it. Now it is becoming well known both to collectors and others.

Such a few of the hundreds of examples to be found show that stamp collecting is an aid to geographical studies.

Philately, too, has its historical value.

Numerous countries have issued stamps in honour or commemoration of national heroes, and thus an interest has been aroused in the history of the country. The U.S.A. is an example worthy of considerable note, which I unfortunately cannot give it, but a few examples will suffice. This year, the 200th anniversary of George Washington's birth has resulted in a fine set of commemoratives, but another to add to that country's long list of sets. Columbus had a special set issued in his honour about 35 years ago, and numerous sets of a similar nature have followed, especially commemoratives of the battles of Independence, such as Saratoga and Yorktown.

The issue in 1930 of two Australian Sturt commemorative stamps recalls the history of that noted explorer, while the Canberra stamp of 1927 is an issue of historical importance. Numerous other examples are forthcoming to show how stamps have a large number of historical events and scenes commemorated on them.

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The development of civilisation and culture is revealed also by stamps, and a few appropriate examples taken from the hundreds available will show how the human race has progressed, its improvements in modes of living, science and invention, and the development of art, literature and music.

In some of the recent Egyptian stamps can be seen what early Egyptian architecture was like, and also what modern invention has done for the world, as shown by a stamp depicting the mighty Assouan Dam. Likewise we may visualise the temples and buildings of the Golden Age of Greece, which country has issued stamps showing the ruins of Greek temples and scenes connected with the Olympic Games. The story of Rome from its founding up to the time of its fall and disintegration is recalled by a set of 1929 showing the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, and also a picture of Julius Caesar. Last year, on the 2000th anniversary of the birth of the Roman poet Vergil, a set of stamps in his honour was forthcoming. Examples of a similar nature are many, but it is necessary to pass on to Literature and the

Arts. In 1926 Germany issued a set of famous German musicians and literary personalities, showing among others Beethoven, Bach, Goethe and the famous German painter and engraver, Albert Durer. Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian playwright, Chopin and Paderewski are also shown on stamps.

The development of modern engineering and invention is shown by the present fine Bridge stamps in issue in Australia. Aeroplanes, bridges, locomotives, ships, airships—these are all becoming common. Our own air mail stamps are fine examples. Germany has issued a number of fine Zeppelin stamps lately.

A subject which I have not dealt with is natural history and zoology and stamps. Time and space forbid me from giving examples, but I may say that one prominent Sydney collector specialises in animal stamps, and has formed a collection of 8000, so examples are not lacking.

These few examples will serve to show, I hope, that stamp collecting is as educational as it is interesting, and that we may learn a great deal from those much abused little pieces of paper.

J. S. FERGUSON, 4C.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Owing to the depression several banks have been closed, including one at Fort Street. It just shows how far-reaching the depression is. [This is also shown by the unemployment "around the School."—Ed.]

* * *

A certain prefect of histrionic note would make a good traffic-cop, judging by the way he motions to boys.

* * *

If the rules of professionalism prevailed in High School cricket, it is certain that North Sydney would pay a huge transfer fee for one, McK—t, of 4th Year, who materially assisted them in their victory while a fielding substitute

* * *

Wanted.—Members for Fort Street Chess Club. Must be beginners. Apply A.F.J., 2nd Year.

* * *

"Chairman, Adjudicators, and —
GENTLEMEN!"

* * *

The morning sun tinges the barren hills in

its first glorious splendour. The awe-inspiring grandeur of mountain and valley, granite cliff and high-flung pinnacle are shadowy 'neath the rising morning mists. The mighty forests, etc., etc., etc.

No, it isn't an extract from Zane Grey—it's a description of the Fourth Year lawn!

* * *

A well-known teacher recently said, "I always put in a good word for a boy in trouble. I think of his parents. Now boys are fools. I was a boy myself once."

* * *

A prefect's lot, like a policeman's, is not always a happy one, as witness the mistake of one L—I, who tried to arrest a newly-appointed master leaving the premises, and who, on being told the real facts, remarked severely, "I've heard that one before."

* * *

On Speech Day: The Chairman wished to congratulate Mr. H—I—d, "sitting over there on his fine achievement." We want some more of these seats at school

A certain Latin teacher is reputed to be a singer. We have been unable to discover him yet.

* * *

"Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?"
Back in (but not with the) V.C.

* * *

In a 5th Year maths. class recently, one pupil was demonstrating a difficult geometry exercise on the 'board, and in the course of his work he named a line OO'. The master in charge noticed that one member of the class was becoming hilarious, and, when questioned as

to the cause thereof, the aforesaid member claimed to be amused at the expression "O Dash." "Oh," was the reply, "that's nothing; but when O is succeeded by the letter which precedes M, then there is some cause for disturbance."

* * *

We have some very promising athletes in a hitherto unexplored branch of sport indulged in by our arboreal ancestors. I refer to climbing. We had two examples one Monday morning at 11 o'clock. It was a splendid proof of Darwin's theories.

FROM A HEIGHT.

The long, tiring climb is over, and the party has now reached the mountain's loftiest peak. It is early morning, and there is still a dense mist hanging around it like a pall, deadening all sound, and shutting out all sight of everything more than a chain away at most. The grey, silent, ghost-like fog is occasionally swirled hither and thither by scarcely-noticeable little eddying breaths of air. All is still—not even a solitary little bird to disturb the oppressive quietness. But there is an air of expectancy prevailing around, which helps the travellers to shake off the overwhelming drowsiness.

Suddenly the fog-curtain lifts, and there, before the travellers' eyes, lies a glorious scene of panoramic beauty and wonder. Far, far out on the edge of the waters, the great golden sun raises its majesty above the horizon, the wind-swept ocean reflecting back its splendour in a thousand little glories of light.

Just in front of it can be seen the tiny black smudge that denotes a gigantic liner crashing its way through the interminable foam-flecked billows.

Close inshore can be seen a few early-morning bathers, and beyond them, with a telescope, one can see the bobbing lines of cork betokening the fishermen's nets.

From away down in the mist-laden valley below, the high, clear note of a bugle sounding "Reveille" is heard. One thinks of the poem:—

"O hark, O'hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther-going,
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of elfland faintly blowing."

Farther, nearer, the echoes bound and rebound, finally dying away to the merest whisper, and at their termination the whole world seems to come to life. The heart of the city, just seen to the east over the top of the hill behind it, begins to bustle with activity; trams move through the streets like ants; and electric trains move citywards from the suburban areas like sluggish caterpillars.

Glancing northwards, the travellers see two large towns, little farms dotting the countryside between each and the city. The telescope discloses a train rushing along the steel road—the sign of industrial development.

To the south there is an almost unbroken line of green stretching with smooth undulating motion as far as eye can see. It is crossed by a silvery winding river, flowing lazily seawards. And following the course of the river upwards, the eye finally comes to rest on a snow-capped mountain, forty miles away.

Looking westward, the tourists see a ribbon-like, winding road, passing through little clusters of buildings at intervals, its whiteness contrasting pleasantly with the great blocks of yellow through which it passes; for here lies the wheat and the corn country.

Opposite their crag, on a mountain of much smaller dimensions, the travellers can see a graceful waterfall. It leaps sheer over the edge of a cliff of stupendous height, falls hundreds of feet through the air and on to a rock table below, and bursts into a splendour of white spray—white at its base, but gradually being transformed into a thousand glorious beams of ever-changing light and colour as it goes up-

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wards. A solitary eagle hovers over the fall, watching the water swiftly rushing through a forest of ferns and dainty little flowers.

The sun is higher, and the travellers suddenly

realise the time during which they have been gazing at the panorama, and are reluctantly compelled to begin the descent.

A.F.P.J., 2D.

ANOTHER OLD TALE RETOLD.

The festival had faded,

The sun had long gone down,
Upon the Bridge two silken flags
Were waving o'er the town;
But such inviting souvenirs
Could not remain for long
When once they met the glad eyes of
A pleasure-seeking throng.

This sudden resolution

Was heard by those close by:
"Let's dodge the cop, go to the top,
And steal them from on high!"
A wave of apprehension
Ran over those who heard:
"They'll steal our flags—tear them to rags—
In spite of act or word!"

Then out spake Thomas Henry:

Illustrious of name,
"To every schoolboy there may come
A chance to make his fame;
Let's climb the noble archway—
It needs but two or three;
Now who will stand on either hand
And keep these flags with me?"

Then out spake one named Barry,

A prefect strong was he,
"Lo! I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the flags with thee!"
Up spake one from Maroubra,
A broomstick knight was he,
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep these flags with thee!"

Meanwhile, the raiding party

Had reached the bridge's height,
But in their wake, for Justice' sake,
Came prefect, Tom and knight.
A mighty shout of laughter
Was all their welcome there,
As to the crowd their challenge loud
Rang through the midnight air.

But swiftly into action

The righteous trio ran;
Upon the steel brave Tom did reel,
Beset by girl and man.
The bold one from Maroubra
Tugged at the Union Jack,
While with our flag—a tattered rag—
Brave Barry staggered back.

The tussle soon was over,

'Mid gurgles, gasps and sighs—
A startling fight on such a night—
But virtue won the prize;
Back on the safe approaches,
The flags stored in a heap—
Their work was done—they'd had their fun—
They well deserved a sleep.

Home hastened gallant Barry,

To slumber's pleasant aid;
The broomstick lad, tho' far from sad,
'Neath warm sheets soon was laid.
But not so Thomas Henry—
With higher things in sight,
He grabbed a pen and paper, then
He wrote till it was light.

So in the evening paper

His photo. stared at us,
While yards we read of what he said
About the midnight fuss.
And tho' one does not doubt that
A gallant deed was done,
One has not yet tried to forget
The way that fame was won.

Tho' Fort Street sends forth heroes,

And has done so for long,
Through all her days, this same self-praise
Has been condemned as wrong.
Hail to the dashing prefect,
And to the broomstick knight;
But why should one, who'd had his fun,
Spoil all by more limelight?

"BELUBULA."

SPORTING

Once again the wide variety of winter sport is in full progress, and once again determined sportsmen, benefiting both physically and morally, strive to gain the honour of premier-ship.

It will be noted that the following are only jottings of the sports activities which have recently commenced. A further and more detailed report of the winter competitions, then complete, will appear in next issue of the "Fortian." (Sports Ed.) :—

* * *

With the coming of the football season, the interest of the fans has been aroused by the victories which the 1st XV. has gained over Canterbury, North Sydney and Technica! High.

* * *

In the Canterbury match Sender, Langsworth and Allen, running hard and deliberately, proved too good for the opponents' defence.

Armstrong does some excellent line kicking, whilst Sender's goal kicking is generally very good. McLean "shows 'em how" in tackling and rucking, while Coleman finds teeth growing in unexpected places.

* * *

The outstanding feature of the North Sydney match was the handling of the backs, especially that of Coleman and Langsworth, whilst Sargent played a very solid and heady game as half-back.

* * *

Amongst the forwards Breckenridge, Jacobs and Shade played very well, toeing and rucking with great energy.

* * *

A thrilling piece of work was a movement of the forwards, in which Peatty, Rogers and Barraclough participated. This was capped by Broadhead scoring in the corner.

* * *

The 2nd XV. started the season in a very bad fashion, only winning one of the three matches played. However, the team has high hopes of future success, as it is improving with every match.

The team must learn to tackle low and hard.

Many tries have been presented to opponents by indifferent tackling.

* * *

The outstanding back is Rodrick, who has been playing grand football. Owen has been playing well at half, and is a capital partner for Rodrick. Rowley and Keavney are playing well, especially the former. Watson and Bennett, on the wings, have been "starved," but they have both been responsible for some good movements.

* * *

The forwards do not, as yet, hunt in a pack, but they are all triers and work hard. Hancock is undoubtedly, about the best rake in the competition. Hamilton, Muller and Peaden are fine loose forwards, but they are not far in advance of the rest of the pack.

So far Nicholson is leading the point score with 18 points, from Owen, who has scored six points (two tries).

* * *

The solid training the 3rd XV. is receiving appears to be bearing good fruit, and the team is already talking about the Premiership. (It only just missed last year.)

It has defeated its two opponents, Camdenville and Hurlstone, by 29-0 and 34-3 respectively. Keep it up, Thirds!

* * *

Although 4th Grade has not been too successful this season, it takes solace in the fact that last season Fourths were in a similar position, and yet ultimately ran out winners. Each member has solemnly vowed that history will repeat itself.

The forwards would do well to emulate the example of Poole, who has played consistently well throughout the season.

The team's chances of winning the Premiership are considerably enhanced through being coached by Mr. Brodie, who has led teams to victory in the last two years.

* * *

5th Grade has made a promising start in the competition. Out of two matches played, it has gained one win and a draw. The results

are:—v. Canterbury, won 8-3; v. North Sydney, drew 3 all.

We have promising forwards in Norris, Bushel and Watson, while Melville and Goddard play solidly in the backs.

* * *

6th Grade to date have lost two matches and won one. We hope to see more of them in the future.

Mitchell has played solidly throughout, while Adams plays efficiently. West occasionally gives a grand display, and is now a veteran.

* * *

The "A" Soccer team has high hopes of winning the competition again this year, having won the first three matches easily, against "B" team, Enmore and Canterbury, by 3-1, 9-1 and 8-2 respectively.

Wright, the centre forward, greatly assisted by the inside men, Sharpe and Taylor, has scored sixteen of the team's twenty goals. Chatfield and M. Groat, last year's full-backs, are still as sure as ever. Robinson, the goalkeeper, is a decided acquisition, possessing all those qualities which go to make a good goalkeeper.

The half-back line have acquitted themselves very well so far this season, all players showing improvement with each game.

The positional play and delightful centres of D. Groat stamp him as a possibility for the right wing position in this year's C.H.S. team. Lilianthal, the left winger, has not yet struck form, but is still fast.

* * *

The "B" Soccer team has done very well, and certainly better than was expected. It was beaten by the "A" team, but this is the only reverse it has suffered so far.

Iredale and Hurcombe are the outstanding players.

* * *

The two wingers of the second-grade Soccer, Glasson and Drive, show outstanding ability in their position, and we hope to see them playing first grade next year.

This team has won two out of three matches played this season, and is showing good progress. It regrets the loss of Easton (inside left), who broke his wrist while practising, and wishes him a speedy recovery.

1st Baseball this year regrets the loss of Magee and Buls, the mainstays of last year's team. Still they have hopes of winning the competition, as they have many good, reliable players.

The captain, Stephens, is a seasoned veteran, and one of the best bats. Gray is on his own as a "fly catcher," but A. Yum also does good work in this department.

Woodlands, R. Yum and Turnbull are also good and reliable players.

* * *

2nd Grade Baseball contains several beginners, but so far has performed creditably, and hopes to win the competition.

Robertson, Harris and Pennington are the best hitters, and the last named already has a home-run to his credit. In the two matches played up to the present (both victories) the team has scored 48 runs against its opponents' 17.

* * *

Congratulations to G. Ross, R. Hunt, R. Willmott and F. Bissaker on being selected for the first grade tennis team, after very keen competition.

Of the first pair, Ross has an efficient service and a very reliable drive; Hunt is very consistent, and he volleys well, but his service is comparatively weak. These two combine well and should do well.

The other pair are solid and reliable, and Bissaker has a spectacular back-hand which stands him in good stead.

* * *

Two very enjoyable matches were played by the Rugby firsts with the Old Boys, each being won by the School, the second by the narrowest of margins. Tom McInerney, Harry Crowe, Dudley Leggat, Neil McIntyre and Co. were agreeably surprised by the standard of play, particularly when they were unexpectedly "up-ended" and "dumped" hard.

* * *

The following represented the Old Boys in the match on the 15th June, at Petersham Oval: Leggat, Jenner, Witheford, Crowe, Naughton, McInerney, Shields, Taylor, Roberts, Sorenson, Gallagher, Johnston, Williams, Anderson and McIntyre. Extras: Givney, McCulloch.

CRICKET.

1st XI.

Our first-grade team so far this year has proved itself a disappointment. Out of the four matches already decided we have only been successful in one, while two have been drawn and one lost. These results may be attributed, however, to the fact that three of the matches were limited to one day's play owing to rain. Nevertheless, apart from this fact, the team was "let down" by the backbone of the side, when their help was most needed. We are greatly indebted to Gray for his outstanding assistance to the team with the bat, and heartily congratulate him on winning the batting average for the first half of the season. We sincerely hope that at the end of the next half of the competition his average will be doubled. Great assistance has also been given by both Armstrong and Walsh with the ball, and we hope they will continue to render the same. The fielding this year is a slight improvement on last year's; still, there is ample room for improvement in each player.

The first match, played against Hurlstone, ended in a draw, with the scores as follows: Fort Street 9 for 166 (closed), Hurlstone 6 for 129. The outstanding performer of this match was our old stalwart, Tom Walsh, who scored 43 and took 3 for 25 with his "lobs."

Our next match, against North Sydney, was very disappointing, as our old rivals defeated us by 109 on the first innings, North Sydney scoring 267 to our poor scores of 158 and 4 for 85 in the second innings. Our main supporters in this match were Chatfield who scored 50, Gray who scored 38, and Sharp who secured 3 for 22.

Owing to rain, our match against Canterbury was limited to one day, and consequently ended in a draw. However, there was keen competition in this game, as the scores may indicate. Fort Street closed at 6 for 110, and at the end of the day Canterbury were 5 for 89. Gray contributed a nice 56 not out for the School, while Langsworth, bowling accurately, secured 3 for 30.

The last match of the first half of the competition, against Parramatta, concluded in a victory for Fort Street. After the first day's play Fort Street had a slight lead of 17 runs, and as rain stopped play on the second day,

Fort Street were left winners on the first innings, the scores being: Parramatta 93, Fort Street 8 for 110. Towards the winning of the match Langsworth contributed a neat, quickly compiled 43, while Armstrong took 7 for 20, a very creditable performance, which placed victory right into our hands.

The most catches were taken by Langsworth, Lilienthal and Walsh with 2 each, while Kearsley, our wicket-keeper, stumped 4 and gave away 25 byes.

Below are the major batting and bowling averages:—

BATTING.

Batsmen	Innings	Outs	Not Highest		Average
			Score	Runs	
Gray	5	1	56 n.o.	148	37
Phillips	4	2	20	50	25
Walsh	5	—	43	87	17.4
Chatfield	5	—	50	81	16.2

BOWLING.

Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Armstrong	23	2	88	9	9.77
Walsh	23	2	99	6	16.5
Langsworth	40	7	148	7	21.14

In concluding I would like to express on behalf of the team the regret at losing our former coach, Mr. Outten, who rendered fine services while at the School. However, the team takes this opportunity to extend their thanks and appreciation to Mr. Gilhome, our new and able coach, for the interest he has taken in us this season, and we sincerely hope that he will be coach of the 1st XI. for many years to come.

2nd XI.

This season's 2nd grade team, owing to the influx of quite a number of others boys into the senior part of the School, ought to have rather a good chance in the competition, although bad luck has dogged its footsteps in two matches so far.

On the whole the team worked well, but it seems to be a batting eleven, for there are only two or three bowlers that can be relied upon to keep the runs down and get the wickets. The outstanding batsmen are perhaps Kearney, Harris, Yum and Wright. All the rest are nearly as good as these, although

Wheatley hasn't had a chance in the batting yet.

Wark seems to have developed into quite a bowler, and has been the downfall of some few batsmen, while Coleman, our fast bowler, although he hasn't captured many wickets, has kept the runs down considerably.

Stephens was a little erratic as a bowler, but obtained 4 wickets against Canterbury at Petersham Oval, these wickets being the only ones that fell.

The fielding was fair, despite the catches missed in slips, and Hunt was rather lazy in his fielding, although he was a good and dependable batsman.

The first match against North Sydney resulted in our narrowly missing an outright win. Fort Street managed to obtain 253 runs, but were unable to get the opposing side out in time.

The next match against Canterbury, at Petersham Oval, proved to be a draw owing to the rain stopping the second day's play. The scores stood at Canterbury 5 for 177 closed, and Fort Street 4 for 79. Stephens was the bowler obtaining 4 for 28, while Wright made a good score of 30.

The final match had to be played at Goddard Park against Parramatta, who, winning the toss, sent us in to bat. Fort Street compiled 202 runs and closed the innings, while Parramatta stopped at 0 for 41. The rain again stopped the play for the next day while a good chance of winning outright was within our grasp, as in the Canterbury match.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Wallace for the time he has spent and the enthusiasm he has displayed in coaching us.

3rd XI.

The first match played by 3rd grade was against Enmore, with whom we were lucky to get a draw. Bad fielding was prominent, and

but for the bowling of Iredale, who got 5 for 26, and Hurcombe, who top-scored with 34, we would have been beaten.

In the next match against Hurlstone we had an easy first innings victory. The best results were Hurcombe, who top-scored with 50, and Read with 32 not out. The best bowling was by Richardson, who got 6 for 24, and Read 2 for 9.

Against Parramatta we had a narrow first innings victory by 2 runs. Bad fielding was again prominent, and had it not been for luck we would not have won. The best score was by Read, who scored 49, and best bowling Richardson, 3-26, and Read, 3-44.

This season 3rd grade has not suffered any defeat, and we hope to continue, and ultimately finish top of the competition.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Burtenshaw, who has advised and taken great interest in the team the whole season.

4th XI.

Fort Street started the season with a team that promised good results.

The first match, against North Sydney, was won on the first innings by Fort Street, by 32 runs. Crowe, Rothwell and Palfreyman scored 25, 22 and 17 respectively.

Robinson, our express, secured 4 for 12, including the hat-trick.

Our second match, against Canterbury, was lost by 22 runs on the first innings, Crowe again securing top score of 43, and Crompton and Bourke scored 25 and 21 respectively. Burns secured the only wicket for 53 runs.

The team would like to congratulate Anderson for his magnificent score of 95 not out against us.

In concluding we wish to thank Mr. Crumlin for the enthusiastic way he coached us throughout the season.

SWIMMING.

The swimming season 1931-32 was again an outstanding success. No fewer than eleven records were broken and one equalled.

The outstanding swimmers of the season were once again Carl Phillips and Arthur Burge. Phillips won the 100 yards Junior Championship of N.S.W. in 56 4-5 seconds, and

established an Australian and New South Wales record. The merit of the performance may be gauged by comparing his time with the Senior State Championship, which was won in 56 2-5. He also won the 220 yards Championship of New South Wales, in which Arthur Burge was placed third.

A new acquisition to the school was Philip Schmidt, a worthy member of the Schmidt family. He upheld the family tradition by annexing the Under 14 Cup. This probably constitutes a record in the annals of any school, as his elder brother Andrew has won the Under 14 Cup, Junior Cup twice, and the Senior Cup, whilst his brother Charles won the Under 14 Cup and was runner-up in the Junior. We hope that he will follow in his brothers' footsteps and succeed in achieving even greater success.

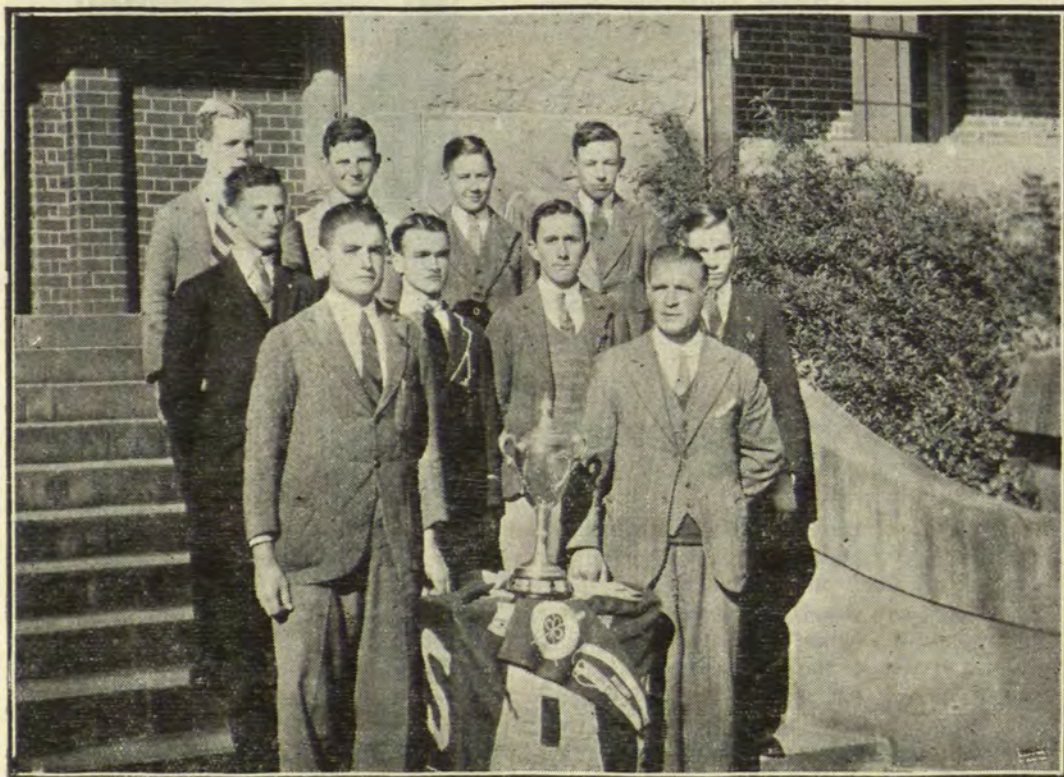
The 41st Annual Swimming Carnival was held at the Domain Baths, in perfect weather,

in swimming throughout the school, and probably is the result of the efforts of Mr. Humphries.

Carl Phillips again excelled, and broke four of his own records, and equalled one. In winning the 50, 100, 220 and 440 yards free style, he succeeded in surpassing all the Junior and Senior records. His time of 57 seconds for the 100 yards was outstanding, and easily broke the C.H.S. Senior record, which has stood to the credit of Olympian Ernie Henry for ten years.

Arthur Burge, the runner-up, was unlucky

HENDRY ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY CUP, with some of those who helped win it.



(Reading from right)—First Row: Mr. W. HUMPHRIES, E. JACK.
Second Row: D. J. HIBBERD, H. V. MAY, L. MINTY, R. J. COUSINS.
Third Row: T. COLTS, O. PORTER, B. WILLIAMS, C. DUNN.

on the 29th February, before a large gathering of pupils and their parents.

The carnival was begun auspiciously by the Year Relay Races, in which every record was broken. This shows the general improvement

in striking such a "snag" as Phillips, since his performances would easily, at any other time, have carried all before him. However, he succeeded in winning the 440 and 880 yards free style Senior. In the latter, by a very meritorious

swim, he succeeded in lowering the record by over 30 seconds. Considering that Burge is only 14 years of age, this great performance stamps him as a likely future State Champion.

I. Peatty again won the Senior Cup, and gave a masterly exhibition to win the School Diving Championship. L. Deveridge was runner-up.

In the Under 14 Cup, Philip Schmidt won all the events except the breast-stroke, which was won by P. Barrett, the runner-up.

The Old Boys' team again succeeded in winning the Invitation Relay in record time, after a thrilling race with Sydney High School.

At the **C.H.S. Carnival** the School had great hopes of lifting the Junior Shield, but owing to the illness of Carl Phillips, we were beaten by our keen rivals, Sydney High. The decision, however, was in doubt until the last race.

Although we did not win the Shield, the School succeeded in winning all free-style events.

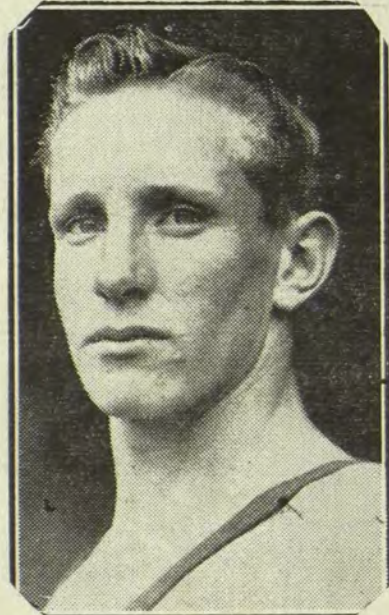
The honours of the day went to Arthur Burge, who sprang a surprise on the Sydney High representatives by winning the 220 and 440 yards, and in the former he succeeded in equalling the C.H.S. record.

Carl Phillips, although ill, won the 50 and 100 yards free-style.

In the Senior and Under 14 division the School performed very indifferently. I. Peatty

obtained third place in 100 yards breaststroke, after a very close race.

We must again thank Mr. Rose for the



CARL PHILLIPS
("Sun" Photograph)

very able manner in which the annual Swimming Carnival was organised and which was up to his usual high standard.

CLASS CRICKET.

The world over, people are asking the reason for Australia's supremacy in cricket, and it seems to me that school "class cricket" has much to do with it. If you would spend an amusing and no doubt profitable afternoon, just go and view a class cricket match. But perhaps you will not get the chance, and so I will attempt to describe one.

The enthusiastic player, or in other words, the one who has the bat, always arrives first. Then gradually the remainder turn up, until about thirty boys are assembled. Then follows the peculiar function of "picking up," and soon two sides are formed. About eight or nine boys are left over.

"Ere, wot about us?" says one cultured youth who has been left out.

"I'm the mug," retorts the Captain, biting.

There follows a little wrangling, and then

the "left-overs" retire and spend an enjoyable afternoon on the swings, leaving one poor misguided youth to do his homework.

The two teams then sally forth and throw "First Year" off the pitch they desire.

The batting team then decides to find out the order of their going in to bat.

"I go in first, of course," says the Captain. "The rest of you come in when you like."

The game has started. The first three balls miss the wicket by about three yards. The umpire has a sense of humour and calls "Out" to each one. The next ball goes straight—into the umpire's face, and it is the umpire that is out—for about five minutes.

The bowler at length makes a mistake and bowls the ball within arm's length of the wicket. The captain rushes out and gives a mighty swing, which carries him off his feet.

The bat describes a great arc, narrowly misses the wicket-keeper's head, and scatters the wickets.

The next man hits the ball into the surprised fieldsman's hand, and follows the captain. The next two batsmen fare little better, and the score is now four for one sundry.

But now there comes in a real batsman—a veritable Bradman. With faultless style and vigorous hitting, which is a joy to watch, he knocks the bowler round the field, and before he is dismissed the score has risen from one to six.

Eventually the whole side is out for nine. The other side seems a little depressed at having to reach such a magnanimous score, but they face this almost impossible task bravely.

This innings, however, is full of interruptions. Firstly, two of the batting team cannot decide as to who is to go in first, so they both go out, one holding the handle, the other the blade. Together they face up to the bowler, who, for the second time that afternoon, bowls straight. The ball bounces down the pitch at an alarming rate and knocks out the man holding the wrong end. (Thus Nature solves all our little problems. Excuse me for moralizing.)

The game is then held up while the umpire and the bowler have a friendly little brick fight. Some of the bricks hit the other players, and soon both sides are entrenched, and the air is thick with flying missiles.

Order is at length restored, and now the game approaches fever heat. By a magnificent effort the batting side has drawn level, and tension is high on both sides. The bowler takes a longer run than usual; he thunders up to the crease, his hand swings up; he is in the very act of bowling, and then—he stops dead; the ball falls from his nerveless fingers, and he asks in a voice thick with bewildered emotion, "Where's the stumps; where's the wicket-keeper?"

"Oh, he's gone home and taken the stumps with him. It's half-past three. I'm hopping it now," says the umpire.

A general exodus of all the players follows, despite the threats and cajolings of the batsman.

The evening sunshine sparkles on the despondent figure of a youth crawling homewards loaded with a bag, a bat, gloves and pads. Mercifully, the pitch has not to be taken.

"WOODFULL."

ATONEMENT.

Benjamin Norton, second mate, stood at the rail of the small tramp, "Edward," plying between London and America, and stared with an unheeding, complacent look at the calm sea, tinged with the red of a dying sunset.

A casual observer glancing at his face would have said that it wore a look of serene contentment, but a closer scrutiny showed the tiniest trace of a perpetual sneer on his thin lips, and around his eyes there were far too many lines for a man of thirty-eight.

Men who knew him said that he never spoke of his past, but one man had definitely stated that he had been mixed up in crime.

Suddenly he became aware that someone was watching him, and he turned round to meet the baleful stare of one of the seamen. The recognition was mutual, and for a second Norton's face blanched.

"So you recognise me again," said the seaman. "I don't know what you're talking about," snarled Norton.

"Oh, yes you do," said the other. "You remember quite well the man you put in prison by your lies. You scum, you stole the jewel's yourself, and then framed me. Five years I've endured, Norton, five years of hell, and you're going to suffer for every minute of it."

"Prove it, Jackson, prove it," mocked Norton.

"I cannot, but you'll suffer all the same, and on this voyage."

"Get for'ard," snarled the mate.

Without a word, Jackson walked away, leaving the mate to his own reflections. What Jackson had said was true. He had stolen the jewels and then had gone into the witness box and had told lies which irretrievably incriminated Jackson.

Never would Norton forget the intense look of hatred which Jackson had given him as he was led away. And now they were both on the same ship. With a shudder the mate walked aft.

Meanwhile, Jackson had also been thinking of his conviction. Five years of Dartmoor had changed him from a healthy, robust youth with a glowing future, to a thin, embittered man with a wheezy cough (for the cold winds of Dartmoor are not good for the chest), and a grudge against humanity in general and one man in particular.

He turned into his bunk, thinking over his previous miseries and his long-delayed vengeance. His soured mind was turning over ways and means . . .

* * *

It was a week later, about 3 a.m. A gale was raging which was tossing the little ship about like a cork. At one moment it would be poised high on the crest of a foaming billow, at the next, in a trough formed by two great waves, which towered above the ship.

Norton was on deck and Jackson was on his watch. So far no attempt had been made to injure him, but Norton was always apprehensive of Jackson.

With a sickening lurch, the ship reeled over, and as it righted itself Norton turned round in time to see Jackson in the act of springing on him with a knife.

Quick as a flash he stepped sideways, but even so the knife ripped his arm from shoulder to elbow. The action, however, had left Jackson defenceless, and with his other fist the mate knocked him senseless.

When he came to, he found himself in a small room. It was just on dawn and the gale had died away. He worked himself almost into a frenzy at the thought of how his vengeance had failed, and in his rage he got up and hammered on the door. At this moment someone opened it, and two men entered, who escorted him to the captain's room, where he found Norton, with his arm bandaged, and the captain of the ship.

The captain had heard the mate's story, and he frowningly asked the seaman for his reasons.

"Ask the mate," snarled Jackson. "He can tell you why."

The captain looked at Norton, who said calmly, "Jackson has got it in for me because

I was forced to bear witness against him in a jewel robbery."

"It was because you lied," ground out Jackson, unable to restrain himself.

"That is beside the point," said the captain sternly. "The mate tells me you have been in prison before, and you seem a thoroughly bad lot. You tried to murder Mr. Norton, and you will be handed over to the authorities at —"

His speech was cut short by a rending crash which shook the ship from stem to stern. This was followed by the cry of "The ship is sinking!"

Forgetful of what had happened, the three men rushed on deck. Seemingly the ship had hit a large uncharted rock, which had torn a great hole in its side and prow. The water was rushing in at a terrific rate. Already the ship had an alarming list to port.

All was bustle and confusion, the men trying to get into the boats. The captain rushed forward to try and instil order among the men.

It was then Jackson saw his chance of revenge. He seized Norton and pushed him back into the room they had just vacated. But Norton seized his coat and pulled him with himself into the room, where they immediately started to struggle for life.

Norton, hampered by his wounded arm, managed to seize a chair and lift it high into the air. But Jackson ran in under it and grasped him round the waist. Over and over they rolled, the chairs and furniture being overturned.

Suddenly the ship gave a roll and warned Jackson of his danger. With a supreme effort he raised his fist and dashed it into the face of his opponent.

Without another glance at Norton, he rushed out on deck. But the crew and the boats had gone. Despairingly he looked round, and then suddenly remembered the small boat on the other side. There was just the possibility of its having been overlooked in the mad panic of the crew.

He raced round, and to his joy saw the boat, intact. He saw that it contained water and

food, lowered it, and then without a second's hesitation he dived in.

Even as he dived he caught sight of another figure—that of the mate—diving over further up.

Together they came to the surface and both raced for the boat. But Norton was hampered by his injured arm, and Jackson reached the boat, with a lead of five yards.

Swiftly he clambered into the boat, and, as the mate reached the side, he snatched up a length of wood and whirled it above his head.

But even as he was about to bring it crashing down on his head, came some hint of mercy—some part of the finer nature which had actuated him before Dartmoor turned him into a sordid person. The stick fell back to his side.

But again the cold winds of Dartmoor chilled his bones, again he heard the hated command of the warders, the clang of steel gates, the breaking of stones.

The club rose, fell back, rose and fell back again. And the third time his better nature won. He stooped and helped the wondering, fearful Norton into the boat, took the oars, and rowed for dear life, just as the ship plunged beneath the waves.

* * *

It was midday. The hot tropical sun beat down with merciless heat on the two occupants of the small boat, torturing them with its intense rays and giving them a terrible thirst which could not be assuaged. For the water supply was getting low and could last the two of them no longer than five days.

Norton's feelings had changed from wonderment to gratitude towards the man whom he had wronged, and who yet had spared him when vengeance was in his grasp. The greatness of Jackson's act had worked wonders with the man, and he was filled with remorse for his past actions, Jackson also had changed. A weight seemed to have lifted from his mind, and some of his former happiness had returned to him. An understanding seemed to have sprung up between them, although no words were spoken.

* * *

It was in the afternoon of the third day that the resolve took definite shape in Norton's mind. Although he said nothing to Jackson, he knew that there was only enough supplies for one of them to reach land.

About midnight Norton took out a pencil and paper and wrote continuously for about a quarter of an hour. Jackson had fallen into an exhausted sleep.

The sky was obscured by dark clouds, through which the moon shone fitfully.

Norton placed the paper near Jackson, and with one last, sad look at him, lowered himself gently over the side. A slight smile was on his face as he let go the side of the boat.

The rays of the moon broke through the clouds, and just for a few seconds illuminated the head bobbing in the water, growing ever smaller—smaller—smaller . . .

A. JENKINS, 4D.

"FORTIAN" PRIZES, 1931.

The School is indebted to Professor J. Le Gay Brereton for judging the "Fortian" contributions each year, and for the helpful criticism he offers to literary aspirants. Words of praise from him are high compliments indeed, and the winners of the prizes for 1931 are to be congratulated on their fine work. They are H. Dixon, Best Original Story, and G. Horan, Best Poem.

Some extracts from Professor Brereton's judgment are given:—

"Of course 'Kismet' is the best contribution. It has positive as well as relative merit. But the verse offers greater difficulties. If parodies

are admitted—well, I account 'An Elegy' the cleverest bit of verse; but it necessarily owes so much to its model that it scarcely seems fair to pit it against the serious original pieces. And these are all weak—crude in workmanship and commonplace in sentiment. The least faulty, I should say, is 'Paradise' (G. Horan). I suppose the author of 'Narrabeen' (J. O'Brien) is much younger than the chap who wrote 'Paradise'; he'll soon be able to turn out much better verse. He is the most promising of the lot. He is fluent and can put feeling into what he produces."

[The "Elegy" was by T. Ingledew, 5A.—Ed.]

OLD FORTIAN'S SUCCESS.

The cables have recently announced the success of an old Fortian, Colin McMullen, in the Royal Air Force Flying Training School at Grantham, Lincolnshire.

He was full-back for Fort Street in 1926.

He went to England in 1931 and gained admission to the Royal Air Force Flying Training School at Grantham, Lincolnshire. He completed the course with distinction, and gained first place in the final theoretical and prac-



MR. CROPLEY, "Fort Street" Winner of Grace Cup.

(See "NEWS AND NOTES.")



PREFECT ENGLISH, who had the good luck to accompany Mr. Cropley, with Grace Cup.

Afterwards he represented Sydney University as full-back, and toured New Zealand as full-back with the University team.

Later he entered the R.A.A.F. as a cadet, and obtained the rank of Flying Officer.

tical examinations.

He has now been granted a commission in the Royal Air Force, and is attached to the 43rd Squadron, stationed at Tongmere, Sussex, where the famous "Hawker Fury," the most powerful fighting machine in the world, is used.

THE HARBOUR BRIDGE.

I stand and look in unfeigned admiration
At such a monument to human skill,
And gaze upon, in quiet contemplation,
That mighty mass of intertwining steel.

And doth this giant shape of man's creation
Have sense of its majestic stately form,
While thus it rears its head as in elation
And braves the ravages of wind and storm?

No passing by of long and countless ages
 Shall e'er dismay that strong and mighty
 breast;

Its name is written down in history's pages,
 'Twill live while generations pass to rest.

And this, the famous Bridge that spans our
 Harbour—

That towers above the city gloriously,
 A masterpiece of human skill and labour—
 Shall conquer Time and smile victoriously.
 A. McK. SURTEES.

IMMORTALITY.

Brothers, why follow through this merry world
 Ambition's will-o'-wisp, which swift recedes,
 Like to the skyline over endless meads,
 Before the wearied sun? Life soon is hurled
 Into time's endless stream, which gently purred,
 Before all time. But we may send the seeds
 Of life a-rustling through time's deathless reeds
 And keep life's banner through all time, un-
 furled.

We all may leave an impress on time's clay.
 The stylus is at hand; write, time is short;
 Fine thoughts mean immortality, so sought
 By all mankind. That ever-shining ray,
 The mind, may live, for all the world's long
 day,
 Forming reflections, till the earth is nought.

H. C. HANSEN, 4A.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

The following is the list of those scholars who were successful at the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Certificate Examinations for 1931:—

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

1. English; 2. Latin; 3. French; 4. German;
 5. Mathematics I.; 6. Mathematics II.;
 7. Mechanics; 8. Modern History; 9. Ancient
 History; 10. Physics; 11. Chemistry; 14. Geo-
 graphy; 16. Lower Standard Mathematics; 17.
 Economics; 21. Greek.

The letters "H1" signify first-class honours;
 "H2" second-class honours; "A" first-class
 pass; "B" second-class pass; and "L" a pass
 at the lower standard. The sign "x" denotes
 those who have gained honours in Mathematics,
 and the sign "(o)" those who have passed the
 oral tests in French or German.

Acland, Maurice Alfred, 1A 3B 5A 6B 8H2 10A
 17B.
 Atkinson, William C., 1B 2A 3B 5A 6A (x1)
 7B 10A.
 Austin, John James, 1B 3B 5A 6A 8B.
 Bailey, Jack Eric, 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A
 10H2.
 Bellhouse, Alan Robert, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6A (x2)
 7B.
 Benson, John Douglas, 1B 2A 3L 5A 6A (x2)
 7B 11H2.
 Bignold, Bernard C., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 11A.
 Bull, John Holderness, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 9B 11B.
 Chong, Frederick, 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A (x1) 7A
 10H2.

Collins, Leonard Clive, 1B 5A 6A 8A 10A 14B.
 Collis, Ronald Ferguson, 1H2 2A 4B 5A 6A
 8A 10A.
 Conlon, Leonard T., 1H2 2H2 3A 5B 6A 11H2
 21A.
 Cook, Thomas George, 2B 5A 6A 11H2.
 Cooper, Roy Charles, 1B 5A 6A 8A 10A 14B 17B.
 Cooper, Ronald David, 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B 17B.
 Corner, Geoffrey G., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7A
 10H1.
 Crago, Albert Ian H., 1B 2B 3L 5B 8A 11A.
 Craik, Duncan Steele, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Dethlefs, Max, 1A 2A 4B (o) 5B 6B 11B.
 Dixon, Hubert Clift, 1H2 2B 3L 5A 6B 8A 11A.
 Drabble, Frank Keston C., 2L 5A 8B 11B.
 Ennis, John Robert, 1H2 2A 3L 5A 6A 7B 10B.
 Ferguson, Donald, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B.
 Flatt, George Neeve, 1B 2B 3B 8B 11B.
 Furse, Anthony Wilfred, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8B
 11B.
 Gailey, William G., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A (x1) 7A
 10H1.
 Gee, Kenneth Grenville, 1H1 2A 3B 5A 6B 8A
 10A.
 Gibb, Cecil A., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 8B 10A.
 Groat, John Gwydir, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Guillier, Raymond Angove, 1B 3L 5B 6B 8B
 10B.
 Hammer, Alfred Gordon, 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A 8A
 11A.
 Harris, Norman, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H2 10B.

- Hay, James Cantrill, 1A 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H1 14B.
- Hazlewood, S. J., 1A 2A 4A (o) 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H1.
- Hendry, James Gordon, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 17B 21B.
- Hokin, Lawrence A., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 11B.
- Howard, H. O., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7A 10H2.
- Jackson, Sydney Walter, 5A 6B 7A 10H1
- Johns, Nelson Herbert, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11A.
- Johnson, Charles Roy, 1B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
- Kerr, John R., 1H1 2A 3B 5A 6A 8H1 11H1.
- Lay, Gilbert, 5B 6A 8B 11H2.
- Lee, David Joseph, 3L 5B 8B 13B.
- Little, Leonard William, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 14B 17B.
- Looker, Cecil Thomas, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 11B.
- Lovell, Errol D., 1B 2A 3B 5A 8B 11B.
- MacInnes, Marcus Lindsay, 1B 3B 5B 8B 11B.
- Magee, Paul Frederick, 1B 2B 5B 10B.
- Marchant, James Leslie, 1B 3B 5B 6B 14B 17B.
- McAuley, John Lalor, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 8B.
- McCleery, Ronald James, 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 10H2.
- McCulloch, Francis John, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6B 8B 11A.
- McCulloch, Raymond W., 1A 2B 3L 5A 6A 11B 21A.
- McDonald, James M., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6A 8B 10A.
- Melville, R. P., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 8A 11H1.
- Melville, John Alan, 1A 2A 3B 5B 6B 8A.
- Moore, Cyril James, 1B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
- Nall, Ronald Loris, 1B 2B 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10H2.
- Nicholls, Reginald C., 1B 2A 4B 5B 8B 17B.
- Nicholson, Edward James, 1B 5B 10B 14B.
- Noakes, Lyndon Charles, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 8H2 10B.
- Orkney, Richard Westaway, 1B 5B 6B 8B.
- Owen, Jervis John, 1B 5A 6A (x2) 7A 10H2.
- Patterson, P. H., 1B 2A 3H2 (o) 5B 6B 10B 21A.
- Penman, Eric Bruce, 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6A 8A.
- Perkins, D. F., 1B 2L 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7B 10H1.
- Plummer, Thomas W., 1B 2B 3A 4A (o) 5A 6B 10B.
- Russell, William V., 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 11B.
- Salmond, William Clive, 1A 2A 3A 5A 6B 7B.
- Sargeant, Allen H., 3B 5B 8B 14B.
- Saul, Jack Leonard R., 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 7B 10B.
- Scott, Walter Henry, 1B 5A 6B 8B.
- Scott, William Benton, 1B 2B 3B 8B 16 (pass).
- Sewell, Arthur Kenneth, 1B 2B 5A 6A 7B 10H1.
- Smith, Laurence Humphries, 1B 2B 5A 6A 8B.
- Stewart, Frederick Gordon F., 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B 17B.
- Stewart, James, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6A 7A 10H1.
- Stewart, Roy Bartlett, 5B 6B 8A 10B.
- Sullivan, J. A. W., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 11H2.
- Taylor, Frederick Cecil, 1A 5B 6B 8B 11B.
- Taylor, John, 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6A 8A 11B.
- Tow, Aubrey James, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10H2.
- Treharne, Elgar D., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 11H1.
- Wallis, Robert Rex, 1B 5B 8B 10L.
- Wheeler, Benjamin George W., 1B 5B 11A 14L 17B.
- White, F. G., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 8A 10A.
- Wilson, Jack Ashcroft, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 11B.
- Wookey, Donald William, 1B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 11A.
- Wright, Eric Stanley, 1A 2A 3B 5B 6A 8B 11H2.
- Wright, Harold John, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

1. English; 2. History; 3. Geography; 4. Mathematics I.; 5. Mathematics II.; 6. Latin; 7. French; 8. German; 9. Physics; 10. Chemistry; 11. Elementary Science (physics and chemistry.); 12. Botany; 13. Geology; 14. Physiology; 15. Business Principles; 16. Short-hand; 21. Music; 27. Greek.

(o) Denotes a pass in an oral test in French or German. (s) Denotes a pass in a short-hand speed test. In each subject there are two grades of pass, A and B, the A pass being the higher.

- Aiken, Lewin G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
- Allen, Harold, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

- Allison, Herbert J., 1A 2B 4B 6B 7B.
 Bailey, Geoffrey R., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Bancroft, Bruce D., 1B 4B 5B 6B 8B.
 Barnes, John A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Bell, Allan W., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Bennett, Edwin A., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7B 8A (o) 11A.
 Bennett, Jack D., 1B 4A 5A 11A.
 Bennett, Noel D., 1A 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Bentley, Murray J., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B.
 Best-Carter, Harold C., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B.
 Butterfield, Arthur R., 1A 2A 4A 5B 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Cameron, Keith M., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Carr, Donald B., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Chinnery, Arthur G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Colclough, Jack, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Coldham, Stewart S., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Coleborne, Bryan A., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A 27A.
 Coleman, Eric P., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A (o) 11A.
 Coote, Bruce S., 1B 2B 5B 6B 11B.
 Dale, Geoffrey R., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A (o) 11B.
 Doherty, Nace A., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A (o) 11A.
 Downes, William H., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Dunn, Alexander S., 1B 4B 5B 6B 11A.
 Dyce, Alexander, 1B 2B 6B 7B (o) 11B.
 Eade, Arthur R., 1A 2B 5B 6B 11B.
 Eddie, John W., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 7B 11A 16B.
 Elliott, Sidney G., 1B 2B 4A 5B 7A 11A 15B 16B.
 Evans, John W., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A (o) 11A.
 Faulkner, Gordon J., 1B 2B 11B 20B.
 Feeney, Victor W., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B.
 Flatt, Eric N., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Fletcher, Edmund F., 1B 2B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Folkard, Ronald C., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Friis, Andrew J., 1B 4A 5B 8B (o) 11A.
 Funnell, William, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16A.
 Geldard, Raymond M., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Giles, Henry B., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Goddard, Lindsay J., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Hailstone, F. H., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5A 7B 11A 15B.
 Hansen, Howard C., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B 15B 16B.
 Harris, Leonard K., 1B 3B 7B 11B.
 Hayward, Ronald E., 1B 4A 5A 6B 11A.
 Healy, Gerald D., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Heath, William E., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 11B.
 Henderson, Keith W., 1A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Hinchcliff, John A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Hinkley, David W., 2B 6B 7B 11B.
 Hodgson, George A., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Jaques, Stanley R., 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Jenkins, Allan M., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 11A.
 Jones, Douglas H., 1B 2B 3B 11B.
 Johnson, Maxwell L., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A (o) 11A.
 Johnston, Alexander W., 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Keith, Robert A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Kessing, Raymond W., 1B 3B 4B 5B 11B.
 King, Ernest W., 1B 4A 5A 6A 11B.
 Kolts, Trevor O., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Leathart, Henry C., 1B 4B 5B 11B.
 Lego, Hedley O., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 8B 11B.
 Lysaght, Frederick H., 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B 15B.
 McAulay, James P., 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A (o) 8A (o) 11B.
 McDonald, Ronald, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 McGilvray, Wilfred M., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 McKenzie, Douglas J., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 McKnight, Allan D., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 McLean, William N., 1A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Meyer, Rex S., 1B 2B 7B (o) 11B.
 Morgan, Thomas M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B.
 Morris, Norman F., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 16B.
 Neilson, Clifford, 1B 2A 6B 7B.
 Nissen, Mervyn H., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 11A.

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Interviews Daily or any Evening.

- Norrie, Jack C., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 11A.
 Northey, James J., 1B 2B 6B 7B (o) 11B.
 Paisley, Robert E., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A.
 Payne, Reginald W., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Perry, Mervyn A., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B (o) 11B.
 Phillips, Carl B., 1B 2A 5B 11B.
 Pierce, Oswald D., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Pocock, William T., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11A.
 Porter, Ormond W., 1A 4A 5B 6A 7A (o) 11A
 27B.
 Prince, Albert J., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 7B 11A 15B
 16B.
 Read, Frederick N., 1B 2B 5B 6A 8B.
 Read, Norman S., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B.
 Richardson, Alexander J., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B
 11A.
 Roche, Alan T., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Rose, Herbert D., 1B 4B 6B 7B.
 Schloeffel, Brian R., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 11B.
 Schroeder, Norman J., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 11A
 15B 16B.
 Scott, John B., 1A 2B 4B 6B 7A 11B.
 Sork, Ronald C., 1B 2B 4B 5A 11B 21A.
 Still, Arthur F., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 11B.
 Street, John H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 11B 15B.
 Style, Hilton L., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B
 16B.
 Surtees, A. McK., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 8A (o)
 11A.
 Taylor, John H., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 11A.
 Taylor, Lawrence C., 1B 4B 5B 6B 11B.
 Taylor, Wesley G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Thomson, John J., 1A 2B 4A 5B 11A.
 Underwood, George, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Wagland, Earnest R., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 11B.
 Walsh, Edward S., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Warden, Leslie A., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B.
 Watkins, Kevin J., 1B 2A 4B 5B 7B.
 Watson, Lloyd C., 1A 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Watts, Harold J., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Watts, Henry R., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Watts, Nicholas B., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Wheeler, Maurice A., 1B 3B 4A 5B 7A 11B 16B.
 White, James H., 1B 2B 3B 11B 15B 16B.
 Williams, William M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Williamson, Hugh J., 1B 4A 5B 6B 11B.
 Wills, Richard L., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Young, Alfred B., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.

BLIGHTED AMBITION.

It is now one month since the subject of the "Fortian" first entered and embittered my life.

Eighteen minutes of an English period had been spent in a discourse on the duty of each boy in Fourth Year to contribute at least one item to the "Fortian." In such glowing terms was the pleasure of literary exercise laid before us, and so much did the novelty of it appeal to me, that all the way home I was imagining myself a writer of stirring verse and distinguished essays. When it came to choosing a subject, however, I was not so sure of myself, but decided upon "The Opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge." I would start the next evening.

But the next day, the French teacher, highly dissatisfied with the preparation of work made

by his class, gave as homework a written translation of a whole chapter of the French author we were studying. That night I retired at twelve o'clock, without touching the "Fortian" contribution.

The next day the class "Fortian" representative complained that he had received nothing but articles on the building of the Harbour Bridge, one description of the opening of the Harbour Bridge, three accounts of the School's trip across the Harbour Bridge, a discussion on who had the right to open the Harbour Bridge, and a parody on "The Charge of the Light Brigade" describing the De Groot incident on the Harbour Bridge. He had just finished speaking when someone handed him "The Rescue of the Union Jack on the Sydney

Harbour Bridge." After this it occurred to me that my idea was not very original, and so I dropped it and waited for a new inspiration.

After a few weeks the "Fortian" representative told me that I was one of the few [?—Ed.] boys in the class who had not yet handed him a contribution, and that every boy was expected to do so.

My inspiration came at last. "Where does the flame of a candle go when it is blown out?" That evening all my homework was done before tea-time, that is, all except preparation for the Latin test that was to come the next day, but I could attend to that after I had written my contribution. After tea, however, something turned up. A friend of mine called in, and said that he was on his way to see Zane Grey's latest film, and asked me to go with him. It was the last night, and I am very fond of Zane Grey. After all, my homework was finished, and the contribution could wait. Of course, there was the Latin,

but I knew that well enough, and Zane Grey . . .

Leaving school at half-past four the next afternoon, I was ruminating on how hard is life, and what an uncertain subject is Latin; the "Fortian" contribution had gone out of my head.

When, under pressure of the "Fortian" representative, I tried to write, I realised that my gift of humour, though very effective with my young brothers (aged eight and ten) seemed somewhat silly on paper. My approaches to various Science teachers for technical information on the subject met with detention for impertinence from one, a curt reply that it was not the first of April from another, and, worst of all, a third actually gave me an explanation which lasted half an hour, and was full of the most complicated theories and terms. It was this which finally crushed my ambition to write, although my enthusiasm had died weeks before.

J. FREDERICK, 4D.

A TALE OF THE FIFTIES.

1851! What excitement! Everyone was bustling. There was a mixture of all nations, from the "cute" Yankee down to the lark-leaving Hibernian. Everybody was running around to set off for the diggings, lest all the gold should be gathered before they arrived.

It was Australia's golden year—and Melbourne was the centre of south-east Australia, picturesque in its activities.

Daily rumours forced the small shopkeeper to pack up and abandon his counter. No wonder seamen were running away from their ships and doctors were leaving their drugs.

Many strange sights met my eye, and many strange sounds struck my ear, when I arrived at Melbourne. My longing desire, of securing a "nugget," increased, and I soon left Melbourne on the route I had chalked out.

I set out with sieve, pick and shovel, cradle, blankets and bedding on my back. Soon I met another party of diggers, and after that two grim-looking fellows with a double-barrelled gun who, without doubt, intended to put a hole in the back of some lucky miner who chanced to come their way.

The stir and bustle on the road was amazing. Broken-down drays and carts were always

toiling and tearing through the deeply rutted track. Doctors, lawyers, clerks, shopmen, shepherds and sailors from all countries could all be found upon that road wending to Forest Creek, Mount Alexander or Bendigo, all eager to seek for gold—the "root of all evil."

All except the women were armed with weapons ranging from a modern musket or pistol down to the old-fashioned English blunderbuss. Every face was radiant with hope, every heart sure of its fortune. Some would get a fortune and for the first time "Luck" might enter their doors. The skeletons of cows and horses fringed the roadway continuously, and the pitiful wail of some unfortunate child was common.

At last we arrived, and after a day's rest we set to work.

I had learnt from an old miner that gold had two forms—alluvial and matrix. Alluvial is obtained from ancient river beds, and matrix from a quartz rock.

While I was working, a confused clamour came to my ears—the reverberations of the miner's falling pick-axe, the rocking of miners' cradles, the shout of hope or the laugh of reckless despair—such was the medley of sounds at Forest Creek.

But work had to be done, and I was soon busy sinking my first hole. I was young and full of hope. I worked my cradle with all the seriousness of the tailor of Fife, with his four babes. The cradle is a kind of box about six inches long. The head is covered with a sieve, and in the bottom is a round hole. Four men are required to work it—one to dig, a second to wheel, a third to rock, and a fourth to keep dashing water on the earth to effect the sifting process. I met later a party of young miners, and we entered into a partnership.

For months I toiled in vain, and at length our savings were gone, all hopes had vanished. But the lucky day came at last, and I shall never forget the rush of emotions which filled my breast when at the bottom of my hole I found a nugget of fourteen pounds weight.

A young lad of about eighteen called Raikes was so overcome by his emotions that he sank back against a tree, his head swimming.

It was getting dark, and we began to pick up our tools to retire for the day. A gun from the Commissioner's tent was fired as a signal to cease digging for the day.

Fires were being kindled and large volumes of smoke began to roll upward through the clear atmosphere of the valley.

The noise of the axe, the racking of the cradle, with the swish-swash sound of the water, the wheeling of the barrows, had all ceased, and a comparative stillness pervaded the field. To this always succeeded the pipe in the cool of the evening, beneath the shadow of the tent, and the talk of the day's findings and adventures till night arrived.

JACK DENHAM, 1D.

REVERIE.

I was down on a farm near Camden, when Grandad and I decided to go and sit up on the top of a hill and watch the sun go down.

All day long the hot rays of the sun had been beating down fiercely on the fields; but in spite of the heat, the moisture of the earth, which had drunk deeply of the spring rains and the dews at night, was sufficient to keep the grass green.

Grandad (who is now in his eighty-second year) and I strolled out some distance from the homestead, to a hill where the natural couch grass affords us a comfortable resting-place. Behind us are undulating plains, covered with gum trees, and to our left are fields of tall Indian corn and vineyards whose vivid green is restful to the eyes after the glare of the sun.

In a corner of the field below us some calves are standing knee-deep in the lush grass and drinking from a water-hole. Overhead a crane silently wings its way to a pond in a neighbouring farm, and as it passes a flock of sparrows flutters forth from the wild black thorns.

Old Grandad and I watch the sun as it begins to sink slowly behind Mt. Hunter. The old man's eyes are fixed upon the west, where the sun's rays light up the clouds above the dark blue hills.

Suddenly, as he sits musing, his mind reverts to the past, and the silence is broken. He points to the farm in the distance, where he was born, to the road winding over Razorback, along which, as a young man, he drove the bullock-team. He tells of the days when he made johnny-cakes on the road, of the days when the Cobb and Co.'s coaches lumbered over the earthy roads, and of the country dances . . .

The spires of St. John's Church, which earlier were silhouetted against the sky, are now scarcely visible. The last rays of the declining orb are caught upon the surface of the water-hole, so that it gleams like gold, and then it suddenly sinks below the horizon. Nothing now disturbs the air except, perhaps, the distant barking of a dog and a sound that is unfamiliar to city ears—the long, drawn-out droning of a churn.

W. REED, 1D.



John's in 4th year, and just as proud of his 55/- suit in three-piece, all-wool tweed, as he is of those five A's in last year's Inter. Young Bo won't sit for his exam until next year, but he expects to pass in the very suit that his mother bought for 25/- on Farmer's fourth floor! *You can have these same splendid suits, and the same faith in their quality. The prices are the keenest you'll ever pay.*

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