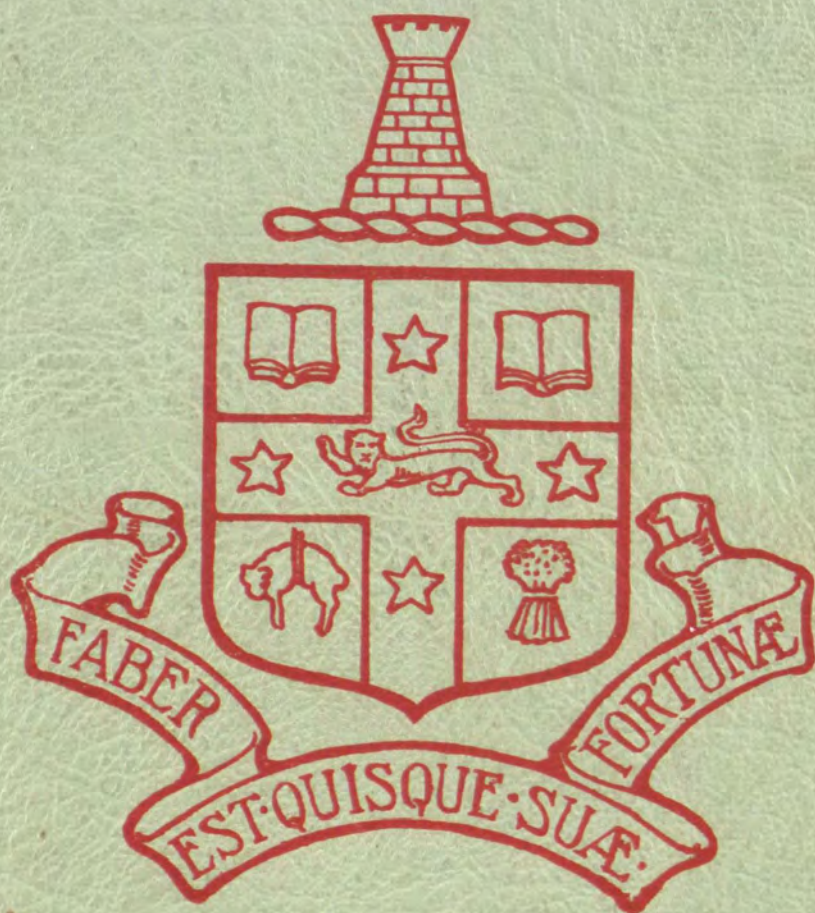


# THE FORTIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF FORT ST BOYS  
HIGH SCHOOL PETERSHAM N SW

DECEMBER, 1933.



*The*  
**FORTIAN**

*The Magazine of the Boys' High  
School, Fort Street.*

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There is colour in music and poetry and art—there is colour in each of the five senses. To our fathers colour was applied merely to the sense of sight, but to us it has a broader, a more comprehensive significance. Colour in poetry is metaphor and simile onomatopoeia and transferred epithet, in music it is mood, in art a symbol. It is a linking of the senses. We even speak of colour in a novel when we mean atmosphere, or of someone's colourful rendering of a piece of music. And here is the point where the arts meet, where one is interchangeable with another, just as the senses that they describe are interchangeable.

Our language is deficient in its number of epithets to describe some of the senses and hence, where the vocabulary for one sense is inadequate, we have borrowed a word from another and made it apply to the first. So it is with "sweet," which originally described only a sensation of taste; now, however, we say that a flower **smells** sweetly or a bird **sings** sweetly. This is the result of transferring epithets.

The modern poets are doing precisely the same thing. Where one sense is inadequate they resort to another, relying on suggestion and association. What says Miss Edith Sitwell? (I hope you will excuse her mixed metaphors.) "The poet's mind has become a central sense interpreting and controlling the other five senses. Modern poets are discovering an entirely new scale of relationship between the senses. They are no longer little islands, speaking only their own narrow language, living their sleepy life alone. Where the language of one is insufficient they speak the language of another. We know, too, that every sight, touch, sound, taste, smell of the world we live in has its meaning—is the result of a spiritual state (as a great philosopher once said to me)—is, in short, a kind of psycho-analysis. And it is the poet's duty to interpret those meanings."

Now, colour in modern poetry consists of many things: figures of speech, rhymes, rhythm, words, atmosphere. And the functions of these have changed, to meet the modern demands, have broadened like the senses. Onomatopoeia was sound-colour, but it is no longer so, because sight and touch and smell and taste are all called in to help in the expression of an idea. Suggestions and associations are made. To some, freesias with their heavy sweet smell suggest death. Modern poets are like freesias in that they suggest something, give first spontaneous impressions from a new point of view, associate the senses. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell speaks of "A hoarse smell of wet mustiness." Here "hoarse" is drawn from the sense of sound, "wet" from the sense of touch, and "mustiness" from the sense of smell, yet they are blended into a perfect and vivid whole. Sight is perhaps the best sense so far as a wealth of meaning in adjectives goes, and it is very often used to describe sound colour. 'Cellos weave curtains of rich purple velvet, hanging in deep folds; cymbals add quick slashes of silver and gold; muted

trumpets make the atmosphere blue; saxophones a bright orange like mandarines in Spain. Again sound or sound suggestion may be used to express a difficult sensation such as temperature. "The full, brassy kettle-drums of throbbing heat," or a colour may be transferred from a concrete to an abstract thing, "This and this ripen in the rime's white hour." This does not mean that onomatopoeia and transferred epithet are not used in their original manner. Mr. Sitwell says,

"We reached the singing water on its bed of smooth stones  
That plays like the sea, instead of shells, with rounded pebbles  
Rolled for low music to the stream's shrill note  
In a babble of water-tongues."

or ". . . . breathing from the night's scents

Drones its folded honeys and its shut wings of flowers."

Words, too, have changed in their use as regards poetry. Prosy words are no longer debarred; indeed, they are a characteristic of the more radical vers librists. Rhyme which was previously restricted, with the exception of mid-rhyme, to the ends of lines, may now occur anywhere, and what is more, when once a rhyme is used several others are employed throughout immediately following lines to echo it, as it were. The result is assonance and often alliteration, new rhymes and always new jingling lilts.

"See  
The tall Spanish jade  
With hair black as night-shade  
Worn as a cockade  
Flee  
Her eyes gasconade  
And her gown's parade  
(as stiff as a brigade)  
Tee-hee !"

This witty piece of nursery-rhyme nonsense by Edith Sitwell, however, keeps the rhymes to the end of the lines. It is one of Miss Sitwell's favourite experiments in verse, as is her love of ending a verse with "the." Writers prefer some experiments to others; these are repeated more often than the rest until they become characteristic of that author. It is the same with words. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell in his book of Pastorals, "The Cyder Feast," has his own peculiar liking for "honeys," and "nards," and "thymes," and "cassias," and these are repeated again and again almost unconsciously. They are the results of successful experiments, for all "modern" verse is experiment.

Peculiar combinations of words, very often hyphenated, are another trick of style, and herein lie new possibilities for new beauty. The classical Sacheverell Sitwell, a younger brother of Edith, and perhaps the least radical and most readable of the Sitwells, uses such new and bourgeoisie-shocking combinations as, "wide-eyed snow," "apple-naked," and "loud-trumpet glitter." Sometimes there is a realism as concise, as exact, as Mr. Hardy's. Fountains throw "dice of water," "loud glittering in the sharp falling light," "Spilled like thrown water," and, again, speaking of apples,

"And carried them in baskets to the cyder press.

Spilling them in great rain into that slaughter-bowl

Where they fell one on the other like joined rain on the window."

Again, many of Mr. Osbert and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's descriptions are exquisite, gliding smoothly from one subject to another completely and strikingly different, one which suggests a new set of pictures in the mind, uncoupled till then with the first, but peculiarly and

originally apt. This applies equally to their similes and metaphors.

"Flowers barred with tiger's fire and in green flames of parrots dipped,"

"We entered like robbers after bags of gold."

There is a great sweep in their work, like an artist splashing gay colours recklessly over a canvas and wandering from one subject to another without completing the first. You would not be surprised at any moment to see a god's head and shoulders, clad in a cloud, rise from the sea of the Sitwells' poetry. This reminds one of Horace or De la Mare, or Wordsworth's sonnet, or the wide landscape of Shelley. It is *Le Paradis Artificiel*.

Their South American work is full of sunlight filtering through green venetian blinds into cool white shady rooms where, if you open the window, you let the street into the room, where the iron railings on your balcony are like bent bows along which the street children run sticks to make a clinking noise. At night the air is full of guitars and castanets, the streets of dancing, the curl of a tangerine skirt, and there is a moon. Lambert's "Rio Grande," a work for solo piano, choir, and orchestra, expresses in music what Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's words say in poetry, working from a chaotic opening to a conclusion of quiet plucked strings. Their water-songs obscurely suggest submarine depths "pale grey and bitter green, with hyphenated half-lights seen between." There are lotus blooms, too, sickly sweet, and serpents and hot moist vapours and pictures of the quiet Renishaw woods where

"Red champion, ragged soldier on the wood's wet paths

Warned us of the nettles that are crushed for satyrs' wine,

And we stumbled at his vineyard that the spider hangs with frosty nets."

The rhythmical but non-metrical lines are like De la Mare's "Listeners," they cannot be scanned because poets have realised that words cannot be split up merely into long and short syllables. There are degrees of length and of shortness. Moreover, words have different values in different combinations. The rhythm of some of the Bucolic Comedies suggests a fox-trot, indeed some of them are known by this name. They are full of typical 20th century cheapness, shallow, stupid, merrily-we-go-to-hell gaiety. Certainly the fox-trots reflect the spirit of the age, for jazz is the product of the 20th century, and in its stark thrilling rhythm of primitive loves and hates, it symbolizes the progress and chaos, the turmoil and the cheaply-clever, despairing philosophy of those 20th century blues—A minor key is its mood.

Mr. George Gerswin's "Rhapsody in Blue" blends the thin blue jazz, the throbbing rhythm of Negro drums, and the delicate, subtle and intricate pattern of sound of the classic, the interwoven recurring themes of many keys like silver threads in a black cloth. The result is not a pale sky-blue, the blue of Nile nights, not a mood indigo, nor a deep sea-blue, nor the blue of peacocks' tails, but a rich concentrated prussian blue, with perhaps a faint tinge of green. And this is the colour of the modern mood, always with chaos lurking in the shadows. Likewise his "American in Paris" suggests the orderly disorder of traffic moving to the rhythm of motor-car horns, the shaking of street-lights through trees. There is onomatopoeia in the music, but it is impressionistic; it has not the realism of Ketelby.

Art, too, expresses the 20th century spirit. If it were to survive, it was necessary that art should express something other than an exact replica. Science has provided us with a camera for that purpose. The realism of Abrecht Durer's trees is no longer art—though we marvel greatly at its intricate accuracy. Art now must give a new point of view, and so the new artist's aim was not to paint exactly or entirely a certain scene on a journey, but to paint the whole journey—the depicting of every object was not necessary—first impressions were all that was required. A man's portrait was not a record of his matter, his physical appearance, but of his mind. If he wanted a likeness of his physical self he went to a photographer; if of his mental self or character he went to an impressionist painter. Here full details were not necessary either, and so symbols and colours were used. Mr. Epstein has given us a new type of colour, that of character. He carves a lady with a sweet face and then gives her a large muscular neck and brawny arms, but he does not suggest for one moment that such a creature ever lived. You can read character in a face, and so the impressionists include only those parts which show it, but it is not so easy to read character in arms or legs, and so Mr. Epstein has made them muscular and masculine to symbolize some characteristic of the mind—perhaps determination, or will power, or courage, or stubbornness, or all four.

But the most important work done by the moderns is their expression of the 20th century attitude towards war. It is angry, bitter sarcasm and unmerciful satire, but it is horribly and ironically true. Osbert Sitwell in his "Blind Pedlar" says

"—For God has taken my sight from me.

. . . But now I thank God and am glad

For what I cannot see this day

—The young men crippled, old and sad

With faces burnt and torn away;"

It is the old story of the "left-right of the soldier that may never be right-left." "While the soldier must obey and never question as to origins." It is the old story of the call "And the children went . . ." But the old gods are passing. They held flags in their hands and waved them and shouted "Patriotism!" But the old gods are passing—and the colour here is red.

THE EDITOR.

### AMBITIONS.

Just as the stars lend a certain divinity to night, so ambitions chequer the monotony of our lives. They are the stars of terrestrial existence, which are ever burning in men's souls.

Ambitions shine with the brightness of Venus, which transcends in its brilliancy all other stars in the evening or morning sky. These are the ambitions of your Alexanders who must have worlds to conquer, and when there are no more left for them to enthrall, shed tears, if history speaks true. But such aspirations, and it is well for the world, occur but once or twice in several generations.

Scarce more frequent, but infinitely more beneficent, are those lofty ambitions of men like Milton, who labour steadily to fit themselves to perform their great projects, and, maybe, accomplish them, as he did, in trial and tribulation. These are like the fixed stars that shine steadfastly.

Still other ambitions resemble meteors that are as short as they are brilliant. Such was the ambition of Charles XII. of Sweden.

Again, there are aspirations that, like the misty constellations of the Milky Way, shine with a dim lustre. These are the ambitions of the million. That villager, for instance, covets yonder little cottage by the smiling river, stints himself and labours obscurely all his days to possess it. And mayhap, too, by ill fate ends his days in that very stream.

Our ambitions may prove but glittering mirages, or the kaleidoscopic visions of fancy. But, be they what they may, they have a true value, an intrinsic worth. We may delve and toil, but always, like true will-o'-the-wisps, they are sparkling in the distant or unattainable future. So were they sparkling when first we knew them, so will they sparkle in the years to be. They urge us forward to greater efforts, and, all the while, in large part at least, make of life a sweet melody, like to the harmonies which the ancients

said the stars made, long ago. To this music, to these siren allurings of our hopes, we hasten to grander things; and, if we do not gain all we desire, we at least learn to take pleasure in pains, and travel, during many days, in joy and gladness along the interminable road to our hearts' desires.

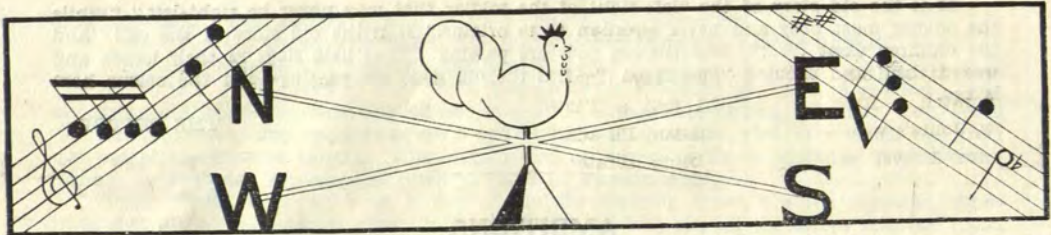
The astrologers of old prophesied the future courses of men's lives from their natal stars. Yet these predictions were pure chicanery, or the strivings of ignorance. The modern Gipsy woman practises the same kind of charlatany in return for a few pence. Had these pseudo-prognosticators of the future but thought to wheedle out their client's private ambitions, how well and truly might they have prophesied! Ay, and not only the destinies of men, but the fate of states and nations! Martius Galeotti might well have seen in Louis the Eleventh's cupidity the doom of Burgundy; Napoleon's desires came near to changing history and enthralling Europe.

But much depends on character. The weakest man in the world might dream of having kings for his servants, and, like Tamburlaine, emperors to draw his coach; only a ruthless Napoleon could hope to realise that ambition. Many French kings may, perchance, have entertained visions of subduing Burgundy, but only the wily Louis could accomplish it.

So, it seems we must often be content with the mere pleasure of pursuing our ambitions. A Solomon might, therefore, warn us not to let our ambitions rest on unattainable pinnacles, and your teacher of youth might add, "Let them be worthy." But a fig for the wisdom of such preceptors, for "there is fate, and the laws of the world," and, while our common nature remains what it is, our ambitions will be as unchanging as the stars and will shine in our human microcosm with the same varying degrees of brilliancy as they do in the night sky.

C. O'BRIEN.





Play Day as usual was a great success. All classes except the Third Year presented plays, most of which were of considerable merit. Two evening performances drew large and appreciative audiences, and did much to swell the hospital funds of the School.

§ § § §

We are pleased to record that Mr. Dennehy, who underwent a serious operation, has returned to duty after making a good recovery.

§ § § §

The Senior Dinner was held in the School Memorial Hall on Tuesday, 24th October. The whole proceedings were in the hands of the boys, B. Langsworth being in the chair. Features of the evening were the splendid speeches of the boys and the musical items of Messrs. Gilhorne and Burtenshaw.

§ § § §

We congratulate the following boys on their election to the office of Prefect for 1934:—Barclay, Burge, Chudleigh Cumming, Davis, Foskett, Goddard, Leathart, Marchant, Nicoll, Porter, Roberts, Shearer, Stevens, Walker.

The Ladies' Committee did yeoman service once again on the occasion of Play Day and Play Nights. The School is ever grateful to this fine band of workers, led by Mrs. Rogers.

§ § § §

A very enjoyable day was spent at National Park on the occasion of the School picnic. A pleasing feature of the day was the presence of so many parents and friends.

§ § § §

Since the last issue a new Honour Board has been erected in the School, and the old boards have been brought up to date. Fortians should see that the new boards are soon filled.

§ § § §

The football teams did well this year, the 1st XV. winning the McManamey Shield, and the 1st grade Soccer are again unbeaten premiers.

§ § § §

The School once more succeeded in winning the Hume-Barbour debating competition. We have won this trophy three times out of a possible four. Congratulations to Fredericks, Jenkins and McKnight. Keep the good work going.

Reports on the second half-year's work have been sent out. Every parent who takes an interest in his boy will ask to see and will study his boy's report.

### ADVICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

"John o' London" gives advice to its contributors, in its small "Treasure Trove" collection. Would-be Fortian contributors should take it to heart.

If you've got a thought that's happy—

Boil it down.

Make it short and crisp and snappy—

Boil it down.

When your brain its coin has minted,

Down the page your pen has sprinted,

If you want your effort printed—

BOIL IT DOWN.

Take out every surplus letter—

Boil it down.

Fewer syllables the better—

Boil it down.

Make your meaning plain. Express it

So we'll know—not merely guess it;

Then, my friend, ere you address it—

BOIL IT DOWN.

Cut out all the extra trimmings—

Boil it down.

Skim it well, then skim the skimmings—

BOIL IT DOWN.

When you're sure 'twould be a sin to

Cut another sentence into,

Send it on, and we'll begin to

**BOIL IT DOWN!**

—ANONYMOUS.

## PRETTY COCKY!

## A "PARROT"-OXICAL STORY.

There is an old proverb which says that if you scratch a Russian, you will find a Tartar.

Now, Jones's wife was not a Russian, I'll admit; nor can I ever remember her being scratched; but she certainly fitted the third part of this estimable proverb. Jones, on the other hand, was emphatically not a Tartar. He was not even a Tartar's tooth-brush (being almost bald), yet Jones and his wife rarely quarrelled. For, whenever Chlorine Jones started the Tartar business, George Jones simply said "Ta-ta, dear," and dashed away down the street to see the usual man about an even more usual dog. Unfortunately, one Saturday afternoon George saw a man about another type of creature. And thereby hangs a tale.

I often stay at the Jones's place for a week-end. On the Saturday afternoon in question, I paid one of these visits. Being an old friend of the family, I didn't stand on ceremony, but pushing open the front door, walked in, and fell over the cat. The cat having been kicked, retired into winter quarters, so to speak. My attention was then arrested by a loud crash from the kitchen. As I approached along the passage, a large-sized dinner plate was wafted gently through the door, to smash to pieces on the wall opposite. A cup and a vinegar bottle followed the plate; George followed the vinegar bottle; and Chlorine followed George, heavily armed, and, a shout having been raised, the battle was begun at the centre (George's centre) with a rolling-pin.

"I fear," I said, politely, "I am intruding."

The battle stopped.

"Not at all," said George, who appeared to be trying to crawl under the carpet. "Not at all. Make yourself at home, old chap. Wife and I just having a friendly little argument."

There was an uncomfortable pause. Then George led the way, back into the kitchen. Chlorine, still breathing heavily, followed, swinging the bread-knife suggestively. George went round the other side of the table, and, holding a tray in front of his face, began apparently to look for moth-holes in it.

Chlorine wasted no time in preliminaries.

"The idiot," she said, grimly, "has bought a parrot."

I decided I was expected to say something.

"Fancy!" I said.

"No, you idiot, not a fancy one. Just a plain, home, garden, dirty little parrot."

"Still," I urged, "parrots aren't bad. In fact, all birds are nice. We had a magpie once. Such a dear little thing it was. Peck your eyes out when you weren't looking. We fed it on——"

"I am not in the least interested in your magpie," said Chlorine, with a cold stare that would have given a polar bear double pneumonia.

I felt hurt, but I'd stand a lot for my friend George.

"Never mind, then," I said. "We had a canary once. Two, in fact. A woman canary and a gentleman canary. But——"

"Shut up," said Chlorine, rudely. "You're an idiot."

George looked over the top of the tray, and said plaintively, "I don't see why I can't buy a parrot if I want to; such a nice respectable one, too. I don't see——"

A muffled chuckle came from beneath an overturned bucket, and then a thin voice said

"— — — — —"

"There," said Chlorine, "Isn't that awful?"

"I don't see," said Jones, gaining more courage, "what's wrong with the bird. Lots of families keep parrots. They keep down the mice and the silverfish. I don't see why we shouldn't have one. Look how gentle it is. You put your finger under the bucket and it plays with it."

George did so. A second later he withdrew it hurriedly, at the same time adding another new word to the parrot's already extensive vocabulary. I gathered from what George said that the parrot didn't play with his finger.

Dinner was to be rather a strained meal. Chlorine was quite decided not to have the parrot. And George, for all his timidity, was apparently quite determined to keep it. Neither was inclined to talk, so I was left to make the conversation.

"I see where Hitler's got the measles," I said affably. "Funny how people get the measles, you know. I was told only yesterday that Napoleon got the measles the day before the battle of Waterloo. I don't think the authorities should have allowed him to fight. He might have given

them to the enemy. Our butcher says——"

"Damn your butcher," said George. George lacks finesse. "I don't see why I can't keep that parrot."

"George," said Chlorine, "that parrot goes in the morning. I refuse to have it in the house. Now, don't speak to me, George, or——" I thoughtfully placed the bread board out of her reach, and attempted to turn the conversation.

"I see where Mussolini makes a point of having a bath at least once a month on religious grounds. I was only telling the milkman about it this morning, and he said that it was a funny thing, but his wife had the same habit."

"Confound the milkman," snapped Chlorine. Chlorine also lacks finesse. "If you don't get rid of that parrot in the morning, George, I shall go straight home to mother (George brightened considerably), and bring her back with me." A haggard look came to his face.

"I don't see why you want to make such a fuss

about a parrot," said George. "The way you moan, anybody'd think I intended to start an ostrich farm."

I made a grab for the milkjug, but Chlorine was before me; and George was before both of us, so that the jug missed him by at least six inches as he ducked. Not caring to spoil the romantic beauty of this intimate little domestic scene, I took the parrot outside for an hour, and extended my own vocabulary.

But, joking aside, I was seriously disturbed by the situation which had developed between my friend and his wife, but consideration presented no better idea of effecting a reconciliation between them, than the murder of the bird.

The more I considered the idea, the better I liked it, and finally I decided, in absolute cold blood, to break the eighth commandment. I waited until the clock struck two a.m., and then, arming myself with an old hacksaw, crept softly downstairs. As I was proceeding along the



### PREFECTS, 1933.

Back Row: W. Downes, H. R. Watts, R. Paisley, A. Young, J. Evans.

Third Row: A. Richardson, D. McKenzie, F. Monaghan, N. B. Watts, A. Jenkins, R. Roulston, W. Funnell, H. Leggo.

Second Row: G. Bailey (Senior Prefect), B. Langworth (Captain), Mr. J. A. Williams (Headmaster), Mr. C. H. Harrison (Deputy Headmaster), A. McKnight (Vice-Captain), E. Riley.

First Row: A. Surtees, J. McAuley.

lengthy passage to the kitchen, I heard a creaking step, some yards behind me. Swiftly I slipped into the shadow of a doorway. A figure came slowly along the passage, breathing heavily. It loomed up opposite the doorway. I crouched back. Suddenly the gliding figure stopped, and half turned; a startled gasp, and it also slipped into my doorway, and on to my feet.

"You clumsy idiot, George," I said (for it was none other), and began to scrape up what was left of my feet.

"Shut up," hissed George, grasping my arm convulsively. "There's somebody coming along the passage. I'll trip it up as it goes past."

A figure in white loomed up in the doorway. George evidently couldn't make up his mind which foot to stick out, so he stuck out both. With a wild yell, both figures crashed to the ground. I switched on the lights. I stared at Chlorine. Chlorine stared at George. George tried to stare at both of us, and went cross-eyed.

"I think," I said, with one of those rare flashes of tactfulness for which I am famous, "I think that a peace conference would be a good idea, what?"

There was an uncomfortable pause. Then I noticed what George was carrying, and decided that a disarmament conference would be much more suitable.

"George," I exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing with that tin-opener?"

"Chlorine," said George, "what's the idea, carrying my razor about, eh?"

"Bill," cried Chlorine (my name's Bill), "what on earth are you going to do with that hacksaw?"

Gradually the solution dawned upon the three of us. George and Chlorine had both had the same idea as I, of preventing further trouble by despatching the parrot. George admitted that he hadn't really wanted the parrot, but only kept it because Chlorine didn't want it. So quite a happy little reunion took place out there in the passage.

"Well," I said at last, "we may as well finish the job, now that we're all agreed about the matter, and we started for the kitchen.

The bucket was overturned.

"Good Lord," said George, "the bird has escaped."

I looked towards the fireside, and there, with an evil glint in his eye, was Wally.

"No," I said. "The bird has not escaped."

Wally, by the way, you have met before. The last time I mentioned him, he was just going into winter quarters.

A. M. JENKINS, 5D.

### "DREAMING?"—A MOOD STUDY.

Silence has settled over the bush. Not a sound disturbs the night. The moon rises slowly over the ranges. All is quiet, cool, content.

It is the kind of night that saps away your strength, and leaves you in dreamy peace.

From where you are, you can see the Southern Cross hanging low over the trees. The Evening Star is slipping down the west.

As you sit with your back against a tree-trunk, your thoughts are idle and disconnected. The union meeting is on down town, but you don't feel inclined to-night.

The day was hot, your work was hard. You are not tired, just relaxed. Another month of this weather and everything is done. No rain! But you just can't be worried—not in this cool air of content.

You are alone, yet you are not lonely. Somehow someone is present with you. If you are a dreamer, you put it down to memories—old mates and older loves. If you are religious, you put

it down to God. If you are a bushman, you attribute it to a mixture of the two.

A big mosquito on your arm! A Hexham Grey! An enormous labour to smack at him!

The fire is burning low. You can see the dull red coals among the ashes. For a few minutes you watch it and then you stare beyond.

Funny you ran across old Tom Duggin to-day. Must be—well—twenty years since you saw him last. Time flies. It seems only yesterday you met Florrie. You might have married her, only Fred proposed before you. Florrie's dead now. Fred's still living. A strapping young son Fred has. Ah, well! Fred was lucky.

The dingo sounds lonely out there. Always gives you a chill feeling listening to his howl.

Somebody's coming up the hill. A cough has broken in on your reverie. Only Don and Frank. "Dreaming, as usual?"

Well, I suppose you would call it dreaming.

THORTHWAITE.

## ARTHUR S. KERSHAW.



ARTHUR S. KERSHAW.

It is hard for one who loved him to write about an old boy who so worthily represented all that was best in his School traditions. Coming to Fort Street at a very early age, before he had reached his eleventh year, he was dubbed the "baby of the school," an affectionate soubriquet which his gentle, sincere nature retained for him long after his youth had earned it. He spent the unusually long time of seven years with us, winning the esteem and affection of all he met.

He loved the School very dearly, and was proud of her great record; and in his own quiet way determined to uphold her prestige when he reached the wider world of the University. He had the great advantage of a careful home-training. Throughout his whole course the writer came in close contact with him, and never remembers an

occasion when he "slacked" in his studies or in any other duty.

Arthur Kershaw did not make a reputation in the field of sport, contenting himself with tennis and swimming. His "recreations," if one may call them so, were his church, his music, and the very healthy occupation of "hiking." He was always ready at the close of the day to help in boiling the billy, or in any of the "yacker" of pitching camp, and was an ideal companion on an excursion. He had a very deep appreciation of the glory of the Australian bush.

None of his mates will ever recall a word or deed of his that could cloud his memory. In a marked degree, he "wore the white flower of a blameless life," and though its span was short, the influence of that life will remain long among those who knew him.

He completed his school course with Honours in English and Latin in the Leaving Certificate Examination, crowning a meritorious career by winning a University Exhibition and the Evatt Prize for an English Essay. Proceeding to the University, he did very creditably in his Arts course, and was reading in English and Latin Honours in the Third Year, in preparation for the course in Law, when he was struck down by an illness which proved fatal. His artistic nature found expression in the playing of the University Carillon, a service of remembrance that he delighted to render to his predecessors who had given their lives in the Great War.

The representative gathering at his grave was an eloquent tribute by the University, his old School, and the circle of friends who mourn his loss. The School extends its sympathy to his parents and his only brother, who is in our Fourth Year.

W.P.

## THE FUTURE.

In spite of the astounding assurances and declarations to the contrary which emanate regularly from the mind, and the pocket, of distinguished "astrologers" and similar persons with the same pretences of contact with the occult, the peculiarly abstract thing known as "the future" is a series of occurrences, the nature of which may be merely conjectured, and not fore-

seen, until they show themselves in the period of revelations known as "the present." The future has been designed to set humanity doubting, and to fashion an outlet to the imagination which every member of the human race possesses.

After all, the idea of a future is singularly beneficial to the world in general. If the happenings of a coming era were visible to the

inhabitants of "the present," the element of surprise, the element of doubt, the gift of foresight would be forever removed from their midst. All things would pass beyond the region of surmise into the light of reality, and opportunities for the exercise of prudence, warning, and the power of logical reasoning would be lacking—annihilated in an uninspiring existence of confidence and security. Never again would a courageous statesman, filled with an inspiration to warn his countrymen against an impending disaster, attack his enemies, even his friends, with an eloquence born of patriotism, of an earnest sincerity which rises far above the petty inclinations for power and fame.

So much for patriotic considerations. Of far more importance is domestic happiness—the unelaborate enjoyment of life that merges all hopes of future prosperity in the optimistic simplicity of domestic life. There is little more encouraging to

the growing child than anticipation—the anticipation of the enjoyment of his meals, and the joyous confidence that makes his birthday and the festive season of Christmas enjoyments that entertain his existence many months before their actual occurrence. He is raised over the many obstacles that interrupt his juvenile happiness by the anticipation of comforting things to occur—in the future.

Fertile imagination is one of our greatest entertainments, and it is the future which serves as a blank sheet, on which the imaginative one paints, with the misty pigments of doubt, caricatures and pieces of art which may be entertaining or inspiring. The future, then, is a vital force—a power which stirs homes and nations into a mental and bodily activity which means prosperity, good nature, and enjoyment.

R. A. CARY, 3D.

### SENIOR DINNER, 1933.

The dinner to the departing Fifth Year took place on Tuesday, the 24th October, in the Memorial Hall. About one hundred Fifth Year boys were present, and, as usual, the prefects for the coming year were also there. A good proportion of the staff and about fifty parents attended.

To put the whole dinner in a nutshell, an impossible task, since it occupied four long tables, nothing was left to be desired, and nothing desirable was left.

After an amazingly quick clearance of the tables that had been groaning under the weight of dishes bearing such formidable names as "Charlotte Russe," the serious part of the proceedings was begun with the proposal of the toast to the King, by the chairman, B. Langsworth. This was followed by the School Song. Toasts followed in regular order, the next being that to "School and Staff," proposed by B. Langsworth, the School Captain, and A. McKnight. Mr. Williams replied to this toast, and gave the departing students some good advice for their future life.

"The Departing Seniors" was proposed by Mr. Harrison on behalf of the staff, and supported by H. Marchant on behalf of Fourth Year. Replies were made by A. Jenkins and A. Thompson.

"Future Seniors" was the next toast, being proposed by J. Fredericks and W. Baker, to which R. Foskett and D. Barclay replied.

Several speakers laid emphasis on the fact that all departing students should join the Old Boys' Union, a body which has done much good for the School, and hopes to continue to do so in the future.

The toast to the Old Boys' Union was proposed by Mr. Bauer and seconded by J. Norrie. The reply was given by the President of the Union, Mr. Kennedy, who was supported by Mr. L. Langsworth, a brother of Bruce, and himself a former Captain of the School.

Of course the visitors were not forgotten, and to the toast proposed by E. Riley and G. Bailey, the Rev. H. Allen, Mr. H. Cranston, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Leggo replied.

Between these numerous speeches everyone enjoyed the community singing, which was accompanied by a few artists, who can play very creditably on a ginger beer bottle with a spoon. A very pleasant entertainment was given by Messrs. Gilhome and Burtenshaw, in singing several solos. J. McAuley played for us on the piano, whilst A. McKnight gave an elocutionary item. Both performances were much appreciated.

After the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem, there was a rush for autographs. Then the gathering wended its way home, the Fifth Year, I am sure, feeling a trifle sad that their term as students of Fort Street had come to an end. H. W. MARCHANT.

# POETRY

## SUN-BAKING.

When I have tumbled out the surf-swept sea,  
 Wet-limbed and shivering in the naked breeze,  
 How welcome then to me  
 The soft sand's yellow ease;  
 To hear the mournful murmur of the waves  
 Filling the brain, till time and place recede,  
 And the honeyed sunshine laves  
 The hidden wounds that bleed—

Why strive for empty prizes at Time's hand,  
 When one could sleep forever here beneath  
 The wind and sun on sand,  
 Forgetting Life—and Death!

A.M.J., 5D.

## LAST YEAR.

The march of a year has flown  
 In song away,  
 But still its airs are blown  
 From yesterday.  
 And, still, my fancies waft  
 From Memory's echoing loft,  
 The songs of last year's heart and last year's day.

Q. SILVERGOLD, 4D.

## FRUHLINGSLIED.

The scented air wafts perfumes rare,  
 The days reflect her tresses fair,  
 The nights their softest mantles wear,  
 And Spring draws near.  
 The laughing crowd, the sparkling sea  
 Join in her joyous company.  
 Let us along  
 To join the throng  
 Who follow in her footsteps gay.  
 Come! Let us haste with her away!  
 For merry will he be  
 Who joins our rhapsody  
 Of Laughter in her merriest mood.  
 Let's roam the paths with flowers strewed,  
 Let Nature's music be our own.—  
 Spring's not the time to sing alone.

—"X," 4D.

## EPIGRAMS.

### I.—ON A MERE MORTAL.

His life was filled with half perceptions, half-  
 desires,  
 Trembling and shrinking 'neath their load of  
 fears;  
 Brief exultant minutes caught him in their fires,  
 Then flung him back upon the wasted years.  
 Not wholly trusting in a world of sense,  
 He sheltered in a dream of vain pretence:  
 The circle narrowed, and his blood grew thin—  
 He let life out before he let it in.

### II.—TO BAUDELAIRE: A FRAGMENT.

Well, you have gone your way, like your Juan  
 Proud with the impious pride of the Gaul;  
 But your body hangs rotting on Cythera's isle—  
 The gibbet Desire; and cauchemars the pall.  
 At least you have dared, have sailed, have mocked  
 at the squall—  
 We cough and grow pale, and dare nothing at all.  
 J. Mc., 5D.

## THE CURLEW.

Softly plaintive, floating to me,  
 Comes that lingering call again,  
 Rising from the blackest midnight,  
 Swelling in its note of pain,

Dying in the distant silence  
 In that cry, despairing, long;  
 Songless bird, I love your sadness,  
 Saddest bird, I love your song.

Oh! that wings were on my shoulders!  
 Would that I could voice that call,  
 Gain the sweetness of its swelling,  
 Give the sadness of its fall.

Would that I could raise emotion,  
 Fill mankind with sympathy,  
 Touch each heart with understanding,  
 As that night-bird touches me.

THORTHWAITE.

**"WHITHER AWAY—?"**

TO R.M.

"Whither, O Stranger, whither away?"  
 "I know not whither, how far, I stray  
 "save only that I ever seek  
 "the grave where true love laid to rest  
 "his golden curls;  
 "whose cheek  
 "has lost its rose;  
 "the clear eyes dimmed at last,  
 "the lips grown cold,  
 "and gold  
 "curls  
 "grey."

"Why, O Stranger, hie away,  
 "when here is quiet peace and rest?"  
 "You tempt me and I fain would stay.  
 "But no! I may not—ever the quest  
 "for what I cannot find.  
 "O youth elusive and unkind!  
 "O do but stay  
 "until the day  
 "has run unto its evensong  
 "of sailing swans and aspens' leaves,  
 "of long-drawn organ echoes,  
 "and the sounds of seas on reefs  
 "heard in a shell—  
 "hollow vacant melodies  
 "stolen from thin bird-song  
 "that hangs like cloak of purple laughter  
 "on the purple hills,  
 "slips with a cry into the vaulted blue  
 "and draws the cloud-mist veil.  
 "Will find again the diamonds in the sand,  
 "the poems in our dreams,  
 "when hand in hand  
 "we dreamed.  
 "Oh what an age it seems  
 "since it were thus! . . .

"A bitter dream!  
 "It is not he,  
 "dead is this youth,  
 "dead would I be—  
 "yet on I must again  
 "until I gaze once more upon  
 "his fleeting shadow's face  
 "and find his grave.

"Then, as the hail dissolves in rain  
 "or as  
 "the merman lived his span of thousand years  
 "turns foam upon the wave,  
 "so shall I melt into a shallow pool  
 "of willows' tears . . .  
 "perhaps a mist—  
 "my tryst,  
 "fulfilled."

SKALD, 4D.

**THE SLAYING OF THE WATTLE  
BLOOM.**

Rose-red slept the eve in a golden world,  
 For gold was the wattle-bright land,  
 And gold were the clouds, and gold was the sea,  
 And gold on the shore was the sand.

But soon with the wane of the westering day,  
 Began the gold to fade,  
 And night swept her tresses over the land,  
 And clothed it all in shade.

And then in the light of the listening stars,  
 When all things on earth seemed one,  
 A slayer unseen arose in the land,  
 And a grievous deed was done.

For, soft as the steps of the dawning day,  
 Or snow in its soundless flight,  
 He stole down the vale, and ascended the hill,  
 And clomb up the mountain height,

And he paused as he passed on his ruthless way,  
 Wherever the wattle grew,  
 And he breathed on each tree with his withering  
 breath,  
 And its beautiful bloom he slew.

And when morning arose there was gold on the  
 cloud,  
 And gold on the sea and the strand,  
 But the gold of the wattle was faded and fled,  
 And nowhere was seen in the land.

C. J. H. O'BRIEN.



## THE WHITE GIANT COMES . . .

White naked limbs on green grass  
 massed ivory thighs . . . flanks . . .  
 chest rudely carved white marble,  
 long arms held clear of sides . . .  
 . . . O strong pale face!  
 blue eyes, locks curling red,  
 O giant! huge and white, snow-laden cedar.  
 What long slow thoughts  
 what irised pearly mists  
 are borne and float within your brain?  
 Gigantic symbol!  
 childlike lips  
 that mutely agonise  
 what do you strive to say?  
 what pale pitiful thing  
 what soft terrors of the dawn,  
 what milk-white agony of a soul beyond the  
 world?

J. Mc., 5D.

## JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

With Music's charm, the dawn  
 Bursts into day.  
 On Laughter's wings, the morn  
 Fades fast away.  
 Then as Night's mantle shadows all  
 Ere yet the dew begins to fall,  
 Sorrow comes.

And through the darkened veil  
 Of eventide  
 The mystic orb shines pale.  
 The Fates deride:  
 And, scornful of the earth below,  
 From out its dark abode of woe,  
 Sorrow comes.

But softly, with the light,  
 The sacred Muse,  
 Radiant, and ever bright,  
 Sweet peace renews.  
 While to her sad and darksome lair  
 Sorrow returns. And the cool air  
 Is filled with joy.

R.T.D.

## MUSIC.

Softly the sighing wind plays in the trees  
 And sports among the flowers of the field  
 Singing amid the fragrant waving grass  
 As o'er the meadows damp with Heaven's dew  
 It glides. The drowsy sweetness of the day,  
 Warmed in the gentlest Sun of all the year  
 Lulls the tired heart along its lonesome way.  
 The charmed earth rests on,  
 Hushed on the bosom of a summer night.  
 Ah! Calm and deep content!  
 Through the still air,  
 Music, sweet, rare,  
 Steals from the carefree depths of azure skies.  
 The lazy depths of deepest emerald-green  
 Smile to unsullied white of clouds above.  
 And where the shining blue of the endless sea  
 Plays with the dazzling gold of the glittering  
 shore  
 Coolly enchanting beneath the Sun's fierce sway,  
 Lurk melodies—  
 Sweet melodies that quiet the whole wide earth.  
 From every tiny flower  
 In dell in hidden bower,  
 Music comes.  
 It hides among the petals of the rose.  
 Where'er a river flows its echoes swell  
 When shadows lengthen and the night draws  
 close.  
 It comes,  
 And in its train,  
 The mystic charms of hidden minstrelsy.  
 The thunder of the furious sea  
 Lashed into wildest ecstasy  
 Of fury, might, and unleashed wrath  
 Re-echoes in its wildness, harmony.  
 It hides amid the twinkling of the stars  
 And whiles away their lonely vigil-hours.  
 While on the earth  
 From the light-flooded, gay abodes of men,  
 In measured time it throbs away the night.

Rocked to the rustling of the leaves  
 The flowers sleep.  
 All, all is still.  
 Now, let us dream while Music's charm  
 Wafts the hot day to coolest night,  
 And night to day!

—"X," 4D.

**ESTRANGED.**

TO R.M.

I bring three lilies for his grave  
 white lilies chaste and fair,  
 and lay them down  
     on stone  
     o'ergrown  
 with ivy's clinging green  
 and where  
 slow fret the stone  
 with magic runes  
 mosses and lichens imperceptibly.  
 There is no name, no epitaph,  
 nought but the grave  
 hollow and dank  
 amid the lank  
 and lean  
     green  
     reeds  
 all dripping damp with tears unutterably sad.  
 There lay them down and come away  
                     and come away.

They will not wither, will not die  
 nor fade away—  
 but root and upright will they grow  
 And bear  
     fair  
     flowers.  
 And the first one shall be highest  
 And the second purer far  
 And the third one but a poor flower  
 And bitter black,  
                     too.

The runes chaunt out their meaning:  
 He was young,  
 of all things lovely he was loveliest  
 of perfect body but imperfect mind;  
 selfish, a builder of the flagstones for a path to Hell,  
 shallow, and gay and cruel;  
 sulking, like a naughty child,  
 whene'er denied his will;  
 of boyish mind and stubborn and afraid  
 fleeting to God in trouble . . . petty fights  
 in loves and hates all primitive.  
 But he was young,  
 and ran with naked shoulders in the rain  
 which beat in his face, and laughed.

And yet I gave him lilies three—  
 he chose the third, the bitter black,  
 trampled the others under foot  
 and deeply quaffed its nectars off.  
 But I am a fool and bring

three  
 lilies  
 thrice

to one unheeding, poisonous proud  
 and full of scorn.

O hope forlorn  
 that he should choose one other but the black!  
 SKALD, 4D.

**GOD IN THE GARDEN.**

God came down in the cool of the evening  
 to walk in the garden;  
 I saw his grey robe cling to the rose-stems—  
 and there were drops of blood.

My heart was glad when it saw God's blood;  
 it blossomed on a rod—  
 but God went weeping by,  
 out of the garden.

J. Mc., 5D.

**THE LARK'S SONG.**

Far in the hazy distance  
 It sounded, soft and sweet,  
 As high on tireless wing he soared.  
 The Spring breeze, in full sympathy,  
 Played gently in the trees and flowers;  
 All else was still.  
 Nearer, and louder, the passionate song  
 Throbbled with the joy of life,  
 Higher in glorious ecstasy,  
 As in the fullness of his happy heart,  
 The child of Nature gave his thanks to God.  
 Trill upon trill, the praise flowed forth.  
 As higher yet he mounted, so the song  
 Flowed forth in its profusion to the world.  
 And now it fades,  
 Softer and softer as amid space engulfed.  
 Ah! happy songster!  
 Thrice blessed bird,  
 Your song is hushed. But nought can quiet  
 The thoughts it has awaked.

—"X," 4D.

## DREAMING.

Fairy songs!  
 Sweetly they well up in the sleeping breast,  
 And hush the weary soul  
 From deep, to deeper rest.  
 Fairy forms!  
 Lightly they flit before the fast-closed eyes  
 And o'er the pallid lips  
 To hush that half-breathed sigh.  
 The charm of all that's beautiful—  
 The night, the stars, the moon—  
 The mystic arc that through the Heavens  
 Sheds its silver light—  
 The trees, the flowers and the heavy scented air,  
 All these in one—  
 Dreaming:  
 Give us sweet melodies  
 That we may bind fast-fleeing Time,  
 While we dream on!

—"X," 4D.

## ONCE—.

A gift I bring—  
 An offering  
 Of blushing half-blown flowers,  
 Wet with the coolest dews of night  
 And blessed with Cupid's powers.  
 Nay! scorn them not;  
 Sweet was their lot  
 When blooming in the garden plot.  
 But happier were they,  
 If their blushing beauty might rest,  
 Nestling upon your breast  
 Or in the perfumed richness of your hair.  
 \$ \$ \$ \$  
 Her soft blue eyes met mine  
 In all their shadowy shyness. And I saw there  
 Love's answer to my seven blood-red roses.

—"X," 4D.

## TO A YELLOW ROSE.

As I passed by I saw you sweet and fair,  
 Your yellow creamy petals soft uncurled;  
 You lifted up your head, beyond compare  
 In sweetness, beauty, all with raindrops pearly.  
 So proud, yet shy, you seemed, I looked again;  
 And in each glistening drop I thought I saw  
 A fairy, or the Goddess of the Rain.  
 'Twas fancy's trick; and soon that fancy died.  
 The shining leaves surround your slim straight  
 stem,  
 They're glossy green, and washed with raindrops  
 sweet.  
 But here and there, the drops still cling to them—  
 They'll fall in sadness soon about your feet.  
 Oh, rose, whose beauty is in form and hue,  
 I'll think of God whene'er I think of you.  
 B. DIXON, 4B.

## SHADOWS.

The sad-voiced waters whisper at our feet,  
 And the stars rock, dreaming, in their leaden  
 depths.  
 The silken shadows rustle upon the waters,  
 Softly swirling about us  
 Like shrouded mists in the morning  
 Before the dawn.  
 A chill wind ruffles the quiet surface,  
 And the stars shiver in the water,  
 Yet would I fain  
 Break free  
 From your white-armed embrace,  
 And search among the shadows  
 For the shadow of a dream,  
 That I dreamed in the lilac time.

A.M.J., 5D.

## RENASCENCE.

Sweet red rose!  
 Its time is small;  
 It quickly grows,  
 So soon to fall.  
 Its charms are born,  
 And grace this day;  
 To-morrow morn  
 They steal away.  
 Its scent is sweet,

Its blush is shy,  
 But time is fleet,  
 It soon must die.  
 Yet dewy rain  
 Its soul reawakes;  
 In bloom again  
 Its beauty breaks.

THORTHWAITE.

# Holidays Ahead

See that you are well-equipped for Christmas holiday-making this year! Of course, Farmer's has been outfitting boys and youths for close on a century, so you may be sure that everything you might want—be it for camping, travelling or staying at home is awaiting you at Farmer's.

## FARMER'S

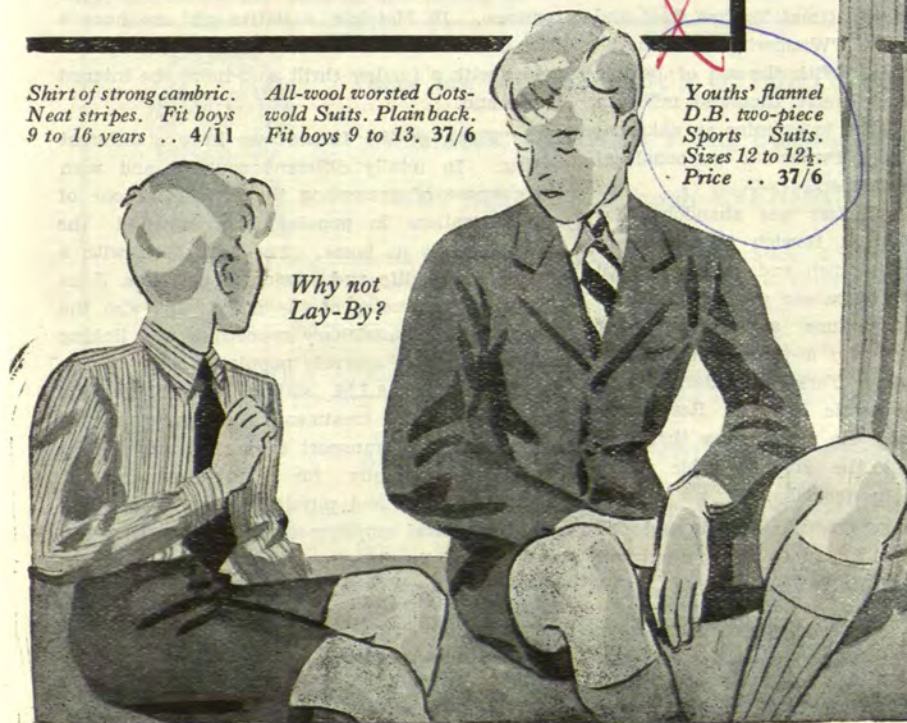
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## AN AUSTRALIAN AUTHOR.

### MR. I. IDRIESS AND HIS BOOKS.

Mr. Ion Idriess was born in Sydney in 1890. He was educated at the Broken Hill Public School, from which he passed to the School of Mines at that place. Here he took honours in Chemistry and obtained a certificate in assaying. For awhile he was assayer's assistant in the Broken Hill Proprietary mine. Soon, however, the call to the wider expanses was heard, and he became in turn adventurer, seaman, station hand, drover, track finder and wharf lumper, all the time gathering valuable material for the books that have made him a prominent author. As opal miner he opened up the famous "Deadman's claim" at Lightning Ridge, N.S.W.

He subsequently wandered in Northern Queensland, Northern Australia, the Gulf country and the inland. Searching for minerals and sandalwood, he roamed the Torres Strait islands and Papua. To Mr. Idriess lies the credit of locating gold in the unexplored jungle, inland from the Bloomfield. From here he crossed the Daintree Divide and journeyed northwards until stopped by Australia's "northern-most limit, Peak Point." Afterwards he sailed the Great Barrier Reef and the coral sea with the "Wandering Missionary" and by pearling lugger. With the son of Jardine of Somerset he sailed twelve thousand miles in a twenty-seven foot cutter to examine an unknown tract in the Cape York Peninsular on behalf of the Queensland Government.

With a mate Mr. Idriess was abandoned for seven months on barren Howich Island, where they existed by spearing fish and on crabs, until rescued by a passing Japanese pearler.

Seeking further adventure and material for journals, he wandered for a time with different native tribes in the Cape York Peninsular, assisted in building the automatic light on Restoration Rock, and was among the picked crew that successfully carried out the greatest cable repair job ever undertaken in Australia.

The call to war service was heard, and our author served in the A.I.F. in Gallipoli, Sinai and Palestine as sniper and scout.

Mr. Idriess' days are now occupied wandering the continent he has helped us to understand more fully, collecting material for publication, and issuing the books that have made him deservedly popular.

The best known of this author's books, and a few comments on them, are presented in the belief that they are worthy of mention in our magazine:—

In "The Men of the Jungle" we have a book dealing with a section of Northern Queensland bordered by Cooktown and Cairns, in which the author was once prospecting for gold. The book tells of rivers, mountains and the Great Jungle of that territory, together with the natural life thereof.

In addition he tells of the strange characters whom he met in his wanderings. Here the author's powers of observation and what he regarded as "bush sense" are seen at their best. He makes the jungle a new and living thing to us by fascinating descriptions of those virgin lands and the terrors that await the unwary. The writer's knowledge of rugged bush life and its perils seem to amount to an instinct, and this, combined with his powers of observation and simple descriptions, provide us with what is called a "masterpiece of descriptive writing." Nor is the book without romance. In Mee-lele, a native girl, we have a dare-devil character whose romance provides the reader with a further thrill, and holds the interest to the end.

In "Flynn of the Inland" we have a different setting. In totally different country, and with the purpose of presenting the exploits of one of our Australians in popular form, we find the author equally at home. The book deals with a portion of the life and services of the Rev. John Flynn, the originator of the A.I.M., and also the dreams of the missionary concerning the linking together of those sparsely populated areas by the development of A.I.M. stations in which could be given hospital treatment, the employment of faster means of transport than that provided by the camel, especially for the dispensing of spiritual comfort and physical relief in suffering, and the general employment of wireless that the loneliness of the interior may be broken and life made safer for the inhabitants.

The author's imagination is well exercised in recording the aspirations of Flynn, who combines with his capacity for hard and lonely work the quality of vision. Although dealing with a serious theme, the writer employs a fine sense of humour

in recording the strange situations the pioneer often finds himself in, and in portraying the characteristics of the people to whom the missionary ministers. Idriess knows his Flynn as well as the pathos that accompanies human existence in the interior. One lays the book down feeling that the recently bestowed birthday honour (O.B.E.) was well merited by the hero of the story.

In "Lasseter's Last Ride" we have the record of a bush tragedy that might well be read with that which overtook many of our earlier explorers and pioneers. The book describes the futile attempts made by Lasseter to refine a reef supposedly rich in gold, and the final tragedy that awaited him. We are told of the crude native life and the customs of the wandering tribes of the interior, and how the prospector drifted into one of them after his last camel had fled. The record reveals the trustworthiness of certain of the native tribes and the treachery of others. Most of all the book tells of the indomitable courage of Lasseter, who seemed dogged by ill-luck from the beginning of his tragic enterprise. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Idriess for the story of the finding of Las-

seter's diary, which discovery is in itself a story, and in which we have further proof of the heroism and sufferings of the prospector.

The romance of the discovery of gold in New Guinea is interestingly told in "Gold Dust and Ashes." Here we have not only the story of the discovery of gold, but how various mining methods are employed, also the tremendous difficulties which had to be overcome before the Edie gold-fields became the treasure they now are. The author graphically tells of the race to the precious areas, the doom of ill-prepared parties, the colossal transport difficulties—to be finally overcome by the employment of specially built aeroplanes—the perils that accompany life in the tropical jungles, and the miscellaneous assortment of men to be found in such circumstances.

The title of this book, "Gold Dust and Ashes," is made plain in the closing chapter, where it is shown again that the price men must often pay for conquest and gain is indeed a high one.

Mr. Idriess shows himself an analyst of human character, an interesting story teller, and one whose books should be valued for their historical worth to this young land.

RUSKIN J. J. DAVIS.



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## THE SAUSAGE MACHINE.

### A STORY OF FURLOCK BONES.

It is with much sorrow in my heart that I take up my pen to write this, the final adventure of my friend, the most illustrious of all sleuths, Furlock Bones.

Shortly after my divorce, I was sitting in my private room, reading a novel, when the door suddenly opened, and in burst Mr. Bones.

"My dear Potswon," he exclaimed, "I see you have just had a bath, and have been running some messages, and that a tall, dark, handsome man, who does not smoke cigarettes, has just visited you."

"How on earth did you discover that?" I gasped.

"Well, my dear fellow, your page told me the first two, and I met the man coming in. However, to get down to the reason of my visit. Of course you have heard of the large thefts of meat going on at Baker Street butchery. Well, this morning a young man, naked except for his clothes, rushed into my office. I told him that he was 23, that he was in love, and that he smoked a pipe, and then accompanied him, at his request, to the above butchery. I would be much obliged if you will accompany me there now. I will relate the facts to you on the way. I will send your boy for a cab."

I was soon ready and it was not long before we were seated in a cab on the way to Baker Street. My friend made himself comfortable and resumed his tale.

"The proprietor of the shop does a very fair business, and his special line is sausages, for which he is very famous. For the last three weeks he has noticed thefts from his shop, which have gradually increased in size, until now, if the culprit is not found and the robberies checked, his shop will go bankrupt."

By this time we had reached the shop, which was about fifteen feet wide, and had a great

number of sausages in the window. We entered, and were met by a police inspector and the proprietor, Mr. Steak.

"Morning, Giles! Morning, Steak! Any fresh developments?" asked my friend.

"Not yet," said the inspector.

"Have you formed any theory yet?" asked the proprietor.

"Not yet," said Bones, "but may my friend and I inspect your premises?"

"Certainly. This way."

"What is your opinion, my friend?" Bones asked, turning to me.

"How about assistants?" I asked.

"Excellent, my dear Potswon, excellent. I came to the same conclusion myself," he exclaimed, "but unfortunately there are no assistants."

"These are my living quarters," said the proprietor. "That is my bedroom."

My friend examined the room very carefully, and then told the man that he went to bed at ten and got up at eight, that he was not married, but a charwoman came in twice a week. Steak, of course, was astounded, and asked my friend how he knew. It was duly explained to him, and I am sure that my reader can see how it was deduced.

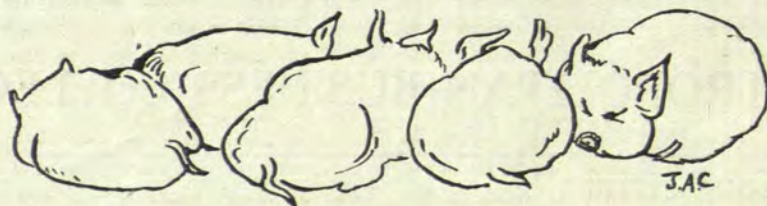
Bones picked up any matches that were lying about, took the measurements of the room, and then continued the inspection. There were two spare rooms, a study and a library, all carefully examined by the detective.

We now entered the room directly behind the shop.

"And here is my machine, in which I manufacture the famous sausages of which you have all heard, I am sure," he exclaimed, and his face beamed proudly.

"Could I see it working?" Bones asked.

"Oh, most assuredly," and the machine was



A FORT STREET LUNCH TIME IDYLL.

turned on. A large piece of meat was put in, and came out the other end full-blown—that is to say, full-grown sausages.

Bones' face lit up.

"I have solved the mystery!" he exclaimed—but unfortunately, at that moment he fell into the machine, and with an awful crunching sound, just like eating peanuts, he was made into sausages.

We were all horrified. To throw them away, or sell them, would be awful; so, after much discussion, we decided to give them—that is, him—a decent burial.

Mr. Steak suggested that they be hung in the shop, and marked "Sold," as none of us wished to take them home, and we did not like the idea of hiding them. This was agreed to, and

they were left there over night, until the funeral could be arranged.

Conclusion.

But, in the morning, when everyone, including the undertakers, assembled, those sausages were nowhere to be found.

The thieves again!

But just as we were returning the coffin as needless, Steak discovered a hole in the wall, in which was stuck a dead dog—too fat to get out. We pulled it in and sent for a doctor. He held a post-mortem immediately.

"He's full of Bones," he diagnosed. So there was nothing to do but bury the dog.

Still, I was glad that even in death my friend had lived up to his reputation.

S.R.R., 4D.

## TAVERNER'S HILL.

Taverner's Hill, on which our School stands, derives its name from its former early owner, William John Taverner, who held an estate covering much of the surrounding district, and who built the first brick house on Parramatta Road.

In 1833 Taverner's Hill was bordered by a post and rail fence, while opposite the site on which the School now stands, the land was thickly covered with dense timber and scrub. On the Petersham side stood the old saleyards and abattoirs, from which Sydney was supplied with meat. The saleyards were surrounded by extensive grazing lands.

Battle Bridge, over Long Cove Creek in Parramatta Road, keeps in memory an interesting event in the history of the district. It stands on the extreme boundary of the old Taverner's Estate, and was originally constructed of massive logs by convict labour. Various accounts exist as to the origin of the name. However, the most authentic version is, that while the bridge was under construction, a riot of the convicts took place, which was suppressed by a party of soldiers under the command of Captain Johnston. It is said that Captain Johnston, on learning of the outbreak, rode to the scene, leaped his horse over the creek, and, with a drawn pistol, threatened to shoot the first man who offered

resistance. This fearless action soon quelled the disturbance.

Another version of the origin of the name is that a nearby clearing was the venue for early prize-fighters. Both these stories are probably true.

The original bridge served its purpose for a number of years until replaced by a more suitable structure. In 1922 the present bridge was erected and widened to the full extent of the roadway, greatly facilitating the flow of traffic and removing a source of danger due to the comparative narrowness of the former bridge.

It is interesting to compare Taverner's Hill of to-day with Taverner's Hill as it was in the early days of the Colony.

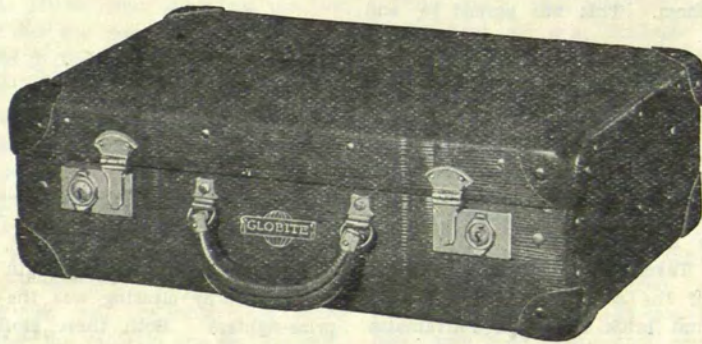
In 1800 Parramatta Road, which had been opened through vast forests, was a large, well-kept road, wide enough for three carriages to pass abreast. A Frenchman describing it wrote, "A charming freshness and an agreeable shade always prevail in this continuous bower of silence, which is interrupted only by the singing and chirping of richly plumed parakeets and other birds which inhabit it."

How different from the ceaseless noise of traffic which jars the ear to-day, as one sits grinding away the weary hours in classroom.

JOHN R. JENNENS, 4A.



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## THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A living flood of moonlight poured in through the little window, giving to the bare, whitewashed walls upon which it struck a pale, phosphorescent glow, contrasting strangely with the ever-changing shadows that filled the rest of the little room. Beneath the window was a small, dark-blanketed bed, so placed that the head and shoulders of the man who sat upon it were clearly visible in the moonlight.

It was the head of a man of about sixty years of age, quite bald except for a dirty-white patch of hair above each ear; hooknosed, and with a firm, almost headstrong chin and jaw. His strength of feature was accentuated by the lines which either time or sorrow, or both, had cut deep into the corners of his mouth and eyes. So heavy were they, that it seemed in the moonlight as though someone had taken a great blue pencil and marked his gaunt face with grotesque accuracy.

He sat there without movement, his chin cupped in both his square, ill-kept hands, and stared at the shimmering patch of moonlight upon the wall opposite. There was no hint of drowsiness in the faded blue eyes; only a look of expectancy, of deep brooding, and of deeper fear.

He would come again to-night; for this was the anniversary, the tenth of July. Fourteen years ago it had happened—fourteen years. God! How the time had passed. It seemed only yesterday that he had stood there, afraid to look . . . yes, he would come again to-night, as he had come for the past thirteen years; he would come again to-night, he would come again to-night,—the words were tumbling over and over in his brain—he would come again to-night. He had that awful feeling in the pit of his stomach again, a great wave of terror that was welling up inside him, up, up, till it had him by the throat, strangling him, choking him. His fingers began to tear at his throat . . . the patch of moonlight was coming out at him, looming larger and larger. It was going to smother him . . . With a supreme effort of will-power, he fought his terror down, felt the sickening wave recede, saw the moonlight patch swim back into its proper shape. He wiped the icy sweat from his forehead with a shaking arm.

He must conquer his fear. He must not fail, as he had failed for the past thirteen years, telling

himself each year that there had been too little of suffering, too little of punishment. But the truth was, he'd been afraid. Stark terror had beaten down his resistance. That terror that seemed as though a stream of ice-cold water was being directed on to his naked brain. But he must not fail to-night. When he came . . .

A footstep sounded outside in the passage. Convulsively he raised his head. But that wasn't he, that was only Jim—good chap, Jim—

He sank back to his former hunched position. Somewhere a clock boomed the hour of eleven. He'd be here soon; he always came at eleven . . . he must not be weak to-night . . . there had been enough punishment, and to-night must be the end, the end of the years between . . .

"I am here," said a low voice, a strange, metallic voice, seemingly without tone.

The old man slowly raised his head and looked at the tall figure in the shadows—the figure of a well-preserved man of some forty-five years. He wore no hat or great-coat, and his somewhat old-fashioned clothes were rather dishevelled. There was something of a similarity between the two men. Both had the same nose and chin, but the face of the newcomer was almost unlined, and he wore a dark moustache which drooped at the ends.

"I am here," he repeated.

But the other did not speak. It was coming again, the terrible feeling that rose slowly in him, that gripped at his heart, squeezing mercilessly, that swirled up into his throat, that blinded him, that sickened him—sickened him, till he wanted to grovel on the stone floor and vomit. The patch of moonlight began to grow again, it was rushing at him; he put his hands up to ward it off, and cowered down behind them. His whole body shuddered like a great mass of black jelly.

The newcomer gave a harsh mocking laugh, which echoed strangely in the little room.

"Afraid again, eh?" he sneered. "The time is not yet come, perhaps? You coward, the time will never come."

The words penetrated the other's numb brain. He shook himself savagely, and once more his terror subsided. The convulsive shuddering stopped. He gained comparative composure, and sat straight up. They gazed at each other stead-

fastly. The husky voice of the older man, still with a noticeable tremble, broke the shadowed silence.

"You are wrong, Barret. The time has come at last." He stopped, momentarily, and then went on. "To-night is the anniversary," he said. "It is fourteen years ago to-night, John Barret, that you murdered my son. Already have you come to me thirteen times, but the time was not then ripe. For I considered that you hadn't suffered enough——"

"And, moreover, you hadn't the nerve to do your will," put in Barret, ironically. The other brushed the interruption aside.

"But to-night, Barret, to-night the end is come. For I think you have suffered enough through the years—the years between then and now. Tell me, why did you kill my son?"

"Ch, don't let us go into all that again," said Barret, wearily. "You know as well as I do. I was hot-tempered, he thwarted me, angered me, and in a moment of passion I slew him."

There was no attempt at concealing or excusing. He uttered just the bare statement. So had it always been. For they had gone through this little scene many times.

Silence fell. The old man suppressed the terror that was beginning to rise again. The end was very close now. He must not fail.

"There was no excuse for you?"

"None whatever."

"Yet you have suffered?"

"You know that I have suffered," exclaimed Barret bitterly. "God knows I had rather you'd ended it all years ago."

The old man nodded. "To-night is the end," he said, softly. "To-night we square our debt with my son. You are not afraid?"

"I am ready," he said simply.

The old man set to work feverishly. He knew he hadn't long. Once let his terror overcome him and he could do nothing. He pulled back one of the blankets and took out a strong length of rope made of pieces of blanket, with an improvised noose at one end. By standing on tip-toe on the bed, turned on its side, he could just reach the very high window, and he attached the plain end of the rope to one of the three stout iron bars that guarded it. The noose was about eight feet from the ground.

He began to shudder again, but turning to Barret, who had stood motionless in the shadows, he nodded to him.

"Come," he said, and helped the other on to the precarious edge of the bed.

Swiftly he adjusted the noose.

"The time is come," he said softly, and then screamed, a horrible, voiceless scream. For the face of Barret was gone, and he was staring at the grinning skull of his son. He crumpled at the knees, swung off the bed, and hit the white-washed wall with a sickening thud.

\* \* \*

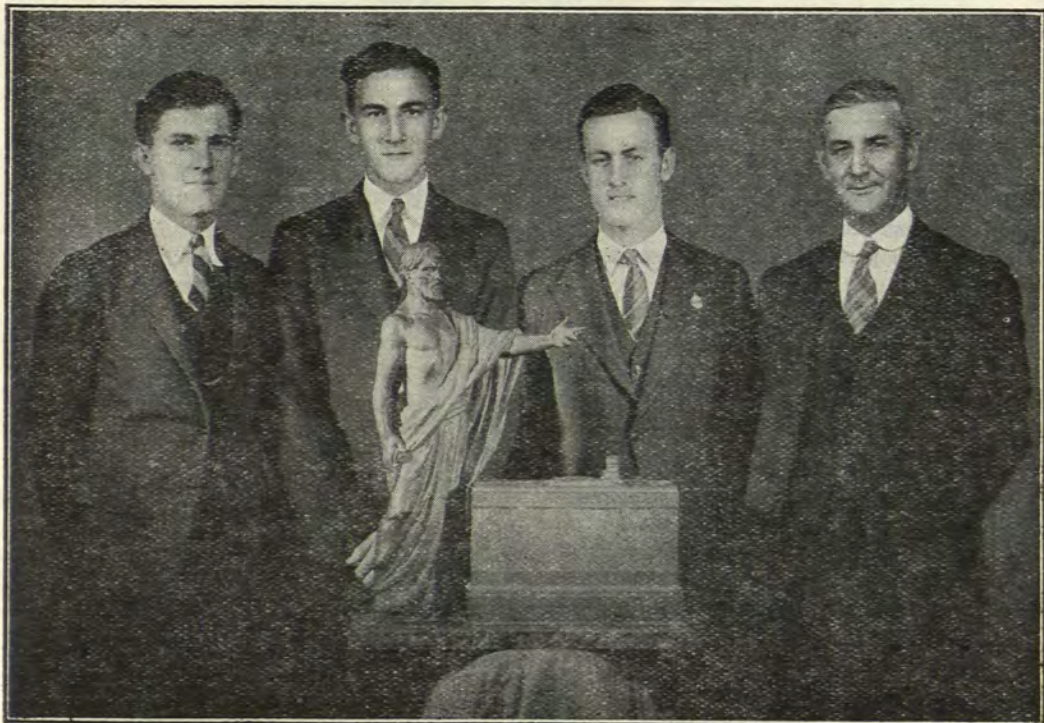
Jim Hanson was the first to see the body, hanging perfectly motionless against the wall, and with the face turned to it. Quick'y he called another warder, and together they entered the cell and cut him down. Resuscitation was useless. He had been dead many hours.

"Poor old Barret," said Jim to the other warder, who was newly arrived to the prison. "Fancy him hanging himself like that. Quite a decent old chap, he was, in his way. Never gave any trouble. Murdered his own son about fourteen years ago, you know. I had grown quite fond of the poor beggar."

A. M. JENKINS.



THE MASTER, WHOSE HOMEWORK YOU FORGOT.



### HUME-BARBOUR DEBATING TEAM.

J. FREDERICK (Leader), A. JENKINS (2nd), A. McKNIGHT (3rd), MR. L. ROSE (Coach)

### HUME-BARBOUR DEBATE.

On Monday, August 28th, the final debate in the competition for the Hume-Barbour Debating Trophy took place. North Sydney affirmed and Fort Street denied that "The admission of coloured labour would be advantageous to the Commonwealth of Australia."

All three adjudicators agreed in giving the decision to Fort Street.

The adjudicators were three prominent city barristers, Messrs. Moffatt, Crawford, and Brian Clancy. This year the adjudicators gave a much fuller criticism of the debate and speakers than has been done in previous years. This year, too, they gave the points that each speaker had received.

Mr. Moffatt confined his comments to the subject matter. He said that although there was good matter in the speeches, which gave evidence of thorough preparation, there was not enough criticism of the arguments advanced by the other

side. Mr. Crawford endorsed this statement.

Mr. Brian Clancy dealt with delivery, and was very critical. He said that the unfortunate nasal sound which is a characteristic of Australian speech was evident in some of the speakers. He also gave some advice on placing the emphasis in a sentence, and on reading quotations. The habit which certain speakers had of putting their hands in their pockets he also criticised, saying, that if they could find nothing else to do with their hands, they should put them behind their backs.

Mr. H. R. Cramp, O.B.E., M.A., in moving a vote of thanks to the adjudicators, and to the Secretary of the Committee in charge of the debate, Mr. C. H. Harrison, said that he hoped that some other school would soon win the trophy, as Fort Street seemed to be monopolising it.

—FREDERICKS, 5D.

# OLD BOYS' PAGE

The year closes for the Old Boys' Union with a considerable amount of progress to report. Membership has increased amongst Old Boys of all ages, but in particular the enrolment of 1932 ex-students has been very gratifying.

It has been the Union's policy to concentrate as much as possible on rendering services to members by continuing the addresses on "Choice of Careers" instituted last year, and also by establishing a Welfare Committee to operate as an exchange for placing members in employment.

The Committee, of course, has not been able to perform all that it would have wished; at the same time, it has been successful in placing a considerable number of Old Boys in various positions, and is becoming known as time passes to a greater number of employers.

On the sporting side, the innovation of the year was the first Annual Golf Tournament held at the Manly Links. The traditional golfing enthusiasm was displayed, and a very desirable precedent for future Tournaments was established.

Some mention should be made of the Old Fortians' Dramatic Society, whose major production for the year—"Mrs. Moonlight"—was successfully produced by Mr. B. Moss at the Savoy Theatre in September last. This production well merited the applause with which it was greeted, and its success should leave no doubt in the minds of those Fortians interested as to the possibilities of the Society.

As a final word to those leaving School at the end of the present year, a cordial invitation to become members of the Union is extended to all. Mr. C J. Bauer, Vice-President, and Mr. Bruce Langworth, School Captain, will supply details, or application may be made direct to the Secretary, Neil H. McIntyre, 185 Elizabeth Street, Sydney (M 6272).

The Secretary of the Dramatic Society is Mr. E. Burley, c/o Berlei Limited, Regent Street, and of the Welfare Committee, Mr. W. C. Taylor, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney (M 2606).

It rests with Old Boys to determine what benefit they derive from each of these bodies. Those who

are prepared to take their part enthusiastically and loyally will have no cause to complain.

Perhaps the most enjoyable function of the year was the Annual Dinner held in October in honour of "Past and Present Headmasters." Among the speakers were Messrs. A. J. Kilgour and J. A. Williams, who were very enthusiastically received; Mr. W. A. Selle, Dr. J. A. Gruen, Mr. A. V. Maxwell, K.C., Mr. P. C. Spender, Mr. H. R. Snelling, and representatives of North Sydney and Cleveland Street Old Boys' Unions.

Members will be interested to know that Mr. H. R. Snelling, formerly Treasurer of the Union, is commencing practice at the Bar in the New Year, having formerly been a Solicitor.

The next of the younger Old Boys to face the altar will be Wilbur Sawkins, who was Senior Prefect in 1927, and is now a member of the Sydney Church of England Grammar School staff. He was preceded by his contemporary, W. B. Laurence, who took the step some months ago. The congratulations of members go out to them.

In order to determine the programme of the Union for the coming year, and to give the newer Old Boys an opportunity of participating in the Union's policy, a Special General Meeting of the Union has been called for Wednesday, 6th December next, at 8 p.m., in the School Hall.

A number of very important matters arise for determination, and consideration is to be given particularly to the suggestion of a "Record Dinner," to be held about April next. It is requested that the news of this meeting be spread as widely as possible, since the project is ambitious, and requires support from every Old Boy.

In concluding, the Union extends its congratulations to the School and Staff on the achievements of the year, which it hopes will be consummated in the Final Examination results. Present students are again invited to communicate with the Welfare Committee if in need of its services.

## VISITING THE VINEYARD.

In the Maitland district, near Allandale, my uncle owns an acre upon acre of vineyards. I have often spent my holidays there, and of all the different times of the year, I like Christmas time best, as it is then that the grapes are ripe.

The house is situated on a hill. One side runs down to the orchard, where grow plum, peach, apple and apricot trees, and from there to Black Creek, one of the numerous small tributaries of the Hunter River. The other side goes down to a paddock, across which runs a line of trees, which marks the bed of a dried-up watercourse.

On property other than that about the house, there are paddocks and more paddocks of vineyards. About Christmas time, or in February, the grapes are ripe. The danger of hailstorms is, at this time, very great, as one storm can destroy the whole crop.

As soon as the grapes are ripe, the "pickers" come along—about two 'buses full. They alight at the vineyards, divest themselves of coats, collars and ties, arm themselves with buckets, and set out, up and down the rows. As each bucket is filled, it is reported to the "tally-man," who

marks it down to the picker. This is necessary, as the pickers are paid per bucket. Each bucket is tipped into a cart, which, when full, rumbles off to the immense cellars, where there are little casks and big ones holding from ten gallons to one hundred gallons.

The grapes, as they are brought in by the cart-load, are tipped into the crushing machines. These squeeze the grapes dry, and as stalks, seeds and skins go down one chute, the juice runs down another into huge vats, which are too deep to enable us to see the bottom. There it is left to ferment, and having done so, is run into the casks.

Once an amusing incident occurred. An old draught-horse walked into the cellars and drank some old juice left in a crusher. Although seemingly impossible, it is true that that horse staggered as it went out.

As the casks are brought up, they are tasted, labelled and weighed. Then they are shipped to the railway, and from there to Sydney.

S. DENNIS, 2C.

## CREAM TROUSERS

Youths' Cream Trousers, Tailored on well cut lines from excellent quality cream cotton gabardine. Obtainable in two styles—with Elastra strap at 17/6, and with side straps and loops priced at

13/6

# DAVID JONES'

Remember—

DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE.



## AROUND THE SCHOOL.

During the recent Leaving Certificate Examination, one of the supervisors approached someone who appeared to have forgotten his position in the room.

"Can't you find your seat, son?"

"No," answered Mr. P—d, "I'm one of the teachers."

§ § § §

Heard in 4D Latin class:—

Teacher: "During the Middle Ages many men and women retired into convents to become nuns."

§ § § §

A Mathematics master, while taking a Fourth Year class, manifested enthusiasm for the glorious classics.

"Prove that sine alpha, sine beta, sine ceta——"

§ § § §

Birthday Honours:—

A member of the staff has brought much honour to the School by being presented on the occasion of the King's birthday this year with the Order of Accuracy.

§ § § §

Who makes weak puns in a Fourth Year Chemistry class?

§ § § §

Teachers have formed an odious habit of discussing exam. papers with the class in their periods, and a certain teacher raised stout answers in the negative when, as he entered the door, he questioned, "Any sensible questions on the Latin paper?"

§ § § §

In an intelligence test, the candidates were asked the following question: What great men gave utterance to the following:—

(a) Snow again, I didn't catch your drift.

(b) Fall out the absentees.

(c) I suppose you left your book on the corner of the round table.

(d) We want you to make it a social and financial success.

(e) Give him a couple.

(f) Use your text-books.

(g) Ah'm on'y a gas (ammonia gas).

(h) Get right out w(W)est.

(i) Mother, I've come home to die.

(k) Wonderful indeed are the works of the wheelbarrow.

(l) Preposterous Grandma!

(m) "Steak-a-da-oyst," says I.

§ § § §

Heard in a Fourth Year Maths. class:—

"I can draw this graph without drawing it all."

These mathematicians are such geni. (N.B.— Not a printer's error.)

Art as well as learning has spread to the staff. One Science teacher in particular has a peculiar taste for sketching automobiles.

§ § § §

A certain well-known teacher once announced: "If I find any boy in an unoccupied room I will punish him severely."

§ § § §

During a certain Science period, the teacher stated that the apparatus took two hours to set up, for in the absence of a rubber stopper he had to use his head.

§ § § §

During a Geometry period in the 1D classroom our Maths. teacher having explained a geometry exercise on the board, wished to repeat it hastily, and said, "Now, boys, watch the board while I run through it."

## A PLAY-DAY MEDLEY.

King Cophetua took a trip On Board the Golden Hind to the palace of Fat King Melon and Skinny Princess Caraway, which was situated on the heights of El Dorado, opposite the House with the Twisty Windows. While there he slept in the Purple Bedroom, which was a veritable Death Trap to all save the Captain of the Gate, in whose possession was the Hand of Siva, which was said to have the power of bringing about the Reformation of Scrooge.

The Stolen Prince, who was also a guest at the palace, suggested that the Third Act of the Liars

be staged. This appealed very much to "Pygmalion and Galatea," but when it was suggested that it be acted a second time they replied, "No, Friends," "Twice is Too Much."

After a few days' stay, King Melon told his guests that the Bishop's Candlesticks were being offered for sale at the Inn of the Grey Boar, and said that the sale would be very interesting, as the auctioneer was a man who had been accused of Dropping the Baby.

## CLEMENT LAURENCE'S TRUE STORY.

'Twas one of those bleak, cold, forbidding days which are so rare in Australia, and one which generally seems to be the harbinger of misfortune, when I trudged dismally into a cold stone school-room, and, having thumped down my chair with as much force as my numb muscles could muster, I sat huddled up against the uninviting wall and awaited the outcome of the non-appearance of my homework.

As I myself know I am a poor liar, I was not at all surprised to see a sarcastic sneer form on the lips of the master when I told him that I had left my appreciation in my essay book, which I accidentally left at home. He possibly saw through my old excuse, or else his eagle eye penetrated my bag, where the said essay book was reposing, but anyhow, he gave me a four-page essay.

Then my eye strayed to the table, and my heart missed a beat or two, for the papers on the table were of my class. I have heard that murderers sometimes have awful times before their hanging, when their conscience strikes them in the right place, but if their suffering is any worse than what I endured during the next half hour, I never want to be a murderer.

I sat in the corner brooding, wondering why I had not thought that our papers were still to be marked. The names I called myself would have made a useful addition to a bullock-driver's vocabulary. The teacher, as if to increase my anguish, took a rough look through the papers, and, having glanced through my paper about three times, gave me a piercing stare, from which I hastily lowered my eyes. Believe me, I was as near to tears then as I have been in the last two years.

At last the end of the period came, and I hastily made my exit from the room, but not before the teacher left and made his way to the library, where he commenced to mark the papers. This time my heart missed all its beats, and I would have fainted had not a fellow student of some twelve stone weight heartily plumped his massive hand upon my unsuspecting back, with a "Howdy, pal! What did you get in Physics?"

It seemed a coincidence that the burly brute, who had saved me from the painful act of fainting, and whom I had warmly cursed under my breath, since he was too big for me to express my real thoughts aloud, should be the person

to bring the news which would make my cherished dreams come true, that is, to pass in English. There is nothing which raises one's opinion of a person more than to hear some delightful news about oneself from his lips.

This noble person brought the glorious, the soul-stirring, the magnificent news that I had, by diligent hard work, overtime study, managed to get fifty-eight in English. To say I was pleased would be to convey the wrong impression to my readers, for all the boys whom this master taught were of the opinion that sixty of his marking was worth eighty of any other teacher.

Thus it was, with such a jubilant heart, I told everyone that I had fifty-eight, not forgetting to stress the hardness of the marking. I went around to other persons in the same year, who had previously told me their mark was under fifty-eight, and asked them their mark again.

Having got the reply I required, each and every one asked me my mark. Since I only asked those whom I knew had got under fifty-eight, in every case I was able to tell them a higher mark than they themselves had gained. Thus I went up in their opinion as an authority on English, while my head went still higher.

One of the sweetest sounds to a schoolboy's ear is to be called a "swot." Invariably the person to whom this epithet is addressed blushes, and hotly denies the charge, while at heart he is secretly rejoicing. Thus, when I received the word "swot," I gave a dainty smile which illuminated my handsome face, and said demurely, "Oh, yeah!"

The next period was spent in adding up my average, which would have been increased by five per cent. if an unavoidable fifteen per cent. in a classic subject had been received.

Imagine the joy when adding up my marks I found I had an average of exactly sixty. The joy of a mother looking at her first-born, sleeping peacefully in its cradle, was negligible when compared with the joy I experienced, when I found the calculations of the average correct.

The next dinner hour was a repetition of the former recess. I went round to those persons whom I did not think capable of gaining such a high order of accuracy as sixty per cent. Though I met with some better averages, most of the persons gave averages less than sixty; indeed, some gave a sickly grin and said "between twenty



and thirty." But that is by the way, and I departed from the different persons with the word "swot" ringing sweetly in one ear.

That night I dreamed that I was an ancient knight riding a coal-black steed which was prancing violently beneath me. I was told by the King, who bore a strong resemblance to our Headmaster, to gain a certain medal, which was guarded over by a fierce monster.

After many hair-raising adventures, during which I killed three monsters and kissed seven wicked fairies, I at length came to a large cavern, after which I am sure our Memorial Hall was fashioned, and there at the end of the hall sat the dreaded four-eyed monster, above him being the medal which was glittering in the light of the electric lamps.

Although the four-eyed monster was a direct image of our English master, I was not daunted, and in an encounter which was so fierce that the windows rattled, my courage and wooden sword made itself felt, and I overthrew the beast and plucked the medal from its lofty resting place.

Believe it or not, the inscription on the medal was "A Pass in English."

The next day the master came in with a deep frown o'er his forehead, a bundle of papers under his arm, and an air of misery around him. Throwing the papers down on to the table with a force so violent that the table top split, he

commenced to get a few things off his chest concerning the failures.

If I were to write down the remarks which remain in my memory, some member of the English Teachers' Union might see them and report them to the committee of the aforesaid Union, and the teacher would be immediately banished.

The punishments to which the failures were to be subjected made even me quail, and I thanked my lucky stars that I had been informed of my mark earlier, instead of being one of the poor fellows sitting in their seats wondering whether they had passed.

Then the master handed the papers out, and what a joy it was trying to see what the other fellow got, and saying how shocked you were at his failure. My heart was rising, as the highest mark I'd seen was only 56 per cent., and I fell to dreaming on the sensation I would create at home, when I announced that I was top in English. It may have been coincidence that the master threw me my paper last of all, but the joy of knowing that I was near the top prevented me from seeing this at the time.

I leisurely took my paper, smiled benevolently at the pupil who put it on my desk, and saw fifty-eight out of one hundred and forty—**FORTY-ONE PER CENT.**

C.L., 4B.

### MOUNT KOSCIUSKO, 1933.

Once again this year Fort Street was well represented amongst the school parties conducted by the N.S.W. Tourist Bureau to Mt. Kosciusko, Australia's winter playground.

This year's party, organised by Mr. Rose, comprised some two dozen boys, ranging from 2nd to 5th Year. With us were a party from Sydney Grammar, and we departed from Central on the eve of the Michaelmas vacation, to the strains of the war-cry.

Little need be said of the journey, for every Fortian enjoyed a perfect night's rest, save for Mr. Rose, who didn't get a wink of sleep.

The boys seemed very dull for the first day, and it was thought they were sickening for the fever. But Saturday found them back earlier than usual for lunch, and the bathrooms were crowded whilst ties were adjusted and straight parts in their locks assured.

Then four or five buses wound their way up to the hotel, and, Lo, Hey Presto! see those Fortians' faces light up. For who alighted but the cream of Sydney Girls' High (and it wasn't sour, either!) From then on those boys never looked back.

We were fortunate enough to have a heavy fall of snow soon after our arrival, which, though it rained hard the first night, provided us with good snow for the rest of our stay.

Though several had been before, the majority were novices, but all had managed their skis well enough, by the end of our stay, to move along favourably.

We were fortunate enough to meet George Lamble, a champion skier, an Australian, and, most important of all, an old Fortian, who boasted one of our old blazers and pocket. He was very amiable, and ever eager to help novices. Through

his kindness some Fortians, in addition to plain running, learned fancy turns and manœuvres.

On our last day we conducted our snow sports. These consisted of a steep hill descent, where "Squizzy" Taylor registered fastest time, a novice race won by D. Mackenzie, and a relay race. Those fortunate enough to win received handsome prizes.

The hotel boasts a fine ballroom, which was put to its best use every evening. On our last evening we held a fancy dress ball, where many novel and amusing costumes were presented. Prizes were also awarded at this event which,

together with the sports prizes, were presented at supper.

Wednesday being our last day, the morning was put to best and fullest use on the snow, and it was a gloomy group that entered the buses soon after lunch. Five o'clock Thursday morning found us once more on Central Station, after a most delightful trip.

In conclusion the boys would like to thank Mr. Rose for his organisation, and assure him that (if Dad can be persuaded), they will be with him next September.

"BRIND," 4B.

### MR. JOSHUA SAMUELS, J.P.

Seldom have I found such an interesting character as Mr. Joshua Samuels. He was a typical country Justice of the Peace; for he was stern, fussy, overbearing, priggish, strictly moral, egotistical, and benevolent—a most extraordinary type.

He was the main source of social discourse in the village, and nothing was more pleasing to him than to engage in lengthy discussions on his favourite themes. But he hated directness of speech. To say the least, it was neither dignified nor becoming. So that if you were addressed as a "surly scoundrel," you were to take it as a great favour that he had not called you "a pleasing youth enough."

Of course, he was a bachelor, much to the disgust of the fairer sex, since he was reputed to be in the possession of a handsome banking account, the outcome of years of patient saving. The story was told, that when he proposed to Isabelle Langley—he was forty-eight and she was twenty-four—and she coyly whispered "Yes," he put his arm about her and severely reprimanded her as "a vain, coquettish hussy." Not even four hundred pounds sterling in the Rural Bank could make a girl abide by that, and thereafter women had been the bane of his life.

Honesty was the main-spring of his every action, and the clerk of the court, pocketing a bright new florin, declared that Joshua Samuels was the most impartial judge, and the most consistent man of honour, that the court had ever known. Nevertheless, despite the clerk, Joshua's honour was his engrossing hobby.

In physical appearance, Mr. Samuels certainly could not rival the Greek,—ancient, I mean,—

though in philosophy he dreamed of his name coupled with Aristotle. He was corpulent, perhaps plump, but without any suggestion of "the justice, in fair round belly, with good capon lin'd." His height was a little more than medium, his figure only slightly bent, and his hands were very aristocratic, extremely well moulded, and spotlessly clean. No fine aquiline nose or delicate mouth adorned his countenance which was far from Grecian, yet neither did he possess tousled hair or flabby chin. Rather, his most prominent feature was a forehead which stretched from his nose to the crown of his head, leaving a growth of bushy hair on either side, which formed quite a convenient shelter for his ears.

His nose might have been Roman, but for his forbidding ancestry, which had handed down to him the name of Joshua Samuels—and he was no Scot! On both sides, thick eyebrows, which met on the bridge of his nose, shaded eyes, not small, though hardly as large as an infant's. They were of a soft brown, wherein might lurk hilarity, and which plainly displayed irascibility.

His lips were thick, and pompous, and vain, and yet not protruding enough to conceal a chin,—and only one,—which was firm, round, and—much to Joshua's great vexation—slightly dimpled.

The complexion of Joshua's face was his redeeming quality. It was certainly sun-burnt, but more of an olive than an auburn shade, and was accompanied by the frankness, clearness, and freshness of a refined character, and when the wind blew through his hair, two small ears, with large lobes, were exposed.

But what attracted me most was the set of even wrinkles, neatly impressed on the extremities of both eyes, and the ends of the mouth. Even when he spoke severely, those wrinkles held the listener spellbound, and their infinite turns, and deepening, and queer twitches fascinated all. They were always there, and I believe that some people even enjoyed a sharp lecture from Joshua, if they could only watch that entrancing pantomime.

This, then, was Mr. Joshua Samuels, J.P., whom long ago I met, and shall never forget. In the village ladies' clubs he was thought "delightful," but rather, I think, he was attractive because of his eccentric but human sympathies. He would have hated to be called "pleasant" or "charming," but he delighted in his merited name—a gentleman.

C. FERGUSON, 4D.

### PLAY DAY, 1933.

Play Day, 1933, in all its splendour of First Year tableaux, burly Fifth Year heroines, pipes and cigars (alas, unlit!) and Orangeade (from beer-mugs and wine glasses) has come and gone.

A pleasing feature of this year's performances was the high standard attained by First Year, three out of their four plays being chosen for the night performances.

Perhaps the most outstanding play was "Fat King Melon and Skinny Princess Caraway," by 1D. Despite the handicap of such a name, it proved to be the most popular play on the programme. The singing of Waterer and Cadell, the boat scene and the ballet were all highly appreciated by the audience. Cadell, as the Princess Caraway, was the foremost actor, while Duckmaton displayed exceptional courage in trusting himself to such a horse (mainly composed of cardboard and sacking). Tait, as the King's Mamma, lived up to her reputation for "making her weight felt" by dislodging a considerable portion of the King's palace. What struck us most about Fairy Gurgle (Black) was her childish display of pink bloomers every time she bent.

Other excellent performances were "Twice is Too Much" by 1B, and "The Death Trap," by 5B players.

The former, an Arabian Nights comedy, contained some very witty dialogue, in which Saffron showed great talent as Nouz Hatoul, while Maidment was surprisingly beautiful in feminine garb. The palace slaves were most tastefully dressed—or, rather, undressed,—in this play, a loin-cloth and a meagre piece of cardboard being the sum total of their wardrobe.

The other, "The Death Trap" (5B) was remarkable for some very fine acting. Making the most of a very dramatic plot, the players held the

audience gripped until the very last moment, Sork as Dimitoi, and Schloeffel as Dr. Stronetz being particularly good.

"The Stolen Prince," by 1C, was a most novel presentation. The plot was well thought out, and the costumes were exceptionally beautiful. The play was full of humour, the improvised orchestra imparting a typical Eastern touch, while the role of the property man, played by Middleton, was a masterly conception.

The 5A play, "The Captain of the Gate," was highly dramatic, and very well acted. It was a fine portrayal of the stirring times of Cromwell's invasion of Ireland. Bottrill's acting in the title-role was particularly good.

"Pygmalion and Galatea," by 2D, contained many touching and romantic scenes. It was adapted from Greek mythology by Arthur, who kept strictly to the original, including the fourteen embraces. It was noteworthy for the fine acting of Brennan, Fraser and Arthur, the latter as Galatea deserving special mention.

"The Purple Bedroom," a ghost story, was enacted by 2B in a most congenial atmosphere. The air was rent by terrific sounds, partly moans from ghosts and partly squalls from babies in the audience, but Head, as Bassett, remained the imperturbable valet throughout. Head's acting was of a very high standard, and he is to be congratulated upon his performance.

Class 5D gave us "The Good and the Bad," a play dealing somewhat with the supernatural. Jenkins and McAuley were good, and McKnight also showed talent. McAuley's acting, especially, was most dramatic and passionate, as befitted his role.

2A chose a historical play, "On Board the Golden Hind," in which some very fine costumes were worn. Norton, as Drake, did very well, but

he was not the bluff old sea-captain we know. The general effect was very presentable, and the play was accordingly well received by the audience.

"Th Inn of the Grey Boar," written and produced by Ferguson, was presented by 4D players. Chisholm acted with imagination as the peasant woman, though a trifle inaudible at times. Foskett displayed his wonderful constitution to good advantage in the rehearsal, when he went on with his speech, seemingly in blissful ignorance of the fact that he had just been viciously stabbed in the back by Dark. But at the second stab he very properly succumbed. Even he could not stand repeated stabs by Dark, coupled with the earnest pleas of the Hon. Prompter to "Lie down and die." Dark, as Hans Stofen, was good, while Davis introduced a few sparks of humour into tragic situations. Considering that his work was pitted against that of leading ancient and modern playwrights, and that schoolboys seldom do justice to tragedies, we think Ferguson deserves the highest praise for the writing and directing of this play.

In "King Cophetua," by class 2C, the tableau was good, being greatly enlivened by the delicate mauve tint of the hair with which some of the

King's Councillors had seen fit to deck themselves. The rhymed couplets in which the play was written tended to make it a little mechanical and monotonous, but this was saved by the fine acting of Watson, as Cophetua. He was the life of the play, and seemed really to live his part. Dennis and Nicholson were the only others outstanding.

"Eldorado" (4B), despite its romantic name, dealt with nothing more nor less than potatoes! Melville acted well as the hard-working, grasping farmer, while Marchant was also good as his (Melville's) son. Phillips and Small, however, were unnatural, and should try to live their parts instead of merely speaking them. They could both take a leaf out of Watson's book.

Class 1A delved into the pages of Dickens and came to light with "The Reformation of Scrooge." Bell, as Scrooge, and Kirkwood, as Bob Cratchit, were both realistic, but the ghost (Ireland) was the star performer. Decked out in mother's best sheet and a garland of roses, we are not sure that he wasn't right in saying the famous words, "You have never seen the likes of me before." Those roses gave a most artistic effect. A feature of the play was the phantom meal and the sub-

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stantial ghost, instead of the reverse, which is preferred by most.

Of the preceding plays, the following attained the honour of being presented at one or other of the Play Nights held this year: 1C, 2D, 5B, 5D, 1B, 2B, 5A, and 2A, while the 1D play was featured both nights, "for obvious reasons."

In conclusion we may add that, judging

by the abundance of talent manifested this year by the junior boys, this distinctive feature of our school calendar need not fear the spectre of deterioration for many years to come; for the acting throughout proved worthy to be ranked with that of the very best of the "olden days," which seniors love to recall.

V. A. KIELY, 4D.

### ON AMAZING MR. NOEL COWARD

Mr. Noel Coward was born on the 16th of December, 1899, at Teddington, Middlesex. He was educated privately at Croydon, and made his first stage appearance at eleven. As Charley Wykeham in "Charley's Aunt," he made all England laugh, and on reaching the age of eighteen, he enlisted and served with the Artists' Rifles. Returning from the war, he began playwriting on his own account, and 1920 saw the production of his first play, "I'll leave it to you," in which he played "Bobby." It was moderately successful. In the following year Noel Coward went to the United States, and was "broke" in New York. Then he returned to England and toured the provinces in his own play, "The Young Idea." It was produced in due course at the Savoy. Coward played Sholto Brent, and scored his first real success.

The following year, 1924, was one of triumph; he took the part of Nicky Lancaster in "The Vortex," went to New York for a second time and witnessed the production of his own plays "Fallen Angels," "Hay Fever," and "Easy Virtue."

But 1927 was a bad year, for both "Sirocco" and "Home Chat" were met with a coldness on the part of the audiences. They are the only Coward plays that have ever been failures. Mr. C. B. Cochran came to the rescue, however, and "This Year of Grace" was the result. In the same year Coward gave his best performance as an actor in "The Second Man" at the Playhouse.

For his revues such as "Words and Music" or "This Year of Grace," Coward procured the most well-known of artists—Maisie Gay, Gertrude Lawrence and Jessie Matthews.

Now Mr. Coward has returned from a trip to Egypt and the Continent with a fortune large enough to support him for the remainder of his life, and with a new play, "Design for a Living," as clever a comedy as any that have gone before.

Then with "Bitter-Sweet" began a long list of triumphs. "Bitter-Sweet" has been hailed by the critics as the only musical-comedy with a sane

plot. Coward wrote the "book," Coward wrote the lyrics and Coward wrote the music. He produced it, conducted the orchestra, and took the chief acting and singing part in it. Such is the versatility of the amazing young Mr. Noel Coward. And what is more, his work will last. For, like few other writers of this age, it reflects the 20th century spirit. "Cavalcade" has the atmosphere of expectancy of war; "Easy Virtue" reflects the 1920 spirit—the effects of the war. "The Queen was in the Parlour" is another tragedy, but of a much different type.

Coward can tell a delightfully intimate comedy or a poignant tragedy, and he succeeds where Shakespeare failed, because his dialogue is so very natural. It is the ordinary speech of any ordinary person of 1933. It has none of the great poetry of Shakespeare which no one but Archias could utter spontaneously. Mr. Coward himself says of Shakespeare, in his witty satire, "The Marquise," "He was a poet who was clever enough to persuade his audience he was only a playwright."

Next Noel Coward wrote "Private Lives" and for a few weeks acted in it with Miss Gertrude Lawrence. All London, New York and Manchester cried "Author!" after every performance, but Noel Coward sat at the back of the dress circle in a pair of grey flannel trousers and moved not.

Mr. Coward is the most old-fashioned of modern young men, just as Mr. Beverly Nicholls is the most modern and the cleverest. Mr. Coward is a social reformer—one who wishes to restore sane and sensible standards of conduct. That is why "Private Lives," scintillating with brilliant "modern" dialogue, was written on a little tramp steamer far from the gay cheap modern society life that Mr. Coward wishes to reform.

Coward writes an immoral play, and consequently all the immoral people of London and New York flock to see it. But Mr. Coward has them where he wants them, and gradually and

subtly a moral is dragged in by the hair of its head, if need be. All the gay immoral life and jokes and flippant treatment of sexual-attraction problems, that so delighted the audience, begin to seem just a little tarnished, just a little stupid and shallow. They are failures. And the audience goes away reformed, "deep down in their private lives"—but they come again the next night. Therein lies the genius of Coward. If he wrote a didactic play, only those who did not need reforming would come to it. But by writing a play so that the immoral ones can have their joke and then have their smiles frozen on their lips, Noel Coward drives home his point where it is most needed. It is thus with "Private Lives," the most brilliant comedy of its kind in English. Here follows a specimen of the dialogue when life becomes a little dull for Elyot and Amanda, and they roll up the carpet and dance to the gramophone:—

Elyot: "Delightful floor, isn't it?"

Amanda: "Yes, but it could do with a little more borax."

Elyot: "I love borax."

Amanda: "Oh, look! Is that the Grand Duchess Olga lying under the piano?"

Elyot: "Yes, such a gay old lady! I saw her blowing shrimps through her ear-trumpet at dinner!"

This almost borders on nonsense, it must be admitted, but nevertheless it is a clever skit on society chit-chat. Again there is the sly and clever Coward wit:—

Amanda: "Whose yacht is that lying out there in the bay?"

Elyot: "The Duke of Westminster's, I suppose: it always is."

Then the depression came. Mr. Noel Coward wrote "Cavalcade" at a time when it was most needed, jumped into his car, and drove round to Drury Lane. It ran for over a year at the Theatre Royal; all England cheered, and the King and Queen with them. It has no plot, but just rambles on as does real life. It is quite as full of fixed types as is Mr. J. B. Priestley's "Good Companions," but it is dominated by the character of Jane Marryot, typical of all that is good and beautiful in the English woman and mother. But she is not personification, she is real and has weaknesses. War wears people down like the sea a stone, and "Cavalcade" makes the pre-war days seem full of a spirit of common goodwill, of servants toasting the new century with their masters, and makes the post-war days seem

strange, changeful. The servant wears high-heeled shoes, and is aloof and distant with an old mistress.

Jane says: "Oh, Ellen! I'm so very, very sorry."

Ellen: "I don't know what you mean."

Jane: "Yes you do, you must. Something has gone out of all of us, and I'm not sure I like what's left."

The handling of the play is superb. The euphemism of the "Titanic" scene, delicate and touching. How many playwrights would dare include a scene such as that in Trafalgar Square, when Jane enters with her hat pushed on one side, a rattle in her hand, her purse open, and tears rolling down her cheeks? No word is spoken. She takes out of her purse a cigarette and lights it.

The Coward humour is delicious, the Coward tragedy real and tragic. Even in a supreme tragedy such as Cavalcade, where Jane Marryot toasts the future there is humour.

Robert: "Here we are in this same room. It does seem incredible, doesn't it?"

Jane: "Yes, I've hated it for years."

Robert: "Do you want to move?"

Jane: "Of course not!"

Robert: "We might have something new—er—some new curtains!"

Jane: "We have, dear."

Robert: "Good God! So we have. I never noticed!"

Jane: "They've only been up a week."

How human, how very manly this Robert Marryot is—so quiet and brave, and how gracefully he and his wife Jane have grown old.

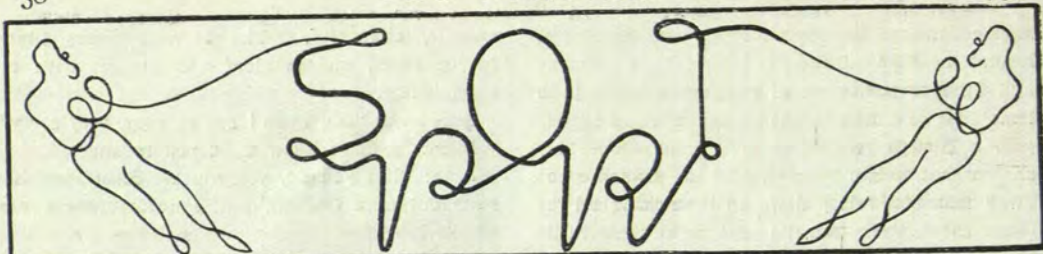
"But," say the critics, "the dialogue of Cavalcade is very ordinary." To which we reply "Exactly!" So very ordinary and so very natural it is, what any ordinary person might say. And therein lies the genius of Coward.

And so Robert and Jane wander out of the play, hand in hand, just as they went through life, and just as they entered the play. But before they go they toast the future in wistful resignation:—

"Let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again."

And somewhere in the dim distance can be heard singing voices and marching feet, beating out the rhythm of the saddest song ever written, "Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit Bag."

It is the passing Cavalcade. SKALD, 4D.



## RUGBY UNION.

### FIRST FIFTEEN.

Once again Fort Street has been successful in winning the First Grade premiership of the High Schools Rugby Union competition, retaining the coveted McManamey Shield.

This year's competition was very keen, three

This year's standard of play was particularly high, as can be judged from the fact that the Combined High defeated Hawkesbury College by 19 to nil, and the Military College by 22 to 6.

Outstanding among the members of the team was the Captain, Bruce Langworth. This was



### 1st XV. PREMIERS, 1933.

Left to Right. Back Row: T. CRANSTON, C. D. CUMMING, C. B. PHILLIPS, F. CONSTABLE, R. ROULSTON, I. H. BRECKENRIDGE.  
 Second Row: L. LEONARD, W. STONEMAN, H. KENNINGTON, T. KOLTS, A. J. BURGE, W. SHUTTLEWORTH, H. F. MONAGHAN.  
 Front Row: R. WINES, W. KEAVNEY, A. N. WILLIAMS (Vice-Captain), MR. D. J. AUSTIN (Coach), B. S. LANGSWORTH (Captain), W. M. WILLIAMS, R. WHOLAHAN.

teams being level in the point score before the final round. In that round North Sydney and Hurlstone drew, scoring 13 points each, and Fort Street, by defeating Sydney by 22 to 8, gained the competition.

Bruce's fifth year with the Firsts, and it was certainly his best. Not only did he score the greatest number of points for his side, many by fine individual efforts, but he was always a source of inspiration to his team, a tireless worker

both on and off the field, an exponent of all that is best in Rugby Union.

To the forwards must be given much of the credit for the fine performances put up by the team. Though very much on the light side, they proved that weight and size do not always count. Their fast "following on," their "backing up" of team mates, their tackling and their general play earned for them the title of "veritable terriers." Ably led by Alan Williams, the Vice-Captain, they gave us forward play as it should be. The break-aways, Breckenridge and Phillips, and later Stoneman, when Phillips was transferred to the backs, were always conspicuous. The remaining five, Kennington, Wholahan, Shuttleworth, Edgecombe and Monaghan, were worthy members of a premiership team.

In the backs "Digger" Williams was a host in himself, improving in every match. Called up from the full-back position to five-eighth, occasionally coming up to act as half or dropping back to the three-quarter line, Williams showed that he could be equally at home in any position. As half, Tom Cranston shone in defence, besides feeding his backs in a creditable manner. Cummings did very well on the wing, and showed

great promise as a first grader for next year. Bob Roulston, the full-back, had a peculiar record. Playing poorly on one day, he would rise to great heights on the next. His play in the two final matches, against Hurlstone and Sydney, could hardly be improved upon. We must specially mention Frank Constable, who unfortunately was unavailable after the first five matches. He scored in every match, besides being a good team player. The other backs, Leonard, Phillips and Wines, played their part, particularly Phillips, who though a forward, played well on the wing.

In the Combined High first team, Langsworth (Captain), Alan Williams and Breckenridge were chosen, gaining badges from the P.S.A.A.A., while "Digger" Williams, Cummings, Stoneman and Phillips were chosen in the seconds; Cranston being an emergency for the firsts and Roulston for the seconds.

The chief scorers were: Langsworth 40, Constable 21, and Roulston 25.

The results of the competition matches were as follows:—

v. Canterbury	...	...	Won	23-0
v. Technical	...	...	Won	9-0
v. North Sydney	...	...	Won	9-0

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v. Parramatta	...	...	Won	13-12
v. Hurlstone	...	...	Won	15-12
v. Sydney	...	...	Lost	5-6
v. North Sydney	...	...	Lost	18-3
v. Hurlstone	...	...	Won	9-3
v. Sydney	...	...	Won	22-8

In addition, after the close of the competition, the team played a very enjoyable match with an Old Boys' team, led by the Western Suburbs first grader, Jerry Arthur, the Old Boys winning by 26 to 19.

In conclusion we sincerely thank Mr. Austin for his unstinted efforts on behalf of the team, and for the splendid way he sent the team on to the field each time, and express the hope that we shall again have the pleasure of his coaching the winning team next year.

#### SECOND GRADE RUGBY UNION.

With the advent of the football season, the second grade team was able to field rather a good set of forwards, but owing to several unavoidable vacancies occurring in other teams, several members had to vacate their positions in the seconds, with the result that the strength of the team was considerably weakened.

However, the team on the whole acquitted itself quite well, and, although it was not one of the leading teams at the conclusion of the season, it had won a greater number of matches than it had lost.

The team was led by Keavney, who was an incentive to the team's success throughout the season. McGilvray, at full back, played finely, effecting many brilliant saves, and was greatly aided by the remaining backs, who all played hard.

The forwards were a hard-rucking set, carrying the ball on their toes very well on many occasions. Amongst them Kolts and Roberts were the most outstanding.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Kirkwood for the great interest shown in the team during the season.

#### THIRD GRADE.

The Third Grade team was not as successful this year as have been previous teams in this grade. Although we began well, winning the first three matches, we were unable to continue with such success, mainly owing to the loss of some of our best players to the higher grades. We did not have many victories, but all our matches were hard-fought, exciting, and enjoyable.

Most of the games were closely contested, and all were played with excellent team spirit. But we suffered a number of defeats. The ultimate winners of the competition beat us by the wide margin of seventeen points. However, other teams had to play hard for their points, and our other lost matches had the following close results:— 6-5, 5-3, 9-8, 8-5. In these games we lacked the finish that we possessed in the earlier matches, which we won rather easily. The scores were:— 9-3, 9-6, 12-0.

During the first half of the season we were captained by Price, who played such good football that he was promoted to the 2nd XV. The position of Captain was then ably held by Craddock for the remaining matches.

Other members who played well throughout the season were Hart, Ringlands, and Cooke in the forwards, and McKnight, Hollands and Hinchcliffe in the backs. Price and Craddock were the principal scorers.

The team offers its sincere thanks for the generous coaching of Mr. Wilson, who assisted us so much in our training.

#### FOURTH GRADE.

This year, Fourth Grade fielded rather a good team, but owing to bad luck they could only fill second place, being runners-up to North Sydney.

Everyone played hard and the team, though small, was very fast, but owing to missed chances they lost the competition to North Sydney in the final. This match was notable for the way Hinchcliffe scored our only two tries.

The three-quarters were Hinchcliffe, Fox and Melville, who combined well, whilst the forwards, led by Norris, were easily the best set in the competition. Goddard played very soundly at full-back, and in practically every match he showed his ability to kick.

The results of the seasonal matches were:—

v. Canterbury	...	...	Won	8-6
v. Parramatta	...	...	Won	6-5
v. Technical	...	...	Won	8-6
v. North Sydney	...	...	Drew	6-6
v. Sydney High	...	...	Won	16-5
v. Hurlstone	...	...	Won	22-0
v. Canterbury	...	...	Won	6-0
v. North Sydney	...	...	Lost	6-8

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Brodie for the great interest which he took in the team throughout the season.

**FIFTH GRADE.**

If we did not have a highly successful season, we certainly played some enjoyable games, and finished fourth in the competition.

Our worst defeat was against North Sydney, who beat us 17-0, and we congratulate them on being undefeated premiers of the competition.

Barnett, Walker and Head formed a solid front row in our forwards and Kenway, the lock, filled his position well. The breakaways, George and Phillips, were always quickly around the scrum, and also defended the halves, Morrison and Oelrich, well. The centres, O'Casey and Hardy, did their share against heavier opponents, and the full-back, Wilton, took the ball well, and usually got his kick in.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Pollard for the interest he has shown in coaching us throughout the season, and we hope he will be with us again next year.

**SIXTH GRADE.**

This year we could not do better than tie with

Canterbury for second place in the competition. Until the fifth match we were undefeated, then we suffered three defeats in succession, but won our last match. Out of nine matches, we won four, drew two and lost three.

Of the backs, Mutton, with his clever side-step, was best in attack, whilst Schmidt was always valuable in defence. The forwards played well in the open, but did not let the ball out quickly enough from the scrums, thus spoiling the good work of Appleby, the centre-forward, who raked splendidly. Spooner, behind the pack, played exceptionally well, and made many openings for the backs. At the same time, his tackling, despite his size, was as good as that of any other member of the side. Spooner was the outstanding player of the team, and should show up to advantage next season. Johns showed plenty of pluck, and improved greatly in the later matches.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Bendeich for the industry and enthusiasm with which he coached us during the season.

**SOCCER.****FIRST GRADE.**

Again, and for the third time in succession, the First Grade Soccer team has been successful in winning the competition, and besides winning the competition, it has remained undefeated throughout these three seasons.

The team has had an enjoyable season, and the success is due, not to any one individual, but to two factors; first, the combined efforts of the team as a whole, and secondly, the regular and constant practice, with the able coaching assistance of Messrs. Roberts and Waterer.

Success was brought about by combination and understanding of the players, backed up by superb defence. This point is emphasised by the fact that the team scored 45 goals to 3 against, in competition matches, the three goals being scored in the same match.

The fine movements, commenced in the back divisions, resulted in goals being netted through the nippiness and eagerness of the forwards. This is seen in the play of the centre-forward, Allison, who scored 20 goals.

The team had some outstanding wins, the best being v. Central Technical 14-0, v. North Sydney 13-0, and v. Sydney High 5-0.

Fort Street was well represented in the com-

bined team which played at Wollongong. No less than six positions were filled by boys from the first grade team. The six boys were Hurcombe (back), Iredale (half), Prothero, Winning, Richardson and Allison (forwards). The Captain of the School team was also Captain of the C.H.S. team.

In conclusion the team wishes to express its appreciation and thanks for the keen interest of Messrs. Roberts and Waterer in the team, and hopes that they may inspire many more First Grade Soccer teams to win premiership honours as they did in 1933

**SECOND GRADE.**

Throughout the season the team played very well, but we have to admit that Enmore and Canterbury were too good for us. These teams filled first and second places respectively. On entering the semi-final, the standard of our play seemed to fall off, and we were defeated by Ultimo (whom we had beaten 5-0 in the first round), 1-0.

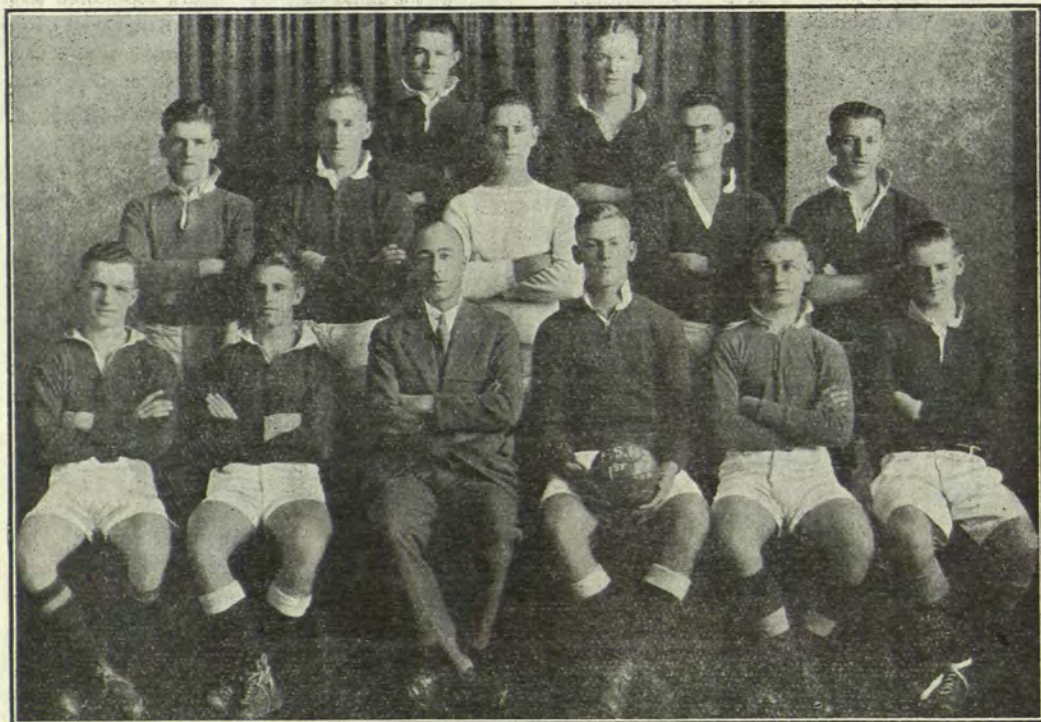
However, we were the only team to conquer the premiers, Enmore. After a fast and exciting game we ran out winners 1-0.

The most outstanding players throughout the season were Wickens, Allen and Easton in the

forwards, Surtees in the halves, while the defence of Stratton, Shaw and Morrison was very strong. Morrison, our goalie, showed a marked improvement as the season progressed, and brought off some remarkable saves in the match against Enmore.

The chief goal scorers were Wickens 6, Allen 6, Easton 4.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Waterer for the keen interest he has taken in coaching us.



1st GRADE SOCCER, 1933. UNDEFEATED PREMIERS.  
 Left to Right. Back Row: C. COSTER, K. THOMPSON.  
 Middle Row: C. WINNING, E. HURCOMBE, L. ROBINSON, V. CARSON, S. RAINE.  
 Front Row: R. MacDONALD, A. RICHARDSON, B. H. ROBERTS (Coach), R. IREDALE (Captain),  
 D. PROTHERO, H. ALLISON.

## CRICKET.

### FIRST GRADE.

The First Grade team began the season very creditably, considering that the eleven was practically a new side—most of the previous season's players having left the School. This encouraging performance was mainly due to the valuable coaching advice rendered by Mr. Gilhome and the clever captainship of the School's most outstanding player, Bruce Langsworth.

As the first five matches have been discussed in the June edition of the Fortian, we will not describe them in detail.

Against Parramatta very poor scoring was revealed on both sides. Fort Street only totalled

106 in the first innings, but the western boys achieved less success, scoring 74. Again in the second innings Fort Street failed miserably, making 93. The team, heartened by this victory, next defeated Canterbury. Scores: Fort Street 138 and 171, v. Canterbury 95.

Hurlstone then suffered defeat at our hands, the scores being: Fort Street, 163, v. Hurlstone, 98 and 123.

We played the Old Boys before meeting High, and gained our fourth successive victory. Scores: Old Boys, 116 (Armstrong 48), Present Boys, 7 for 165 (Langsworth 84, Wark 49 not out).

In the first match played away from Petersham

Oval our performance was very disappointing. Fort Street, 105, v. Sydney, 2 for 139.

The first match after the football season was played at Petersham Oval against Enmore. Due to the fact that the caretaker had not prepared the wickets sufficiently for the first day, we lost our chances of outright victory, and incidentally, our hopes of gaining premiership honours. Enmore's stay at the wickets was very brief. They were all back in the pavilion again for the score of 36. This poor batting was not due to the state of the wicket, as one might expect, but to the magnificent bowling of Langsworth, who secured 5 for 1, and in the opposition's second attempt 5 for 11. The School team closed the innings

there had been slight rain before the next Wednesday, there was positively no chance of play.

We journeyed to Rushcutter's Bay for our second match away, and as the School team had first use of a "two paced" wicket, just managed to pass the hundred mark. Wark top-scored with 35, while Alan Williams and King each contributed 17. Technical High started disastrously, losing 2 for 6. The completion of this game was delayed by the Leaving Certificate Examination, but Fort Street has a good grip on it.

The fact that no huge totals were amassed was due to the inability of the team to score collectively. The bowling honours undoubtedly be-



#### SWIMMING CHAMPIONS, 1933.

Standing: L. TERRY (2nd Under 14 Champ.), D. GRANGE (2nd Junior Champ.),

R. NAPTHALI (2nd Under 14 Champ.).

Sitting: C. PHILLIPS (Sen. Champ.), S. GARDNER (Sen. Breast Stroke Champ.), L. ROSE (Organiser),

W. WILLIAMS (Diving Champ.), A. BURGE (Jun. Champ.).

Sitting on Floor: P. SCHMIDT (Under 14 Champ.), W. STARR (2nd Sen. Champ.).

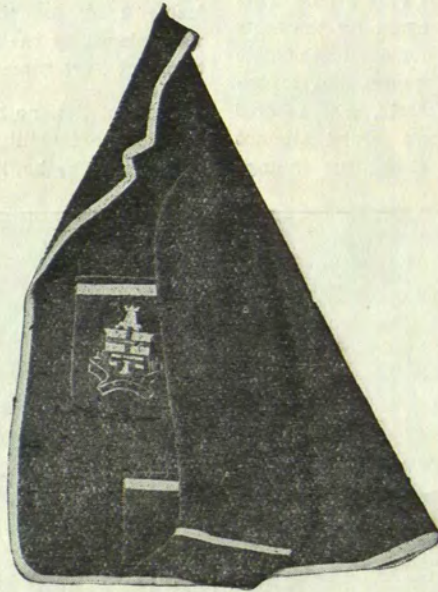
with the loss of two wickets for 89, McKnight batting entertainingly for 39.

Against North Sydney we scored 192. Langsworth batted solidly for 55, and he was ably assisted by Watts and Wark. North lost 2 for 55 at the close of the first day's play, but as

long to the Captain, who throughout the season bore the brunt of the attack, securing 37 wickets. No other bowler was really hostile, Wark being the only other to exceed 20 wickets. The batting was good at times, Wark scoring 277 runs and Langsworth 221. The fielding improved some-

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what in the second half, although there is ample room for further improvement.

The team, deeply appreciative of Mr. Gilhorne's services as Coach, thank him for his invaluable assistance, and wish both him and Bruce Langsworth additional success in the cricket world.

### SECOND GRADE.

The first match this season was played against Parramatta at Parramatta. The home team batted first, and immediately took charge of Fort Street's weak bowling. Many catches were dropped, thus enabling Parramatta to total 8 for 354. Fort Street, 158, was beaten on the first innings, but our second innings, which produced 123 without the loss of a wicket, was more promising.

Unaccountably the team fell the victims of Canterbury and Ultimo, and just managed to avert defeat against Sydney High.

In the latter half of the season Fort Street, 133 (Morrow 71) and 7 for 94 (Crowe 31) defeated North Sydney, 98 (H. J. Watts 4 for 38).

Examinations interrupted the last match, which is at an interesting stage. Scores: Fort Street, 176 (Crowe 85) v. Technical High, 3 for 51.

The second eleven was weaker than usual this year, due to the fact that players were continually promoted to the first eleven. Among those promoted were Robinson, Wirth, Penman and Morrow.

The standard of the batting was very poor; the fielding was deplorable, and the bowling lacked variety.

The team, which has benefited to a large extent by Mr. Wallace's diligent coaching, wishes to thank him for his unstinting efforts.

### THIRD GRADE.

Resuming after the September holidays 3rd Grade did not enjoy the same amount of success as before. Owing to several of the team's most consistent players leaving school, we were weakened somewhat in both bowling and batting. Nevertheless, others were soon found to replace them, and in our first match against Technical High School we gained an outright victory. Hurcombe played a fine innings for 143, while Randle took 7 wickets for 32.

We dismissed Enmore for the modest total of 36, Reilly taking 3 for 0 and Randle 4 for 5. Our innings was closed, 8 for 200, Prothero making a handy 79, Rothwell 47, Walsh 26. In the second innings Enmore's final score was 117. Thus

Fort Street gained another outright victory.

Our next opponents, Parramatta High School proved to be our superiors, and had an outright win. The highest scorers in our first innings were Prothero and Schetrumpf, 22 and 23 respectively. Our most successful bowlers that day were Reynolds 3 for 16, Prothero 3 for 17. In the second innings we again failed badly, and ended up with the total of 58. Parramatta in their second innings closed, 5 for 69, and gained an outright victory.

At the time that this magazine goes to press we have finished one day's play against Hurlstone. Batting first, we concluded our first innings with a total of 127 (Prothero 37, Schetrumpf 26). Hurlstone is now 7 for 86. In this match Reynolds performed the hat-trick, and so far has taken 4 for 48, while Randle has 3 for 22. It is practically impossible to predict the result, but we hope for the best.

In conclusion 3rd Grade fully appreciates the encouragement and helpful advice Mr. Burtenshaw has given the team.

### FOURTH GRADE.

This season Fourth Grade Cricket has had a run of bad luck, not having won a match.

Nevertheless, we have some promising batsmen, who are generally consistent. The best of these is Mawson, who has made some good scores, including 37 against Canterbury and 42 against North Sydney. Crompton, the Captain, has also made some good scores, 49 and 32. Other batsmen are Fox, best scores 20, 24; Cotton, 32; Palfreyman, 25 and 23; and Goswell, 20.

For the bowling we looked to Burns and Crompton, the two fast bowlers, and Cotton, Palfreyman and Mawson, the slow merchants, who have captured a good number of wickets. Cotton especially has been in good form this season, as also has Crompton.

For the last match, against Technical High, we were fortunate enough to obtain Petersham Oval to play on. Two of their batsmen, Livingstone and Hockley, compiled 121 and 109 respectively to the grand total of 296. For this innings the bowling analysis was: Cotton 5 for 78, Palfreyman 4 for 48, and Julienne 1 for 22.

Fort Street finished the day's play with one wicket for thirty-seven.

In conclusion, and on behalf of the team, we wish to thank Mr. Everett for the interest which he has taken in the team during the past season.

## ATHLETIC REPORT.

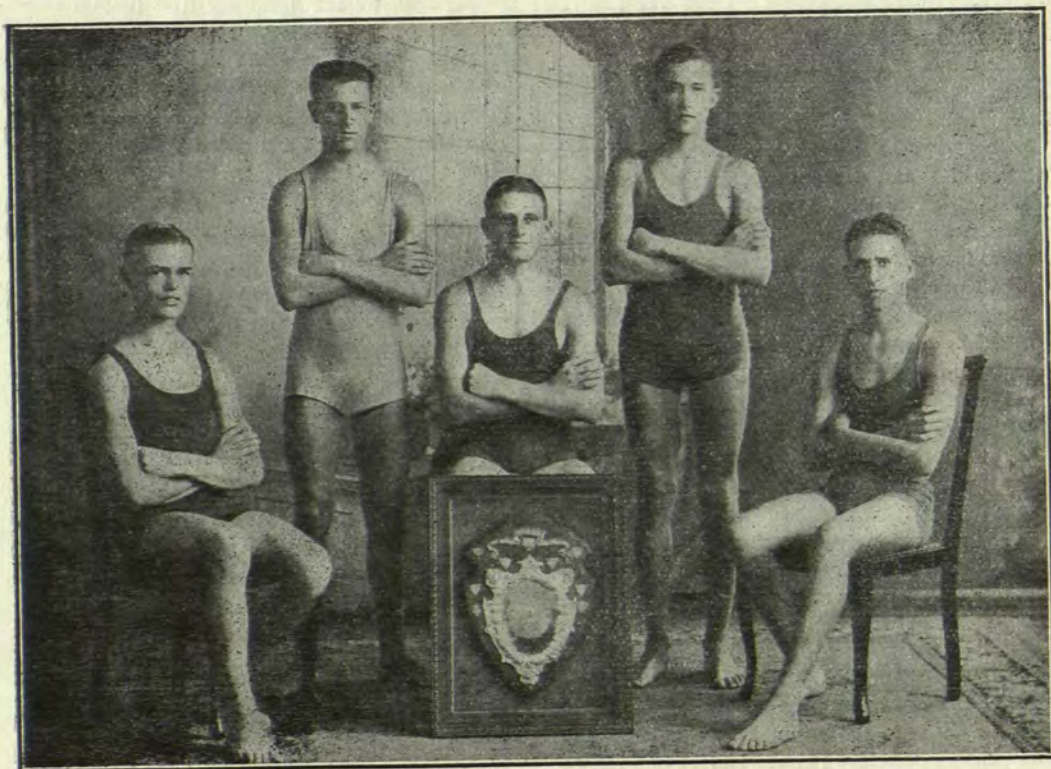
On the 16th August the School athletes sallied forth to prove their worth on Petersham Oval. It was an excellent day for an athletic meeting, the weather being neither too hot nor too cold, and there is no doubt that both the entrants and the barrackers enjoyed themselves.

The outstanding competitors of the day were B. Jones, G. Nicoll and Fox, who were the winners of the Senior, Junior, and Under Fourteen Cups respectively.

In the senior division B. Jones won the high jump, broad jump and shot putt, and was the

best performer. He won the 440 yards and the broad jump, and was second in the 100 and 220 yards, 90 yards hurdles, shot putt and high jump, thus proving himself a good all round athlete, who ought to do well in next year's C.H.S.

The runner-up was A. McKnight, who gave a fine exhibition in equalling the School 100 yards record of 11 seconds for this event. He also broke another record in the junior shot putt, when he increased the distance from 41ft. 3½in. to 44½ft. He finished first in the 220 yards and



JUNIOR PREMIERS, C.H.S., 1933.

Standing: S. RAINE, L. CROOK.

Sitting: P. BARRETT, A. BÜRGE, R. MADDEN.

first past the tape in the 880 yards, 120 yards hurdles, and second in the 440 yards. His performances of 5ft. 5½in. in the high jump and 38½ft. in the shot putt were very creditable.

The sprint winner in the senior division was F. Constable, who won the 100, 220 and 440 yards in excellent times. He ultimately finished second in the senior point score.

second in the broad jump.

Another performance that merits attention was that of Penman, who easily won the high jump and the junior hurdles.

The under fourteen years star was Fox, who finished first in the 100, 220 and 440 yards, and the broad jump. The runner-up in this division was Woodhouse. However, Fox had an easy vic-

tory, and will no doubt prove an advantage to the School in later years.

The activities of the School at the C.H.S. sports meeting were greatly restricted because F. Constable, the brilliant sprint runner of the senior division, and our junior champion, Nicoll, were over age, Nicoll being especially unlucky, as he reached sixteen between our own and the C.H.S. carnivals. Moreover, the captain of the junior team, McKnight, developed a bad leg just prior to the sports, and was consequently prevented from taking part in the running events.

Considering these misfortunes, it will be seen

that the other representatives had to work hard to secure the points that were placed to Fort Street's credit. Those who secured points for the School were: Jones, Langsworth, Roulston, Bendiech, Williams and Nicoll in the senior division, whilst McKnight and Penman were the chief scorers in the junior class, with Fox and Woodhouse in the under 14.

In conclusion the athletes wish to express their appreciation to Messrs. Baxendale, Foley, Tierney and Gilhome, for the able manner in which they conducted everything in connection with the sports.

### TENNIS.

For the School Championship, which carries the Anderson Cup, there were some sixty entries, and keen interest was shown throughout the tournament by everybody. The winner was L. A. Whiteman, who defeated N. Watts in the final 8-6, 8-6. It was a very close match, as Watts led 5-2 in the second set.

The winner played consistently throughout, and before reaching the finals defeated Jurd in the third round and Huntley in the semi-final. Jurd was unlucky to lose his match, as he had three match points in the last set, which he lost 9-7.

#### FIRST GRADE.

The First Grade team was composed of S. Huntley (Captain), B. Jones, A. Jurd and E. Gazzard. It was thought that this team would go a long way in the competition, but some of the other teams proved too strong. Several times the sets were even, and the match was lost through insufficient games. North Sydney proved superior to the other schools, losing only one match to Canterbury, whom, it might be added, we succeeded in beating in the first round.

Jurd and Gazzard were the second pair, and as experience counts for much in this game, it could hardly be expected that these two would draw even with more experienced players, as they are both under fifteen. They should do well next year, and should be the mainstay of our coming First Grade. Their combination was very fair, and it was not through being out of position that they lost their sets.

The first pair, Huntley and Jones, were fairly consistent throughout, and except for North Sydney, generally succeeded in drawing even with the pairs of the other teams. Jones' ground shots were his weak points, and if these could be

strengthened his game would show a vast improvement. Huntley's backhand needs more attention, especially in doubles play, as in singles play, where there is no net man to worry him, this is a very offensive shot.

Although we only came fourth in the competition this year, we hope to see Fort Street first on the list next year.

#### SECOND GRADE.

Congratulations to S. Gardner (Captain), Walker, Coleborne, Billing and N. Watts, for leading the team to the premiership.

The team played consistently throughout, and except for a forfeit to Enmore were undefeated. This is the first time for many years that Second Grade has won the competition.

Watts, one of the finalists in the School tournament, only joined the team half way through the competition, but the team's successes were greatly due to him.

The other players were consistent throughout, and the play of the Captain set a high standard for the others to follow.

#### THIRD GRADE.

This year's team, consisting of H. R. Watts (Captain), Thistlethwayte, Whitely, Flannery and Whiteman, succeeded in reaching the semi-final of the competition, where they were unfortunate in being defeated.

Whiteman, the winner of the School Cup, greatly strengthened the team when he played, but was unfortunate in arriving at the School too late for permanent inclusion in a team.

The other players were fairly strong, except, perhaps, Whitely, who was placed a little above himself, and this team should have gone further than it did.



**FOURTH GRADE.**

As usual, this grade was well up in the lists, and succeeded in coming second to Parramatta. The team consisted of Ireland (Captain), Evans, Rothwell and Woodham. This is the first time for about five years that this grade has not been premiers.

The players combined well, and with a little more concentration on their part they would have won the competition.

**TENNIS REPRESENTATIVE.**

Huntley deserves a word of thanks for the

excellent work he has done throughout the year in sifting candidates for grade play, watching over grade teams generally, and finally in organising the tournament for the School Championship. He made the Tennis wheels run smoothly.

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Two "Chesterfield" tennis racquets have been donated to the School by L. Minty, who was in 3A last year, and a handicap will be arranged when School reopens.

**EXTRACT FROM "REFEREE."**

"Once again Fort Street has won the 1st Grade premiership of the High Schools' Rugby Union competition, and retains the McManamey Shield. Since the early days of the war, when two shields—one for Primary and one for High Schools—were donated by the Rugby Union, Fort Street has secured the latter trophy on nine occasions, North Sydney on four, Sydney on three, Hurlstone and Technical High once. The complete list is as follows:—1916, Fort; 1917, Fort; 1918, North Sydney; 1919, Technical; 1920, North Sydney; 1921, Fort; 1922, Fort; 1923, North Sydney; 1924, Fort; 1925, Sydney; 1926, Fort; 1927, Sydney; 1928, North Sydney; 1929, Sydney; 1930, Fort; 1931, Hurlstone; 1932, Fort; 1933, Fort. It is very interesting to note also that this is the third occasion on which Fort Street has won in successive seasons—16-17, 21-22, 32-33; the hat-trick has not been achieved so far by any school.

Fort Street is to be congratulated on its fine performance throughout the season; similarly Hurlstone and North Sydney, who finished on equal terms just one point behind the leader, played excellent football, and after reverse came up smilingly to turn the tables on their victors. Members of the 1916, 1917, and succeeding teams aver that "them was the days," and the players (a returned soldier played with the 1917 side), but it is safe to say that this year's competition provided as high a standard of play as any previous year.

Bruce Langsworth's play and captaincy were powerful factors in the team's success, but further individualism would be unfair—the team and the game motivated all the players.

Though premierships in all the six grades have been established, the designation of champion

school has not yet been determined by the High Schools' committee. It is based on the following principle, and will be awarded this year for the first time: Maximum competition points in first grade will be multiplied by six; second grade by five; third grade by four; fourth grade by three; fifth grade by two; sixth grade by one; but the teams' point scores in the minor competition in each grade will be multiplied by half of each grade multiplier.

A superficial calculation would seem to suggest that Hurlstone, which has not captured even one grade premiership, is in the running. North Sydney, undefeated premiers in fourth and fifth grades, also have a good chance, but further speculation is undesirable, for even with the loaded scales adopted by the high schools, there is a very small margin between the champion school and the next one.

The complete list of premierships is: First grade, Fort Street; second grade, Sydney; third grade, Ultimo (Technical High Annexe), undefeated; fourth and fifth grades, North Sydney (undefeated); sixth grade, Sydney.

Hurlstone supplies its record of wins and losses in all grades, and it constitutes a very satisfactory account of well-organised internal school football: First grade, lost to Fort Street twice; drew with North Sydney in final round, won all other matches. Second grade, lost to Sydney twice and to Canterbury once, won all other games. Third grade, lost to Enmore and Ultimo; drew with Parramatta; won all other games. Fourth grade, lost all matches played. Fifth grade, lost to Sydney and North Sydney; drew with North Sydney; won all others. Sixth grade, lost to Canterbury, Fort Street, and Parramatta; drew with Sydney and Technical; won others."

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