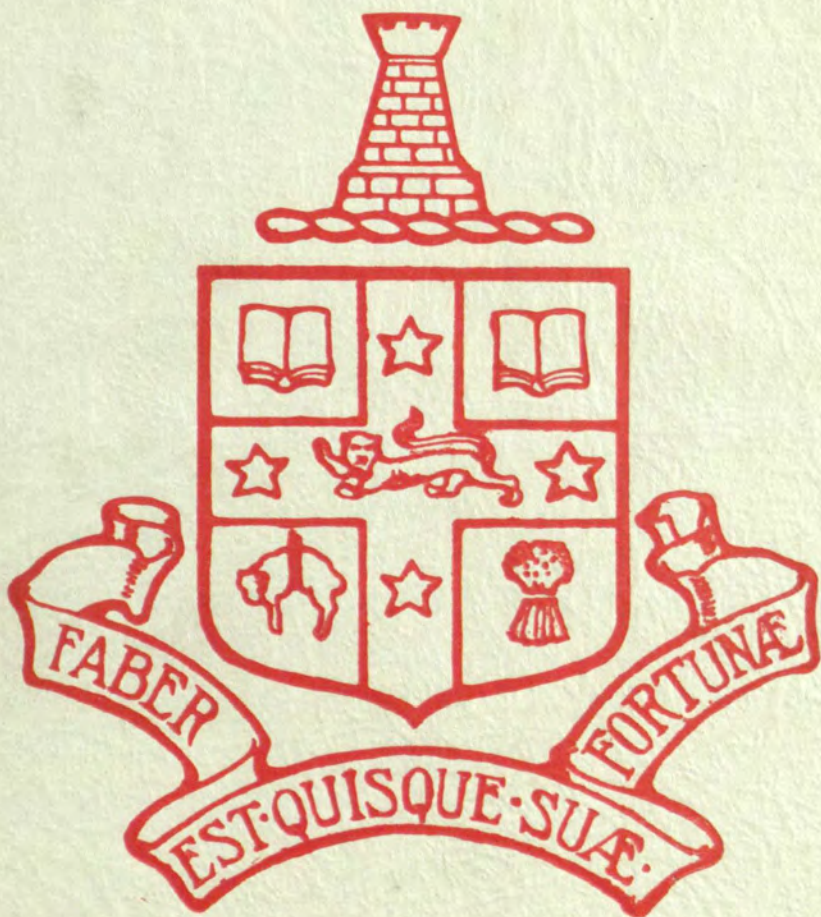
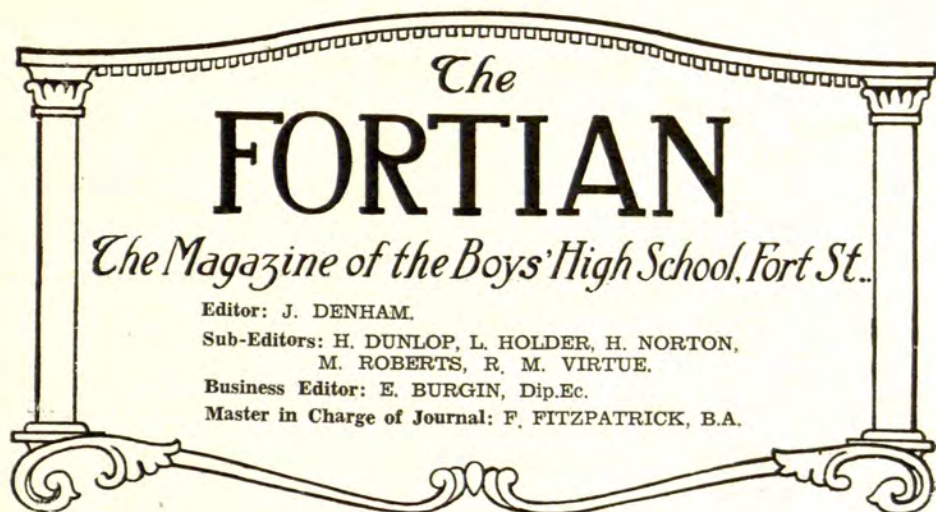


THE FORTIAN



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

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The importance of the Prefects in the School cannot be over-estimated. They form the connecting link between the Headmaster and the boys. In truth, they are representative of both, for they help to carry out the directions of the Headmaster, and, at the same time, they are the elected representatives of the boys to do such work.

At Fort Street the method of electing the Prefects is wisely democratic. The Fourth Year pupils nominate a number of their fellows, who they think are fitted for the office of Prefect. These nominations are then discussed by the Headmaster and masters at a special meeting, during which the characters and personalities of the nominees are carefully considered. For it is not fit that such a trust should be lodged in the hands of any who have not the full confidence of the teaching body. It is right that masters should exercise this privilege of revising the nominations, for boys, in their youth, cannot be so fully seized as they of the qualities of character and personality required to perform the manifold duties of a Prefect.

After the revision of the nominations, the students of the Fourth Year are again called together into the Memorial Hall, which is converted into a polling-booth for the occasion. The students are required to elect by preferential vote a number of the nominees. The successful nominees then interview the Headmaster and Deputy-Headmaster, and are acquainted with the duties and responsibilities of their office.

The advantages of this system surpass those of other systems, such as selection by the Headmaster and masters alone, or by an election by the pupils alone, without the exercise of the power of veto by the masters. The chief advantage is that the successful nominees have the confidence of both the masters and the boys in the conduct of their duties.

The duties of the Prefects are many. They are responsible for the protection of all School property; they are active at all School and public functions; they supervise the School Library and arrange term dances, and assist in the maintenance of order in the playground. Both in and out of school they are expected and do set an example of decent conduct to the rest of the boys.

The Prefects are advised not to allow any personal consideration whatever to stand in the way of performing their duty. They must remember that they have a great trust reposed in them by their fellows, and they must see that the power given them is exercised for the common good. The execution of these duties is not, indeed, a simple task. There are times

when a student believes a Prefect to be too imperious; yet if he reflects, he will probably realise that the course taken by the Prefect is necessary for the maintenance of order and discipline.

As the Prefects have duties towards the boys, so the boys have duties towards the Prefects. The first and foremost of these is to assist the Prefects in the performance of their labours. Of course, the Prefects are only young officers, and will make mistakes. It has been said, "Error is a hardy plant, it flourisheth in every soil."

If a student thinks that he has been harshly treated, he should select the right time to have a talk with the Prefect, who in all cases will be found willing to hear the pupil's point of view.

The Prefects are there to serve the School, and hence the boys, and in this service their moments of leisure are few. But they may console themselves with the thought that their office offers them a training in leadership that will stand not only themselves, but also the community, in good stead in later life.

THE EDITOR.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Play Day, which was held on 15th August, was an unqualified success. The plays were quite up to the standard of previous years, and in many cases the standard of individual players was of outstanding merit.

The prizes awarded for Play Day efforts are as follow:—

SENIOR.

Best Acting: R. Dunlop.

Special Prize donated by Mrs. C. H. Harrison: F. Rigg.

Best Female Impersonation: R. Walker.

Special Prize: R. Arthur.

JUNIOR.

Best Acting: H. Magnussen, 2A.

Special Prizes for Acting: B. Short, 1D; N. McCahon, 2A.

Best Female Impersonation: K. Glover, 1B.

The School takes this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Rogers and the Committee of Ladies who worked so hard to make the function a success.

§ § §

The annual Armistice Day celebration took place in the School. An address was given to the boys and staff by the Headmaster, Mr. C. Christmas, after which the usual two minutes' silence was observed.

The plans are ready for the long awaited hall and School extensions. We hope that the work will begin at an early date. The Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, the Premier, and an Old Boy, is very anxious that this work be done as early as possible.

§ § §

Mr. Humphries has been very active with the life-saving squads, and up to date a very fine record of awards has been gained. It is the aim of this School that all boys will qualify as life-savers.

§ § §

During this term Mr. L. Mote, an old and popular master, returned to Fort Street for a few weeks, after a world tour. He has promised to come back to us and give us a lecture on his experiences abroad.

§ § §

Many appreciative comments have been made on the splendid display of roses in the School garden. With the many fine shrubs and well-kept lawns, the garden is certainly looking very well.

§ § §

The following boys have been chosen as prefects for 1936, and we extend our hearty congratulations to them on attaining to such a high position in the School:—J. Denham, P. Schmidt, G. Goswell,

W. Anderson, J. Bailey, C. Barrett, J. Glen, F. Smith, H. Norton, A. Ferguson, B. Evans, F. Spooner, I. Dunlop, H. Dunlop, J. Wilson, J. Davies.

§ § §

One of our most important annual functions is the Senior Dinner, which took place in the Memorial Hall on Tuesday evening, October 22nd. In addition to the boys and staff, several of the boys were accompanied by their fathers. J. Berry, the School Captain, was in the chair, and the toast list was ably handled by the boys them-

selves. Their addresses were very favourably commented upon by several of the parents, who were also given an opportunity to speak.

The speeches were interspersed by musical items, which were enthusiastically received.

It was the unanimous opinion at the close that a most enjoyable evening had been spent.

The value of this School event in the education of the boy is so marked that we look forward to 1936, confidently anticipating the attendance of every father concerned.

PLAY DAY, 1935.

High as has been the standard set by previous Play Days, this year's performance, as far as all-round merit is concerned, is universally held to have been at least the equal of any of its predecessors, and it is possible to appreciate the magnitude of the judges' task in discerning individual superiority among so promising a collection.

Perhaps the most outstanding presentation was that of "The Road of Poplars," by 5D class, which was somewhat unfortunately omitted from Play Day itself, to be exhibited at both night sessions. That such highly interesting treatment should have been attained in a type of play—the "fifth-year tragedy"—in which our seniors have for many years, with varying degrees of failure, been accustomed to display their gloomiest reactions to the examination system, is due partly to the law of averages, but mainly to the merit of the cast and of the producer, Ryan.

Of the remaining fifth year plays, "The Riddle of Countess Runa" (5B), a semi-facetious mediæval satire, is of a type quite foreign to the senior tradition. Most impressive were the costumes and the smoothness of the stage arrangements, beside which the acting became at times somewhat colourless. However, Runa herself (Gibson) is worthy of much credit, not to mention the highly original performance.

"The Egyptian Mummy" (5A) was an amusing farce, not without its ingenuity. The Prefects' play, "Thirst," the quintessence of mediæval

horrors of the most agonising type, was designed to give an added succulence to the afternoon tea, and the general impression was most realistic.

As usual, the first year productions were the principal attraction, and for sheer technical excellence were unsurpassed. It is most unfair, in view of this general faultlessness, to bestow praise on individual actors, though the temptation is strong in the case of Swan (1C), who displayed unusual talent throughout.

The improvement noticeable in the quality of the second year plays, which has been a feature of recent years, was well maintained on this occasion. "The Poison Party" of 2A was by far the most brilliant of its type, and its smooth and flawless presentation was almost amazing. "The Eye of the Beholder" (2C) was unfortunate in possessing a moral, which even the frantic efforts of the jester (Barnes) failed to render less obtrusive.

The fourth year was well represented by the 4D play, "On Dartmoor"—a genuine comedy of a type somewhat rare on this occasion,—and by the play, "They Went Forth" (4B). In this latter production Arthur (as Sarah) was obviously the principal character; Glen, as Reb. Joseph, also showed merit, but beside the astounding feat of producing the junior Baruch from among his nether garments, his other histrionic achievements pale into insignificance.

PRELUDE: WATER LIGHTS.

To CLAUDE-ACHILLE (musicien francais), for setting my feet in search of Deva.

Silvery water-lights on the under-side of a grey
boat
undulating wave, and wavering
twine a pattern of wire-mesh.

Swirl of white high-lights ripple along with a
running wash,
and a wave-line like the curl of a dancing-skirt
perpetually poised in quivering revolution.

Lights splash a spray of tendril-threads,
like lazy tentacles of jelly-fish
chasing each other slow, and float.

A frieze of tracery-lace and feather reflected
on to the boatside, curved over the water,
etched by the sun-gold edge and coined light
rubbed round the rim of cupped ripples.

A silver netting, spider-spun, cast by a fisherman
out over the boat-side, shimmering down
into the deep green water, sinks, obscured with
depth and gloom,
then drawn in dripping up the side, sagged with
the strain,
full-brimmed, of filigree of shivering mail and
chains
wrought of trails of snails, and pearls.

Sea-lights in the motion of lapping and swimming,
ebb in a web, and weave a veil, and interlace
with the sponge's perforations or the sea-fan's
grace.

Arabesques of watered silk or pure line of grain
streaming away into a blurr of motion
whither reflection dims, and, growing uncertain,
fades;

When the wind the water crinkles into crossing
ripples,
makes the designs diffuse, as the haze of passed
trees,
and their patches of leaf and light, melted with
speed.

As these is this beauty transitory
passing and going away;
and yet perpetually fugitive,
And yet never quite touched . . .

There always is a subtle change
eludes me; and this ever-strange
pursued, is never gained,
but, slipping through the fingers, like the moon
reflected,
frail, when I thought it gathered with the water
in the palm
is gone, and joins its broken pieces in the pail.

SKALD.

WHEN WINTER IS PAST . . .

For J.A.

Mating time
is coming over the purple road.
Come then,
let us run hand in hand
with bared breasts
and naked hearts—
let us run to beauty and hide ourselves
away.

DIDO, 1935.

Painfully strive
while dull in your eyes
the hate of your striving
resentful lies . . .

Grow old now:
be wrinkled now.
Read the "Herald"
talk about war
and other things
you heard and saw
when you were young.

A TRIP THROUGH DEVON.

(By C. J. BAUER.)

As we wished to see the best scenery in England before returning to Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward proposed that Mr. Belschner and I should accompany them on a motor-tour through Devon, as it lay claim to the best variety of scenery, superior to that of any other county in England.

We accepted this very kind invitation, and, with the smallest amount of clothes, and necessary money, started from Wandsworth on Tuesday, 25th June, at 9.15 a.m. The weather for an Australian was perfect, but for an Englishman, very warm. Our car was a Standard No. 9. With the engine and brakes overhauled, we felt fit to do the work before us. Two cameras were also amongst the indispensables.

From Wandsworth we travelled through Kingston, over the Thames, followed the river awhile, past Kempton, with its fine race-course, through Staines—14½ miles. There is a building boom there. Many houses were in course of erection. By Egham we caught glimpses of the river again, and the water-purifiers—large buildings on the river-bank. Bearing to the right we descended to Virginia Water. Here there was a large lake surrounded by oak, beech, elms, etc. It is a popular picnic-ground, much visited on holidays. We then went on to Sunningdale, about two miles further, passing through park-like lands and villas. Bagshot was the next town, the road and country undulating, with open heath on both sides. At Camberley one sees gardens and park land. The shops in the town are all on the left side, and opposite is the cemetery. Next we came to a very long stretch of straight and level road. On the right is planted a large area of pines. About the town of Hook are fields and cultivation. The country is undulating, and fine views are afforded. Bassingstoke was reached one hour from starting. The streets there are narrow. Many strawberries are grown and offered to the motorists by the growers or members of their families, for one shilling and sixpence per punnet. We also saw some poultry farms and bee farms, and passed under long avenues of shady oaks or elms, and through lanes of hawthorne hedges, alternating with embankments, overgrown with vines, ferns, intermingled with flowers of red, pink and

white. In the fields and on the roadside poppies were numerous.

Winchester, population 23,000, was reached at 11.45 a.m. This is one of the oldest cities in England. It was formerly the capital. The streets are narrow. There is much history attached to this place. The centre of attraction is the Cathedral, which is built in the Gothic style, in the form of a cross, and dates back to 1093, when William II, was king. On entering the Cathedral one is struck by the enormous length—556 feet. Advancing into the body of the building, one is conscious of a feeling of coldness and the dampness in the floor pavements. Here are buried St. Swithun, the Bishop de Lucy, Bishop Gardiner, and Cardinal Beaufort.

Speaking to one of the attendants, I learnt that the Cathedral can comfortably accommodate 4,000 people, but on Sundays there are not more than 300 in attendance, while the choir, which consists of six men and sixteen boys, is always in attendance on Sundays. The words "Sancta Beata Gloria" are on the tapestry on the altar.

Outside in the grounds are some tombstones standing about. In the main street is the statue of King Alfred, and an obelisk referring to the Plague of 1666. Close to King Alfred's statue are the Museum and the Guildhall. As we were desirous of hurrying, we were forced to omit many places in this old, interesting city.

After spending one hour here, we continued our journey through avenues of shady trees and pleasant woodlands to Hursley, a small village, although much cultivation surrounds it. Romsey was reached at 1.15 p.m. Here a halt was made for lunch, and an opportunity to stretch our legs. After an hour's rest, we resumed our journey. The weather had become warmer. As we were leaving the town we noticed a water-race working a mill-wheel. This and the adjoining building proved a fit subject for our cameras. We then passed through patches of field and forest, coming to Cadnam. This is an old village with thatch roofs and brick walls, and a narrow street.

Then we entered the New Forest. At first the growth gave one the impression of a forest, but as we proceeded further we observed patches of

heath and open country. History relates that this forest was planted by William I., and stocked with game to provide sport for himself and his nobles. No deer were seen, but instead, numbers of stray horses that roam through the forest, and at times graze on the roadside. Brushwood brooms standing in frames by the roadside were passed. These are used in beating out any fires that may occur. We were much struck with the names of some cottages passed in the forest, such as "Dick Turpin Cottage," "Kettle Tea House," "The Golden Kettle." We learned afterwards that a stone marks the spot where the body of William II. (Rufus) was found pierced by an arrow during a hunt in this forest, close to Cadnam. We next came to Ringwood, prettily situated on the River Lin, passed over the bridge, and on to Wimborne, with its narrow street. A stream flows through the town. It contains a fine church building with a sun-dial attached to the wall. Park-like meadows again came into view on both sides, and alongside the road on the left ran a high brick wall for about five miles. The weather, that had been so warm, suddenly changed. The cool wind coming from the south condensed the vapour, and a thick fog developed into misty rain as a result. This fog blotted out the landscape. So thick was it that motor cars had to switch on the head-lights. The country now became more undulating as we passed Bere Regis, with its thatched roof houses. After passing Bursledon, the fog lifted and the sun shone again. Dorchester was reached at 4.15 p.m. Here we stopped for afternoon tea. This is a fairly large town, population 13,000. The church, with its square tower, occupies a commanding position on the hill to the left.

Leaving Dorchester, we passed through a beautiful avenue of tall elms. A radio station is erected here. The road from here onward developed into rapid ascents and descents, until we reached Bridport. Here we saw more cultivation and red poppies growing amongst the dark green wheat, making a striking contrast. Some sheep were grazing in the fields, and, at times, rabbits ran across the road. The streets of Bridport are much wider than in other towns we passed through. The fog came on again. The country then became more broken, and the road had to be negotiated more cautiously on account of the fog. Motorists

are well catered for in the way of directions and warning signs. The roads are in excellent condition, and every precaution is taken to assist drivers. The A.A. men are stationed at crossings and direct the traffic, saluting every member of the A.A. as the car goes by.

We next came to a very long, steep descent to Lyme Regis, leaving the county of Dorset behind. The streets in Lyme Regis are very narrow, and the houses are old and quaint. The town is situated in the valley and slopes of two hills, right at the beach. The promenade extends to the artificial harbour for the fishermen's boats. Facing this promenade are restaurants and residential. The River Lea runs down the valley through the town. We found accommodation at the Pilot Boat Hotel. The beach is composed of cobble-stones. The promenade is frequented by visitors in the evening. Pleasant Park adjoins the promenade, and extends up the hillside. The fog increased in density, blotting out the vision seawards. We had travelled 146 miles.

Leaving Lyme Regis next morning (Wednesday) at 9.15, we climbed the steep hill out of the town. A fine, misty rain was falling. Later in the morning it cleared, affording us a wonderful view of the landscape. It was quite rural—pasture fields and cultivated fields divided by hedges, while the narrow road was hemmed in with alternating hedges, stone walls, mounds overgrown with vines and covered with a profusion of flowers. What struck me was the absence of houses on these farm blocks. We were then in the famous Devonshire, and making for Exeter. We passed through the old villages of Axmouth and Seaton on the coast. At the latter place we had a view of the bold chalk cliffs of the coast. Leaving the coast we passed along through hedges to Sidforth. Here we had a very pretty landscape view from the hill of the town, surrounded by cultivation and grazing paddocks. We turned to the left and touched the coast again at Sidmouth. Here is a fine esplanade along the shore. The white cliffs had now given place to hills of red and rich chocolate. Many hotels and residential face the promenade. Here we refilled our petrol tank, and, after half-an-hour's rest, left at 10.20 a.m. for Exeter, climbing the hill through beautiful avenues of trees and hedges.

The view from the top over Sidmouth is very

fine. We made a deep descent to Ebford. At the bottom we crossed the stone bridge over the river. Many of the farmhouses and refreshment places advertise "Devonshire Teas." This consists of tea, strawberry jam, cream and scones. Clyst St. Mary, surrounded by agriculture and grazing fields, was passed, and, approaching Exeter, we made a steep descent for about a mile.

Exeter is the capital of Devon, and is prettily situated on the River Exe. We passed through the city, over the river, and turned left towards Dowlish. The run from Exeter is very fine, and varied hedges, alternating with stone walls and shady trees, glimpses of the sea, some steep gradients, all helped to rivet one's attention. We sampled the famous Devonshire cider at Stare-ross. The railway station is right at the water's edge. The Exe opens out into a wide estuary. We reached Dowlish on the coast at 12 noon. Here we lunched. The Council has made the most of nature's gifts here. The little stream, Daw, has been walled and terraced and bridged. A fountain plays in the centre, while swans, black and white, swim about and joyfully partake of the food thrown them by the visitors. We left Dowlish at 12.30 p.m. for Torquay.

From Dowlish we had beautiful views of coast-line, and a steep descent into Teighnmouth, right at the beach. Here there is a long pier and a beautiful promenade. It is one of the favourite seaside resorts. From here we passed along the coast through Shaldon to Torquay. Torquay is the most attractive seaside place yet seen. Very fine hotels, residences with lovely gardens, parks, promenades. Although the season had not begun, there were many people about the promenades and pier. The beach is of pebbles. The concrete road and footpaths are coloured pink, very likely to enhance the beauty of the place. The bay was crowded with sailing craft. We left Torquay at 2.30 p.m. for Paignton. The roads here are very good, and carry much traffic. Double-deck red buses run from Torquay to Paignton.

After leaving Torquay we had a fine view from the hilltop. The road keeps close to the coast, hilly in places, reminding me of our coastal road between Newport and Avalon. To the right and inland were cultivation and grazing fields, divided by the usual hedges. As we approached Brixham, the sun, which had been hidden all the morning,

now burst forth, brightening up the landscape. Brixham is at the beach. The harbour is made by the usual breakwater of stone walls. Here, there is a statue of William III., Prince of Orange, 1688. We were interested in watching two young women, evidently daughters of a fisherman, painting their boat. We then went on to Dartmouth, past Higher Brixham, built up in terraces on the hillside. The road here ascends, and from above a fine view of Brixham and the coast-line is obtained. Hilly country was now encountered right on to Dartmouth. The view of the bay burst suddenly upon us, and at Kingswear we crossed by punt to Dartmouth. The punt is ferried across by a launch tied at the side. The fare is 2/- for the journey of about one-quarter of a mile. At Dartmouth the houses are built up in terraces on the hillside, the top being crowned with forest. It was a stiff climb to the top through high hedges lining the narrow road. Fine views of the coast-line with a beautiful beach were again afforded us.

This was the first long stretch of beach observed, reminding me of our own beaches. The road took a long, deep, and in parts very steep, descent to this beach. There is a small lagoon on one side, and the ocean on the other. At the end of the beach stands a very welcome restaurant, where we enjoyed a "Devonshire Tea." Time, 3.55 p.m. We left again at 4.30 p.m. Tea cost one shilling per head; rather reasonable, considering the amount four hungry travellers put inside. We set off up the hillside towards Kingsbridge. The weather then was beautiful. We passed over the stone bridge at the foot of the hill, through Frogmore, then Charleton—an old village with the stone walls lining the road—it appears to be built on a peninsula—then over the stone bridge at the head of the harbour cove, along the seashore to Kingsbridge. Here is built a fine promenade. From here onward the road became more hilly, grade now 1 in 7. There was more agriculture and grazing paddocks containing cows and sheep. In these small areas we counted as many as seventy sheep, but in winter they must be hand-fed. We passed the old village of Modbury at 5.15 p.m., and had more hilly travelling for the next half-hour, when Plymouth was reached. Here we decided to halt, and found

(Continued on page 49)

LEAGUE OF NATIONS DAY.

On the 2nd of August last, as is customary each year, the whole School assembled in the hall for the commemoration of the foundation of the League of Nations.

Two speeches were given by pupils of the School, they being Hilton Dunlop, of 4th Year, and Sidney Hing, of 3rd Year.

Dunlop spoke first, on the subject, "War and Peace," contrasting the horrors of warfare with the glories of peace. He pointed out the detrimental effect which war must have upon finance, upon the communal health, women and children in the fighting areas, and upon the cities in the war zone. He also emphasised the social losses and social degradation. He finalised his summary of war horrors with a quotation referring to future wars—"We have not nearly reached the greatest horrors of war yet."

In summarising the glories of peace, he emphasised the wide vista of happiness and prosperity offered us by peace, which has shown us that we may prosper greatly without sacrificing money, food and life to the God of War. He finalised his speech in pointing out that quarrels between citizens are settled in law courts, and so, when nations quarrel, they should turn to the League

of Nations for satisfaction and fair judgment.

Sidney Hing, speaking on "The League of Nations," gave an outline of its efforts and successes since its foundation, and did it very well indeed. He explained the reason for its foundation, mentioning Woodrow Wilson of America, Lord Robert Cecil of England, General Smuts of South Africa, and M. Briand of France, as the leaders of the movement.

He then spoke of the Locarno Pact and Kellogg Pact, which were both additional steps towards the abolition of war. And, in addition to its national efforts, the League has succeeded in improving social conditions in certain countries, a fine example of this being the abolition of child-slavery in Persia.

He showed how the League averted trouble in the Balkans, and also settled a quarrel between France and Germany.

In conclusion, Mr. Rose was extremely satisfied with the procedure, and also with having a speech by one of the junior school pupils, which was an experiment. So that in future we shall have a speech from the seniors, and one from the juniors, instead of two speeches from senior pupils.

H.S.D.

FREEDOM.

I cannot live where walls
Close in on every side—
Where life is like a prison-cell—
Nay, there I can't abide.
Give me the open meadows,
The long and dusty road,
A grassy bank whereon to lie—
Give me for my abode.

The blue sky for my ceiling,
The green grass for my floor,
The low old fence my only wall,
The broken gate my door.
Sunset my only picture,
Dawn for my tapestry,
The worn track straggling onwards—
Is all I ask of thee.

Show me the brooklet running
O'er waterfall and stone,
That the music of its tinkling
May be my gramophone.
Oh, let me feel the wonder
Of a blue sky turned to grey,
The exhilarating pleasure
To be out and far away!

Show me the Jewels of Heaven
Set in their velvet case;
Set me aright on the pathway
That leads to the Saviour's face.
With the fresh, sweet air around me,
And the smell of the dampened sod—
Give me to be my palace
Nature—the House of God!

N. WILLS, 4A.

A TRIP TO ALICE SPRINGS. (AND WHAT BEFELL THERE.)

My Aunt Vynette is a most remarkable woman—versatile, far-sighted, efficient, never at a loss how to act in the most exacting circumstances. She combines the manifold qualities of a Christian maiden lady with a brisk and ready business ability.

This genteel lady—through an extraordinary course of events still a spinster—has by the encroachments of time been reduced somewhat to decay, and in consequence (but this in secret) has for some years had recourse to a caxon, which she still wears with the utmost aplomb.

Her heart was never really in the boarding house. Her qualifications made her worthy of a better cause. But needs drive when the devil must, and hence the boarding house. Our membership was substantial enough until one fateful day a widower, who had made his pile in the boot trade, one Horatio Arbuthnot Bunion, caught sight of the wig, and was drawn to it as irresistibly as a needle to a magnet. After Bunion's installation there was a general exodus, a great trek, if you will, on the part of the rest of the boarders. But don't think for a moment that Horatio was the cause of the trouble. Oh, no! Horatio suited us down to the ground. While basking in the sun of Aunt Vynette's smile, ducats were always forthcoming from the Bunion treasure chest.

But here was the fly in the ointment, the blemish on the rose. Attached to Bunion, Sen., was Bunion, Jun. (christened Wilfred Algernon Perkins Honeywell Bunion), a callow youth, whom I would cheerfully garrotte. This juvenile, the most malicious, satanic, contriving, evil-concocting on God's otherwise fair earth, would not think twice about putting cayenne pepper in one's coffee, or sewing up the leg of one's pyjamas. After Wilfred had whittled down a broom handle with my best razor, and cleaned a paint brush on my dress suit, relations between this worthy and myself were sharply broken off, sympathy divorced for ever and for aye.

Nor was Aunt Vynette entirely excluded from his sphere of activities. Just when Horatio Arbuthnot and Aunt were comfortably engrossed in exchanging intimacies, Wilfred would pop up from behind some piece of furniture at the

psychological moment and spoil the whole effect which Aunt Vynette was working so hard to create. Not that Aunty really liked Horatio really, but the home fires had to be kept burning. Anyway, in spite of Wilfred's efforts, they at last became engaged, and Horatio, making a valiant attempt to do the devil and break things (in a conservative sort of way, you will understand), decided to celebrate his good fortune by taking a pre-nuptial holiday somewhere. However, owing to a deadlock as to precisely where (Wilfred suddenly acquiring a hankering after the South Pole, from which he doggedly refused to be shaken), Bunion solved the problem by the only reliable method. He spread a large map of Australia on the parlour table and took in hand a business-like pin. The idea was for Bunion to close his eyes and make a swift jab at the map, the speared place to be the goal of our ambition. He shut his eyes with the air of a man on whose shoulders rested the affairs of a nation, cut a great swath with his fist, and ping! down came the pin on the map. A bull's-eye—dead centre! A possible at three feet! I looked once—and silently groaned. The pin was sticking right into the heart of Alice Springs. That was quite enough for me. Alice Springs in the middle of summer—well, I ask you.

Bunion, however, was one of these I-stick-to-my-decision kind. "Hm," he grunted, "Alice Springs." He looked round the company, a little fiercely, I thought, for any dissenters.

Aunt Vynette here remarked that she knew those places, as she had lived there when a girl with her father, a stock breeder. What she did not say was that her father, brought to poor circumstances through the over-indulgence in spirits, had ended up a gold-fossicker. But one can excuse such an oversight under the circumstances.

This only served to increase Bunion's determination, and there you have it, the crux of the whole business, the primary cause why the four of us visited Alice Springs in the middle of a summer drought.

Of the journey thither I will not speak, but suffice to say that long before it was over, I was

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fervently praying that Wilfred be condemned for all time to suffer the pangs of hell-fire and brimstone.

Our landlord was very taking—in fact, he took just about everything he could lay hands on. He possessed a drooping, discoloured moustache, black broken teeth, and a liquid eye. Add to these a total lack of any roof to his mouth, and the delightful piquancy of Darky Dan Snipkins makes itself evident at once. He was a figure in Alice Springs society around whom dark rumours revolved. Where did he get all his 'possum skins? was a question which excited much debate. He had, as he himself was wont to point out with a certain pride, seen more white men killed by blacks than anyone for miles round, and many of his escapes had been so miraculous that nothing short of Divine intervention had accomplished them. Aunt Vignette conceived straightway an aversion for our host, and he worried Bunion.

Alice Springs is not the best place in the world one would pick for a pleasure jaunt. My only lasting impressions of the place are a choking cloud of dust and a perpetual haze that even the sunset failed to subdue. Flies and mosquitoes hunted in packs. They descended upon their victim in formation with a humming swoop, defied all attempts at assassination, and then departed, leaving the flesh, whereon they had pastured, red raw. Dan did his best to relieve the monotony by telling stories (inextricably bound up with dread happenings and horrors indescribable), in the course of which he revealed that the natives just then were very jumpy, and were always on the look-out for some solid "piece de resistance" to add to their scanty commissariat.

Soon, however, the heat, insects and Darky Dan's stories all began to have a telling effect on us all, even Aunt Vynette, in spite of her previous experience "in iis locis."

Bunion put it to Dan whether or not a ride into the country could be arranged. This suggestion Dan received with the greatest of enthusiasm, but informed us we would have to wait a day while he made "arrangements." What these were, none of us could fathom, but they were seemingly of some import, for the day before the said ride, Dan (who had been constituted guide and commentator) disappeared, and did not show up until morning. I slept on it, dreaming

of swift dashes over the countryside on a fiery mustang.

The morning brought with it many surprises. Instead of fiery mustangs, we were greeted by lumpy-looking camels, grunting, lumbering beasts about which clung a singular stench. But before setting out, we were delayed by two minor mishaps, the cause of which, I strongly suspect, was that dear child Wilfred. A kneeling camel is hard enough to mount, heaven knows; but when one, unaware that the belly-band has been loosened some two holes, is half aboard and the camel suddenly rises, one is due for a fall. This is the precise explanation of my sudden precipitation on to unyielding earth. I arose just in time to see Wilfred hide a grin behind a grimy hand.

Aunt Vynette, who was wearing a voluminous riding skirt and a hat secured by a huge hatpin, was no sooner firmly seated side-saddle, and sitting bolt upright like a surprised poker, than she became aware of a sticky sensation caused by some liquid beginning to seep through her skirts. She was forced to dismount, when it was discovered that the saddle had been doctored with a good quarter inch coat of glue. The look Aunt Vynette cast at Wilfred, who was gazing, naively innocent, in another direction, forbode for him retribution swift and bloody.

When a new saddle had been affixed, we jolted out of town (and, to dally a while with the words of H. Flaccus), Teucro duce et auspice Teucro (for "Teucer" read "Snipkins").

Girls, if you want to reduce, take up camel riding. They're guaranteed to remove all surplus flesh in the first few miles. We humped and we bumped and we dotted and carried one through sand and spinifex and spinifex and sand until we thought more would be superfluous. And yet spinifex and sand seemed to be all that the country could manage.

As we got further and further from the town, a strange feeling possessed me—a feeling that we were being spied upon and followed; indeed, once I thought I saw a black face peering out malignantly from behind a clump of spinifex. Darky Dan kept up a running fire of comment, although there was hardly any call for such—the landscape spoke for itself. His remarks, in my case, fell on deaf ears, as I was completely

absorbed with my fears. Try as I might to shake off the feeling, it never wholly left me.

At last we arrived in a clearing, a partial cul-de-sac, surrounded on three sides by high rocks, with a few scattered boulders in the foreground. At this juncture, just as Bunion had lit up a cigar, from the other side of the clearing out bounded a party of blacks, waving spears and nulla-nullas, and giving a kind of Nazi salute to no less person than Herr Daniel Snipkins, who rode leisurely up to them, ordered his camel to kneel, and dismounted. Then began an animated discussion, all speaking at once, in the weirdest language imaginable.

"I say, Vynette, can you understand——" began Bunion.

"Horatio," she said deliberately, "they want to eat us, but Snipkins wants more 'possum skins for you than they think you're worth."

If you had confronted Horatio Arbutnot then and there with a sudden pre-view of the life to come, you could not have gained greater effect than this bald statement of Aunt Vynette's. His jaw sagged, his eyes popped, the cigar fell to the ground from heedless lips.

Aunt Vynette, bringing her camel to its knees with a word, had dismounted in a trice. "Behind that big rock, all of you," she snapped. We three jumped to the ground and were behind the rock before you could say "knife." Aunt Vynette came round last, and I thought Bunion was about to take an apoplectic fit, for in her teeth was tightly clenched his cigar! She puffed away vigorously, and dragged forth from her skirts two articles that looked like candles.

From then on, things went with a decided swing. "Wilfred," she said quietly, "do up your shoe-lace." Mechanically the unsuspecting youth half bent, and before he could straighten up, Aunt Vynette, drawing her hat-pin like a rapier from its sheath, executed a swift thrust, "sans peur et sans reproche," which caught Wilfred a severe jab in the fleshy part of the posterior. He sprang fully four feet into the air, like a wounded wild-cat, and gave tongue to a blood-curdling eldritch scream that would have put a ship's siren to shame. The blacks, who were coming up at the double, stopped in full career, their eyes rolling like bearings in a ball-race. But before they had time to discover what debil-debil or ju-ju

was in their midst, Aunt Vynette, applying the business end of the cigar to the two "candles" wicks, tossed them lovingly within about ten yards of the petrified niggers.

"Watch that dynamite shift 'em," she said, almost smacking her lips. Bunion was transfixed, thunderstruck, tactus de caelo.

The suspense was awful. The fuses sizzled for half a minute that seemed like an hour, and then suddenly—croomp-zoomb-boom! The air was filled with shouts, stones and sand. It rained rocks for about three minutes. Even the boulder behind which we were was not protection enough. Rocks pattered down in a steady shower, with no regard for wind or limb.

When the dust of battle cleared away, we saw the blacks disappearing over the skyline at a steady lope. Settlement with Darcy Dan Snipkins for having sold them a pup could come later, since that worthy gentleman had taken himself off to fresh fields. The camels, too, had bolted.

I knew we were in for another explosion. Aunt Vynette's wig was tilted over on an angle of forty-five degrees from the perpendicular. Wilfred lay moaning quietly to himself, and the cigar, evidence of departed gentility, lay smoking lazily on the ground. With all these to gall him, it was impossible for Bunion not to erupt. The old boy breathed fire for some minutes, in which he made it quite clear that if Aunt Vynette (likened to a combination of the Furies, Medusa and Tom Lurich) and myself (what he called me doesn't bear repetition) were visited upon by the twelve plagues of Egypt, shipwreck, flood, famine, and fire, he, Bunion, would die happy. The wedding was definitely off—"Off," he roared to Aunt Vynette, who was not taking the slightest notice, but was engrossed in gazing into the hole made by the explosion.

Seeing that the seeds of his verbal brilliance were falling upon barren ground, he muttered an invective against all women in his beard, and calling to the punctured Wilfred to follow, stalked with head held high for home. That was the last we saw of them. But they left me with a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach when I began to wonder how, with our finances as they were, we could possibly reach home. To be marooned at Alice Springs was a subject not to be thought on.

Aunt Vynette meanwhile, not even having watched Bunion's departure, was showing signs of suppressed excitement. "Marmeduke"—that's me—she called. "Come over here and have a look at this." I knelt beside her. "It was lucky I brought that dynamite. I didn't trust Snipkins at all. My father once got out of a similar position in the same way. "But," she continued, "can you see anything?"

All I could see was crumbly sort of rock with a peculiar glitter about it. "What is it?" I asked.

"That, Marmeduke, is rotten honeycomb rock—nine-tenths pure gold—what miners call 'kidney.' You can pick the gold out as nuggets with a sharp tool like a-a-a hat-pin," she beamed, drawing again that fateful instrument.

I was, of course, quite overcome. From partial poverty to the wealth of Croesus in one hop! It was rather stunning, you know. Need I, dear

reader, trouble you with details of how we gouged out the gold, wrapped the nuggets in one of Aunt Vynette's skirts, and trudged back to civilisation? It was all hard work, but good paying work.

Now we live in affluence. Aunt Vynette has forsaken the boarding house, and we dwell in a rose-entwined cottage, amid the singing of birds and the hum of the bumble bee.

I never thought Aunt Vynette was so grated on by Bunion, as the following fact will show. Acting on the tenets laid down by the Chinese Mandarins, with whose actions she is amazingly cognisant, Aunt Vynette pays to an accomplished chiropodist a weekly stipend, and should she ever become afflicted with so much as a callouse, corn or ingrowing toenail, the said stipend will cease, and not be renewed until complete pedal comfort has been regained.

SCRAM.

THE PLAINS.

Oh, that I lived in the Westland,

Oh that I lived on the plain—

Where there is blistering sunlight,

Then there is drizzling rain.

Here there is grass in abundance,

Though oft it is dried by the sun—

These are the lands that the squatters,

After hard fighting years have won.

These are the lands where the sheep breed,

Merino and crossbred are they—

These are the lands where the children,

Work hard and seldom have play.

These are the lands where the wheat grows,

Waving its ears in the breeze—

This is Australia's great product,

And sends it in ships o'er the seas.

These are the lands where the floods come,

Spreading o'er land far and wide—

Then has the squatter to ride for

The higher and safer side.

These are the lands where the droughts come,

Drying up well, river, lake—

Then does the squatter start carting,

The water for cattle's sake.

Still does the squatter fight onwards,

Braving the droughts, floods and all—

Helped by his staunch wife and comrade,

Both rising to win from their fall.

Oh that I lived in the Westland,

Oh that I lived on the plain—

Far, far away from the city,

Then ne'er would I come home again.

E. BARKER, 2D.

DAWN AND EVEN.

I strolled at dawn, just as the sun

Prepared his age-old course to run.

The valleys, lurks for elves of fun,

Grow brighter 'neath his beams.

The skylark, shrilling sweet on high,

Showed coppery flashes in the sky;

A beauteous scene to me was nigh—

Another day begun.

Down slipped the sun; beneath the trees

Was heard a whispering, rustling breeze,

And darkness 'gan the earth to seize—

The birds flew home.

A purple shape the mountains grew,—

A darting bat from low brush flew,

And Mistress Night the air came thro'—

Gone was the sun.

H. SMYTHE, 3D.

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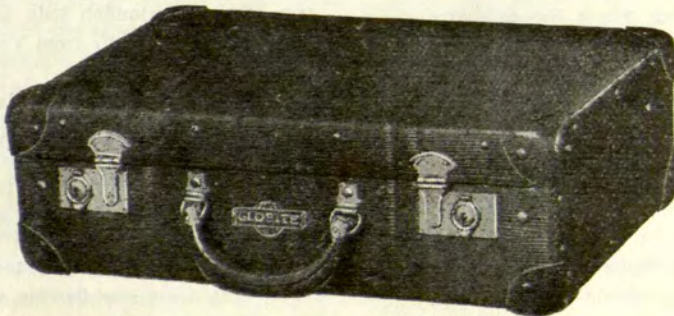
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TO ALGEBRA, MY BANE.

O! Palsied, aged subject!
 Thy very name is meat unto the wise,
 Yet, how I hate thee!
 I hear my learned master,
 Filled with the zeal of teaching me my work,
 Exhorting me to further algebraic problems;

While I, groaning, hide my shamed face!
 For, having slacked, and paid not him attention,
 I feel borne down by overwhelming odds.
 My mind flits on, to thoughts of dread detention,
 I hear the tramp of tired feet on "quads"!

H. SMYTHE, 3D.

AN IDLE DREAM.

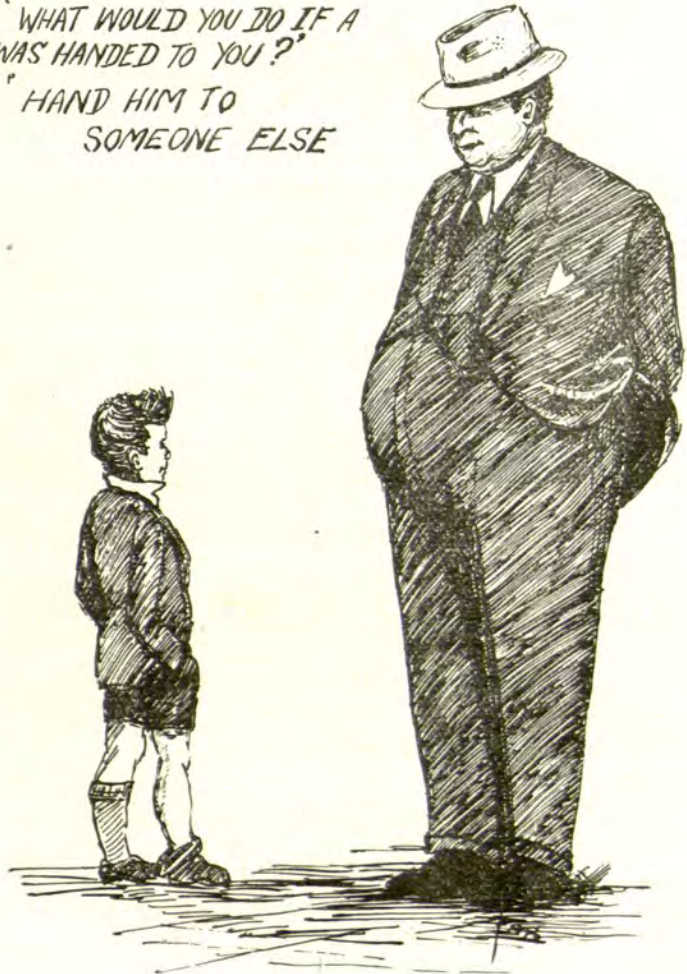
'Twas even, cool; a ruffling breeze
 Wafted from far-off faery seas,
 Crept shyly round the whispering trees,
 Then all was still.

We stole out; passed the brooklet by,
 Stood gazing at the starlit sky,
 And heard a mournful mopoke cry,
 Then moved away.

We moved away; beneath the beech,
 Wonder filling the soul of each,—
 We saw a dream within our reach,
 And then embraced.

We parted, stood there; joy divine!
 That made this mystic creature mine!
 It fired my veins like age-old wine!
 Then my dream fell. H. SMYTHE, 3D.

L.S. INSPECTOR, 'WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF A
 PATIENT WAS HANDED TO YOU?'
 "YOUNG UN" HAND HIM TO
 SOMEONE ELSE



A TRIP TO THE BARRIER REEF.

"Hurry up, son! We're not going to Coogee with the chance of catching another tram in ten minutes, you know. No, you don't need your bucket and spade. Oh! It's your fishing rod and tackle, is it? Well, you can bring it, but I don't know where you'll put it; there isn't another inch of room anywhere."

This was my mother, on the Saturday evening of our departure for the Barrier Reef.

However, in spite of such last-minute interruptions, we eventually arrived at Central Station in plenty of time to catch the Brisbane Limited. After saying numerous good-byes to our friends, the train started, and I knew that I had really set out on the greatest adventure of my life.

The train left Sydney at 7 p.m., and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible for a night's travelling. By morning we were some hundreds of miles from Sydney, and we had breakfast at Taree. This was all new country to me, as previously I had been no further north than Newcastle. After thoroughly enjoying the North Coast scenery, and very much desiring to have a swim at Coff's Harbour, where the train stopped 20 minutes, we eventually reached Brisbane on Sunday evening—the first lap of our journey over.

We didn't have very long in Queensland's capital, so we made the best of it. The majority of the passengers went to an hotel for a good meal, but we preferred to have some sandwiches in the Botanical Gardens. It was just after dusk, and the mosquitoes discovered us to be "new chums," and they had a spree, much to our disgust.

About 8.30 we made our way to Central Brisbane Station, from where the northern trains leave. We found our compartment, this time a sleeping berth, and dug ourselves in for another 36 hours' travelling.

Train travelling is very comfortable in Queensland, but rather slow.

Gradually the weather became warmer, and by the time we reached Rockhampton I fully realised we were in the tropics.

We were passing through country which in its virgin state is exactly as the country in southern N.S.W. is. The only thing to let one know that he is in Queensland are the crops grown on the land, such as sugar, pineapples and bananas.

At last we had finished our train journey, and at 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning we alighted at Proserpine in northern Queensland, the second stage of our journey over.

It was not quite daylight when we wearily bundled into an ancient charabanc, while the luggage was packed on to a lorry. The next stage of our journey was 12 miles to the coast.

The road was rough, and before long we had to call a halt, as someone's luggage had slipped off. It was safely rescued, and we went on our way. The next stop was said to be through my fault. I was holding a paper bag containing my aunt's hat, and a sudden gust of wind viciously relieved me of it. However, it came to rest in a sugar-cane field, and I managed to recover it.

One more pause was made, and that was when the driver pulled up at Proserpine Creek to show us the magnificent blue lotus lilies in the water, which, however, are well guarded, as the creek is the haunt of crocodiles.

The sun was well up when we reached the beach and were transferred from the lorry to the "Cheerio," a forty-foot launch.

Suddenly I realised it was Xmas Day, and I had hopes of a good Xmas dinner when we reached the island.

However, long before we reached Hayman, I thought I would die; in fact, I sincerely hoped I might; and towards the end I began to fear that I wouldn't, as we struck a cyclone, and I experienced my first bout of sea-sickness.

This part of the trip is still too painful to recall, so I will do no more than mention it.

Contrary to all my hopes of a quick relief by death, we did reach the island, to be greeted with brilliant sunshine, calm rippling water, and the most glistening white coral sand.

I shall not attempt to enlarge on the pleasures of the island,—days spent on the reef gathering the beautiful shells, such as balers, spiders, scorpions, cones, trochus, and the dozens of varieties of cowrie shells; also examining the many sea-creatures met on the reefs, beche-de-mer, sea-stars, urchins, etc. Launch trips to the various islands, each noted for some particular feature—Double Cone island, the only breeding ground for the Torres Strait or Nutmeg pigeons; Ciel Island, for its tropical jungle and huge creepers;

Osprey, for the nests of the Osprey eagles and for the Giddy berries used for necklaces; Bushy Island, for its Pisonia groves, where thousands of Noddy Terns roost at night, and its beaches, where come hundreds of turtles to lay their eggs; and Hook Island, for its beautiful inlets, such as Nara and Gulnere.

We went by launch to the outer barrier, deep sea, or big game fishing; also we visited the

world-famed coral gardens, with their multi-coloured corals and the gorgeous fish, such as the parrot-fish, butterfly-cod, and cow-fish; and here I dived for coral.

There is only one thing left to say, and it is this: The only thing wrong with the South Seas is, that you will never be satisfied till you get back.

E. PENMAN, 2C.

REFLECTIONS IN AN EXAMINATION ROOM.

After finishing my paper, in the recent examination, I found that I had an abundance of time to spend, so I began to write, and this is what I wrote:—

About me I see many faces, some familiar and some not, some puzzled, some dismayed, some with the light of inspiration shining from them, and some with the gloom of despair writ large.

The time is 2.45, and the paper is to end at 3.15.

Some of these hapless youths have "thrown up the sponge," and sit back in their chairs, some thoughtfully chewing their fingers, and others just sitting. One youth in particular I can see from here (he is about sixteen years old) is sitting back in his chair, a thoughtful, dreamy expression on his face. No doubt he is thinking of somebody he is going to meet or has met (the previous day was Sunday). Happy youth!

Then:

"All right, pens down, 2D," was heard. After a few scufflings and shakings of paper, 2D was ready; but wait, not quite ready—there is a youth who has found he has no pin.—He arises, goes a few short paces in order to get one, is seen, is brought to the aisle by Authority.

"What will Authority say to him?" These words immediately jumped into my mind. Perhaps something like this:—

"Whyfore wanderest thou from thy seat, gentle youth?"

"No, a thousand times no." It was something like this:—

"Wattaryerprowlroundfor? dyerwanna getcha paper cancelled? Git backtaya seat andon'tletit-curgen."

All this was from Mr. X—.

The youth was full of apologies as he wended his way back to his seat.

Then, without further delay, 2D went out of the door.

Half an hour longer for me. Holy mackerel! how am I going to spend it?

Ah, there is a youth over yonder who has an inspiration. Look, he picks up his pen, scribbles furiously, then with his elbow he knocks papers, a ruler, and a set of mathematical instruments flying off the desk. He puts his pen down and stoops in order to pick them up, conscious the while that the disapproving stare of Authority is directed at him, retrieves them, and places them on the desk; he picks up his pen and starts chewing it, staring abstractedly at the roof—he has lost his inspiration.

Then the youth in front of me makes a dive for his pen. He scribbles furiously for half a minute (he filled at least one and a half pages in that time), then he puts his pen between his teeth, "rips" out the page he has been writing on, crumbles it up, and drops it on the floor.

"Ten minutes to go, fourth year,"—from Authority.

Suddenly a youth over the way has a brilliant idea; indeed, I may put it, a really clever, happy idea. He picked up his ruler (a nice, new one for the exam), drilled a hole in the centre with his compass, and spun it round, and round, and round, and —, we will leave him to it. Again I repeat, it was a wonderful, a colossal idea.

Behold! What is that?—It is the voice of Authority.

"Looking round there!" he snarled, pointing to ME, myself.

"Me, sir," I exclaimed, pointing to myself.

"Yes, YOU! Keep your eyes on your own work in future, if you don't want it cancelled."

Ah, how hard the world is!

From that moment I did not look up till time expired. I settled down to a serious game of noughts and crosses with myself, and this restful occupation kept me busy till the bell rang.

P.S.—I won seven games and lost one. Very good, am I not?

P.P.S.—I forgot to account for all the puzzled faces; the paper was—French. "OSCAR," 4A.

PRELUDE: ON THE QUAY.

(Upon hearing the "Voiles" of Debussy.)

It is bright morning
standing on the quay and watching the water.
Boats lie to anchor in the shining port
and ride the up-heaving sea;
and then it seems the wharf is sinking down,
back to levelness again, and yachts and launches
pitch and toss with flow and wash
near the old sea steps.
In the oily harbour-water, thick, opaque and slow,
shoals of windy little ripples cross, cross like
schools of fish,
and float amongst the larger swimming swells
and pools,
into their shallow valleys, flat, level and long,
whilst with incessancy, each ebb-up rises, poises,
at its highest height and climax gained,
only to be caught up by the next wave in line,
and thrust on ahead,
like a new generation, springing up
to push the old age out;
and the delay of each in an eternity of years
is but as the time of the wave's pause
before its falling down—
yet is there an eternity of timelessness
for each moment of the hesitation.
It is a bright morning

standing on the quay, leaning over the green
iron-railing.
A heat haze from a funnel, just outside the steam,
shimmers, and melts the air into a watery blurr—
a clang and clang, the throb and beat
of engines backing out—
a churn of foam and whisked-up froth,
white, and a little spray turning to vapour
along the water-surface.
An idle flapping of canvas sails,
an impatient fluttered tap of rigging against a
mast,
a rocking of grey boats, a calling round and lift
of red and blue,
in the shining port: white stone and sunlight
golden on it.
The slant of a white wing, filled by the gusty
wind,
sweeps, and is blown aside across the sky,
tipped up against its will, and wheels
with the thin scraping of a far high cry—
soft-feather-downed, soundless, settling-down from
flight,
and then into the glassy sea-green surface-water
red legs alight.

SKALD.

DEBATES.

The 1935 Hume Barbour Debating competition saw the end of Fort Street's prolonged monopoly of the coveted trophy.

Although our team had been successful against the Old Boys' representatives, the journey to Newcastle resulted in defeat—though by a very narrow margin.

The subject of the debate was that "Dictatorship is preferable to a Democracy."

The main point in the adjudication was the criticism of the Fort Street team, that it had not backed its superior oratory by so good an application of facts as had been made by the Newcastle High School boys. Strangely enough, in the final debate of the competition, when Canterbury beat Sydney High School, the same criticism was levelled against the losers as the adjudicator at Newcastle meted out to our team.

This debate, between Canterbury and Sydney High, upon the subject that "Industrial arbitra-

tion has been a failure," was assessed by three very competent adjudicators as being of a high standard.

As is customary, a team from Fort Street Boys' High debated against a team from Fort Street Girls' High on two occasions during the year. . . . As is also customary, the girls won both of these debates. The three who represented us in both debates were Campbell-Jones, Ross and Ward.

One thing further which demands mention is the fine spirit displayed by J. Campbell-Jones in filling the place of Cliff O'Brien, who was unable, through illness, to take part in the Newcastle debate. Jones assumed the task at the eleventh hour, and ably supported his leader, Dunlop. The third speaker was Walker.

. . . And so the trophy has temporarily found a new home. Next year Canterbury must be shown that Demosthenes much prefers to reside on Taverner's Hill.

R. WALKER, 5D.

THE FRIEND AND THE ENEMY.

For six days George Lyle and Henry Richards had been journeying from the coast into the interior. The foothills of the Owen Stanley Range now rose above the tall forest, swamp and thicket of the level plain. They undulated, first gently, and then in great billows towards the mountain peaks, whose lofty, bare heights pierced beyond the clouds into a deep blue sky. Into this land of strange quietness and varied beauty had come George Lyle and Henry Richards, with their ten native carriers.

The rim of the sun was sinking behind a distant ridge when George Lyle called a halt in a little glade. Instead of the luxuriant brush-trees and the tangled scrub of the coastal jungle, the dark mountain pines and cedars clothed the surrounding hillsides. The air was cold but refreshing, and the whole party, no longer oppressed by the heat of the lowlands and their nauseous odours of decay, sank with relief to the thick, soft grass.

The river, whose course had been their guide, now flowed murkily below them, falling over cataracts with a low thunder, and flinging its spray over great boulders that stood in its path.

Henry Richards was a young man, imaginative and adventurous, to whom the possibilities of prospecting in New Guinea had appealed as a novelty. His companion was seated upon a stone cooking their meal over a small fire, in the ruddy glow of which his clearly-cut features had a worn and rather haggard appearance.

From somewhere in the gloom of the night came the ghostly cry, "Hoo-hoo-hoo," of the frog-mouth owl. Richards stirred uneasily, and broke the silence of their meal by asking his friend: "When do you think we'll reach our destination?"

"In about three days, as I reckon it," was the answer. "The place lies in a little valley right in the heart of the range, sixty miles, I should say, from here."

Henry Richards fell again into a mood of vacant thought. An old acquaintance of his, Gregory Jackson, a man, like Lyle, gifted with endurance and determination, but always unsuccessful, figured largely in his meditation. On the other hand, George Lyle had had the good fortune, after much dogged perseverance, to discover gold somewhere in the mountainous, forbidding interior, but lack of supplies, so he declared, had compelled

him to make his way back to the coast. Richards vaguely felt that there was another reason, more urgent and more pressing, for Lyle's return, but what it was he could not say, and, besides, Lyle had given a good reason for his hasty journey back to Morobe.

"Poor old Gregory Jackson came to see me at Leichhardt, just after I met you," said Richards in a musing tone. "He seemed very interested when I told him how pleased I was about your invitation to me, and said that he, too, was returning to Papua to try his luck again. It was to be the last time, though. Poor Gregory, he seemed at once so determined and so dejected, as if about to do or die. I don't think you ever met him?"

Lyle, who had remained silent, with a fixed expression, did not answer, for he seemed lost in thought. His companion, being now accustomed to his moods, did not press his question, which had been an idle one, and prepared himself for the night.

Lyle began the next day's march with a vigour which Richards would have noticed to be unusual, if he had not found his surroundings so absorbing. By their side strode Agoti, Lyle's boss-boy, a fine, well-built, alert tribesman of the inland, who had become attached to his master seven years before, and had since accompanied him in his wanderings.

Ascending a deep ravine, filled with the sound of falling water, they began to climb a tortuous path winding up the face of a rugged cliff, when Richards observed that Agoti was absent from the party. He had been sent to scout along the bank of the river, as the other informed him. An hour later the boss-boy rejoined them. In his hand he held a long black object, at which Richards stared in wonder, and then with a feeling of uneasiness. While making his way through the forest fringing the river, Agoti had found a native war-arrow hanging conspicuously, point downwards, from the branch of a tree over the track. Still with his eyes upon this sinister weapon, Richards asked with some agitation, "What does it mean?"

"A sign of warning," replied Lyle, "threatening enough, but not meant for us. There is a native village close by, and I think I may find out who's been venturing into its hunting-grounds."

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This statement rather amazed Richards, but then he realised that Lyle, during his past years of prospecting, must have established himself on terms of friendship with the upland tribes, for he was a man to kindle respect rather than mistrust in the hearts of savages.

Meanwhile Lyle had taken the arrow from his servant, and was conversing with the boss-boy. At length Agoti once more left them to go on ahead, accompanied by three of the carriers.

"We must announce our coming, to be on the safe side," remarked Lyle to his friend, and so the remainder of the party followed in the wake of the fore-runners.

Soon after Richards noticed a faint, bluish patch of smoke on a hillside a mile distant, and on learning that these were the fires of a native village, his trepidation returned. Agoti, it appeared, had prepared for their arrival, for at the gate of the palisade all the villagers had congregated. The boss-boy greeted them jovially, and together they made their way through the throng of excited onlookers, and came into the presence of the head-man.

Richards cast his vague fears aside, and was overwhelmed with curiosity, while Lyle was as stolid as ever.

The chieftain was a tall, powerful man, of a haughty demeanour, gaily bedecked with crimson and golden plumes of birds of paradise. Around him stood his warriors in their battle array, as if they had just been making ready for a raid. With this dignitary Lyle exchanged salutations, and soon both men had relaxed into a friendly conversation, for the white man, it seemed, could speak the other's dialect quite fluently. Their speeches appeared to Richards to reach a climax, for the chief at length made a voluble outburst, sweeping his hand towards his armed men, while Lyle answered in a tone of persuasion.

To effect a compromise, the latter produced a pipe and a pouch of tobacco, upon which the head-man cast longing eyes. These changed hands, and both seemed satisfied with the bargain, whatever it might be, that had been made. The former composure of the head-man returned, and he gravely bade farewell to Lyle and Richards.

So the little party left the village amid the noisy acclamations of its people, and continued its march.

The two friends plodded along silently over the rock-strewn slopes, when Lyle took up the thread of their conversation of some hours before, and said slowly: "A number of strange natives have come into these parts lately, so the chief informed me, and he thinks they may have doubled on our tracks and be following us."

"That's not pleasant!" exclaimed Richards, "but who can they be?"

"I cannot say for sure, and neither can the chief," the other replied with a little hesitation. "Perhaps some head-hunting party from further inland."

They camped that evening in an open space at the foot of a gully, above which the cliffs rose perpendicularly. The white men and their carriers lay down thankfully on the grass. But after a while Lyle's signs of fatigue disappeared, and a peculiar excitement animated his face. He ordered that no fire be lit, explaining to Richards that they must exercise caution, as they were now in a dangerous country. Richards partook of a cold meal in a dreamy and mechanical fashion, and, conscious only of his aching limbs, soon fell into a deep sleep. He was aroused by his friend towards midnight. The bright stars shed a pale light, in which he could see Agoti with five of their carriers silently approaching.

"They come, boss, down there by river," said Agoti, in a low tone.

His master went to the baggage by which the other four of the party were squatting with looks of expectancy, unstrapped a case, and drew forth eight rifles, already loaded. These weapons were distributed among the eight men, Richards taking one, not without some feelings of apprehension.

The four carriers, on an order from Lyle, collected the baggage into a dark crevice, and huddled before it, completely invisible. The boss-boy took the lead of the armed men, and they descended into the valley for a considerable distance. Behind a line of high rocks surmounting a ridge, the leader came to a halt, and they advanced to the edge of the boulders to peer into the hollow below.

Suddenly the boss-boy gripped his master's arm and directed his gaze to the opposite sky-line. Lyle distinctly saw a head bobbing up over the top of the hill, followed by others in quick succession, until a line of black figures was silhouetted

sharply against the white stars. His men stood erect behind their natural barricades, and raised their rifles.

Lyle flung his reticence aside and, aiming his own fire-arm, he cried, "Now, boys, over their heads."

The party fired simultaneously, at a high angle; the crash of the detonation re-echoed from the mountains, and Lyle's six carriers, Agoti at their head, leapt over the boulders, brandishing their weapons and yelling with great gusto. From the valley came wild cries of surprise and fear, and then a sound of great confusion.

Lyle led Richards back to their camp in the gully, and gave an assuring word to the four carriers, who produced the baggage from their place of concealment.

"Well, Harry," said Lyle, "we've given those gentlemen a scare, and I don't think they'll trouble us again, but we had better push on at once, to make certain."

A question was vaguely rising in Richards' mind, but he did not speak, for the other had moved away to the baggage, and instead, he began to ponder upon the issue of the recent startling events. He only became filled with perplexing thoughts, and so gave up the problem, receiving without a word the heavy pack that Lyle held out to him. Probably, he told himself, his companion knew no more than himself about the party of unknown men, and felt as uncertain as he did on the subject that was troubling him.

At dawn a halt was called upon a windy crest of the high-lands. Richards was thoroughly exhausted, and Lyle, noticing his state, waited patiently for an hour, to allow him to refresh himself. But at length impatience took possession of Lyle, and he pressed his party on without flagging over the mountain peaks until noon, and then till late in the afternoon. Richards stumbled on, but refused to permit his friend to carry his share of the baggage for him. They were caught up by Agoti and his companions, the former exclaiming joyfully, "They no come back in hurry, they think debbil-debbils in mountains."

The sun was tinting the distant blue ridges with pink as the party commenced its descent into a deep valley. A brawling stream, splashing down from the heights into a dark forest, flowed below, and eventually they arrived upon its banks. Their destination had been reached. The little

river, after tumbling over a jumbled heap of rocks with a pleasing gurgle, hurried on between sandy banks fringed with clustering pines. Here, in this secluded spot, the heavy packs were flung down, and Richards stretched himself out on the ground with a feeling of great contentment. Lyle, his eyes bright and strained forward, had seized a wooden dish and spade from the baggage, ran to the edge of the stream, and feverishly flinging some of the coarse earth into the former, began to wash the sand with great energy. Richards watched his actions dreamily, and soon sank into a heavy sleep.

He was awakened next morning by the heat of the sun. By his side sat Lyle, preparing their breakfast, with the wooden dish before him, containing four rough lumps of quartz, as they first seemed to Richards' gaze. But where the sunlight caught them on their brown surfaces there was a bright golden glitter, which so attracted him that he rose up. The other, bending forward to the dish, lifted out the heavy stones and turned with a pleased smile to his companion. The strange anxiety that had so gripped him the day before had disappeared, and he said quietly: "I knew it; there was gold here."

During the next three days many nuggets were added to those four. Lyle's servants constructed a cradle, and the whole party laboured, washing the sandy soil from morning till dusk. Richards' excitement rose with the little heap of the precious gold, but his friend was as placid as ever. On the evening of the third day Lyle carefully packed the nuggets into a tin box, much to the surprise of Richards, who asked if they were to return to Morobe.

"Yes," replied the other; "if we stayed longer, Harry, our find would become too heavy to carry back. I will have to secure more carriers; my ten men are not sufficient."

By the light of the fire that evening Richards lay musing upon the travail and the incidents of the past fortnight. The low grunting call of a night bird came from the recesses of the forest, but he was not aware of the monotonous sound until it ceased and a ghostly laugh came upon his ears. That same terrifying cry of the frog-mouth owl had perturbed him on the evening when he mentioned to Lyle his meeting with the unfortunate Jackson. In his imagination he pictured the lonely, sombre-brown bird, perched

on a branch in the darkness of the forest, listening and waiting to snatch up into its grotesque beak any insect that rustled in the surrounding leaves. Now its desolate call seemed to forebode evil, and its melancholy recalled to him Gregory Jackson, embittered and disappointed.

Then, without warning, the fire seemed blotted out by dark, writhing forms, shouts of astonishment and anger rang in his ears, and he rose to his feet struggling. A great weight hung around his neck, he heard a strong arm smite, and he felt himself suddenly freed, and Lyle stood before him, looking at the twitching body at his feet, while beyond the fire surged a band of natives, struggling fiercely. On some impulse Lyle glanced swiftly upwards to the hill-side. Behind a large boulder, which stood within the circle of light from the fire, crouched a white man, his rifle levelled. For a space of a few seconds the two men regarded each other as if drawn by some irresistible fascination. Lyle staggered forward with a choking, inarticulate cry, the rifle fired, and he fell to the ground, while the man behind the rock disappeared.

Richards, at first motionless with horror, sprang forward to Lyle and dragged him to the fireside.

The assailants, on hearing the gun-shot, ceased fighting and fled, and the boss-boy ran to his master, filled with wonder and dismay. Together Richards and Agoti examined Lyle's injury, which seemed mortal, for the bullet had entered his chest near the left lung, and shattered part of the spine in its passage. Efforts to staunch the flow of blood proved futile, and Lyle, leaning on the supporting arms of his friends, sadly shook his head.

"Harry," he exclaimed, gathering all his strength to speak. "I suppose you would like an explanation

of my behaviour of late. Listen, then; I have been here before—but I only took away one nugget. That seems strange to you, but I had only enough time to do so. I have an enemy, Harry; yes—your friend—Gregory Jackson. I could not tell you this before, you would not have believed me,—but—since I had luck in New Guinea and he had none, he became convinced that I would one day discover payable gold, and followed me on my expeditions. So he came to Morobe before me, and set out for the mountains, as, without doubt, he knew I was coming back to this district, from which I had hurried away when he traced me before. He has waited for me, aroused the natives' suspicions—do you remember that warning sign my boss-boy found?—but has delayed, and will delay too long."

Lyle paused, and again spoke, with difficulty. "I thought matters would have turned out all right—but—I was wrong—the native chief would have annihilated him and his party—after we scared his carriers and drove them back that night.—I lied to you, Harry . . . but somehow he escaped death. However, Jackson and I will be quits—the tribes know me—but not him."

Casting a softening regard upon the agitated Agoti, Lyle resumed with faltering words: "My good old boss-boy,—he will take you back safely to Morobe;—leave—at once, Jackson—will no longer be your friend,—but—he will never go back. Return—strong party—some day,—remember—I discovered—this gold-field. . . ."

Led by the faithful Agoti, Richards returned to Morobe. Some months later it was apparent that Lyle's gold-field, although small, would yield much gold. But Richards always associated with it the strange enmity of his two friends.

R. VIRTUE, 4B.

BEAUTY.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

These beautiful words, written by Keats, seem to inspire new life in us when we read them. They bring us comfort in time of sadness, and peace when we are ill.

Even a little child loves a thing of beauty. She will clutch at a flower or butterfly given to her, and show her delight at its tenderness and beauty by gazing at it, and making sure she does not lose it.

A thing of beauty never passes into nothingness. Although it may pass from our sight and never be seen by us again, it will always be indelibly impressed upon our memories, and, even though we be in the depths of despair, the thought of any beautiful thing revives us at once, and it shines with its tender but piercing light, so tender that it can, at times, be hardly felt by us, and yet it will not be stayed from its purpose of cheering and strengthening us. R. WILSON, 2C.

OLD BOYS' PAGE

If you did not attend the Old Fortians' Ball, held this year at the New State Ballroom in conjunction with the Fort Street Old Girls' Union on the 12th June, you certainly missed a most enjoyable and delightful function. If, on the other hand, it was your intention to be present, and you could not gain admission owing to the fact that bookings were closed two or three days prior to the function, please accept our apologies, but remember next year our timely advice to book early. I understand that over 400 gained admittance, and approximately 150 were refused entrance, as it was impossible to accommodate them. This in itself speaks for the very keen interest displayed by members of both the Old Girls' Union and Old Boys' Union, and also speaks volumes for the organisation carried out by the Dance Committees.

Once again the Senior Dinner of 1935 was an eye-opener, especially from the point of view of the oratorical powers displayed by the boys.

May we offer the Union's congratulations to the School and staff on their achievements throughout the past twelve months, and at the same time extend a cordial invitation to those leaving School to become members. Mr. L. N. Rose, our liaison-officer, and Mr. Berry, the School Captain, will be only too happy to furnish full particulars, or application may be made direct to the Secretary, F. FitzRoy, 133 Pitt Street, Sydney (BW 6349).

I have been requested by our Secretary to make a further appeal for new members. Although I am told that our present membership discloses a very marked improvement compared with other years, the Committee still remains unsatisfied, and is looking forward to a large increase in the number of applications for membership early next year.

I was deeply (and comfortably) embedded in an armchair the other day, reading one of "Stew" Howard's novels, when there came to my ears the voice of the radio announcer giving the world the startling news that John Pickard was now

engaged under contract with the National Broadcasting Corporation of America. Remembering his attainments at numerous Play Days, and the famous performance of "Follywood" at the 1928 fete, I am not surprised that he has chosen this career. Before leaving Australia he took a leading part in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," one of Australia's best movies to date, and created a good impression. So he may yet star among the galaxy of Hollywood.

Ron Rose, whose father is one of the most popular masters at the School, was married recently, and I am sure he carries many good wishes for his future happiness from Old Fortians. Ron is a window-dresser in Farmer's—a job which is now the domain of the skilled specialist. Norm. Rose is about to sit for his final exam. in medicine, and, looking at his past record, it looks as if we shall soon be addressing him respectfully as "Doctor." Max., the last of the family to pass through the School, is a bank clerk. As the family is now living at Manly, all are enthusiastic surfers.

I was at a concert at the University last Commem. Week, and listened to some beautiful singing from a gentleman with a pleasing tenor voice, who turned out to be none other than our old friend Saul Sellick, even though he was dressed as an Austrian soldier. Saul is in his fifth year medicine, and is a student doctor at Sydney Hospital. Norm. Rose is also a student there, and in company with other Old Fortians is shown by Superintendent Archie Telfer the intricacies of hatching, patching and dispatching.

What a crowd of Old Fortians has besieged the banking system for their daily sustenance. To look at the staff roll of some of the banks would transport you to the class roll of former years—Alec Richardson, Keith Henderson, Gordon Taylor, Alan (Henry) Williams, Jim Duckworth, Johnnie Walker, L. O'Brien, Bruce Langsworth, Brian Colbourne and Bob Wines, to name only a few from recent years.

I watched the Drummoyne Rugby Union team play last season, and the scarlet jerseys and white

shorts must have brought back memories to three of the team, who all sat together in 3A in 1928—Charlie Nelson, Tom Bullivant and Bonnie Backhouse. The funny part is that, though they are now leading grade players, they did not shine at School. Charlie Nelson played 5th grade, while Bonnie played 4th's. Tom Bullivant only played one or two games, confining his attention to tennis.

Alan Wheatley, who was Dux of the School in 1932, is with the A.M.P. Assurance Co., and is going for an actuarial degree, which is probably the most difficult to obtain in the world. Two other Fortians, Ron Foskett and Lindsay Goddard, are also recent acquisitions to the staff.

Milton Allen, who was a prefect in 1930, graduated B.A. with honours in maths. in 1934, and is now employed at the M.L.C. Assurance Co. His young brother, Harold, is with the Perpetual Trustee Co., and is doing Economics in his spare(?) time.

Recently I went to Epping to see "Julius Caesar" produced by some of the local clubs. The play was a farcical burlesque, and among the noble Romans who conspired, perspired and finally expired were "Tiger" Broadhead, Jim Baldock and Roy Wotten. I once remember "Tiger" as a Duchess at Play Day, but I think he eclipsed all his previous efforts as a Roman. He appeared to have outgrown his toga, which obstinately refused to cover his massive bulk. Jim Baldock was Julius Caesar, and brought a good laugh from the audience. Jim graduated LL.B. last August. He was temporarily associate to Mr. Justice Stephen, and now is doing some broadcasting. Jim is a very enthusiastic debater, and represented Sydney University against the visiting American team last year. This is valuable experience, as he intends to go to the Bar shortly.

Jack Armstrong, who was one of the School's leading cricketers a few years back, is now fulfilling his early promise with Marrickville. For two or three seasons his form was very disappointing, but this year he has been batting very well, and topped his efforts recently with a beautiful innings for 162. More, please, Jack.

Speaking of cricket reminds me of Merv. Wark, who was Captain of the School team last year. He has been batting very well for Wests this season, and despite his diminutive size, has startled some seasoned old players with his hard hitting. Merv. is another one of the steadily

increasing colony of Fortians employed at the Gas Company.

I saw Alby Dare in the city the other day. Now I quite believe the story of the man who went to bed in the railway carriage sleeper, but had to hang his legs out of the window because he was too tall. Alby is now about six foot four. He is a B.Ec., and is in the Public Service. For some time he was at the Main Roads Department, where he edited their magazine. I believe he had some trouble in writing his leaders about road-making, but he is now at the Registrar-General's, in company with Mick Gallagher and Archie Atkin. Arch. is to be married shortly—best wishes, etc. Mick Gallagher is a star of the Public Service cricket competition, and recently did very well in the Lands Department series against Queensland. Mick always turns up for the Old Boys' match, and is very versatile, for in the last three matches he has successively starred as batsman, wicketkeeper and bowler.

Bill Funnell has gone to live at Lindfield, but I am told he still feels the cold as much as ever. I remember hearing the question asked, what change Bill made in his apparel for the summer, and the interrogator received the reply that in summer Bill didn't wear his woollen ties. Bill is a man of figures, and is articled to a Sydney accountant.

Another man of figures is Doug. McKenzie, who is doing accountancy and economics together. Doug. is also playing cricket in the Western Suburbs Junior Competition, where he is something of a terror as a bowler.

Prominent among the juniors at the Bar is Alan Higgins, who is gaining a good reputation and clientele. Whilst at School, Alan had a bad time from sickness, following an accident, but he is now enjoying good health, and is being kept busy in his profession.

The last few years has seen many changes in the big hosiery and underwear company which started as George A. Bond & Co. It is now operating as Bond's Industries Ltd., and the secretary is Norman Routley, who went through Fort Street (in his very modest and quiet way) at the same time as Layton Langsworth and many other worthies. Routley is married, has one child, and the responsible position which he now occupies is a tribute to his dependability.

A recent visitor to Sydney, from Brisbane, was

Dr. Laurie Vout, another member of the year which matriculated at the end of 1921. Laurie is now a seasoned medico, and visits his friends and relatives in Sydney about once a year. This year he was passing through on his way to Melbourne, and intended calling on Arthur Higgs at the Stromlo Solar Observatory, Canberra.

Ted Wisdom is another of the Fortians who have joined the staff of the M.L.C. Assurance Co. If the list of Fortians with this company grows any bigger, it might become feasible to start a special branch of the Old Boys' Union there.

Norman Larkin is one of the School's representatives in the "horse-doctor" profession—veterinary science. Norm. has a good practice among the "gee-gees." Apparently the only people who make money out of racing, apart from the bookmakers and the Income Tax Commissioner, are the "vets.," and Norm. Larkin is getting his share.

"Robert McCall at the microphone" is a usual

Sunday afternoon announcement from Station 2SM, during the extra-special session of classical recordings, from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Bob McCall first drew attention to himself at Fort Street when he and a few others (Guy Howarth, present University Lecturer in English was another) started a junior-year publication in friendly rivalry with "The Fortian." They called it "Vox Populi," and it was the only junior publication which ran for quite a long period. Bob has specialised in the journalism of musical events. He has been responsible (under many disguises!) for musical columns in different papers, but has at last removed the false whiskers by announcing from 2SM under his own name. During recent Grand Opera broadcasts, Bob was official commentator for the "A" class stations, and did the job remarkably well. Having chosen an unusual career (like Raymond McGrath, another most distinguished Old Boy) Bob has gone ahead achieving success at the type of work which he most enjoys doing.

THE MIDNIGHT HORROR.

There was a noise, a tapping, and then a knock. I awoke and, without turning on the light, got up to investigate the source of this disturbance. Then, the distant town-hall clock struck, heralding the hour of witchery, mystery, and terror.

Then cold perspiration beaded on my forehead, my hair rose, I felt a cold chill running up and down my spine, my knees began to knock, and my teeth began to chatter, for I had again heard the noise; but this time it was more pronounced and more horrifying.

At this terrible noise, thousands of thoughts intermingled in my mind, giving me a sense of horror and suspense. I thought it was made by thieves, but I could not overcome the feeling that something inhuman was the cause.

I had a great inclination to hurry back into the warm bed, where I could bury myself in the blankets, but somehow I managed to creep forward, my body quivering with fear. I tried to shout, but I could not; I tried to run, but I was too horrified.

Then suddenly a piercing scream rent the still night air, I trembled more and more, my heart beat faster and faster, and more cold perspiration beaded on my forehead. The scream sounded very much like that of a baby, but it was so ghostly and so mysterious. For the moment I was rooted

to the floor, terror-stricken, and unable to move either forward or backward.

After a few seconds had elapsed (which seemed like hours) I again managed to crawl forward, scarcely able to move. Then I proceeded to walk down the stairs towards the place of the disturbance. I had barely taken three steps, when there was a creak. I stood stock-still, more terrified than ever, but remembering that there was a creaky step on the staircase, I went on cautiously.

Suddenly, a squeak broke the silence of the night. This was even more mysterious, more horrifying, and still more inhuman. Again I stood as if petrified, and with my heart throbbing furiously, I managed to make a move, but in my terror, I missed a step, and down I went, completing the stair-case in one bump.

Finally, I picked myself up, managed to turn on the hall-light, and went into the kitchen, whence I thought the noises had come. There I beheld the cause of my horror, for in the middle of the floor lay a dead rat, while Tabby the cat stood nearby, licking her whiskers contentedly, for it was undoubtedly she who had screamed while making her kill, and obviously the rat had squeaked in pain and in terror.

S. HING, 3C.

AN INTERLUDE.

A CITY MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

The train pulled slowly into the country station and stopped. One solitary passenger alighted. He was a rather tall man of middle age, and neatly dressed. He looked about with the air of one who finds himself in a new place. Leaving the station, he entered a dusty lane bordered by a low hedge on either side. The noise of the departing train made him look round, and, as it disappeared through a cutting, it seemed to him that his last link with his former social activity was broken.

He wandered on. What a beautiful little spot this was, he thought, so calm and peaceful, so totally different from the dirty, noisy city where he conducted his business!

Turning a bend in the lane, he saw before him a small village. The place seemed deserted, not a soul being in sight. The first building he reached was the village hotel. He went in. There were only two people in the place. One was an old, bearded man sitting at a table gazing dreamily into his mug of beer; the other was the hotel-keeper, who was chewing a quid of tobacco, and intermittently squirting tobacco juice with amazing accuracy into a spittoon at his feet. The hotel-keeper looked at the newcomer with an inquiring glance.

"Rather a quiet place you've got here," said the man from the city.

"Rather quiet?" was the reply. "I think the place is about dead."

As the man did not seem inclined to carry the conversation any further, and especially as the place didn't smell very nice, he made his way out into the bright sunshine again, and continued on up the main street.

He found the village to comprise only a few small weatherboard cottages, and he was soon past its outskirts. Here the lane narrowed somewhat, and was hemmed in by tall trees. Walking through this fairyland, it was cool and refreshing, with birds twittering gaily, lizards slithering over dry, fallen leaves. The man sighed with the sheer delight of it all.

A moment later came to his ears the tinkling of a bell, and round a bend came a team of bullocks plodding wearily along, heads down, with a load of heavy logs behind them. By their side strolled a hard-faced bullocky, swearing in his best style. The man stood aside to let the team pass. As the bullocky passed, he showed no sign of having noticed the stranger. All he did was to cease swearing for a moment and spit fiercely. The waggon passed, and soon the noise of the rumbling wheels was lost as the visitor resumed his walk.

A little further on he sat down by a creek, whose clear waters gurgled and babbled over pebbles down the hillside.

Time passes swiftly in such pleasant surroundings, and our friend, hastily looking at his wrist-watch, jumped to his feet and began walking back.

On going through the village he peeped into the hotel. The keeper was still there squirting tobacco juice, but the other man was gone.

Arrived at the station, he gazed wistfully at the distant hills, lost in deep thought.

The shriek of a train whistle aroused him from his reverie, and as he hurried to a seat in the train, he was once again the hard, practical, business man.

C. P. REID, 4B.

OCEANUS.

The moonlight shimmered on the sea
And danced, as to a melody;
The surf rolled soft, the waves broke light,
And all the world was calm and bright.

The sand shone golden in the sun,
The bright white-horses leapt in fun,
The breakers tossed their playful spray
To cool the heated air of day.

The wind howled o'er the headland high,
The lightning flashes lit the sky;
The surf replied, in angry tone,
Of shriek and howl, of boom and moan.

J. WATTS, 2D.

EXTRACT FROM SOUTH & DALESOPHT'S LATIN PRIMER.

PREFACE.

We feel that this primer will supply a long-felt need in giving a simple introduction to Latin, and we think that most of the information will never be given in any other book.

FOUNDATION OF ROME.

Rome was built at night (c.f. Rome was not built in a day), by Romeo. He had a twin brother called Remus, who migrated to America, where the Government gave 'immigrant of land, and he began to tell the negroes stories about Brer Rabbit. Romeo and Remus are remarkable because their mother was a wolf.

DACTYL, otherwise known as a long followed by two shorts. Thus the pterodactyl was a prehistoric beast with a long head and short tail and short body. We don't know whether it learnt to row or not.

NORTH was a prophet of ancient Rome, who wrote a book of prophecies which caused him to become unpopular because of one of them, i.e., "We shall not be conquered by the enemy," which was almost immediately disproved by the event, i.e., "We have been conquered by the enemy." He was chased by the mob, but, as he says himself, "he escaped so quickly that no one could catch him." He later fell victim to a hawker, i.e., "We have been compelled to buy many things which do not seem to be useful," but in the end he became a stoic, and said, "To complain is useless," and "saying these words he left the camp" and went to live with his old friend Hillard.

CRIME.

It became a bad habit (or vice) with some Roman Kings to kill anybody to whom they objected, and this bad habit (or vice) turned against them and caused their deposition(?), and so, when a bad habit (or vice) does this, it is said to be "vice versa."

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

Three Roman generals, nephews of Julius Caesar, and they are remarkable for helping him to "divide all Gaul into three parts."

PAX IN BELLO.

The motto of a Roman firm of digestive tablet makers. Probably the same that imposed on North.

RULER OF ROME.

The King of Rome was a firm believer in the "Divine Right" theory, and so was known as the "Ablative Absolute," which was a very honourable title.

ADJECTIVES.

There were very many Latin adjectives, but they are out of place in a serious scientific work such as this. They are remarkable for their forcefulness.

CAVE CANEM.—Beware lest I sing. Remarkable for its effectiveness.

CONSTO-CONSTARE.—Constiti—Constatum—was probably the Latin impediment of "British Constitution."

APPENDIX.

TEST PAPER.

- (1) Compare and contrast Romeo and Remus.
- (2) Who was Juliet?
- (3) Why was Rome built at night?
- (4) Is "the arms and juice of a dog" the correct translation of "Arma virumque cano"?
- (5) Which would you say was the more effective, an adjective or "Cave canem"?
- (6) Has Caesar reached the camp?
- (7) Is Virgil?
- (8) If so, will you get a doctor?
- (9) How much did Horatio?
- (10) Do you like Latin? (No answer required.)

J.C.K., 4B.

THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

This year, as usual, the Combined High School Athletic Carnival was held at the Sydney Cricket Ground. The weather was fine, and the tracks in good condition.

Fort Street had no athletes with the exception of Lawson and Penman. This is an unfortunate

state of affairs for a big school like Fort Street, and it is to be hoped that we shall make a better effort next year. I will not speak of Lawson's performances, for they are too well known.

Penman was successful also, and gained fourth

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GEORGE ST. STORE, OPP. G.P.O.,
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For Service

place in the high jump and second in the senior hurdles. He was given no strong support, though Dyer, Carson and Collis tried hard.

For the juniors Davies, although not successful, made a plucky effort, and Denham had bad luck in straining his knee. The under-fourteen athletes, Hancock, Hill and Logan, trained and tried hard, but were handicapped on account of their size. These boys will do better next year, for they have now gained experience, and should benefit

from the efficient coaching of Mr. Wilson, to whom we are very thankful for his unstinted efforts.

For the other schools, Wall, Mackie and Jackson from High; Mumford and McClelland from Technica; and Gough from Gosford, were outstanding. We congratulate these boys, especially Wall, who easily broke the senior high jump record, and Mumford, who broke the senior 220 yards record.

M.R., 4B.

THE SENIOR DINNER.

The annual Seniors' Farewell Dinner was held on Tuesday, 22nd October last, in the School Memorial Hall. It was attended by most of the departing seniors, fathers of the boys, a large percentage of the staff, representatives of the Old Boys' Union, whilst Fourth Year was represented by the new prefects.

The evening was a great success, and a fine menu was partaken of midst an atmosphere of friendship and happiness.

Following the actual dinner, speeches were delivered by pupils, staff and visitors, each of whom touched a note of true comradeship.

"The King" was proposed by J. Berry, the retiring School Captain, who occupied the chair, and this toast was followed by the School Song, heartily delivered by the students.

J. Berry then proposed the toast, "School and Staff," tracing the development of the pupils' relations with the staff from their entry to the school to their exit. This toast was replied to by our Headmaster, Mr. Christmas, who, in doing so, pointed out that he wished to see every boy leave Fort Street a gentleman.

The next toast was the "Departing Seniors," proposed by Mr. Harrison, whose speech was marked by its good humour and several good jokes against himself. Les Ringland and Reg Walker replied to this toast, and in doing so expressed the seniors' appreciation of the "man-to-man" manner in which the staff treated them.

"The Future Seniors" was proposed by Ron Dunlop, who exhorted the coming seniors to maintain the prestige which has always marked the

Fifth Years. Jack Denham, in responding, realised what the coming seniors had before them, and hoped that they would be as efficient as those in the past.

Mr. Rose next toasted the "Old Boys' Union," and praised this body for its abiding interest in the School. He also mentioned the old gates, and expressed an earnest desire that they should be erected as soon as possible.

Responding to Mr. Rose, Messrs. C. McLelland and A. McKnight expressed their pleasure in attending the dinner, and also appealed to those departing, on behalf of the Union, whose numbers could be much larger than at present. Mr. McKnight particularly emphasised the value of being an "Old Boy" of Fort Street.

Cliff O'Brien then proposed the toast, the "Visitors," which he turned round to "Fathers." He emphasised how thankful we should be that our fathers, in co-operation with our mothers, have moulded us into citizens. Messrs. Barraclough, Evans and Penman replied, and all praised O'Brien for the mention of our mothers.

Community singing and musical items, ably presented by R. Dunlop, S. Ross, M. Roberts and T. Palmer, together with fine vocal efforts by Messrs. Short and Parker, all added to the happiness and good-feeling of the evening.

Auld Lang Syne was finally sung, all lining round the walls and crossing hands. The evening was concluded by a vociferous rendering of the "War Cry" by the students.

H.S.D.

KOSCIUSKO.

A trip to Kosciusko certainly fulfils the old adage about the pleasures of anticipation. As the time for departure approaches, the normal notation disappears and the date is measured as so many weeks, so many days, from Kosciusko.

At last the hour arrives, for us it was 9.5, Friday night 23rd August. After last farewells and bestowal of well-meant safety-first advice, the train left the station. Needless to say, we had very little sleep during the journey to Cooma, where we arrived about 7 a.m. After leaving the luggage at the station, we walked to Dood's Hotel, to find a big breakfast and a big log fire awaiting us.

After breakfast we inspected the sights of Cooma, then returned to the hotel, where we found the service-cars waiting. We left Cooma about ten o'clock, and after stopping at Berridale and Jindabyne, reached Hotel Kosciusko about one o'clock.

On the trip up somebody managed to get hold of a list of the High School girls' party, and the most promising names were sorted out.

Numerous ejaculations of joy and surprise greeted the first sight of snow, many of our party seeing snow for the first time.

On arrival at the hotel we were informed that we were booked for the second sitting, and so before dinner George Lamble, who is an old Fort Street prefect, and now on his way to represent Australia in the Olympic Games in Bavaria, gave us a short lecture on the "Do's and Don'ts" of ski-ing.

After dinner, having been fitted out with skis, we all resorted to the George Bell course, not far from the hotel. For many of us it was our first time on the snow, and, needless to say, we found the art somewhat more difficult than it seemed. The story about the frog who, climbing out of a well, slipped down three feet for every four feet he climbed, being particularly applicable to us. It was somewhat disheartening for the novice who, after a laborious climb to the top of a small slope, would complete the latter half of his downward journey either on his chest, or possibly—

That night it was a case of early to bed, and on the morrow everybody was prepared for a strenuous day. Under the capable tuition of George Lamble and Ernst Skardarasy (usually called plain Ernst), rapid progress was made, and

after a morning on the Bell course, we had our introduction to the Kerry. This is the principal course, about three-quarters of a mile from the hotel, on which most of the sports are held.

In the evening we were entertained by a talking picture programme, including some shots taken at Kosciusko itself, showing some of the champions in action.

The next few days were spent in ski-ing and dancing (which was always very popular at night), with trips to Dainer's Gap and the Plains of Heaven, only a couple of miles from the hotel. Each day showed marked improvement in some branch of ski-ing; as the skier advanced, so he was taught more difficult manoeuvres.

At last we came to one of the most spectacular aspects of the art—a jumping exhibition—in which George, Ernst and a Swedish representative took part. These jumpers, incredible as it may seem, do jumps one hundred feet or more without difficulty. Heavy, specially grooved skis are used, on which the jumper, after rushing down a steep slope and reaching a speed of fifty miles per hour, jumps outward off a wooden platform, generally to land safely on his feet a hundred feet or so below his point of take-off. The jumping was followed by an exhibition of slalom, in which the contestant has to navigate, by means of sharp turns, flags placed at intervals down the course. This calls for considerable skill, and is an important item in all big snow sports.

Our sports were held on Thursday afternoon. In the morning, when the preliminary tests were held, the course was fairly fast, but by two o'clock the snow had become soft, and so slow times resulted in the sports. Nevertheless, everybody enjoyed themselves, and the races were closely contested.

Friday morning marked the last day of the Crown Street and Petersham girls, in whom the majority of our party were mostly interested. Some very touching farewells were witnessed, and general regret was expressed at their departure. That afternoon we went to Dainer's Gap for the Parle Cup. This is a langlauf or cross-country race on a course fixed throughout the season, and the member of a school party who records the best time wins the cup. It was very cold on the journey up, and conditions pointed to a snow fall,

but we were disappointed. But when the cross-country course had been completed all feeling of coldness disappeared, as exercise in the rare atmosphere soon promotes a vigorous circulation.

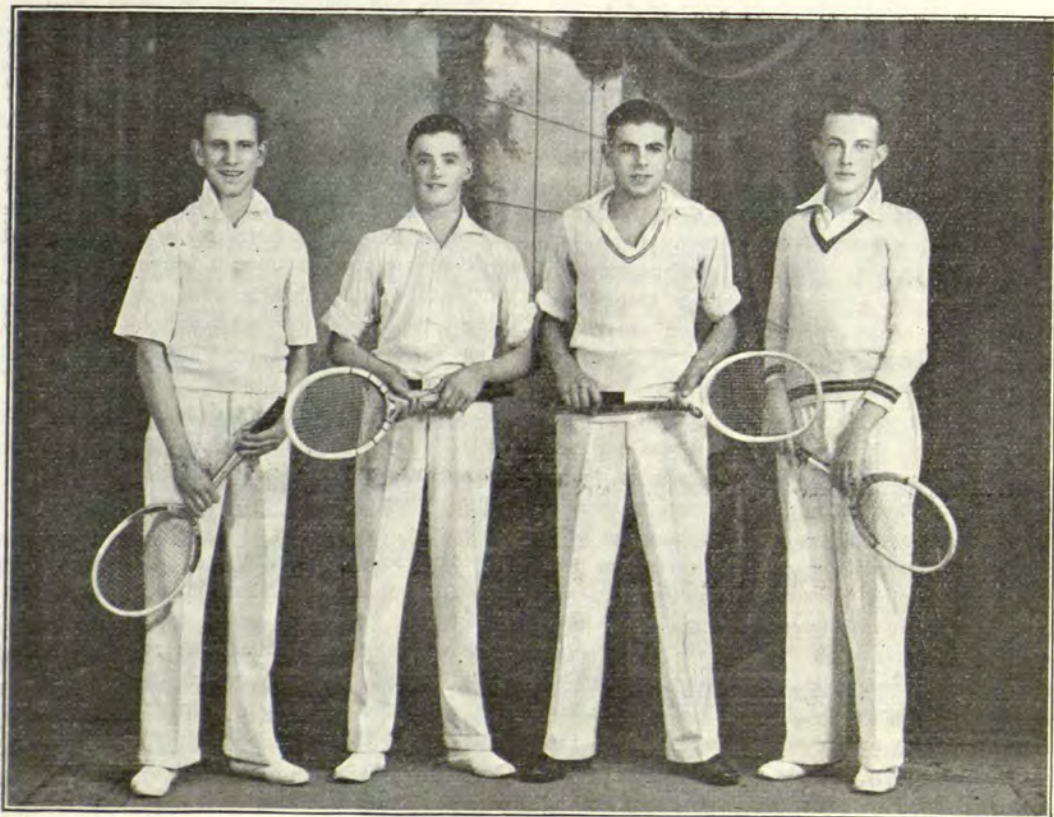
Together with Sydney High, girls and boys, our fancy dress ball was held on Friday night, and some good costumes were seen. The Northern Ski Club also held their fancy dress night, and a number of entertaining dresses was seen. A little later on in the night, when the judging had been completed, prizes for the sports and best fancy dresses were presented after supper. This was the big night of the tour, and most of us did not get to sleep till about three o'clock, because of attacks and counter-attacks from the adjacent dormitory. Some members of the latter apparently had revolutionary ideas on interior decoration, for the clothes of one victim were firmly draped around the furniture in the room, in various artistic designs.

It rained on Friday night, and so Saturday morning was spent in packing, and collecting autographs. With no ski-ing the time passed very slowly, until at last after dinner we boarded the service cars, and our stay at Kosciusko was finished.

Considerable rivalry arose about which car would be the first to reach Cooma. After a little over two hours' journey, we arrived there, and after tea at Dood's Hotel, we walked to the station. We caught the train and left about a quarter to seven, and the last stage of our trip had begun. We were a little more successful in gaining some sleep on this journey, and after an uneventful trip, we arrived at Sydney about a quarter past five, and our holiday was over.

Thus ended the trip to "Australia's winter playground," as instructive as it was enjoyable.

E. W. GIBSON, 4D.



SECOND GRADE, UNDEFEATED PREMIERS, 1935.
R. BOWEN, R. CATTELL, L. COHEN (Captain), H. McCREDIE.

TWENTY-FIFTH ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

The twenty-fifth Athletic Carnival was held on the 14th August. Although the wind was cold and blew boisterously, the dust could not inconvenience's anyone's ardour for spending a very interesting and enjoyable day.

An improvement upon the standard of last year's athletics was evident; but it seems that a small group of boys take pains to train themselves seriously, while the remainder of the School stands aloof, condescending to devote interest in the activities of those few on the oval, but never go far enough to take part in any appreciable competition with them.

This rather distressing condition of affairs in athletics may be difficult to remedy, but fortunately the services of Mr. A. Wilson have been utilised to supervise athletics at Goddard Park, and to take some personal care in encouraging the capacities of the participants of the sport.

In the junior and under fourteen divisions much satisfaction may be felt for the outstanding individual performances; but as regards keenness or ability on the part of other entrants there was an obvious lack. In the latter section, for example, K. Lawson and W. Hancock were the only notable competitors. The former, indeed,

was the most creditable of all competitors, securing the 100 yards, hurdles and 220 yards, tying with W. Smith in the high jump, and obtaining the record of 18 feet 5 inches in the broad jump. Lawsons' latter feat exceeded the winning senior broad jump of 17 feet 7 inches.

Performers were more numerous in the junior events, but there was too little sustained effort. K. Davies won the Junior Cup, being first in the 100 yards and hurdles, and second in the 220 yards, the high jump and broad jump, while Callaghan was successful in the 220 yards and 440 yards, R. Denham in the shot putt, F. Smith in the broad jump, C. Arnold in the high jump, and W. Easton in the under 16 handicap.

The Senior Cup was won by L. Penman. He was first past the tape in the hurdles and 100 yards, and gave the best attempts in the broad jump and high jump, with S. Collis as runner-up. R. Walton secured the 440 yards, and McDonald the 880 yards.

The outstanding feature of the carnival was the fine performance of Keith Lawson, who is still under fourteen. In Lawson the School has an undoubted champion, and much will be heard of him later.

R. VIRTUE.

THE ROAD OF POPLARS. AN APPRECIATION.

Probably the most successful presentation of Play Day, the "Road of Poplars" combined a good story and acting of high quality in a performance which received the great compliment of a completely-absorbed audience and a tense stillness in the hall.

The story alone commanded attention, and its intrinsic merits, supported by good acting, skilfully-used lighting and sound effects, were such as to place the performance on a plane with the best plays which have been produced in the history of Play Day by senior classes.

The scene was laid in an estaminet on the Menin Road, Ypres, period 1922. The theme was woven round the torment of mind which obsessed two men who had fought in the World War. A feature of the piece was the convincing finale, which came with startling suddenness, when the crazed inn-keeper (played admirably by Rigg) shot the tourist (Dunlop), whom he believed to be better dead, since in death he would be released from the mental hell which was wrecking his life.

As for the individual actors, their work would

stand the criticism of the harshest of critics. Each was a type unto himself. Excellent casting was revealed in giving Dunlop the role of the English tourist, also in Krok's portrayal of the dead soldier. Rigg played, with sympathy and complete self-suppression, the part of the English soldier, living in France, and suffering intermittent fits of insanity, due to war injuries. The emotion and maniacal vigour brought into his part balanced perfectly with the restraint of Dunlop, the tourist. The minor role of Marianne, a timid but sympathetic young Frenchwoman (wife of the inn-keeper) was played by Walker, who made up into an admirable girl, and developed a good French accent. The four boys combined to give an excellent performance, the laurels probably going to Dunlop and Rigg, who had the more sustained roles.

Much of the success of the play was due to the hard work put into the production by Ryan, whose lighting and sound effects contributed in no small measure to the success of the performance.

P. JONES, 3B.

BOYS!

For 40 years the M.B.C. has been piling up results noted for their outstanding quality. A feature of the M.B.C., running right down the years, is the frequency with which they win, not only the First Places, but a number of the leading places in order of merit.

FOLLOWING ARE SOME RESULTS FOR 1935:

SHORTHAND.

Five out of seven Firsts in High Speed Shorthand. In both I.P.S.A. Speed Examinations, M.B.C. students won the First Three Places (November, 1934, and June, 1935).

The M.B.C. won the only Medals awarded in the I.P.S.A. Gold Medal Competition, November, 1934, and also the Pitman Medal at 110 words per minute.

In October, 1934, I.P.S.A. Shorthand Examination, the M.B.C. had one-fourth of the entries, but secured more than half of the "Distinction" Passes—(48 out of 80).

In the Theory of Shorthand, nine out of the first twelve in order of merit in the I.P.S.A. October, 1934, Examinations in Intermediate Theory were M.B.C. students.

In the Intermediate Theory Section, May I.P.S.A., 15 of the first 18 were M.B.C. students.

In the May Examination Section of the I.P.S.A., 72% of M.B.C. candidates secured Distinctions (over 90%); candidates from all other Colleges combined secured only 20.3% Distinctions.

HIGH SPEED TYPING

Miss Nellie Green and Miss Kathleen Tewsley tied for top place, with the excellent rate of 90 words per minute, at the April, 1935, Speed Contest of the I.P.S.A.



*The M.B.C. has various Courses
for Young Men.*

You can specialise in Accountancy only in our day or evening sessions, or you can attend Wentworth College Special Intensive Course in Commerce, taking Accountancy, Salesmanship, Business Correspondence, Public Speaking, Applied Psychology, Business Methods and Routine, with Shorthand and Typewriting as optional subjects.

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53 FIRSTS IN COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS THIS YEAR.

Interviews Daily — Be Prompt — 1936 is near.

Metropolitan Business College

6 DALLEY STREET, SYDNEY.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Heard in a Fourth Year Chemistry class:—

Teacher: "You wouldn't pass, even if you saw the paper."

Pupil: "Is that a bet, sir?"

Another pupil (laughing): "Yes, sir, lay a bet on it."

Teacher: "It won't be a bet you'll lay, judging by the way you're cackling."

§ § §

A certain Fourth Year French teacher made a slight error in reading out a sentence, and, instead of saying: "The captain would not change his mind," said: "The captain would not change his wife." The class seemed to find great amusement in this mistake, but the Editor could see no grounds for amusement. "For," he said, "don't the two sentences mean the same thing?"

§ § §

Teacher: "Have you got your homework here?"

Pupil: "No, sir, I'm absent."

Teacher: "All right, never fear, I'll get him to-morrow."

§ § §

Heard in French lesson: "I want you to learn proses 2 and 1; I know I should have said 1 and 2, but I have said 2 and 1, er . . . well, leave it at that."

§ § §

Teacher: "If you three will persist in talking every period, I shall have to scatter you all over the room."

§ § §

Heard in 4th Year history class: "William the Conqueror, while fighting in a battle, fell from his horse, and was wounded in the feudal system."

§ § §

We all pity that poor individual who is dubious whether a gondolier is a Spanish bull-fighter, or, perhaps, might even be hanging up in a noted

picture theatre.

§ § §

Latin master: "Now, boys, I want you to bring in this prose written in your books and the vocabulary in your head, so that I can see it."

§ § §

English master (endeavouring to illustrate the use of the word "affect"): "He was very much affected by her tale (tail)."

§ § §

Shakespeare must have had some knowledge of Fort Street history lessons, when he made the statement: "Alack! they have awaked."

§ § §

Wise advice from history teacher before the yearly examination: "Put down all you know, then you're sure to get some marks. But, of course, if you write down nothing, although that is all you may know, I am afraid you can't be given any marks in that case."

§ § §

Sarcastic teacher: "Some boys go away for their holidays, but most boys have them at school."

§ § §

Heard in 4th Year French: "I am now adopting Professor N—."

§ § §

Teacher: "I will now show you a concrete example of an abstraction."

§ § §

Heard regularly in a 4th Year maths. class: "Let me say again, you boys are treading the primrose path, that leads to the everlasting scholastic bonfire."

§ § §

Teacher: "Clothes make the man."

Pupil (pointing to the picture of a Greek athlete): "What about that chap, sir?"

PLAY DAY MEDLEY, 1935.

"Michael," whilst at "the Poison Party" to quench his "Thirst," discovered that "Pedro the Toreador" was "Meddling with Magic." To the "Eye of the Beholder" it would seem as if he was the thief of "The Grand Cham's Diamond," and for this offence had been "On Dartmoor," where he had been nicknamed "The Miracle of Watling Street." "In the Submarine Zone" on

"The Oak Settle" there had been "An Old Tale Retold." After this "They Went Forth" on to the side of "The Road of Poplars" to listen to "The Riddle of the Countess Runa." After she had made considerable "Progress" the man, who looked after "The Egyptian Mummy," picked "The Thread of Scarlet" from her robe.

LOST—A TRAIN.

Officials had been worried for weeks. Fully one-quarter of the police force had been on the trail. The populace was excited and agitated. Newspapers were covered with inch-long letters forming startling headlines, beneath which were columns of description, which thousands of people scanned closely, and from which they formed wild ideas of the solution—of what?

Well, the loss of a train!

Simply because a train, a long thousand-ton goods train, had disappeared from human sight, as well as a driver, fireman, guard, and a hidden escort, for some papers which were being specially carried on a usual, unobtrusive goods train, and for which any government would have given a fortune; all these had gone, vanished!

Between Dogleg and Richardville, 70 miles of rugged, heavily wooded country, mapped but little, and almost uninhabited, and called the world's worst country by those who had traversed it (except by train), was where this goods train had apparently disintegrated.

§ § §

Riley and Crockett, driver and fireman of engine 5213, were anxious. In the van at the rear of their train were the papers and the escort, and naturally they did not want them to be stolen.

The cross-country night goods—for this was the train—had passed Dogleg, and was thundering through the forbidding mountains. Conversation flagged. The engine swung round a bend.

"'Struth, Bill," said Riley, "someone—a fool, I must say,—has gone and put a signal 'ere. It's red, too," he observed, putting on the brakes. "Whoever did it must be a bit daft." Riley attended to a minor piece of mechanism.

Crockett watched the new signal curiously. Suddenly he stared at it intently. He blinked and stared again.

"Jack," he yelled, "Jack, the signal's moving." "Imaginits," muttered Riley. "Jack," Crockett screamed. "Look!" Riley looked round, and received a shock that he was never likely to forget.

§ § §

Hudson, leader of the notorious Fox gang, had called a conference. After it the members had gone about their ways, with a dastardly plan

in their minds. Final plans were made, and at last the time came when they were to be carried out.

One of the gang had a high position in the Railway Commissioner's offices, and had found that the papers were to be on this cross-country night train. The capture of these papers was Hudson's aim.

The night had come. The Fox gang were assembled, armed with picks, shovels, and other apparatus, which gave them the appearance of a rail-laying party. Which, indeed, was what they were. They began to work hurriedly, and in a few hours a pair of points appeared where formerly had been straight rail. The points led to an old, disused rail to a deserted coal shaft. Then a red lamp was hoisted on a pole as the cross-country goods was heard in the distance. Soon the train rounded the corner, approached the lamp, and stopped.

The gang waited for a few minutes, and then rushed the engine, overpowering the driver and fireman.

They then rushed the guard's van, and after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with the escort, at last made off with the valuable papers.

Then Riley was forced to start the engine. It lumbered over the points, the trucks following it. Riley was made to jump off, and the train was soon careering down the line to the coal shaft, finally to collapse down the mine.

All the old rail was taken up, the mine filled in, and all traces removed. The Fox gang left for a different part of the country.

Then the Railway Department became frenzied at the non-appearance of the train. Search-party after search-party scoured the forbidding district around Dogleg and Richardville, but no trace was found.

For weeks no clue was found, but at last came disaster for the Fox gang. For them, everything was running smoothly, until one day Riley was missing. The gang had plans to kill the train crew, but on the day before that when the dastard acts were to be carried out, Riley escaped.

The Fox gang lived in constant terror from that day. Although Crockett, the guard, and the escort were murdered, and the bodies disposed of,

Riley was alive, and the police probably knew of their acts. The Fox gang moved round the country, but before they could leave by boat, the police arrested the gang, and placed all the members in custody.

Then began the famous Fox gang trial. After the trial had lasted for weeks while hearing evidence, one of the gang turned King's evidence, and Hudson was found guilty, so that now a stone

in a prison graveyard bears that name, and the rest of the members are serving long terms, mostly for life, in different gaols.

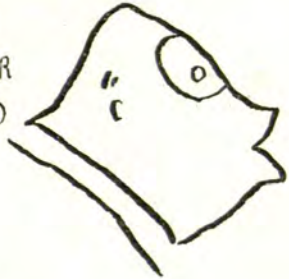
But, for some unknown reason, nobody told the police where the cross-country goods of that eventful night was, and Riley not knowing, it is still a matter on which wild theories begin to circulate whenever the strange story is told.

H. LUNNEY, 2D.

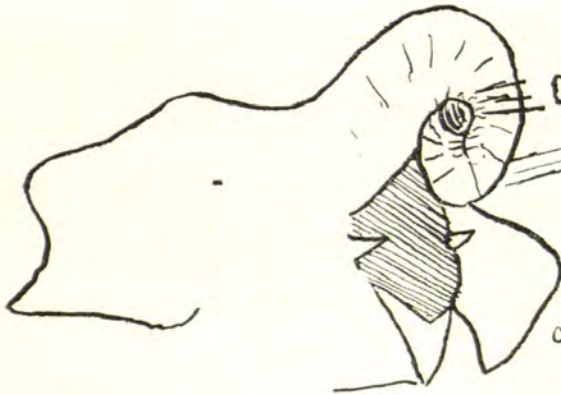


I'M GOOD I AM.

FIRST
YEAR
KID



MONKEYFACE.



ONE OF THE
MASTERS.

GET OUT YOU-
LOAFER



WHAT WILL DAD SAY
WHEN HE SEES MY
REPORT?



I WOULDN'T DO A THING
LIKE THAT.



THE SCALER
J. Holland
4A

STAMP COLLECTING.

Stamp collecting is the hobby of kings. Our own King, George V., has a large collection, partly collected by himself, and partly by his father, Edward VII., which is worth several hundred pounds.

To start a stamp collection it is best to buy an assorted packet of 100 or 200 stamps. Take care over sorting these, and do not rush the job. Do not, on any account, touch any stamp with the fingers. For picking up stamps a small pair of tweezers, about two inches long, are the most useful.

When the stamps have been sorted, the next thing to do is to look around for a book which will serve as an album. It is best not to buy a marked album, for frequently, if you decide to go in for stamp collecting in earnest, you cannot buy an album large enough to hold all the stamps which you may get in later years. The best album procurable is a folio (from Woolworth's), with very lightly ruled paper, costing about 1/3 for the cover and fifty pages of paper. The cover will hold about one hundred and fifty sheets. When the first fifty sheets have been used, refills can be bought at threepence for fifty sheets. The great advantage of this type of album is that the stamps can be arranged to suit one's own ideas, instead of following the allotment in a marked album, and, moreover, room may be left for any notes about the stamp that one may wish to write.

The stamps should be fastened on to the paper with little pieces of gummed paper called "hinges," of which 3000 can be bought for 1/-. These hinges are creased about one-third of the way down, and then damped with a little water. The small end is pressed firmly on to the top of the stamp and the large end on the paper, thus acting as a hinge to lift the stamp. Care should be taken that the gummed side is pressed to the stamp, as only one side of the hinge is gummed. This side is usually shinier than the ungummed side.

If a stamp has been placed on the wrong page in your album, it can be removed by damping the hinge with a little petrol, which dissolves the gum, and so loosens the hinge. To find out to which country a stamp belongs, a stamp catalogue may be bought at a low cost.

Before a stamp is placed in the album, it should have all paper and dirt removed from the back. The paper is removed by placing the stamp face downwards in hot water, and the dirt by applying a little petrol with a camel-hair brush. If the colouring of an old stamp is faded, or the face is dirty, the colour can be revived by applying hydrogen peroxide (usually called peroxide) with a camel hair brush.

When collecting stamps, make sure what kind of stamps you are going to collect, for there are postage stamps, duty stamps, letter-card stamps, and express delivery stamps, such as the U.S.A. issues of 1888, 1902, 1922 and 1925, depicting a cyclist or a messenger-boy usually. These stamps may be included amongst a collection of postage stamps.

If every stamp one sees is collected, many albums are going to be filled in no time with stamps that are worthless, or of very small value.

Postage stamps are usually the ones collected. The stamp to be of any value must have a date stamp on it, the one with the lightest date stamp being the best. A torn stamp is worthless. Any surcharged or overprinted stamp will in time become valuable, especially the Polish, "German Occupation" surcharged and overprinted stamp, printed during the war.

A surcharged stamp is one which has one value printed over another value on the stamp; that is, when the current value of a stamp changes, in order to make the change over quickly, the new value is printed over the old value.

An overprinted stamp is one which has the name of one country printed over the name of another country, used generally for Mandated Territories, and these stamps were employed a great deal during the war years for captured territory.

The stamps which are most sought after are those which are printed incorrectly. In every issue of stamps, there are eight or nine stamps which have been misprinted. In time these stamps will become valuable, owing to their scarcity.

The most valuable stamp in the world is one which was misprinted in British Guiana. In this issue four hundred stamps were printed, each valued at four cents. This one stamp had the

face value of one cent. So it is the only one of its kind in the world, and at a recent sale it was sold for nearly £10,000.

So stamp collecting may also be a profitable pastime as well as an educational hobby. Some

collectors are prepared to pay fabulous prices for rare stamps, and who knows but what one of these may come into one's hands.

K. GRANT, 4B.



FOURTH GRADE RUGBY UNION TEAM.

Top: J. YORKE.

Second Row: W. REED, H. MUTTON, P. SCHMIDT, J. LYONS (Vice-Captain), E. McMANIS, N. JENKINS, R. SUZOR.

Third Row: J. ROSE, L. PULLEN, Mr. T. BRODIE (Coach), N. HING, R. WALKER.

Bottom: G. HEWLETT, C. MORRISON (Captain), G. HARKNESS.

LIFE SAVING.

Once again, with the return of the summer season, we repair to the popular swimming resorts with which we have been so generously provided.

But this most beneficial sport often involves loss of life, because so many are not very proficient in the art. Often, also, lives are lost and endangered through inadequate or insufficient knowledge of the most effective methods of rescue, and release from the clutch of the drowning.

It is the aim of the Royal Life Saving Society,

which has already accomplished much in this direction, to make such knowledge more widely known.

A considerable number of our boys were successful recently in winning their resuscitation certificates—the first award of the society. Also several classes gained their bronze medallions this season; but Mr. W. Humphries and his assistants would willingly instruct ten times as many.

Furthermore, every member of the School, with

very few exceptions, can swim. Several boys also won their bronze crosses and instructors' certificates.

These magnificent results are due to the energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Humphries, aided in no small way by his capable assistant, J. Wilson. These two represent the School at the society's meetings.

Apart from the benefits and utility of such knowledge, all holders of awards have the satisfaction of knowing that they have gained points for their School in inter-school competitions. Furthermore, it is pleasing to remember how,

from the very beginning, we have enjoyed the co-operation of the staff, thereby showing how widely this work is recognised as an essential and useful part of our education. Also Mr. A. Wilson rendered some valuable practical assistance.

Next year, it is hoped, more boys will come forward to try for higher awards, such as bronze crosses and silver awards. For, though it must be remembered that these high honours are difficult to gain, it would be gratifying to see many more present themselves to be trained for the earlier awards.

I. DUNLOP, 4D.

KEITH LAWSON.

This year Fort Street was fortunate to find a splendid athlete—the greatest athlete for his age in New South Wales.

Lawson first went to Technical High School, in 1934, and took part in some third division events at the Combined High Schools Carnival. Desiring, however, to take Latin, Lawson was transferred to Fort Street, where we hope he will stay.

Prior to our School Carnival, Lawson did some hard training, and well merited the success he achieved at our own sports. He won the one hundred yards, the two hundred and twenty yards in the good time of twenty-six seconds, the sixty yards hurdles, tied for first place in the high jump, and added over a foot to the existing record of McKnight in the broad jump, by stretching the tape 18 feet 5½ inches.

It was, therefore, with great expectations that Fort Street welcomed the Combined High School meeting. On the day of the heats Lawson caused a sensation. First he equalled the 100 yards record by covering the distance in 11 seconds; then a little later he equalled the 220 yards record of 25 seconds. What a performance for the heats!

The following day Lawson made a name for himself in the sporting world. He opened the day by jumping 18 feet 9½ inches in the broad jump. This was four inches better than his school effort, and it seems as if this feat will stand for many a day. Lawson went on to win the 100 yards, and later set a record of nine and three-fifth seconds for the 60 yards hurdles. Despite his strenuous day, Lawson still had stamina enough to break the record for the 220 yards,

and covered the distance in the wonderful time of twenty-four and four-fifth seconds.

He has joined the Western Suburbs Amateur Athletic Association, and should receive good coaching under Teddy Hampson and other runners of note.

Apart from his athletic prowess, Lawson has personal qualities which make him popular with his school-mates, and not the least of these is his modesty.

M.R., 4B.



KEITH LAWSON.



THE YEARLY EXAMINATION.

One bright Monday morning at the School's assembly, a man of medium height and twinkling eyes climbed up upon the stand. This man was our Headmaster. In cheerful but ironic tones he announced that the yearly examination would take place on the 30th of October. He went on to say (here came the irony) that he hoped that everybody would do well in the forthcoming examination. [Surely the Headmaster was sincere.—Editor.]

The announcement of this very grave news was followed by a dull groan from the boys so tensely listening, and increased the depression of boys and masters who were both suffering from that "Monday-morning" feeling. But the boys were more depressed, for they had guilty consciences as well.

The Headmaster unnecessarily reminded us that those who did not do well enough would have to repeat the year. This further added to the general gloom.

After weeks of hard and feverish study(?), the period of torture came. The two quadrangles and other areas were littered with boys. Most of them were holding books in their hands, with eyes cast heavenwards, and their lips moving as though invoking the aid of some heathen deity.

It was near the fatal hour, and the pupils drew forth writing tablets, pencils and ink from their bags, and were waiting for the sound of the bell. It came, and the boys, after a last glance at their textbooks, pushed and shoved into the queue of the condemned.

After a hectic rush we settled into our seats, and each was given a paper. One looked at the paper; fainted, and, on recovery, wondered

whether this would be the first of the thirty per cent. ones. Looking closer, we found it was a maths. paper, and decided to attempt at least some of the questions. After a dab here and a dab there, we found at the end of each dab the basilisk eye of the patrolling master. He seemed to think that every boy in the examination room was cheating. Suddenly the master called "Time is up. Pin your papers together."

Out came the "patients" from the torture-chamber, clustering in groups, asking one another how the "operations" had succeeded. They all said they had done well. All except me!

This excruciating process went on for four days, and then followed another form of torture known as marking—the torture of suspense for us, and of dull, monotonous work for the masters.

We were next given our reports in an addressed envelope, with the stern admonition that they were not to be opened except by our parents. Needless to say, they were opened as soon as the master left the room.

One looked and wondered: "What are these red-coloured creations on the report?" "Is it one of the maps done in the way Mr. E—so greatly dislikes?" My eyes begin to function correctly, and I found that the red marks indicate the subjects in which I had failed.

This inflammatory document was then taken home, and for the next three months we shall be subjected to daily examinations by "fond" parents.

Oh, examiners! Think what sorrows are caused through the yearly examinations. What tortures are committed in thy name!

J. H. HOLLAND, 4A.

NON BONI SUNT SED MALI.

(With apologies to the writer of "Non Angli Sunt Sed Angeli.")

'Twas in a certain class-room
About three months ago,
A band of fair-haired scholars sat—
A bright and goodly show.

A mighty prefect passing,
Inquired who might they be;
He learned that they were mali,
As he was soon to see.

On entering that class-room,
With an air of prefect pride,
He met a storm of dusters,
That dusted all his hide.

He stumbled at this onslaught,
But led by their leader Knell,
That class came rushing at him
With a fury none could tell.

They battered him with rulers
 Until he screamed with pain,
 And then they poured red ink upon
 That poor prefect so vain.

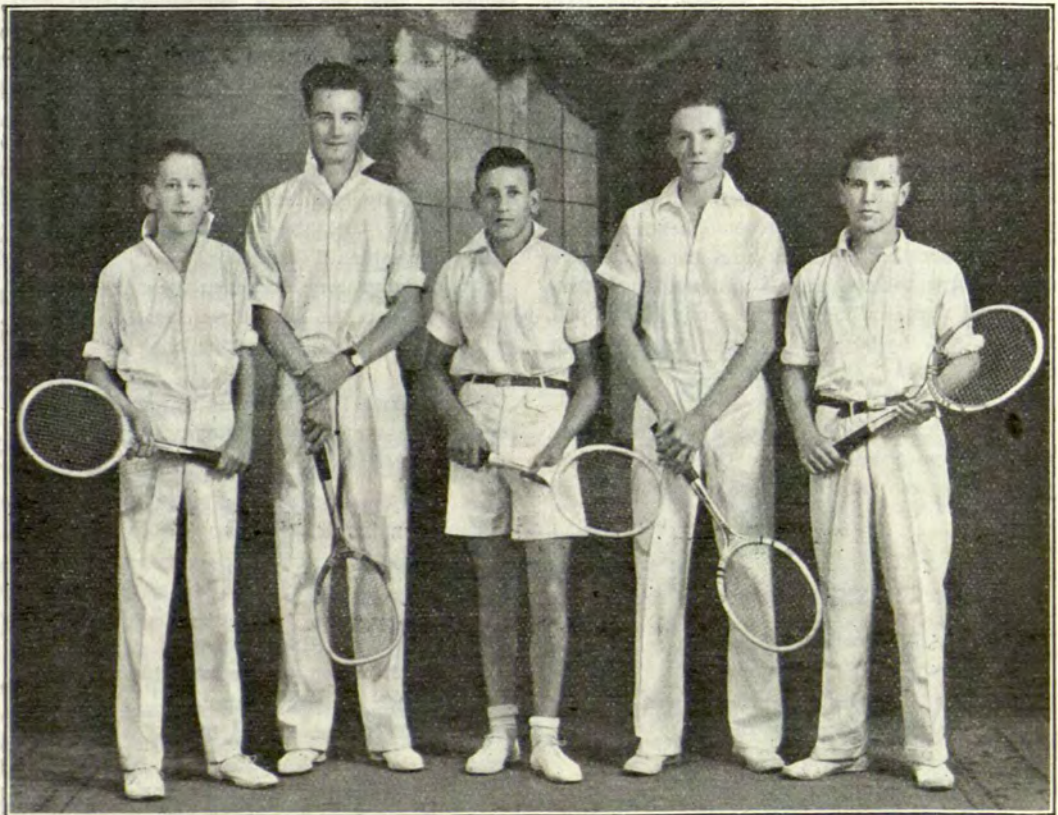
But had you peeped into that room
 At half-past five that night
 You would have seen those fellows
 Putting up a losing fight.

For a master stern had entered,
 In the middle of their fun,
 And one thousand lines had issued
 To every single one.

As the boys were writing onwards,
 And the hands went round the clock
 The teacher rose and told them,
 As a judge does to the dock.

"Non boni," uttered he,
 And the wrath was on his brow;
 "You boys are 'sunt sed mali,'
 So go home and tell dad now."

E. BARKER, 2D.



THIRD GRADE TENNIS TEAM.

P. JONES, J. COLE, R. GILLIES, T. PALMER (Captain), J. PETHERBRIDGE.

SPORT

CRICKET.

1st XI.

In the latter half of the cricket competition, the 1st Grade team, under the able coaching of Mr. Simpson, developed into a slightly better team to that which was in the first half of the competition.

The team consisted of Penman (Captain), Crowe, Neilson, Wotton, Cochrane, Morrison, E. Campbell, K. Campbell, Magnussen, Ferguson, Bodwell, McDonald and Johns.

Although only one competition match was played, the team performed well enough in that one match to show a definite improvement in its batting strength. The match was played against Canterbury, but on the first day play was held up till the wicket became fit for play, while on the second day there was no play, due to a rain-affected wicket.

Fort Street lost the toss on the first day, and were sent in to bat. After the afternoon's cricket, the School had lost five wickets for 147 runs. Morrison batted attractively for 38, and others to show up were Crowe, 36 n.o.; and Wotton, 22 n.o. A high score seemed likely, but the team was robbed of this chance by the rain on the following Wednesday. As a result the game was drawn.

The team received a forfeit from Ultimo, and also played a match with the Royal Australian Engineers. Against the latter the School batted first, but only gained a total of 82. The highest scorer was Wilson, with 26 to his credit. The Engineers batted, and had lost 5 wickets for 99 at the close of the match. The School thus lost on the first innings.

The best individual efforts recorded in the batting for the complete competition are as follows:—

Name	Agg.	No. of		Highest	Av.
		Innings	N.O.		
R. Crowe ...	54	3	1	36 n.o.	27
E. Campbell ..	70	6	2	28	17.5
J. Neilson ...	128	8	1	67	17.3
N. Harrison ..	73	7	1	31	12.1
W. Cochrane ..	69	7	—	15	10

In the bowling, the best figures for the complete competition were as follows:—

Name	Overs	Mdns.	Wkts.	Runs	Av.
D. Cotton	18	3	8	70	8.8
K. Wotton	68 $\frac{3}{4}$	19	19	196	10.3
O. Crompton ...	39	6	9	137	15.2
J. Neilson	19	—	5	92	18.4
R. Crowe	20	6	4	116	29

In conclusion, as a team we would like to thank Mr. Simpson for the interest he has taken in us, and we know it was through no fault of his that the team did not finish the competition higher up the list.

SECOND GRADE.

This year's second grade cricket team had the doubtful distinction of running into last place in the competition. We were very unlucky, for on the second day of the match against Parramatta, it rained. The match against North Sydney at North Sydney Oval was again lost because of rain. There were some fine performances by members of this team, including Jullienne, Pate, Cotton and Gollon. However, North Sydney won by an innings and 90 runs.

Parramatta played a draw with Fort Street, who were indeed unfortunate. Parramatta compiled 136, Jullienne taking 4 wickets for 42, Pate 4 for 48, and Fort Street replied with 6 wickets for 118 (Cotton 47 and Gollon 32).

The last match of the year, which was played at Goddard Park against Canterbury, was easily our best effort this year.

Canterbury won the toss and decided to bat. They compiled 200 runs, and in reply, Fort Street made 73 in the first innings, and 100 in the second, thus giving Canterbury a win by an innings and 17 runs.

This match was played with team spirit and keenness, which are vital factors in all team games.

In my opinion, the second grade team would have made a better showing had it taken practice more energetically.

I am sure we all hope to see our team fill first place in the coming season.

Finally, the team would like to express its

appreciation to Mr. Wallace for the interest he has shown during the season, and I have no doubt that his advice was not altogether wasted.

THIRD GRADE.

At the beginning of the season the third grade team was very unfortunate in losing many of last season's players to the higher grades. This undoubtedly spoilt our chances of winning the competition, and we had to be content to fill second place, one point behind Sydney High School.

Our first match was to be played against Ultimo, but owing to the withdrawal of that school from the competition, we were credited with full points.

Our second match of this season and the last match of the competition was played against Canterbury. In the first innings Fort Street obtained 201 runs, mainly through the efforts of Washington 69, Robinson 60, and Sandy 27. The partnership of 104 of the two former batsmen won the game for us. Canterbury in their first innings scored 120. Their poor score was mainly due to the fine bowling of Kennedy, 5-55, and Neal, 4-50. Canterbury was compelled to follow on, and in its second innings scored 167. The bowling figures this time were Kennedy, 4-61, Neal 4-80, and Drake 1-14. In the second innings Fort Street had to score 87 runs in 47 minutes to obtain an outright win. They obtained 63 of the runs for the loss of nine wickets, and therefore won by 86 runs on the first innings.

1st XV.

From the point of view of match winning, the past season was not at all a success for the 1st XV., but, nevertheless, it was remarkable for the number of new players brought into the Union game. Confronted at the beginning of the season with a green team, many of whom had never played the game before, Mr. Austin, our coach, through solid, systematic training, moulded us into some semblance of a team by the end of the season.

In the first round, the play in most of the matches lacked the dash and spirit of other years. One great weakness of our play, that was to prove fatal, was the failure of both backs and forwards to seize and make use of the opportunities given by our opponents. The backs were particularly diffident about supporting one another or passing the ball.

On the wing Campbell was inclined to hesitate,

Callaghan and Washington both did fine work in the field.

Much credit must be given to Kennedy, and this boy's bowling would be an asset to any School grade team.

The batting honours went to Robinson and Washington, but Sandy, Mimis and Collens were only a little less successful.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Burtenshaw for his untiring attention throughout the season.

FOURTH GRADE.

This season fourth grade was most unsatisfactory. It lost the only match played. This was against Canterbury at Goddard Park, Canterbury batted first, and declared with 4 for 200. We batted and scored 49 in the first innings, and 61 in the second innings. This was a very poor display, owing to insufficient practice, and lack of interest amongst the team.

The batting was done by Taylor 19, and Jones 8, in the first innings, and Hickman 15, Taylor 10, and Turner 9, in the second innings. The bowling of the side was very poor, Turner giving the best display, and he should do well next season. The fielding also was poor. This was due to the condition of the ground.

In conclusion the team would like to thank Mr. Hughes for his interest in the team.

RUGBY UNION.

and if he had used his pace and weight to better advantage, he would have undoubtedly been more successful.

In the first round of the competition we lost every match. But in the second round the football of the team was greatly improved. The forwards were more vigorous and dashing, but again the weakness in the backs thwarted many of their best efforts. Still, we managed to defeat North Sydney, after a close, hard match. And against Sydney High School, the team played one of the best games of the season, but the necessary final polish was somehow lacking, and we were beaten.

All the matches of the second round were keenly contested, and we had bad luck not to win more than the one we did.

During the season it was pleasing to see Callaghan play so well as full-back. His tackling was grand to see, and he could well be taken for a pattern by the younger players.

Harrison, as half, played good, solid football, and was always where he was most needed, and was unlucky not to be chosen to represent the School in the C.H.S. team.

Among the forwards "Bill" Barnett and Carson were always in the thick of things, and were ably assisted by Dave Watts, who played well, considering his infancy in the game.

Although not victorious in our matches, we managed to have four players in the C.H.S. teams. Barnett and Binns visited Melbourne with the touring team, whilst Carson and Ringland were selected to play the Royal Military College team at Sydney.

In conclusion the members of the team sincerely thank our coach, Mr. Austin, for his interest and enthusiasm.

2nd XV.

The 2nd XV. this year, although it lost the premiership to Sydney High, whom we congratulate on their success, had a very enjoyable season's football.

In the opening games we suffered the crushing defeats of 25-4 and 22-nil at the hands of North Sydney and Sydney High respectively.

However, as the season progressed, we improved in form (and condition), and succeeded in playing a draw with Hurlstone twice.

The deciding factor in all games was that Fort Street lacked punch. Get into it, Fort Street, next year, and don't be as gentle as the seconds of this year.

Among the backs, Hookey and Wotton were outstanding, while the stars of a hefty lot of forwards were Davies and Collis, both of whom gained first grade honours.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Beatty for his untiring efforts to make the best of a bad lot.

3rd XV.

This year third grade football did not gain a place of honour in the competition. But we enjoyed the games, and next year we hope to achieve more satisfactory results. We extend our congratulations to North Sydney on winning the premiership.

As with most of the other grades, many of our players were new to the game. But they tried hard, and merited better success than they received for their good will and hard work.

The chief weakness of the team, perhaps, lay in the backs. Here Ferguson, who played five-

eighth, was outstanding, starting many good movements, and scoring some dashing tries. Murphy, the captain, filled the centre position well, and set the example by getting into it. Although Denham, a lad new to football, only played in four matches, he showed good promise, and we regret that he did not play earlier in the season. But, in spite of much fine individual play, the backs could never be induced to co-operate.

In the forwards, Barret outshone the others, raking and following through in a particularly fine vigorous fashion. One wonders why he was not promoted to second grade. He was supported by Dunlop and Olding, who used their weight, but the others seemed too slow.

Campbell played a sound game as full-back, handling and tackling well, and Davies proved a nippy half, although he was very light.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Wilson, not only for his diligent coaching, but also for the unbounded interest with which he set himself the task of training his inexperienced team.

4th XV.

Fourth grade has completed the season of 1935 very successfully, emerging co-premiers with Technical High. During the season the team played ten competition matches, winning nine, one on a forfeit, and losing one. The team scored a total of 149 points, and had 52 scored against it.

The happy position of the team at the end of the season was due mainly to the enthusiasm of its members, and the untiring efforts of Mr. Brodie as coach. The back line was perhaps the best in the competition. It was strong both in attack and defence. Among the three-quarters, winger Hing achieved the honour of being the first to cross Tech's line, no mean feat. Hing is a brilliant and forceful winger.

The team was led by C. Morrison, who was ably supported by J. Lyons. The forwards were good, but inclined to be ragged. Pullen was outstanding for his consistent hooking.

Unfortunately, a deciding match with Technical could not be arranged.

The full list of the matches played this season is:—

	First round	Second round
v. Sydney High	29-5	8-5
v. Hurlstone	19-10	22-0
v. North Sydney	22-0	28-5

v. Tech. High	3-16	8-5
v. Canterbury	10-6	won on forfeit
v. Waverley C.B. (practice match),		25-3.	

The team fully appreciates and thanks Mr. Brodie for the time he spent in moulding the team into the best in the competition.

5th XV.

Although we did not have any measure of success in the first round of the competition, we managed, with the addition of some new players, to win two matches in the second round. The improvement was evident. An indication of this was in our second match against High. In the first round we were beaten 39-0, but in the second round we reduced this to 14-3, and were the only team to cross the line of the premiers during the season.

Our great weakness was bad combination, especially in the backs. Nevertheless, some good players were brought to light. Notable were McLeod and Burgess in the forwards, and Smythe, Appleby and Neale in the backs. Cross and Smith were also useful in the forwards, but were handicapped by their height. These players should do well next year with the experience gained this season.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Gollan for his diligent coaching and invaluable advice, and wish him better success with his team next year.

6th XV.

Although sixth grade did not do as well as might have been expected in this year's competition, the players showed excellent form towards

the middle of the season. The team took a long time to build up and get on its feet, and, sad to relate, when it did become a team, it was only to fall to pieces again.

The outstanding players in the attack were John, Hill and Hearne, which three scored the major number of the points, while Hill, Tonkin and Bell excelled in the defence.

The best games of the season were against Parramatta and Technical in the first round, and against North Sydney and Hurlstone in the second round.

The results of the matches are as follows:—

FIRST ROUND.

1. v. North Sydney, lost 11-6.
2. v. Sydney High, lost 18-3.
3. v. Sydney Technical, lost 12-6.
4. v. Canterbury, lost 19-3.
5. v. Hurlstone, lost 16-6.
6. v. Parramatta, won 11-0.

SECOND ROUND.

1. v. North Sydney, won 22-6.
2. v. Sydney High, drew, 3 all.
3. v. Technical High, lost 17-0.
4. v. Canterbury, forfeited.
5. v. Hurlstone, won 8-5.
6. v. Parramatta, lost 6-3.

The total number of points scored for 6th grade was 71; against, 133.

Three matches were won, and one was drawn.

In conclusion the players wish to thank Mr. Foley for his diligent and hard coaching, and hope his services will be available next year.

TENNIS.

During the last four years the standard of tennis at Fort Street has been steadily improving, and this season our teams, indeed, gave a creditable performance. Second and third grades distinguished themselves with great success, and the fourths, who in the past have come off with honours, were this time runners-up. First grade, however, met with defeat, but even then they did so only after a hard struggle. So the loss of Jurd and Rothwell, our two brilliant players of last year, has been atoned for by the appearance of Cohen, Bowen, Hobbs, and above all, Whiteley.

Approximately forty boys competed in the School singles championship, in the final of which Penman was beaten by Whiteley, of Second Year, 6-4, 6-4. The latter displayed quite remarkable prowess in performing such a feat, and he has

well earned the Anderson Cup.

First Grade consisted of Penman (captain), Greenwood, Dyer and Berry. Penman was the mainstay of the team, while the others possessed appreciable ability, but they were unsuccessful in the competition. However, they merit praise for what they did achieve, as they won a great proportion of the sets that they played.

Second Grade must receive special mention, for in spite of being handicapped by their lack of experience in match playing, they secured the premiership. The team consisted of Cohen (captain), Bowen, Cattell, and McCredie. The most substantial opposition was encountered from Parramatta and Canterbury, but because of their steady play, our representatives attained success. Cohen and Bowen were the most outstanding

players, the latter, who took the place of Caines, gave a fine all round performance.

Third Grade, comprised of Palmer (captain), Cole, Jones and Gillies, we are pleased to say, was also successful. Cole during the latter part of the season was replaced by Petherbridge, who formed a strong partnership with Palmer, and greatly strengthened the team. This pair of good players, however, failed sometimes on awkward occasions, and Jones and Gillies presented the more consistent combination, losing only three sets during the whole season. The grade suffered one defeat, at the hands of North Sydney, which had a team weaker by comparison to those of other schools participating in the competition, and they experienced, as did second grade, a trying battle with Canterbury and Parramatta. It was discovered, however, that a final round was to be played with Sydney High, and that our team would either be victorious or secure a tie on the issue.

(Since writing the above, the match has been played, and was won by Sydney Boys' High School, Third Grade thus ties for first place in the competition.—Editor.)

Fourth Grade at the beginning of the season

WATER POLO.

The water polo competition was finalised at the beginning of this season with the playing of matches against North Sydney, Technical High, and Canterbury, in that order. The team did not meet with much success. They won only one match, and were badly beaten in the other two. The scores were as follows:—

- v. North Sydney, won, 4-3.
- v. Technical High, lost, 7-1.
- v. Canterbury, lost, 5-1.

The reason why the team has failed this year is not from the lack of good individual players, but from the lack of consistent practice and the lack of good combination. Moreover, until the members of the team learn to mark their men more closely, the team will continue to fail.

Owing to the Leaving Certificate this year clashing with sports afternoon, the Fifth Year players were not able to play, and their sub-

stitutes were Holder, Carter, Wilson and Davies. The latter two, although they have just taken up the game, both played good games, and if they continue to improve as they are doing, they will make very fine performers.

The older members of the team, Schmidt, Terry and Cockburn, all conducted themselves well, while Sanders and Carson, in the one match they did play, showed good form. Terry and Cockburn in particular are fine players, and have proved themselves a match for all their opponents, with, maybe, the exception of Walsh from Technical High, the captain of the winning team.

Last but not least, Mr. Dunne should receive congratulations for the efficient and earnest manner in which he selected and paired the boys, and be thanked for his advice, encouragement and interest, to which most of the success of the teams was due.

R. VIRTUE.

A TRIP THROUGH DEVON.

(Continued from page 9)

comfortable rooms near "The Hoe," at the "Roslyn" private hotel. "The Hoe" is the quarter overlooking the harbour of Plymouth. The harbour

is formed by two breakwaters, allowing sufficient passage for steamers to pass in and out. The lighthouse, Flagstaff Barracks, is situated at "The

Hoe." After dinner, as we were strolling near the lighthouse, we met three marines from the H.M.A.S. "Australia." One was from Arncliffe, New South Wales. The "Australia" was lying in the harbour. She had arrived from Malta, and our Australian boys had some amusing tales to relate of Malta.

The first impression of Plymouth from the park is its monotonous grey, caused by the grey building stone, slate roofs, and almost entire absence of trees and parks. It is a large town of 200,000 inhabitants, and one effort at harmony in architecture was the ornamentation on the railings, and friezes over doors, in Greek style, on all the houses in the street, to harmonise with the Greek style of the theatre adjacent. Before retiring for the night we got news that the "Normandie," a 75,000-ton French liner, would arrive at 8 o'clock next morning from New York. On Thursday, 27th June, we hurried to "The Hoe" to see this marine giant. There she lay just inside the breakwater, her huge oval shape, three funnels and top hamper giving her the appearance of being top-heavy. The H.M.A.S. "Australia" was completely dwarfed beside her. She holds the "blue ribbon" for the Atlantic, doing her 31 knots per hour.

We left Plymouth at 9.30 a.m., passing the aerodrome at Townsend Hill, and a military camp further on. We ran into a light fog which hung over till 11 a.m., just before we reached Holsworthy. After a halt of half an hour for refreshments, we passed Killhampton, an old village with an old church of Norman period. The road descended rather steeply through shaded trees, until we reached Clovelley. Good shelter and parking accommodation is provided here above Clovelley for the hundreds of cars and buses which bring tourists to this quaint little place on the shore of the north coast of Devon. Leaving the car, we were confronted with a mass of postcards of the place. From these one gets an idea of what will later meet the eye. After advancing a little distance, the park came into view, and between the trees in the park the eye glimpses the semi-circular bay beyond. To the right the hillside is wooded to the water's edge, and to the left stand bold headlands. We then began to descend the steep, narrow, cobblestone path. Quaint little houses line both sides of this narrow street, which is filled with tourists from many countries and counties. Foreign

languages and dialects are heard, and cameras are active. Donkeys, carrying children or ladies, hurry past, bearing their burdens upwards, whilst the unloaded ones race downwards, followed by the drivers, ready to secure another fare. The houses present a spotlessly clean appearance. Some offer refreshments, others postcards and curios, and others again accommodation. The street presents a scene of animation. One can easily descend in ten minutes, but it takes three times as long to ascend. At the beach a heavy stone wall, somewhat in the shape of a fort, is built, curved into the bay, and affords a shelter to the fishermen's boats at anchor there. Here at the start of the wall is a booth, and beside it the donkey stables. The fare for carrying a passenger to the top is one shilling. Nobody over 9 stone 4 lbs. can be carried.

Looking up, a pleasant picture presents itself. This lonesome little village, hemmed in by woods on both sides, makes a striking contrast—the whitewashed walls against the green foliage. Circling overhead were numerous seagulls, attracted by the food thrown by the tourists. A dead calm rested on the bay. It was one of those serene, balmy days that impresses itself on you, so that you just sit and gaze and drink it all in. It was with great reluctance that we tore ourselves away. That impression of Clovelley will always bring vivid recollections of the quaintest town yet visited, a town which dates back to 1450. We continued to follow the coast-line eastward, passing through Bideford at 4 p.m.

Bideford is very prettily situated on the shores of the River Taw. Many large steamers were tied up and lying idle; no doubt on account of the mercantile depression still prevailing. We had a very beautiful run close to the shore to Barnstable, a distance of eleven miles, affording us a fine view of the Taw estuary. A long stretch of sandy beach runs right up to the lighthouse on the point. Fine residences face this marine drive. All seem to have been recently built, and many more were in course of construction. We passed over the bridge before entering Barnstable. Green fields, sloping upwards, made a fine background to the town. Following the Taw estuary for some distance, we turned to the right, passing Wrafton, Braunton, Knowle, and keeping parallel to the railway line, we saw sloping green hills and cultivated fields. We made a long descent on

a very good road to Ilfracombe, lying in a vale at the seaside. The nearer we came the prettier it looked. Almost every house on either side of the road entering the town had a signboard—"Bed and breakfast, 4/6." We chose a comfortable place, "St. Brannocks," with a garage. After afternoon tea we drove down through the town to the pier and parked the car on it. The pleasure steamer was just leaving for Lynmouth. A steep promontory forms the point opposite. On the left of the pier also is a pinnacle, on whose summit rests a small church named "St. Michael's," now dedicated to the sailors. We climbed the steps leading to this spot, and had a fine view of the town and coast-line. On the level in the centre of the town are lawns, tennis courts, gardens, and a band pavilion, where an orchestra played later in the evening, the people sitting around on chairs. The tourist season had begun, and a fairly large number of people were in attendance. The season lasts only about three months, so the hotels and boarding houses and business places make the most of it. The cool sea-breeze drove us home, as we were lightly clad. A hot bath and early to bed was necessary after the day's travel.

On Friday, 28th June, we were up early, and took a brisk walk through the town, over the hills facing the ocean. It was about 7 a.m. We worked up an appetite for breakfast. The weather was ideal. We left at 9 a.m., going east along the coast, with its rugged cliffs and headlands. At some places we had steep hills to climb. Much cultivation of grain is seen on these hills. A steep descent brought us to Combe Martin, a village that stretches for a distance along the road, and a steep ascent. At the top we obtained an extensive view to the right over the cultivated areas divided by hedges. Making a sharp turn to the left we came to Lynton. A narrow gauge railway runs from Barnstable beyond Lynton to Lynmouth.

We passed through Lynmouth, and ran down to the "Valley of the Rocks." This is a narrow valley about a mile long, and is a favourite walk for tourists. A high hill, showing a long, level sky-line, slopes down on the left, whilst at the end stand two isolated craggy peaks at the edge of the cliffs overlooking the sea, one thousand feet below. Many hikers were on the paths leading along the cliffs. The seagulls were very tame, flying close, and resting on the rocks beside the

visitors. After enjoying a rest here in the warm, crisp air, we retraced our way back through Lynmouth, and then began a long, steep ascent along the face of the cliffs, two thousand feet above the sea. In places the road is 1 in 4, but our car stood up to it. Half-way up we halted to allow the engine to cool down. Looking back, we got a fine view of Lynton and the rugged coast-line. The pleasure boat from Lynmouth to Ilfracombe was passing beneath us, and seemed like a small launch. We resumed our journey, and found the road on top was level for a considerable distance. We were passing through moorland. Many sheep were straying along the road, and, as the day was warm, many of them had taken shelter in shady recesses on the banks by the roadside. It seemed as if they had burrowed out these hollows for the purpose of taking shelter, as their bodies just filled them, nor did they show any fear when the car drove close to them. Then we came to the fork roads, the new road to the left, and the old straight on, both leading to Porlock. We continued along the old, bringing us to the brink of the descent. It looked as if we were going over a precipice and the car was standing on its head. Nobody spoke. The bottom seemed a long way, perhaps a quarter of a mile. We could see the people at the bottom watching us, expecting something to happen. "Thank God for that," I cried, when we safely reached the end.

We afterwards learned that Porlock Hill is considered the worst in England, and that motorists are advised to avoid it and take the new road, on which a tax is levied. The village of Porlock is small, but prettily situated. The road then led along the valley lined with hedges, and with cultivation on both sides, on to Minehead.

We reached this town at 1 p.m. Here we noticed many old houses and a very old church. The scenery around is very beautiful. We decided to lunch out-of-doors, so, having bought the necessities, we stopped and selected a comfortable spot on the beach. This beach is very shallow, and as it was low tide, the beach stretched a long way out. There were many people picnicking. On the hill, facing the beach, are many fine residences. We left at 2 p.m. for Bridgewater, keeping along the coast past Dunster, a quaint little town, and Blue Anchor, on the shore.

We were then in the county of Somerset, and harvesting had already begun. The odour of

new-mown hay was wafted to us as we passed along through the hedge-lined road. We reached Bridgewater at 3.30 p.m. This is a fairly large town with many new buildings, The River Parrett flows through the town. Here we stopped for afternoon tea, and left again at 3.55 p.m. for Glastonbury. The country passed through is fairly level and much cultivated. The buildings in Glastonbury are of stone, and very solid looking. We stopped in this town, and visited the ruins of Glastonbury Cathedral, dating back to the time of Alfred, whose body is supposed to have been buried there. Glastonbury is a very ancient religious settlement, with many legends. We bought some souvenirs of the place.

Our next stop was Wells, which we reached at 5.30 p.m., and where we rested for the night. Wells is also a Cathedral town, and possesses a market place. The hotel at which we stayed dated back to the sixteenth century. The Cathedral dates back to the fourteenth century. On one side of the Cathedral is a famous clock, above which is the bell, between two knights, each holding a mace in his hand. At the quarter-hour and the hour these knights strike the bell. The Cathedral is built in Gothic style. The front or main entrance is very elaborate, with full-size figures of Kings, Bishops and others in niches. Some of these figures have the features completely worn off through weather. The ornament on the minarets was being renovated. The inside of the Cathedral had been renovated, and gave the appearance of a modern building. On the left of the Cathedral is "The Bishop's Gate," a series of buildings with gardens in front, and a road separating them. Here the students, men and women, are trained for the Church of England. During the vacations these rooms are let, and students and visitors from overseas make early application for them. We next visited the castle on the other side of the Cathedral. This is quite typical of the ancient castles. The high stone wall, about 15 feet high, surrounds the spacious grounds. A moat about 25 yards wide and about 200 yards long, and of varying depth, surrounds the castle. The drawbridge and the portcullis are well preserved. A small flock of white swans with cygnets swim about in the moat. A remarkable thing about these is that when they are hungry they go to a cord hanging from the castle in the water, pull it with their beaks, and ring a bell. Food is at once thrown down to them.

On Saturday, 29th June, we had another beautiful day, and after breakfast got away shortly after 9 a.m., and made for Cheddar. The country passed is agricultural and dairying. The hills were covered with green verdure. We passed many old stone buildings. Cheddar is famous for its cheese. Here also are limestone caves. We passed them on our way to the Gorge. This is a very narrow gorge, with a well-made road through it, wide enough for a vehicle. On either side stand high, rugged cliffs of limestone. It took a quarter of an hour to go through, winding in and out. Then the country expanded into sloping hills, and later into level ground used for grazing, on which were sheep and cattle. The country from here on to Bath is the same. An electric tram runs from Corston to Bath. We reached Bath at 10.45 a.m. Its buildings are of stone in long terraces. The road then ascended, giving us a lovely view of fields and paddocks of agriculture below on the left. The country is more wooded from here on to Beckampton. At Chippenham, Nestles Milk Co. has a large factory, and there are some quaint old houses. At Calne we stopped at 11.30 for refreshments. Here we found the Harris Bacon Factory, which exports bacon all over Great Britain.

Beyond Calne, on the right, close to the road on a sloping lawn, is an immense figure of a horse in relief, and on the hill above is a monument. Close by are training stables.

Beckampton, further on, has a racecourse and training stables. Marlborough was entered through an archway at 12.20 p.m. Then we went on through Sarernake Forest, with its lovely oak trees. Passing Newbury, another pretty town, at 1 p.m., we arrived at Reading, a large, historical town, with many fine buildings. Here we stopped at 1.30 p.m. for purchase of lunch, intending to have it "al fresco" at the first shady spot. The country from then on was very level, with much agriculture. At Maidenhead we rested for lunch about 2 p.m. We left again at 2.40 p.m., passing through Windsor, behind the Castle, through Eton, along the Thames by Runnymede, where King John signed the Magna Charta, passed Hampton Racecourse, Hampton Court Palace, Kingston, and arrived home in Wandsworth at 4 p.m., having completed 616 miles in the five days without the slightest accident, and having seen all the places recommended to us as the most beautiful in all England.

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