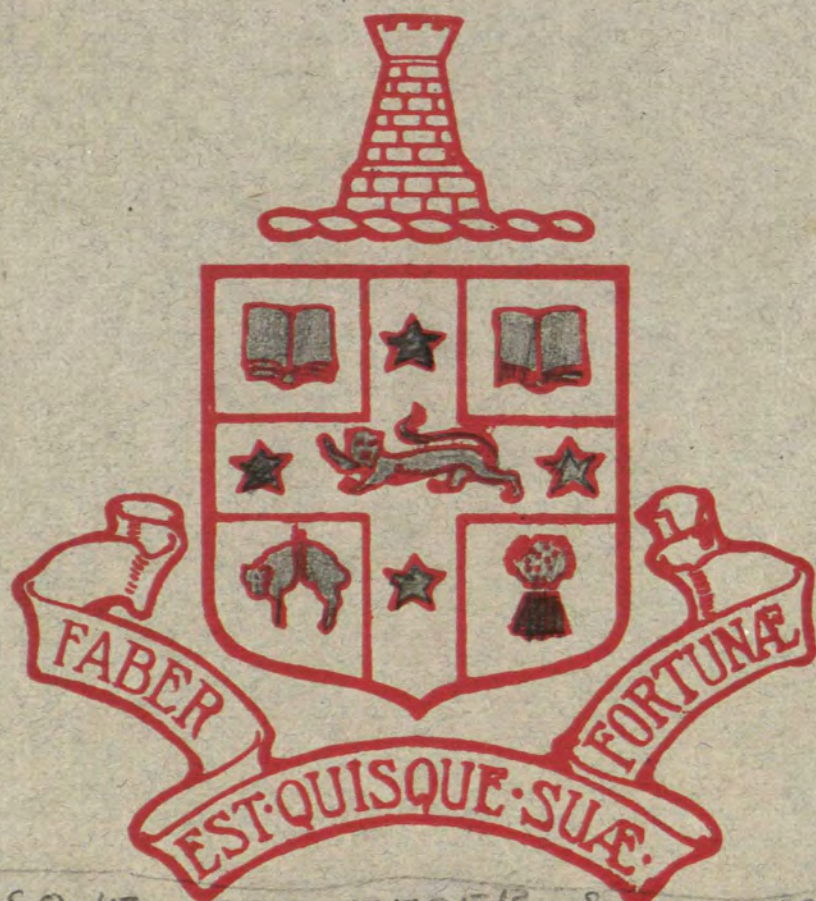


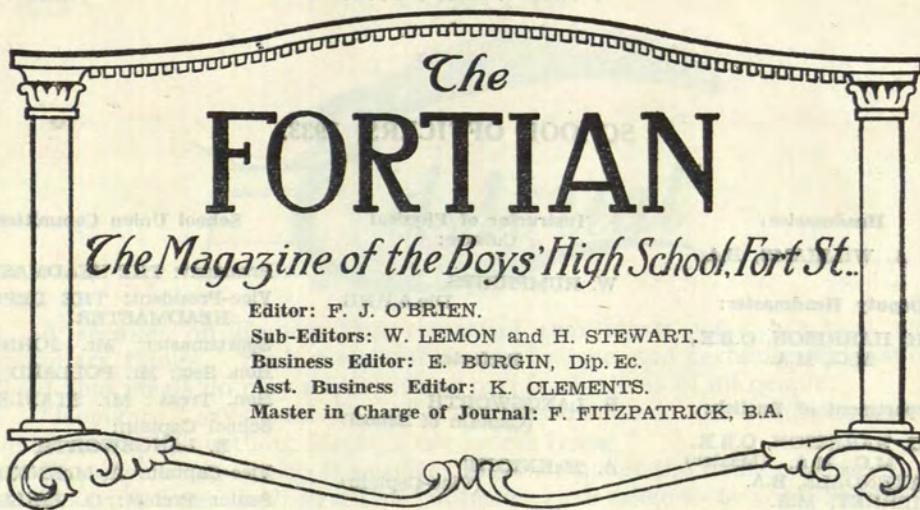
THE FORTIAN



QUISQUE EST FABER SUAE FORTUNAE
EACH MAN IS THE MAKER OF HIS OWN DESTINY

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

JUNE, 1933



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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1933.

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A speaker on Empire Day remarked that ideals were practical, not imaginary things. Such a statement may be true, and certainly we cannot doubt that ideals do play an important part in the lives of all people.

"Romance," says Zane Grey, "is only another name for idealism; and I contend that life without ideals is not worth living."

The cynics who group themselves together under the name of "realists," would shrink from idealism if that quotation were taken to be true. Yet they, too, have their ideals, their dreams, "that painted window leading to the soul." We are all "such stuff as dreams are made on," and for us all there is the shadowy world of a perfect future.

It is in the years between childhood and the attainment of true manhood that these ideals are formed. It seems human nature that we seek pre-eminence. When we finally reach our zenith of fame, we begin to realise that the joy lay in the struggle for an ideal, not in its actual accomplishment. But, then:

"Men do not heed the rungs by which men climb
Those glittering steps, those milestones upon time;
They mark the height achieved, the main result."

Few ideals are ever realised.—Our greatest hopes so coincide with each other's that it would appear that the struggle is, for the most part, in vain. But, to make such an assertion is to overlook the value of having a goal towards which we continue to work. In the years that follow we realise our ambition, or, at least, we profit by the zealous resolutions of youth.

Many fall by the wayside because the world has been too much with them. "Getting and spending, they lay waste their powers," without having known the greatness of their opportunity or the forgiving power of the world.

Such men as Judge Evatt and C. Brunsdon Fletcher are noteworthy examples of Fortians who realised their greatest ambitions in the workaday world.

It is unlikely, however, that the Judgeship of the High Court or the Editorship of a leading newspaper is, in itself, all life had to offer these men. Throughout the years of working, waiting, and gaining ground in their professional spheres, each has known the bitter and the sweet of life, upon which they can look back in pleasant retrospect.

"All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd."

Ideals guided the lives of these Fortians, who gained the "blue ribbons" of their professions, to such an extent that their careers were a sequence of triumphs.

Whether or not an ideal is a practical thing, it is a force of unlimited power; the great incentive to strive towards noble ends.

"We are all dreamers, if not in the heavy-lidded wasting of time, then in the meaning of life which makes us work on."

NEWS AND NOTES.

We again draw the attention of parents and pupils to the conditions regulating promotion from one year to the next. Every boy to gain promotion must get 50% of the possible total, and pass in five subjects.

In the case of Latin, French and German, it has been decided that boys who want these two subjects, but fail in them, must do the year again, or drop one and take an alternative course of Geography or Commercial Work.

§ § § §

We congratulate Mr. K. R. Cramp, M.A., Senior Inspector of Secondary Schools, on being recognised with an O.B.E. by the King in the recent Birthday Honours.

§ § § §

The Old Boys' Union continues its splendid work for the School. During this term we have been favoured with some very helpful addresses on various subjects. Professor Charteris, Challis Professor of Law in the Sydney University, gave a very fine address to the assembled School on "The Present Situation in Germany."

The address to parents and senior pupils on Journalism by C. Brunson Fletcher, Editor of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and J. V. Hall, Principal of School of Applied Advertisers, as careers for boys, were continued and much appreciated.

The School is very grateful to these gentlemen, who gave much thought and time to this work.

Congratulations to Bruce Langsworth, Allan McKnight and G. Bailey, on their appointment as Captain, Vice-Captain and Senior Prefect for 1933, respectively.

§ § § §

The Debating Societies are very active again this year. The addresses on Empire Day by Fredericks, McKnight, Downes, McAuley, Colclough and Jenkins were excellent. Two speakers, Wholohan and Thompson, were invited to Pyrmont Public School to address parents and children.

§ § § §

It has been found necessary to increase the number of Honour Boards at the School. The Education Department workshops are making and erecting them. It is expected that they will be in position by the end of June.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

- 15th August: Play Day Rehearsal.
- 16th August: School Sports.
- 17th August: Play Day.
- 18th August: Play Night.
- 29th and 30th August: C.H.S. Sports.
- 1st to 12th September: Michaelmas Vacation.
- 12th September: Final L.C. Test.
- 18th September: Final L.C. Test.
- 19th October: School Picnic.
- 24th October: Last day at School for L.C. pupils.
- 24th October: Senior Dinner.
- 1st November: Yearly exams., 1st 2nd, 4th Years.
- 8th November: L.C. exam. begins.
- 21st November: I.C. exam. begins.
- 22nd November: L.C. Honours exam. begins.
- 15th December: Christmas Vacation begins.

SUNSET.

No breath doth break the cool calm air.
 Ne'er did fair Nature seem so fair!
 The trees like graven statues stand:
 A holy quiet pervades the land,
 And all grows dim in the dying light.

With glitt'ring gold the western sky
 Is painted, so that human eye
 Its mighty splendour scarce can bear.
 With lovely blue the very air
 Seems coloured. Farewell, sweet day, farewell!
 R. T. DUNLOP, 4D.

ON BEGINNING.

The sun, a golden ball, shone down with fierce intensity from the cloudless blue sky. A few seagulls hovered overhead uttering their plaintive cries. Here and there on the white, glimmering sand of the beach, a few holiday-makers were scattered, enjoying the summer day. The huge breakers rolled on, in never-ending line, to the shore. Occasionally one larger than its fellows would crash on the sand with a resounding boom, spreading over the beach a fighting, scurrying mass of white foam, which soon retreated whence it had come, accompanied by the shrill, delighted cries of the carefree children playing at the water's edge.

To the left, at the farthest curve of the bay, were cruel rocks, behind which, in steep, rugged lineaments, majestic cliffs rose far into the sky.

As there on the verandah I drowsily sat in the deep recesses of an armchair, this entrancing picture rose phantom-like before my eyes, and I looked at the yellow sand-hill which alone separated me from it. Ten minutes' walk and I could be plunging in the soothing waters of the Pacific. In agony, I turned my head to the right and beheld the merest extremity of the tennis court all ready for play.

I was recalled from this pleasant reverie in a singularly rude fashion. The deep chime of the grandfather clock conveyed me back to stern reality. One, two, I counted, looked at my watch to see if it could be so late, and being assured, I turned my thoughts into more practical channels.

Stern, cruel facts stared me in the face. There was work for me to do, but I avow no person ever felt less like work than I did that afternoon. It was my duty, in fairness to my two friends, to have it done, but I knew that one day's delay would not do any great harm. Still, the fact remained, I ought to do it.

And thus I sat hesitating. On the one hand was the pleasant prospect of an enjoyable afternoon either surfing or playing tennis. On the

other hand was a dismal outlook of at least three hours' extremely uninteresting hard work, from which I could see no chance of striking a single spark of enjoyment. What an afternoon! I shuddered.

I have read many writings on moral courage, ranging from cheap newspaper cuttings to a book by Sir James Barrie, and none of them say that a man who got out of a warm bed at five o'clock on a winter's morning, much against his own wishes, possessed that glorious virtue. One article said that St. George willingly going forth to fight the dragon was a splendid example. Yet I contend, and am prepared to maintain against all dissenters, that I required as much moral courage to shut myself up with hard work for the remainder of that afternoon, as our patron needed to sally forth and kill the monster belching flame and smoke from his nostrils.

At length, after ten minutes' strife, I had stood up, still wavering. I hesitated, half sat down, took a few steps towards the door, stopped, turned irresolutely, then, with sudden decision, ran wildly into my study. I slammed the door and locked it, took pen and paper, and tried to begin. It was useless! After a few miserable scratches I was again succumbing, and gradually assumed my posture of indolence of five minutes before. I made another attempt; a few more scratches, and I leant back once again. Feminine laughter rose from the tennis court. "England expects every man to do his duty," I said resolutely to myself, but the answer came back quickly in the prophet's words, "Yea, verily the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." I opened the door. While waiting there, still hesitating, a fresh peal of laughter floated up, and I heard a very sweet voice ask, "Where's Allan to-day?"

Drawing myself up to my full height I declared, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?" I snatched my racquet and ran out. The cause was lost.

A. McX.

EXCHANGES.

Since the last issue of the "Fortian" copies of School Magazines have been received from Fort

Street Girls' High School and Dubbo High School. These are gratefully acknowledged.

ON BEING POLITE.

Is it not merely hypocrisy? Why do we say nice things when we mean nasty?

"Because it is polite," we are told, from the age of two; and soon politeness is as deep-seated a habit as any. By the time a man is twenty-one he is afraid to say his opinion on anything for fear of being thought impolite. [Not all of us have impolite opinions.—Ed.]

Children have this sense of politeness developed to a remarkable degree. It seems to be most lacking about twelve years of age. Children younger than this seem to have a horror of "disgracing their parents," while those older have got it so much bound up in courtesy that it should come naturally to them. Thus, when some old fool who hasn't seen Bobby since he was a baby, says, "Oh! you have grown!" Bobby, instead of saying what he thinks, "Well, most people do, you know;" stands first on one leg, then on the other, hoping the old idiot will hurry up and go, so that he can play cricket.

All of this is mere pretence. Take, for instance, the saying of good-night. Do I always mean it, when I say it so politely? Of course I don't. I know some people who do not deserve to have a good night; in fact, they deserve a bad one. And yet, for the sake of politeness, I must say a cheery "Good-night."

The fired radio announcer, speaking for the last time over the air, must have experienced the joy of saying what he felt, when he concluded the programme with, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you all have a perfectly ghastly night. Do you hear, everybody? I hope you all have a perfectly ghastly night."

The same applies to "good-morning." If I said what I thought to Jones, it would be this dread curse, not the usual cheery (?) greeting, but

"May you be cursed, and your wife eat Sao biscuits in bed."

As I get on the train in the morning, I meet young Flirt, and instead of planting my boot on a certain part of his anatomy where it would do most good, I nod cheerily to him as though we were bosom friends.

Again, the sending of Xmas cards is pure hypocrisy. I send my old school friend Brown, whom I haven't seen for four years (Thank God!) a hearty greeting, such as,

"Here's rattling good luck and roaring good cheer, With cartloads of food, and buckets of beer."

What I would like to send is the following:—

"My dear friend—,

At such a season of goodwill I think it is appropriate that I should express to you in this Xmas greeting my unbounded thanks at the manner in which you have left me alone for these past four years. Continue in the good work, brother, and I shall continue to bless you.—Yours gratefully, etc."

But, being polite has its advantages, for, by refraining from speaking your thoughts (probably verging on the profane), when she says she "simply loves Byron," you may persuade her you love him too. And of course, you know the old axiom, "People who love the same thing, love one another."

K. F. WALKER, 4D.

HYSTERICAL FACTS.

'Twas Disraeli who won Waterloo

With submarines at sea.

And Robert Peel with his spinning-wheel,

Cut down the cherry-tree.

Lord Aberdeen was a gay old bean,

Who always kept late nights,

But historians say he refused to pay,

So they sent him the Bill of Rights.

One stormy day in Aboukir Bay,

King Alfred was playing at tennis,

When up came Burke with O'Connell, a Turk,

And they checked the rabbit menace!

"The bird has flown!" Lord Clive made moan—

And ran to save his bride.

Sir Thomas More the Alps crossed o'er,

To get to the other side.

Old Abraham Lincoln wasn't thinkin',

When he Magna Charta signed;

Nor was Palmerston who, just for fun,

Was to burn the cakes inclined.

'Twas Bismarck that on Lambing Flat

Was watching o'er his pigs,

When Good Queen Bess said in distress

"Play up, and dish the Whigs!"

L.J., 3D.

HANS VOGLER.

"Sachs, Hellmuth, von Rontgen, and Adler, you will take these handbills and distribute as before. Ellmrich, Vathek and Koerner, you will continue on duty at your respective stations; and this time we expect greater vigilance. Is that understood?"

A murmur of assent came from the group of a dozen or so men assembled in the stables of Adler's bakery, on the outskirts of Hassfurt. Three weeks previously the Nazis had seized the reins of Germany, with a flourish of trumpets. This was but one of many secret Communist meetings which honeycombed the country—hives of dubious industry.

"Vogler will be entrusted with the exhibition of this." The leader, Konrad Schneider, unrolled a cloth sign covered with propaganda in red and black lettering. "All the rest have their instructions, I think. The place of meeting will have to be altered, and some other details will be communicated to you during the week. You may now proceed out, two by two, with five minute intervals."

As he walked home, Hans Vogler tried to analyse his very mixed feelings. The whole thing seemed incredible. Even now, with the Communist sign in his pocket, he knew that he was not really a Communist. His actual beliefs lay heaped up in his mind in a very confused and amorphous condition. He was clear on one point, however, that he had a kind of impersonal hatred, tinged with a vague fear, of the Nazis. And it was this fear, or, more properly, this lack of courage, that had led him to take this step, for he could not bear to think himself a coward, and lately he had seriously doubted himself. He had attended a number of Communist meetings, and had felt a general, lethargic sympathy with them. The Nazi rising of a few weeks before had spurred him on, and the high political feeling of the time had finally decided him to approach Schneider.

The Communist leader welcomed him as a new recruit, but at the same time expressed a doubt of artists in general and Vogler in particular.

"You'll never stick it," he said. "You artists have no grit."

He had felt a little foolish then—he, short and fleshy, expostulating with Schneider, tall, thin, with high forehead, hard eyes, and mere slits of nostrils.

"At any rate, we'll see now," he thought, as he let himself into his shabby rooms. "I'll put that sign up to-night when the moon sets." He glanced at his watch, whose hands showed a quarter to ten. "Time enough to get on with that picture; I just feel in the mood to finish it now."

Although it was nearly completed, he could not think of a suitable name for his picture. He had intended to make it his masterpiece, and so had taken months over it, working only when the power to paint seized him. As every detail grew on the canvas, he would spend hours every day gloating over it and cogitating how next to proceed. And now it was nearly finished. The design was simple enough; the slope of a steep hillside cutting the canvas almost in half; an old woman gathering faggots crouching on the hillside; and in the distance a flock of white birds forming roughly a halo round the head of the woman. But it was the lighting effects that made the picture interesting, for he had spent weary labour on that effect of luminous grey, against which the woman's figure stood out black and strange.

Taking off his coat, he sat down on his stool and worked away at the painting for about an hour. Then, with a sigh, half of weariness, half of pleasure, he laid aside his palette and surveyed the finished work. The moon had set, so he made preparations to go out. Taking the cloth from his pocket, he spread it out and gazed reflectively at it.

Before he realised what was happening, a voice came from the other side of the door.

"Open!"

There followed immediately violent kicks on the lock of the door.

All at once Vogler felt a sick terror. There was no place to hide the incriminating cloth in the bare room, yet it had to be hidden. Another couple of kicks and the lock would burst. He was right; but just before the door smashed, with a sob of despair he flung the cloth in a heap over his easel.

A unit of Nazi storm-troops tramped in. Without a word the officer strode in and gazed around searchingly. Vogler could say nothing, and if he tried to move, the half-dozen troopers moved just a little closer. Meanwhile, the meagre furniture was ransacked and wrecked. But though they left both of the rooms in the wildest confusion, and

though the officer trampled and swore and kicked, nothing was found to warrant an arrest.

Vogler caught a glimmer of hope. The sign certainly did look like a rag duster flung over the easel, and might easily be unnoticed. Fortunately, the printing was entirely hidden from all sides of the room—a miracle that surely augured good luck. Almost straightway, Vogler had to catch his breath; one of the troopers swaggered up and gazed with bovine disdain at the picture, even raising the cloth with his bayonet to see it all; then, with the superiority of stupidity, he drove the bayonet through the picture, ripping it from end to end.

For a while Vogler was stupefied, and the officer was reluctantly prepared to go. But as the trooper was retreating through the door with the others, something akin to fury seized the poor artist, and picking up the stool, he dashed it into the cow-like, sneering face. The Nazi sank bleeding to the floor, and in another second Vogler would have had a bullet through him. But the officer shouted swiftly,

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot, you leatherheads!"

Doubtfully the guns were lowered, and an amazed murmur came from the men.

"Don't blame me," said the officer, "I'd cheerfully shoot the Communist swine, but old Becken has ordered us to make more arrests, for appearance' sake." He spat angrily. "Becken's a fool, but it's safer to obey him."

"What do appearances matter, anyway?" growled a trooper under his breath. "It would be safer to shoot him."

"Shut up!" cut in the officer, turning on him. "You needn't be frightened about the swine getting off without a bullet in his back. Why, the thing's a wonderful advertisement. 'Professed Communist attacks Nazi with intent to kill.' If Franz here lies low a bit we might even get a murder charge. Oh, he'll get his death warrant signed all right. Come on, Communist pig, we'll take you along to the slaughter-house."

All this time Hans Vogler had said nothing. But when the bitter irony of the thing slowly dawned on him, he broke into a harsh, staccato, hysterical laugh, that lasted till the officer struck him across the face, and then his nose bled all the way to the courthouse. J. McAULEY, 5D.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

They sailed down the river of golden dreams,

That winds through the valleys of youth,

Soft breezes stirred the rippling gleams,

Love lingered there 'neath white moonbeams,

And life was sweet on the river of dreams,

That winds through the valleys of youth.

But there sounded the roar of the waterfall,

At the end of the river of dreams.

The boat rolled over Time's granite wall,

There were broken dreams midst the spray's white-pall,

And the valleys of youth were beyond recall,

At the end of the river of dreams.

A.J., 5D.

SONG.

Come, lay him down,

New-decked and clean,

Then silent stand, and wait

Till from this scene

His shriven soul hath flown.

Come, shadowed Sleep,

And close those eyes

That never sought repose:

Weary he lies—

Now sleep, sleep, sleep.

Come, patient Death,

And cool his brow;

Draw forth his willing soul.

All's done, now;

He knows nor life—nor death.

J. Mc., 5D.

A HOLIDAY ON THE GREAT BARRIER REEF.

Early last year I had the good fortune to visit one of Australia's beauty spots, the Great Barrier Reef.

Leaving Brisbane we arrived at Gladstone, 326 miles away, early the next morning. This little town is situated on Port Curtis, one of the finest natural harbours in the world. Here we embarked on a little launch, and were soon off on our eight-hour run to the Capricorn Group. This group, so named because of its proximity to the Tropic of Capricorn, consists of Lone Reef, Heron, North-West, and One-Tree Islands.

Our headquarters were situated on Heron Island. Here we seemed to be living in a different world; no noise or the bustle of the busy city, just a tranquil serenity that seemed to say "men may come and go, but we remain unchanged." Fishing or exploring the hidden mysteries of the reef were the all-absorbing topics of the day.

These waters are an absolute anglers' paradise. All kinds of fish exist in profuse abundance in the crystal-clear waters of the channel between the reef and the mainland. Great giant mackerel weighing up to 60 and 70 pounds, Red Emperors, one of the most palatable fish in the world, shark mackerel, spotted trout in all the vivid hues of the rainbow, are just a few of the fish that are caught there. An hour's fishing between three produced a catch of over one hundred fish. That sounds a bit tall, doesn't it?

Another very important fellow that inhabits these waters is our old friend the shark, and his attache, the pilot fish. These attach themselves to the shark by means of a round flap upon their backs. In fact, the suction is so great that I have seen them sticking to the cabin walls (where we put them when caught) long after they were dead.

The reef itself around the island is a source of never-failing interest. At low tide, armed with a small spanner, one may wander round knocking off any beautiful piece of coral which may catch the eye, or exploring the nooks and crannies, where all sorts of wonders lurk. Beche-de-mer, fat sea slugs, prized as a luxury by the Chinese, seem to cover the coral bottom. The soup that is made from these is really delicious, but I am afraid would be no good to the modern housewife, as they have to be immersed in water for a week before the soup can be made.

The most dangerous of all the denizens of the coral reefs is the stonefish. When disturbed it curls itself up, looking for all the world like a black stone. A dose of the venom from one of its sharp spurs is sufficient to cause violent illness, if not death.

Turtles are not plentiful in recent years, owing to the depredations among them wrought by the turtle soup canneries on some of the islands, but still there were enough left for us to have some good races on the beach. With a piece of rope under their necks, the turtles, as steeds, provided the members of the party with some good laughs.

Although turtles lay hundreds of eggs, very few of the young survive, for as the baby turtles poke their heads above the sand they make straight for the water. Here the majority of them are devoured by hungry sharks and other fish.

It is a marvellous sight to see hundreds of baby turtles having their first swim, jostling and fighting for room to breathe in, but it is a great pity that so few of these harmless amphibians are destined to live.

Once the sun has set, which it does with startling rapidity in these latitudes, then the real beauty of the tropics is seen. Lazy, languorous nights—the sighing of the gentle breeze through the trees—the lapping of the wavelets on the golden fringe of sand; all these are conducive to a peace of mind not often experienced in these days of hurry and strife.

Sitting beneath a palm listening to the far-away strum of a guitar, played at the other end of the island, or gazing at the broad canopy of heaven, set with beautiful scintillating brilliants, through it all there is a pervading sense of security which makes you soon forget all your worries, and wish that you could remain under the spell of the tropical moon forever.

It was with the utmost reluctance that we left our little heaven on earth, but as the launch neared the town all that was soon forgotten. We were once more rushing around, collecting luggage, getting ready to disembark, and soon were back in the maelstrom of life. But still my memories take me back to those happy hours we spent on the Great Barrier Reef.

K. W. MCINNES.

A FRAGMENT FROM A LOST SAGA.

GUDRUN'S SONG.

—And walking in her garden, all in bloom,
 Was white-armed Gudrun 'neath the service trees,
 And plucked the roses, plucked the ripened berries,
 Cast blown and faded petals to the breeze;
 And pressed with lips of an intenser red
 Than scarlet poppies in a golden field,
 From service fruits the oozing juice they yield.
 Upon the mighty City of the Worms
 All shimmering fresh and golden in the sun
 She gazed, and heard the swirling river's song,
 That washed her purple shaded garden walls;
 She heard the sudden tumult of the throng.
 It broke the cool moist stillness of the pool
 That dripped and tinkled, sparkled in the blots
 Of leafy light and shade. It broke the hush,
 The calm and tranquil hush of summer noon.

Then,

"Go, nurse!" cried she, "and learn what this
 may mean,

It seem'th to me a cry of welcome joy
 To be, perchance 'tis not—but go!"
 Then went she, and returning quickly, said:—
 "'Tis Golden Sigurd, crafty Fafnir's bane,
 The Hero of the Volsung race. Thy brethren ride
 To greet him at the northern gate—But see!
 The grey-white dust cloud rolls upon the hill,
 And sweeps, and stills, and settling, disappears.
 With Gram, a glaring mirror (at his side),
 That blinds the eye with flashing silver heat;
 With Grane, trusty steed, he rides—'tis he,
 A point of light, a star, upon the hillside.
 Come, Gudrun, let me braid thy dark brown hair,
 Array thee in the Niblung Gold and jewels;
 For an I am not by myself deceived,
 'Twill be a day of feasting in the hall."

But Gudrun tarried, wistful, yet a while;
 Forebodings of her weird stole subtly o'er
 Her mind and left a train of thoughts, that told
 Of sorrow and of childhood's innocence
 That vanished in a dream-mist.
 And ere she left her garden, tarried and sang:—

"O dark red rose,

Whose petals shaded black like velvet rare,
 Enrich a Niblung maiden's braided hair,
 Thou art the fairest rose that blows.

O golden rose,

Whose tints are as the Autumn's, brown and
 yellow,
 When all the nuts are plump and fruits are
 mellow,
 Thou art the fairest rose that blows.

O daintiest pink rose,

Whose fragrance, wafted by a noon-day breeze,
 Drowns and lulls the lazily droning bees,
 Thou art the fairest rose that blows.

O palest rose,

Whose creamy petals, pearled with tears of dew,
 By moonlight seem of softest silver hue,
 Thou art the fairest rose that blows.

O roses all,

I saw you come and fade away.
 Alas! your age is but a day,
 O fairest flowers that blow."

—And singing thus, sped from the garden

—And was gone.
 SKALD, 4D.

THOUGHTS OF YOU.

Walking 'mid the halo
 Of the twilight's gleam
 Watching in the moonlight
 By a silver stream,
 Thoughts of days gone by, love,
 Come like some sweet dream.

In the bush so lonely,
 —Wandering afar,—
 In the ghostly darkness
 —For my light, a star—
 Then my mind doth follow
 You, where'er you are.

R. T. DUNLOP, 4D.

SPEECH DAY, 1933.

Owing to the large number of boys in attendance at the School, we were again unable to hold Speech Day in the Memorial Hall. Through the courtesy of the proprietor, the large assembly of both parents and boys was accommodated in the Strand Theatre, Parramatta Road, Leichhardt.

The stage was artistically decorated for the occasion with flowers and greenery, and the neatly arranged table of School Prizes and Sports Trophies. The programme opened with the lusty singing of the School Song, and popular patriotic songs sung at intervals throughout varied the programme effectively.

Those present included: Mr. F. Manning, LL.B., Attorney General of N.S.W., representing the Premier, the Honourable B. S. Stevens, M.L.A., Mrs.

Stevens, Mr. G. R. Thomas, Director of Education Mrs. B. C. Harkness, wife of Chief Inspector of Schools, Mr. K. Cramp, Senior Inspector of Secondary Schools, and Mr. N. McIntyre, Secretary of the Old Boys' Union.

At the conclusion of the addresses given by the various speakers, Mr. Cramp presented the Hume Barbour Debating Trophy, won on behalf of the School, and also handed each member of the team a bronze medal, after which Mr. Thomas distributed the large number of prizes and trophies.

Speech Day, probably the greatest event of the year to Fortians, concluded with cheers for the speakers, the School War-cry, and the National Anthem.

HEADMASTER'S ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1932.

ENROLMENT AND STAFF.

There are 870 boys (85 of them at Crystal Street), 24 classes (3 at Crystal Street), and 35 teachers at the School. Messrs. Stewart, Hanly, Beard and Crumlin were transferred since last Speech Day, and were replaced by Mr. Fraser (English), Mr. Pollard (Science), Mr. Sellors (French and German), and Mr. Davies (Latin and Greek).

PREFECTS FOR 1933.

B. S. Langsworth, Captain; A. D. McKnight, Vice-Captain; G. R. Bailey, Senior Prefect; A. F. Thompson, W. Funnell, D. J. McKenzie, A. J. Richardson, A. M. Surtees, A. M. Jenkins, R. E. Paisley, J. P. McAuley, J. W. Evans, W. H. Downes, H. D. Leggo, H. R. Walls, N. B. Watts, E. Riley, R. Roneston, F. Monaghan and A. Young.

DONORS OF PRIZES.

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

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

The Hon. B. S. Stevens, M.L.A., Premier: The Stevens' Prize for the best essay on a commercial subject. £2/2/-.

Dr. Verco: Verco Prize for best Maths. pass at Leaving, £2/2/-.

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

J. Taylor Memorial Prizes for the best passes in Geography at the Leaving and Intermediate. £3.

The donors of Sports Prizes are mentioned in Sports' Report.

TRAINING IN DEBATE.

As heretofore, every Upper School class engages in debate on Friday afternoons.

The Hume Barbour Debating Trophy and Medals, competed for by the seven metropolitan and the Newcastle High Schools, were won by the Fort Street team, which comprised A. W. Wheatley, E. B. Scribner and S. H. Wilson. During the last three years the School has won this trophy twice.

As usual, our Empire Day ceremony was managed by the boys themselves. The speeches were of high merit. The Chairman and speakers were B. S. Langsworth, School Captain, J. Frederick, A. McKnight, W. Downes, A. Jenkins, J. Colclough, J. McAuley, C. Rowley and F. O'Brien.

At the request of the Pyrmont Public School Empire Day Committee, R. Wholohan and A. Thompson addressed the assembled parents and children.

The Fourth and Fifth Year Dinner in November was again well attended by the boys' fathers. The value of the training the boys receive in debate

was shown by the ready way in which they moved and replied to the toasts of the evening.

THE SCHOOL UNION.

I am pleased to be able to record that the Union, in spite of the depression and the consequent and many exemptions from payment of fees, did good work during the year. Over 200 volumes were added to the Library, and four new historical pictures were hung on the walls. Loan books are now issued before 9 a.m., and the Library is used for reading only at luncheon recess. The School Magazine—The Fortian—was published twice during the year. The publication lost a very kindly and helpful critic by the death of the late Professor Brereton. Mr. Beard's place as Master in charge has been taken by Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Burgin is the Business Manager. F. J. O'Brien, 4C, is the new Editor, and H. Stewart and W. Lemon are the new Sub-Editors.

SPORT.

Mr. L. Johnson, Sports Master, again most ably directed this important branch of School work. Under the supervision of the teachers every boy in the School was provided with some form of sport on Wednesday afternoons. The boys who were unable to take part in the games remained at school and engaged in study under supervision.

A fuller report on sport will be read by the Sports Master, but in passing I should mention the following School successes:—

1st Grade Rugby Union Football—Undeclared Premiers.

3rd Grade Rugby Union Football—Premiers.

1st Grade Soccer—Undeclared Premiers.

4th Grade Tennis—Premiers.

1st Grade Cricket—Present holders of Shield—1932/33. The competition is still incomplete, but the School team is one of the three leading teams.

At the Combined High Swimming Carnival, the Junior Shield was won by Fort Street.

PLAY DAY AND HOSPITAL FUNDS.

Every class again produced a play. The Prefects and the Dramatic Society added two others. The attendance of parents and friends was splendid both during the day and at the night performance. The Ladies' Refreshment Committee, under the management of Mrs. Rogers, added very much to the enjoyment of the plays and the augmentation of our Hospital Funds. The boys' penny a week contribution was adequate to pay for the upkeep of the Fort Street Cot at the Renwick

Hospital. We disbursed in all £88 to the Renwick, the Alexandria, Rachel Forster, Lewisham and Auburn District Hospitals, to the Red Cross, Ambulance, Furlough House and the Children's Preventorium.

THE ANNUAL SCHOOL OUTING.

The Annual Picnic to National Park was well attended by parents and friends. The day was perfect, and passed off without mishap. A sports programme, "hiking," boating and picnicking were the main sources of pleasure. The boys and masters would like to have more friends with them this year.

THE OLD BOYS' UNION.

Since last Speech Day the parents and the boys enjoyed and profited greatly by two more sets of vocational addresses delivered under the auspices of the O.B.U., and by prominent old boys. On the first set the Medical profession was dealt with by Drs. A. Collins, S. H. Lovell and H. K. Porter; in the more recent one Mr. C. Brunson Fletcher, Editor of S.M.H., Mr. V. Hall and Mr. D. Kennedy spoke on Journalism, Advertising and the Public Service respectively. These talks are most helpful to parents confronted with the difficulty of choosing a profession for their sons, but the O.B.U. would be more heartened in their efforts to serve the School if more parents would avail themselves of these evening addresses. Recently Professor Charteris, of the Sydney Law School, gave us a very interesting and enlightening talk on the present situation in Germany. For this, too, we were indebted to the O.B.U., which has three splendid workers in Messrs. D. Kennedy, H. A. Snelling and N. McIntyre.

As the fee is very small for Fortians just leaving school, all such ex-pupils are strongly urged to join up with the Union, for their own and the School's benefit.

Our Speech Day function is being held in this theatre to-day because the School Memorial Hall is not large enough to accommodate both parents and boys. It seats 576, but the School enrolment is 870. In consequence, 294 boys have to stand during general assemblies.

The smallness of the hall will also militate against the School getting the full benefit of the proposed broadcast aids to school work.

As the result of a fete in 1928, we have £1018 at interest and in the safe keeping of the Under-Secretary. We had hopes in 1928 that the Minister would be able to use this money and

enlarge the hall—but the Minister (Mr. Drummond) had reluctantly to disappoint us.

Our Physical Culture work is much restricted by the lack of a gymnasium. The enlargement of the hall would make it possible to have a "gym." in the basement.

Fort Street zone is a large one, and the School each February must find room for 1st Year pupils and for 4th Year pupils from four Intermediate High Schools. At present at Fort Street we have 17 classrooms and two laboratories for 21 classes; and provision must be made also in our Science labs. for three Crystal Street classes.

As a solution of difficulties arising out of this, it has been suggested that a 1st Year unit be housed in Crystal Street Primary School building. To this, however, may be objected: (a) A number of teachers would lose valuable time travelling between the two Schools—10 minutes each way; (b) The boys would have no playground; (c) For Science practical work the pupils would have to come to Fort Street; (d) The C.S. unit would miss much of the corporate life of the School; (e) As the parents of Crystal Street boys always insist, Crystal Street is not Fort Street.

The work of the 1st, 2nd and 4th Year classes is proceeding satisfactorily. We have, of course, a small percentage of lads who are difficult. They do not lack genuine ability, but they are disinclined to make the efforts necessary to train and develop their memory. This is especially noticeable in their Latin and French studies—which for the first year or two are mainly memory work. The chief parts, conjugations, declensions, etc., must be memorised and regularly revised, because they are foundational. Boys who fail to do 1st Year's work in languages cannot immediately do 2nd Year's work in them. If they want Latin and French for matriculation in 5th Year, they should repeat 1st Year. In case they do not need Latin and have qualified for 2nd Year in other subjects, they should drop Latin and take up Geography, a most valuable study.

These remarks apply with equal force to 2nd and 4th Year boys.

HONOUR BOARDS.

For six years we have not been able to record the Honours gained at the Public examinations. The last entries in 1926 used up what space was left on the original boards. Unfortunately, the

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Department is unable to supply the School with further boards. It has, however, agreed to make and erect new boards in return for our paying the cost—£30—a sum of money not easily obtained these days. As a set-off, the Department has promised to have the Honours printed on the boards for us.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

Intermediate, 1932. 134 boys passed—This represents 87% of the possible. The percentage of passes in each subject was: English, 97.4%; Geography, 91.6%; Science, 83%; History, 76.5%; Maths., 73.7%; French, 72.1%; Commercial Work, 68%; Latin, 47.4%; German, 16.7%.

The A's obtained were: Science 64, English 55, Maths. II. 38, History 31, Maths. I. 27, French 24, Latin 12, Commercial 4, German 3.

The best passes were:—

L. Goddard, 7 A's; L. Rasmussen, 7 A's; K. Garvin, 7 A's; F. West, 7 A's; W. Shearer, 6 A's 1 B; C. Bushell, 6 A's 3 B's; C. B. Ferguson, 6 A's 1 B; E. Beaumont, 6 A's 1 B; R. Coffill, 5 A's 2 B's; R. Dark, 5 A's 2 B's; D. Murray, 5 A's 2 B's; G. Nicol, 5 A's 2 B's; C. D. Cumming, 5 A's, 2 B's.

In connection with the Intermediate, it should be noted that a boy who passes only in 4 B's is not yet fit for 4th Year studies. A boy who wants Latin, French, or both, should, if he fail in either or both of them, do 3rd Year over again. Otherwise he will fail again in 4th Year.

LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1933.

111 passed, representing 86.4% of the possible. English, 91.2%; Maths. 88.8%; Geography 76.5%; Economics, 76.5%; History, 75%; Science, 66.1%; Latin, 51.5%; French and German, 43%. Of those who passed, 79% matriculated. (Of these ten matriculated in March.)

A's and Honours: English, 28 A's, 10 Honours; History, 16 A's, 9 Honours; Latin, 4 A's, 1 Honours; French, 3 A's, 0 Honours; Maths. I, 59 A's; Maths. II., 43 A's—20 Honours; Mechanics, 6 A's, 0 Honours; Science, 34 A's, 15 Honours; Geography, 2 A's, 0 Honours; Greek, 1 A, 0 Honours; Economics, 1 A, 0 Honours. Total, 197 A's, 55 Honours.

N.B.—It is possible for a candidate to get First-class Honours and be awarded a B pass without Honours if he does not get an A in the pass paper.

Best Passes: J. C. Hay, 3H1, 1H2, 5 A's, 1 B; A. W. Wheatley, 3H1, 4 A's, 3 B's; R. G.

Giovanelli, 3H1, 5 A's, 2 B's; G. B. Cohen, 3H1, 5 A's, 2 B's; R. W. McCulloch, 3H1, 5 A's, 1 B; A. S. Middlehurst, 3H1, 3 A's, 3 B's; L. B. Hokin, 1H1, 1H2, 5 A's, 1 B; J. A. Melville, 1H1, 1H2, 4 A's, 2 B's; C. R. Cole, 3H2, 4 A's, 1 B; R. M. Kells, 2H2, 6 A's, 1 B; S. J. Wogan, 2H2, 4 A's, 3 B's.

Highest places in State and First-class Honours:

(a) J. Hay, Mathematics; (b) A. W. Wheatley, Physics; (c) R. W. McCulloch, Latin.

(For two years in succession the School has gained top place in the Maths. Honours.)

Scholarships and Prizes.

Barker Scholarship for Maths., J. Hay.

Horner Exhibition for Maths., J. Hay.

Council of Education Scholarship for General Proficiency, R. A. Giovanelli.

Killeen Memorial Prize (General Proficiency), J. Hay.

R. and F. Evatt Memorial Prize (Essay), I. Hamilton.

Stevens' Prize (Essay), H. P. English.

Verco Prize (Maths.), A. W. Wheatley.

J. Taylor Prize (Geography), R. M. Kells.

O.B.U. Prize (Best Fortian), J. Hay.

Fortian Prize for Verse, J. McAuley.

Fortian Prize for Short Story, A. Surtees.

Exhibitions: Medicine, R. P. Lockley; Law, J. A. Melville, T. L. Snelson; Arts, R. W. McCulloch, C. K. Robertson; Engineering, A. Middlehurst, J. Hay; Science, J. Wogan, L. A. Hokin, S. B. Cohen, R. G. Giovanelli.

Ex-pupils at the University:—

J. Kerr/31, 1st Year Law—1st place and Pitt Cobbett Prize for Constitutional Law.

A. G. Hammer/31, 1st Year Arts—Lithgow Scholarship for Philosophy.

S. J. Hazlewood/31, 1st year—Wigram Allen Scholarship for Maths.

E. Hooke/26, L.A.B.—Gold Medal, — Patine/29, 3rd, and A. Coulson/29, 4th.

Fort Street boys have topped the L.A.B. exam. five times in the last six years.

E. Dunlop/28, M.A. in History—First-class Honours.

J. Shepherd/30 (son of Town Clerk), top place in 2nd Year History—George Arnold Wood Memorial Prize.

M. Joseph, B.Sc.—First class Honours in Physiology.

F. Rogers/31—First place in Botany in Pharmacy section, 1st year at University—Winner of Gray Prize for Botany.

PRIZE LISTS.

FIFTH YEAR.

J. C. Hay, Dux of the School, 1st in State in Maths. H1; Phys. H1, English H2, Mechanics A., Barker Scholarship and Horner Exhibition for Maths., Killeen Memorial Prize for General Proficiency. O.B.U. Prize for best Fortian of the year.

A. W. Wheatley: 2nd in G.P., Dr. Verco Prize for Maths. H1, Physics H1 (1st in State), Mechanics A.

R. G. Giovanelli: Council of Education Prize for G.P., Maths. H1, Physics H1.

S. B. Cohen: 4th in G.P., Chem. H1, Maths. H1.

R. W. McCulloch: 1st in State in Latin H1, Maths. H1, Greek A. Best Senior actor, Play Day.

A. S. Middlehurst: Maths. H1, Phys. H1.

L. A. Hokin: Chem. H1, Hist. H2.

J. A. Melville: History H1, English H2.

R. M. Kells: English H2, Hist. H2, J. Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography A.

G. E. Horan: English H1. Best Senior Female Impersonator, Play Day.

N. R. Henry: French A.

E. F. Cameron: Economics A.

Ian Hamilton: Essay on Australian Ideals. R. and F. Evatt Memorial Prize.

Harold P. English: Essay on Co-operation and Co-partnership. B. S. Stevens' Prize.

K. G. Wybrow: 2 French.

A. Jenkins: Best Empire Day Speech.

FOURTH YEAR.

A. M. Surtees: 1 G.P., 1 Maths., 2 German.

G. R. Bailey: 2 G.P., 2 Eng.

W. R. Blunden: 3 G.P., 1 Mechanics.

D. J. McKenzie: 4 G.P., 2 Maths.

B. A. Coleborne: 1 Greek, 1 Latin.

J. C. Frederick: 1 French, 2 Latin.

J. P. McAuley: 1 Eng., 1 Germ., 2 Frch., 2 Chemistry.

J. Colclough: 1 Physics.

J. C. Norrie: 1 Chem.

J. G. Somerville: 1 Geog.

W. Funnell: 1 Economics, 2 Physics, 2 Mechanics.

W. H. Downes: 2 Hist., 2 English.

E. P. Coleman: 2 Maths.

THIRD YEAR.

L. S. Goddard: 1 G.P., 1 Science, 1 History, 2 Maths., 7 A's.

L. Rasmussen: 2 G.P., 7 A's.

K. M. Garven: 3 G.P., 7 A's.

W. G. Shearer: 4 G.P., 6 A's, 1 B.

H. F. Stewart: 1 English.

W. Randall: 2 Lat., 2 French.

F. G. West: 1 Lat., 7 A's.

R. R. Coffill: 1 French, 3 Latin, 6 A's, 1 B.

C. W. Bushell: 1 Commercial Subjects, J. Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography. 6 A's, 3 B's.

D. N. Murray: 2 Hist., 5 A's, 2 B's.

C. D. Cumming: 1 Maths., 3 Hist., 5 A's, 2 B's.

SECOND YEAR.

R. A. Carey: 1 G.P., 1 Lat., 1 French, 2 Eng., 2 Hist., 1 Maths., 2 Science.

J. V. Lyons: 2 G.P., 1 Eng., 1 Hist.

F. J. Karnaghan: 3 G.P., 3 Hist.

R. W. Walker: 4 G.P., 2 French, 2 Latin.

N. S. Hing: 1 Science.

A. K. Graham: 1 Geog.

E. T. O'Case: 1 Commercial Work.

L. Cohen: 4 Maths.

G. John: Best Junior Actor, Play Day.

FIRST YEAR.

J. S. Mitchell: 1 G.P., 1 Maths., 2 Science.

J. Denham: 2 G.P., 1 Eng., 1 Hist., 2 Maths.

R. M. Virtue: 3 G.P., 1 Science, 2 French.

L. A. Chessell: 1 Geog.

N. L. Metcalf: 1 Latin.

D. A. Fraser: 1 French.

L. S. Moore: 1 Commercial.

R. T. Arthur: 2 English. Best Junior Female Impersonator, Play Day.

L. D. Wheeler: Best Individual Costume, Play Day.

TERM DANCE.

"There was a sound of revelry by night" at the Term Dance, held in the School Memorial Hall on Wednesday, 10th May. A goodly attendance, an excellent orchestra, and a highly polished floor were conducive to the success of the evening. Thanks to the good work of the Ladies' Committee, whom we thank heartily for their ser-

vices, the gaiety of the evening was concluded with an excellent supper.

Everybody is looking forward to our next dance, which will probably be held at the end of July. Those who missed the last one ought not to miss the next. We can assure them that it will be bigger and better and brighter than ever.

A.J.

"THE DREAMER IN THE LANE."

I have heard them calling to me, when their
carefree carols drew me
Through the broken scattered stubble to the
willows in the lane;
When the morning's blood-red glory made a back-
ground for their story,
And the bushland throbbed in harmony to hear
their glad refrain;
Came the Magpie's warbling chorus, when our
lives were all before us,
Taught me love of mankind's laughter long
before I knew its tears;
For the world is filled with sorrow, but the ever
secret morrow
Holds the faith that steels all human hearts to
face the pregnant years.

Wondrous grew the world around me, when no
ties of duty bound me,
And I built my golden castles with the con-
fidence of youth;
Life was happy and uncertain, but the years have
moved the curtain,
To disclose the tinsel trappings that had seemed
so like the truth.
But there'll be a happy homing, in the quiet of
the gloaming,
When the blinding lime-light splutters and its
brilliance dies in vain;
And the joyful notes at even, sweet as angel-song
in heaven,
Floats enchanting through the willows to the
dreamer in the lane.

F. JOHN O'BRIEN, 4C.

DAYBREAK.

The first grey shades of coming dawn spread o'er
Th' horizon misty in the dying night.
The early wak'ning bird on wing doth soar,
And, flashing like an arrow from the sight,
Pours forth its song of welcome to the day.

Now swells o'er all the birds' sweet melody;
And echoing lightly through the trees and
flowers,
It blends its glad bewitching psalmody
In happy hidden dells and secret bowers
With fairy songs and elfin harmony.

The shades of grey are now a crimson glow
Which, ever-deep'ning, sheds o'er all its light.
The gentle morning breezes whisper low,
As to the parted spirits of the night,
Which now are fled to realms beyond the world.

From grey, through crimson warmth, to glorious
gold
Across the hilltops comes the morning light.
And see! in splendour which can not be told
The mighty sun now bursts upon the sight,
To rule the earth with heav'nly majesty.

Hail, beauteous day! Upon whose strong young
wings

Fresh hope, fresh joy, fresh love and peace
are brought.

Thou fairest child that gentle Nature brings,

Hail, hail! How sweet to us the joyous thought
That each new morning is a grand new birth.

R. DUNLOP, 4D.

"THE PRISONER'S SONG."

Mind you, I have nothing whatever against my uncles and aunts. After all, I don't suppose it is their fault. They can't help themselves. But I do object to their offspring, and whenever I meet them that little phrase "justifiable homicide" always creeps into my mind. But it is when they come to stay with us that my usual mental equilibrium is violently disturbed. It is then that I find myself unconsciously sharpening the tin opener.

As soon as they are inside the door they rush the book-case, and out come my books, prizes most of them, that I have cherished for years, keeping them in beautiful condition (except that half the pages are out and the covers are missing). Now, a fellow likes to look after that sort of book, and so it doesn't sweeten the temper to see little Johnny and Claudie and Frankie demonstrating their extensive knowledge of modern impressionistic art all over them with enormous black pencils.

The next item in their programme of assault is my tennis racket, rather a good one, except that the frame is broken and there are no strings in it. I am told that it's a family heirloom, handed down from father to son right through the ages. So I think I am quite justified in stating that I object to little Johnny, Claudie and Frankie trying to knock palings out of the front fence with it.

Last time they began a new procedure by attempting to lynch the cat with my best tie. Now, that tie cost me a lot of trouble to select. "Look here," I said, "if I catch you doing that again I'll kick—the cat." (I hadn't meant to say that, of course, but my aunt came in just then.)

At last I got them to go outside, whilst I settled down with a luxurious sigh of perfect contentment to do some mathematics.

I was awakened by a terrific shriek. I opened my eyes to find myself staring into a great black hole. Terrified, I trembled on the brink of this yawning chasm. Gradually, however, it grew less in extent, and after a while Johnny's mouth shut completely.

"Frankie 'it me," he said. I felt strangely comforted. "Never mind," I said, and in a weak moment produced a bag. "Like a lolly?" I asked.

After five minutes straining and heaving, I pulled him out of the bag. There were lollies to the right of him, lollies to the left of him, in fact, the confounded lollies were all round him,

not to mention inside him. And how many were left? No, gentlemen, not the six hundred. . . .

After tea, they found my banjo. Now, it's rather a good banjo, except that you can't play it, and the back's out of it. I have also been forced to use nails, bits of wire, leather and string to keep it together and make it look presentable. Otherwise it's quite good. So perhaps you can imagine my feelings when I saw it coyly reposing in the centre of the table whilst little Johnny, Frankie and Claudie laid into it with a cricket stump, the fire-tongs, and a boot-last respectively.

"Perhaps," I said, with bitter sarcasm, "you'd do better with an arm-chair."

"Ah!" broke in my uncle, "never mind. They're only young. It's the spirit of youth; youth and—and——"

"Gaspar Ruiz," I snarled.

"Johnny," said my aunt, with her usual tact, "you might break that, dear. Come, Johnny, sing for us."

The awful horror of what she was proposing dawned upon me. "No, no," I said, with a ghastly smile. "Let him alone. He's doing no harm." I was too late.

The only song he knows is "The Luggage Van Ahead." It is DEADLY. Moreover, I don't consider it a proper song for a child to sing. It teaches him to be dishonest and to try and cheat the Government. You see, it's all about a low, deceitful man who was too mean to pay his wife's fare, so he made her go in the luggage van, although I can't see why on earth she didn't simply crawl under the seat. At any rate, any decent man would have been gentleman enough to travel via the cattle truck himself, and not put his wife in there. My own opinion is that the original version of the song put his mother-in-law in the truck. This seems more logical.

After the last shriek had died a natural death, Frankie demonstrated his claims to be a member of the Spanish Inquisition by singing a song which stated, in maudlin terms, "Father, dear father, come home with me now," because poor little Benny had developed measles or inferiority complex, or something. The old man, however (so the song goes), had been caught like that before, and wouldn't leave until he heard the usual "Six o'clock, gentlemen."

Claudie struck a happy note with "Mammy." Al Jolson can't compare with Claudie. During the long sobbing pauses of the song, I heard a

lone dog answering what it thought was the call of its mate.

Finally, after little Johnny had shown how much better he could sing little Frankie's and Claudie's songs, and little Frankie and Claudie did the same thing, they went in to get undressed for bed. And I settled down to a quiet game of cards with my uncle. We were playing euchre, when three pairs of bare feet pattered into the room. Three pyjama-clad bodies climbed on to the table. Not a word was spoken; only, three pairs of eyes followed the game with intense interest. Three pairs of eyes gleamed expectantly as each card was placed down. They reminded me of tigers' eyes, shining in the dark. I shivered.

My uncle placed down the left bower (jack of hearts). I laughed, and placed on top the jack of diamonds. At that instant, three pyjama-clad figures hurtled through the air, and landed with a terrific thud on the table, while three voices shrieked in unison, "Grab!"

Slowly and sadly we put away the cards. . . .

There is for me one consolation, one bright star of hope. By the time little Frankie and Johnny and Claudie are my age, I hope to have at least three children of my own. Now and then we will take a week-end visit to their place. And I shall sit back and watch, and then,—Oh, Paradise, Oh Paradise!

A. W. JENKINS.

ON GARDENERS AND GARDENING.

"God Almighty first planted a garden." Which is quite a good beginning; the only drawback being that at least thirteen other essays or books on the subjects of gardens, gardeners or gardening begin in precisely the same way. However, if the quotation is not original, the action certainly is. It is one of the few actions that are, because no two people plant a garden alike. Never has anyone planted a garden as beautifully, as originally, as God first did.

Man puts things in rows, clips them into odd shapes, or crams them with food, so that they grow huge, and what is worse, coarse. Man starves things and pushes them into tiny pots, so that they will grow little and become small-flowered. Man has never been struck with the fact that perhaps things are best as God made them. But he means well, and if you will only leave him alone, he will gradually learn to imitate Nature more and more. In fact, he is learning now—is changing from the mathematical man-garden to the poetical Nature-garden. The increased number of rockeries shows this progress.

God plants all things in the wild confusion of Nature; they ramble at will, and are even more beautiful for it, for there is in their pretty wilderness the indescribable touch of mad beauty, of orderly disorder, that marks it Nature's own calm work. It is uncopiable by man. He has never planted a forest with all the weeds and grasses and wild flowers in their right places, the places God would have put them in. When next you see a man's garden that is purposely arranged to look just a little like Nature's work,

whether it be a dandelion in a crack in the path or a wallflower in a crack in the wall, say to yourself, "I have found a poet." Whenever you come upon some little idiosyncrasy of a garden that strongly suggests Gods' work, but is really man's, you cannot help being shocked by its realism.

After all, man **does** try. There is nothing I like to see better than the verandah of a house that has no yard, full of white-washed kerosene tins and old pots without handles with geraniums in them. To me they are no longer white-washed, but washed white. Every true poet has his nine bean rows. One reason why both the gardeners mentioned above are poets in this: You must admit that the man who lets Nature do his gardening, who takes weeds with flowers, and thinks just as much of them, is closer in touch with Nature and with God.

It is one of the great puzzles to the child-mind why some things are weeds and others not. The child is more attracted to a field of dandelions, that have caused a farmer a little worry, than to whole hothouses full of exotics that have caused a gardener endless worry. When you travel to a foreign land you are charmed by the flowering weeds that the people of that land despise, because these plants are unfamiliar to you, because you have not been brought up to despise them as weeds. This is only another proof of the old saying that "Familiarity breeds contempt." In other words, you are favouring man's cultivated weeds to God's natural weeds. All the plants in Eden were wild because Adam never

thought of taming them. And now, those people who regularly wage useless wars on those nasty little bulbs called "onion plants" or "nut grass," that grow in the lawn, will be shocked and cry Oh! and clasp their hands in amazement that I should dare to mention weeds; that I should suggest that they might spare a few in their gardening. Yet it is just as stupid to have a garden all weeds as a garden all flowers. A deserted house has about it a peculiar charm, the roses with the oats, and those little "onion" plants that vex the gardeners so. These are the very ones that children love best. It is a hard race between them and dandelions and "puddings." Children think them twice as fine as garden flowers, bring them home and plant them triumphantly in the tulip-bed, which only bears out the truth of the old adage that "Where Ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Furthermore, what if their bulbs do smell unpleasant? So do "Crown Imperials"—their flowers are quite as pretty as snow-drops, and their perfume is sweet and heavy like the tuberose's.

Next, if you're annoyed or in a dull mood, go out into the garden and dig. You become in much better spirits, in much closer contact with Nature, by digging your hands into the soil and getting them dirty. To want to make mud-pies is a natural impulse. Obey it!

The real gardener is always gardening. Dean

Hole was always dreaming of his roses, and of how much potash should be given to each plant to prevent mildew, and of whether canker was affecting his favourite Marechal Niel this year, otherwise he would not have "a glorious old rose, friends," as Redgum would say, "bearing his name." If anyone ever went straight to Heaven, it was the Dean; not because he was a Dean, but because he always wore a flower in his coat; a flower in his coat, not for show, but for a downright love of flowers, and that alone would balance all else. And speaking of Redgum reminds me of his kindly "old friendish" talks, and of all the glorious—which is his favourite adjective—the glorious flowers we must not fail to plant this year, and of the good, honest, Australian "Damn!" he says to the clock when it cuts him short. He makes you want to be a gardener, as he has always been one himself, even when he sold coal and coke and firewood; watching spring come in flowers and go in flowers, and summer come in flowers and go in flowers, and so with autumn and so with winter, year in and year out, and still enjoying himself.

I often wonder whether the First Gardener had the same trouble as I have in raising his herbaceous calceolarias, or whether his tuberous begonias rotted in damp weather as mine do. I don't think so; for God Almighty first planted a garden.

SKALD, 4D.

THE EVEN.

Apollo's beam burnt bright and fierce to-day,
And glaring blazed the landscape on my sight;
My straining eyes were scorched and wished
for night,
My brain was numbed, to bitter thoughts a prey.

Dull and bewildered then, I wearying lay
To rest: Ah! mocking cruel-named delight;
When lo! the lamps of evening were alight:
The jewels of a queen in bright array:

With silent wash she sailed that mystery deep,
And glittering, but softly, gleamed these skies,
The stillness of her soothing counselled sleep.

Refreshed, from blissful slumbers I arise,
Calmed by the calm of Nature, who doth keep
An awful orb, which like us lives—and dies.

C. FERGUSON, 4D.

CAVALCADE.

PROLOGUE.

The fanfare rolls aside the clouds,
 And upward shines the golden light,
 Whilst ever pass in death-grey shrouds
 The ghosts who gave to England, might
 That never wanes.

Up the slope the nobles ride,
 And over the rise,
 With silken banners all unfurled,
 Gossamers lifted and lightly curled
 And drooped in the breeze.

O'er the plains the nobles ride,
 Soft scented with flowers,
 Far from the wild and craggy hills
 Wand'ring amidst the pale daffodils
 That yellow damp woods.

By the stream the nobles ride,
 And chaunt the dread dirge
 That floats across the mournful meads
 Stirring the languid and lean green reeds
 By lush river-lawns.

Down the steep the nobles ride
 In sharp silver rain;
 The war-winds through the poplars whine
 Mirrors of steel in the lightning shine,
 And black blood-pools drip.

Through rolling mists the nobles ride,
 On ghost-steeds of white,
 With crimson plume and purple plush,
 Panoply bronzed in the sunset flush
 —The hosts of the dead.
 § § § §

EPILOGUE.

The clouds roll back and hide again
 The upward ray of Truth and Right,
 But still pass on the glorious slain
 In endless line—and all is night
 That never fades.

H. STEWART, 4D.

DEBATING.

Debating has again this year been carried out under the guidance of a central committee, and it was thought that the fine inter-class competition held last year would be conducted again this year. But, unfortunately, it has been found necessary for three of the Fifth Year classes to have Latin in place of debate, thus upsetting the whole scheme, which last year proved of inestimable value to the Hume-Barbour team, which gained much useful knowledge from this competition.

A Fourth Year competition was held during the first term, and was won decisively by 4A from 4D, and the high standard reached augurs well for our major teams next year.

Although our first team this year missed this

early training, they should, nevertheless, make a good showing in the Hume-Barbour competition. While it is not wise to be boisterously optimistic, our three speakers are quietly confident of, at least, making a close finish.

The three chosen are Fredericks (leader), Jenkins and McKnight, and they are being coached by Mr. Rose, who has thrown himself wholeheartedly into the work. The competition is a knock-out one, and there will be three debates, for which the subjects are "Universal Suffrage is in the best interests of the State." "Machinery has benefited the world." The third, however, has not yet been chosen.

We conclude by wishing them the best of luck.

UNCLES AND AUNTS.

Dim recollections of an amiable old gentleman come to me to-day as I write. Somewhere in an obscure niche of my memory there sits a corpulent figure, of whom the only part visible is a jovial face, brimful of happiness, trying strenuously to crease itself into contented and blissful smiles. Round about this veritable war of the dignity of middle-age and the laughter of youth, I see a wreath of smoke, fragrant and attractive, coiling its way about the pipe and its owner, until the figure in the niche is no more.

Poor Uncle Jim! How happy I was when those first impressions of his sunny character were cutting a deep, imperishable memory upon my yielding imagination. Then came the day of the first bitter anguish in my otherwise happy life.

With feelings of dread and restless dissatisfaction, I recall the moment of parting with Uncle Jim. Far across the mountain where we stood, Jim and I, I heard the thunder echo its warning of impending doom. I turned to Uncle.

"Why did God make the thunder, Uncle Jim?"

He paused and gazed into my child eyes. A pang shot to my heart. The dagger of fear had made its first thrust, and my heart, inexperienced, bled.

"'Tis not God's thunder, Robby boy. God made the thunder to welcome the rain, to quench all our thirsts, for all thirsts can He quench. He gave us thunder as a blessing to revive us, that we might live."

I listened, spellbound.

"But yonder," he pointed downwards from the mountain to the seething earth, "there is naught but destruction and ruin. Burnished tubes reek with the ravaging they have wrought, and the stench of devastation pervades all. Pillage, havoc, and murder,—murder, murder everywhere. And above it all, with an artificial leer of victory, of mockery and sham-heroism, pride,—pride the luring, pride the foul tempter—stretches forth a hand decked with ornaments and a white glove, to hide a black diseased body, and beckons them onwards (and they came)".

His lips quivered. My tears were now mingling with his. His honest heart was smitten.

"That's man's thunder, Robby,"—I knew what he would whisper next,—"and that's where I must go."

I cried aloud in grief, my tears choked me, and Uncle Jim disappeared in that awful cloud of smoke.

"For all thirsts can He quench," rang in my ears. "Man's thunder, destruction, ruin, murder." How could I forget! O God, that Thou wouldst quench this thirst for pride and vain-glory! And my broken heart was indeed soothed, but not without an ache.

From out this staccato of pounding words and lead, there emerges an old woman with a quick tongue and a sympathetic soul. A queer nature, but a blessed mixture, nevertheless!

An avalanche of sorrow swept over me and her. But she scolded me for my neglect of petty duties and my misery, and made me blow my nose when I wept. I often wondered whether the memory of her husband was dear to her. Then, one night, whilst I, in my grief, was idly reading a fairy tale, I heard her in the next room softly weeping and praying. (She had been reading Tennyson.)

"Ah, God, may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."

She paused in her prayer, and gently whispered, "I hope to see Him with my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

I soon learnt to love Aunt Emily. Too soon she passed the bar. There was no moaning, but after her departure, great storms raged in my heart, calmed only by the memory of her sweet influence.

Uncle Jim was an uncle, and Aunt Emily was an aunt, because they couldn't have been anything else. Some men are uncles because they can't avoid it. Many women become aunts through relationship.

But I will never believe that Uncle Jim was my uncle because he was mother's brother, neither was Aunt Emily my aunt because she married Uncle Jim. Such statements are absurd. Just imagine Uncle Jim a brother, or Aunt Emily a sister! Anybody can see that Jim would have been my uncle whether mother liked it or not, and Emily was my aunt from the moment she was born, and only married Jim so that they could concentrate in union upon me.

I earnestly believe that they were heaven-sent people, and that I was the object of their care because I needed it. I shudder to think where I

would be now without having come in contact with them. They made manifest to me a greater love than their own, kept me from the dazzling fares of this world, and gave me a purpose for the next: To help those who are crippled by pride

and misfortune, always to look for the best side of a fellow-being's character; and to look forward to a joyous reunion with all good uncles and aunts.

C. FERGUSON, 4D.

EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS, 1933.

Empire Day was celebrated at the School with the customary enthusiasm on Wednesday, 3rd May. The entire proceedings were conducted by the Fifth Year, the chair being occupied by the School Captain, Bruce Langsworth.

The first speaker, John Fredericks, gave a short address on the subject, "Peace, Goodwill and the League of Nations." He deplored the way in which the nations of to-day had disregarded the very teachings of Christianity, upon which they were supposed to have been founded, and, while professing peace, were still looking to war as the only way in which their disputes might be settled. The League," he said, "had not failed in its work.—It had been successful in promoting goodwill between nations in several instances. But it was the great "Confederacy of Nations," the British Empire, that must lead the world in the struggle for peace."

Allen McKnight, who spoke on "Australia's Place in the Empire," traced the growth of the nation from the landing of Cook to the 25th of April, 1915, which, in the words of the speaker, had "blazed the name of Australia across the sky in letters of gold."

William Downes, speaking of "The Origins and Characteristics of the Race," said that he attributed the success of the Empire mainly to national sentiment, and showed how the different stock introduced into Britain at various times by the early invasions had influenced the race. "Without the spirit of goodwill, the Empire," said the speaker, "could never hold together as it had done."

Allan Jenkins paid a tribute to that "invisible host of Empire builders," who strove to keep the Empire together, and over whom the sea of life has closed without a ripple. "What greater memorial," he asked, "could any man have, than to be considered a part of this great Empire, and to live, and fight and die for it?"

It was that great army of men who have gone

down into unknown graves that has helped to make the British Empire what it is to-day.

Speaking of the National Anthem, Jack Colclough said that its authorship was doubtful. It was thought, however, to be the work of a certain John Bull, and to have been written about 1606. Colclough also traced the origin of the Union Jack, and showed how the three crosses of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. George had been united in the one great Flag.

"The ideals of the Empire" formed the subject of a short address by James McAuley. An ideal, he said, was more than a mere word—it was a practical thing. He showed briefly how far the ideals of the Empires of Greece and Rome were removed from those of the British Empire, among which Truth and Honour were perhaps the greatest.

Cecil Rowley proposed a vote of thanks, asserting that we lived at a time of noble inspirations, the greatest of which was the story of Anzac. The speeches of the day, he said, were a great incentive to work towards the Empire's ends.

In seconding the proposal, John O'Brien, of Fourth Year, said that the value of Empire Day was the inculcation of that glorious imperial sentiment which resulted, perhaps unconsciously, from the annual speeches.

John Fredericks responded to the vote of thanks, and the chairman concluded the meeting by calling for three hearty cheers for the King and the Empire.

D.P.McP.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in language, of which it is one,
My next is in heaven, but never in sun,
My third is in torture, for which it was made,
My fourth is in impots., and again in afraid,
My last is in "manus," the word for a hand—
My whole is the hardest to know in the land.

Answer: Next issue.

T. SANGWELL, 2D.



A MAZE AND THE WAY OUT.

The Templeton family live next door to us, and we are on very friendly terms, but we used not to speak; at least, Dad and Mum didn't speak to them. I did, that is to say, I spoke to Maisie Templeton over the garden wall, although not supposed to.

The trouble began, when, with a real Don Bradman drive, I sent a cricket ball right through one of their bedroom windows. That was bad enough, but the ball did not stop there. Mr. T's head was in the line of fire, and it was broken too, only not so badly as the window.

The window was easily repaired; there was no trouble about that. Father paid for it in the first place, and I paid it back to him on the time-payment system. Mr. Templeton's head, however, was a different matter. When he came round with it tastefully decorated with bandages to create an impression, Mother laughed, and so his feelings were injured too.

Innocently, I caused more trouble, through being too kind-hearted. One dark night I saw a man crawling around in the next garden, and naturally I thought it was a burglar. I could not very well report the matter, not being on speaking terms, but did what I thought was the next best thing. Taking deliberate aim with half a brick, I hit the supposed burglar a good one in the small of the back. It was Mr. Templeton collecting snails.

Then one day Father decided to take us all to explore the Plumpton Maze, and unknown to us, our next door neighbours had arranged to visit it the same day.

Father told us he knew the way out, but after we had wandered round for two hours we all began to have our doubts. It was certain he did not, because three times we passed a banana

skin, and it seemed to me to be the same one each time. However, he was very determined, and so we wandered round again. Mother got cross and said she would not go another step till someone came to our aid. Father and I went on, and left Mother and the rest behind.

Shakespeare or somebody else once said, "That truth is stranger than fiction." It proved so in this case. Father and I had just gone round a few turns, when to our surprise we met Maisie Templeton and her Mother, both on the verge of tears and hopelessly lost. Mr. T. had gone off on his own to try and find someone who could lead them out. I could not very well pass Maisie under those circumstances, and Father slowed down. I told them just to follow us up as Father knew the way out. Would you believe it, we had not gone twenty yards before we arrived at the entrance!

But what of Mother and the rest of our party? Mr. Templeton in his wanderings passed them twice; the third time he could not very well look as if he were out for a stroll, and had to stop and confess to Mother he was lost. Together they set off, and they too, after some little footwork, managed to find the way out, just as Father was trying to bribe a little boy to go in and look for the lost ones.

The meeting of Stanley and Livingstone in darkest Africa was nothing in comparison to our reunion.

Mr. Templeton and Father did a good impersonation of the Siamese Twins on the way home. Maisie and I improved on it. We are all good friends now, and often laugh over our adventures in Plumpton Maze.

J. C. WEIR, 1B.

THE LATE SIR JOSEPH CARRUTHERS

K.C.M.G., M.L.C., M.A., LL.D.

Among the ranks of our greatest "Fortians," none has played so large a part in the public affairs of the State as did the late Sir Joseph Carruthers, who died last December.

Born in 1857, eight years after the foundation of Fort Street School, which he later attended, Joseph Hector Carruthers was ever a conscientious and brilliant pupil. He graduated a Master of

Arts in 1879 at Sydney, and was admitted to the Supreme Court in the same year.

Turning to politics, he was quickly successful, becoming a member of the Legislative Assembly in 1887, and Minister for Education a year later. During his tenure of this office he founded the Sydney Technical College. In 1894 he became Minister for Lands, and held this post until 1899.

In the meantime, he worked unceasingly in the cause of Federation, side by side with another Fortian, Sir Edmund Barton—"Australia's noblest son."

After serving as State Treasurer under Sir George Reid, he combined this office with the supreme honour of the Premiership in August, 1904. Ill-health forced him to relinquish the leadership in 1907, and soon afterwards he was appointed to the Legislative Council, and was honoured by the title, K.C.M.G. His activities since then are too numerous to set down here. Sir Joseph's passion was the study of agriculture, of which science he became an authority in the State.

Captain Cook held a special interest for him, and his book on the life of the great seaman is widely known.

Sir Joseph was a trustee of Cook's landing place at Kurnell, and he was also instrumental in having a statue of Captain Cook erected in London. He also induced the American Government to dedicate to Cook's memory the spot where the latter was killed at Hawaii.

In the world of sport his activities were no less interesting and full. He was chairman of the N.S.W. Cricket Association and of the Board of Associated Race Clubs. As a sportsman he was an ardent cricketer and footballer, and, in his later days, one of the best rink bowlers in Sydney.

Other positions filled by Sir Joseph were the membership of the University Senate, founder of the University Students' Union, trustee of the National Park and the National Art Gallery, and a director of many public companies and other bodies.

It is pleasing to note that we have again a Fort Street Old Boy as Premier of New South Wales. Moreover, of the three men who were mainly responsible for the drafting of the Constitution of Australia, two of them, Sir Joseph Carruthers and Sir Edmund Barton, owed their early training to this School, and each was truly the maker of his own destiny.

F. JOHN O'BRIEN.

OLD BOYS' REMINISCENCES.

An enthusiastic supporter of Fort Street at the C.H.S. Swimming Carnival was an old boy, Mr. A. J. S. Ford, of Manly. In conversation with one of the present masters, Mr. Ford produced a badge (reproduced here) which was struck in 1899 to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the founding of the School.



"We also held a sports meeting at Sydney Cricket Ground," said Mr. Ford, "and I won the hop, step and jump, and the potato race. Most of the prizes given were silver trophies, and I was disgusted when I found that my prize was to be a mere fishing rod. A mate of mine, C. Selmes, was equally disappointed at receiving a 'five-stitcher' cricket ball. We thought of exchanging prizes, as he fancied the rod and I liked

the ball, but we were afraid to go home without the prize we had actually won, so we made no deal. We didn't meet again until we had returned from the War. The first thing he asked me was, 'Have you still the rod?' I said, 'No. I sold it to my uncle for 1/- before going away to the War.'"

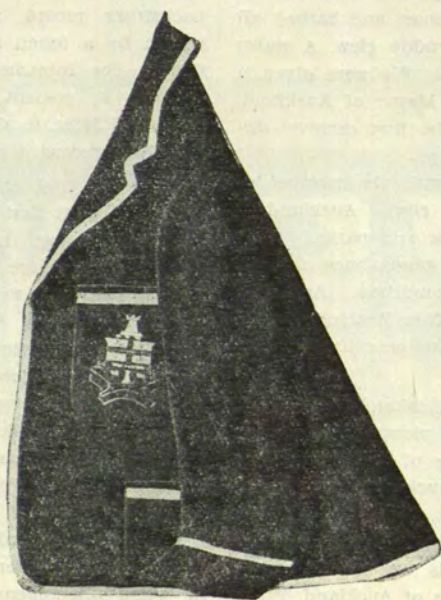
Mr. Ford pointed out Mr. C. P. Schrader, of Sydney High, as one of the masters who taught him in '99.

Recently Dr. J. A. Gruen called at the School, and was intensely interested in the photographs of the beloved "Joe" Taylor, the photograph of "Johnny" Hunter's class, and those of the old "Heads." He looked in vain for other photographs he remembered.

I wonder would it be possible for all School photographs to be kept in some kind of album? It is impossible to find wall space to hang them all, yet they are undoubtedly of intense interest to Old Boys who drop in. Some day, when the new hall is built, we might have an Old Boys' day, and these "archives" would afford both interest and delight.

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WITH THE AUSTRALIAN SWIMMING TEAM IN NEW ZEALAND.

I had the great honour to be chosen as a member of the Australian swimming team to tour the Auckland Provinces of New Zealand. The team, comprising O. Griffiths, F. Griffiths, V. Besomo and myself sailed by the R.M.S. "Niagara" on Tuesday, the second of March, 1933.

After a very pleasant trip across the Tasman, we arrived at Auckland at about 7 o'clock in the morning. We were on deck in time to see a glorious sunrise. The sun peeped over one of the many islands in the harbour, and bathed all the countryside in a warm, ruddy glow. A warm welcome to Auckland indeed. We were given a Civic Reception by the Lord Mayor of Auckland, and for several days before the first carnival devoted ourselves to sight-seeing.

One was struck at once with the number of hotels and parks about the city. Auckland is often called the city of "pubs and parks." The parks are all planted with gaudy-hued flowers, and all are kept in perfect condition. Auckland is called the Queen City of New Zealand on account of the gardens and the beautiful scenery generally.

Whilst in Auckland we were taken to Mt. Eden, recognised as the best scenic viewpoint in Auckland. This mountain is one of five, about 300 feet high, which surround Auckland in a semi-circle. On the summit of Mt. Eden, which is an extinct volcano, is a concrete square with a table in the centre, on which is an enamel map, pointing out all the viewpoints of Auckland. From here a truly remarkable view can be had of Auckland nestling close to the Waitemata Harbour, of the Great and Little Barriers which lie in Hauraki Gulf, and the curious Rangitoto. Rangitoto is an extinct volcano, and the curious fact about it is that it looks the same no matter from what direction you view it.

One of the show spots of Auckland is the Elderslie Race Course. Its surroundings are more beautiful than our Sydney Botanical Gardens.

Before the depression a staff of thirty gardeners was employed; this will give some idea of the size of the gardens.

We found the bathing facilities were much in advance of Sydney, and that the City Council, unlike the Councils of Sydney, had catered for the public by erecting substantial baths. The City Baths, or Tepid Baths, as the name implies, are heated, and it is in this bath that all the great

racers are held. We were unable at first to become accustomed to the water, and this was a large factor in our being defeated on the first night of the Carnival. At this Carnival Vic Besomo and myself succeeded in breaking the 220 yards senior and 220 yards intermediate records respectively.

Three Carnivals were held in this bath, and resulted in a number of wins for both teams. Vic Besomo succeeded in lowering the 100 metres backstroke record, and although I myself was beaten by a touch in a 300 yards race by Noel Crump, the Intermediate champion of N.Z., and perhaps at present the best swimmer there, I succeeded later in defeating him, and creating a new N.Z. record for 150 yards.

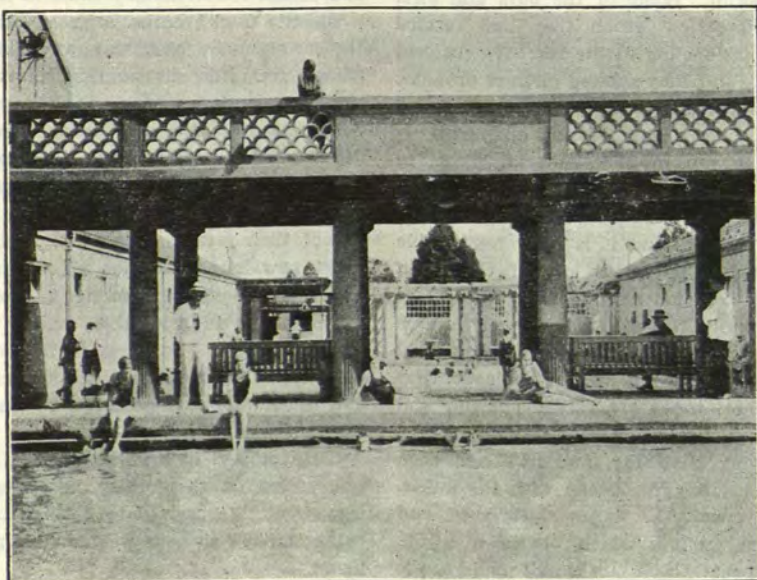
After the first carnival we began our country tour, and went first to Gisborne, 300 miles south of Auckland, on the Bay of Poverty. In this thriving town there are no less than three baths. During the tour we found that every school of note had its own baths, and no town was too small to have swimming baths. Gisborne is a very prosperous town, and is a scene of much activity on the waterfront. At this place I lowered the New Zealand 100 yards record. We returned to Rotorua through a gorge, noted for its scenery. This gorge is 50 miles long, and there is not a piece of road that runs straight for more than 200 yards. We returned to Rotorua, the place of wonders of the thermal region and of weird phenomena, to be found nowhere else in the world.

At Rotorua the N.Z. Government has erected magnificent baths, really two baths—one for children and one for adults—to cater for the tourists. The water is kept at a temperature of 93 degrees Fahrenheit, and is said to have great healing powers. The water, which is mineral, tends to make one feel languid, and is not conducive to fast swimming. However, at the carnival held on the night of our arrival, we were successful in defeating the 50 yards champion of New Zealand, W. Whareaitu, a Maori boy.

On the next day we were taken for a tour of inspection, and visited Whairakei, about 50 miles distant from Rotorua. Here one is able to view all the wonders of the thermal region in a small area. Geysers, boiling mud, springs, steam jets; in fact, all the weird and wonderful phenomena are there. The most remarkable thing is the

regularity of the geysers—the locals call them their timekeepers. Their precision and clocklike regularity is marvellous. These geysers shoot boiling water high into the air. The thing that has the most fascination for everyone is the boiling mud ponds. These are just like huge mud pies, giving spasmodic upheavals and forming curious shapes, which are always a fascination to the tourist.

During our stay we were almost adopted by the Maoris of the village of Ohinemutu, and were taken to see all the sights that Rotorua could boast of. The Maori, like all the light-coloured races, is a very happy person, and his outlook on life is not serious, and he never seems to worry. He has his share of indolence, which is a feature of all native races. But the Maori is recognised as the intellectual and political equal



BLUE BATHS, ROTORUA, N.Z.

We also visited Whaka, a thermal centre within a mile of Rotorua. This is very much similar to Whaerakei. A huge boiling mud pond about 100 feet square is the main attraction. One could sit and watch for hours as the mud heaves and portions are thrown up into the air, which descend and form the shape of a lily or some other flower. It was at Whaka that a man stood on the edge of a stream, caught a trout, turned round, boiled him in a hot pool, and then ate him on the spot! We were also taken on a tour of inspection of the lakes. The most noteworthy feature about this was the Blue and Green Lakes. These two lakes are separated by a very narrow strip of land, yet one is intensely blue, while the other is quite green.

We continued our tour, but later came back to Rotorua to have a week's holiday.

of the white man in New Zealand. He is a shrewd business man, and drives a hard bargain, but when not on business bent can be most generous. If a Maori had 10/- and one of his friends in need of money asked him for a loan, although it might be his last few shillings, he would give it. We once spoke to a man who had associated with the Maoris for years, and he said, for good friendship, generosity and hospitality, the Maori was without a peer. From what we had to do with the Maoris, we can fully endorse this statement.

The great sport amongst the boys and men was marbles. In front of the Whare, or meeting house, is a bare piece of ground, kept warm by the steam underneath, and this is lighted by a floodlight, and is the chief playing ground. An amusing incident occurred to me one night. I

was invited to a game of marbles, which offer I readily accepted. I played a boy about my own age, the others gathering around. By good luck I succeeded in defeating him. This was a very fortunate victory, as he turned out to be the local marble champion, and I now became the youngsters' hero, and they always followed me about in an admiring throng.

We spent many pleasant hours in the lake, or an inlet of it which was warm. The Maori is a born swimmer, and no matter how young or how old, can swim. Some of the boys and girls had quite good styles, which they had formed themselves by just fooling in the lake. We coached several of these, and they showed distinct promise. It would not surprise me in the least if one of them was to become a New Zealand champion.

The Maoris, of an evening, entertained us in the Wharei with songs, both Maori and English, pai-dances, hakas, and the Maori is known everywhere for his singing, and it is truly remarkable to see the manner in which any of them can play a musical instrument by ear. They harmonise wonderfully whilst singing, and are a pleasure to listen to. In the action songs several rows are formed, and at the sign of the leader they begin. The Maori tunes are very melodious, and the actions, consisting of wiggling the hand all the time, swaying the body, and now and then stamping the feet, are in rhythm with the music. As their bodies sway, the flaxen skirts swirl and make a swishing sound, which fits in with the music. The pois, which are small balls made of flax, with a piece of string on the end, are

employed by the girls in poi-dances. The music is played and the tune is kept time to by twirling the pois. This calls for a great amount of skill and a supple wrist. This dance I thought was the most picturesque of all the Maori dances. These dances were interspersed with Maori love ditties and hakas by the men. The aim in the haka is to try and put on the fiercest expression one is capable of, and great and varied are the results, not to say comical.

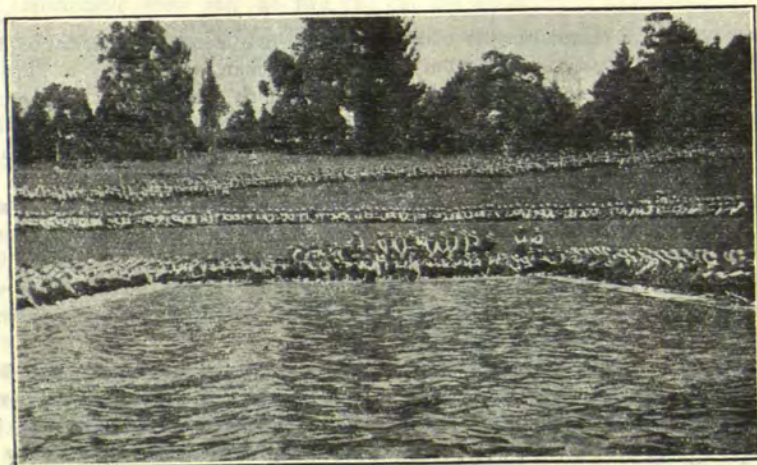
After a glorious week of sightseeing, picnics and concerts, our holiday came to an end.

On the last evening a great dance was held in our honour, and was attended by all the Maoris from the surrounding country. We were presented with a shield, the Arawa Shield, for competition in the 100 yards championship of the N.S.W.A.S.A. This event is regarded highly, as the shield is (practically) priceless, as the wood is over 100 years old, and came from the house of one of their famous chiefs. It was carved by an artist now long dead, but for what purpose it is not known. Since carving is now a lost art amongst the Maoris, this further enhances its value.

The next day we caught the train for Auckland, and reluctantly said good-bye to many new-found friends.

We competed in another carnival at Auckland, and sailed on the Friday, after many touching farewells. We arrived in Sydney on the R.M.S. "Monowai" in glorious weather, happier and wiser men.

CARL B. PHILLIPS, 5E.



HAMILTON SCHOOL BATHS, N.Z.

OLD BOYS' PAGE

OLD BOYS' UNION.

The annual general meeting of the Old Boys' Union will be held in August next, when a survey of the activities of the year will be presented.

The Union has increased steadily in membership, and has endeavoured to render good service to Fort Street and Fortians, as far as possible, in all practicable spheres. The usual round of social events has been interspersed with sporting and civic commingling of Fortians of all ages. Perhaps the biggest achievement has been the formation of the Welfare Committee, which has successfully placed and is placing a number of Fortians in employment. The importance of this work cannot be over-emphasised. Employers and others knowing of vacancies can render real help by getting in touch with the Secretary of the Welfare Committee, Mr. W. C. Taylor (M 2606).

[It is hoped that we may be able to proceed soon with the erection of the old iron gates that have been brought from Fort Street Girls' High, at the Fort Street entrance to the School.]

The general work of the Union goes on. There is room for every Old Fortian in the Union—its opportunities are limitless, its capacity is limited only by the support and enthusiasm of Old Boys.

The Committee is always pleased to hear from any Old Boy, particularly with suggestions for the benefit of members generally.

NEIL HALLEY McINTYRE, Secretary, Room 101, Manchester Unity Building, 185 Elizabeth Street, Sydney (M 6272).

LIMBO.

Those who know what this title means are assured that it is used figuratively only. Yet, because the School continues to send forth more and more promising youths, it is opportune to mention some who are not lost, though gone before into the wide world.

The late Sir Joseph Carruthers is referred to elsewhere in this publication, and it remains only to express here the universal sense of loss at the passing of one so widely esteemed, who all his life was proud to proclaim himself a Fortian.

Fort Street has lost another old friend in the late Professor J. le Gay Brereton, who was much more than a teacher to very many Old Boys.

The Hon. D. G. Ferguson, formerly of the Supreme Court Bench, continues his service to the community by acting as Commissioner on the Taxation Reform inquiries. Mr. Justice Ferguson is one of our greatest contemporary Old Boys.

The Union's lectures on Choice of Career have brought many prominent Old Boys before present boys and their parents. Messrs. A. V. Maxwell, K.C., P. C. Spender and Halse Millett, for Law; Drs. A. J. Collins, H. K. Porter and S. L. Lovell for Medicine; C. Brunson Fletcher, J. Victor Hall and D. E. S. Kennedy for Journalism, Advertising and the Public Service; and Ivo Kerr, C. Glassop and A. Tapsell for Accountancy, Insurance and Banking respectively.—All are well-known in their respective spheres, as well as among Old Boys.

In the Medical world Fortians continue prominent. One of the most recent acquisitions is Dr. J. Lowe, well remembered for his football. Others who come to mind include Drs. Lovell, Starr, McNaught, Furner and Dance; while among Medical Undergraduates, Fortians are conspicuous.

The latest Old Boy to receive the University Medal in Law, with 1st-class honours, is Edwin Hook, recently admitted to the Bar, and serving as Assistant-Secretary to the Solicitors' Admission Board. Jack Patience and Arthur Conlon also figured in the Honours list.

Recent Solicitors include Messrs. Alexander, Hudson, Minchin, McInerney, McIntyre, Stevens and Sweeney.

Among Dentists, C. S. White and L. Cohen are mentioned as at New England and Griffith respectively.

Congratulations are due to Eric Dunlop, who recently graduated M.A. with first-class Honours in History.

Arthur Lowndes and George Lambie were heroes of the blizzard episode on Mt. Kosciusko during the last School-trips.

§ § § §

Ted Burley is the new Secretary of the Dramatic Society, which has a big programme in hand.

§ § § §

Our old friend and patron, Mr. A. J. Kilgour, continues to be as enthusiastic as ever where Fort Street is concerned, and we wish him the best of health and happiness.

§ § § §

Thoughts revert to "Follywood" at the 1928 Fete, when the voice of John Pickard is heard over the air. John is making a name for himself in the theatrical world.

§ § § §

All Fortians will join in congratulation of the Langsworth family, with its distinction of having Bruce now following Layton's example as School Captain.

§ § § §

X It is pleasing to note the success of the Davis

Cup team Captain, J. Crawford, who has kept the School well represented in Tennis.

§ § § §

A future in Football is prophesied for L. Sender, of the 1932 XV., now playing League with University. Tom McInerney continues to star as University's half.

§ § § §

Appointment to the inspectorial staff of the Commonwealth Bank interfered considerably with Cyril Solomon's batting aggregate, despite which he was well up in the list.

§ § § §

With the ball, in conjunction with the Old Girls' Union, now over, the dinner will be the next big function. Last year's was a great success, and this year it will be interesting to see who really is the oldest Old Boy present, and who the youngest. Date and place will be arranged soon. Fortian Ex-Soldiers should keep in touch with Mr. H. C. Winkworth, of Winkworth & Son, for the Ex-Soldiers' dinner.

THE OUTCAST.

Along the lonely winding track
He wandered on, the weary tramp;
His head was bent, he ne'er looked back,
For backward meant but Sorrow's camp.

E'er trudging on his dreary way,
God only knows from whence he came;
And onward lies, from day to day,
A silent road, always the same.

Off swings his swag; his scanty fare
Is eaten in some distant part;
When sleep bids gone his dogging care
He rests awhile his broken heart.

'Tis then he dreams of better days,
When he was young and careless yet,
When he was quicker in his ways,
Before he earthly sorrows met.

Times change, and now a wand'ring wreck
He slowly drags his weary way;
Until at last the Greater Trek
Leads finally to Better Day.

R. T. DARK.

THE "BUCKETTS."

(The Bucketts are a range of hills to the west of Gloucester. These are noted for their sheer rocky walls and the rugged beauty of the surrounding scenery.)

Gaunt and grim they raise their rugged heights
Into the darkened sky,
And cast their mournful melancholy frown
To where the mortals' town
Destroys the tranquil beauty of the plain.
They hear there once again
The curlew's lonely cry,
The dingo howling through the silent nights.

Searching eyes can trace their outline dim
Against the twinkling stars,
And dark, forbidding, is their sullen grace
From rocky top to base;
And, gently sloping from the river, creeps
Their first ascent, then leaps
By walls, and crags, and scars
From verdant fields to lofty masses grim.

R. T. DARK.

“—WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS !”

“I,” said the Very Young Person, “should like to steer !”

Of course, we forgave him; after all, he was very, very young. So we gently, but firmly, explained to him the impossibility of handing over the control of our frail craft to such a young, irresponsible fellow. The wisest and most experienced man of the crew must take the tiller. We were all agreed on that point. “But who,” asked the Very Young Person, “is the wisest and most experienced ?”

Now, I cannot understand why he asked that question. The answer should have been evident—even to him. With an indulgent smile on my face, I waited for the paean of praise for the native sagacity, talents, and courage of one George P. Anderson—myself !

Frank opened his mouth to speak, and I hung expectantly on his lips (and that is **not** the reason why Frank has a split lip). But alas ! for my hopes of recognition of my invaluable services. For Frank seemed to labour under the delusion that he was the man needed ! However, this is by the way. It was at last settled that we were to take turns at guiding the destiny of our boat. And so we stepped aboard the “Saucy Sara.”

Now, what the “Saucy Sara” was meant to be, I know not. We gathered in a vague kind of way from the be-whiskered personage who hired her out at an exorbitant rate, that she was a palatial yacht, and was the pride of the boat-building trade. We found her to be a row-boat with a hole drilled in the seat, and another through the bottom. Through these went the mast. The first mast brought us was as heavy as lead. Bill expressed the opinion that once shipped, it would sink the boat. On being fitted into the holes (through the latter of which the water was spurting in a continuous stream), it slid straight through, hardly touching the sides of the holes, and, before anyone could stop it, had plunged right through the bottom of the boat into the depths. We never saw that mast again. I have often wondered what wood it was composed of.

The next mast proffered fitted better, albeit the water still came through continuously. On my pointing this out to him, the boatman first looked at the weather-vane, then at us, and, with a knowing leer, asked if we had any experience of boating? We regretted to say that we had not.

“Then,” said he, regarding us again with his

unlovely leer, “that leak, being where it is, won’t matter.” So we took his word for it, and left it at that. And so we set out. . . .

There were five of us.—The Very Young Person (whose name, by the way, was Jimmy), then Frank, Bill, and myself. And, of course, Percy.

Bill took the helm first. We others set about separating Percy from the sails (he always managed to get entangled in something), and then we began to hoist an unwieldy mass of canvas into its place. (I would have liked to say “snowy canvass” for poetic effect, but, having sworn to tell the “truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth” about our voyage, I regret to state that I cannot !) However, after repeated efforts, we managed to arrange it so that, besides catching the wind, it would look as if it was a sea-manlike piece of work—from a distance of half-a-mile !

We had no sooner got the affair fixed when, with a violent jerk, the wind struck us—broad-side ! The boat shot forward, foam creaming back from the bows. Then I found myself thinking, amongst other things, of the boatman’s words, for verily, he was a prophet ! For the water, instead of coming in through the hole, which was somewhere near the centre of the boat, was coming over the lee taffrail ! So, in the approved yachting style (I had gathered my experience of it from the illustrated sporting journals), we gripped a rope, and, bracing our feet against anything which seemed fixed and stable, we leaned over on the windward side, thereby throwing all our weight into an effort to bring the boat to an even keel. While straining thus in a horizontal position, I was horrified to observe Percy clamber over the side on to my legs, and walk slowly and carefully along my rigid body until he came to my face. He then licked me, and rubbed noses (far from being a native, he is a sky terrier, with a dash of this and a dash of that—in fact, he is mainly composed of dashes). I got rid of him by coming quickly, and even violently, to the upright, nearly catapulting the poor creature over the boat—in fact, I should have done so, only the sail happened to be in the way, depositing him back into my face !

However, to proceed. All this time we were bowling along at a great rate, with Bill reclining gracefully in the stern, surveying the blue summer sky. I looked ahead, and, as I did so, a

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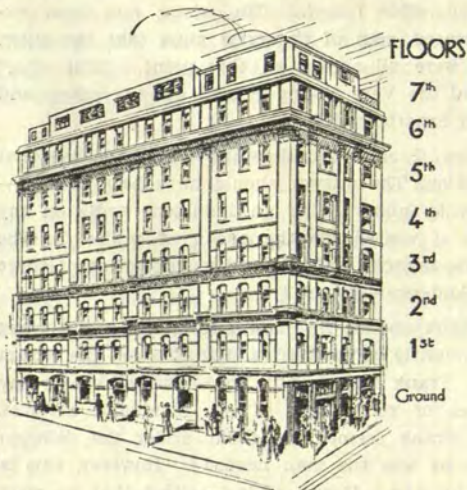
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boat shot into my line of vision. Now, I never lose my head in an emergency. I am the man of action of the party. So I cried, in my best nautical style (the boat was five yards distant), "Bill, for heaven's sake starboard your helm!"

"What does that mean?" cooed Bill gently to the heavens. The heavens answered not. There followed the shouting of men and the creaking of cordage (that bit is from Aeneid, Book I.). I remember hearing Percy yelping, while I lay on my back, with Frank on top of me, and the bow-

sprit nudging me in a comradely way in the region of the stomach. I prefer not to remember any more.

So I will not tell you what our new acquaintances said to us, nor what we were charged for being towed home, nor what the boatman said when he saw what had been "the pride of the boat-building trade." I will only remark that never, never again will I go out in a boat with Bill, Frank, and the Very Young Person—nor with Percy.

V. KIELY, 4D.

"FORTIAN" PRIZES.

The untimely death of Professor John le Gay Brereton last February robbed the School of one of its most valuable supporters. The Professor had, for some years past, judged the verses and stories submitted to the "Fortian," and was always ready to offer advice and criticism to literary aspirants.

Messrs. Waldock and Howarth, of the Sydney University, kindly consented to judge the contributions for 1932, and we hope to have their services in future years.

Mr. Howarth, a former Captain of the School, is well known for his literary work, in England and Australia, although he is still a very young man.

While at Fort Street he wrote the School Song, and subsequently became one of the most distinguished and prolific contributors the "Fortian" has ever had, as well as being a sub-editor of the paper.

When the work published in last year's "For-

tians" was reviewed by the judges, they agreed that the most outstanding verse was that of J. McAuley, entitled "Madness," while A. Surtee's "Fate" was deemed the best short story.

To quote from the judges' letter: "We agree that of the poems, 'Madness' deserves the prize, if only for its conclusion. Apart from the imaginative element, there is some command of form, shown especially in the unobtrusive yet effective introduction of rhyme. 'Night and Rain' (C. J. Clarke) has, at times, an impressive movement, though it is all a little vague. Despite its technical faults, 'Pansies' (H. F. Stewart) reveals sensitiveness for beauty and a feeling for language.

"Among the short stories, 'Fate' strikes us as best. Its elements may be a little astonishing, but the design and idea of it are good. The writer clearly knows how to construct a short story; when he learns to apply his method to real life the results should be interesting."

SCHOOL BADGES.

Some misconception still appears to exist, especially in the junior classes, with regard to the wearing of School Badges and Blazers.

The regulation School metal badge is the maroon shield type largely worn throughout the School. The rules of the Union, however, do not sanction the wearing of the round metal badge, which does not incorporate the shield in its design. Moreover, the round metal replica of the sports badge is not a School badge, and should not be worn.

With regard to blazers, the Union recently consented to allow a new pocket design to be used by city firms. The new pocket has the School badge embroidered somewhat smaller than usual, and is surrounded by a second shield of white.

The honour badge for any sports blazer may be worn only by Prefects, members of the Debating Team, representatives in the Senior division at any C.H.S. Carnival, and by those who have played three matches in a first-grade team engaged in any competition sport. A written order for this blazer is obtainable from the Sports-master.

A line is added beneath the pocket to show how the wearer became entitled to the honour. In the case of Prefects the line is in gold letters. In all other cases white lettering is used. A shield is added to the blazer for premierships, and each year "blues" are awarded for outstanding merit.

The two-tone braid may be worn on any School blazer.

GENERAL PROFICIENCY—LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

At Speech Day, May, 1932, the Headmaster made the following remarks: "As regards the relative values placed by the University upon the scholarship subjects, one is at a loss to know why Latin and Greek, whilst they have a very real value in a High School curriculum, should be given so much preference over other subjects, that Ancient History receives 50 marks more than Physics or Chemistry, and Latin and Greek each 50 more marks than any other subject."

It is very pleasing to be able to record now that the Senate of the University, at its regular meeting, 12th June, 1933, has decided that the maximum marks allotted to each subject shall be the same as those allotted at the present time in the Leaving Certificate Examination.

On the recommendation of the Professorial Board it was decided:

1. That so long as the General Proficiency Scholarship is awarded on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination, it should be given to a candidate who shows proficiency in the following subjects:

- (i) English,
- (ii) an ancient language,
- (iii) a modern foreign language,
- (iv) a mathematical subject,
- (v) a scientific subject,

and in not more than two of the following subjects not already taken, of which not more than one shall be taken from any one of the following sections:

Section A—
 (a) Modern History,
 (b) Ancient History,

(h) Mathematics II.
 (i) Mechanics.

Section B—
 (c) French,
 (d) German,
 (e) Latin,
 (f) Greek.

Section D—
 (j) Physics,
 (k) Chemistry,
 (l) Geology,
 (m) Botany,
 (n) Zoology.

Section C—
 (g) Mathematics I,

Section E—
 (o) Geography.

The maximum number of papers to be taken is ten, as prescribed by the regulations of the Board of Examiners for the Leaving Certificate. For the purposes of this recommendation, the mathematical subjects shall be the present Mathematics I. and Mathematics II., and the scientific subjects shall be Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology and Geology.

2. That the maximum marks allotted to each subject shall be the same as those allotted at the present time in the Leaving Certificate Examination.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

A Book Prize, valued at thirty shillings, is offered by N.Z. Perpetual Forests Ltd., for the best essay on "Softwoods Afforestation—An Empire Necessity."

Entrants must be pupils of Fort Street Boys' High School, and must be over 15 years of age. Names and addresses must be submitted to the Editor on or before 15th July, 1933.

Objects of the Essay are as follows:—

To make any disinterested person realise that:—

1. The Empire's softwood supplies are being depleted at a rate far exceeding the rate of replacement, so that a serious shortage is inevitable.
2. Vital industries are dependent on pulpwood as a raw material, and science continues to find new uses for pulpwood.
3. Areas where softwoods can be grown speedily are few, and more intensive planting should

be carried out in such of those areas that have a favourable climate and good power and transport facilities.

4. Local industry and employment will be created in planted areas when trees mature, and the Empire will benefit by possessing supplies of a commodity which is in increasing demand.

Facts and figures relating to the essay subject will be made available to all entrants when names are received from the Editor.

The essay shall be written at Fort Street Boys' High School on a date to be fixed, in August or September. Two hours will be allowed for the actual writing of the essay.

In the interim a short address on pulpwood and by-products will be delivered at the school. The date and time of this address will be notified later by the Editor.

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SPORTS MASTER'S REPORT.

In this branch of School activity we met with a larger measure of success than has been our lot for several years. The hearty co-operation of the staff and the splendid team spirit manifested by the boys under their charge has been responsible for an all-round improvement.

The maximum number of teams was entered in all competitions conducted by the P.S.A.A.A., and, in addition, our boys obtained more than their share of places in teams representing Combined High Schools.

About 300 boys are catered for in competitive sport throughout the year. This number, out of a total of about 850, must be regarded as eminently satisfactory.

Other members of the School community are well catered for by the arrangement of class games, where sport is usually taken very seriously, especially by the younger boys.

We yield place to none in the provision of equipment for our various activities. There is ample material for the use of every boy in the School, and there is an open invitation to parents to inspect our stock at any time when visiting the School. If the magnitude of our operations were better understood, there would undoubtedly be a larger measure of co-operation with us on the part of parents in this important branch of School activity.

AWARD OF BLUES.

As a result of the past year's activities, "Blues" for outstanding merit in sport to boys of excellent character have been awarded as follows:—

B. Langworth: Captain of the School, Captain of the 1st Grade Cricket team, Captain of the 1st Grade Rugby Union team, Senior Athletic Champion, Combined High Schools' representative in Cricket and Rugby Union, an excellent sport and a thorough gentleman.

T. Walsh: An outstanding player in Rugby Union, and a good all-round cricketer.

K. Gray: One of the most promising batsmen in the School's XI.

L. Sender: One of the cleverest exponents of Rugby Union in High Schools within recent years.

L. Broadhead: Last year's Captain of the winning Rugby Union team; a tireless player of outstanding ability.

L. Coleman: A clever five-eighth, who contributed largely towards his team's success in Rugby Union.

I. Peatty: A promising forward in the Rugby game.

C. Phillips: An outstanding swimmer, whose deeds are recounted elsewhere.

A. Burge: Another swimming champion.

T. Wright: Captain of the winning "Soccer" team, and a clever exponent of the game.

I. Sharp: A consistent performer in both Cricket and Soccer.

F. Bissaker: The School's Tennis champion.

CRICKET.

Fort Street was represented by one of the strongest elevens of recent years. Aply led by Bruce Langworth, and efficiently coached by Mr. P. Gilhome, we expected great things of them. Unfortunately, the P.S.A.A.A. competition had a very unsatisfactory conclusion. It being impossible to decide which was the winning team, the controlling committee decided that "the premiership be not awarded." Fort Street still holds the competition shield, which our boys won during the previous season.

The Second, Third and Fourth grade teams, after good beginnings, did not meet with a large measure of success. However, each team had more victories than defeats to its credit. Messrs. Wallace, Burtenshaw and Everett acted as careful and efficient coaches.

Two members of our First Grade team were selected to represent C.H.S. in their annual match against the N.S.W.C.A.—B. Langworth and J. Armstrong.

Both boys batted confidently, and scored more runs than any other member of the side.

RUGBY UNION.

Six grade teams were engaged in competitions arranged by the P.S.A.A.A.

The First Grade team had its most successful season since 1926, and secured the premiership with an unbeaten record. The School now holds the coveted McManamey Shield. In competition matches Fort Street boys scored 75 points against their opponents' 23.

Our team had six of its members selected to represent C.H.S.—L. Broadhead, B. Langworth, L. Sender, L. Coleman, F. Rogers and I. Peatty, all of whom played well, especially against R.M.C., when Fort Street boys gained the whole score.

Much of the success achieved by this splendid

team was due to the keen interest and careful coaching of their manager, Mr. D. J. Austin.

The Third Grade team also secured premier-ship honours after a very keen contest with the Technical High School. Their keenness on and off the field, and their clever match play, was largely the result of the unstinted efforts of the team coach, Mr. R. K. Wilson.

The Fifth Grade team, in charge of Mr. S. Bendeich, performed consistently throughout the season, but were unfortunately beaten in the final game.

The Second, Fourth and Sixth Grade teams, while not meeting with the same success, played the game for the game's sake, and thoroughly enjoyed their experiences. All showed evidence of considerable improvement as the season progressed, and so manifested the value of the training given by Messrs. Kirkwood, Brodie and Hanley.

SOCCKER.

For the second time in succession our 1A team were undefeated premiers. The boys had an excellent season, and its success may be accounted for by two factors, viz., constant and thorough practice, and efficient coaching by Messrs. Roberts and Waterer.

During the season our representatives scored 36 goals to their opponents' 6. Every boy in this team was selected in one or other of the two teams representing C.H.S. T. Wright, I. Sharp and Taylor were the outstanding players.

Our 1B team played good football, but were no match for their schoolmates of the premier team.

The Second Grade team also had a good record. Of 10 matches played, 5 were won, 3 were lost, and 2 drawn.

BASEBALL.

First Grade. This season's team seemed rather weak at the commencement of the season, but under careful tuition rapid improvement was made, and our chaps reached the final, when they were narrowly beaten by North Sydney.

The Second Grade team was equally successful, but had to be content with second place in the competition.

The thanks of both teams are due to Mr. J. Dunne for his able management and sound advice.

TENNIS.

A large proportion of the School's population prefers to play Tennis on Wednesday afternoons, the number approximating 250 boys. This state of affairs is worthy of a ladies' college. Hence the

Sportsmaster's perennial growl. It is our considered opinion that some 200 of these boys should be playing real boys' games. Mothers! Your boys must leave your apron strings before very long. Your tender care and overweening anxiety will not be able to provide shelter for them when they have to battle along on their own. Let us help you to train them to face their future in these difficult times. You cannot over-estimate the value of team sport in character building. Give your boy his chance to learn something which he cannot learn in any other way. He will thank you later for the opportunity you have provided.

The School Championship games to decide the winner of the Anderson Cup attracted nearly 40 enthusiasts. After a very exciting contest, F. Bissaker triumphed over R. Willmott in the final match.

In the P.S.A.A.A. competitions the First Grade team was least successful. Against very strong opponents they could not do better than gain fourth place.

The Second Grade team narrowly missed the championship, after an exciting struggle in the final round.

The Third Grade team finished third, while the Fourth Grade team continued their run of successes. For the fourth year in succession this team has won the premiership without the loss of a single match.

The whole of the arrangements for tennis, which at present involves the hiring of some 40 courts, and the allotment of teams, is in the capable hands of Mr. F. C. Wootten.

ATHLETICS.

While the School had good average performers in this branch of sport, there were no individual athletes of outstanding merit. Our senior team was outclassed at the C.H.S. Carnival, but managed to gain third place.

These contests are open to boys attending any High School in the State, with an age limit of 20 years. The standard is particularly high, and only a first-class athlete has a chance of success.

Our junior team, however, was of considerable merit, and after a hard-fought contest, tied with North Sydney for the Competition Shield.

The Under 14 team found opposition too strong for them, but managed to secure third place in the championship.

The School Athletic Carnival, organised by Messrs. Baxendale, Tierney and Foley, provided

keen competition in each section, and a very enjoyable function resulted.

Outstanding performers were:—

B. Langsworth and B. Watson, who tied for the Rogers' Cup for seniors; B. Jones, winner of the Junior Cup, and N. Hart, runner-up; A. Hart, Under 14 Champion, with A. Stratton in second place.

SWIMMING.

The outstanding team performance of the year was the winning of the Junior Swimming Championship at the C.H.S. Carnival. The members of the winning team were A. Burge, S. Raine, R. Madden, L. Crook, D. Grange and P. Barrett.

Burge won five championships out of the six races in which he competed, and came second in the other. He broke the C.H.S. records for the 220 and 440 yards championships.

Burge is also N.S.W. Junior Champion over 220 yards. He swam second in the 100 yards State Junior Championship, and is Western Suburbs Champion over 880 yards. Burge won the School's Junior Cup, and broke four School records.

The Senior Cup was won by Carl Phillips, who also broke four School records. His 100 yards swim in 55 2-5 seconds was most meritorious.

This lad was invited to New Zealand for the purpose of competing in Intermediate and Open Championships. He performed brilliantly, establishing two New Zealand records.

The Under 14 Cup was won by Phil Schmidt, the third member of a champion swimming family.

The winner of the Kerr Cup for second in Senior Championship was W. Starr.

The winner of the Taylor Cup for second in Junior Championship was D. Grainge.

L. Terry and R. Naphthali dead heated for second in Under 14 Championship.

The swimming organisation of the School is under the control of Mr. L. Rose, and our thanks

are due to him for unstinted efforts.

During the season 43 boys were taught to swim by our capable instructor, Mr. Humphries.

DONORS.

W. J. Rogers, Esq., J.P., of Haberfield, Senior Athletic Cup.

Mrs. Anderson, of Ashfield, Tennis Cup.

W. Kerr, Esq., Jeweller, of George Street, Cup for Swimming.

T. Hannan, Esq., of Parramatta Road, Leichhardt, for a Cup for Swimming.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Taylor, of Cheltenham, Swimming Cup.

Messrs. W. Cousins, of Angus & Robertson's; B. Owen, "Owen's Bag Stores"; King, of Parramatta Road; Macrae Knitting Mills, for other valuable trophies.

SPORTS PRIZES.

T. Walsh: Blues for Cricket and Rugby Union.

K. Gray: Blue for Cricket.

L. Coleman: Blue for Rugby.

I. Peatty: Blue for Rugby.

F. Bissaker: Tennis Championship.

C. Phillips: Senior Swimming Cup.

W. Starr: Kerr Cup.

W. Williams: Diving Championship.

S. Gardiner: Breast Stroke Senior Championship.

A. Burge: Junior Cup.

D. Grange: Taylor Cup.

P. Schmidt: Under 14 Cup.

R. Naphthali, L. Terry: 2nd Under 14 Cup.

B. Langsworth, B. Watson: Rogers Cup, Senior Athletics.

B. Jones: Junior Cup.

N. Hart: 2nd, Junior Championship.

A. Hart: Under 14 Cup.

A. Stratton: 2nd, Under 14 Cup.

F. Bissaker: Anderson Cup.

FIRST EDUCATIONAL BROADCAST.

Something new in the way of education found its way to Fort Street on Tuesday, May 29th, namely, a history lesson over the air. The broadcast opened at 3 p.m. with the familiar chiming of the G.P.O. clock, followed by an intense bombardment of short speeches from the studio, expressing the hope that we would enjoy the "short" programme, and would profit by it.

It looked rather strange to see the highly polished cabinet standing alone on the edge of the stage, erect on its four short legs, congratulating us many times on our being alive in an

age of such wonderful inventions.

After the barrage had lifted a little, it made a determined assault on the hopes of those lads who had come there expressly for the purpose of missing a period, and won an easy victory on announcing its subject as "the Battle of Hastings, and the effects of the Norman conquest upon England."

It began with a touching description of the battle field, and of the painful death of King

Harold. This caused some of the expectant masters, who had strolled in, to leave the hall, just as the speaker, who had arrived at the thrilling part of his story, was describing the breaking of the "wall of shields" in a husky whisper.

As the voice commenced to enumerate, at great length, the effects of the Norman conquest, boys who possessed watches became immensely popular, so that many who were taking forty winks and were found in possession of watches, were rudely awakened.

"The westering sunshine in a pool
Lay on the curtains, still and cool,"

and the distant rumble of wheels told that the "early" train was e'en now gliding out of the station.

Suddenly the voice stopped, and another, a calm, cultured voice, announced that the first of the series of educational lectures, to be periodically delivered to school children, was at an end.

A sigh, perhaps expressive of satisfaction, arose from the occupants of the hall.

R. Mc.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

In the beginning, God made night and morning. Man makes of them what he can. Probably not since the foundation of the world have two nights and mornings been the same; the colours of the sky; the calms and the storms are always different, and the spirit of each is the light in which a man conceives them. "Each man to his taste," says the old adage. So with these. Man is attracted to his type and needs, and every night and every morning has its appeal, something peculiar and undefinable, which alters as circumstances change and time progresses.

Spring! The air is filled with the twittering of the birds as the day awakens. The chilly darkness gives way to the rosy half-light of the dawn, and the sun, a ball of golden fire, thrusts its rim over the horizon and bathes the soft rose, blue and amber of the eastern sky in a golden glow. On the fresh, moist grass the dew catches the light and flashes it back with dazzling brilliance, and the fine silk-like thread of a spider's web shimmers in the sun. Youth flings off the clothes full of joyous hops and life, glad to be up for a rollicking dash over the countryside, and even grey-haired senility wakes with a smile on his face at the sunshine and keen, crisp air of the early morning. Spring always associates itself with the Morning of Life, having no thought for the morrow, living only in the present, with all its fears thrust aside in its eagerness for action.

Not so the poor fugitive, in desperate fear of his pursuers! How he longs for the return of darkness! Yet in his heart there is that desire to be out in the bright morning; and the hatred of remaining in hiding for another endless day.

Day passes. The sun sinks in a sky of opalescent

beauty, the world fades into dim twilight, and is wrapped in the purple cloak of night. The stars begin to glimmer and twinkle, a full moon rises in the heavens in all its splendour, and sheds a ghostly light over all. Youth has lost a little of its early exuberance; but finds the spirit of romance and love, the gaiety and glamour of dance halls and cafes tingling in its veins. Old Age ponders and dozes, reviving fond memories of the past, and looking back "to the good old days" when he was young, and Cupid is abroad. Slowly the head droops and the Ancient dreams on in slumber; happy enough is his lot in life.

There is a charm about the night which is both quiet and passionate. Beside a lake, on a clear, moonlight night, the peaceful water with its reflections and silver paths of light, the overburdened soul finds rest. In a haven of silence and solitude it meditates and prays. Man leaves the world behind. Is he with his dreams of the future? With his loved ones who have passed away? Is he in tune with the Infinite?—Who can tell?

The same lake. The waves are whipped into foaming crests of water. No longer is it still. Overhead dark clouds, broken and torn, are scurrying across the sky, and the lurid face of the moon. There is no rest here. All that is passionate and wild breaks out in Man, a cry of exultation bursts from his very being, and his storm-tossed mind is lashed and tortured in its agony for expression. Liberty! Love! Life! This is night.

Each one who passes this way is allotted his burden of sorrows. For, as the night is essential to the morning, without which there can be no day, so are sorrows necessary for a full life. The intensity of our joys and griefs is according to the measure of their contrast. These are meta-

physically represented in our lives by night and morning; so also despair and hope, failure and success. But Man, the subject of Divine purpose, shall cast off his rags of sin, of degradation and

sorrow, shall come into his heritage and leave the night behind, "for sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

A.S., 4D.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Fifth Year is always ready to help the juniors. Witness the fact that a First Year "kid" toddled into the Chemistry laboratory during the progress of a Fifth Year lesson, and all unseen by the master began to search for a book he had left in there. At the suggestions of certain Fifth Year dignitaries, he looked in succession in a bottle cupboard, under the benches, and in the sinks. He was preparing to lift up the window of the fume cupboard, when the master caught sight of him and

A master stated during a lesson that he'd never had to sign on as being late. After the lesson he was besieged by an army of hopefuls desiring to know how he got out of it.

Suggestions are invited for advice when teachers ask such favours as these:—

"Get out, you, and stay in!"

"Try and pick this up as you're putting it down!"

"Captains report to me after the assembly—4C Captain also!"

For many weeks I was puzzled by a technical term used at sports roll-call. About half the class answered solemnly, "DOM." This has since been explained by a classics student. It is derived from Domus, "a home."

Heard in 5D French period:—

Teacher: "Why didn't you learn your Murray and Leintz vocabulary?"

Pupil: "My mother washed my pants with the vocabulary in the hip-pocket."

Until recently there were a great many "sick" on Wednesday afternoons: Now we have a room "sicks."

Revised geometry shows us that two tuckshop meals are together equal to one square meal.

It was said in the hall on broadcast day: "This is not 2FC speaking: This is one 'E.P.'" Incidentally, we notice that 1EP never closes down.

"Tell me, Jones," said the teacher, "what are you going to be when you grow up—a politician or a teacher?"

"Well, sir," said our hero (may God rest his soul), "I'm much too honest to be a politician, and I've got far too many brains to be a teacher."

One of our more sarcastic teachers said to Smith: "You fool, you idiot, you prize goat! Do you know any institution in the city which employs fools?"

"Yes, sir," said Smith (may God rest his soul, too), "the Education Department."

GEMS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

On reading the works of Shakespeare one cannot help but believe that he received his early inspiration and training at Fort Street.

Consider these gems:—

Coming up Palace Street: "How heavy do I journey on the way." (Sonnets.)

On hearing the bugle: "When the blast of war blows in our ears.

Then imitate the action of the tiger." (Henry V.)

Passing the laboratories: "Advance their eyelids and lift up their noses." (The Tempest.)

Between Periods: "Hark! they roar." (The Tempest.)

A Master Arrives: "Our revels now are ended." (The Tempest.)

On the Flying Squad: "The quality of mercy is not strained." (Merchant of Venice.)

Outside the Tuckshop: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." (Hamlet.)

Exams. Approaching: "Nor night, nor day, no rest." (Winter's Tale.)

Exam. Time: "And I must pause till it come back to me." (Julius Caesar.)

Certain Envelopes are Distributed: "Ay, or falsely pocket up his report." (The Tempest.)

On Breaking-up: "And I am glad of it with all my heart." (Henry IV.)

MICK, 4D.

SPORTING

Some eighteen months ago, it will be remembered, Fort Street established a record for academic achievements. This year the School's sporting record has so improved that we can confidently say that the all-round excellence of the past year has seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

The successes cover a wide range of activities, and in very few branches of sporting life has the School remained in the slough of mediocrity. Something of the prestige of the old "Model School" is swiftly returning.

The greatest sporting event of last year was probably the undefeated record of the first XV. The premiership was a glorious triumph, long overdue, and indications are that the team will go a long way in this year's competition.

The Soccer team continues undefeated through several years, and their constant supremacy speaks volumes for the work of Mr. Roberts.

Baseball has now been eliminated from the High Schools' competitions, but last year the School managed to reach the final game.

Our cricketers, joint premiers, have only lost one match in the first half of the competition. Bruce Langsworth is undoubtedly the sheet anchor of the team.

The School now holds the Junior Swimming Shield, thanks greatly to Arthur Burge, who is

easily the greatest distance swimmer the School has had.

Carl Phillips, continuing his magnificent school swimming career, has broken every freestyle record in every division, and won all three championships, including the Junior Cup twice. Only one record in the two lower divisions has not been annexed by the two Abbotsford boys, and that record, the junior breast-stroke, was broken unofficially by Burge.

In the athletic field the School is disappointing. Last year we managed to tie for the Junior Shield, although the all-round performance was poor, due probably to insufficient training.

The tennis team is still hoping for that premiership, but finds consolation in the fact that the 4th Grade has won the competition for the last four years.

From these principal achievements, and there are others, too, it will be clearly seen that Fort Street has reached a leading place among the High Schools. One tribute remains to be paid, and it is not easy to do justice to the gallant, enthusiastic efforts of the man who takes charge of all sporting activities, Mr. Johnson. It is mainly due to his interest and hard work that the School has once more reached its commanding position in sport.

FIRST GRADE CRICKET REPORT.

The First Grade team commenced the new cricket season with three successive victories, but unfortunately were defeated by Sydney High in our fourth fixture. This is a creditable achievement for the comparatively new First Grade side. Most of the members have been used to playing on matting wickets, and had their first experience on turf this year. This fact reveals a collective co-operation on the part of all the members concerned, as well as a result of the beneficial coaching of Mr. Gilhorne.

It is regrettable to notice the lack of bowling talent in the School this year, and as a result of this the brunt of the bowling was left to Langsworth and Wark, who performed well in every game. This statement is substantiated by

their bowling averages of 9 and 11.1 respectively.

Only one outstanding complaint can be made as to the team's batting, and that is the failure of all members to amass large scores at the same time. However, there is much individual talent in the team, and it is to be hoped that this talent will be more in evidence next half season.

The first fixture of the season was against Parramatta, played at Petersham Oval. Fort Street batted first, and only scored 106, of which Connelly and N. B. Watts each scored 21. Langsworth and Wark securing 4 for 23 and 4 for 21 respectively, were responsible for Parramatta's small score of 74. Fort Street batted a second time, and made 93.

We defeated Canterbury in the second match

by 43 runs on the first innings. The scores being: Fort Street, first innings 138, of which Langsworth made 35 and Wark 32; Canterbury, first innings 95. Here again Langsworth and Wark obtaining 3 for 34 and 4 for 23 respectively, while Keavney secured 2 for 4. Fort Street's second innings realised 171, of which Wark scored a fast and magnificent 89, with strokes all around the wicket.

Again we accounted for another scalp by defeating Hurlstone on the first innings, only just missing an outright win. Hurlstone batted first, and totalled 98, Langsworth obtaining 6 for 35 and Wark 4 for 43. Fort Street scored 163, Allan Williams top-scoring with 38, which was a fine innings. Hurlstone's second innings realised 123, Langsworth obtaining 5 for 50. Fort Street now had to make 58 in 15 minutes, but after a gallant effort failed by 30 runs.

As the Old Boys' match is reported elsewhere, the scores alone will suffice here: Old Boys, 116 (Armstrong 48, Langsworth 5 for 34, Wark 4 for 53), Present Boys, 7 for 165 (Langsworth 84, Wark 49).

We met our first defeat at the hands of Sydney High, and gave a disappointing exhibition of our

capabilities. Fort Street scored 105 (of which McKenzie obtained 25 not out), Sydney High, 2 for 139.

The most catches were taken by Williams (3), H. James Watts (3), with 2 stumpings. It is to be regretted that we have lost H. James Watts' services as wicket-keeper, and hope that we can obtain another keeper to do as well as he did.

Below are the major batting and bowling averages:—

BATTING.

Batsman	Innings	N.O.	Score	Runs	Aver.
Wark	8	1	89	218	31.14
Langsworth	8	1	84	162	23.14
Watts, N. B.	6	1	24	82	16.4
Williams	8	1	38	98	14.00

BOWLING.

Bowler	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver
Langsworth	79	12	216	24	9
Wark	65	12	211	19	11.1

The team as a whole wishes to express its appreciation for the valuable coaching it has received from Mr. Gilhorne, a member of the staff, and also a member of the Western Suburbs District Second Grade team. We wish him the greatest success in the cricket world next season.

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OLD BOYS' ANNUAL CRICKET FIXTURE.

This year's cricket fixture, Old vs. Present Boys, was carried out in fine weather, yet the wicket was damp, owing to a heavy shower of rain the night before. This hampered the Old Boys, who batted first and scored 115. The best performance for the Old Boys was that of Jack Armstrong, the Marrisonville First Grade cricketer, who compiled 48. During his innings Jack was struck on the head by a high rising ball from McKenzie, but fortunately was not seriously hurt. An unfortunate accident occurred, however, when Bill Seale, the Old Boys' Captain, in attempting to pull a well "pitched up" ball from Langsworth, mishit it, deflecting it on to his forehead. His eyebrow was split open, necessitating many stitches.

The School fared badly, none of the batsmen, except Wark and Langsworth, being able to cope with the deliveries of Arthur, Willis, and Arm-

strong. These two batsmen compiled 49 not out and 84 respectively, their partnership of 108 coming at an opportune moment, and causing the easy victory of the School, which compiled 165 runs for 7 wickets.

The best bowling for the School team was that of Langsworth, 5 for 34, and Wark, 4 for 52; while that of the Old Boys' was Willis, 4 for 20, and Arthur, 2 for 34.

Lunch was held at the School, and besides the two teams was attended by Mr. Williams, Mr. Harrison, and a few members of the staff.

Speeches were made by members of both teams, as well as by the masters present.

To conclude I, on behalf of those at the dinner, desire to express our thanks to Mr. Milverton for the excellent way in which he set out the lunch.

RUGBY UNION.

1st XV.

Having won their first three competition matches, the 1st XV, this year seem well in the running for the premiership again.

The best match played so far was against North Sydney, which was won 9-0 by Fort Street. The hardest opposition will come from Hurlstone, who are also as yet undefeated.

The forwards this year, though rather light, possess some speed, and an admirable example has been set them by the Vice-Captain, Alan Williams, whose rucking and tackling are of a high order. In the front row Shuttleworth has put in some solid work, and Shade, who has been obliged to stand down owing to injuries, has been replaced by Kennington, who is always on the ball, and who tackles effectively. Another hard worker is Stoneman, who replaced Wholohan, the "hooker," in the match against North Sydney. Wholohan, though handicapped by lack of weight, tackles gamely, and has managed to give the half back a fair share of the ball. The breakaways are Breckenridge and Phillips. Both have played well, although Phillips shows a tendency to get offside. Against North Sydney Breckenridge followed on well to score a fine try. Led by the Vice-Captain, Alan Williams, the forwards are

improving their combination, and are learning the value of consistent following on, and also of dribbling rushes.

The back division of the team has not yet figured in many brilliant passing rushes. Individually there is much talent in the backs, but until better combination comes, the wing men cannot do themselves justice.

The scrum-half, Cranston, tackles well, but his handling is rather weak on occasions, which may have been due to the attentions of the opposing breakaways.

In the five-eighth position, "Digger" Williams has shown excellent form. His attack is very nippy, due to his excellent "dummy," which, however, is not overdone. His defence and handling are both very sound, while his unorthodox tackles, though severe, have great effect.

Bruce Langsworth, the Captain and veteran of the team, fills the inside centre position well again. His anticipation and sharpness off the mark have gained him several tries, and his field goal against North Sydney was a very neat effort.

The position of outside centre is filled by Roulston, who has so far just managed to keep the number of goals he has kicked above those he has missed. Some of his kicks which just clear

the bar must strain the hearts of the opposition.

The wing positions are filled by Wines and Constable. The former is rather light, but the latter has been a tower of strength to the team, especially in the early matches. Constable possesses weight, speed and determination, and the team must concentrate on getting the ball out to the wing men, who should do most of the scoring.

The second row of the forwards, of whom mention was omitted above, consists of Monaghan and Edgecombe. They are a solid pair, who combine and ruck well together.

The full-back, Connolly, is a very safe catch, and is a reliable kick. He tackles determinedly, and is a clever runner.

The team is being excellently coached by Mr. Austin, who realises that a team without condition cannot win matches. He has the co-operation of the whole team in his efforts to mould a combination which may succeed in heading the competition table again this year.

COMPETITION RESULTS.

V. Canterbury.—Won, 23-0.

V. Technical.—Won, 9-0.

V. North Sydney.—Won, 9-0.

2nd GRADE.

This year 2nds have one of the best teams for many years. With this team they have won two out of three competition matches, and two of three practice matches. They were unfortunate to lose against Technical High, when two members were taken up into "firsts," and two were placed on the injured list.

The forwards are very good, but their play is spoilt because they play loosely instead of combining. The backs are fairly fast, but they also should combine more.

They are confident of carrying off the competition this year, but they must get down to training and learn to handle the ball. Stamina and combination is what wins the match, not individual play.

Certain members of the team this year have shown extra good form. Among the forwards there are Kennington, Stoneman, Roberts and Dyce, and among the backs Riley, Cumming, Keavney and Leonard.

3rd GRADE.

The 3rd XV. are again being coached by Mr. Wilson, who coached last year's team to the

premiership honours. The team hopes to follow in their footsteps again this year.

The forwards do not, as yet, hunt in a pack, but they are all good triers and work hard, and are improving with every match.

Of the backs, the five-eighth is inclined to hang on too long, and not feed his outside men.

The team commenced the season confidently, winning three games out of four. They defeated Canterbury, Enmore and North Sydney, 9-3, 8-6 and 12-0 respectively, but lost to Parramatta 5-3.

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

Play up, Thirds!

4th GRADE.

So far this season we have won both of our matches, and we are highly elated at our early success.

We beat Canterbury by 11-9, the scorers being Hinchcliff, Fox and King tries, Goddard a goal.

Then in a hard fought game we defeated Technical High by 8-6. Yet the game cannot be judged by the scores, and from the start of the second half the result was never in doubt. Scorers, Hinchcliff, West, tries, Goddard a goal.

Hinchcliff, Fox and Goddard played solidly in the backs, while Norris, West, Smythe and Leathart were the pick of the forwards.

We wish to thank Mr. Brodie for his able coaching, and we look forward to a highly successful season.

5th GRADE.

This season there was rather a lack of good material for the team. However, by the first competition match we were able to place a moderately good team on the field.

To date we have played two matches, and have won them both. This is mainly due to the efficient coaching of Mr. Pollard and the enthusiasm of the boys in practising.

The forwards, who contain a good deal of our strength, are a solid pack, and are always on the move. However, the backs are rather slow on moving, but will improve. As for individuals, Walker and Kenway are a pair of stalwarts in the forwards, and Morrison (in the backs) has shown himself to be a determined runner.

The results of our matches are as follow: Vs.

Canterbury Boys' High School, won 9-3. Vs. Technical Boys' High School, won 15-0.

We have some hard matches ahead, but have the premiership well in view.

6th GRADE.

This year there was ample material for quite a good representative team. During several practice matches against 5th grade, although we were defeated each time, it was possible to pick out the best players. Consequently, the team selected to play Canterbury in our first competition match at Petersham Oval was the ablest team under

the circumstances, and won 6-0, John and Mutton each scoring a try.

The next week we drew a bye, and in our second match, playing Technical at the Sports Ground, we drew 3 all. Gillies gained our points by scoring a try in the corner.

The player most worthy of mention in both matches was Schmidt at centre, while Spooner, behind the pack, Mutton, our other centre, and forwards McTavish and Cardwell showed themselves to be able players.

However, it is quite clear that, without the enthusiastic coaching of Mr. Bendeich, it would have been very hard to gain any success at all.

SOCCER.

1st GRADE.

So far the first grade Soccer team has been successful in all competition matches, and still holds its undefeated record, now entering on its third successive season. The team has been captained very brilliantly by Iredale, and he has held the team together very well.

So far the team has scored 22 goals, and 3 have been scored against it.

Vs. Enmore, won 3-0. Vs. Sydney, won 5-3. Vs. Ultimo, won 14-0.

In conclusion the team hopes for premiership again this year, under the able coaching of Messrs. Roberts and Waterer.

2nd GRADE.

Second grade Soccer this season entered a very well balanced team. The first match, against Enmore, was lost 5-3, after a hard game.

The next match was drawn with Sydney High, 1 all.

A marked improvement was shown in the next, which we won 5 to nil, the scorers being Allen 2, Wickens 2 and Easton 1.

The outstanding players were Allen, Watts, Stratton, Shaw and Surtees.

On behalf of the team I wish to thank Mr. Waterer for the keen interest he has taken in our coaching.

TENNIS REPORT.

We offer our congratulations to Huntley, Jones, Jurd and Gazzard, on being selected for first grade.

Jurd and Gazzard combine well, and both seem to be able to hide their weak points from their opponents. At the net they are almost invulnerable, but their backhand drive should be strengthened to make them a more finished pair.

Jones' forehand drive is rather weak and he should take more care in placing the ball. However, he combines rather well with Huntley, who is content to get the ball back, but is handicapped by weak volleying.

Gardiner and Walker, of second grade, were very unfortunate in not winning their place in the first four. Gardiner's serve and forehand drive are worthy of note, and may prove troublesome to his opponents. Billing and Colebourne have been chosen as the second pair. They both

play well, but would have more success if they did not hit so hard.

Watts, Thistlethwayte, Faggerty and Whitely are in third grade, and we expect great things from this team. The second pair is unique, as Faggerty has only one arm, and Whitely is one of the smallest boys in the School. Nevertheless, they play consistently, and have proved superior to boys in better physical circumstances.

As usual, our last team is strong for their respective grade, and if they are successful in winning the competition, it will mean that Fort Street has won fourth grade five years in succession. The team comprises Ireland, Evans, Rothwell and Woodham.

On the whole the grades are strong, and with a little concentration on the part of the players, should at least win some of the competitions.

SWIMMING REPORT.

SEASON 1932-33.

The swimming season just past has been one of outstanding note, due mainly to the efforts of Carl Phillips and Arthur Burge. These two swimmers are by far the best the School has ever had, over all distances, and we sincerely hope that they will follow in the wake of our former Olympic champion, Harold Hardwick, and represent Australia at the Olympic Games in 1936.

Both Carl and Arthur have been taking a big part in the State swimming circles this season, especially Arthur Burge. Carl had the honour this year to be chosen to represent Australia in a tour of New Zealand. During the tour he succeeded in creating three New Zealand records, for 100 yards and 150 yards Senior, and 220 yards Intermediate. His time, 1.29 1-5, in the 150 yards, was better than the record held by R. Grier, of Queensland, by 3 seconds.

Arthur Burge showed brilliant form this season, and competed with outstanding success in the State Carnivals. He won the 220 yards Junior Championship of N.S.W. in the magnificent time of 2.29 2-5, and was narrowly defeated in the 100 yards Championship.

Carl Phillips won both these titles last year, and Arthur almost succeeded in retaining them.

Arthur's best effort of the season, however, was the defeat of Moss Christie, Olympic representative at Paris in 1924, in the 880 yards Championship of Western Suburbs. In this event he was clocked at 11.17. The merit of the performance can be judged from the fact that only four Australians have ever broken 11 minutes over this distance.

Our School Carnival was once again a great success, and there was a good attendance of parents and Old Boys.

Carl Phillips won the Senior Cup, and broke four records. He has now broken every School freestyle record—a feat unprecedented in the history of the School. His time for the 100 yards, 55 2-5 seconds, is the best time ever recorded by a schoolboy, and was only 1-5 second outside the N.S.W. senior record.

Carl has now won all the School Cups, being the fourth swimmer to accomplish this difficult feat. W. Starr was runner-up in the Senior division, and performed meritoriously.

Arthur Burge, in winning the Junior Cup, literally walked over the opposition. He succeeded

in creating two new records, the 880 yards senior and the 440 yards junior. His time in the 880 yards, 11.55, easily eclipsed his record made last year, by 24 seconds. The runner-up, Doug. Grange, considering he has the great disadvantage of having only one leg, gave a grand display of swimming.

Philip Schmidt again annexed the Under 14 Cup, winning every event. By thus winning the Cup twice in succession, he obtained the distinction of being the first boy to do so. The Under 14 Cup seems to have become a family affair amongst the Schmidts. Since its inauguration in 1924 it has been won four times by Schmidts, surely a unique record. R. Napthali and L. Terry was second in this division.

The most exciting race of the carnival was the Invitation Relay Race, in which Sydney High held a slight lead over the Old Boys until the last few yards, when E. Gray, of the Old Boys, almost brought his team to victory, but the judges ruled a dead heat.

The events at the carnival went with a clock-like precision, and once again reflect the organising ability of Mr. Rose, to whom the thanks of the School are due.

In the C.H.S. the School did fairly well. Although the Senior team was without the services of C. Phillips, he being in New Zealand, the team came fourth.

The School annexed the Junior Shield for the first time since 1928. This was due mainly to the superb swimming of Arthur Burge, who won the 50, 100, 220, 440 freestyle, 50 back stroke, and was second in the breaststroke. However, he was ably backed up by D. Grange, Crook, Madden, S. Raine and R. Barrett. For the first time the races were held on a teams principle, as in the running, and thus these other swimmers were able to collect many useful points. Burge broke the 440 and 220 yards C.H.S. records, and also established School records. His time of 33 2-5 in the 50 backstroke was also a double record.

The Under 14 team, led by P. Schmidt, swam well, and finished third in the aggregate. It is to these younger swimmers that the School looks for her future champions, and we hope that they will train hard and win success.

WATER POLO.

Since the last issue of the Fortian a water-polo competition has been inaugurated by the P.S.A.A.A.

This was commenced in November of last year. The School had a very good team on paper, but its combination was weak. The team consisted of C. Phillips (Captain), A. Burge, L. Deveridge, C. Quinn, S. Gardner, S. Raine, and R. Muller. The first four players were all of grade standard, but could not harmonise with one another. All the schools entered teams, and Fort Street came third in the competition, which was won by Technical High School. The trophy for this is a splendid cup presented by Mr. H. Shaw.

The team carried all before it in the first three matches, against North Sydney, Sydney High and Technical High. Success was mainly due to Burge and Phillips. Burge, the centre forward, proved himself a capable player. He never let an opportunity pass that might lead to a score.

On the departure of Phillips for New Zealand,

however, the team was decidedly weakened, and failed against Sydney High and Technical High, but recorded a win against North Sydney. Thus the School is lying two points behind the leaders, Technical High. As this is only the first half of the season, the School has great hopes of carrying off the premiership.

A C.H.S. team was picked to play the 3rd Grade Premiers, Balmain, before one of the State carnivals. A. Burge was the sole representative of Fort Street. (Phillips would probably have been picked had he been available.) S. Gardner and D. Grange were chosen as reserve goalies.

The team performed fairly well, but there was too much individual play, and as a consequence was beaten 3-2.

Water Polo is a new sport in our High Schools. This year it has been on trial. But public interest has been such that we feel assured that it has come to stay.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

In the subjoined list of passes the numbers refer to the following subjects:—

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1. English | 15. Business principles |
| 2. History | 16. Shorthand |
| 3. Geography | 17. Technical drawing |
| 4. Mathematics I. | 18. Woodwork |
| 5. Mathematics II. | 19. Metalwork |
| 6. Latin | 20. Art |
| 7. French | 21. Music |
| 8. German | 23. Agricultural Botany |
| 9. Physics | 24. Agriculture I. |
| 10. Chemistry | 25. Agriculture II. |
| 11. Elementary science (physics and chemistry) | 26. Practical Agriculture |
| 12. Botany | 27. Greek |
| 13. Geology | 28. Home economics |
| 14. Physiology | |

(o) Denotes a pass in an oral test in French or German.

(s) Denotes a pass in a shorthand speed test.

In each subject there are two grades of pass, A and B, the A pass being the higher.

Allan, Edward G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Barclay, Douglas W., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Beaumont, Ernest V., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Beehag, Leslie E., 1A 2B 3B 11B 15B 16B.
 Berry, John C., 1B 2A 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Best-Carter, Harold C., 1B 2B 3B 5A 7B 11B 15A.
 Blunt, Leonard F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Bradley, Lancelot W., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Brown, Frederick A., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Buddle, Neil D., 1A 4B 5B 6B 11A.
 Burge, Arthur J., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A 15B.
 Bushell, Charles W., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 11A 15A 16A.
 Cameron, Allan G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Campbell, Raymond, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7A 11B 21A.

Cartledge, Douglas H., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Cavill, John A. L., 1A 2B 4B 5A 7B 11A.
 Chambers, Frederick N., 1B 2B 3B 4B 11B 15B.
 Chaseling, Alverstone, 1B 3B 4B 5A 15B.
 Chisholm, John A., 1A 4B 5B 6B 7A 8A 11A.
 Chudleigh, Douglas H., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Clements, Keith M., 1B 3B 5B 11B 15B.
 Coffill, Reginald R., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Connell, Douglas, 1B 4B 5B 11B.
 Corner, Clifford J., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Cumming, Cecil D., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Dark, Ralph T., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Devis, Ruskin J. J., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Deegan, Albert E., 1B 2B 3E 5B 11B 15B 16B.
 Dowling, Kenneth R., 1B 2A 4B 6B 7B.
 Dyer, Kenneth C., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Easton, Robert R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Ewin, Russell W., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7A 11A 15B 16B.
 Ferguson, Clement B., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Foskett, Ronald J. A., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Garven, Kenneth M., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Geddey, Eric, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 11A 15B 16B.
 Gilbert, James R., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Glasson, Henry J., 1B 3B 4B 11B 15B 16B.
 Goddard, Laurence S., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Grainger, Boyd A., 1A 2B 5B 7B 11B.
 Grant, James B., 1B 5B 7B 11B.
 Greentree, Ashton E., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Gustard, George A., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 8B 11A 15B 16B.
 Hagon, Dennis D., 1A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Hankin, Norman S., 1B 4B 5B 7B.
 Harrison, Mervyn E., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Hart, Norman T., 1B 2B 4B 5A 11A.
 Hillis, Raymond, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 11A 15B 16B.
 Hunt, Allen H., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Jack, Cecil E., 1A 2B 4B 5B 11A.

- Jackson, Leonard A., 1B 4B 5A 11A.
 Jardine, Cedric R., 1B 4B 6B 11B 27B.
 Jennens, John R., 1B 2B 3B 11A 15B.
 Johnston, Donald S., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Kendall, Kenneth, 1B 2B 3B 5A 11A 15B 16B.
 Kiely, Vincent A., 1A 2A 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Lance, David H., 1B 3B 4B 5B 11A 15B.
 Laurence, Clement H. R., 1B 2B 4A 5A 7B 11A.
 Leathart, Henry C., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Lemon, Warwick, 1A 2A 4B 6B 7B.
 Lowndes, Edward N., 1B 2A 3B 7B 11B 16B.
 Mackenzie, Ronald C., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Marchant, Harold W., 1B 2B 4B 5A 7B 11A.
 Marsden, Leslie F., 1B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Marsh, Ronald C., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 May, Henry V., 1B 4A 5A 7B 11B.
 McDonald, Ronald A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 McPherson, Douglas P., 1A 2A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Meller, Ronald D., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 15B 16B.
 Melville, Robert L., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Mendelsohn, David B., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Menzies, Bruce, 1B 2B 7B 11B.
 Mietzke, Harry G., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 11A 15B 16A.
 Minnikin, Edward A., 1B 2B 4B 11B.
 Minty, Leonard J., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 11B 15B 16B.
 Morrison, Charles R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Mort, Thomas L., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Murray, David N., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.
 Nesbitt, John, 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Nicoll, George F., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Norris, Reginald G., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 O'Brien, Frederick J., 1A 2A 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Odd, David L., 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Parkinson, Valentine T., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B.
 Paterson, Ronald C., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11A 21B.
 Patterson, John W., 1A 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Penman, Edwin L., 1B 2B 4B 7B.
 Pettigrew, Donald G., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Phillips, Lloyd, 1B 2B 5B 7B 11A 21A.
 Poole, Ronald A. J., 1B 2B 3B 11A 15B.
 Raine, Stanley, 1B 2B 5B 7B 11A.
 Randall, Wallace, 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A.
 Rasmussen, Leonard, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Read, William G., 1B 6B 7B 8B 11B.
 Reader, Sidney R., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Roberts, David B., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Rutherford, Alan G., 1B 4B 5A 11B.
 Sanders, John Vyvyan, 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Sanko, Oscar J. F., 1B 2B 3B 15B 16B.
 Scott, Colin L., 1B 3B 4B 5B 16B.
 Shade, Colin R., 1B 2B 4B 11B.
 Shales, Sidney J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B 16B.
 Shaw, Alexander E., 1A 4B 5B 6B 7A.
 Shearer, William G., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6B 8A 11A.
 Sheehan, Charles J., 1A 3B 4A 5A 11B 16B.
 Simpson, Charles W., 1B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Slater, Allen B., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Small, Lionel N., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Smith, Jack R., 1B 2B 3B 5B.
 Smith, Keith G., 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Smith, Lawrence A., 1B 2B 5B 11A.
 Smyth, Harold F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Smyth, Ronald A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11A 15B 16B.
 Steel, Norman G., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Stevens, Neal F., 1A 2B 4A 5A 11A 15B 16B.
 Stewart, Harold F., 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A 27B.
 Still, Kenneth E., 1B 2B 4B 11A.
 Thompson, Kenneth R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Trevor, Eric D., 1A 4B 5B 11B.
 Valentin, Earle A., 1B 3B 11B 15B.
 Vincent, Stanley G., 1B 4B 5A 11A.
 Walker, Colin W., 1B 4B 7B 11B.
 Walker, Kenneth F., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Walton, Robert A., 1A 2B 4B 5B 11A.
 Wark, John M., 1A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B 27B.
 Waters, John P., 1B 6B 7A 11B.
 Watts, David M., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Weir, Edward R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 West, Frederick G., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Wickens, Robert A., 1B 2B 4B 5A.
 Williams, Lindsay R., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Wills, Harold C., 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B 15B 16B.
 Wilton, Henry M., 1B 4B 5B 7A 11B.
 Woodrow, Thomas R., 1A 2A 3B 4B 8A 11A 15B.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed, in accordance with the following statement:—

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I; 6, Mathematics II; 7, Mechanics; 8, Modern History; 9, Ancient History; 10, Physics; 11, Chemistry; 14, Geography; 16, Japanese; 17, Lower Standard Mathematics; 22, Greek.

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

- Anderson, Walter S., 1B 5B 7B 10A 14B.
 Armstrong, Frank D., 1B 5B 6B 8B.
 Armstrong, John C., 1A 6B 8B 14A 17B.
 Ashe, Lawrence R., 1B 5B 6B 8B 17B.
 Baker, William A., 1B 5A 6B 8B 10H2.
 Barraclough, Bryan H. E., 1B 3B 6B 8B.
 Bendisch, Stanhope S., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A.
 Bissaker, Frank S., 1B 5B 8B 17B.
 Bottrill, Geoffrey W., 1B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Brady, Leonard G. B., 1B 5B 6A 11L.
 Breckenridge, Ian H., 1B 3B 5B 6B.
 Broadhead, Lionel K., 1A 2B 5B 6B.
 Brodie, Gordon M., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Cameron, Edward F., 1A 5A 6A 8B 11B 17A.
 Chatfield, Charles C., 1B 5B 6A 11B.
 Clark, Charles J., 1H2 2B 5B 8H2.
 Clarke, William U., 5B 6A 8B 11H2.
 Clements, William H., 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B 17B.
 Coffill, Frank S., 1B 3L 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Cohen, Samuel B., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7A 11H1.
 Cole, Charles R., 1B 5A 6A(x2) 7A 10H2.
 Collard, Edwin C., 1B 2B 3L 4B 5A 6B 11B.
 Craddock, Leonard V., 1B 3B 5A 6B 11B.
 Crago, Albert I. H., 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Craik, Duncan S., 1H1 2B 5A 6B 8B 11L.
 Davis, Victor T., 1B 2B 5B 6B.
 Devlin, Patrick, 1H2 5B 6A 8B 9B 17B.
 Drabble, Frank K. C., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Duckett, Alan E., 5B 6B 8B 14B.
 Edgecombe, Gordon H., 1B 5B 6B 7B 10H2 14B.
 Elphinstone, Keith R., 1B 5A 6A 11B.
 English, Harold P., 1B 5A 6A 7B 10H2 17B.
 Finn, Gerald H., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 11A.
 Gelding, Norman McL., 1B 3L 5A 6B 8B 10B.
 Gibson, Edward G., 1B 5A 6A 7A 10H2 14B.
 Gibson, Philip L. B., 1B 5A 6A 7B 10B.
 Giovanelli, Ronald G., 1A 2B 3L 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H1.
 Golding, Neville W., 1B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
 Gray, Keith R., 1B 5A 6B 8B 14A 17B.
 Griffith, Thomas A. C., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 10B.
 Hamilton, Ian C., 1H2 5B 8B 11B.
 Harding, William B., 1B 2B 5B 6B 8H2 10A.

- Hay, James C., 1H2 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H1.
 Hayes, Neil, 1B 2A 3L 5A 6A 10B 21B.
 Henry, Edward I., 1B 2B 5B 6A 8B 11B.
 Henry, Noel R. P., 1B 2B 3A 5A 6B 11B 21L.
 Hokin, Laurence A., 1A 2B 5A 6A 8H2 11H1.
 Hollier, Percy M., 1B 5B 14B 17B.
 Hollister, William J., 1B 4B 8B 11B 17B.
 Hood, Ian A., 1B 5A 6B 8B.
 Hose, Sidney P., 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B 17B.
 Horan, George E. J., 1H1 2B 3A 5B 8B 11B.
 Hughes, William H. C., 1B 3B 5B 6B.
 Hunter, Roland N., 1B 3L 5A 6A 7B 10A.
 Ingledeu, Thomas S., 1B 5A 6A 11L 17B.
 Ireland, Joseph F., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Jones, Brian F., 1B 2L 3B 5A 6B 8B.
 Kells, Richard M., 1H2 5A 6A 8H2 10A 14A 17B.
 Kelly, Jack R., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 11A.
 Kemp, Leslie Wm., 1B 5A 6B 8B 11B.
 Kirby, Douglas F., 1B 5B 6B 8B 10L.
 Langsworth, Bruce S., 1B 3L 5B 6B.
 Lay, Ronald E., 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B.
 Lillenthal, Victor, 1B 3B 4B 5A 6A.
 Lindsay, Ian M., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 8B 11B.
 Linegar, Raymond F., 5B 8B 14B 17B.
 Lockley, Ronald P., 1B 2B 5A 6A 7B 10H2.
 Long, Edward R., 1B 2L 5A 6B.
 Lovell, Errol D., 1B 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Lowe, Philip, 1B 5B 6B 7B 10H2 14A.
 Lusby, Geoffrey B., 1H2 2B 3L 4B 5B 6B.
 Macleod, Malcolm D., 1A 2B 5A 6A 8A 11L.
 Makepeace, Desmond J., 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 McCulloch, Raymond W., 1A 2H1 3B 5A 6A(x1) 21A.
 McGlynn, Edward G., 1B 2L 5B 8B 11L.
 McIntosh, Laurie F., 5B 6B 14B 17B.
 McLean, Gordon W., 1A 5B 8B 17A.
 Melville, John A., 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6A 8H1.
 Middlehurst, Arthur S., 1B 2B 5A 6A(x1) 7B 10H1.
 Minchin, Leonard J., 1B 5B 6A 7B 10B 17B.
 Mitchell, John, 1A 3L 5B 6B 8B 14B.
 Moffatt, John K., 1B 2L 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Monaghan, Francis H., 1B 3L 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Murray, Robert, 5B 6B 8B 14B 17B.
 Nicholson, Edward J., 1A 5A 6B 7B 10B 14B.
 Owen, Mervyn M., 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Partridge, Dennis De M., 1B 2B 5B 8B.
 Pate, George M., 5B 6B 8B 14B 17B.
 Patterson, Joseph R., 1B 2L 3B 5A 8A 10B.
 Pennington, Warwick H., 1B 2B 5A 6B 8B.
 Pinkney, Edwin M., 1B 5B 6B 8A.
 Pople, Athol A., 5A 6A 7B 10B 14B.
 Ratcliffe, Russell A., 1B 5A 6B 7B 10A 17B.
 Renouf, Noel A., 1B 2B 5B 6B 11B.
 Richards, Harold M., 1A 2B 5B 6B 8B.
 Richardson, Ronald V. C., 1B 4L 5B 8B.
 Riley, Edward W., 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B 17B.
 Riley, Wilfred T., 1B 5B 8B 14B 17B.
 Robertson, Charles K., 1B 2B 3L 5B 6A 8H2 10B.
 Rooke, Brian B., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 8A 11A.
 Ross, Gorden L., 1A 2B 5B 6B.
 Rust, Bruce K., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 10B.
 Segal, Lewis, 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B 17B.
 Sender, Leslie, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A.
 Sharp, Reginald I., 1B 3B 5A 6A 8B 11A 17B.
 Sherington, Donald S., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8H2 11B.
 Shorter, George McC., 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Smith, Herbert S., 1B 5B 6B 8B.
 Snelson, Thomas L., 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 11B.
 Sobels, Keith, 5A 6A 14B 17B.
 Starling, Henry A., 1A 3B 6B 8B 17B.
 Staveley, Bruce, 1B 5A 6B 7E 11A 17B.
 Stevens, Norman A., 3L 5B 6B 8B.
 Stone, Sydney J., 1B 5B 14B 17B.
 Stubbs, Frederick A., 1B 5A 6B 8B.
 Sundstrom, Harry G., 1B 4B 5B 8B.
 Taylor, Frederick C., 1B 5A 6A 8B 17B.
 Taylor, William R., 1B 5B 6B 8B.
 Tinckam, Arthur Raymond, 5A 6A 7B 10A 14B.
 Trinick, Charles B., 5B 6B 14B 17B.
 Tubman, Kenneth V., 1B 2B 5A 6A(x2) 11A.
 Turnbull, Robert J., 1B 5A 6B 10B.
 Verman, Arthur J., 1B 2B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Wallis, Robert B., 1B 5A 6B 7B 10A 17B.
 Walsh, Thomas Daniel, 1A 5B 8B 11B.
 Wheatley, A. W., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H1.
 Wheeler, Adrian R., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2).
 Whiddett, Charles M., 1A 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Williamson, Jack, 5B 6B 8B 14B.
 Wogan, Samuel J., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11H2.
 Wotton, Roy A., 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B.
 Wright, Thomas W., 1A 3B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
 Wybrow, Kenneth G., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B.
 Yum, Albert P., 1B 5B 6A 8B 14B 17B.
 Yum, Reginald M., 1B 5A 6A 7B 10A 14B.

A NIGHTMARE.

Have you ever had a nightmare and lived? Yes! Probably everyone has.

One lad—an exception—had never experienced a nightmare, and he told his friends that he would like to have one just for fun. His friends resolved to provide the opportunity, so they took him to see a very creepy programme at the local theatre on Saturday night.

Saturday night found the daring lad at the

movies, where the programme, namely "Dracula" and "Frankenstein," was to be shown. He enjoyed it immensely, and munched cream cakes the whole time.

He arrived home in due course, and twenty minutes after supper he was lying in bed thinking of the cakes. A door slammed and a vase on the mantelpiece fell to the floor. The water from

the vase dripped slowly and monotonously to the floor.

He heard a slight noise and glanced round at the window. He saw a thin, bony hand silently opening the window, and then a ghostly form climbed through. He shrieked and ducked his head under the blankets. The dripping of the water changed to footsteps coming up the stairs, the door opened, and another ghostly figure

walked in. A third crawled out from the fireplace, and a fourth through the loud-speaker. They danced round his bed, uttering weird cries, and then they picked it up and threw it out of the window.

After hurtling through the air for some minutes, he woke up to find himself lying on the floor beside his bed in his own room.

P. A. NICHOLSON, 2C.

A TRAIN JOURNEY.

Yes, we were off. Several sources supplied confirmation for this statement. First, a small boy was proclaiming the news in a shrill, ear-piercing note to all who wished to hear him, and several, including myself, who distinctly did not. Again, a woman of mature years, whose attention had previously been occupied in distributing smiles, kisses and farewells to relatives on the railway station, now bestowed her undivided concentration on a piece of knitting, presumably of no beginning and apparently with no end, which lay partly on her lap, partly between her needles, and otherwise wholly upon the floor. Again, the distant rumbles which had previously met my ear increased in magnitude beyond the state of insignificant vibrations to that of noisy, drunken swaying on the part of the train, which evidently experienced much delight in disturbing the equilibrium of several unwieldy suit cases, perched insecurely above me. So, I concluded, we were off.

My destination was one of those obscure country towns with a name entirely out of proportion to its size, about which, as it were, an essay of considerable length could be written without the addition of any word beyond the title. That of my neighbours lay considerably further into the Never-Never, so I entertained little hope of a change in company. The nature of this company suggested at times that it would be distinctly to my personal benefit if it did undergo a change. Besides the elderly dame and her small son, seated in the far corner of the compartment, my companions consisted of two youths, a middle-aged gentleman, his wife, and one dog.

Considerably bored, as I was, with the monotony of the scenery, I was entertained by the latter

member of the party deciding to enliven the proceedings by making himself the centre of a verbal argument. It so happened that the small boy previously referred to, experienced a strong desire to dispose of the unwelcome presence of the aforementioned dog by ejecting him forcibly through the window, to which proposal his mother objected strongly, and commenced to enumerate, in a voice which showed a tendency to fill the entire compartment, a list of penalties, increasing in ghastliness as the will of her son became stronger, that he would be compelled to undergo if he did not, in her own expressive language, "shut up." The elderly man, being evidently the owner of the animal in question, made known in a like manner his sincere sympathies with the garrulous parent. I, not wishing to be embroiled in the controversy, sympathised with the scenery—a delightful expanse of sand and saltbush. As I did not desire to appear impolite or to suffer from a stiff neck, I relieved the situation at times by staring vacantly towards the roof. In any event, I contrived to assume an appearance of such complete boredom that my neighbours decided to sympathise with me, and to curl up in various grotesque attitudes for sleep.

Being rather at a disadvantage owing to the lack of available space to allow me to do likewise, it appeared extremely difficult to do more than survey the moon, and whatever other scenery that may have lain beyond the thick, continuous smoke that obscured my vision. To add to my discomfort, my nearest companion, obviously in the grip of some nightmare, showed his affection for me by manipulating at least three of his toes in different directions on the softer portions of my anatomy. The dog favoured me likewise by

reposing his bulky mass of canine obesity on my feet.

At last! The train pulled up amid much squeaking, rattling, and similar evidences of defective lubrication, sufficient, however, to arouse me from

my dozing. Collecting the various items of my luggage from beneath the seat, several suit-cases, (and my nearest neighbours), I directed my tottering footsteps towards terra firma.

R. A. CARY, 3D.

A SPEED BOAT RACE.

Recently I had the pleasure of driving my uncle's speed boat, the "Saucy Jane," in a speed boat race on Middle Harbour.

The "Saucy Jane" is about twelve feet long, five feet beam, and is decked for about half way from the bow, leaving ample room for three or four people to sit. In the race, my uncle and myself were the crew. Her bow, unlike the "Century Tire" and some other boats, which have more or less blunt noses, is pointed. Her hull is streamlined and painted green and brown, and is propelled by a "Seahorse 32" outboard motor.

The course lay around four buoys, arranged somewhat in the form of a rectangle, the longer sides being at least twice as long as the others. The race commenced and ended in line with the flagship.

When all were ready the starter fired his miniature cannon, and the boats shot off in a whirl of spray. My uncle did not care much whether he won or lost the race, so he said I could manage everything myself. Not being an expert, I failed to start the engine at first, and had to pull the starting rope several times before it started. With a deep-throated roar the "Saucy" shot off, as the leading boat neared the third buoy, with the other three not far behind. I opened the throttle full out as the "Saucy" roared towards the first buoy. In my anxiety to effect a sharp turn, I swung the steering handle too violently, and the boat left the water. We were nearly thrown out as it landed again, and my uncle signed to me to slow down, as a boat going at such a speed was too much for a boy to control.

At the second buoy I got into the wash of a large launch, and thought for the moment that we were in for a swim, but with some difficulty managed to keep afloat, right way up.

Ahead lay the longest stretch of the course. I leaned well forward and opened the throttle.

On either side and at the rear were walls of spray, and the boat was almost flying. What a thrill! Rapidly I overhauled and passed the fourth boat, which appeared to be in trouble, and going only half speed.

Patches of spray ahead indicated the other boats. Coming to the first buoy, second lap, I caught number three boat, and on the turn passed her, placing me third. I gave the "Saucy" all the power the motor was capable of, and cast a pleading look at my uncle. Once more the boat left the water like a living thing.

Nearing the third buoy I almost drew level with the "Query," running second. Suddenly the "Query" shot ahead, passing the leading boat, which dropped to second a few lengths ahead of me.

Although I had the "Saucy" flat out, I couldn't quite make up the distance between. Try as hard as I could, the boat maintained her two lengths lead.

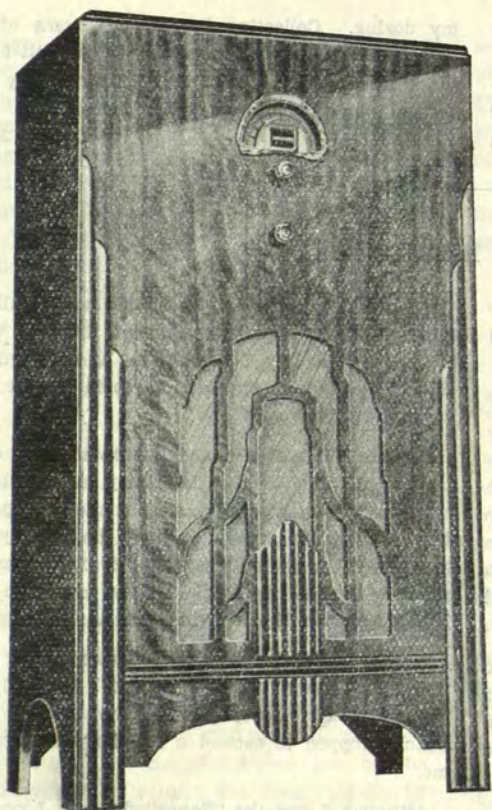
Roaring past the flagship, we commenced the last lap. The "Query" was well in the lead, and by the time the first buoy was passed, the second boat had increased its lead, and the last boat had almost caught the "Saucy."

Soon it became evident that the front boats were out on their own. It developed into a fight for third place, with about 600 yards to go.

The other driver, a young man, was having a joke with me. He would first drop back a few yards, and then spurt forward again. Approaching the flagship he flattened out and just got ahead of me.

The minute the race was over, I handed the handle to my uncle, to nurse my numbed hand. The vibration of the steering handle of an outboard motor is terrific, and it was some time before I could feel it.

N. SAUL, 1D.



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