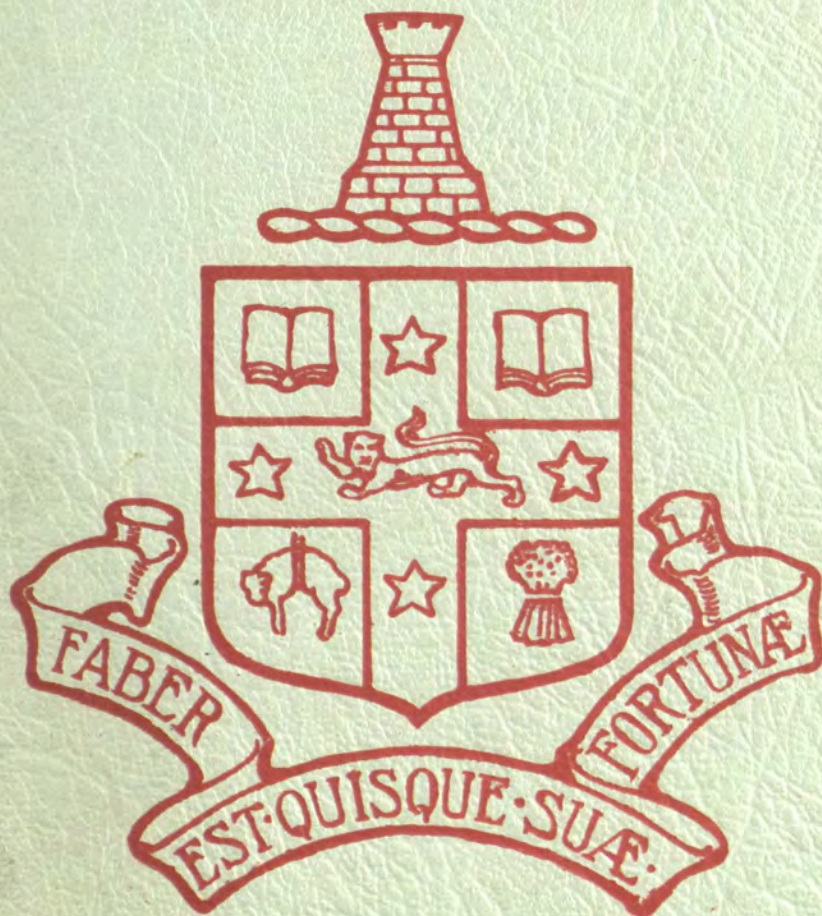
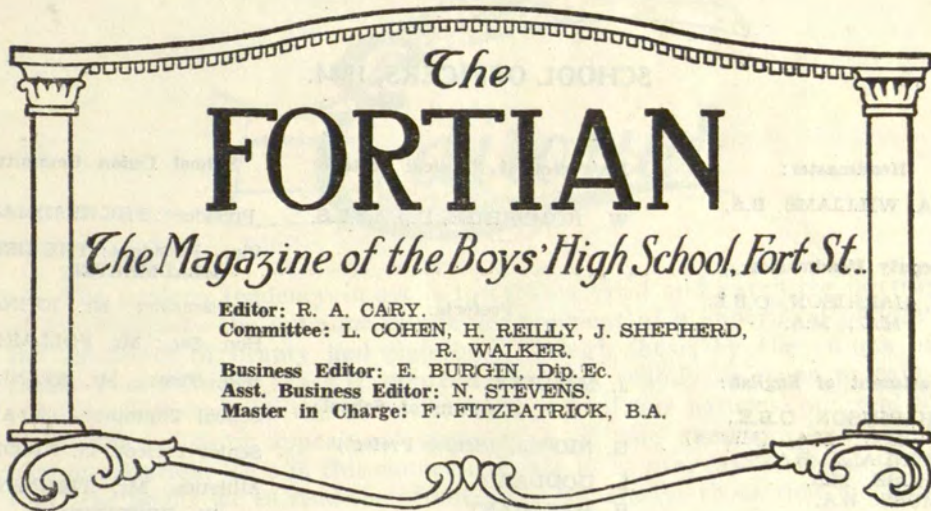


THE FORTIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF FORT ST BOYS
HIGH SCHOOL PETERSHAM NSW

JUNE, 1934.



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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1934.

Headmaster:	Instructor of Physical Culture:	School Union Committee:
J. A. WILLIAMS, B.A.	W. HUMPHRIES, Dip. A.P.E.S.	President: THE HEADMASTER
Deputy Headmaster:		Vice- President: THE DEPUTY HEADMASTER
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Department of Modern Languages:	H. LEATHART	Football:—
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C. J. BAUER	D. CHUDLEIGH	S. RAINE
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Department of Mathematics:	Mr. C. H. HARRISON	Debating Society: Mr. ROSE
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E. H. PARKER	K. WALKER	Fortian: Mr. BURGIN,
R. K. WILSON, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.	W. SHEARER	Mr. FITZPATRICK
A. W. STANLEY, B.A.	N. STEVENS	R. CARY
W. K. KIRKWOOD, B.A.		Library:
P. GILHOME, B.Sc.		Mr. L. ROSE (Librarian)
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Department of Science:	Old Boys' Union:	W. SHEARER
B. H. ROBERTS, B.Sc. (Master)	Mr. D. KENNEDY (President)	"Fortian" Committee:
E. T. WALLACE, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.	Mr. N. H. MacINTYRE (Hon. Sec.)	Messrs. BURGIN and FITZPATRICK
L. H. JOHNSON, B.A., A.T.C.		R. A. CARY (Editor)
S. H. BENDEICH, A.T.C.		R. WALKER
J. S. POLLARD, B.Sc.		H. REILLY
Department of Commerce:	Mr. H. A. SNELLING (Hon. Treas.)	L. COHEN
E. BURGIN, Dip. Ec. (Master)		J. SHEPHERD



The modern tendency in art is towards a vivid and extensive portrayal of the abstract—the outcome of the development of a superficial delight in the subtleties of beauty and emotion. Though these, by the efforts of a rather over-strained sense of appreciation, may readily be made to exert a transient influence on the more sensitive part of our natures, our real love is for the romantic appeal and stimulation of true narrative and striking characterisation. It is in this connection that R. L. Stevenson, who confesses that “the books we re-read the oftenest are not always those that we admire the most,” says:—

“There is a vast deal in life and letters . . . which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life.”

Epic poetry, which is the foundation of all national literature, is marked by the simplicity and nobility of its theme and characterisation, and its more robust principles, fundamental as they are, have been perpetuated by successive writers—the master story-tellers of history, down to the present day. The narrative of Chaucer is as intriguing as it is ingenuous; Scott, though his works are notoriously devoid of mature reflection or philosophy, appeals by the very glamour of his stories, the subordination of these qualities to the general appeal of the stirring plot; the humour of Dickens, exhilarating and irresistible, is an outstanding tribute to the power of this style. In modern times, in contrast with the efforts of the more vigorous realists, the widespread influence of the charming works of writers such as Locke and Priestley demonstrate that the innate English capacity for the enjoyment of keen, invigorating narrative has shown little evidence of decline.

Granting the hypothesis, undoubtedly justifiable according to British standards, that the pre-eminent purpose of literature is to entertain, it follows that the temperamental characteristics of latter-day artistry, while possessing charms for the enlightened minority, entirely lacks appeal for the larger proportion of literary tastes. It is also true that, in our generation, which witnesses the universal swing to that opposite extreme, detective fiction, no abstractedly artistic effort, however aesthetically attractive, can displace that basic responsiveness to all that is robust and impelling in our literature.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Congratulations to J. McAuley and G. Nicolls on their appointment as School Captain and Senior Prefect respectively for 1934.

* * *
We are pleased to announce that George Harkness, the son of our popular Chief Inspector, has recovered from a painful accident which occurred a week or two ago.

* * *
The School is very grateful to Mr. Frank M. Hands, Jeweller, Dulwich Hill, an old boy of the School, who attended from 1895-1900, and an Anzac, who has presented us with copies of the first two volumes of the Fortian, published in 1899, and a copy of the Sydney Mail, with photos and account of the School Jubilee celebrations in the same year.

* * *
Dr. Wyndham, an old boy of the School, and now at the Teachers' College, delivered a very interesting and instructive address to the School during the term, on "Places I Have Visited." Dr. Wyndham's address was interspersed with many humorous experiences, which were much appreciated by the boys.

* * *
The staff and boys extend deepest sympathy to Mr. W. Humphries in his recent sad bereavement in the loss of his daughter.

* * *
Two very popular masters were moved from the School at the Xmas vacation. Mr. F. Wootten, M.A., being appointed Deputy Headmaster of Newcastle High School. We congratulate him on his promotion. Mr. J. Perry, B.A., was transferred to the Central Technical School at Ultimo. We take this opportunity of welcoming Messrs. Short and Hallman to our midst.

Again we thank W. E. Lyons & Coy., home furnishers, of 498 Parramatta Road, Petersham, for the loan of furniture for Speech Day.

* * *
The Empire Day function this year was very successful. Addresses appropriate to the occasion were delivered by members of the Debating Society. Two members also addressed the parents and pupils at Ultimo Public School.

* * *
The rose gardens in the front of the School have been a delight this season.

* * *
We are very pleased that Mr. Stevens, when present at Speech Day, was impressed by the fact that the School had collected over £1000 towards the erection of a hall of adequate size, and asked Mr. Harkness, the Chief Inspector, to keep the matter before him.

* * *
It is very pleasing to see so many boys utilising the School bank to save money to pay their Union fees.

* * *
On account of the visit of the Duke of Gloucester at the end of this year, the Leaving Certificate Examination will commence on 13th October, and the Intermediate on November 5th.

* * *
We wish to congratulate Mr. W. Humphries on the signal honour conferred upon him by the Royal Life Saving Society, in recommending him to the Head Centre, London, for the Distinguished Service Medal. This honour is a recognition of Mr. Humphries' meritorious services in connection with life saving work, extending over a long period of time.

CHARON.

Sadly I come from the death-laden shades
Of the chilly night:
Even darkness fades.

Darkling I wander without the light
Of one lonely star:
But I need not sight.

Wrapped in the wind moaning over the bar
There I lurk alone
To watch from afar.

Weirdly and eerie the waters moan,
They are tinged with red,
Flecked white with foam.

Silent awaiting the toll for the dead
Hover hopeless and pale
The souls that have fled
From the earth; and the wall

Of the tortured strikes chill on my ear
And Orpheus roams mutely here. X., 5D.

WATER IMAGES.

FOR R.M. (If he will have it)

I.

I have been out and away in the night
 which folds in its whirling mists,
 and wraps
 as a lake-flow 'round gondolas laps—
 black;
 when the night air pierces to the heart
 and when the prelude of foreboding silence
 menaces,
 and turns the soul to stone.

quick as a fish
 just gone.
 Broken reflections of the aspen's leaves 40
 silver reflections on the checkered trunks.
 Shade and water
 water
 shade.

II.

I have seen the twisted tresses of the stream, 10
 silvery plaited hair about the crags,
 when the low moon seemed a waxen orange-bud,
 and stencilled shattered shade
 lay by the trees.

VI.
 Sharp waters from the fountains 45
 hyphenate the blue and crystal air
 showered figures there
 forever joyful or forever sad
 frozen in agony or mirth of stone
 wet with drippings like the autumn mountain 50
 where I waited and you never came
 when I was sad with an old age
 that was my passing youth,
 my childhood gone.

III.

Another night . . . 15
 the dim sea-light
 mocking the eyes with minor chords—
 derisive, shrieking, laughing light,
 shrill, with the spirits of the wind
 low, 'gainst the 'cello scrolls, 20
 bass 'cello scrolls of spirits of the foam
 like fairy figure-heads.

with the poignant disappointment of the rain 55
 wistful with resignation
 warm with tears
 wild with the wind
 and the rain
 in my hair. 60

SKALD.

IV.

This sea-light makes the air seem water flowing
 waves
 like the graduated greens of waters' and of
 willows' shades,
 shuttered Venetian green and grey, 25
 chill and cool,
 light on the walls
 falls,
 streaming triangular, parallel square.

NOTES.

I have been asked to add notes for the sake of those readers who may find certain of the word-combinations strange. It has been said that "for a poet to need annotation is not so much a proof of weakness in the poet, as a proof of lack of intelligence on the part of the reader." In this case, however, the notes are for the benefit of the uninitiated, and not because the poem is obscure.

V.

I have seen willow leaves like birds 30
 that skimmed the water in long curves
 with the reed-men who blow ripples in the pool
 beside the ivory bridge.
 Feather the oar, ripple splash.
 Lift it dripping; let it dip, 35
 swirl and bubble, gurgle, flash
 water weeds stirred

L4. There is a law in force in Venice compelling gondoliers to paint all gondolas black because of the great rivalry that previously existed in colouring them.

L7. To feel this you must stand on a hill on some cold wild night with the wind in your hair and hear the "Prelude in C sharp minor" come floating fitfully up from the valley.

L10. The many paths of the stream in the moonlight are like silver hair plaited about the crags strewn in the stream's way.

L13. Look at a tree's shade in the moonlight. Edith Sitwell has said "Art is magic, not logic."

L16. On moonless nights there is a dim shifting light that comes from the sea, so deceptive that it seems to "mock" the eyes.

L17. "Mocks" suggests derisive laughter which is heard in the shrieking violins of the wind. The interchange of sound for sight.

L20. The rumble of the sea is low like a bass 'cello.

L21. The curl of the wave is like the scroll on the soundboard and at the end of the 'cello or the curve of a figure-head. Figure-head suggests a fairy spirit of the foam dancing to the violins of the wind spirits flying low over the sea. This is the concentrated association of ideas with the senses. Osbert Sitwell has said that "you cannot write well in the idiom of the day before yesterday."

L25. The sea light is like the dull leaden light on a rainy day filtering through a green venetian blind on to a grey wall.

L29. The mathematical diction and metre of the line suggest the grotesque geometrical figures thrown by the light and shade on the wall. "The proof of originality in art is to produce personality in the bare line."

L30-33. There is a suggestion here of Ezra Pound's "Cathay."

L42-44. Repeat quickly many times and the effect will be apparent.

L45. Water falling in drops in the sun seems sharp. Interchange of touch for sight.

L46. On a crisp sunny smokeless morning look at the outline of a tree or a house against the sky and you will see how blue and crystal air can be.

L47. Variation on a theme by Osbert Sitwell. The stone statues and gargoyles on the fountain are fixed in their smiles and tears, strange images of life and death.

L50. A faint hint of Hitomaro.

L52-54. Read the conclusion of "Alice in Wonderland."

L55-60. Note how the rhythm and form trail away in keeping with the mood.

The rhythms may present some difficulty. At times they run with crazy speed into a clash between two rhythms, or they may be jazzed or syncopated. The first stanza, for example, works from a lapping barcarolle to a suggestion of the ominous "Prelude in C sharp minor" done with slow iambuses. "Black" is the clash, the turning point of the rhythm, whilst the following line is a transition suggesting both rhythms. The falling foot at the end of line 7 is in keeping with the mood and word. Any rhymes are almost purely accidental, and what seem rhymes at the first reading on closer examination prove to be close assonances, e.g., waves, shades; birds, curves. In form the "oneness" of the lyric has been shattered. The stanzas are merely joined by associations, e.g., III. and IV. by the likeness of the two lights. IV. and V. by the willows. In the first three stanzas it is night; in the second three, day.

FORTIAN PRIZES.

In order to encourage students in their literary efforts, the School offers two prizes, one for the best poem of the year, and one for the best short story.

The contributions for the past two years have been judged by Messrs. Waldock and Howarth, Lecturers in English at the University of Sydney.

The prize for the best poem was awarded to H. Stewart, who wrote under the pen-name of "Skald," for his poem "Estranged."

The honours for the best short story were divided between J. McAuley's "Hans Vogler" and A. Jenkins' "Pretty Cocky."

The following is the criticism of the judges:—

"Amongst the poems—some of them very creditable—the work of "Skald" strikes us as outstanding. We select, tentatively, his "Estranged,"

though other verses of his are noteworthy. This writer's work is original both in conception and execution. "Estranged" shows a fine ear for dirge music and an understanding of the uses of symbolism.

"The stories presented a difficulty. "Hans Vogler," in its style, is undoubtedly the best; but "Pretty Cocky," in its widely different way, is as good, or better. The author of "Hans Vogler," though his treatment scarcely convinces, has some notion of the meaning of suspense and crisis; the author of "Pretty Cocky," in his frankly extravagant concoction, manifests some of the genuine gifts of the humorist.

"We suggest that these stories, incommensurable as they are, be placed equal."

SPEECH DAY 1934

Although the School attendance is lower this year than last, it was again found necessary to hold the Annual Speech Day celebration in the Strand Theatre. A large gathering of parents and friends was present, although the visitors' section would not lose by a greater attendance. The School greeted the Headmaster and the Premier (Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, M.L.A.) with an appropriate demonstration.

The chair was taken by B. C. Harkness, Esq., M.A. (Chief Inspector of Schools), and the proceedings opened with a rendering of the School Song.

The speakers were Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, M.L.A., B. C. Harkness, Esq., J. Shepherd (Town Clerk, Petersham), K. R. Cramp, Esq., presenting the

Hume-Barbour Debating trophy, C. McLelland, LL.B., presenting the Old Boys' Prize, and W. Kerr, Esq., distributing sports trophies.

Mrs. Stevens presented the prizes to the many successful students.

Mrs. and Miss Harkness and H. D. Craddock, Esq., with Mrs. Craddock, were also on the platform.

All speakers paid a high tribute to the work of the School, and to our retiring Headmaster, Mr. Williams. The proceedings were concluded with the School war-cry, cheering for School and staff, and the National Anthem.

The reports of the Headmaster and Sports-master are given below.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

This is the 85th year of the School's existence. Since last Speech Day we have had the following changes in staff: Mr. F. Wootten, M.A., Master of Modern Languages, has been promoted to the Deputy Headmastership of Newcastle Boys' High School. Mr. Wootten's work for the general advancement of the School was outstanding. Mr. J. Perry, B.A., is now at the Central Technical High School. These two teachers have been replaced by Mr. D. Short, B.A., and Mr. F. Hallman, B.Sc.

During the year the work of the Ladies' Committee, under the presidency of Mrs. W. Rogers, was again excellent, and the School is correspondingly grateful to them.

It gives us great pleasure each year to enumerate those staunch supporters who have endowed the School with handsome prizes. They are:—

The Hon. Mr. Justice Evatt, of the High Court: A prize for the "Best Essay on an Australian Subject."

Mrs. Killeen: For the best student proceeding to the University.

Dr. Verco: For the best Mathematics pass in the Leaving Certificate.

The Hon. Mr. B. S. B. Stevens, Premier of N.S.W., for the Best Essay on a Commercial Subject.

The Old Boys' Union, for the best Fortian of the year.

We are also greatly indebted to the following friends for Sports Cups and Trophies:—

Messrs. W. Rogers, Wm. Kerr and T. Hannan, Mr. and Mrs. B. Taylor, and Messrs. Cousins, King, McRae, Owen, Mellor, Best and Gee.

We received also from Mr. B. Harkness, C.I., a valuable Memorial of the School's early days, in the shape of an enlarged photograph of the 1871 staff.

We would also like to thank Messrs. W. E. Lyons & Co. for the loan of furniture, not only on this and previous Speech Days, but also on Play Day.

The School also has a valuable collection of oil and water colour paintings presented by an old boy—Mr. Eric Lanker.

Prizes for English, History, Languages and Science are still waiting for grateful old boys to endow them and perpetuate their memories as benefactors of what the late Mr. John Turner used to call "this grand and beneficent old institution."

The School Union, as was to be expected in these lean years, has had to reduce its grants to the Library, the Fortian, and the Sport. However, without impairing the efficiency of the Sport, we have been able to add to the Library 84

reference books, 2 volumes of the Oxford Dictionary and 22 works of fiction; the School's fine collection of pictures has been increased by four, our stock of gymnastic apparatus has been augmented, and we have erected a new honour board which will serve the School's purposes for the next 14 years.

A word of commendation is due to Mr. Stanley for his management of the Union finances, to Mr. Fitzpatrick for his direction of the boys' efforts in the production of the Fortian, and to Mr. Rose for his library work.

Messrs. R. G. Howarth, B.A., and J. A. Waldock, M.A., of the University Teaching Staff, have helped us greatly by their kindly criticism when assessing the merits of the boys' literary efforts in the School Magazine.

As regards the dramatic work of the boys—The Deputy Chief Inspector praisied very highly what he saw on Play Night of the boys' dramatising and histrionic ability. By request of parents and friends, a second night performance was given. Where the work of all was of high order it might be invidious to particularise, still mention should be made of Mr. Harrison's successful production of 24 plays, the finished technique of Mr. Moss' players, of Messrs. Humphries and Waterer's stage properties and scenic effects, of Mr. Bauer, who never sees a play but "makes up" all the characters who appear upon the boards.

As the result of the voluntary subscriptions of parents and friends during play week, the takings of the ladies' refreshment committee, and the boys' penny a week donations, we were again able to distribute upwards of £90 to the following worthy institutions:—

The Renwick Hospital, the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Lewisham, Balmain and Auburn Hospitals, the Rachel Forster Hospital, Furlough House, the Children's Preventorium, and the local Ambulance.

The School training for public speaking and debate, coupled with the dramatic work, continues to produce good results. The Hume Barbour Trophy and Medals for the High Schools' championship were again won by our boys. In all, the School has won this coveted honour three out of four possible times. The members of the winning team were A. McKnight, J. Frederick and A. Jenkins. Mr. Rose was their mentor.

On Empire Day the addresses were delivered by Masters J. McAuley, Captain and Chairman, N. Stevens, K. Walker, W. Shearer, R. Foskett and L. Weber. J. Cavill and C. Ferguson spoke at the Ultimo Public School.

K. Walker, Prefect, has been chosen this year to broadcast the Goodwill Message from New South Wales boys to the British Commonwealth of Nations.

At the Annual Seniors' Dinner to their teachers and fathers, the latter were again put on their mettle by their sons' after-dinner speeches.

Speakers: Chairman B. Langsworth, A. McKnight, H. Marchant, A. Jenkins, A. Thompson, J. Frederick, W. Walker, R. Foskett, D. Barclay, J. Norrie, E. Riley and A. Bailey.

The prominence given in this report to the boys' social work, dramatic activities, rhetorical training, etc., is due partly to our desire to show what the School is doing for the general culture of the boys, apart from that given in their academic studies.

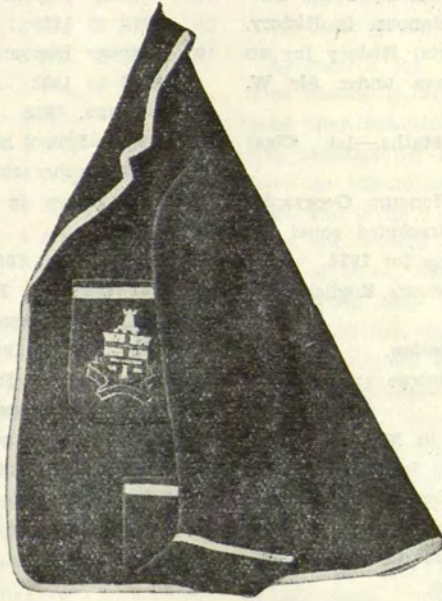
The School's representatives at the recent Old Boys' Union dinner were very greatly impressed by the very large attendance, and desire to congratulate the President, Mr. Kennedy, and the Secretary, Mr. McIntyre, on the great success of their efforts. The High Court, the legal and medical professions, the University, the business world, to mention only a few, all had their distinguished representatives there. A good Fortian, the leading citizen of the State, however, was called elsewhere on imperative public business. The late Headmaster was present, and, in spite of his 73 years, looked hale and hearty. Dave Cooper, of the 1931 debating team, made a very good speech, and his wit greatly tickled the learned Dr. Evatt.

In the matter of accommodation, I must again mention that we need at least three more classrooms, a gymnasium, and, as the necessity of holding this most important domestic function so far from the School indicates, an enlarged School Hall.

Unfortunately for us, and for other Schools too, these are necessitous times for the Department, but we are in a different position to other schools in that we have raised upwards of £1050, now bearing interest, and at the disposal of the Department, when it sees its way clear to make

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the woefully inadequate Hall large enough for our minimum requirements. One solution of the lack of accommodation would be the conversion of the present Hall into four classrooms and the building of a new Hall with a gymnasium beneath it.

The following ex-pupils are keeping the good name of their School well to the front at the University:—

J. Shepherd, B.A.—The Beauchamp Prize, University Medal, and 1st Class Honours in History, Walter Frewer Prize in Imperial History for an essay on British New Guinea under Sir W. McGregor.

W. Stewart—3rd Year Maths.—1st Class Honours (2nd place).

H. Maze, B.Sc. 1st Class Honours Geography and Research Scholarship. Bracketed equal for John Coutts Science Scholarship for 1934.

D. Verco, B.A. 1st Class Honours English (3rd place).

2nd Year Examination.

J. Kerr, High Distinction—George and Matilda Harris Scholarship in Law.

F. Chong, High Distinction in Maths., Chem., and Physics. Barker Scholarship for Mathematics.

A. Hammer, High Distinction and University prize for Psychology. Distinction in English.

S. Hazelwood, High Distinction in Maths. Distinction in Chem. and Physics.

E. Treharne, Distinction in Chemistry.

1st Year.

R. McCulloch, High Distinction in Latin and Greek.

S. Cohen, R. Giovanelli, J. Hay, High Distinction in Maths.

S. Wogan, S. Cohen, E. Henry, High Distinction in Chemistry.

R. Giovane'li, S. Wogan, Distinction in Geology.

The Prefects for the present year are:—

J. McAuley, Captain; G. Nicoll, Senior Prefect; D. Barclay, A. Burge, D. Chudleigh, C. Cumming, R. Davis, J. Evans, R. Foskett, L. Goddard, H. Leathart, H. Marchant, O. Porter, D. Roberts, W. Shearer, H. Stevens, K. Walker.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS.

A careful analysis of the results achieved by the leading High Schools in the 1933 Leaving Certificate Examination gives the School pride of place in the following respects:—

Average A's per pass: Fort Street 1.9, next best school 1.6 (a ratio of 19:16); average Honours per pass: Fort Street .7, next best school .6 (a ratio of 7 to 6). Total Honours: Fort Street 81, next best school 69.

As evidence of the continual advancement of the boys' and teachers' work, the following figures are illuminating:—

	H1	H2	Totals
(a) Average Honours per year, 1918 to 1925	15	35	50
(b) Average Honours per year, 1926 to 1933	21	37.4	58.4
Honours, 1933	28	53	81

While the School has maintained its usual high standard in other subjects, marked improvement has been shown in Mathematics, Physics and Geography.

In Maths, from 1918-1928 the average Honours per year were 9.3. From 1929-1933 the average Honours per year were 23.

In Physics from 1918-1928 the average Honours per year were 5. From 1929-1933 the average Honours per year were 13.4.

In Geography no previous Honours were given, but in 1933 the results were, out of 26 passes: 12 A's and 8 Honours (5 1sts and 3 2nds).

The 1933 results in detail were:—

	A's	H2	H1
English	24	9	3
History	28	5	6
Geography	12	3	5
Maths. I.	58	7	4
Maths. II.	22	7	4
Science	49	20	4
Latin	12	2	1
French	5	0	1
Totals	219	53	28

The following boys won University Exhibitions:—

Arts: J. Frederick; **Law:** W. McDonald, A. McKnight, R. Priestly, K. Wybrow; **Medicine:** W. Downes, G. Hodgson, J. Ireland, M. Tinckam; **Science:** F. Monaghan; **Engineering:** R. Blunden; **Veterinary Science:** B. Coleborne; **Economics:** H. Allen, W. Baker and D. McKenzie.

R. Blunden also won a University Bursary.

In all 76 boys qualified for Matriculation, and 26 passed on to the University (3 Arts, 2 Law, 7 Medicine, 2 Engineering, 4 Science, 1 Veterinary Science, 7 Economics).

Teachers' College Scholarships: Henry, Golding, Healy, Riley, Jenkins, Huntley and Patterson.

Magrath Bursary to Hawkesbury College: Mayoh and Healy.

State Public Service Passes: Wybrow, Frederick, Funnell, Allen, Paisley, Levy, Coleman and Henry.

Federal Public Service: K. Wybrow (1st place), G. Barrell, Hibberd, Huntley, Jones and Mitchell.

The 11 best passes (omitting B's) were:—

Blunden	5 A's,	2 H1,	2 H2
Downes	3 A's,	2 H1,	1 H2
Hodgson	3 A's,	2 H1,	1 H2
Surtees	5 A's,	3 H2	
Wybrow	6 A's,	2 H1	
Allen	4 A's,	3 H2	
McKnight	4 A's,	3 H2	
Ireland	5 A's,	2 H2	
Funnell	4 A's,	2 H1,	2 H2
McKenzie	3 A's,	3 H2	

Special Prizes:—

Killeen Memorial: Best pass to the University: R. Blunden.

Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize: Essay on "Australian Secondary Industries": W. Funnell.

Dr. Verco Prize for Mathematics: K. Wybrow.

Hon. B. S. B. Stevens Prize, for Essay on "Monetary Systems": W. Funnell.

Old Boys' Union Prize for best Fortian: B. Langsworth (School Captain).

Head Master's Prize for School Service: A. McKnight (Vice-Captain).

Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography: S. Emerton.

Hume Barbour Championship Debating Medals: A. McKnight, J. Frederick, A. Jenkins.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

The 1933 results were again very satisfactory, the percentage of passes in each subject being:— Maths. I. 73%; Maths. II. 81%; Science 78%; English 100%; History 80.5%; Geography 78%; Latin 82%; French 74%; Commercial Subjects 55%.

The Maths. I. results were adversely affected by two doubtful questions in the Algebra paper.

The best individual class results were:—

English	39 boys	36 A's
Maths. II.	" "	26 "
Science	" "	31 "
Latin	" "	33 "
French	" "	37 "

The following boys passed for the Public Service: G. Loder, G. Dixon, F. Hackett, G. John.

The best passes in the Intermediate were those of:—

Cary, 7 A's, 1 B.	Gibson, 7 A's.
Hing, 7 A's.	Peterson, 7 A's.
McDonald, 7 A's.	L. Cohen, 6 A's, 1 B.
S. Collis, 6 A's, 1 B.	F. Fooke, 6 A's, 1 B.
J. Hackett, 6 A's, 1 B.	L. Hardy, 6 A's, 1 B.
J. Lyons, 6 A's, 1 B.	F. Rigg, 6 A's, 1 B.
S. Ross, 6 A's, 1 B.	R. Walker, 6 A's, 1 B.

As regards the work of the 1st, 2nd and 4th Year classes, it can be said that the normal boys (and they constitute the great majority) worked very satisfactorily and showed good promise. We have no sub-normal boys, but we have difficult ones, who in spite of teachers' and parents' efforts have not worked as well as might be desired. Most of these, however, should do much better work when they reach the stage or the place where they can specialise.

The best three boys in each school year during 1933 with averages of 80% or over were:—

1st Year: B. Campbell, H. Smythe, H. R. Saul.

2nd Year: P. Weatherburn, J. Denham and M. Totterdell. These lads and others should give an excellent account of themselves in the coming Intermediate.

4th Year: L. A. Goddard (7 firsts), W. Shearer, N. Chudleigh. These boys are now in 5th Year, and with many others will bring great credit to the School in the next Leaving.

The details of the prize winning in all years will be given by the Deputy Headmaster.

SPORT.

As the Sportsmaster will follow me with his special report, it is for me to refer only to the outstanding facts, and the first is that no school has a more capable, enthusiastic and self-sacrificing Sportsmaster than Mr. L. Johnson. To provide organised sports and games for 730 boys each week is no easy task, yet Mr. Johnson's arrangements are carried out each Wednesday without a hitch.

Our 1st Grade Union Football team last year won the Premiership Shield for the second time in two years.

The 1st Grade Soccer team was undefeated, and won their championship for the third year in succession.

The 2nd Grade Tennis team won their competition.

Our champion swimmer in the recent Combined High Schools Carnival won the Keiran Memorial Shield and the following championships: 880 yards, 440 yards, 100 yards and 50 yards backstroke, as well as tying in the 220.

The boys, under the tuition of Mr. Humphries, Physical Drill Instructor, have won very many distinctions in their recent Life Saving, Land Drill and Resuscitation examinations, and these will be described at full length in the Sports-master's report.

In conclusion I would like to enlarge on the following extract from the Inspector's report on the recent inspection of the School. It reads: "The tone of the School is highly satisfactory. The Staff consists of many teachers giving excellent support to the Principal in all the social, athletic and educational activities outside the classroom."

The great majority of them have been with me during my term in the School, and they have all had a hand in the successes of the boys during the last eight years. My duties as Headmaster in this large School have precluded me from class teaching—so the teaching credit of the examination results is almost entirely due to the Staff. By precept and example, by knowledge and skill, by conscientious and unselfish service they have helped the boys to add lustre to the already great record of Fort Street.

An extra word of commendation is due to Mr. E. Burgin, Commercial Master, for his management of our finances. By careful husbanding of the Schools' resources he has kept it solvent in these times of depression. He is one of the busiest men on the staff, and his services cannot be overestimated. The bulk of the work in preparation for to-day has been done by him.

—To Mr. Parker, who is the embodiment of School service. His extra duties are multifarious—he is controller of stores and furniture, supervisor of assemblies, director of music, master of

ceremonies, and chief shock-absorber between me and the School, as in carrying out my requests—he gets much of the criticism that should be directed at me.

Mr. C. Bauer is another teacher who merits special mention. Throughout the year he prepares the applications of the boys for train and tram passes, and this involves a great deal of extra work on his part. He has been in the School for many years, and is on the eve of retirement. His fine character, untiring and unselfish service have endeared him to hundreds of past and present pupils. He is the School representative on the Old Boys' Union Committee, and he has done much to keep alive the true Fort Street spirit in the boys as they go out into the wider sphere of life.

A word of recognition is also due to Mr. Wilson, of the Maths. staff, for his meritorious extra service in compiling the School statistics and preparing the term reports.

My chief assistant, Mr. Harrison, also must be very highly commended for his School spirit and School service. His strong personality has been a distinct influence for good. In his scholarship, organising powers and initiative, educational studies abroad, knowledge of boys and men (not to mention his long war service and decorations), he is *sui generis* as a Deputy Headmaster. In my opinion the authorities are not taking full advantage of his great ability, and I am sure the cause of Secondary Education would be greatly benefited by his transference to a higher and wider sphere of usefulness in the Department.

I have kept the good wine till the last so far as the boys themselves are concerned. The Inspector's remark that the "tone of the School is highly satisfactory" was inspired by the fine relations between masters and pupils and the good conduct of the boys themselves, wherein they show the excellent mettle of their home pastures. Within the last eight years there has been no cane in Fort Street, nor has there been any occasion to use it.

PRIZE LIST.

FIFTH YEAR.

R. W. Blunden: 1st General Proficiency, 2nd Mathematics (H1), 2nd Mechanics (A), Killeen Memorial Prize, English (H2), Physics (H2).

W. H. Downes: 2nd General Proficiency (aeq.), 2nd English (H1), 1st History (H1), Chemistry (H2).

G. A. Hodgson: 2nd General Proficiency (aeq.).

Maths. (H1), Physics (H2).

A. M. Surtees: 4th General Proficiency, 2nd Physics (H2), 1st German, Maths. (H2).

K. G. Wybrow: 4th General Proficiency (aeq.), 1st Maths. (H1), 2nd French (A), Verco Prize for Mathematics.

J. P. McAuley: 1st English (H1), 2nd German, Best Female Impersonator, Play Day, Senior section, Prize for Short Story contributed to the Fortian.

J. C. Frederick: 1st French (H2), 2nd Latin (H2).

B. A. Coleborne: 1st Latin (H1), 1st Greek (A).

C. B. Phillips: 2nd History (H1).

L. F. Mitchell: 1st Physics (H1).

D. J. Hibberd: 1st Chemistry (H1).

S. C. Emerton: 1st Geography (H1), J. Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography.

H. W. Allen: 1st Mechanics (A), Maths. (H2), Physics (H2).

E. W. Riley: 1st Economics, Best Sustained Character, Play Day, Senior section.

A. D. McKnight (Vice-Captain): Headmaster's Prize for School Service, Maths. (H2), English (H2).

W. Funnell: Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Best English Essay, B. S. B. Stevens Prize for Economic Essay, Maths. (H1), English (H2), Physics (H2).

B. S. Langsworth (School Captain): Old Boys' Union Prize for Best Fortian, Geography (H1).

A. M. Jenkins: Prize for Short Story contributed to The Fortian.

A. D. McKnight, J. C. Frederick, A. M. Jenkins: High School Debating Champions, Hume Barbour Bronze Medals.

FOURTH YEAR.

L. S. Goddard: 1st General Proficiency, 1st Latin, 1st French, 1st Maths. I., 1st Maths. II., 1st Mechanics, 1st Physics.

W. Shearer: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st English, 2nd Mechanics.

D. H. Chudleigh: 3rd General Proficiency, 2nd Maths. I., 2nd Maths. II., 3rd Latin.

N. Stevens: 4th General Proficiency, 1st Economics, 2nd Physics.

K. T. Walker: 1st History, 2nd English.

J. R. Jennens: 1st Geography.

O. W. Porter: 1st Greek, 1st Latin.

B. H. Dixon, 2nd French.

R. Peterson: 1st Chemistry.

J. H. Chisholm: 1st German.

C. H. Laurence: 3rd Maths., 3rd Mechanics.

H. Stewart: Best Verse Contribution to the Fortian.

THIRD YEAR.

R. Cary: 1st General Proficiency, 1st English, 1st Latin, 1st French, 1st Science, 7 A's at Intermediate examination.

J. McDonald: 2nd General Proficiency, 2nd Latin, 2nd French, 7 A's at Intermediate.

N. Hing: 3rd General Proficiency, 7 A's Intermediate.

R. E. Wade: 1st Geography, Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography.

D. Whiteman: 3rd Latin.

B. Peterson: 4th General Proficiency, 7 A's at Intermediate.

A. Gibson: 5th General Proficiency, 1st Maths., 7 A's at Intermediate.

L. Cohen: 2nd Science, 3rd Maths.

F. Rigg: 2nd Maths.

E. T. O'Cass: 1st Commercial Subjects.

C. K. Coster: 2nd English.

R. Walker: 3rd French.

J. Ward: 1st History.

SECOND YEAR.

P. L. Weatherburn: 1st General Proficiency, 1st Maths.

J. Denham: 2nd General Proficiency, 2nd Maths.

W. E. Totterdell: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st History, 1st Cultural Geography.

H. D. Hogan: 4th General Proficiency, 2nd English.

D. A. Frazer: 1st English.

P. L. Rowland: 1st Geography.

F. Heaney: 1st Commercial Subjects.

H. Clarkson: 1st Latin, 2nd French.

P. N. Caines: 1st Science.

N. Crowe: 2nd History.

R. M. Virtue: 2nd Latin.

A. Arthur: Best Female Impersonator, Play Day, Junior section.

R. Tait: Best Costume, Play Day.

FIRST YEAR.

B. O. Campbell: 1st General Proficiency, 1st Science, 2nd English.

H. E. Smythe: 2nd General Proficiency, 2nd History.

N. R. Saul: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st English, 2nd Science.

H. B. Cadell: 4th General Proficiency, 1st History, 1st French, Best Sustained Character, Play Day, Junior section.

D. W. Hogan: 1st Maths., 1st Latin.

A. G. Shave: 2nd Maths., 2nd Commercial Subjects, 1st German.

M. Feughelman: 2nd German.

M. Reid: 1st Geography.

W. Semmens: 1st Commercial Subjects.

F. Waterer: 4th General Proficiency, 1st Cultural Geography.

F. C. Lukey: 2nd Latin.

SPORTMASTER'S REPORT.

While our achievements on the sporting fields fall somewhat short of the general excellence of results in the academic sphere, there is still room for congratulation on the measure of success which attended our efforts in all branches of School sport.

We regard sport as a means to an end, and while it is an encouraging and generally pleasant experience to find one's team sufficiently strong to carry off a competition premiership, we look upon the competition merely as a useful aid in making sport more interesting from the point of view of healthy rivalry, and as an adjunct to the fostering of the School spirit. We are more concerned, however, with the physical development of our boys under the most pleasant conditions, the training in team work which is so essential, and the development of moral and physical courage which accrues to the participants.

Our activities were spread over the whole field covered by P.S.A.A.A. competitions, and the maximum number of teams was entered. This policy enabled us to provide competitive sport for almost 40% of the enrolment of the School. The remaining 60% is well catered for by the provision of ample material for the purpose of engaging in class games.

AWARD OF BLUES.

The "blue" is the School's highest award for outstanding merit in sport, coupled with excellence in general character. The following awards have been made:—

A. Williams: Vice-Captain of the 1st XV., and a very capable forward player. He was also a member of the School's 1st XI., and was selected to represent C.H.S. in Rugby Union.

I. Breckenridge: A member of the C.H.S. 1st XV., and of the School's 1st grade team.

T. Cranston: A capable half-back who played with our 1st grade team and with the C.H.S. 1st XV.

W. Williams: Played a brilliant game as full-back; was transferred to five-eighth, where he played with equal dash. He was selected in the C.H.S. 2nd XV.

F. Constable: An outstanding player in attack, a strong runner of great speed. Unfortunately he was not available for our final matches.

Wark: A capable batsman whose highest score for the season was 178 n.o., compiled in under three hours. He is a useful change bowler, and the present Captain of the 1st XI.

R. Iredale: A keen exponent of the "Soccer" code, and the captain of the undefeated premiers-hip team.

S. Huntley: A fine tennis player and useful organiser, who assisted materially in the management of this branch of sport.

L. Whiteman: The School's singles tennis champion.

B. Langsworth and **A. Burge** were recipients of the honour in 1933, and both have again qualified for the award. Langsworth's record is remarkable. He was a member of our 1st XI. and 1st XV. for five years in succession, and finally captained both the C.H.S. 1st XI. and 1st XV. Burge's record is also noteworthy.

CRICKET.

Under the able captaincy of Bruce Langsworth and the skilful coaching of Mr. Gilhome, we expected great things of our first grade team.

The competition was keenly contested, and the standard of play was exceptionally high.

Unfortunately, the condition of Petersham Oval robbed us of our chances of retaining the premiership, and we had to be content with second place. The last two matches resulted in drawn games because the oval was adjudged by the caretaker as unfit for play on the second day in each case, when every other competition fixture on the same days was played to a conclusion. One match was against the Canterbury team, and we held a decided advantage on the first day's



ARTHUR BURGE

By courtesy of "S.M.H."

play. The other game was against the weakest team in the competition. Here also we should have secured an outright win, but the fates, or rather, the caretaker, willed otherwise.

The second grade team promised well, but found their opponents too strong, and could not do better than secure fourth place.

The third and fourth grade teams both played good cricket, and finished the season among the leading competitors. Neither competition was finalised owing to postponement of matches and intervening wet weather.

RUGBY UNION.

Last season Rugby Union football in the High Schools reached its peak. The standard of play was considerably higher than for the past eight years at least. This statement is borne out by the fact that a number of players from different High Schools are now playing first grade football with the district clubs, and in all cases the quality of their game has received high commendation from the Sporting Editors in the Daily Press.

The strength of the C.H.S. team may be gauged from the fact that their matches against H.A.C. and R.M.C. resulted in easy victories; the former team was beaten by 19 to nil, and the latter by 22 to 6.

Under these circumstances it is gratifying to be able to report that our 1st XV. secured the premiership for the second time in succession.

Five of our players—B. Langsworth, A. Williams, Breckenridge, Williams and Cranston—were members of the C.H.S. team.

We congratulate Mr. Austin and his team on their well merited success.

The 4th and 6th grade teams were runners-up to the premiers in their respective competitions, and the 2nd, 3rd and 5th grade teams, though less successful, thoroughly enjoyed their experiences.

SOCCER.

For the third year in succession our 1st grade team were undefeated premiers. Other teams were quite outclassed, and scores of 10 goals to nil were common. Five players were selected in the C.H.S. team—Iredale, Hurcombe, Prothero, Richardson and Winning. Much of the success of the team was due to the able captaincy and skilful play of Iredale, who was the outstanding player of the season.

The second grade team played remarkably well. The competition was evenly contested, and our boys were beaten by the premiers by the narrow margin of 1 goal to nil.

Messrs. Roberts and Waterer acted as managers of these teams, and the value of their coaching is reflected in the success achieved.

TENNIS.

Tennis is still the most popular game. This year more than 300 boys desire to take up this branch of sport during the winter months. Unfortunately, all cannot be accommodated, partly because of expense involved, and partly on account of the difficulty of securing further groups of courts. In determining which boys shall be catered for in this direction, the following considerations are borne in mind:—

1. The parents' wishes.
2. The boy must be a financial member of the School Union. It is considered that if a boy can afford to buy a racquet and pay 3d per week towards the cost of his game, he can be fairly expected to pay his Union fee.
3. Boys who play team games in the summer season will be given preference over those who do not.

The standard of play during the season showed considerable improvement on previous years. In the P.S.A.A.A. competition the 2nd grade team won the premiership, and the 1st, 3rd and 4th grade teams played well, but succumbed to the greater skill of their opponents.

The singles championship of the School was won by L. Whiteman.

The whole of the arrangements for tennis were in the capable hands of Mr. Wootten, who has since received promotion and been removed to another sphere of activity.

This season the game has received a filip which should lead to greater proficiency. Messrs. Best & Gee, manufacturers of Chesterfield tennis racquets, through the kindly offices of one of our old boys, Mr. Minty, presented two valuable racquets for open competition—one for seniors and the other for juniors. A hard-fought tournament resulted, and the closing stages were particularly interesting and productive of some high-grade tennis. The senior division was won by Rowe, while Ruddock was the lucky winner of the junior event.

The same firm has placed at our disposal the services of Mr. J. O. Anderson, a player of international fame, who will instruct our grade players in the fine points of the game.

ATHLETICS.

This branch of our activities is in the least satisfactory position. The School needs the services of a trained athlete to work the desirable improvement. While our staff do very creditable work in regular athletic training of boys who do not play football, there is no opportunity of fielding the best athletes until the conclusion of winter competitions. In other words, our footballers are our athletes, and grounds are not available for training when opportunity offers.

At our annual carnival the honours went to **B. Jones**, the senior champion, who won the high jump, broad jump, shot putt, 880 yards, and 120 yards hurdles, and ran 2nd in the 440 yards championship; **F. Constable**, who won the 100 yards, 220 yards and 440 yards championships, and was runner-up for the Senior Cup; **G. Nicoll**, the junior champion, who ran first in 440 yards championship and the 90 yards hurdles, came second in 100 yards and 220 yards championships, and the broad jump, high jump and shot putt; **A. McKnight**, who won the 100 yards championship in record time, created a new record for the shot putt, and ran first in the 220 yards championship, thus securing second place in the junior division; **Fox**, the under 14 champion, who finished first in the 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards championships, and the broad jump; and **V. Woodhouse**, who was second in the under 14 championship.

At the C.H.S. Athletic Carnival our teams were not up to the high standard necessary to secure premiership honours. **B. Jones**, **B. Langsworth**, **R. Roulston**, **Bendeich**, **W. Williams** and **G. Nicoll** notched points for the School in the senior division, **A. McKnight** and **Penman** scored for the juniors, and **Fox** and **V. Woodhouse** were the best of our under 14 representatives.

SWIMMING.

This year the School has entered in the P.S.A.A.A. water polo competition, and is at present equal with Technical High School in first place. Three matches have been played against this team, the first and third resulting in drawn games, while in the second match we scored a win. The position when the competition reopens

for the final round is thus very interesting.

Last season Technical High School were a little too strong for us, and we were narrowly beaten into second place.

Burge, **Parkinson** and **S. Raine** were selected in the C.H.S. water polo team, of which the captain and outstanding player was **Burge**.

Swimming organisation in general is in the capable hands of **Mr. Rose**, and much of the success achieved is due to his efficiency and enthusiasm.

At the C.H.S. swimming carnival our team were runners-up to the premiers in the senior division. Our success was almost entirely due to the courageous swimming of **A. Burge**, who won the 880 yards championship, 440 yards championship, which carried the **Kieran Memorial Cup**, 220 yards championship in record time, 100 yards championship, 50 yards backstroke, and came second in the 100 yards breast stroke.

At our own carnival **Burge** outclassed other competitors for the Senior Cup, and **H. Kennington**, his nearest rival, won the **Kerr Cup**.

Philip Schmidt won the **Hannan Cup** for juniors very comfortably, with **J. Napthali** as runner-up.

The **Taylor Cup** for the best swimmer under 14 went to **D. Callaghan**, with **Allen** occupying 2nd place.

LIFE SAVING.

Our old friend **Mr. Humphries**, ably assisted by **E. Allen**, has been busy as usual with the preparation of boys for life saving awards.

It is pleasing to note that the **Royal Life Saving Society** has shown its appreciation for the work he has done and is doing to foster its aims, by recommending him to the parent body for the award of the **D.S.M.**—a rare distinction. We congratulate him, and we congratulate the **Society** on having the services of such a zealot in the cause.

The following awards were gained during the last season:—

One Silver Award of Merit (**E. Allen**).

Two Bronze Crosses (**Allen** and **Park**).

Four 1st class instructors (**Allen**, **Park**, **Binns**, **Wilson**).

Four Bronze Bars and Ribbons (**Park**, **Binns**, **Wilson**, **Kirkwood**).

Thirty-seven Bronze Medallions.

Thirty-eight Intermediate Certificates.

One hundred and fifty-five Resuscitation Badges.

And thus, with a total of 241 awards, we are runners-up for the Hendry Cup.

Another important branch of Mr. Humphries' work is the teaching of swimming. At the beginning of the year we admitted 56 new boys who could not swim. With three exceptions of boys who are physically unfit, all can now swim 20 yards or more.

The whole staff has co-operated loyally in the various branches of the School's sporting activities, and the thanks of the boys are due to all for their interest and assistance.

The School owes a great deal to Mr. Stanley for the many hours spent on the accounts of the Union. His work as Treasurer is carried out with meticulous care, and his books reflect the conscientious attention he so cheerfully gives to this very necessary and onerous office.

As Sportsmaster I am grateful for the assistance afforded by Mr. Gilhorne, who acted for me during my absence on leave during the latter portion of the year. The School is fortunate in having the

services of one so capable and willing to fill the breach when extra assistance or skilful advice is called for.

We again have pleasure in expressing our thanks to the donors of the valuable trophies displayed before you, and especially:—

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

W. Kerr, Esq., Jeweller, of George Street, City—Cup for runner-up in Senior Swimming Championship.

T. Hannan, Esq., of Parramatta Road, Leichhardt, Junior Swimming Cup.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Taylor, of Cheltenham—Under 14 Swimming Cup.

Mrs. Anderson, of Ashfield—Tennis Cup.

Messrs. Best & Gee, manufacturers of Chesterfield Tennis Racquets, for presentation of two racquets for tennis.

Messrs. W. Cousins, of Angus & Robertson, **B. Owen**, of Owen's Bag Stores, **King**, of Parramatta Road, Leichhardt, and the **Macrae Knitting Mills**, for presentation of other valuable trophies.



K. Ritchie

The Nice Slice.

THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY.

The author of this book, contrary to the thought suggested by her pseudonym, is a woman who is at present residing in London. She is the daughter of English parents, and was born and educated in Melbourne. As a child she wrote verses and tales. In this she received little encouragement from her parents, who were more interested in her musical talents and, at the age of sixteen, took her to Leipzig to study music. However, discovering that this was not her forte, she went to London and turned to writing. Her first novel, "Maurice Guest," which appeared in 1908, was read by Masefield, who prophesied that she would have to wait at least ten years for recognition.

Even while writing "Maurice Guest," Henry Handel Richardson was occupied with a long Australian novel, the Mahony trilogy. In 1912 she returned to Victoria to secure material for this tale, and visited all the scenes which she proposed to use in the book. The first volume, "Australia Felix," was published in 1917, the second, "The Way Home," in 1925, the third, "Ultima Thule," in 1929.

Richard Mahony, the central figure of the trilogy, is the son of Irish gentlefolk, who has qualified as a doctor at Edinburgh University. While pursuing his profession in a country village he is attracted by reports of the Australian Colonies, and sets out for the Victorian goldfields in the hope of making his fortune. He first appears as a shopkeeper at Ballarat, but is unsuccessful, and on the advice of his wife, whom he has lately married in Melbourne, he resumes the practice of his profession. Thereafter his career is varied; at one time brilliantly successful in the colony, at another a despised failure in England; then a retired member of Melbourne society, later for a few brief months a restless tourist in Europe; and finally an obscure, crazy practitioner, remorselessly broken upon the wheel of his own vagrant fancy, until, mentally maimed and physically shattered, he becomes hopelessly insane and is claimed by a merciful death.

Mahony is a figure apart. A gentleman by birth and nature, he is separated from his fellows by a proud and morbidly sensitive nature and considerable intellectual gifts. But in his pride

and morbid sensitiveness lies the principal source of his misfortunes. All features of colonial existence are distasteful to him, the people, the conditions of life, the climate, even the landscape. He is, in fact, an alien in an uncongenial land. Moreover, at one time or another he is beset by financial difficulties, and later is unduly oppressed, both mentally and physically, by the strain of a large practice. All these and other circumstances irritate him with consequences which become increasingly visible. But the conditions of his life are not entirely unfavourable. He is, at one period, eminent in his profession, at another in possession of a large fortune, which enables him to purchase an exclusive house in Melbourne and live the life of a retired gentleman. Above all, Mary yields him an extraordinary devotion, and is ever at his side to help and console him. Nevertheless, no favourable change appears in Mahony, his mental deterioration progressing as surely as before. This produces the impression that he is the subject of remorseless fate. Nor does the author make any attempt to enlighten the reader in this respect, confining herself to depicting Mahony's life and its culminating insanity with a ruthless regard for truth.

Although Mahony is the dominating personality of the book, none of the remaining characters are neglected. One and all are vividly portrayed. Mary is a superb woman. She is completely devoted to Mahony, and in the earlier years of their marriage thinks him infallible. Later time robs her of the illusion, but her devotion never wavers. Occasionally Mahony's follies exasperate, even offend her, but, to the end, her fidelity remains unshaken, and constitutes one of the supreme instances of human loyalty in literature. John Turnham, Mary's eldest brother, is, perhaps, save Mahony and his wife, the most living character in the novel. He is, par excellence, the self-made man, a mighty champion of the colony and of the honour of the Turnham clan. Each man must advance the interests of the colony, he thinks, and incidentally his own. With his brother-in-law's desire to return to England he has no patience. He rises steadily in the social life of the colony, and ultimately attains cabinet rank. Whatever his faults may be, we cannot but admire his sturdy courage, which

appears throughout his life, and so conspicuously in his death. Henry Ococh holds place in the memory. His legal methods are decidedly questionable, so much so, indeed, as to distress Mahony, for whom he wins a case in Melbourne. He is not attractive in person, and we are surprised that he commands the affections of the refined Mrs. Glendenning, but we do not wonder that Ococh succeeds in his profession and in colonial politics, for in his own way he possesses distinct ability. The author is impartial to all her characters, her sole object being to depict them, ruthlessly and remorselessly, as they are.

If the author delineates her character remorselessly, she preserves this same severe regard for truth in the descriptions of her scenes, which constitute a striking part of the book. Each is in its particular way effective, presenting a graphic portrayal of that with which the author is at the time concerned. One which immediately suggests itself is the description of the goldfields of Ballarat. I quote a brief passage:—

"The men at the windlasses spat into their horny palms and bent to the crank: they paused only to pass the back of a hand over a sweaty forehead or to drain a nose between two fingers."

This is not a pleasant picture, yet we cannot deny its truth and power. Another instance which comes readily to mind occurs in the paragraph which begins the proem to "The Way Home." This presents an entirely different scene, but is just as powerful and realistic, and the same may be said of the descriptions of the country towns of Victoria.

The book indeed is a powerful realistic study from whatever angle we may regard it, but the author's zeal for truth has led her to an extreme and the excess tires the reader. Stevenson has remarked in "A Note on Realism":—

"This question of realism regards not in the least degree the fundamental truth, but only the technical method of a work of art."

The author seems to have forgotten this dictum. Surely she could have modified her technique with no danger to realism. For instance, could she not have suppressed or omitted certain distasteful particulars and even some of the characters? There is Mrs. Glendenning's son, a confirmed drunkard while yet a boy, who appears to serve no very useful purpose in the story.

Could he not with advantage be eliminated? Again, if it were necessary to marry Mrs. Glendenning to so repulsive a figure as Ococh and to make her an inebriate, is it essential to state so many disagreeable facts concerning her? Many of these might well have been suppressed. For example, it is hardly necessary to present in so many words the bitter contrast between the charming personage of her younger days and the aged wreck she ultimately becomes. This, or, at least, some of the details of her last visit to Mary could have been left to the imagination of the reader. Consider too the case of Zora and Hempel. If Zora must marry, surely she need not be wedded to a virtual corpse even to escape the stigma of being an old maid. Certainly these and similar instances show that the author has erred unpleasantly on the side of realism. It is not that such details are unreal or even clumsily interwoven with the tale. They are simply multiplied disproportionately. Life has its beauty as well as its ugliness, and to over-emphasise either the one or the other is to deform the truth.

The story might well have been relieved by the introduction of an element of romance, which is entirely lacking. Romance was present in the earlier days of colonial life, and could easily have been included in the novel. Its absence may even be said to detract from the realism, for nowhere, perhaps, was romance so much in evidence as in the goldfields of the 'fifties.

The prevailing style is strong and masculine. However, it seems scarcely possible that the author could entirely conceal her own personality throughout the course of some thousand pages, and occasional feminine strokes appear. When we are told at some length of the success of Mary's cakes we recognise a woman's hand, and when, too, the loves of Agnes Glendenning and Henry Ococh are divulged with tears and sentimentality the feminine touch is no less distinct. Nevertheless, the style is, as I have said, for the most part virile and adequate. But the author is no purist and her diction is, but too often, slightly vulgar. This is clearly demonstrated by the following phrases, which I have chosen at random: "a toss-up between his happiness and hers"; "tuck in"; "the very spit of the unsuccessful digger"; "within an ace of cutting and running"; "no medico was safe from that punch

below the belt"; "to jaw him." Similar expressions appear not once, but even many times in a single chapter, and surely indicate no very deep regard for the niceties of language. We may, I think, take these lapses as another instance of the author's extraordinary zeal for realism, and from the same cause, no doubt, emanates the unpleasant illustration in such a sentence as this: "And now, Polly, for home! he said exultantly, when the largest pocket-handkerchief had shrunk to the size of a nit." Such may be the language of modern realism, but it scarcely serves the purpose of art, and even arouses the reader's spleen.

But if "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney" possesses grave faults of style and technique, its merits are surely no less great. It is, as we have seen, virile and powerful, there is no character but is true and living, and every scene is strong

and graphic. Moreover, characters, incidents and scenes are all alike interwoven deftly and naturally to form the complex patterns of the book, and if the realism is exaggerated so that the darker side of existence is overdrawn, compensating features are not wholly neglected. Mary's love for Mahony is a supreme instance. Her struggle for his release from the asylum and the final scene in the death chamber are unforgettable, and when we think of her constancy throughout the years, we feel that her devotion mitigates the horror of Mahony's fate.

All in all, the novel is remarkably powerful. Indeed, power is its chief characteristic, alike in its virtues and its faults, and, if it be not an enduring monument, its publication is at least a signal event in the history of Australian literature.

C. O'BRIEN.



FORT STREET TEACHING STAFF, 1871. By courtesy of Government Printer.

The above photograph of the Fort Street Teaching Staff, 1871, is a copy of the original, given by Mr. Norman MacTaggart, Chief Engineer, Water and Sewerage Board, to Mr. B. Harkness, M.A., Chief Inspector, to whose special interest in the School we are indebted for this enlargement. The names of the teachers are:—

Back Row: Men—Messrs. J. MacCormack, J. Dart, F. Bridges, T. Dwyer, J. Conway.

Ladies: Standing—Miss A. L. Finnigan, Miss H. Woodford, Miss K. McDonough,
Miss B. MacSweeney, Mrs. MacTaggart, Miss M. Wright.

Ladies: Sitting—Miss R. Foster, Miss M. Pyne, Mrs. Allingham, Miss A. Brand, Miss M. Smith.

THE EMPTY ROOM.

A FANTASY ON A LINE FROM T. S. ELIOT.

Pain to enter,
 Pain to leave,
 But you must go through this way
 this way,
 ever this the only way.
 Two doors
 a whitewashed hall,
 an empty, narrow hall—
 two swords, two doors,
 a paper wall
 but whitewashed? why?
 Shallow, cheap,
 strong as iron that will not crumple in
 Four paper walls, a roof, a floor, the same.
 Strange! all strange!

One pushed me in this hollow room,
 opened the door and suffered pain,
 pierced by the sword stuck through the door
 called Birth

Pain.

It seems the only way
 to enter in this lane—
 like room of Life
 the only way:
 Strife.
 Strife to enter
 Strife to go
 Strife along the way.
 She's gone her way again,
 along her separate way of life
 her narrow lane.
 She left a child,
 a youth,
 a man,
 alone.

Now I am in
 to fight
 and win
 and win
 —and lose
 How disappointing now it seems!
 A heap of shattered mirrors, shattered dreams.
 I have not even room to spread my wings
 crushed wings
 poor broken and deformed things—
 like my hopes,

battered hopes
 battered wings
 cramped ambitions, plans and purposes despoiled,
 expression trodden down.
 I must fight,
 but I cannot push down the paper walls
 for I am weak with laughter and despair.

It's six o'clock.

It's always six o'clock
 That is what is so stupid in it all,
 that is why we are always pouring tea.
 But see!

There are no figures on the dial
 and though the hands are still
 the pendulum still ticks away the time
 so that you have no true idea
 of how long you have been in here.
 That is the bitter jesting of it all
 The irony of the clock upon the wall.
 Perhaps it is not six o'clock.

And yet
 away the cunning moments go
 seeming slow, seeming slow
 monotonously to and fro.
 Whirls my brain
 in throbs and pain
 vortices and numbing drowse.
 Fast!
 Fast into hours and days and years
 treacherously slipping past,
 too fast
 and Oh! too soon
 to the last
 chime
 when comes the time
 to go
 to the other door
 slow
 with age,
 fast,
 fast with sweeping time
 Hurry up, please, it's time.
 It's time.
 Hurry up, please, it's time.
 Time
 and time
 and time

and time.

Hurry up, please, it's time.

But why go on?

There is nothing ahead

but another door and another sword

called pain

and death.

I will turn again

I cannot turn—too narrow to go back.

And see!

Now there's a crowd behind too

that I have never seen before.

They are pushing me on
to the other door.

No longer alone

now I cannot turn back.

They are thrusting me on,

too soon is Life gone.

The sword!

The Pain!

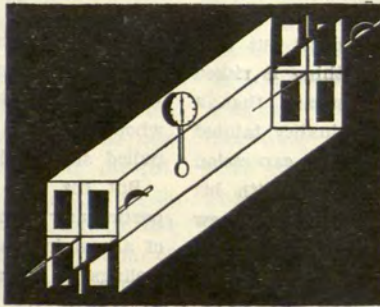
Hurry up, please,

Hurry up, please,

Hurry up, please,

It's time again.

SKALD, 5D.



ADDRESS BY DR. WYNDHAM.

On Thursday, May 31, the School was entertained by the vastly interesting and amusing reminiscences of Dr. Wyndham, who has recently completed a world tour embracing America and Europe. Dr. Wyndham, as he himself explained, is an old boy of the School, and his remarks, while instructive in the extreme, were delivered with an engrossing sense of humour.

Among the more salient of his impressions of America was the outstanding efficiency of the omnibus and air services. The 'buses, which traverse the entire continent, are equipped and ventilated so as to assure complete comfort, while the Americans are coming to regard air liners in terms of "slow" and "fast" trains.

The speaker dwelt on the astounding diversity of nationalities to be found in the United States, which, he said, should be spelt with quotation marks around the "United." This variety of elements accounted for the turbulent administrative history of many of the larger municipalities, while the gradual and rather amusing advance of the negro population into the more select

residential quarters of the towns was becoming mildly alarming.

Dr. Wyndham outlined in detail his journey across the continent, and the varied local interests of the districts through which he passed—the captivating scenery of California, the grandeur of the Rockies, and the salt deserts of Utah. Giving an account of the city of Chicago, he supplied interesting details of the administration of the meat factories and the famous grain pit. The sensational stories which originate in this city, when not actual fabrications of outside newspapers, dealt only with occurrences in the notorious slum areas.

Alluding to the tense political situation existing in present-day Britain, Dr. Wyndham paid a tribute to the growing enterprise of English youth, which was now exerting an energetic influence in the administrative sphere. Numerous members of the House of Commons were under the age of thirty, and the speaker had had the opportunity of personally witnessing a 29-year-old member deliver his maiden speech. A.P., 4D.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY.

"You to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier."

—Pope.

Poetry to-day is passing through a period of transition, and like all such periods, it is difficult to assign any definite characteristics to it. In this essay I propose to discuss very briefly the increasing group of poets, English and American, who, by a certain attitude to their art, have earned the name of modernists.

The modernist is seeking always to present something new to the world. Actually, of course, this is the aim of any and every poet; but with the modernist it means that everything is risked for the sake of experiment; it means that a profound horror of having his originality tainted and enfeebled by outworn modes of expression leads him to make daring experiments with his art, in order to open up new subjects and new methods. Everything is risked that much might be gained. So when we are reading the work of a modernist it is well to remember that every poem is an experiment which is sometimes successful and sometimes not. This is aptly summed up in the words of Apollinaire, a modern French poet:—

"Soyez indulgents quand vous nous comparez
A ceux qui furent la perfection de l'ordre
Nous qui quetons partout l'aventure
Nous ne sommes pas vos ennemis
Nous voulons vous donner de vastes et d'étranges
domaines
Ou le mystère en fleur s'offre à qui veut le
cueillir."

One of the most striking features of modernism is the number of Americans who are in the ranks—E. E. Cummings, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Conrad Aiken, Marianne Moore, Carl Sandberg, Hart Crane, John Crowe Ransom, and many others, have all made important contributions to modern poetry, and are all worthy of study. Some of them are very distinctively American in their outlook, notably Carl Sandberg, who writes of Chicago and the Middle West. Most of them are only to be detected by a certain boisterous "hustling" manner which is alien to the average English mind; while at least one of them, T. S. Eliot, has become so completely Anglicised that

he can write with the urban elegance of the born Londoner in poems like this:—

"They are rattling breakfast plates in basement
kitchens,

And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates."

Cummings has written a number of satirical poems in the jargon of his countrymen. For instance, when he bids us contemplate "earth's biggest grafter, nothing less, the Honorable Mr. (guess)

who, breathing on the ear of fate,
landed a seat in the legislat—
ure, whereas Tommy So-and-so
(an erring child of circumstance
whom the bulls nabbed at 33rd)
pulled six months for selling snow."

But his best work is to be found elsewhere, particularly in his love poems. Cummings is first of all an impressionist. He does not describe his feelings on a subject; he constructs his poem so as to give the reader those very same feelings. Every word in it is necessary and significant, and his meaning is further impressed by the use of an original scheme of punctuation:

"if i have made, my lady, intricate
imperfect various things chiefly which wrong
your eyes (frailer than most deep dreams are
frail)
songs less firm than your body's whitest song
upon my mind—if i have failed to snare
the glance too shy—if through my singing slips
the very skilful strangeness of your smile
the keen primeval silence of your hair

let the world say "his most wise music stole
nothing from death"—

you only will create

(who are so perfectly alive) my shame:
lady through whose profound and fragile lips
the sweet small clumsy feet of April came

into the ragged meadow of my soul."

T. S. Eliot is in my opinion the most significant poet writing at the present day. He is almost the epitome of his age, each of the manifold aspects of his work being representative of some

current of modern thought. He is a philosophical poet who started with a reasoned attitude of despair towards human life best expressed in his long poem "The Waste Land," but more directly put in that perfect set of chants, "The Hollow Men," in which the "hollow men" are ourselves and this world is the "dead land" and "Death's kingdom."

"This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star."

From this elegant nihilism he has progressed by natural transition into the arms of Anglo-Catholicism and a general attitude of Classicism. The literary evidence of this appears in "Ash Wednesday," "Marina," and probably in the new long poem at which he is working at present.

The above quotation is very instructive as to Eliot's style, which is at all times fastidious and subtle, depending largely on the association of ideas. Here, for instance, is his hyper-sensitive reaction to Mr. Apollinax:—

"His laughter was submarine and profound
Like the old man of the sea's
Hidden under coral islands
Where worried bodies of drowned men drift
down in the green silence,
Dropping from fingers of surf.
I looked for the head of Mr. Apollinax rolling
under a chair
Or grinning over a screen
With seaweed in its hair.
I heard the beat of centaur's troop over the
hard turf,
As his dry and passionate talk devoured the
afternoon."

The intellectual quality of his poetry seems to present a barrier to the ordinary reader. Obscurity in poetry is sometimes justifiable and sometimes not. A poet has every right to choose a difficult and abstract idea, and cannot help being obscure in dealing with that idea. But where a poem is obscure because of an exclusive attitude towards the reader, or a pedantic display of learning, or a vulgar attempt to mystify the vulgar, then the poet is surely at fault. Mr. Eliot's sins in this regard are more pardonable than those of some lesser poets who substitute in-

genuity for genius and obscurity for real subject-matter.

Of the English poets who are styled modernist, Edith Sitwell is probably the most important. She also has a strong intellectual element in her work, but her philosophy seems to be as much a matter of feeling as of reason. It consists in a despairing sense of the meanness and triviality of objective reality from which she finds no escape into a spiritual world, and so she escapes into a strange doll's-house world of her own, which she creates by means of her peculiar, acute imagination. This is symbolized in her best poem, "The Sleeping Beauty," by the escape from the Midsummer Fair to the Fairy Court. The Fair symbolizes this life:

"It seemed a low-hung country of the blind—
A sensual touch upon the heart and mind.
Like crazy creaking chalets hanging low
From the dark hairiness of bestial skies
The clouds seem, like a potting-shed where grow
The flower-like planets for the gay flower-show.

Now from the countrysides where people know
That Destiny is wingless and bemired,
With feathers dirty as a hen's, too tired
To fly—where old pig-snouted Darkness grovels
For life's mired rags among the broken hovels—
The country bumpkins travel to the Fair,
For Night and Day and Hell and Heaven seem
Only a clown's booth seen in some bad dream,
Wherefrom we watch the movements of our life
Growing and ripening like summer fruits
And dwindling into dust, a mirage lie:
Hell is no vastness, it has naught to keep
But little rotting souls and a small sleep."

But from the hard and terrible gaiety of the
Fair she escapes into the court of the Princess
Cydalise, where

"Life was so still, so clear, that to wake
Under the Kingfishers' limpid lake
In the lovely afternoon of a dream
Would not remote or stranger seem."

Miss Sitwell's metrical and other experiments are best seen in her "Bucolic Comedies," but if the reader is curious to know the principles on which they are based, he must refer to her prose essays and critical introductions.

Probably the most persistent element in modern poetry is, as we have seen in the case of the last two poets, its intellectuality, and so we are

not surprised to find that a large number of poets draw much of their inspiration from the realms of philosophy or metaphysics. Writers like Herbert Read, John Crowe Ransome and T. S. Eliot present on that account formidable difficulties to the average reader, and insuperable difficulties to the lazy reader. One of Mr. Read's simpler poems will furnish an example, at the same time illustrating the colourless, abstract nature of his verse and its inflexibility. It is called "Fear."

"Fear is a wave
Beating through the air
And on the taut nerves impinging
Till there it wins
Vibrating chords.

All goes well,
So long as you tune the instrument
To simulate composure.

(So you will become
A gallant gentleman.)

But when the strings are broken . . .
Then you will grovel on the earth
And your rabbit eyes
Will fill with fragments of your shattered
soul."

Psychology has noticeably enlarged the poetic domain. Harold Monro gives many obvious examples; for instance, in "The Silent Pool," where he says:—

"Look downward in the silent pool;
The weeds cling to the ground they love;
They live so quietly, are so cool;
They do not need to think, or move.

Look down in the unconscious mind
There everything is quiet too,
And deep and cool, and you will find
Calm growth and nothing hard to do,
And nothing that need trouble you."

A word about free-verse. Whether or not it is legitimate medium for poetry does not concern us here; the important thing is that during the last thirty years a tremendous amount of free-verse has been written, and poets have shown that under skilled hands it is capable of the most beautiful effects. The following poem is called "Autumn," one of the five published poems

of the late T. E. Hulme:—
"A touch of cold in the autumn night;
I walked abroad,
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge
Like a red-faced farmer.
I did not stop to speak, but nodded.
And round about were the wistful stars
With white faces like town children."

Associated with free-verse is the now defunct school of Imagism, of which three poets at least have made really effective use of the form—Richard Aldington, Ezra Pound and D. H. Lawrence. The definition of free-verse by the Imagists should be of interest:—

"We attach the term to all that increasing amount of writing whose cadence is more marked, more definite, and closer-knit than that of prose, but which is not so violently nor so obviously accented as the so-called 'regular verse.'"

Imagism itself was just a restatement of poetic principles that have guided numbers of poets for centuries. The thing which they emphasised was that in poetry an **image** had to be presented which was clear and definite, not blurred or vague. The poem above by T. E. Hulme is an Imagist poem. Other members of the school were F. S. Flint, John Gould Fletcher, "H.D.," Amy Sowell, and William Carlos Williams.

This rapid survey, incomplete as it is, was made with the chief aim of stimulating interest in contemporary poetry—an interest which is woefully lacking at the present time. There are some people for whom the history of poetry ends with Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Longfellow, while there are others who follow it cautiously as far as Yeats, Hardy, de la Mare, Masfield and Rupert Brooke, but any attempt to make them strike out into unaccustomed territory is met with suspicion. But they are not asked necessarily to praise what they read—I hope I have not appeared fulsome or indiscriminate in my commendation—but they are asked to take a reasonable interest in modern developments, and thereby to stimulate the production of better poetry. Lastly it may be as well to point out that this essay is written from a contemporary point of view. Attention has of necessity been paid to writers some of whom at least will probably appear rather worn, odd, and out-of-date fifty or a hundred years hence.

J. Mc.

OLD BOYS' PAGE

Since the last issue of "The Fortian" the Old Boys' Union has devoted its attention on the social side chiefly to the Annual Dinner, which was held at the Wentworth Hotel on 11th April last. The dinner was the most successful for many years, and was attended by a large number of old boys. The Committee, while very glad to welcome those who may be termed the older and oldest old boys, regrets that there was not a bigger attendance of the younger generation. On an occasion such as this age is forgotten. All present are "Fortians," and the purpose of the gathering is not only to renew old friendships, but to make further acquaintances with Fortians of all ages.

Mr. W. A. Selle, Registrar of the University, acted as toast master. After the toast of "The King" by the President, Mr. D. E. S. Kennedy, the Hon. Mr. Justice H. V. Evatt, supported by Colonel Selmes, D.S.O., V.D., proposed the toast of "The School," to which the Headmaster, Mr. J. A. Williams, responded, supported by Doctor George Mackaness.

Mr. H. W. Horsfield, supported by Doctor A. J. Collins, M.B., M.S., President B.M.A., moved the toast, "Headmasters," to which Mr. A. J. Kilgour replied, supported by Mr. David Cooper.

Very great interest was shown in current School doings, which were ably outlined by Mr. Williams, and the assistance which the Old Boys' Union may lend to its School was emphasised.

The next function is the "Old Fortians'" Ball, to be held in conjunction with the Old Girls' Union on 20th proximo at "The Pompadour," 417 George Street, Sydney. The undersigned will be pleased to supply details to all interested, and a hearty invitation to Fortians and their friends is extended. The ball, of course, is one of the brightest social functions of the year.

Past and present boys will be interested to learn that arrangements have been made with Galeries Anglaises, 133 Pitt Street, Sydney, to commission Mr. Gayfield Shaw, a Sydney etcher, winner of the first prize at the International Exhibition, Chicago, 1932, to execute an etching of the new

School. These etchings will be available in the early part of June at £1/5/- each, a portion of which amount will be devoted to the Old Fort Street Gates Fund. Copies may be arranged for on application to the undersigned, or Mr. F. Fitzroy, Hon. Treasurer of the Union, or direct from Galeries Anglaises. Any old boys desirous of obtaining etchings of the old School are also requested to communicate with the undersigned, since previous arrangements regarding the old School have now been terminated.

Readers will be interested to know that it is expected to put in hand the erection of the old Fort Street gates at the new School in the very near future. A considerable amount of the necessary money is already in hand, a number of further donations have been promised, and a subscription list will probably be published shortly in the Press. Any old boys able to assist with donations are cordially invited to do so.

It is intended that the opening ceremony be marked by a proper function, details of which will be arranged in due course.

The Union has now undertaken the distribution of Union badges, which are available from the Hon. Secretary at 2/- each. The amended design is proving very popular.

A proposal has been made which may achieve fruition for the institution of a monthly magazine, to be known as "The Old Fortian," dealing with old boys, the School, and incidental matters of interest.

Among the most recent additions to the rank of King's Counsel is an old boy of the School, Mr. H. H. Mason. Mr. Mason has been eminent in the legal profession for many years.

General regret was felt at the death recently of his Honor Mr. Justice James, late of the Supreme Court Bench of this city. Mr. Justice James had a distinguished career, politically, at the Bar, and on the Judiciary, and was widely known for his many interests.

On the subject of law, it is interesting to note that Miss Olga Sanwell, who completed the Law

School course last year, and is the first girl to graduate in the Faculty with Honours, is an old Fort Street girl.

All Fortians will join in congratulations to Mr. W. A. Selle, Registrar of the University, on his recent marriage.

THE EPICUREANS.

Let us mock our tears with laughter ere we die: Let us spread the fame of Bacchus through the land
 Let us laugh at sorrow's burdens ere we sigh; As we sport upon the yellow-golden strand.
 While the sun still shines above us Loudly let us vaunt his praises,
 In his blaze of golden glory To the throb of songs, and dancing,
 And the soft blue stars that love us Whirl our feet in wizard mazes
 Whisper low their dreamy story On through time our sport advancing;
 Let us live, while we may Through the warm scented night
 Ere the charm of our day We shall dance till the light
 Fades in darkness away Of the day greets our sight.
 And the sombre shades of Death invade our sky. Then forget the happy hours our life has spanned.

Let us wander hand in hand among the flowers, Let us spurn the tinsel glitter of the world
 And sing softly, like the cool September showers; Where the dice of mocking fate is ever whirled.
 Let us live in love and beauty Come, pursue our rustic pleasure;
 In our land of tinkling fountains, Let us roam amid the clover:
 Get you home, dull Care! and Duty, Let us have of joy full measure
 Hie you to your darkened mountains, Ere this hallowed twilight's over.
 And with joy in our train Let us live while we may
 Let us sing our glad strain Ere the charm of our day
 Leaving sorrow and pain Fades in darkness away
 In the ruined mass of Grandeur's fallen towers. And our lives into oblivion are hurled. X., 5D.

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Two choice pieces of classical logic: "Tom was called Dick after his uncle Joe." "I had a famous clock once; when the hands pointed to one o'clock and it struck twelve, you knew it was two."

Master (reading Shakespeare): "Go get him surgeons!" There is a loud report from a car on Taverner's Hill. Master (reading Shakespeare): "Go get him surgeons!"

Teacher (on receiving homework without a name on it): "Here is an anonymous contribution, presumably from 'Constant Reader' or 'Mother of Six.'"

Who Said? (2nd series):—(a) "Bring forth the bricks that we may shower them upon him." (b) "The only 'Leaving' these boys ought to do is, now." (c) Spoke stand. (d) "Plus je vois d'elle plus je l'aime!" (e) "What's the lesson?" "Ancient History?" "Wrong!"

ANZAC DAY, 1934.

According to School custom, Anzac Day was celebrated in the Memorial Hall on Tuesday, April 24th.

The Headmaster, in delivering a speech to the assembled School, glorified the great deeds done by our soldiers and sailors on the memorable occasion of the landing at Gallipoli. Incidentally, he noted, from a teaching staff of thirty teachers, there were five who were participants in the actual attack, while other members rendered service on the Continent. Mr. Parker gave a short address elaborating the remarks of the Headmaster.

The Deputy Headmaster, as a representative of the portion of the staff which was present at the attack on Gallipoli, performed the traditional School function—the placing of a wreath on the Roll of Honour, commemorating the names of the 150 old Fortians who fell in the Great War.

The ceremonies, which were varied by the singing of hymns, concluded with "Advance Australia Fair," and the School filed past the Honour Board with the customary sign of reverence.

L. COHEN.

A certain master was recently heard bewailing the fact that he was not on the science staff, as he had such good illustrations of "relative density" in the class.

For 4th Year chemistry only. Teacher, to boy who has answered very vaguely: "I asked you for the core, and you gave me the pip."

Evidently a certain 4th Year English master was only speaking for himself when he said, "Speaking from our experience of prisons."

Heard in a 4th Year debate: "The sword has played an important part in carving out men's destinies."

Heard at test: Teacher: "Jones, why can't you make your figures better? For instance, this seven looks like a four." Jones: "No, sir, that's a four." Teacher: "Then why does it look like a seven?"

Just a suggestion: Why not change the word "quadrangle" into "squadwrangle?"

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

It is a beautiful, sunny day. A gentle breeze drifts across the lawn, rustling the trees and carrying the sweet fragrance of flowers, wafting it to the people seated in the refreshing, dreamy shade of the trees.

It is here that the tired business man comes for his midday rest—to be away from the buzz and bustle of city life, and yet has time to return in the brief opportunity allowed him.

Sunbeams, filtering through the leaves of the trees, form, better than any human artist could paint, beautiful patterns, ever changing as the breeze rustles the foliage. The sweet singing of birds, with the accompaniment of a playful, tinkling fountain, produces an effect delightfully musical.

An exquisite touch is added by the colourful blend of flowers bordering the lawn. Now and then, pigeons gracefully alight, to be fed or chased away by the youngsters in the immediate vicinity.

Far away, dim and grey with the midday haze, standing aloof like a sentinel, is the Harbour Bridge—a fitting guardian of the beauty of the Harbour and of the Botanical Gardens.

R. TREHARNE, 3B.

SCHOOLBOYS' RAILWAY CRUISE,

As is customary on vacation tours, Fort Street was well represented amongst the school parties on the Schoolboys' Railway Cruise conducted during the May vacation, to various southern districts of our State. The cruise covered an approximate distance of 1200 miles, and embraced such notable places as Canberra, Yass, Burrinjuck, Leeton, Griffith, Harden, Goulburn, Moss Vale, Bowral and Berrima.

On Sunday night, May 13th, at 10.55, the special cruise train crept from Central, and was soon speeding away on its 200-mile run to Canberra—our first destination. Here the whole day was spent inspecting Australia's National Capital, which, with its dazzling white buildings, its gardens and winding roadways, its sparkling streams, and its battalions of stately young trees lining every street and avenue, remains not only a modern city of to-day, but at the same time a fairyland of trees, shrubs, and exotic blooms.

Probably the most interesting event of the day was the visit to Federal Parliament House, which stands out dazzling white, glistening like a pearl threaded in a necklace of glittering green.

After being addressed by the Prime Minister (Mr. Lyons), the party proceeded to inspect the meeting places of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and to gaze in wonder at the thick, luxurious carpeting, the polished parquetry flooring, the exquisite works of art on the walls, the many historic documents and statues, and other objects of interest, all of which lend an atmosphere that is colourful and inspiring.

After attending the theatre in the evening, the party returned to the train, which was our "home" each night, and soon dropped into slumber, whilst the express sped away to Yass, from where we travelled a distance of 39 miles to a very different scene—a wall of masonry at Burrinjuck, which impounds that vast volume of water that had previously run at seasonal intervals down the bed of the Murrumbidgee, to its junction with the Murray.

Griffith and Leeton were visited on the third and fourth days respectively. Here were seen the actual work of irrigation, the evidences of transformation it has made, and the many industries it has created on the area. Among these

are rice-growing, fruit canning, citrus fruit growing, butter making, and wine making.

The greatness of this transformation cannot be fully realised, unless it be remembered that less than 30 years ago all this area was arid and unproductive.

Continuing to inspect the open spaces on our way home, half a day was spent at Mr. B. J. Hock's model farm, Linden Hills, Cunningham, in the Harden district, where shearing was in progress, and where many humorous incidents took place with the "boxing kangaroo," and even more humorous were the vain endeavours of the lads to ride a 25-year-old bucking mare.

On the same day we proceeded to Goulburn, and after a motor-drive around the town, ascended Rocky Hill to inspect the famous War Memorial—Goulburn's unique landmark, of which all the city is justly proud. The view from here is really remarkable. The panorama includes approximately fifteen miles of the one range from all points of the compass, and the view of the country stretching into the near and distant hills makes a great appeal.

In the evening we attended the theatre, which is similar in style to the Sydney "Capitol" Theatre.

On Saturday morning, which was the last day of the cruise, the motor tour included Moss Vale, Bowral and Berrima. An inspection was made with the caretaker of the historic Berrima Gaol, and so grim was his description of the severe forms of punishment which had been meted out to prisoners, that a general resolution was made among the lads to keep on the right side of the law.

On Saturday afternoon the lads entered the cruise train for the last time, and soon were speeding away towards home, saying "au revoir," but not "good-bye" to the land we love so much.

Personal acquaintance with those places they have longed to see was the realisation of a great ambition for well-nigh 150 lads.

In conclusion the boys would like to thank Mr. Rose for his organisation, and for his readiness to impart so much of his vast knowledge to many enquiring lads, and they assure him that, should such an opportunity of travelling again arise, they will be with him.

C. COSTER, 4D.

THE ROAMER.

Birds in the trees
 rippling streamlets
 dripping ferns in sylvan nooks,
 soft-singing zephyrs—
 Summer.

Green, brown
 blue, gold
 everywhere.

Whispering leaves
 happily nestling
 in the brown of the boughs;
 smiling to the earth and the sky,
 playing in the scented silence of the woods
 ever smiling:
 rocked so gently
 in a lovely colour-medley.
 "Nonpareil" their unveiled watchword
 gold and green their silken standard.

Yellow, brown and red
 the rocks;
 verdant, pale
 the willows' locks
 nod and drop
 over the gurgling silver

tinted with blue
 and edged with green.

On,
 on,
 on,
 Over the yielding grass,
 treading down the heedless daisies
 singing to the silent she-oaks
 splashing through the shimmering silver—
 blue-tinted silver,
 green-edged silver—
 over the yellow-bright glittering sand
 smiling to the round pebbles
 chattering gaily
 carefree
 careless
 clattering noisily.

On,
 on,
 on,
 over the lichened rocks
 through the thick-matted ferns,
 laughing to the skies
 shouting to the clouds
 waking the pale wan spirit
 of woodland pools.

X., 5D.

TO THE WILLOW.

O verdant symbol of distress,
 Of love forlorn and bitterness;
 In thee alone we find repose,
 Who find our love a withered rose.

J. R. JENNENS, 5A.

TO A MOPOKE.

Thy melancholy note, O bird unseen
 By those, like me, who are content to lie
 And wonder at thy low and plaintive cry,
 A thing of myst'ry e'er to me hath been.
 When from the dark, impenetrable screen
 That hides the whispering she-oaks from the eye,
 Thy sad complaint doth come, I'm wont to sigh
 As once again I ask—What can it mean?
 Thy nightly friend, the river, swift and strong,
 Thy secret knows, yet keeps it in his heart,
 And guards it there whilst bearing it along,
 Which he has promised never to impart.
 O tell me now, is't modesty or fear
 That keeps thee to obscurity so near?

J.L., 4D.

RAINSTORM.

Oblique shades of light
 cutting through pastel skies,
 through lowering storm-clouds
 over the sea.

A big black cloud
 has covered the sun
 —the blare of his trumpet-gold
 is drowned in a murmuring from the south.

My fact is wet
 my eyes are blinded
 by a thousand shapes
 —fantastic, drear,
 born in the moaning mistral. M.S., 5D.

THE TRIAL.

Mr. Andrew Calder, manager of the Calder Mining Company, sighed heavily and raised his head as the door of his office opened, admitting a breath of hot, dust-laden air and a young man in blue denim overalls.

"Ah! Good morning, Willis."

The engineer returned the salutation, and desired to know his superior's will.

"Nothing very important," said Calder, "but the mine's inspector wants us to make some point, or points, on the surface, most convenient to all our shafts."

"What's the idea, sir?"

"Drilling. If anybody were trapped we could sink a drill and supply him until we could dig him out. I want you to attend to the matter." He smiled sardonically. "I don't suppose we'll ever have to use it—if your report's well-founded."

"It is, I'm afraid to say," nodded the engineer. "The ore can't last more than three months."

"That is, after the next quarter the mine will have to close," mused Calder.

"Unless—" began Willis, when the manager interrupted.

"Your theory sounds all right, Willis, but I'm dubious as to its practicability."

"My theory's both sound and practicable," asserted the engineer. "If you cut a shaft due north-west from the four hundred feet level you'll strike that quartz-ridge."

"Mathematics," sneered Calder. "No, Willis, I won't risk the shareholders' money in breaking new ground. If the Calder Mine must die, let it die naturally. Now cut along. I want that report for the mines inspector."

Willis rose and stepped out into the hot African sunlight. There was a gleam of envy in his eyes as they rested on the adjacent Robertson mine. They seemed prosperous enough, although it was reputed that assays of quartz had always proved inferior to Calder ore, while, on one occasion, it had been rumoured that the Robertson mine was practically insolvent. He shrugged his shoulders. It was not his business to question Robertson's affairs, he reflected, as he proceeded to the crude weatherboard erection which served as his private residence. It was not his business—but it was none the less mysterious for that.

Seating himself in a rickety chair, he spread

the plans of the mine before him, lit a pipe, and pored over the diagrams. His trained mind was not long making a decision. "Yes," he mused, "the five hundred feet level . . . it's disused, but that's nothing. It provides an easy approach for the drill . . . no granite or quartz, but . . . Great heavens! It does! It would! Clean through my ore-bed! If the drill were sunk . . . If a man were trapped down there . . ." His voice trailed away. A strange light gleamed in his eyes.

About two-thirty that afternoon Willis, bearing a sack, boarded the cage at the head of the shaft. The cage-man regarded the sack with wonder, but, as Willis made no attempt to explain, he asked no questions. "The five-hundred feet level, Thompson," ordered Willis.

As he alighted, five hundred feet below the surface, the engineer paused. "By the way, Thompson, if anybody wants me you can tell them I'll be at the head of the shaft, working on my theory." With that Willis strapped the carbide-lamp to his cap, shouldered the mysterious sack, and proceeded into the pitchy blackness of the shaft. The cage whirred away, aloft. Willis deposited the bag on a pile of rubble, and, tearing up a decayed plank from the floor of the shaft, busied himself, scooping the earth from about the support, and burying the contents of a small iron box in the shallow excavations. He rose to his feet and consulted his watch. Two minutes to three. The seconds ticked by. Three! A dull explosion from somewhere above him . . . a match flickered. . . .

Mr. Calder looked at the clock on his table. Three-five. The hot air was still reverberating from the blasting in the subterranean tunnels. Calder yawned. Then—the clatter of feet on gravel, a thunderous knocking on the door. "Come in," bade Calder, wearily. Evans, the mine foreman, hurled himself through the door.

"The five hundred feet level, sir. Just now at blasting time, sir. It's collapsed. Mr. Willis, he . . ."

"Well, Evans?" The shaft's disused, isn't it? What has Willis to say about it?"

"He's down there, sir; he . . ."

"Good Lord! Entrapped, or . . . or . . .?"

"Don't think he's killed, sir. Only the mouth

of the tunnel seems to have caved in. But it'll take nigh a week to dig him out, sir. He . . ."

"All right." Calder, with surprising agility for a man of his age and corpulence, was around the table. "Quick, man! Stop the crushing mills—muster every available man—arrange shifts—get 'em to work."

Meanwhile Willis, sprawling on the decaying flooring of the five-hundred feet level, was fearful lest his blasting had been insufficient to warrant drilling. Several times he approached the wreckage to listen. He heard nothing. Reassured, he returned to the stope to smoke, the while he reflected. The hours fled, but still that silent form remained immobile, gazing at his muddy boots. A complaining timber aroused him from his reverie. The hands of his watch indicated eight-fifteen. Extinguishing his feeble lamp, he curled himself up in the driest corner of the shaft to sleep a fitful sleep, from which he was awakened about midnight by a dull explosion. Could they be blasting away the barricade? Surely Calder would never sanction such madness! But . . . no! Two . . . three . . . four . . . five distant reports. Five days until he should be released. Five days! His groping fingers encountered his sack of provisions. Five days!

Five days! Perhaps they would not use the drill! According to his calculations, it would take almost five days to drill down to him! Five days . . . five days. With sudden horror Willis realised he was repeating the words aloud. A cold perspiration beaded on his forehead. He gritted his teeth. This would never do. To sit and mope would be to invite insanity. He must occupy his mind. He scrambled to his feet, relit his lamp, and plunged into the gloomy shaft. The feeble yellow rays of his lantern—as effectual as the light of a solitary glow-worm in a jungle—glimmered on slimy, dripping walls. To his abused nostrils was carried the foul stench of mud and rotting timber, but he investigated the tunnels thoroughly before returning to his stope. When his watch pointed to midnight again he heard four explosions, the next night three, then two . . . one. During these torturous hours he carefully examined the entire workings of this level, but on this last day he could not drag himself away from the stope where the drill would break through. Only one day when he should be re-

leased! But the drill was not yet through! Did that mean that the drill was not being employed, or had his theoretical quartz-ridge impeded the black diamonds? Willis paced the stope like a caged animal, listening . . . listening . . . Midnight. One. One-thirty. What was that? Yes! . . . no! Only a plank groaning. His frayed nerves were deluding him. Two. Two-thirty. A faint scratching . . . no, only another delusion. . . . But . . . was it? Yes! It was! It was the drill! The drill! His hands clenched and unclenched spasmodically as he strode around the gloomy stope waiting and watching. Three! A roar of water, pouring from the bore, announced the arrival of the drill. It was through! Agonising moments passed as the drill was withdrawn. An electric torch suspended from a cord slid from the tube. To apprise those on the surface of his well-being, he tugged the cord. Instantly a thermos flask descended, followed by a telephone. His eyes were only for the latter.

"Hello, Calder! Yes—I'm all right. No, there's nothing I want. Listen! Calder! Yes, I said I was all right. Was there any ore in the drill-core? No, I'm all right, I tell you. Now, answer me, was there any ore in the drill-core?"

With a supreme gesture of despair, the engineer dropped the instrument and reeled away from the bore. Composing himself, he picked up the telephone, and essaying to speak in a natural voice, replied to Calder's anxious queries.

"No—nothing wrong. Just relief at getting through to you. I'm a trifle tired. Yes . . . suspense has been terrible. All right. You'll be through in three hours, eh? Good."

With the attitude of the actor relaxing after a strenuous play, Willis let the telephone fall and flung himself on a heap of crushed ore. The blow was a cruel one. His theory was a grotesque blunder. All his hope, enterprise and self-sacrifice had been in vain. Presently he bestirred himself and wandered aimlessly away, down the pitchy tunnels, desiring only to be away from the hateful stope which had witnessed the destruction of all his hopes. He scarcely cared if they ever dug him out. His erring feet felt something yield. Even in moments of such stress, self-preservation is uppermost in the mind. He instinctively retreated. A plank of the flooring had caved in, revealing a dark pit whence blew a gust of cold

air. Willis detached the lamp from his cap, knelt, and lowered it at arm's length through the gap in the floor. It revealed a tunnel, obviously abandoned, with the rails for ore-cars rusting in several inches of muddy, stagnant water.

Wrenching up the adjoining planks, Willis lowered himself into the shaft. It led in the general direction of the Robertson mine, and the engineer followed its twisting length through the oozy mud, stumbling over the rails which had once borne the ore-cars. A breath of fresh air was carried to his nostrils. How sweet it smelled after the vile stench of the mine! He rounded a bend in the passage, then stopped short and stepped back. In the stope, just around the curve in the tunnel, was a moving light! Who could it be? Extinguishing his lamp, he advanced into the stope. Such was the intensity of the darkness that he was invisible, while he was enabled to watch the two men present. They were the manager and foreman of the Robertson Mine. Normally, there would be nothing suspicious about their presence, but that, at four in the morning, in a disused shaft, two men could be honestly employed required more than the proverbial grain of salt. So Willis remained concealed.

Meanwhile manager and subordinate were industriously relieving an ore-skip of its contents and concealing the freight beneath a wrecked truck. Apparently the skip was soon empty, whereupon the two men returned to the cage and were whirled upwards. Willis advanced to

the ore-car to investigate, aware that, beneath the rusting truck, reposed a dark mystery. At precisely this moment Calder was crawling through the drive into the first stope of the five hundred feet level, where he joined Evans. The foreman shook his head. "Ain't 'ere, sir."

"But where could he have gone? He knew we'd be through. Why didn't he wait?"

"There's no accountin' for what a man does when 'is 'ead goes."

"You don't mean . . . ? in a horrified whisper from Calder.

"After a week 'ere," said Evans suggestively, "E may . . . Did you 'ear that, sir?"

"Yes! It was Willis' voice. I'll swear it was. Come on! Down this passage to the right."

Booted feet echoed in the noisome tunnel. Evans, who led, suddenly halted. "There's an 'ole 'ere, sir. It—Lor! Mr. Willis is down there, sir."

Willing hands aided the engineer through the gap in the flooring. He pressed something hard and round into Calder's hands.

"Great heavens! A drill-core—a core of solid quartz! Where did you get this, Willis?"

Willis replied with a question. "Did that Robertson driller give you any help?"

"Yes,—but the core. Where . . . ?"

"I thought as much. My theory's right, any-way, Calder. That's where this came from—you can ask Robertson's if you like—they've been using it for months. When can I have a bath?"

J. BROWN, 4D.

REQUIESCAM.

Sing to me softly, bright birds,
For sleep on my eyelids is pressing.
I cannot understand your words,
But sing ye, and grant me your blessing.

Darker than midnight is my sight,
I wander alone, and in sorrow.
Long have I roamed without the light,
And dark is the dawn of my morrow.

Heavy, my heart within my breast
Is burdened with unbreathed sighing.
Come, warbling songster, leave your nest,
Or cease, for a space, from your flying.

Sing of the flowers and the trees:
Of woodlands where softly are thronging
Low-murmured fancies of the breeze,
For sad is my spirit with longing.

X., 5D.

CONFESSIONS OF A SENTIMENTAL DETECTIVE.

A PAGE TORN FROM THE LIFE OF ELMER TRACKEM, THE FAMOUS PINKERTON MAN.

As a poker player I'm a shark; as a husband I'm a prawn, but as a detective I'm certainly a whale. The fact is, I've met so many fishy characters in my time that I have now imbibed quite a piscatorial outlook.

My life, from my earliest years, has been fraught with dangers of all kinds. When barely more than a suckling I was hauled off to have my bumps read, because my loving mother heard it said that I was bumpitious.

After adding to my bump collection with a mallet, the—is it phrenoctopus?—no!—olyoc?—no!—phren—(O hang it, leave it at that) got to work with a T-square, set-square, four square and Railway Square to solve the most mystifying, baffling and brain-twisting conundrum of my mesoblastic joints, not to mention the interstices between my basilar membrane, major and internal auditory meatus. (Hm!) After a solid hour's tapping like a wood-pecker, slapping, scraping, squaring and swearing, he came to the conclusion that I was to be a sailor, gaoler and blackmailer, amid loud protests from the feminine section, who came into battle full speed ahead, and all flags flying. To say the least, we wrecked the place. Then we left. We felt we were right, so we left right—or should I more rightly say "in a right manner"? (O awlright.)

But, just to nark them all, I joined the police force. You know, a cop's lot isn't so bad, even though it isn't a lot. I'll have you know from the start that I've travelled. I've sleuthed in England, been a divorce detective in France, and had afternoon tea with the police chief of the States. They have very highly strung crooks in U.S.A. Most of them carry violin cases, but the way they play the instruments inside is enough to kill you.

I had to find Bill Beezunka once. I found him—good and plenty. His hobby was collecting silverware, and he had quite a nice display. I once inspected his collection, and was very much surprised by the variety of monograms on the pieces. He had a fine set of spoons (a little worn perhaps), bearing the crest N.S.W.G.R.; I could never figure out what these letters stood for. But, I wander. As I was saying, I had to find Bill. So I took a gentleman with me who

sported a tea-stained set of whiskers and many stripes on his arm (not the whiskers). I was at a loss how to address him. "This is going to be a tough job, sergeant," said I, conversational like. "Captain," wuffed he, through his whiskers. "Awlright," said I, "you needn't start to get blood-pressure about it." We arrived. With my keen eyes I swept the gravel path. (That's how I got the black eye.) "I smell a rat," said I, in a hoarse whisper. "That's funny," replied Whiskers, "I must have a cold, I can't smell a thing." "Shut up," I commanded, fiercely, "I'm going to knock at the door." I knocked. A short silence—then the door opened a little. An eye looked through the crack. "Waddayawant?" it rasped. I was taken a little aback. "We-ah, we-ah, we are collecting for the Temperance League." "You liar!" bawled Whiskers. "We've come to arrest Bill Beezunka." My kick almost broke his shin. "Iszatso?" roared the eye; and in an instant the door was flung wide open. Knowing my strength, I did not wish to take him by brute force; I was frightened I would hurt him, so I decided it was better to lure him away from the house. Thus I backed a few paces, and then turned and bolted. Whiskers, like the good and faithful servant, went and did likewise." I leapt the fence with that grace for which I have always been noted, but Whiskers merely charged the gate and took it with him, hinges, post and all. I fled down the street with Whiskers making good time by my side. By the time we had gone three blocks, my breath came in short pants. I was shocked. "Breath," I said firmly, "take off those pants. Not here, you fool. Go home and put on your long-uns." He looked a trifle abashed. "You don't expect a man to spring in long-uns, do you?" he said. (That's enough, Elmer—continue.)

Well, by this time Bill had begun to gain ground. Whiskers had disappeared into a shop, and I grew frightened. A plan suddenly struck me. I fled round the corner. From my pocket I pulled an envelope and wrote on it:—

OUT OF WORK.
WOUNDED AT WAR.
19 CHILDREN AND WIFE.
NO PENSION. PLEASE HELP.

This I placed at my feet. I held my hat in both my hands before me, leaned against a lamp-post, and closed one eye. I tried to think of something to sing. I didn't have much time to decide, as I heard Bill's footsteps rapidly approaching; but, taking on a look of utter hopelessness and dejection, I began in a wheezy, windy voice, "Nearer my God to Thee." I thought it distinctly appropriate. I had only got up to the second "Nearer to Thee" when round the corner skated Bill with his tail swishing. He looked the street up and down, and suddenly his face fell. But he dived his hand into his pocket, pulled forth a piece of pencil and a paper, and began, tongue between his teeth, resting the paper against the wall, laboriously to scrawl something on the paper. I continued to wheeze. He finished after a full ten minutes, and then made his way slowly towards me. "Say Bo!" said he deliberately, "seen an ugly, flat-footed, smug-faced, slant-eyed, sanguinary smart guy coming past here in a hurry?" I felt like socking him. Ugly, flat-footed, smug-faced, slant-eyed, indeed! But all these things are sent to try us. I pretended to be deaf. "Eh!" I croaked.

He came closer, and peered at me intently. Tears suddenly welled in his eyes, and then, without warning, he wept on my shoulder. "My God!" he choked, "19 kids AND a wife." He slipped a ten bob note into my hand. "Poor feller," he said, and stumbled weakly away. I waited till he was round the corner, then hurried towards a P.D. car which I saw parked on the corner. I felt so elated at the ten bob that I even asked the boys to "kumanavone." They came. In the bar we tucked two or three away, and then I pulled out my note, and, opening it with a flourish, proffered it to the expectant barman. As I did so a paper fluttered to the floor. I picked it up, and then what a sock in the eye! I read:—

"You'll get yours later. Next time there won't be any P.D.—Yours until death.—Bill Beezunka." (This is a literal translation.)

But there was worse to follow, and the next one floored me completely. "Oh, dear!" said the barman, "this ten bob's a crook-un."

I am no longer in the police force.

"SCRAM."

DEBATING.

This year we are again entrants in the Hume-Barbour Inter-schools' Debating competition, which we have won three times in the four years that the trophy has been competed for. The team, which was chosen just before the May holidays, consists of Walker, Stevens and Shearer, in that order. Stevens just defeated C. Ferguson, of 5D, for the position of second speaker, and the latter will lead the School's second team, which is to debate against our sister school, Fort Street Girls' High School. The other members of this team have not yet been chosen.

Our first debate is against Hurlstone, on the subject that "Compulsory military training should be resumed." As our opponents are the home team, they will affirm this resolution.

Should our team be successful, as we hope it will, we meet the winners of the debate between North Sydney and Newcastle. This time the subject will be "That the Federal Constitution should be amended so as to give the Common-

wealth complete control of conciliation and arbitration," and we are again the opposition.

The next debate is the final, for which the subject is "That Australia should concentrate on the development of her primary industries."

The first round must be completed before June 30th, and our team is already at work on the subject.

As is usual in this School, each fourth and fifth year class conducts a debate during the last period on Friday afternoons. This provides excellent training. All of the present School team have graduated from the ranks of their own class team.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Rose for his interest and advice, and, of course, for his work in preparing the School teams for their debates, and we only hope that success like that of 1932 and 1933 will crown his efforts in 1934.

The best of luck to both teams.



rom My Window

When I awake the wind drifts softly in
 And stirs the curtain at my window-pane.
 The birds are shrill across the road
 And I pretend that I am looking on a country
 lane.

A country house set in a country lane,
 And I am waking after a first night there;
 I like the morning freshness and the crispness
 of the air.

Not like that nameless, hopeless longing, that
 futility and pain,

Which comes with evening's purple horde of
 shades,

That lonely quiet, that sense of nothing more
 to come.

But work and sleep, and sleep and work again.
 No such dissatisfaction fills my brain.

I dream that there's a green field just outside,
 A field, a brown hill, and a long white road.

At the street's end now I hear the dogs

Barking hollow and re-echoing,

Like the hollow and re-echoing

In an empty country lane,

Of the barking of a sheep dog that has just barked.

The sparrows now fly high above the wheat,

And to the north there lies a level land,

Flat and windswept, green with growing grain,
 Sounding with a thin stirring such as the wind
 makes

When in the leaves with whispering it awakes.
 As when along the surface of a pool it blows,
 So now it bends the wheat as on it goes
 Swift over the land with dying hush,
 In wide sweeps like some great artist's brush,
 Or in a curling wall as some sea-torrent pouring
 down

Upon an unsuspecting seaport-town.

When I awake then smoke and dust drift in
 And curl about the curtains at my window pane,
 A truck goes lumbering up the hill; a train
 Screams. These misty dreams begin to wane,
 And I remember that outside there's nought to
 see

But the blank brick wall of the house next door.
 A thousand vistas from a thousand windows
 cannot be

As this. And yet they are—no more no less than
 this.

But Oh! How warm and yellow rests the sun
 upon the wall.

K.S., 5D.

EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS, 1934.

The outstandingly fine quality of the speeches which marked the annual commemoration of Empire Day at the school again stands as a tribute to the resource of our debating committee, and to the individual capabilities of its members. The addresses, besides containing a wealth of convincing detail which indicated assiduous preparation, were characterised by extreme clarity of presentation and excellence of delivery.

McAuley, in his capacity of chairman, introduced the proceedings by a preliminary address on "International Peace and Security," referring to Britain's responsibility in the promotion of harmonious international relations. The League

of Nations, being the medium through which this co-operation was to be achieved, should, then, receive our support both as a nation and as individuals.

"Australia's past and present place in the Empire" was convincingly outlined by the next speaker, Stevens. Dealing with the rapid growth of Australia's national status, he stressed the importance of the unifying influence of British culture and ideals, and the racial and historical ties which bind us to the Empire—the "crimson thread of kinship," which has practical as well as idealistic significance.

An appropriate reading from Ecclesiasticus, by

Porter, preceded the remarks of the following speaker, Foskett, upon "The Empire's Roll of Honour." Appreciating the deeds of the innumerable Empire-builders, whose efforts in the spheres of statesmanship, exploration, literature, philanthropy and military conquest resulted in the building and consolidation of the fabric of the Empire, the speaker appealed for the exertion of individual powers towards the maintenance of their work.

"The Symbols of Empire" formed the topic of a discussion by Weber. The power of Britain was symbolised in many aspects of her present state—in the reverence of her monarchical system, in her adoption and advocacy of Christianity, and in the significance of her flag. Moreover, the influence and impartiality of her judicial system, the number and power of her colonies, and the consolidating influence of her learning and culture, were visible manifestations of the success of democratic British ideals.

Walker, dealing with "The Tide of Empire," urged his audience to notice the admonition of the "Recessional" to examine the features of the power of ancient empires and the causes of their downfall. The rise and fall of the successive empires of China, India, Persia, Greece and Rome left little or no benefit to posterity, and it is only by considering the demoralising forces which

effected their downfall, and by determined individual opposition to these influences, that the power of our present Empire may be maintained.

The intelligent consideration of the future and effective resistance to the ideals of the extreme realists were urged by the next speaker, Shearer, who spoke on "The Empire's Mission." Britain had proved herself a strong advocate of peace and disarmament, without being insensible to the claims of smaller nations. Her mission was to promote international justice and to end wars, and, moreover, to spread racial and religious toleration in a world which was adopting violent political repression.

Proposing the vote of thanks, Marchant referred to the real significance of Empire Day. The duty of a British subject was to view with impartiality the aims of every nation, and to assist individually in the propagation of Britain's ideals of peace and justice. O'Brien, in seconding the proposal, drew attention to the ideals of the Empire, and the fulfilment of those ideals in the present power of Britain.

Throughout the proceedings the continued interest of the audience testified to the consistent brilliance of the speeches, and the School is grateful to the speakers for their part in a ceremony that has come to be regarded as traditional.

S.J., 4D.

TO HESPERA.

The hallowed silence of a summer night
Spreads o'er a charmed and adoring earth;
Gone are the hours of ever-laughing mirth,
And in their place a holy deep delight;
Now heaven's maid endows with deathless sight
The poets who revere her golden worth,
And stars that gave to poesy its birth
Shed through the dim-veiled eve their soft-pale
light.

Evening! Thy very name, cooled with the dew,
Shines as a lode-star through the burning day,
Cooling the blazing sun e'en at its noon;
The joys of Spring and Autumn are but few
Compared with thine! O Evening, can'st not stay?
Thou comest oft, but leavest us too soon!

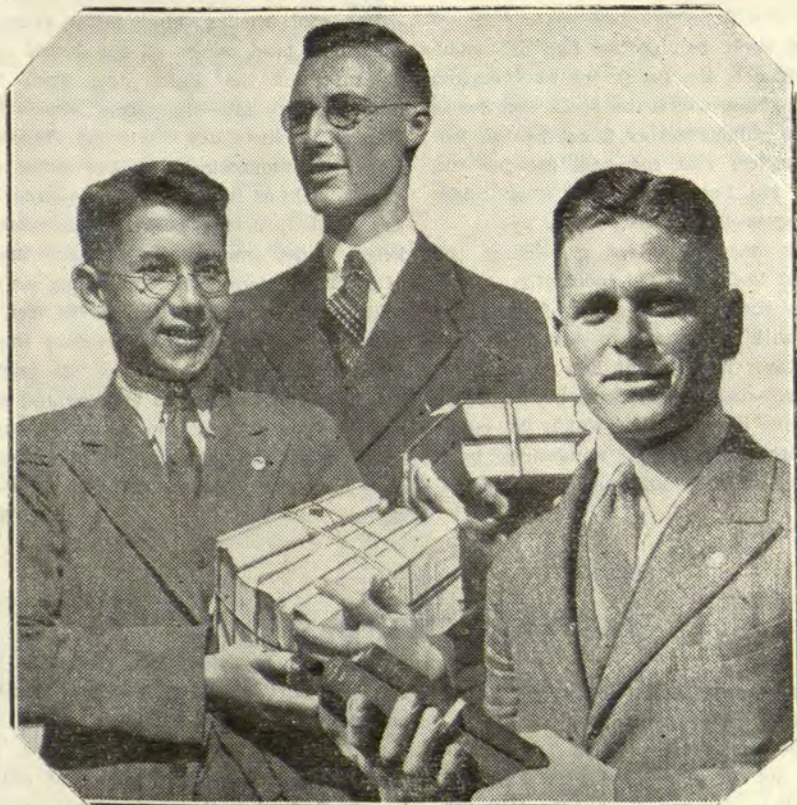
M.S., 5D.

On a jutting crag of a mountain, a man sat, immobile, an image in living bronze, and looked into the blue distance.

It is a land of far-arched and unstained skies, where the wind sweeps free and untainted, and the air is that which remains as God made it.

The face of the watcher shone with a look of wondering awe, and an involuntary exclama-

ranked—an uncounted sentinel host. The darker masses of the timbered hillsides, with the varying shades of pine and cedar, the lighter tints of the oaken brush, the dun tones of the open grass lands, and the brighter note of the valley meadows' green were defined, blended and harmonised by the overlying haze with a delicacy exquisite beyond all human power to picture. And



By courtesy of "Labor Daily."

R. W. BLUNDEN, W. H. DOWNES, B. S. LANGSWORTH.

tion came from him as the wide view unrolled before him was changed by the slanting rays of the setting sun.

Under that sky, so unmatched in its clearness and depth of colour, the land lay in all its variety of valley and forest and mountain—a scene unrivalled in the magnificence and grandeur of its beauty. Mile upon mile in the distance across those primeval reaches, the faint blue peaks and domes and ridges of the mountains

in the nearer distances, chief of that army of mountain peaks, and master of the many miles that lie within their circle, Peace Mountain reared its mighty bulk of cliff and crag as if in supreme defiance of the changing of the years or the hand of humankind.

The gracious hand of autumn had caressed the countryside and decorated it in the purest gold and brown, which mingled with the wood and grass land flowers in a galaxy of colours.

The watcher on the peak made a frame of his fingers and looked at the scene below him. On the walls of the next Academy Exhibition will hang nothing half so beautiful.

The long shadows of Peace Mountain crept out from the base of the mountains farther and farther over the country below. The blue of the distant hills changed to mauve with deeper masses of shadows where the chasms yawned and the gullies ran into hiding in the heart of the mountain chain.

The sun hid itself behind the line of mountains, and the blue of the sky in the west changed slowly to gold, against which the peaks and domes and points were silhouetted as if cut by the tool of a master graver; and the bold facades and battlements of old Peace Mountain grew coldly grey in the approaching dusk.

The very air was motionless, as though the never-tired wind itself drowsed indolently.

And alone in the hushed bigness of that land the man sat with his thoughts—brooding, perhaps over whatever it was that had so strangely placed him there—dreaming, it may be, over that which might have been, or that which yet might be—viewing with questioning, wondering, half-fearful eyes the mighty untamed scene before him.

The far-away cities were already in the blaze of their own artificial light—lights valued not for their power to make men see, but for their power to dazzle, to attract and intoxicate—lights that permitted no kindly dusk at eventide wherein a man might rest from the day's endeavour—a quiet hour; lights that hid the stars.

The man on the peak lifted his face to those twinkling myriads who were gathering to keep sentinel watch over the world below.

The cool evening wind came whispering over the lonely land, whilst all the furred and winged creatures of the night stole from their dark hiding places into the gloom which is the beginning of their day. An owl flapped by, and from the mountainside below came the weird, ghostly call of its mate. Night-birds chirped in the scrub. A fox barked his staccato challenge, whilst away in the distance the clear cry of a curlew pierced the awakening sounds.

The watcher rose slowly to his feet, and with the beauty of that autumn evening impressed on his soul, he started again on his journey. For a moment he was lost to view behind an outcrop, but then for a short time he stood, vaguely outlined against the lighter gloom of the wide-arched sky—and then he passed from sight—over the skyline.

P. HUGHES, 4A.

LETTER TO THE FORTIAN.

Dear Fortians,

"Some are born great; some acquire greatness; and some merely grate upon you."

Well, here we are again, and if you get as much pleasure out of reading this as I do out of writing it, believe me, you deserve it. However, having been threatened with dire penalties unless I let you know something about the Teachers' College, this is the result.

The Sydney Teachers' College is, as some of you may know, a college in which people who ought to know better are trained to lead the younger generation along the path of education, upwards into the light of knowledge. (That's not a bad sentence, what?) It contains about four hundred inmates—students, lecturers and myself. There are two years, first and second. You go into first year in your first year, second year in your second year.

Each year is divided into a number of sections of about thirty each. A first year student, in the general course, takes English, history, geography, arithmetic, biology, education, music, art, overcoats, umbrellas, fountain pens, and anything else he can find when the owner isn't looking. From what I can remember, some of you present Fortians would enjoy yourselves there immensely.

Besides theory in education, a month of the year is set aside for practise teaching. One enjoys this—for the first ten minutes, and the dear little schoolboys are quite manageable and tractable—if you employ a mallet at discreet intervals.

The staff consists of a number of highly specialised lecturers under the leadership of Professor Mackie, who attend to the scholastic side of the business. At the same time the social life of the college is not neglected. Besides various seasonal sporting activities, there is a dramatic club, a

dance club, and a social club, comprising in each case representatives from all sections, male and female. A dance is held once a week, which is usually a financial as well as a social success.

There is also a Students' Representative Council, elected by all students to attend to their interests. What does it do? Pray don't ask foolish questions. Nothing, of course. Still, it keeps the students amused, and stops them from brooding. Besides, whoever heard of an elected body doing anything. Incidentally, the president and at least four other members are old Fortians.

The college provides excellent sleeping accommodation. Apart from the lecture rooms, three or four rooms have been specially set aside with easy chairs, lounges, cushions, and so forth, so that students can rest and sleep whenever they desire. Authority declares the Teachers' College

library to be the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere. The college also possesses a gymnasium, an assembly hall with a really first-class stage, and a number of well equipped laboratories. There is also a men's common room and a women's common room. I sincerely hope that the women's isn't as common as the men's. Lately, too, there has been talk of getting in a contraption to develop the muscles of the right arm. The reason is obvious. At present we have to be content with an hour's drill each week. Some of us are more than content already!

Well, I have given you a minute description of life as she is lived "down under." To those who are contemplating entering the Teachers' College, I shall not give the advice that Mr. Punch gave to those about to marry.

Yours sincerely,

A. JENKINS.

OLD MAID.

Long scented years have passed between
Then and now, and plodded slow;
Dreams of all that might have been,
Old and dim, still softly flow,
Mauve and rose and morning gold.
Misty muslin fold on fold,
Memories of a wistful face,
Memories of a wistful face.

L.M., 5D.

THE SWIMMING HOLE.

In a cool, quiet valley, known only to a few people, the small, slow-running brook opened out, making an ideal swimming hole. The light and dark shades of the water amongst the beautiful green ferns and the stately gum-trees made, as can be imagined, the prettiest of vistas.

On summer afternoons the gurgling of the brook mingled with the happy laughter of children coming to bathe in the cool water of "The Hole." The majestic gums threw a wide-spreading and inviting shade across the cool valley and large pond, whose calm was disturbed by the splashing of merry feet. The fresh, faintly-blowing breezes, whispering in the thick, dark green foliage of the trees, helped to make the valley a delightful refuge from the intense heat of summer.

Gaily-coloured, happy little birds chirruped and flitted to and fro among the tree-tops high above

the babbling brook and the valley of many greens. At times they would fly to the ground, cock their heads cheekily from side to side, and watch the children bathing and frolicking in the water. The moment any of the bathers came near them, however, they would fly away, high up to their realm of absolute freedom, where they lived contentedly in their nests.

At night the valley was very still, the silence being broken only by the occasional hoot of an owl or the rustle of leaves and the lapping of water before a breeze.

This beautiful little valley of solemn quietude remained little known for many years, and often it rang with, and re-echoed, the merry laughter of the children who picnicked there.

W. B. GRANT, 2B.

SPORT

CRICKET.

1st GRADE CRICKET.

Although the present first grade team does not appear very strong on paper, it has performed very creditably up to date. This is due mainly to the brilliant efforts of its captain—Mervyn Wark.

As in past years, the same old cry rends the air; "We want bowlers." I think that if the same enthusiasm given to football was given to cricket this cry would eventually disappear altogether. The batsmen, led by C. H. S. champion, Wark, are reasonably strong, and have performed much better than the bowlers.

The most prominent complaint to be made against the team is (with the exception of one or two) their deplorable fielding. This weakness is steadily being strengthened by the diligent coaching of Mr. Gilhome.

The captaincy, always a difficult position, was filled by Wark, who handled his men very ably. Although some of his methods were criticised, no better ones were ever suggested.

The first fixture of the season was played against Parramatta at Parramatta. Fort Street batted first, and made 232, of which Wark compiled 63 in fine style, and Rothwell 48. The match resulted in a draw, as the second day's play was prevented by rain.

The team was lamentably beaten in the second match by Sydney High, the Sydney boys winning on the first innings by 6 wickets and 133 runs. The scores were: Fort Street first innings 89 (Wark 20) and Sydney High 4-222 (closed). Rothwell and Randle secured 2-66 and 1-76 respectively. This was really the only match in which the bowlers were actually taken by the scruff of the neck and flogged.

The first win was registered in the third match, at the expense of Hurlstone. This was due to the brilliant 178 not out compiled by Wark in

faultless style, with flashing strokes all around the wicket. This score is very probably a C.H.S. record. Fort Street totalled 288 (Wark 178 not out and Manuel 33) against Hurlstone's score of 152 (Robinson 4-37). Fort Street's second visit to the crease was brief, the final scores being 2-53 (Wark 38 not out).

The final match was played against Ultimo at Petersham Oval. Play was confined to one day because of rain, and the match resulted in a draw. Fort Street batted first and made 163, of which Wark made 48, Rothwell 45, and Roberts 36. Ultimo replied with 8-103. Lillenthal, their captain, made a valiant attempt to reach the home team's total by making a brilliant 60 in 19 minutes. Burns, a recruit from 2nd grade, performed very well by securing 5 for 27.

Below is a table of the main batting and bowling averages:—

BATTING.

Batsman	Innings	N.O.	Highest Score	Runs	Aver.
Wark	6	2	178 n.o.	380	95
Rothwell	—	—	48		
Roberts	5	—	36	75	15
Robinson	5	—	53	74	14.8

BOWLING.

Bowler	Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Burns	8	27	5	5.4
Robinson	20	111	4	27.8
Crowe	18	60	3	20
Rothwell	14	112	3	38

Also bowled: Randle, 1 for 152.

In concluding this report, on behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Gilhome for the valuable coaching he has given, and wish him every success in the cricket world next season.

2nd GRADE CRICKET.

Although 2nd grade have not been very successful so far, we hope to show a marked improvement when cricket is resumed next September.

In our first match versus Parramatta High, at Petersham, rain intervened after one day's play, and thus the match ended in a draw.

When we played Sydney High at Petersham their bowlers managed to gain the upper hand, and Fort Street's innings closed with the poor total of 37. Nevertheless, our bowlers and fieldsmen combined well, and although Sydney were a strong batting team, they only secured 98. In the second innings Fort Street improved on the first innings score, with a total of 76 (West 18, Walsh 21), but defeat was inevitable. In bowling Aiken obtained 4 for 34, Chudleigh 3 for 27.

The next match was played at Glenfield against Hurlstone, whose team, opening the batting, were routed by the bowling of Chudleigh and Burns, who secured the figures 5 for 5 and 3 for 6 respectively. Thinking victory was assured, we were probably over confident, and in our first innings failed to score more than 51. Hurlstone in the second innings totalled 72, Chudleigh again being the bowler, taking 7 for 35, while

Burns obtained 3 for 33. Fort Street's second innings ended with the wretched score of 39, and thus Hurlstone turned their supposed defeat into victory, winning the match outright by 6 runs. Congratulations.

Against Central Tech., 2nd grade showed readiness to hit the ball, and hit it hard, the highest score of the season being amassed in this match, 140. The premier batsmen were Chudleigh 32, Aiken 24, Melville 22. A century by one of the opposing side was not anticipated, and finally we lost the match on the first innings.

In concluding we wish to thank Mr. Wallace for his unstinting encouragement throughout the season, although at times we may have "let him down."

THIRD GRADE CRICKET.

It is satisfactory to observe that the third grade team has performed with considerable success in the first half of the competition, contesting in four matches, and being only once defeated.

In the first encounter, when we met Parramatta, we were prevented by rain from playing

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ANTHONY HORDERNS

on the second day, the match being, therefore, drawn. Fort Street compiled 87 in the first innings, Parramatta replying with 6 for 70.

Against Sydney High, although Easton played for 34 and 37, and Fox 18, we were defeated. The brightest feature of the match was the bowling of Stratton (4-24) and Field (3-28).

The third game of the season proved successful, Mawson making 89, Fox 32, Colebrook 29 not out, the match being won on the first innings. Here our wicketkeeper, Fox, suffered an injury from Palfreyman's bowling, and was obliged to retire.

In like manner North Sydney was overthrown in our last contest, Stratton and Fox compiling 71 and 23 respectively, while, bowling to North Sydney in the second innings, Stratton captured 5 wickets for 12, and Mawson 5 for 15, dismissing the opponents for a miserable total.

In conclusion we desire to express our thanks to Mr. Burtenshaw for his industrious coaching throughout the season.

4th GRADE CRICKET REPORT.

Our first match after the Christmas vacation was played against North Sydney. Batting first, we totalled 167 (Cotton 84, Parkinson 24 n.o.). At the end of the first day's play, North Sydney had lost 4 wickets for 54, Parkinson getting 3-23. The match was drawn owing to rain.

We played our second match against Technical High, and made 110 in our first innings, mainly due to McFadyen scoring 53 and Bedwell 20.

Tech. were dismissed for 103 (Cotton 4-26, Parkinson 3-27). Fort Street's second innings realised 164 (Cotton 44, Davis 28). We won the match outright by getting our opponents out for 109 (Cotton 5-32, Parkinson 4-39).

Playing Canterbury in our third match, we dismissed them for 115 (Parkinson 4-21, Spooner 2-11). Fort Street managed to get 85 (Cotton 33). Canterbury made 57 in their second innings (Parkinson 5-12, Cotton 3-32). Our second innings was also a failure, for at the close of play we had lost 9-59 (Cotton 17).

The last match was played against Sydney High. Batting first, we made the meagre total of 52 (Bedwell 15). High in their first innings made 166 (McFadyen 5-27, Parkinson 3-54). Fort Street's second innings realised 115 (Parr 21, Robinson 20). In their second innings, High were dismissed for 44 (McFadyen 4-8, Cotton 4-10).

The outstanding fieldmen of the team were Robinson and Parr, taking 10 and 7 catches respectively.

The batting honours went to Cotton, 204 runs at an average of 29.1, and McFadyen, 132 runs at 18.8.

The main bowling of the team was done by Parkinson, 24 wickets at 8.5, and Cotton, 20 wickets at 10.1.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Waterer for the interest he has taken in the team, and for his efficient coaching.

SWIMMING.

The swimming season just completed has been fairly successful, although not quite so successful as one might have hoped it would be.

The successful efforts of the season were due to the brilliant swimming performances of Arthur Burge, who exhibited brilliant form in the various styles of swimming. This swimmer is easily the most outstanding all-rounder that the School has ever possessed.

The School carnival this year was easily the most successful for many years. The 43rd Annual Carnival was held at Elkington Park Baths, Balmain, on the 20th March, in perfect weather, with a fair attendance. The carnival was capably managed, which reflects great credit on the organiser, Mr. Rose.

Arthur Burge won the Senior Cup in effortless

fashion, breaking two School records and a C.H.S. record. Had Burge been faced by a worthy opponent, then more records would surely have fallen. This success in the Senior Cup makes him the fifth swimmer to win all the School Cups. Arthur's time of 2.32 1-5 seconds for the 220 yards was 4-5 second better than his C.H.S. record, besides breaking the School record. In the back-stroke event he was clocked at 32 1-5, breaking his own School record by 3-5 second.

Harold Kennington swam well to gain the Runner-up's Cup, his distance prowess proving too much for the opposition.

W. Scott also performed well, especially in the sprints.

Phil Schmidt won the Junior Cup comfortably, and, as he just missed the under 14 section, all

the more credit is reflected on his brilliant win. Schmidt is worthily upholding the family tradition in School swimming.

R. Naphthali, P. Barrett and W. Bardsley also performed satisfactorily, the former in particular, who swam second to Schmidt in the 50, 100, 220 and 440 yards, and thus secured the Cup for runner-up.

In the Under 14 section, after a great tussle, D. Callaghan was successful, winning the Cup by two points from J. Allen, and L. Pullen a point further back. These three swimmers provided an interesting struggle, and, had J. Allen not been disqualified in the breaststroke event, he would have won the Cup.

At the C.H.S. Carnival the School performed very satisfactorily. Had the senior members been able to afford Arthur Burge some support, the School might have secured the Senior Shield. However, Technical, although not possessing any outstanding competitors, had plenty of creditable swimmers, and so, by their combination, defeated us. To them we convey our congratulations on their success.

Burge was certainly the most outstanding competitor at the C.H.S. Carnival this year. He won the 880 yards, 440 yards, 100 yards, 50 yards backstroke, and dead-heated in the 220 yards, equalling the C.H.S. record. In the breaststroke championship he was only beaten by a touch. The 440 yards championship included the Kieran Cup, and so Burge is the second Fortian to secure this Cup.

Special mention must be made of the meritorious performance of Phil Schmidt, who, only 14 years of age, was compelled to swim in the 220 and 440 yards senior championships on account of the lack of seniors. In these races he secured a 3rd and 4th place in the third division.

Although the juniors were outclassed, Schmidt and Barrett performed excellently, while the Under 14 team also failed to secure a place.

In conclusion, the School is greatly indebted to Mr. Rose for the sterling service that he has performed in all matters relating to School swimming, and for this we sincerely thank him, and hope that the School will improve next year and reward his industry.

WATER POLO.

With three rounds of the competition com-

pleted, and the final round to be contested at the end of the year, Fort Street is leading with Technical High.

Although beaten in our first game against Sydney (5 goals to 4) before our team was organised satisfactorily, we still compare with Tech., since we have overthrown them and secured two draws.

The team for this year consisted of A. Burge (Captain), S. Raine, V. Parkinson, H. Kennington, A. Myers, W. McGilvray, P. Schmidt, E. Sangwell and P. Barrett.

At the commencement of the season our team was weak, but through continual practice has developed good team work.

The success of the team has been largely due to the skilful play of the captain, Burge, whose scientific play, and the manner in which he held the team together, certainly show him to be the backbone of the team. The other outstanding players include Raine, Parkinson and Schmidt. The latter, although only small compared with the others, has shown himself a tiger for work.

The team on the whole has shown vast improvement with every game played. That we have not been beaten since the initial match of the season, and still possess an undefeated record at our home baths, clearly show this.

Fort Street was well represented in the Combined High team, by Burge (captain), Raine and Parkinson. The team played the Bondi Club, winners of the novice grade, winning 3 goals to 2. Burge played a brilliant game, scoring twice for the C.H.S. team.

With three matches yet to play, the team has high hopes of winning the premiership; and so, after the football season, the team must get down to hard training, and learn the fine points of the game.

Competition results:—

- V. Sydney: Lost, 4-5.
- V. Technical: Draw, 2-2.
- V. Canterbury: Won, 7-0.
- V. Sydney: Won, 7-3.
- V. Technical: Won, 1-0.
- V. Canterbury: Won, 7-0.
- V. Sydney: Won—forfeit.
- V. Technical: Draw, 2-2.
- V. Canterbury: Won, 10-0.

TENNIS REPORT

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TENNIS REPORT.

This season we expect much from the grade tennis players, not only because of their recent successes against North Sydney, Technical and Sydney, but also because of the splendid fellowship and co-operation among the players. Only two matches have been lost out of the twelve played, and this augurs well for the future success of the various teams.

First grade consists of Jurd, Rothwell, Ruddock and Goddard. Both Jurd and Rothwell played grade tennis last year and, as they pair together, should prove most formidable to any of their opponents. So far they have not lost a set, although the second pair, Ruddock and Goddard, is a little weaker. This grade should do very well against the other teams in the competition.

The second grade team is composed of Evans, McConville, Berry and Graham. This team should do well, as each pair is almost of the same calibre as the second pair in first grade. Berry, unfortunately, tries to intercept too many shots and, instead of making winners of them, often mishits or outs. This pair, Berry and Graham, combine fairly well, and it is hoped that with a little more practice Evans and McConville will prove quite as strong a pair.

Third grade is composed of Walker, Ferguson, Chisholm and Harrison. These boys should do well, as they do not sacrifice accuracy for speed, and can always be expected to play up to form. This team should develop by the end of the winter into a solid and consistent four.

This year, in accordance with a new regulation, fourth grade is comprised of first and second year boys only. The juniors in this team are Whiteley, Gazzard, McCreddie and Cattell, and with some solid practice should provide some of next season's first, second or third graders.

Through the agency of Minty, an old boy of the School, two Chesterfield racquets were donated by Messrs. Best and Gee as trophies for a competition within the School. It was decided that a senior and junior handicap be held. In all, over seventy boys submitted their names, and the tournaments were held at Astoria Courts at Croydon. Some very fine tennis was seen, and only after very exciting and hard-fought finals were Rowe and Ruddock pronounced as the winners of the senior and junior divisions respec-

tively. Although Ruddock had a fairly comfortable victory over McCreddie, the play was of a high standard for boys of their age. The final of the senior division, in which Rowe beat McConville, was very thrilling, and was remarkable for long rallies, the ball passing the net frequently as often as ten or twelve times in one rally. Both the boys played very well, and at one period it seemed that McConville, after winning the first set and leading 4-3 in the second, would win, but Rowe's stamina and consistency proved too much for his smaller rival. Among others to witness the finals was J. O. Anderson, who remarked on the handicapping of the players. He said that this part of the work had been done well-nigh perfectly, and also commented on the inability of Rowe to win points outright when he had advanced to the net. On several occasions, when he might have made a winner, he was content to play the ball back to McConville, who seemed quite unable either to pass him with a drive or to toss over his head. Nevertheless, the tournament was very successful, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to both Ruddock and Rowe.

The School is very fortunate in that J. O. Anderson has offered to coach the grade players one afternoon a fortnight. This means that to a certain extent the tennis players are placed on a par with the boys playing football and cricket, in that this gentleman has kindly offered to spend some of his time in coaching our representatives in the tennis competitions. Although it must be admitted that this is a great improvement on the position in past years, still we look forward eagerly to the time when a member of the staff will shoulder this responsibility.

Without a coach no team can possibly be complete, and it is hoped that this position will, in the future, be gladly filled by a member of the staff. It seems strange that such a state of affairs could exist in a school so famed as Fort Street. If there is a similar state in other schools, surely it is Fort Street's honour and duty to blaze yet another trail, and pioneer this new realm, for tennis, a game scorned and derided a generation ago, is fast growing popular, and is already the most international game in the world.

RUGBY UNION.

1st XV.

With three matches played so far, the 1st Grade have had only one reverse, winning both of the other games. Our defeat was at the hands of Sydney High, who proved superior on the wet day.

Probably the outstanding match was that against North Sydney, which Fort Street won 11-3, due to the better combination shown by the School team.

Our next match will be against Hurlstone, which is the only undefeated team in the competition, and a hard match should eventuate.

The forwards on the whole are rather a solid set, who, as the season progresses, should develop into rather a dangerous combination. Kennington, one of last year's forwards, has shown good form, and is always on the ball. Burge, the captain, is a tireless worker, and is very effective as break-away. Other forwards to show out were Roberts and Pain, who followed through splendidly on many occasions.

The backs have not yet shown to full advantage, and is the weak portion of the team. They lack good combination and thrust. Their running leaves much to be desired, for they must learn to run straight.

Cumming, the vice-captain, fills the inside position well, and the halves, Fox and Melville, should try to get the ball out to the centres and wings.

Full-back position is filled by McGilvray, who takes and kicks the ball well, and his follow through is noteworthy.

The halves, though light, are standing up to their opposing halves, who are much heavier. They are inclined to be slow on occasions, but this should be soon remedied.

In conclusion we must sincerely thank Mr. Austin for the enthusiastic manner in which he coaches us. The team has greatly benefited by his valuable knowledge of the finer points of the game, and his motto, "Condition wins games."

Results:—

V. North Sydney: Won, 11-3.

V. Sydney High: Lost, 3-16.

V. C.T.S.: Won, 20-3.

2nd XV.

After three matches second grade has only just begun to settle down. Previous to the com-

mencement of the competition, we had little practice together as a team, and even now the frequent interruptions have left us comparatively raw. But in Mr. Kirkwood's care the team will soon be licked into shape.

We began well, winning against North Sydney by 15 to 3, and although there were several members of the team who had never played football before, we all played hard and deserved the victory. In this match it was noticeable how we were greatly encouraged by some quick scoring, which rather demoralised the opposition very early in the game.

In the next match, against Sydney High, at Centennial Park, we played on a lake of mud. Our boys could not keep their feet, nor could they handle the ball, and in a forwards' game our pack was at a disadvantage to heavier and more experienced opponents. We lost, 19-3.

We fielded a much altered team against Central Technical for the third match, having lost Colebrook, our captain, while Dyce went up to firsts. But although our play as a whole was deplorable, we ran out to win by 24 to nil over a very weak opposition. In this match Rassack and Clarke shone as excellent forwards, and our pack should be very hard to beat when it improves in the line-outs and gets some solid training.

The three-quarter line, though paralysed up to date by wrong tactics near the scrum and poor passing, shows excellent prospects, being fast and game, and with practice in passing and tackling should later on be very hard to stop or break through.

The principal fault is the kicking, for out of 14 tries scored not one has been converted.

The main scorers to date have been: West 3 tries, Foskett 2, Ringland 2, and Fleming 2.

The team is being excellently coached by Mr. Kirkwood, and in thanking him we assure him of our whole-hearted co-operation.

3rd GRADE.

The 3rd XV. have a good chance for premier-ship honours this year, although we have lost two out of three matches played. The best match played so far was against Sydney High, when we showed to advantage on a wet field, though un- luckily losing 3-6.

The forwards are to be relied upon in both

line-outs and scrums, but in the open their tackling and general defensive play are weak. Woodhouse, Roberts and Phillips are setting examples which would be advantageously followed by the rest of the forwards.

In the three-quarters Fooke and Morrison are great workers, and are being ably assisted by the speed of wingers Vaughan and Evans.

What we lack in skill and experience is made up by general enthusiasm and the interest and excellent coaching of Mr. Short.

Our results so far are:—

V. North Sydney: Lost, 3-6.

V. Sydney High: Lost, 3-6.

V. Ultimo: Won, 9-6.

Practise hard and do your best, Thirds.

4th GRADE.

This season we started the competition rather unfortunately, as we have lost both matches played. But we take consolation in the fact that we have played very strong teams, and that there are weaker ones to be met later in the competition.

Some of our players are new to the Union code, but with more practice, under the expert coaching of Mr. Brodie, we will improve considerably. And so, even if we are not at the head of the competition when it is finished, we will certainly have played some enjoyable games.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Brodie

for the keen interest which he takes in us.

5th GRADE.

Having played only two competition matches so far, and those previous to the May vacation, we were successful in the first and were defeated in the second.

The first match, against North Sydney, at their oval, we won by 15-3, but of the five tries scored none was converted.

In the second match, played at Petersham Oval, our opponents, Sydney High, were too strong for us, and we lost 3-12 (one try to four). The weather conditions had put the ground in a treacherous state, and we emerged from the mud with the realisation that we must play to suit the weather, an important and difficult task.

The defence of the team as a whole could show improvement, though it is hard to say as yet how we are in attack. Still, the combination seems quite good, and has been in no way marred by selfish play.

In the first round after the vacation we had the bye, and now we are looking forward to keen games to come.

Last but not least come the thanks of the team as a whole for the invaluable coaching of Mr. Pollard, whose sound instructions have meant and will mean a great deal in the way of bright football.

TANKA—AFTER THE MANNER OF THE JAPANESE.

When I await him
On the cool autumn mountain
Wet in its drippings
I am sad with an old age
That is my passing childhood.

Although they say now
That Autumn is not yet here
I feel the chill wind
And I know that soon it will
Come upon the world and me.

Seeing the white cranes
On the third river island
Eating many frogs
I wished that I were a crane
So that I might have no care.

(Note: Japanese poetry of the later middle ages was composed almost entirely in the form of tanka or short songs, although a few poets experimented with longer songs. On the whole they were unsuccessful. This was due to the fact that lengthy composition did not suit either the Japanese temperament, their form of thought, or their mode of expression. Each poem is concise and complete in itself, and though they seem irregular and prosy at first, there is a certain regularity about them. They did not have rhyme or metre in the modern sense, but each line had a definite number of syllables, namely, 1st line five, 2nd seven, 3rd five, 4th seven, and 5th seven. This has been preserved in the English of these three tanka.)

SKALD.

A SUMMER MORNING.

The drowsy hiss of the foaming surge as it races up the gently sloping beach comes penetratingly through the bush that separates the ocean from the camp. The tinkling notes of the bell-bird sound clearly, but mysteriously. They seem to come from nearby "ghost-cattle," haunting our shady dell.

The bell-bird is not, however, the first early riser. I roll out of my rug and survey the glorious woodland around me. Words cannot convey my feelings of complete freedom.

I hurriedly dress and venture forth into the bush. I walk along the edge of a little clear stream that, in finding its way to the sea, runs past the camp. The birds are twittering in every branch. Soon the bees will hum as they seek the precious honey-dew, and butterflies will hover and rest on frail grass blades and flowers; thus Nature's work is done.

The occasional "whistle and whack" of the whip-bird echoes through the timber. There is quite a lot of undergrowth covering the brown earth. But above all rises the majestic "stringybark," alongside the silver and salmon gums. There is nothing more mysterious in the Australian bush than the gnarled and twisted "salmon-gum."

I wander on, till at length I arrive at the beach. It is typical of most beaches in New South Wales. For about half a mile it stretches its broad and sandy length. The sand is fine and golden, and looks inviting. I fall to the ground. The beach is still cool, but friendly, so I lazily lie and watch the ever-restless surf, in

its subtle fascination.

The contrast of the cool green forest with the dry sands is striking, as is the comparison of the ocean with the azure depths of the clear sky.

There is a slight breeze blowing from the sea, and before it scud the fleecy white clouds, as if hurrying from danger.

The swell of the ocean is very regular. The huge "dumpers," curling from their greenness, break, and surge forth, a snow-white wall. It is low tide, and by the time the waves have reached the strand their force is spent, and they retrace their steps to challenge the shore-coming breakers to combat. The fight is short. Alas! the smaller wave is defeated in a final smack as the spray shoots into the air. One might well watch this peaceful scene for hours. It is always changing.

Beyond the line of breakers rises a black fin, then another. The thought of sharks dashes to my mind. But no! Sharks never rove in schools, for three more fins have appeared. I watch carefully. At last I am rewarded by the sight of five dolphins diving in the water. One bold fellow flings himself into the air, and falls with a comparatively small splash. The diving is repeated several times, then they seem to disappear altogether.

I rise and slowly return to the camp. It is my turn to cook breakfast, and I must not neglect my duty. It is certain that I will not forget THIS summer morning.

H. NORTON, 3A.

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.

Aiken, Lewin George, 1A 5B 6B 8B 11A.
Algie, Alexander William, 1B 2B 3B 5B 10B.
Allen, Harold W., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7A 10H2.

Bailey, Geoffrey R., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
Baker, William Alfred, 1A 2B 3L 5A 6B 8B 10H2.
Barrell, Geoffrey V., 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10A.
Bennett, Edwin, 1B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 10H2.
Bentley, Murray John, 1H2 2B 3B 8H1 14B.
Billing, Arthur Brian, 1B 5A 6A 7B 10A.
Blunden, William Ross, 1H2 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H2.
Cameron, Leith McLauren, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6B 7A 10B.
Carr, Donald Briand, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
Clarke, William Upson, 1B 3L 5A 6B 8B 11H1.
Coffill, Frank S., 1H2 3B 5B 6B 8H1 11B.
Colclough, Jack, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10H2.
Coleborne, Bryan A., 1B 2H1 3B 5B 6B 11A 21A.
Coleman, Eric Pomeroy F., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 10B.
Constable, Francis, 1B 5B 6B 8A 9B 17B.

- Cranston, Thomas Henry, 1A 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Crook, Leslie Charles, 1B 3B 5A 6B 8A 11H1 17B.
 Doherty, Nace Adrian, 1B 2A 3B 5A 6B 8B 10A.
 Downes, William R., 1H1 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H1 11H2.
 Duckworth, Eric, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A 10L 14H2.
 Dycé, Alexander, 1A 3B 8H2 11B.
 Edgecombe, Gordon Henry, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
 Elphinstone, Keith Raymond, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 11B.
 Emerton, Sidney C., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A 14H1.
 Evans, John Walther, 1A 2B 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
 Evans, Robert V., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Faulkner, Gordon, 1B 3B 8B 14B.
 Ferguson, James Stuart, 1B 3B 8B 11B.
 Flatt, Eric Neeve, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Fletcher, Edmund, 1B 2A 3B 5A 8B 11A.
 Frederick, J. C. H., 1B 2H2 3H2(o) 5B 6B 8A 11B.
 Funnell, William, 1H2 5A 6A(x1) 7B 10H2.
 Gardner, Sydney John, 1B 5B 8B 10L 17B.
 Gibbs, William J., 1B 3B 5A 6B 8B 10B 14H2.
 Golding, Neville William, 1B 2L 5A 6A(x2) 7B 10A.
 Green, John Derek, 1B 5A 6B 11A 17B.
 Healy, Gerald David, 1B 8A 11A 14H1 17B.
 Henderson, Keith William, 2B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Henry, Edward Ian, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 11H2.
 Hibberd, Donald James, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 8A 11H1
 Hinchcliff, John Andrew, 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 10B.
 Hinchcliffe, Paul Joseph, 5A 6B 8B 11A.
 Hirst, Arthur, 1A 8B 14A 17B.
 Hodgson, George A., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7B 10H2.
 Huntley, Stanley Alfred, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Hurdis, Ernest Arthur, 1B 5B 6B 8B.
 Ireland, Joseph Frank, 1B 2B 3A 5A 6A(x2) 7A 11A.
 Jenkins, Allan Milton, 1H1 2B 4B 5B 6B 8A 11A.
 Jones, Brian Farquhar, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A.
 Laird, Colin Stuart, 2B 3A 5A 6B 8B.
 Langsworth, Bruce Simpson, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 14H1.
 Leggo, Hedley, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B.
 Leonard, James Patrick, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Levy, Lester M., 1B 2H2 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11B.
 Mavoh, George David, 1B 5B 6B 14B 17B.
 McAuley, James Phillip, 1H1 2A 3B 4B 5B 11A.
 McCloy, Ian, 1B 2B 3B 5A 7B 10B.
 McDonald, William Graham, 1H2 2A 3B 5A 6A 8H2.
 McGilvray, Wilfred M., 1B 3B 5A 6B 10L.
 McKenzie, Douglas J., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 10H2.
 McKnight, Allan D., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 8B 11A.
 Mitchell, Laurence Forbes, 1A 5A 6B 7A 10H1.
 Monaghan, Francis Henry, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 11H2.
 Muller, Roger Ernest, 2B 5B 8A 14B.
 Norrie, Jack Campbell, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Northey, James John, 1B 2L 3L 5B 8B 11B.
 Paisley, Robert Ernest, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H1 11A.
 Patterson, Joseph R., 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 10B.
 Payne, Reginald Wm. R., 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 10B.
 Perry, Mervyn Arthur E., 1B 2A 3B 5B 6B 8H2 10B.
 Phillips, Carl Berge, 1B 5B 8H1 11B.
 Pocock, William Teasdale, 1B 5B 8B 10L.
 Prince, Albert James, 1B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
 Rassack, Ronald Clive, 5B 6B 7B 10A.
 Ratcliffe, Gordon James, 5B 6B 7B 10B 17B.
 Redmond, John H. J., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8H2 11L.
 Renouf, Noel Arnold, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 11A.
 Richards, Charles Rowland, 1B 3B 5A 6A 8B 11B.
 Richardson, Alexander J., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
 Richardson, Ronald V. C., 2L 4B 5B 8B 14A.
 Riley, Edward William, 1B 3B 5A 6B 8A 11A 17B.
 Riley, Wilfrid Theodore, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 14H2.
 Roche, Alan Thomas, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H1 11A.
 Rose, Maxwell Neville, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Roulston, Robert S., 1B 2B 3B 8A 11B.
 Rowley, Cecil George, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 8A 11B.
 Schloeffel, Brian R., 1B 2B 5B 8B 11B.
 Schroeder, Norman Jack, 1B 5B 6B 14L 17B.
 Scott, John Burrell, 1H2 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 11L.
 Shorter, George McCredie, 3B 5B 6B 7A 10H2.
 Shuttleworth, William A., 1B 2L 3B 5B 8B 14B.
 Sky, Arthur William, 1A 2A 3L 5B 8B 11H2.
 Smith, Thomas Henry, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
 Somerville, James G., 1B 8A 14A 17B.
 Standen, Sydney Bray, 2B 3B 5A 6A 7A 10H2.
 Stubbs, Frederick Athol, 1B 2L 3B 5A 6B 8B 11B.
 Surtees, A. McK., 1B 2A 3A(o) 4B 5A 6A(x2) 10H2.
 Thistlethwayte, Allan B., 1A 5B 6B 8B 14A 17B.
 Thompson, Alan Frederick, 1B 5A 6A 7B 10B.
 Tinckam, Arthur Raymond, 3B 5A 6B 7B 10A 14B
 Tinckam, Mervyn Norman, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7A 10H2.
 Watts, Harold John, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10L.
 Watts, Henry Raymond, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 7B.
 Watts, Nicholas Barry, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
 Whiteman, Leonard A., 1H2 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Wholohan, Raymond Vincent, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 11B.
 Williams, Alan Neal, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8A 10H2.
 Williamson, David Kenneth, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Wines, Robert Alfred, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Worley, John James, 1B 2B 5A 6B 11A.
 Whybrow, Kenneth George, 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A(x1) 8A.
 Young, Alfred Markham, 1B 2B 5A 6B 8B 10B.

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 |

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|----------------|--------------------|
| 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.
- Alderton, D. M., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Bailey, J. H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Bailey, W. M., 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Barnett, E. J., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Barraclough, R. B., 1A 4B 6B 7B.
 Bavister, H. K., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Bell, R. E., 1B 4B 5B 7A 11B 15A.

- Binns, K., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Bond, K. A., 1A 3A 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Boyle, G. A., 1B 3A 4B 5B 11A 15B.
 Brown, J. W., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Brown, R. A., 1A 4B 5B 7B.
 Cary, R. A., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A 21A.
 Christian, M. M., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Cohen, L., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Collis, S., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Coster, C. K., 1A 2A 4B 6A 7A.
 Courtenay, R. J., 1A 2A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Cowell, J. W., 1A 3B 4B 5A 7B 11B 16B.
 Crittenden, B., 1B 2B 4B 5A 8B 11A.
 Cropper, D., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Cull, R. O., 1B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Delaney, R., 1B 2B 4B 5A 7B 11A.
 Dickson, B. C., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B.
 Dixon, G. M., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Dorling, L. V., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Easton, C. C., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A 15B.
 Ellis, K. G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Faulkner, M. J., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B.
 Fellows, G. N., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Flak, J. H., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Fletcher, S. A., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Folkes, F. R., 1B 2B 6A 7A 11B.
 Fooke, F., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Fox, E. N., 1B 3B 4B 5B 11B 16B.
 Frost, C., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B.
 Garbutt, M. E., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 11B.
 Gazzard, E. J., 1A 2B 4B 6A 7A 11A.
 Gibson, A. E., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Gollan, R. A., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Grace, F., 1B 4B 6B 7B.
 Graham, Arnold, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Greenwood, D. H., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11A.
 Griffiths, G. E., 1A 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Hackett, J. T., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5A 7A 11A 15B 16B.
 Hamblen, H. R., 1A 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B.
 Hardy, S. F., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Hart, A. L., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Heasman, V., 1A 2B 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Henderson, A. S., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Hiley, E. V., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Hing, N. S., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Hodgkinson, F. G., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Hollands, K. G., 1A 2B 5B 7B 11B.
 Hunt, J., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Ireland, F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 John, G. R., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Jourdain, S. G., 1B 2B 4B 5A 11B 15B.
 Karnaghan, F. J., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 King, F. V., 1B 2B 3A 5B 11B.
 Krok, T. V., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Linney, A. E., 1A 2B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Lutton, D., 1B 4B 7A 11B.
 Lyons, J. V., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 McDonald, J. N., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Macey, N., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Manuel, K., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 McCrabb, R. M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 McGregor, M. C., 1B 2B 4A 5B 7B 11A.
 McLean, D. A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Megna, A. S., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Middleton, H. M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Mills, L. N., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Moffat, A. C., 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Moffitt, R. C., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A.
 Murray, A., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 O'Casey, E. T., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 7A 11A 15B 16B.
 Oelrich, R. R., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Page, G. J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11A.
 Palmer, J. T., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Parsons, E. J., 1A 2B 4B 6B 7B.
 Peterson, B. H., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Petherbridge, D. W., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Phillips, G. P., 1A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Phillips, L. A., 1A 2B 5B 6B 7B.
 Potts, G. C., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Prothero, D. E., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5A 11B 15B.
 Read, J. M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Reilly, H. J., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
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 Ridley, B., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11A 15B.
 Rigg, F. G., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
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