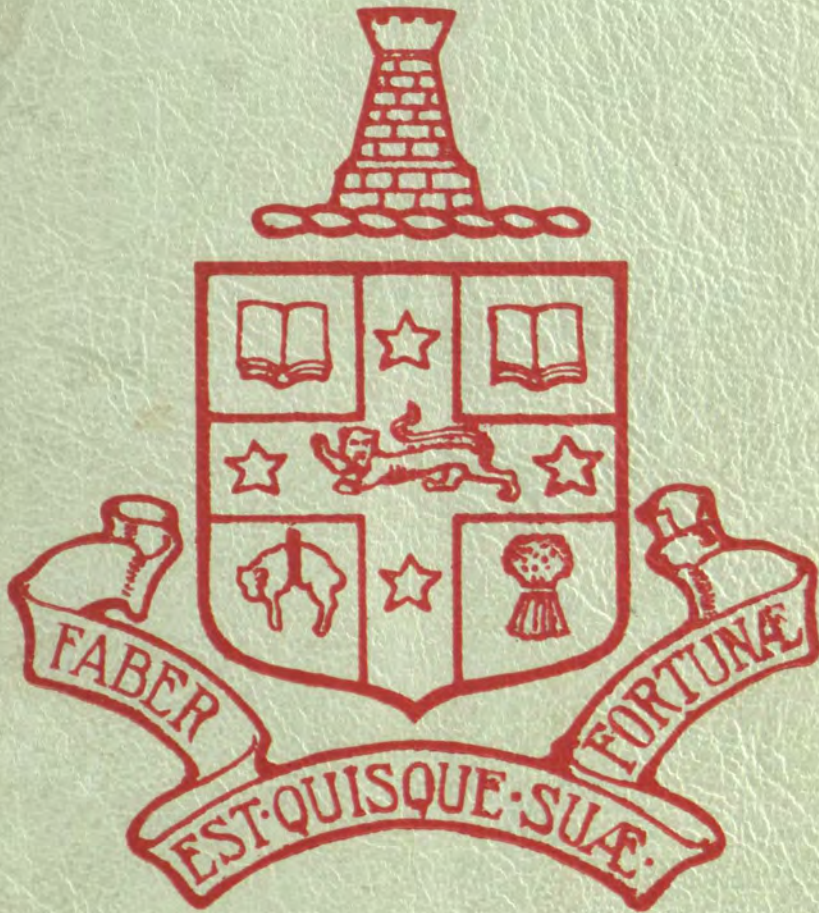


The FORTIAN

1935-1939



THE FORTIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET BOYS
HIGH SCHOOL PETERSHAM NSW

JUNE, 1935.



The
FORTIAN

*The Magazine of the Boys' High
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"Play up ! play up ! and play the game !"

Unique in its simplicity, this exquisite line from Newbolt's "Vital Lampada" constitutes the key-note of the meaning of sport.

To play in a game of one kind or another is the natural instinct of the child. For, as Shakespeare wrote, "Youth is full of sport." In the sport of the child the individual element is pre-dominant. He does not understand the true meaning of sport until he reaches the period of team games, when he must become an agent working for the good of his fellows—the period when he must realise the need of considering others.

The key-note of progress and success is co-operation. Did not Tocqueville, the eminent Frenchman, write: "He who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself."

The isolated individual is always handicapped. Unfortunately he does not only handicap himself, but others as well. He makes the same mistake as the selfish, individualistic player, who makes the success of his side secondary to his own display. In the insect world the insects that have evolved to the highest level of perfection are the social ones, even though their co-operation is mechanical and based on instinct. Man, with his gifts of intelligence, can co-operate much more fully and freely, and he can use the "team-spirit" to achieve his greatest aims.

Team games take precedence of place in the development of character. The spirit of "give and take" forms a foundation for unselfishness and self-discipline. We of this generation are indeed fortunate to be living at a time when sport and the conducting of team games are recognised as essential in the development of the body and temperament.

Sport makes one both physically and mentally fit. The boy who plays vigorously to the fullest extent of his physical capacity will be better prepared for the more strenuous mental application necessary for scholastic success. Sport, then, provides a salutary relief to the overburdening of the scholar's mind.

To be a sportsman it is not necessary to be particularly adept at some game. Indeed, those who are making an honest attempt to become a little more skilful in their sport, form a more worthy group. But to excel in any game of physical or intellectual skill it is necessary to practise continually. Training and fitness are more advantageous than exceptional strength in any sport. We cannot all be experts immediately, but as Longfellow said:—

"We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

Sport calls forth manliness, readiness and resource. The lessons it teaches of fairness and consideration for others will persist throughout life. By taking an interest in sport, the "man to be" will prove a much finer specimen.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The School opened this year with the new principal, Mr. C. H. Chrismas, B.A., who came to us from Newcastle. We heartily welcome him, and trust that his period of Headmaster will be happy and profitable.

§ § §

More changes than usual have taken place in the staff this year. Messrs. Dennehy and Kirkwood were transferred in December to North Sydney and Parramatta respectively.

§ § §

We welcome Messrs. Foster, Gollan, Beatty, Cannon and A. Wilson to the staff, and wish them a pleasant time at the School.

§ § §

The School suffered a very severe loss by the tragic death of Mr. J. Baxendale, and we extend deepest sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

§ § §

We extend sympathy to Mr. S. Bendeich in his serious illness, and hope that he will soon be restored to health.

§ § §

Empire Day was celebrated as in previous years by an assembly in the hall, at which several of

the senior pupils addressed the School on topics of Empire interest.

§ § §

J. C. Berry was appointed Captain, and L. Ringland Senior Prefect for 1935.

§ § §

Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Stevens, the plans of the new hall and classroom are being prepared, and the long-felt want will soon be realised.

§ § §

The School assembled for the annual Anzac ceremony in the hall. The assembly was addressed by the Headmaster, Mr. Chrismas, and Messrs. C. H. Harrison and D. Short. At the conclusion a wreath was placed on the Honour Roll by the Deputy Headmaster.

§ § §

During the recent Music Week the School was entertained at a very enjoyable function by a party under Mr. Raymond Beatty, the eminent basso. The programme was much appreciated by the staff and boys.

§ § §

A very successful dance was held during the term. The thanks of the School are due to the Ladies' Committee, under Mrs. Rogers, for their generous assistance.

EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS, 1935.

As is the custom of the School, the Empire Day celebrations were again held in the School Memorial Hall. The proceedings were conducted entirely by the Fifth Year, with the School Captain, J. Berry, acting as chairman.

The first speaker, S. Ross, delivered a speech on "Peace and the League of Nations," which was interesting and appreciative to all. Ross began by giving a resume of the inauguration of the League of Nations. He pointed out that the League was invaluable in medical and industrial spheres, and finally he strongly emphasised the fact that the League of Nations stood for Peace, for Harmony, and for Happiness.

C. O'Brien, who spoke on "The British Empire," traced the growth of the nation from the defeat of the Spanish Armada to the present day, when the British Empire constitutes half of the world's land surface.

Rigg delivered a very fine speech on "Our Flag," whereby he explained the derivation of the name

"Union Jack," and then pointed out the particular qualities of the flag, concluding by an adequate description of it.

"The Heart of the Empire" was the subject of Jones' talk, in which he discussed London—the greatest city of the world. He dealt with its foundation, and he spoke of such interesting places as Westminster.

Dunlop treated a rather difficult subject, "Our Glorious Heritage," very capably. He emphasised the responsibility attached to our heritage, and he asserted that Justice was the soul of the British Nation.

Walker, speaking on "Jubilee Year—A Retrospect," explained the nature of the kingship, and discussed the chief events of the twenty-five year reign of King George V.

Les Ringland, Senior Prefect, proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers, to which H. Dunlop responded, and the meeting concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.



MR. C. H. CHRISMAS.

THE SUN STILL SHINES.

Laneway up the hill-slope.
Airs of laneway-coolness far and free,
come, down wander along in level layered length.
fresh and faint, web-washed, with yellow-scented
sun
which, waving, weaves a misty aureole in the hair.

Shadow of narrowness
bordered by close, by the walls along
Entangled fringe
frayed up with ravelled silk sun-skein
up one leaf-lattered shape-shattered edge
of the shade over all.

Pale creamy walls, grey shade dull overlaid,
set off the dark green window shutters, sash and
sill.

Water-drops drip concentric circles in a white
and green zoned barrel,
from a water-spout painted drab.

Oily sea-weed green the drain pipes, left light
the chrome wall.

Near height narrowing steep down the dark eyes
and guttering;
moving along level the house wall to converge
upon the incline and decline at the corner of
parallel meetings,
where are distance-diminished small bricks that
close in

in perspective-depth increasing—
lattice-net and comb of bees' galleries;
grade up the paving path to pour out on the rise,
and spread over away and down.

One side: low window-idyll low beside you,
piquant peeping caprice of a dust-choked window
garden:

box of geraniums—slum-sordid beauty,
vivid vermilion and squalid whitewash,

The pepper-corn tree lets down its fish-bone
shutters

with a clatter into noon
hangs its lattice-lace
shining, drooping, and pink-berries
into the still mid-day.

The ground is dry and dusty
and shimmering hot
with parched and thirsty rising dust
choking and clogging the air.

like a bedraggled mining town tiered up a dirty
little hill
and its struggling straggling ending

The other: leaves, leaves,
heart, spade and vine-like:
hung on the trellis fence in draperies;
clear, green, translucent life with the sunlight
through them,
and resting there—in a full cadence.
Powdery-textured morning gold
filters and sifts a legendary haze about the little
hairs.

The leaves' slant shelves of laminas
build a counter rhythm to the vertical.
One flower: opaque and light,
fine china tea-cup-like,
lip-curled convolvulus;
nuance of luminous violet-indigo, mauve and blue,
exalted to the pale, spiritual, frail soul untouchable
to shrink and wither—
essence too sensitive.
But there are rosy-purple section-streaks from the
thin honied tube
spraying out into the curving trumpet-bell of five,
and lily-pollened quivering stamens,—
tongue-clappers wrought of butterflies.

Now at the rim and brink,
pause before the open prospect:

Sunlight. Sunlight.

Bright-cut, sharp-white

contrasts the plane division of the shade-diagonal.
Pause

and then the full burst forth of long awaited joy
in the throat
now realized.

SKALD.

HEAT.

Breeze,
and the weeping veil is blown aside
like water-plants waving in moving water—
sun-sheen
shining green
and glossy,
a silk smear against the sky
in gauze
faintly seen

SKALD.

JAMES BAXENDALE (1888-1935)

There passed away early this year a man of brilliant achievement, the greatest teacher of his generation—James Baxendale of Fort Street. The ending of his career deserves more than passing notice, especially so as his profession, high as it is, is one of comparative obscurity, and his place in that profession was a subordinate one. But within these limits he rendered a noble public service, and his death is indeed a national loss.

Since so little public notice comes the way of the teacher, it is well that the people of this State should learn something of the work of James Baxendale. To the thousands of boys who passed through his hands, to his colleagues in the service, and to his hosts of friends, this is, of course, well known. But it has the inspiration, the idealism, the outstanding performance of a great man, and these give him and his work a very wide interest and appeal.

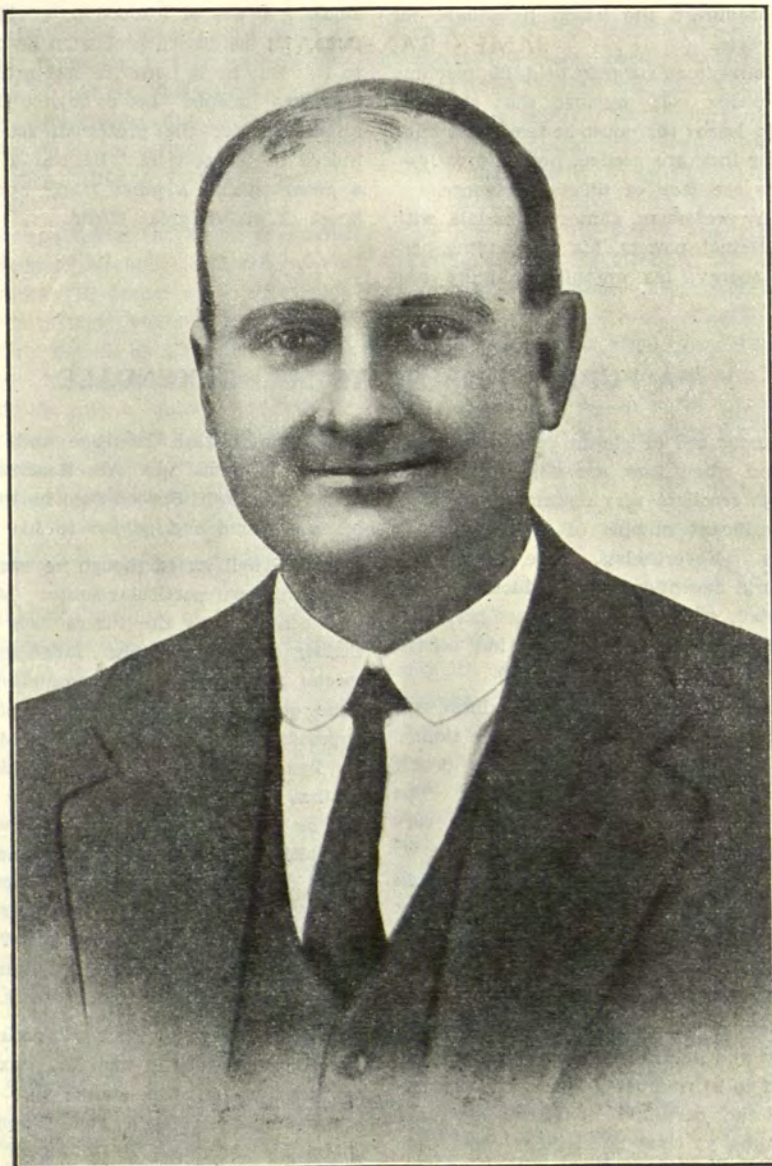
Most of his teaching life was spent in two schools, Technical High and Fort Street. In the former he worked for about six years, and for seventeen years in the latter. His status was that of Assistant-Master of English, one that ranks by no means high in the Service. The promotion he merited—and was frequently offered—he refused. Yet it can be truly said that no teacher in these two great schools has had such an abiding influence. And these schools can boast with pride of many distinguished teachers—men whose service has been of outstanding quality, whose scholarship has been profound, whose memories will be gratefully revered by all the boys they taught—but James Baxendale was the greatest of them all. Ask any Old Boy of either school, and his answer will be convincing proof.

His personality was truly remarkable; quiet and unobtrusive, it had a most pervading quality. It inspired trust, it called for friendship. Unsought, his friends came. They were legion, and they ranged from infancy to age. The true foundation of friendship is loyalty, and his was a loyalty, to all he knew, as beautifully simple as it was strong and unswerving. To his superior officers he gave it in unstinted measure, and in like measure he gave it to his boys. It was a loyalty that made him see beneath the superficial fault, beyond the blemish, to the core,—till he found the hidden

and inevitable good. And so he had in his keeping the hearts of a multitude. What a personality for a teacher! It placed in his hands a tremendous power, and this he wielded for great good. All that he felt of the dignity of work, of the beauty and the wonder of the world, of man's "high sensibilities," of the joy of living, of understanding sympathy, of simple pleasures,—all that he felt of these, and of much more, he conveyed in some subtle way of his own. The subject of the lesson, the fact learned, might soon be forgotten, but **these** remained,—and these are education. No boy came under such influence and remained indifferent to it. For that matter, no man or woman either. No boy came from him but was the better for the meeting. He had caught something finely inspiring, something of a great Faith. He believed more in himself; he was resolved to do even the humble task well; he knew for all time that the game and not the prize counted most; and, best of all, he had made a friend, an intimate, kindly friend, enduring and solidly comforting. Again, the Old Boys of the two great schools will bear eloquent witness.

Mention should be made of his conviction that the development of individuality is the basis of education. So tritely and often have people said this that it often means nothing, but to James Baxendale it was a living truth. He did feel that Nature differentiated in every single thing it created. So every boy differed from his fellows. He took strict account of this difference, and that meant intimately knowing each boy. His knowledge of his boys was astounding. A rare insight was his, a kindly shrewdness and a deep sympathy that told him that the race of boys—like the race of men—was to be greatly pitied. He knew his boys, and was able to help in the cultivation of their individual qualities, for he held that nothing worth while is done in the slavish imitation of others. In the class room and on the playing field he ever showed that school was not a preparation for life—it was life. All this was the work of infinite patience and infinite pains, but it was apparently so effortless that it did not seem work at all. He never forgot a boy and what he had learned of him.—The feat of memory alone is amazing.

In point of scholarship he was least outstand-



JAMES BAXENDALE.

ing, though his learning was very considerable. But he was decidedly not the bookish student. He loved Literature and was widely read; his appreciation of the great and beautiful was sincerely deep; but he held that Literature was not as great as Life: it might interpret and reflect, but living was greater still . . . It was a fine thing to meet the men and women of the plays and novels, but finer still to know intimately the men and

women around him; it was thrilling to see the mighty past through the eyes of the historian, but more thrilling still to be a real part of the mighty present. For he believed Life and Literature to be complements, and to neglect either meant to miss much of living; also, to read for the sake of reading, to learn for the mere sake of learning, to gather knowledge for the sake of storing, were futile. This is a simple statement of his faith, an

attempt to paraphrase the lesson he taught for over twenty years.

With such convictions strongly held, his teaching was most inspiring. It provided that strongest of incentives to learn: this must be read, that must be observed, for they are needed, needed greatly,—and never was the lack of them felt before.

In almost any profession, James Baxendale, with his high intellectual powers, his outstanding personality, his energy, his organising ability and

amazing power of leadership, would have won to fame. In his chosen profession he closed the door to it. But he is none the less great who greatly uses great talents. Let us rejoice that he became a teacher, for the profession has been blessed indeed in his services. He was a great teacher, a great citizen, a great man,—and perhaps the finest of all,—a great friend.

J.L.T.

A PUPIL'S TRIBUTE TO MR. BAXENDALE.

There are about ten or eleven years in a boy's school life, and when they are done with, I do not suppose we recollect very distinctly any more than an insignificant number of the days which compose them. Nevertheless, there are certain days which form exceptions, days which we shall always remember, even at the remotest period of life, some admiringly, some joyfully, but others, alas, in sorrow.

One such day of deep regret and sadness was the 28th February of this year, when the tidings reached the School of the death of our dearly loved friend and teacher, Mr. Baxendale. The news was at first unconfirmed, and I can very well recall the hushed expectancy with which we sat awaiting further information, and hoping in vain. I think we implicitly felt that the worst must be realized. For, beyond a deeper stillness than before, there was no change in the class when we could no longer doubt.

It was a day of gloom for the entire school; there were few who had not at some time or other been privileged to be numbered among Mr. Baxendale's pupils, and certainly none who was not familiar with him at least by sight or reputation.

All of us who knew Mr. Baxendale as a teacher have special cause to remember him. Some masters are unfortunately unable to see beyond their own subject, and thereby narrow the scope of their teaching.

Lamb has a tale of Boyer, of Christ's Hospital, who could never laugh at a jest unless it were drawn from antiquity, an extreme instance of the type.

None of this restriction to subject characterized Mr. Baxendale or his teaching. He was a fine

teacher of English language and literature, but as Mr. Williams, our late Headmaster, declared during the recent Speech Day, he was much more, being a friend and adviser to his pupils.

Indeed, well versed though he was in the teaching of his own particular subject, Mr. Baxendale's first concern was the future lives of his pupils. Certain of us, I remember, failed to recognise the special requirements of examinations, answering some questions too fully, or adopting standards impossible in the circumstances. Many times did Mr Baxendale urge us to be practical, and warn us that our future careers were at stake. Doubtless he considered that if we learned to meet the difficulties of school life in a practical way, we would deal capably with later difficulties of adult life. He was wont to recall old Fortians who had been successful after leaving school as an incitement to us, and I think he found very great pleasure in reviewing their careers.

In the course of our wanderings about the School, we frequently met Mr. Baxendale in the corridors or on the stairs, and invariably he acknowledged us by a kindly nod of greeting. Often, too, he would draw one or other of our number aside, and in the ensuing conversation offer words of advice and encouragement. Probably Mr. Baxendale helped us on these occasions more than he was aware. His expressions of confidence in us increased our confidence in ourselves, and made us feel that we really could do something with our studies.

During the lessons it was Mr. Baxendale's practice to have us express our own opinion and discuss the subject in hand. He himself listened attentively occasionally intervening to expand or

elucidate some idea or to express some word of praise. His class discussion was an entirely distinctive feature of his periods, and while it assisted his pupils, it no doubt enabled him to assess their respective abilities, for I am certain that, in order to do this, he did not depend alone on examinations.

Concerning the particular works of any given writer, Mr Baxendale resolutely declined to express his own views. He rather made it his duty to relate impartially these works to life itself, to interpret the world for us by their light, and to apply conclusions to our circumstances as they might conceivably be in the future. Not that his lessons became grave discourses on the difficulties of existence; on the contrary, every lesson had its spice of humour, for humour seemed inevitably

to grow out of the general discussion, and none appreciated it more heartily than Mr. Baxendale. He was wont, too, in the course of his teaching, to employ a kind of banter, very nicely designed to restrain a presumptuous pupil, yet the victim never thought for a moment of taking offence.

Mr. Baxendale was dear to his pupils, both young and old. He was a true gentleman, and by the quality of his teaching and an indefinable charm of personality his character has been written into all our lives. Only in the future, when we walk those paths for which he so constantly sought to prepare us, shall we be able fully to appraise his influence on us, and then shall we cherish and honour his memory even more than to-day.

C. O'BRIEN.

BLACK SAIL INN.

Black Sail Inn was an inn of long standing, and one well-known in the countryside of Warwickshire, in the Elizabethan period.

The inn was old and grim in appearance, with vines twining over its walls, and over the dark, forbidding wooden doorway swung the sign, "Black Sail Inn."

Its reputation was one of evil and bad deeds, and its host was of doubtful character.

It was said by the folk in the district that many plots of evil were planned within its walls; the stealing of money, jewels and gold, the killing of the innocent, and the way-laying of peaceful folk.

Every night the inn was filled with men. Old men hardened to the game, their coarse laughter ringing out and echoing in the musty, cobwebbed rafters of the bar-room.

Young men, innocent once, draw into this circle of evil by their association with murderers and robbers, were forever gathered into the folds of wickedness and wrong-doing.

'Twas said that this was the haunt of the leader of a band, who was called "Arrow," and every night he would sit before the log-fire and devise his evil crimes. He was a man of powerful domination, and he was wont to sit staring into the log-fire, not speaking to anyone, and not moving at all.

His left hand grasped a mug of beer, in which danced the sparkling motes, whilst his other brawny hand grasped his right knee.

His dress was neat, though he was of tall build. He lounged well back in his seat, and a stock of coarse black hair fell forward on his forehead. His brow was prominent, and the shaggy eyebrows were drawn together, causing a deep furrow.

His eyes were like little black beads, greed and cruelty glinting in them, and as he stared intently into the fire, one could easily imagine a victim quailing beneath their powerful gaze.

His rough lips were pursed, and he uttered not a word, whilst his chin was set square, showing power and determination. His cheeks were hollow and of a dull pasty colour.

Every now and then he lifted the mug of beer and gulped down a mouthful of the liquid, and then he would smack his lips. During this his eyes never moved their gaze from the fire.

When he did speak, his voice marked him as a born leader, and all those who heard him obeyed, for they held him in awe. When in anger his eyes flashed like fire and as he walked, each foot was planted firmly on the ground.

His strength was great, and he was the leader of a powerful and sinister band of men, and thus he sat each night till midnight, planning and advising schemes of wickedness.

And so this inn remained, feared by the folk in its neighbourhood, and held in dread by the hearers of tales told of its evil.

H. CADELL, 3D.

SPEECH DAY 1935

Once again it was found necessary to hold our annual Speech Day in the Strand Theatre, Leichhardt. As in preceding years, the large attendance of boys and parents could not be accommodated in the School Memorial Hall. But it is hoped that this difficulty will be overcome in the near future by the proposed enlargement of the School Hall.

B. C. Harkness, Esq., M.A., Chief Inspector of Schools, took the chair, and the day's programme began with the hearty singing of the School Song. Very interesting speeches were delivered by Mr. Harkness, Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, M.L.A., Mr. Kennedy, President of Old Boys' Union, K. R.

Cramp, Esq., who later presented the Hume Barbour Trophy, the Mayor of Petersham, and Mr. J. A. Williams. Others present included Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Christmas, Miss Harkness, and Mr. Soloman. Musical items, rendered between speeches by boys of the School, provided entertainment. Numerous prizes were presented by Mrs. Stevens to the successful students, and Mr. Harkness presented the sports trophies. Eventually the proceedings concluded with the singing of the National Anthem. The reports of the Headmaster and Sportsmaster are given below.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT, 1934.

It is my privilege to present the report of the Fort Street Boys' High School for the year 1934.

The highest enrolment for the year was 752, distributed through the years as follows:—1st Year, 158; 2nd Year, 176; 3rd Year, 148; 4th Year, 150; 5th Year, 120.

219 new pupils were enrolled during the year, 146 in 1st Year and 60 in the Upper School.

The number of boys forced to repeat their final year was fewer than in the previous years, and the following comparisons are interesting.

I take these figures from the May term of each year.

	1931	1932	1933	1934	Dec., 1934
	Effective				
Enrolment ..	877	956	871	752	640
Upper School	402	449	374	270	191

And as we have, this present year, lost 41 boys from the Upper School, it will be seen that our great worry about placing boys in employment is much lessened, although it has not entirely disappeared.

Attendance. When a boy commences his secondary education, it becomes imperative that it should be broken as little as possible, and I would ask for a fuller co-operation of parents in this matter. Although absence from school is in many cases unavoidable, I feel that there are

too many absences which could easily be avoided by a little thought on the part of parents. A regular punctual habit of doing one's job is a wonderful asset in these days of competition and stress. For this reason, alone, would home study be justified; but, in addition, the formation of a regular habit of diligence with some sacrifice, more apparent than real, is most valuable in these days of adolescence.

The school, while offering the opportunity for preparation for entrance into any walk of life, is primarily a training school for citizenship. Those pupils who have the advantages of a secondary education should provide the leaders of their day and generation. And this needs to be kept well in mind. Parents may be forgiven for wishing their boys to obtain a situation, but at the same time should remember that "Life is something more than a matter of pounds, shillings and pence."

Examination Successes. The recent examination results were eminently satisfactory, and reflected much credit on the School and the majority of the candidates.

At the Leaving Certificate examination 78 passed, 55 qualifying for Matriculation. 12 gained University Exhibitions, while 2 candidates (Godard and Shearer) won University Bursaries. 6-



L. S. GODDARD, Dux of School, 1934.
By courtesy of "S.M.H."

gained entrance to the Public Service, and several won Teachers' College Scholarships. 16 gained 1st Class and 26 2nd Class Honours. I mention a few of the passes:—

Laurence Goddard, with three 1st Class Honours and four "A" passes, gained 1st place in the State for Physics, 1st place for University Bursary, and 1st place in the State Public Service Examination.

William Shearer, with three 1st Class Honours, 1 A and 3 B's, gained a University Bursary.

J. P. McAuley.—1st Class Honours in English and two 2nd Class Honours.

N. F. Stevens.—1st Class Honours in Physics and two 2nd Class Honours.

C. Laurence.—Three 2nd Class Honours.

C. Leathardt.—Two 1st Class Honours in Mathematics I. and II., and one 2nd Class Honour.

K. F. Walker.—Two 2nd Class Honours and 3 A's.

P. J. Grimes.—1st Class Honours in English.

O. Porter.—2nd Class Honours in both Latin and Greek.

At the Intermediate Certificate Examination 123 boys passed, the best passes being those of S. A. Davies, J. Denham, M. Totterdell, each with 7 A's, O. Boardman, J. Brennan, I. Dunlop, E. Walter and W. Waugh, each with 6 A's and 1 B. P. L. Weatherburn, 5 A's, 2 B's.

Eight boys also gained entrance to the Public Service at this examination.

PRINCIPAL PRIZES.

Among the prizes for presentation are:—

The Killeen Memorial Prize, presented by Mrs. Killeen in memory of her husband to the Dux of the School. This has been won by Laurence Goddard, who also wins Dr. Verco's prize for Mathematics.

The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize, for the best essay on an Australian subject ("The Problem of Northern Tropical Australia" was the subject this year), won by C. B. Ferguson, was presented by the Hon. Justice Evatt.

The Stevens Prize, for the best essay on an economic subject,—“Business and the Government,”—presented by the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, Premier, was won by Gordon Ratcliffe.

Both these essays provoked very good efforts, and the quality in each case was of very high merit.

The Old Boys' Union Prize for the best Fortian is to be awarded to N. F. Stevens.

The Headmaster's Prize for School Service will be awarded to J. P. McAuley.

Prizes for Accountancy, donated by Hemingway and Robertson, Metropolitan Business College, and Blennerhassett Institute, have been won by D. Pulsford, N. F. Stevens and L. K. Harris respectively. The Australian Radio College Scholarship was won by K. Bond. Other prizes will be announced at the presentation.

THE SCHOOL UNION.

The various activities of the Union have been well maintained during the year. Its finances, ably managed by Mr. Stanley, have been used to the best advantage.

The Library, still under the capable control of Mr. Rose, has made many additions to its shelves, and badly needs a new press.

The Fortian, with Mr. Fitzpatrick as Editor, has maintained its standard.

The Annual Play Day was a great success. Mr. Harrison, ably assisted by Messrs. Moss, Humphries, Bauer, Waterer, and other members of the Staff, provided entertainment of high quality, reflecting great credit on their training.

The Ladies' Committee, under the presidency of Mrs. Rogers, proved a most valuable aid, and

the results of their efforts, added to the donations, enabled the School to maintain its donations to the various hospitals.

The School Debating Classes have been productive of success again this year. Mr. Rose's team, consisting of K. F. Walker (Leader), N. F. Stevens and W. Shearer, were successful in retaining the valuable Hume Barbour Trophy for debating among the High Schools. The medals won by the team were presented by Mr. K. R. Cramp, O.B.E., who by his efforts was largely responsible for obtaining this trophy for competition.

Empire Day was fittingly celebrated, and the addresses delivered by the pupils were worthy of the occasion, and were enjoyed by the large audience assembled. Two of the boys delivered addresses to the pupils of the Ultimo Public School on the same day.

The Annual Seniors' Dinner to their teachers and fathers was again a great success, and the toasts given under the chairmanship of the School Captain, J. McAuley, were warmly received by the surprised parents.

I have tried to stress this side of the School work on account of its great importance, and would ask parents to do their share in seeing that Union subscriptions are paid promptly, so that these various activities of the School Union may have the fullest opportunity to function at their best.

The system of self-government and control has operated again this year successfully in respect to the Captain and Prefects. The School Captain chosen was J. P. McAuley, with G. Nichol as Senior Prefect. The Captain for the present year (1935) is J. Berry, with L. Ringland as Senior Prefect. The remaining Prefects chosen are K. Binns, L. Cohen, S. Collis, F. Fooke, H. Johns, T. Krok, J. Lyons, J. MacDonald, D. Roberts, J. Sanders, F. Schuback, J. Shepherd, R. Walker and D. Watts.

The Sportsmaster, Mr. L. Johnson, has kept the sport of the School well organised, and I will leave the report of this important branch of the School work to that gentleman.

This, however, I would say, sports afternoon is not a School holiday, and should not be regarded as such by any parent. If your boy, under your supervision after school hours, works diligently, he still needs something more. He should learn

to play a game with a team, and I am hoping to find there will be less opposition than appears at present for boys partaking of that best of team games for boys—football. We are careful to see that boys play in their own class, and while not wishing to decry other games such as tennis, I am convinced that, unless some good physical reason exists, parents are doing their children lasting wrong by preventing them from taking part in this particular sport.

ACCOMMODATION.

The accommodation at this School is not sufficient for the numbers attending it, nor is it worthy of a School of its importance and tradition. To have boys moving about all day, without proper seats, and boys in hat rooms and other inconvenient places, sounds like the "bad old days." However, the plans are being prepared, and it is to be hoped that nothing will be allowed to stop the new classrooms and enlarged Hall from becoming an accomplished fact. The cramped conditions, added to the lack of soundproof windows, undoubtedly detract from the success of the pupils.

STAFF CHANGES.

In November last the clock completed its full round, and the Headmaster, Mr. J. A. Williams, who had worthily guided the destinies of the School for eight and a half years, retired, while still full of vigour and efficiency. I am pleased, however, to record that his retirement from the service was worthily acknowledged by parents, pupils, staff and former colleagues at several functions. I was able to be present at one, and was struck by the spontaneous tributes paid to Mr. Williams, both as a teacher and as a man.

Other teachers removed were Messrs. J. R. Perry, W. Kirkwood and J. J. Dennehy, whose places have been filled by Messrs. E. F. Hallman, L. G. Beatty and M. S. Cannon.

I know that Mr. Williams would not like me to complete this report without reference to the staff.

During the year they gave him their whole-hearted support, carrying out their many duties with a cheerfulness and self-sacrifice without which no school could function successfully. Mr. Harrison, as Deputy Headmaster, set an example of devotion to duty which was followed by the rest of the staff, and rendered the work of the

Headmaster in his last year of service a joy, counteracting the sadness consequent on retirement from the profession he loved so well.

In a staff which is in all cases loyal and hard-working it is hard to single out individuals, but I would like to record the special work done by Mr. Burgin in his careful management of the School finances and his work as liaison officer to the Ladies' Committee along with Mr. Stanley, and also Mr. Parker, who undertakes so many extra duties that the School would be lost without his presence.

To the many friends of the School our thanks are due. To the Ladies' Committee, who were a tower of strength at Play Day and the various social functions during the year. Mrs. Rogers and her team of ladies did yeoman service. I was treated to a sample of their worth when they said good-bye to Mr. C. Bauer, who left early in the year, after a long and honorable service in the School.

To the donors of prizes we would also offer our best thanks, and at the same time express the hope that others will come forward and present prizes which are needed, and for which the few funds of the School have to be used.

In this connection I would mention the opportunity given to any who are not able to give an annual prize. Early this year our esteemed colleague and teacher, Mr. James Baxendale, met an untimely fate, and those who knew him wish to commemorate his memory in the way he would wish. To do this we wish to raise sufficient money to endow an annual prize or prizes for English in the School, the subject he so capably and efficiently taught.

We would thank Mrs. Killeen, the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, the Hon. Justice Evatt, Dr. Verco, the Old Boys' Union, for prizes on the scholastic side, and also the donors of trophies for sport, Messrs. W. E. Lyons & Co. for loan of furniture on Play Days and Speech Days; Messrs. Wadell's Ltd, proprietors of this theatre, and all those who in any way have done anything to uphold and forward the traditions of Fort Street Boys' High School.

And last a word for myself. I desire to acknowledge the welcome accorded me by the Ladies' Committee, the Old Boys' Union and my staff. The ready acquiescence of the staff in the necessary change in Head has given me the encourage-

ment needed when following a long line of successful headmasters who have guided the destinies of this School for the best part of a century.

PRIZE LIST. FIFTH YEAR.

L. S. Goddard: Dux of School, 1st General Proficiency, 1st Physics (1st in State at Leaving Certificate), 1st Mechanics, 1st French. Killeen Memorial Prize; Dr. Verco Prize for Mathematics.

W. G. Shearer: 2nd General Proficiency, 2nd Mathematics, 2nd Physics (4th in State at L.C.), 2nd Mechanics.

J. P. McAuley: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st English, 1st German, 2nd French. Headmaster's Prize for School Service. Best Female Impersonation at Play Day.

P. Grimes: 2nd English.

C. B. Ferguson: 1st History, Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize.

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

L. G. Aiken: 1st Chemistry.

R. Pacey: 1st Geography, J. Taylor Prize for Geography at Leaving Certificate.

N. Stevens: 1st Economics, 3rd Physics (1st Class Honours), Old Boys' Union Prize for Best Fortian.

G. J. Ratcliffe: Stevens' Prize for Best Economic Essay.

H. Stewart: Best Verse contributed to The Fortian.

FOURTH YEAR.

R. A. Cary: 1st General Proficiency, 1st Latin, 1st French, 1st History, 1st Physics, 2nd English.

N. Hing: 2nd General Proficiency.

J. N. Macdonald: 3rd General Proficiency.

J. V. Lyons: 1st English, 1st Chemistry.

D. M. Watts: 1st Mathematics.

G. Griffiths: 1st Geography.

F. Schuback: 1st Economics.

A. E. Gibson: Best Senior Sustained Character at Play Day.

D. N. Alderton: 1st Mechanics.

THIRD YEAR.

S. A. Davis: 1st General Proficiency, Best Pass at Intermediate Certificate Examination (7 A's).

J. Denham: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st Mathematics I., 1st Mathematics II., 1st History, 2nd Best Pass at Intermediate.

P. Weatherburn: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st Science.

- M. Totterdell:** 4th General Proficiency.
D. A. Fraser: 1st English.
N. Medcalf: 2nd History.
H. Clarkson: 1st Latin, 1st French.
F. R. Heaney: 1st Business Principles and Shorthand.
G. A. Aiken: J. Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography at Intermediate Examination.

SECOND YEAR.

- H. Smythe:** 1st General Proficiency (aeq.), 1st History, 1st French.
F. Waterer: 1st General Proficiency (aeq.), 1st English, 1st Geography.
J. Appleby: 3rd General Proficiency.
D. Hogan: 4th General Proficiency, 1st Mathematics I., 1st Science.
K. Campbell: 5th General Proficiency.
L. Young: 1st English.
F. Austin: 1st Mathematics II.
J. Hooke: 1st Latin.
J. E. Fell: 1st Business Principles and Shorthand.
A. G. Chave: 1st German.

- H. B. Cadell:** Best Junior Female Impersonator at Play Day.

FIRST YEAR.

- H. Lunney:** 1st General Proficiency, 1st French (aeq.).
K. McIntyre: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st History, 1st Latin, 1st French (aeq.).
J. Laycock: 3rd General Proficiency.
J. Watts: 4th General Proficiency, 1st Mathematics I.
G. Mulvey: 5th General Proficiency.
D. G. Stewart: 6th General Proficiency.
O. Griffiths: 1st English.
R. Hill: 1st Geography (aeq.).
C. Ireland: 1st Geography (aeq.).
D. Farmer: 1st Mathematics II., 1st Business Principles and Shorthand.
M. Watson: 1st Science.
W. P. McDonald: Best Junior Sustained Character at Play Day.
W. J. Wooster: Special Prize for Acting at Play Day.

THE SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT.

Following our custom, we entered a full quota of teams in all competitions conducted by the P.S.A.A.A., thus providing competitive games for a large percentage of our boys. Unfortunately, our best material is not always available for these contests. The fact is that roughly half the boys of the School take no part in team games. This condition of affairs cannot be allowed to continue.

I have stated from this platform that every boy should be allowed to play the game of his choice; but experience has caused me to modify this view. I have come to the conclusion that boys need some direction in the matter. They do not know what is really best for them. The value of team games is so obvious that the point need not be laboured. Suffice it to say that every boy attending Fort Street will, in future, be expected to take part in team games. That is, he must play a team game in either the summer season or the winter season. He may do both if he so desires. The only excuse for non-participation is physical disability which debars vigorous exercise.

AWARD OF BLUES.

The small number of "blues" awarded for sporting activities of the past season bears witness to

the unusual weakness of our efforts in many directions. The "blue" is the School's highest award in the sporting sphere, and a presentation is made only when there is outstanding merit.

The following boys have qualified for the honour:—

C. Cumming: Vice-Captain of the Rugby Union team, and a capable centre three-quarter.

A. McGilvray: The brilliant full-back of the Rugby team.

H. Kennington: An alert breakaway in the same team.

P. Schmidt: A distinguished member of last season's water polo team, and the Captain of the present team.

A. Jurd: The champion tennis player of the School, and winner of the Anderson Cup.

H. Rothwell: Another capable tennis player, who partnered Jurd in many victories.

The following players also qualified, but they have already received the honour:—

M. Wark: The only outstanding cricketer during last season. He now plays 1st grade cricket for Western Suburbs.

A. Burge: The most outstanding swimmer attending the School in recent years.

RUGBY UNION.

Six grade teams engaged in competition matches.

The 1st grade contest was probably the most unsatisfactory yet conducted. Through circumstances outside the control of the High Schools' Sports Committee, or of our own team, we were wrongfully excluded from the final round when our players were performing very proficiently.

However, the premiership was awarded to Hurlstone Agricultural High School. They were the strongest team of the season, and we congratulate them.

Of the other grade teams, the fifths made the best showing, but were beaten into third place. All other teams were much weaker than in previous years. But our players enjoyed their experiences, and their improved knowledge of the game should stand them in good stead later on.

SOCCER.

For the fifth season in succession the first grade team were undefeated premiers. Our team scored 81 goals, while their opponents failed to notch a single score against them.

Seven members of the team were chosen to represent C.H.S., under the captaincy of Stan Raine.

Our 2nd grade team was narrowly beaten into second place.

CRICKET.

In this department of sport we were thoroughly outclassed by our opponents. Very little first-class talent was offering, and though considerable improvement resulted from assiduous practice, we failed to reach the high standard which is essential to success.

The third and fourth grade teams, which are composed of younger boys, were much more successful than the seniors, and this fact augurs well for the future.

TENNIS.

The standard of tennis played by our boys in competitions was very satisfactory. The third and fourth grade teams won premiership honours; the first grade team was narrowly beaten by Parramatta High School in the final round, while the second team was placed fourth. Constant practice and careful coaching are responsible for this improved position.

WATER POLO.

The season just closed has left us lamenting

the loss of that great swimmer, Arthur Burge, who was also the captain of the water polo team.

At the conclusion of the season we tied for first place with Technical High School, after four rounds of play. Our success was chiefly due to the inspiring leadership and skilful play of the captain, ably assisted by Phil Schmidt, and supported by the other members of a very fine team.

SWIMMING.

At the Annual Carnival organised by Mr. Rose, honours in the senior division went to F. Brown, with J Sanders in second place.

The Junior Cup was annexed by Phil Schmidt for the second time, thus adding another trophy to the large number won by himself and his brothers in School competitions. D. Callaghan occupied second place in the Junior Championship.

In the Under 14 Competition, the Taylor Cup was won easily by R. Wells, with N. Jenkins as runner-up.

The only School record broken at the Carnival was the Under 14 33 yards breaststroke championship, which was established some years ago by Arthur Burge. It was no small feat of J. Appleby to lower the record of such a noted swimmer, and we offer our congratulations.

LIFE SAVING.

A new competition was inaugurated by the Royal Life Saving Society during the past season. This contest was open to all schoolboys of the State, and carried with it the Taylor Cup.

Our team, consisting of K. Binns (captain), F. Rigg, J. Wilson and G. Olding, and trained by Mr. Humphries, put up a very creditable performance, gaining 122 points, and occupying second place to the premiers, Knox College, who scored 128 points.

During the year, of a class of 65 new boys who could not swim, 57 were passed out as proficient, while the remaining eight are well on the way to learning the very useful art of swimming. We expect every boy in the School to be able to swim, and we refuse to allow participation in any other sport in summer until this end is achieved.

The following awards of the Royal Life Saving Society were gained by our boys:—

Silver Award of Merit: F. Brown.

Instructors, 1st class: F. Brown, F. Rigg, R. Murphy.

Bronze Medallion, Bar and Ribbon: R. Murphy.
Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate:
 J. Parker, E. Gibson, P. Kirwan, C. Carter, C. Arnold, K. Manuel, R. Gillespie, R. Arthur, I. Robinson.

ATHLETICS.

This is still the weakest branch of School sport. There is no member of the staff who is keenly interested in this sphere of activity, and in general we lack the knowledge necessary for effective training.

Further, the School Union, owing to shortage of funds, has instructed me not to purchase athletic prizes, so that on this occasion a single prize is available for presentation, the Rogers Cup for the senior championship.

Here is an opportunity for friends of the School or old boys interested in athletics to render us valuable assistance, either on the training ground, or by the presentation of trophies.

At our Annual Carnival the quality of performances was below the average, but competition was exceedingly keen.

In the senior division A. McGilvray, C. Cumming and D. Chudleigh tied for first place. As all three

competitors competed at the C.H.S. Carnival, the School Union decided to award the single trophy to the boy who performed best in open company. As a result, D. Chudleigh eclipsed his companions. The pity is that three cups were not available.

In the junior division, Stratton won the championship, with Fox second.

In the under 14 championship, Glen and Mutton tied for first place.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing our sincere thanks to the donors of valuable trophies.

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

W. Kerr, Esq., of George Street, City: Cup for 2nd, senior swimming championship.

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

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

Mellor Studios, Parramatta Road, Petersham: One dozen photographs.

And **Messrs. W. Cousins**, of Angus & Robertson Ltd., **B. Owen**, of Owen's Bag Store, and **Macrae Knitting Mills**, for other valuable trophies.

A LETTER FROM MR. BAUER.

The following is a letter from Mr. Bauer to a member of the staff. We know that all his friends will be interested to learn how thoroughly he is enjoying his voyage, and send him their good wishes for a long and happy holiday and a safe return to Australia.

Half day from Colombo,
 Indian Ocean,
 16th April, 1935.

Dear —,

The journey, so far, has been most enjoyable; favourable weather; pleasant company; comfortable quarters; and a most attentive crew. The captain and his officers are untiring in their efforts to make our trip as enjoyable as possible. All kinds of deck games are played. Each night a picture-show, a concert, or an entertainment of some sort is arranged.

The time seems to be passing far too quickly. The function of "Crossing the Line" was carried out with the usual tribute to Neptune by the novices, of whom there are 19 on board amongst the 50 passengers. I was chosen for the part of Neptune. We crossed the Line on Sunday, 14th, at 10.30 p.m. An Equatorial Dinner, given by

the captain and officers to the passengers, was part of the programme, the passengers attending in fancy costumes. I went as Australia. The costume consisted of posters from the Tourist Bureau. A dance till midnight followed.

There is a swimming bath on board—a tank made of sail-cloth in a wooden frame, about 14ft by 30ft by 5½ft. This is much appreciated by the passengers. I make its acquaintance at least twice a day.

I am feeling in the pink of condition, down to every meal, and taking an active part in every movement on board. "This is the life."

Mr friend, Mr. Belochner, is looking 20 years younger already. For myself I won't say. If the same conditions prevail till the end of the trip, we will feel as if we are starting life over again.

Give kind regards to all the members of the staff. I haven't had time for reflection on the past; the present keeps me fully engaged. Not one dull moment since leaving.

We hope to reach Colombo about 8 p.m., and leave again to-morrow at noon.

Sincerely yours, CON BAUER.

June, 1935.

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THE TELL-TALE RING—A SHORT STORY.

You who have known me so long and so intimately, can scarcely have failed to remark the strange circumstance that, although I am not by nature a brave man, I can brook no slight unavenged, and that during periods of resentment I am capable of quick and resolute action. On the fateful occasion I have now in mind the insult offered me was dire, and recourse to arms was my immediate resolution. The challenge leaped from my lips. I drew my opponent to the roadside, and we primed and loaded with not a word more between us. Of the rest I have little need to speak. A moment more and the stain on my pride was effaced forever.

I hastened forward and knelt beside the body, which lay passive and strangely grotesque beneath my touch. Even when I perceived the heart had ceased to beat I continued to examine it, perhaps with some premonition of future events. The countenance was harsh, and held, I thought, a menacing expression even in death, due to the dark intensity of the eyes and the beetling black brows; the swarthy flush of youth and life yet hung on the full cheek; for, indeed, the corpse was that of a young and powerful man, save for the same sullen lower, whence his features borrowed a species of ugly maturity.

The first shock of the encounter over, I was not without some fears for the future, for the duel was not now lawful, and vigorous measures were being taken to suppress it. It now suddenly occurred to me that the neighbourhood had long been ill-famed as the resort of highway robbers, and that, if I pillaged the body, the death of my antagonist might be imputed to their activities. I therefore rapidly began to search the corpse; in one pocket I discovered several gold and silver coins; in another a bundle of papers; and in the fob a silver hunting watch. The papers I scattered upon the grass as being worthless, and the remaining articles I carefully concealed on my own person, to be thrown into a stream which I must cross some miles farther on my way.

As I rose to depart, I perceived upon the third finger of the left hand a ring, set with a ruby, evidently of considerable value. This I removed and transferred to my own pocket, to be cast away with the other articles. O lamentable circumstance, which I have never ceased to deplore.

Having pillaged the body, I did not stay an

instant. My sole thought was to be gone from the spot. It was unlikely that the body would be discovered before the morrow, for there remained but an hour ere dusk.

But an intuitive consciousness of terror and impending fate had clutched me: a chilliness, as of cold crystal, clung to my heart; I was awed and terrified by my own timidity.

Nevertheless, these fears in no wise diverted or impeded my original plans. The incident was unhappy, but in boldness lay the course to safety. During ten long years the colony had grown unfamiliar with my steps, and now I would be secure in this alienation. I had but landed that day; I must hasten homeward with all possible expediency, and once there I would lose myself in the joy of an unexpected return.

With these ideas shaping in my mind, I sped from the field. Some five miles yet separated me from my destination, and I set spurs to my horse in order to arrive before nightfall. Even then it was darker than customary at that hour, for a flying legion of clouds had blown up from the south, obscuring the pale afternoon sunshine. I rode for some time, for the most part at a great pace, and all the way with the same cold fear in my stomach. Eventually I reached a wild and dreary extent of waste moorland nearly five leagues to the north of X and in the midst of this arose my father's house, for hither I had come.

It was a tall, severe edifice, built of grey stone, forming two wings in the shape of a right angle, one being larger and more massive than the other. Only the roof, however, was visible from the road, since a thick and verdurous grove of trees cloaked the lower storey in deep shade. These, save for a few native chestnuts, were oaks and elms, and constituted almost the sole foliage on the moorland. Above the grey flood of clouds hung low and heavy, like the canopy of a pavilion, unbroken except for one western rift, which disclosed the setting sun, like a running sore in the surface of the sky.

I paused a moment to survey the scene, and then turned into the shaded avenue of trees. Immediately ahead gaped the heavy portal of the house, for by some freak of architecture it was more portal than door; and in the jaws of this entrance I fancied I could discern a short, white-

haired figure, half-dissolved, it seemed, in the blackness. This fancy became a reality, when the figure started forward with the quaint, toddling gait of infancy and age.

For ten years I had not looked on my father, but now I could no longer doubt that it was he, though infinitely older, infinitely more withered, and infinitely weaker than I had known him. These changes I observed even in the half-mirk, and now his voice, too, struck strangely upon me in its vibrant nervousness, a quality unusual in him.

"Ah! Ah! So you have come at last," said he, after our first greetings; "you have come, as I told Mr. Eindwhan you would. Your letter did not bid me expect you to-day, but, just now I heard the sound of hoofs, and, after excusing myself to Mr. Eindwhan, I came out here."

"And who is this Mr. Eindwhan, father?" I asked, curious at such a name.

"Ah!" he replied very softly, and, for the time giving no direct response, "I have had worries, very many worries since you left. That is why you see me so old now. I have fallen into debt, and Mr. Eindwhan is one of my creditors, you see. He and his son are passing a few weeks here with me. The son is away in town at present. Come in and I will introduce you.

With these words he drew me within the great porch, and closed the door behind us. A long, dark hall, sufficiently narrow to be taken for a passage, now lay before us, and at the end of it I could see the red glow of firelight. Towards this we walked, and in a moment came upon the large, wainscotted drawing room, for my father loved to furnish in the old English style. The fire in the huge blackened hearth provided the sole light, and served to illuminate the apartment dimly, in which the more remote objects loomed forth as fantastic masses of shadow. Underfoot, the thick, deep carpetings yielded with a brushing sound; all the furniture was of black mahogany, wherein twinkled many tiny flames reflected from the fire; dark shapes and shadows on the upper walls indicated rows of paintings; and the main window, trellised but uncurtained, appeared as a rectangle, of lighter shade than the surrounding walls. A massive table, laid for supper, was set with winking crystalware.

All this I saw at a glance, and, indeed, little of the scene was new to me. The noise of our entrance, however, had already aroused our guest,

and my attention was speedily directed to him, as he stepped forth from the shadows. He was attired completely in black, a colour peculiarly in unison with the setting of the room, and the heavy, dark frown which hung perpetually on his face. Indeed, this scowl was a distinctive feature of his person, and somehow set vibrating in my mind a chord of memory, which I could in no way stir to full recollection, try as I might. For the rest, his cheek was sallow and slightly swarthy; his eye deep, liquid, and prophetic; while a coldness of bearing and address clung to him like an icicle.

I retired to my room to prepare for the approaching meal, and having returned, we were soon seated at table. Little, however, passed between us, for the chill demeanour of our guest weighed heavily upon our spirits, and I remarked that he seemed as much master in the house as my father.

The pervading gloom finally grew so oppressive, I remember, that I rose hastily to stir the fire, and in the sudden effusion of light which followed, a small object upon the floor gleamed with a peculiar red lustre. Mr. Eindwhan started forward in his chair, and, with an exclamation, picked it up. He then stared long and perplexedly at it, and turned to me.

"Sir," said he, regarding me very intently and curiously, "I think this fell from your pocket a few moments ago," and, as he spoke, he passed me a small ring. The trinket was set with a large ruby, cut in the semblance of a leaf, and this singularity convinced me that it could be none other than the one I had removed from the hand of my dead antagonist, and which I had somehow overlooked and left in my pocket when I cast the remaining articles into the stream.

My agitation was extreme, and must have come very near to betraying me, for only after several seconds could I muster courage to thank my companion. Then I explained, though still in a halting fashion, that I had by chance bought the ring on the Continent, years since.

"Yes, yes," he replied, "a mere matter of likeness puzzled me. I have often seen a knick-knack very much the same on my son's finger."

My explanation, I think, sufficed for the moment, but, however that might be, our attention was speedily diverted by a loud knocking on the main door. The prospect of a brief escape pleased me, and I quickly sped down the hall to draw back the bolt,

Without, a gale had arisen, and, as I flung open the door, a swift volley of rain and wind assaulted me, and with the rain and wind entered two men, bearing between them a heavy burden. They were simple countrymen of the neighbourhood, and while returning home from a fishing expedition, they said, had found a body which they immediately identified as the son of Mr. Eindwhan. The body being still warm (they must have found it almost before I was out of sight), they thought it might not yet be beyond all aid, and had brought it to the house on their waggonette with all possible despatch. While they told their purpose, one man threw a few rays from his lantern upon the countenance of the prostrate form. Ah! That swarthy scowl, the full, dark eye, the pale cheek, pale now as the sky of early dawning! They shall remain in my memory for ever. A cry of fear, a cry of anguish, burst involuntarily from my lips, the voice of the cold terror in my soul, and it was this cry which aroused my father and his guest.

In the direct radiance of the lantern, I now saw Mr. Eindwhan more distinctly than hitherto. Even in my own agony I remarked the similitude of his features with those of the corpse, which then, I saw that he also had recognised.

Vaguely as through a mist I saw the two men convey the body to the hearth, vaguely I saw my father lead Mr. Eindwhan to his bed-chamber, and vaguely I ascended the heavy staircase to my own room. There I sat and paced the floor at intervals far into the night. At one moment I was in despair, and the next overwhelmed by a sense of horror, a horror that was augmented by the incessant volleying of the rain, and the wild and demoniacal yelling of the wind across the moorland.

The motion of the elements gave life to a new train of thoughts, and for the first time during several hours, I recalled the ring. I remembered that even then it lay in my pocket; that on the morrow the body would be examined; that Mr. Eindwhan had seen the ornament in my possession; that retribution must follow, and with all swiftness. My first impulst was to escape from the house, to shake the bog of the moorland from my shoes, to flee from the doom I instinctively knew was mine. But the old fear cried aloud in my soul, and warned me that such a course would merely mean betrayal. A sole alternative remained, an alternative which admitted

of no delay. I must return the ring, trusting to chance that its previous absence had passed unnoticed.

With this intent, I slowly took up a candle and opened the door as gently, as soothingly, infinitely more softly than a swaying air. Without, on the landing, the night was dark as Tophet; the wind had fallen to a low, caressing intonation like the voice of a crooning mother; ahead the light broke upon the darkness like a white paper ghost, and the shadows rocked around like witches all carven in black, marbled paper. For the moment these shadowy wraiths were a whole world to me, and I fancied that they laughed in their silence at the terror in my heart. The sound of my feet was scarcely audible; for I trod as lightly as a panther; yet the slight purring of the carpet as I passed vexed me disproportionately, and more than once, I glanced behind to assure myself that it was the sound of my footfalls, and not those of another, which I heard.

When I had, with infinite precaution, attained the drawing-room, I did not dare to close the door, lest the noise should reverberate upon the stillness, and creakingly betray my intent. There, as in the rest of the house, all was black as ebony, save for a faint glow of dying embers in the fireplace, and I increasingly felt the need of my candle.

The room was much the same as when I had entered it earlier in the night, save for that thing by the hearth, and from those inanimate remains of past animation the apartment borrowed a thousand minor masks; what had before appeared gloomy recesses now yawned forth upon the night as tombs, blacker than the environing blackness; the ancestral portraits became their ghostly denizens, released for the time to damp my purpose; the window was thronged with jibing spies; and I dreaded lest the chords of the pianoforte should start to life, and freeze me to stone with some spontaneous march of vengeance.

Towards the form I now crept, and, setting down the light, knelt by it. At this late stage in my grim enterprise, the fear in my heart almost arrested my purpose, and I did not proceed beyond taking the dead man's fingers in my own. They were stiff like dead sticks, and cold as damp clay. The circle of light radiating from the candle did not extend more than a few feet, and left the major portion of the apartment in darkness. Beyond this area of illumination I feared to look,

and no less surely did I fear the face at my side. Thus I sat motionless and breathless, with fear and death for company, for what seemed an abysmal age to my highly-tuned senses. Then, fearfully, I drew the ring from my pocket, and was about to return it to the corpse when there reached my ears, across the intervening space of night, the sound of muffled footsteps. I extinguished my candle and stepped back from the body. My fears now beat as a multitude at my heart, and I could scarcely move or breathe. An agony of minutes passed, and I slowly became aware that there stood a shadow in the doorway, darker, more opaque, than the rest!

Then the dying embers faintly flickered, and

the ring in my hand gleamed with its peculiar radiance. It was an instant only, but immediately a lantern was held aloft, and in its light was framed a frightful vignette: The pale face, the liquid eyes, the heavy scowl, the long, lank locks of Mr. Eindwhan. He was peering fiercely at me, and from his lips these words fell with a vengeful succinctness, like the sweeping of a scimitor:—

"Yes, I saw that the ring was missing from his hand, and I remembered last night. Again has it flashed to betray you, and (here his voice rose to a scream of hate) if there is justice under heaven, retribution for this deed shall now be yours!"

C. O'BRIEN.

ATMOSPHERE.

The leaves of the plane-trees and the maple-trees are falling

and drifting
down

in a sifting
down

as of snowflakes
down the air—

with a pause,
and sloping, sweep down in a long curve;
pause, and from side to side sway back, and away:
with such a noise of wind, flying and settling,
that there persist

ship-suggestions, at a bamboo's creaking like a
cordage groan,

reminding of the sea's seething

in a shrill sea-shell of sound,

wandering the convoluted corridors and whorls
round,

and of a ship's sails' flapping
at a mat's tapping.

The bamboo utters again a low creak, high squeak:
straining timbre from its organ pipes of canes
and low woodwind.

There is a falling clatter of a stick down through
the canes

that breaks the incessant rustle
of the bird-like, wing-like shivering leaves

bow over, blown down to levelness of rice-twitching
leaf,

like planes of layered glassy sea-green water.

Such a great wind of leaves there seethes
that in the shuttered house of the green-mat blinds
there are heard winds rushing that are not there,
leaves, tree's leaves: black heart shapes sighing

At night, when rain falls

finger-shapes point down the night
upon the hushed wind.

Oblique day, when the single drawn and distorted
shadows

of a vine leaf
and a maple leaf
and a lily leaf
fall

on to the white wall

with ladder-laminas of yellow-white
sunlight

coming through the blinds

on to a colonnade of lime-white walls—

late morning feeling with the slant-shutters still
close.

Tall rubber trees grow beside the arch
almost up to

the corrugated red roof of terra-cotta, clay-pot
tiles—

daylight and black-cut shade,

tendrils-shadows twist and twine the lattice shadow,
coil and curl clematis-creeper trellised

dripping its white-flowered, mountain-vista'd,
fragrance

too sweet and cool to cloy—

A lank cactus and its stark angles and stiffness
stuck with thorns,

the leaves of the palm trees and the banana trees
stripped with last night's rain and wind

brush the wall with a faint scraping.

A wet sycamore leaf clings to the moist black limbs
rain-reawakened into mossy green

and moss thrives in the damp sunless corners.

SKALD.

OLD BOYS' PAGE

At a special general meeting of the Union held on the 1st May, it was resolved that the subscription for junior members be raised to 5/-, and a copy of every issue of "The Fortian" be supplied to members.

Accordingly this column is now most important, since it is to supply news of Old Fortians and their doings (and woollings) to the Fortian world at large. Items of news are far too scarce, and all are asked to rally round and send in pars for insertion. As this appeal is written by an ex-Editor of "The Fortian," I am not used to asking for contributions and receiving none. So see what you can do.

By the way, this Fortian world of which I have spoken is, as yet, not very large, since it corresponds to the financial members of the Union. Though the number is increasing, it is still far too small (150), and when compared with other Old Boys' Unions (Shore has 1,500 members) is little more than microscopic. The Union must get more members. As the beginning of the new financial year is not far off, now is a good time for you to join up and bring others with you. If each present member would make an effort and secure TWO new members, then we would have an Old Boys' Union with which we could begin to feel satisfied.

I am afraid there are too many Old Fortians like a certain person who has a good position in a big city company. Whilst always proclaiming his pride at being a Fortian, he consistently refuses to join the O.B.U., and has never been known to attend any of our functions. It is rumoured, however, that one of the company's salesmen, well-known for his persistence, is going to make a great effort to extract the 10/-. But now to more pleasant topics.

The Annual Dinner this year was held at the "Dungowan" on the 1st May. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all, about 120 assembling. Speakers included W. A. Selle, H. H. Mason, K.C., Dr. A. J. Collins, the Hon. Mr. Justice Maxwell, P. C. Spender, K.C., J. G. McKenzie, A. J. Kilgour, J. A. Williams, and Chas. Christmas. Ample

fare was provided, and Charlie Lawrence dispensed unbounded humour.

Another who contributed to the evening's entertainment was Norm. Brown, who did some weird and wonderful things, swallowing billiard balls and razor blades with reckless abandon. Norm. seemed quite a different person to the awe-inspiring clerk of the Supreme Court who makes young articulated clerks tremble in their shoes. He has a companion there, John Edmunds, who is often heard over the air now from the national stations. Another Fortian in the Supreme Court is "Jerry" Finn of 1933, who is doing his bit in the Divorce Office helping old Fortian friends along (only as embryo-solicitors, of course).

One of the happiest and most enjoyable functions held by the Union this year was the Annual Golf Tournament played on the Manly Golf Links on the 23th May. Weather conditions were absolutely ideal, and the number of enthusiastic participants quite up to expectations.

R. F. Rattray and H. K. Bannister, both returning a card of "square," won the trophies kindly donated by Mr. T. M. Fitzsimmons and Mr. Ron. Andrews, whilst G. Storey and H. Grainger, with an aggregate score of "4 down," won the trophies presented by Messrs. R. S. Harris and K. C. Warton.

Two pleasant little functions were held on the 19th December last and 4th March, both taking the form of small private dinners. The first was held at Adams' Hotel, when some twenty Old Boys of the 1926-34 period assembled to bid farewell to Mr. Williams as Headmaster of the School.

The second was held at Aaron's Exchange Hotel, when member of the Committee extended their welcome to Mr. Christmas. "Corny" Bauer was also present, and members bade him farewell, as he left shortly afterwards for a trip abroad. We all hope he has an excellent trip and a really good time, but that can be left to "Corny" himself.

The next and most important function of the year is the Ball to be held on the 12th June, in conjunction with the Old Girl' Union. The venue

this year has been changed to the New State Ballroom in the State Shopping Block. This has only just been completed, and is reported to be the most up-to-date ballroom in Sydney. Dancing is from 8.30 to 1.30, while the orchestra is composed of ten players. Tickets are limited in number, so get yours early. They can be obtained from the Secretary or any member of the Committee.

Latest of Old Fortians to embrace his nuptials is "Jerry" McLelland, wedding bells ringing out at Drummoyne Presbyterian Church on 22nd December last. Jerry has, of course, like all young married men, developed a passion for gardening, and now he can always be seen at committee meetings seeking Harold Snelling's advice on some knotty problem. Jerry is establishing himself very securely in Phillip Street. Our best wishes go out to him. It is rumoured (but keep this to yourself) that Neil McIntyre will be the next to embrace matrimonial bliss. Neil, by the way, is now a solicitor, and his practice is becoming quite substantial, like Neil himself.

The Union is pleased to announce that Mr. Rose has accepted the position of Liaison-Officer, and the fullest information on Union affairs can always be obtained from him.

It seems that in each issue of "The Fortian" we have to announce the elevation of some old boy to the ranks of King's Counsel. The latest is Perc. Spender, who has always been a good supporter of the Union, and very hearty congratulations are extended to him. The only question seems to be who will be the next.

Last issue it was rumoured that "Stew" Howard had another novel in the air. This has materialised in "Forty-Six," which has been published by the Endeavour Press. It has been praised by all critics, and has enjoyed a good reception by the public. As a novelist's output is about one book every six months, I wonder if there will be another by next issue.

"Tiger" Broadhead, who was such an outstanding footballer at School, is another man who has taken to figures, and he is a graduating accountant. "Tige" is now fulfilling the promise he showed in School football. Last season (which was his first in grade football) he represented New South Wales, and was a reserve for Australia in the second Test against the All Blacks. "Tiger" is now putting on weight, and tips the scales at a little over 15 stone.

Jim King, who graduated in Architecture some years ago, has returned from Queensland, and has taken up practice in association with Dudley Ward, 14 Martin Place. The revival in the building trade has made architects work overtime lately, and Jim is getting a good share of the business.

Bruce Langsworth, who was Captain of the School in 1933, now works in the Leichhardt branch of the Commonwealth Bank, where he looks after the account of the School Union. Bruce had a trip to Adelaide with the N.S.W. Baseball team last year as short-stop, and he has retained his place this year. Bruce also topped the averages for Balmain in the 1st grade cricket competition last year.

Latest appointment to the University lecturing staff is Jack Shepherd, who was at School in 1930. He graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1934 with 1st class honours in history, and now lectures to many Old Fortians of kings and queens royal, loyal and otherwise.

Laurie Jackson, who sat next to Jack Shepherd



P. C. SPENDER, K.C.

By courtesy of "S.M.H."

at School, is now in Third Year Law, and is a budding solicitor. He is articled to another Old Boy, Halse Millett, better known in his schooldays as Tim. Another clerk in the office is Allan McKnight, who was vice-captain in 1933. It is good to see Old Boys employing younger Old Boys like this.

Ray Reynolds, who graduated with second-class honours in law last year, was recently admitted as a solicitor, and is now with the firm of Mervyn Finlay and Jennings. Another Old Fortian of the same year, Reg Milverton, has also been admitted, and is managing clerk with Salwey and Primrose.

We regret to announce the death recently of two well-known Old Boys, Jack Dupen and Roy

Bateman. We extend our deepest sympathy to the parents.

Old Boys who have not yet contributed to the Baxendale Memorial Fund are invited to send along their offerings, small or large, to the Secretary of the O.B.U., Mr. F. FitzRoy, 133 Pitt Street, Sydney.

May we take this opportunity of reminding members that their membership fees for the year ending 30th June, 1936, being payable in advance, are now due, and the Hon. Secretary will be pleased to receive subscriptions at his office, 133 Pitt Street, Sydney.

We mentioned previously that our financial membership for the year just closing was 150. Let us make it at least 300 next year.

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THE SCHOOL BROADCAST TO AMERICA.

Early this year an invitation was forwarded to Fort Street by the A.W.A. to send in two pupils for the purpose of broadcasting a message to the students of two High Schools—Mount Pleasant and Schenectady, both of New York State.

Eventually two of us were selected, Cliff O'Brien and myself to represent the School, and eventually found ourselves, after sundry bracings with black coffee in the homely studio of the Beam Wireless Company, in no mean state of mental terror.

Mr. and Mrs. Christmas gave us the very welcome support of their presence, while Mr. McMullen, the Headmaster of Sydney Boys' High, and one representative from that school were also present.

Mount Pleasant High School commenced with an introductory speech from the Headmaster followed by speeches from a senior boy and girl of that school.

(Incidentally although Sydney High replied first both the American schools addressed their speeches primarily to Fort Street.)

The American High Schools are all co-educational—that is girls and boys alike attend the one school. From their speeches in general we gathered that the American High School is a lavish institution under the control of the municipality. Mount Pleasant, for example, stands in about thirty acres of laid-out grounds. The school

is fitted with every convenience for education, and the courses available range from Agriculture, through Business, Engineering and domestic courses, to the more or less professional courses. This means that one High School serves purposes for which we would have three or four separate schools. It means, further, that schools like Mount Pleasant have enrolments up to 3000 pupils.

Both High Schools are fitted with cafeterias, gymnasiums for boys and girls, dressing rooms and playing fields for baseball, "grid" (alia football), tennis, athletics and several lesser sports.

The pupils take a keen interest in music; they have an orchestra and a choir, both sufficiently expert to take part in the New York Music Festival.

A school magazine practically completes the number of their major activities.

Mine was the task of indicating broadly to them the lines upon which Fort Street, as a typical Australian High School, was organised, and the studies and interests pursued by our boys, while O'Brien followed with an account of what is probably Fort Street's best achievement in the way of social entertainment, the Play Day.

So was concluded a most helpful and important event of our School year, and on behalf of the School we would like to tender our thanks to all concerned in the arrangement of a broadcast at once interesting and instructive. R. DUNLOP, 5D.

"FORTIAN" PRIZES.

We have again to thank Professor Waldo and Mr. Howarth for selecting the best poem and the best short story in the two issues of the Fortian last year.

The prize for the best piece of verse was awarded to H. Stewart, "Skald," who was also successful last year.

Although J. Brown was the only contributor to send in short stories, the judges considered his work merited the award of a prize.

The following is the criticism of the judges:—

"Quite obviously the verse of 'Skald' is the most original, the most interesting, in the two issues. He has made a careful study of recent poetic theory and technique, but should not on that account adopt a superior tone, as in the curious set of notes appended to 'Water Images' (fairly parodied by 'Scram' in 'To the Editor'). Some discrepancy exists between the effects 'Skald' claims, in these notes, to have achieved, and the

actual effects in the poem. There is a doubtful value in 'shattering the unity of the lyric,' as in shattering any recognised object of beauty.

"Of 'Skald's' many poems, 'Aspen Tree,' as the most elaborate and perhaps the most successful (though discrimination is difficult) might be placed first, with 'Water Images' and then 'Faint Presence' following.

"Deserving of commendation are 'From My Window,' by K.S., which effectively embodies some points of modern technique (e.g., the repetitive insistence of T. S. Eliot) without calling attention to them, and shows, too, feeling and skill in versification; and F. Linney's 'In a Chinese Garden,' which, in the traditional manner, has charm and narrative interest.

"Among the stories, 'The Trial,' with its unusual situation and quite artful playing on the emotions, seems worthy of the prize. 'The Murderer' is of a more common type, the horror story, yet successful."



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THE TROUBLES OF BENJAMIN SLODGE.

Our troubles are never over. This message of woe comes to you by courtesy of the Sydney Hospital, within whose precincts my body now finds secure (albeit uneasy) repose. This little story is being composed under the stress of great difficulties. All my limbs, except the left leg (badly bruised) are bound up in plaster, so I'm writing it with my left foot, and no matter how useful this member may be in other branches of human endeavour, it fails to impress as an agent of transcription. You see, my wife has thrown me over—metaphorically and literally—in fact, clean over the balcony. She has obtained her divorce, and has gone off thirsting for the blood of the American gentleman, whom you will meet later.

The hospital authorities have been some days sorting out the pieces, and my present state is attended with no small inconvenience, as it has been discovered that, in reassembling the jig-saw puzzle (to wit, myself), a few minor cogwheels and other necessities are missing, while in lieu of my brain (which has failed to show up) two kidneys and divers livers, intestines and other bodily paraphernalia have been stowed away, together with a pound of concrete (by way of a filler), quite innocently in my cranium.

My wife caused all the trouble. You see, we were taking a siesta after tea, she in the lounge chair, with her feet on the mantle, smoking her pipe and reading my paper, myself doing a little bit of general rejuvenation to my working pants, on a footstool.

"I had a letter from Hu, to-day," she growled. "Who?" I asked.

"That's what I said," said she.

"Well, what did you say?"

"Hu! You know, Hubert."

"I don't bet, and besides——"

"Who said you *do* bet?"

"You did. You said, 'You know you bet.'"

Her glare froze me to the marrow.

"Shut up, you fool, and listen. The letter is from Hubert, my brother. He informs me that his dear wife passed away in her sleep."

"Oh, then," said I, consoling-like, "she doesn't know about it yet."

"Benjamin," said my wife, carefully folding my paper, taking down her feet, depositing her pipe, fixing me with a look, and putting emphasis on every word. "Benjamin, don't be facetious." And

when my wife goes through that routine and says with emphasis on every word, "Benjamin, don't be facetious," it's high time for me to beat a retreat behind the nearest available cover. Let me, as the masters do when they come upon a scene too difficult to describe, draw the veil upon this happy, intimate matrimonial love scene.

The next morning she left home to stay with and console the bereft Hubert for a couple of days, leaving me, with sundry warnings against bakers, butchers, buttermen, bottle-o's and other domestic menaces, to my own devices. For a time nothing very exciting happened. The baker arrived, gave me two tips for Saturday and half a loaf of stale, burnt bread, took his bow and departed. Came the milkman, followed by a gent selling wireless sets, and an individual purveying boot-laces and camphor-blocks. The wireless man was very persuasive and eloquent. He gave a lengthy oration on quite a variety of subjects, ranging from arsenic poisoning to antimacassars, in which he showed, in such a manner as to waive all contrary argument, that the Declaration of the Rights of Man, Magna Carta, the Fire of London and the San Francisco earthquake were proof positive that the honourable gentleman should become the proud possessor of a "Bulltone" wireless set. When I attempted to dismiss him with a lofty wave of the hand, he went off at a tangent and gave numerous interesting statistics about the number of ways of earning a living, and how many shillings placed end to end would be required to make a line from Sydney Town Hall to Newcastle, finally fetching up at an edifying discussion on the respective merits of mustard and eucalyptus as cold banishers. I at last took pity on him, paid a pound deposit, and was promised the radio within three days.

The boot-lace and camphor man was not so rhetorical. He assumed a look of forlorn hopelessness, held a smelly handful of his wares under my nose, and croaked with a broken voice something about "Sixpence-the-lot" and "I've-got-a-wife-and-three-kids." He got it all out in one breath. I told him that my present laces were quite sound, and that the moths had not yet found cause to invade my native hearth and domicile. But he was not perturbed in the least. He croaked his message again, and then a third time, after which he made a slight addition to

this effect: "Well-you-seem-a-good-sport-what-about-tossing-me-for-it?" again all in one breath. This exhibition of bodily dexterity aroused in me such admiration, and the proposition seemed so fair, that I took him on there and then, and it was not long before we were hotly engaged at two-up. Soon we were joined by an individual with a red nose, who smelt of stale spirits, and whose skill at the game was nothing short of astounding. There, upon the doorstep, they cleaned me out of seven and six in hard cash, and then departed, the camphor man still dismal, Red Nose exulting in his triumph.

That was all for the first day. But, bad as were these happenings, they were nothing compared to what was to follow next day—and night.

Somewhere about ten the next morning I arose and sauntered to the front door in search of the milk. To my surprise, although a ring of milk on the doorstep showed that a bottle had been placed there by the milkman the night before, the bottle itself was not to be found. So I scratched my head and walked out into the kitchen. I had just put on the kettle when my attention was arrested by a noise something like someone sawing wood, followed by a sudden pop like a paper bag being burst. I listened for some time to this inscrutable combination of sounds, and at last decided to sally out on to the verandah, from whence it was vigorously emanating. The first thing that met my gaze was the missing milk bottle, empty, standing near the stretcher, on which was comfortably spread the source of the racket. Its abdomen rose and fell in rhythmic heaves—each intake of breath through the nose produced the sawing noise, each exhalation through the mouth, the pop. It was badly in need of a shave. It wore a battered hat, baggy, tattered coat and pants, no shirt, no socks, boots with no soles to speak of, and an angelic smile. About its mouth were suspicious milk stains; about its general person an air of uncleanliness. It took me some time to wake it, but at last I succeeded, after recourse to a vigorous shake and a hard prod in the ribs. It awoke with a grunt and then a sleepy, surprised mutter of "Aw'right, officer; I was only 'avin' a nap." When he saw me he smiled in relief. On interrogation, he turned out to be a tramp, and when I asked him to leave the premises he calmly walked into the kitchen by way of reply and, plumping himself down on a

chair, remarked, "Not a bad place you've got 'ere." Within five minutes he had installed himself and, within another five, he was showing me how to cook potatoes to the best advantage and how to make a damper. After breakfast we retired to the sitting-room, where Willy (that was his name) took up his position in Maria's arm-chair, and began to speak most knowingly about the respective political situations in China, Russia, and, I think, Greenland, with which I was entertained for a space of two hours.

Then there was a ring at the door. I opened it. On that ill-fated doorstep stood a coy young miss, all smiles and frills, and showing only one eye—the other being hidden somewhere behind her headgear. "I'm your new maid," she said. Here was a poser. "You're my what?" I was cautiously sparring for time. "Your maid," very demurely—and then she giggled. "Wait a minute," I said, and went to ask Willy's advice. He seemed to be well informed on the procedure in these cases. I thought Maria might have engaged her without consulting me. She did these things, you know. Willy was quite impartial. "Let 'er in," he said, "she can do the washin' up." So we let her in, and she giggled. Indeed, every time she saw me she giggled; once, indeed, deliberately winked! I cast a stern countenance at this flightiness. She gave a start of surprise when she caught sight of Willy, but that was not to be wondered at, since, no doubt, Willy would have caused a small sensation in any of the more genteel circles. For a moment her giggles seemed to have left her. She looked at Willy in speculation. When at last she appeared to have solved the problem, she began to giggle again. Finally, under a veritable shower of giggles, I discovered that her name was Flossy.

The next to arrive was a man with a lorry, on which were a nine gallon keg of beer, two flagons of gin, and a couple of bottles of port. He seemed to think they were for me. "But—" I began. Then Willy appeared. With an air of a Napoleon he assumed command. "Bring 'em in," he ordered. "But—" I said again. "No 'buts,'" said Willy firmly, "bring 'em in." When they were duly brought in, the carrier came forth with the surprising information that, not only had they been paid for, but they were expressly ordered for me. "But—" I repeated a third time. Willy eyed me solemnly. "Never look a gift 'orse in the

mouf," he quoted with dignity. After the man had gone, I still remained mystified. This was certainly a day of surprises. Willy was not slow to examine this new treasure, and decided to crack a bottle on the spot. Time passed, we cracked a few, drew largely on the supply in the keg, and finished off the port. I was up in the clouds, looking at strange, whirling objects, and Willy was only faintly perceptible through the mist. And then Flossy appeared from nowhere, and she giggled, and the next thing I knew I was holding her hand, and then she was sitting on my knee, and I was just about to kiss her when a gong sounded in the distance. "The door," cried Flossy. "Allow meesh," said I, rather thickly. I arose with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances, and swayed, Pavlova-like, to the door. This I threw open with a flourish.

On the threshold this time was a figure which commanded respect. Six feet four if an inch he was, with a chest which was a chest, fists like hams, and muscles on his arms that looked like butchers' blocks. On seeing me open the door, he swirled forward, brushed me unceremoniously aside, and clattered into the hall. Willy, peacefully reposed in the armchair, merely raised his eyebrows at this sudden entrance. As for myself, I was rendered incapable of thought or action. The figure began to sniff round suspiciously, so I crept behind Willy, just in case the gentleman might attempt on me some bodily violence. Willy was an interested spectator to the newcomer's sniffings and snufflings. At last he nodded his head knowingly, and gasped to me in an alarmingly loud whisper, "Do yer know 'oo 'e is? 'E's a bailiff. This conjured up in my already disarranged mind all kinds of horrid visions and dread imaginings. The newcomer finished his inspection. Then he glared at Willy. Then he said something to Flossy, which I couldn't catch, and Flossy said something back. And then Willy rose and started to explain, but was rudely and nasally ordered to "park himself and stay parked." I was at first surprised at this domineering manner, but finally the rough gentleman explained his presence. By way of a beginning, he surged towards me and thrust a document into my surprised face. "You Benjamin Slodge?" he rasped. "Thash me," said I, backing a little. Thereupon he began a swift speech, from which I could only gather that he was something from somewhere representing somebody, and that indeed a bailiff he was. He

made it quite clear, however, that we could not look for his departure until certain moneys accruing to certain parties were summarily paid, and a certain debt thus discharged. He didn't say it in exactly those words—not quite, anyhow. Even in my state of mind, he seemed rather vague, and gave tongue to numerous expressions not recognised as part of any of the accepted English vernaculars. However, feeling kindly disposed towards the world in general, I invited him to make himself at home, but he required no asking. He stretched himself out on the lounge and smoked cigars in fierce silence. I took up Flossy on my knee again (much to the evident rage of the bailiff), and continued to imbibe. Ever and anon, the strong gentleman kept glancing in my direction, which action aroused some uneasiness in my breast. I was just dreaming away about all sorts of funny things, when something happened. In all happened in such an incredibly small space of time that at the moment I almost failed to notice it. Three or four apparitions suddenly appeared from nowhere, lugged Willy none too gently out of the chair, dotted him one on the bean, and removed him from the room. It happened so suddenly that I was helpless to resist. The apparitions came back, and then it was my turn. I was lifted bodily by two of them, and transferred to the stretcher on the back verandah, where I was left under the supervision of Flossy.

Then began the most unholy din that I have yet heard. There seemed to be thousands of people moving about, lifting things. Mingled with the tread of feet, the thump of hammers, and strange bumping sounds, were muffled curses and cries of "One, two, three, hup," followed by shuffling and the slamming of doors. I wanted to investigate, but Flossy soothed me with honey words, and forced my head back on the pillow.

After about an hour and a half, the din subsided, and then I heard footsteps approaching. Again I was lifted and deposited (rather roughly, I thought) on the floor. There was a creak, the footsteps died hollowly away, and I was left alone. I faintly heard a motor start and move away. I called, but no one answered, and being incapable of raising myself, went to sleep where I was. . . .

The sun woke me in the morning. I yawned and rubbed my eyes. Everything seemed quiet and deserted. I rose stiffly, and then nearly dropped with shock. I rubbed my eyes again, but

it was true. The total content of the verandah was air, myself, and the empty milk bottle. Stretcher there was none. I dashed into the kitchen. This, too, was wholly denuded of furniture and floor covering. And in the other rooms it was the same. I ran through the ground floor rooms in amazement. The boards echoed horribly. It was true, the furniture has disappeared. All that was left was the keg in the sitting room. Then my attention was arrested by somebody bumping on the ceiling above. I dashed upstairs, and there beheld Willy bound and gagged, but no furniture. It took Willy some time to regain his powers of speech, but when he did he gave vent to a most colourful invective against the bailiff, Flossy, and other parties, whom I recognised as the apparitions of the night before.

Willy was not easily cooled down, but, with great patience, I was able to soothe him and get him to explain. He told me that the bailiff was not a bailiff. He and his men had removed the furniture in a van. As far as Willy could gather from the passing remarks he had heard the night before, the abrupt gentleman was an American, who, in his own words, was starting a "noo racket." Flossy had been in the know, and had been sent on ahead to charm me and drown my senses in forgetfulness with the beer, gin and port, which had been supplied for the occasion. They had tied Willy up, just in case of trouble.

Well, what could I do? We just sat on the floor and looked at each other, like two cows in a paddock.

We had been sitting thus for about half an hour, when our meditations were suddenly disturbed. We heard a key rasp in the front door. "Good Lord," I gasped, "it's Maria, the wife!"

"Eh," cried William, starting up. "Did you say wife? This is where I leave for parsters new."

SPRING.

Sing a song of hollow logs,
Chirp of cricket, croak of frogs,
Cry of wild bird, hum of bees,
Dancing leaves and whisper'ng trees.

Legs all bare and dusty toes,
Ruddy cheeks and freckled nose,
Splash of brook and swish of line,
Where's the song that's half so fine.

R. HEINS, 1A.

He rushed out on the balcony and thrust one leg over the side. We heard the door open and close. At the same instant Willy grasped a handy drain-pipe firmly and commenced to slide down. I tried to call him back, but the words stook in my throat.

I heard Maria come into the hall, heard her gasp of astonishment, heard her sniff at the keg, heard her yell "Benjamin," heard her clump up the stairs, and then saw her appear in the doorway. "Benjamin," she rasped, "where is my furniture?"

At this moment the gate clicked, and Willy's departing footsteps were audible as he quickly passed up the street. With him went my last hope. I could only shake and stutter.

"Benjamin," her voice rose to a shriek, "where is my furniture?" She was foaming at the mouth. In a trice she lifted me off my feet, gave me a mighty shake, whirled me on high, and then, letting go, sent me flying in a graceful arc over the balcony. I hit the pavement with a dull smack, and knew no more until I woke up in Sydney Hospital, where I am at the present moment reposing, and where I am likely to be stopping for an extended period.

But, hold hard a minute, here comes the doctor. (A pause for five minutes while we get our breath.)

Well I never! Do you remember in the beginning of this narrative that I told you my ex-wife was on the American's trail? Well, believe it or not, she's found him, so the good doctor informs me, and (you needn't believe this bit if you don't want to) she's going to MARRY him. And here's me with my body hardly cold—or nearly. I suppose it's the only way she can get her furniture back, or perhaps it's the old case of what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object. One can never tell.

SCRAM.

WINTER COMES.

I walked through the woodlands in Autumn,
But Winter was walking there too;
She touched the bright leaves with her fingers,
And deadened the sky's brilliant hue.
Now Autumn has fled from the woodlands,
And dead are the leaves at my feet;
While frost glitters icily cold,
Where moss and the drooping vines meet.

G. W. WILLIAMS, 1A.

FEAR.**A SHORT STORY.**

As the ship steadily made its way up the Harbour towards the Quay, almost all the passengers seemed to be out on deck, and intent on drinking in the full beauty of the scene. The clear blue water, scintillating in the bright morning sunshine, the impressive landscape, and, most of all, the great Bridge that loomed up straight ahead, symbol of massive strength and beauty, presented a spectacle that stirred the emotions of no few of the watchers. But to Harvey, standing by the rail apart from the others and alone, all this meant only the one thing—safety; safety from something which in no way did his appearance suggest he was avoiding—justice, and justice indeed that could and would send him to a well-deserved death on the gallows!

Few so romantic or imaginative who, gazing at this mild-looking man, would suspect him of being the clever, ruthless leader of a large, well-organised, powerful gang of criminals! Yet in his native country, America, this is what he was. And he was more besides, for in his capacity of chief he had often found it convenient to revert to murder in order to dispense with certain troublesome opponents, and had without compunction done so several times, but because of his clever maintenance of a dual role, he had always eluded detection. However, he had executed his last killing in haste, and his position as a result having become very dangerous, leaving his "affairs" in charge of his loyal second-in-command, and making use of his dual role, had left for Australia as Mr. Harvey, a respectable, well-to-do American citizen.

He was safe now, he thought, as he pensively leaned over the deck-rail. Surely the police would not let him get this far if they were on his trail. Besides, though he had been constantly on the look-out, he had noticed nobody whom he could reasonably suspect—nobody except, perhaps—but with a shake of his head he tried to expel from his mind a thought which had obstinately persisted, and the vision of a tall, dark-haired, brown-eyed fellow named Thompson, whom often he had caught unawares staring intently.

"Just my imagination," he said, with an uneasy, mirthless laugh, and for a while, at least, put the matter out of his mind.

After Harvey had passed through all the usual

proceedings at disembarkment, he first disposed of most of the small amount of luggage he had brought with him, and then sought and found a suitable small furnished flat not far from the city proper. Here he could have all the privacy he desired, and paying well in advance, he took possession immediately, giving his name as Peterson.

Next day, feeling quite safe and at ease, he was walking along Pitt Street, when, turning to look at a shop window he had passed, he found himself face to face with the tall, dark-haired Thompson! With what seemed to Harvey an uneasy glance, he brushed past, and, quickly turning a corner, vanished from sight.

At once all of Harvey's doubts and suspicions returned, and they persisted, despite his constant attempts to convince himself that the incident was just a coincidence, and two days later in a strange way they were so strengthened that they took complete possession of his mind.

Now, despite his callousness, Harvey had one great weakness. He was superstitious, and hence, on his first day in Sydney he had made an appointment with a certain fortune-teller, who lately had come into public notice and had, in fact, gained no small amount of fame by the accuracy of her predictions.

Accordingly, two days after the incident in Pitt Street, he was shown into a rather plain room where, at a small table covered with a green cloth, sat a middle-aged woman. Her name, which she had persisted in retaining, was simply Mrs. Reilly, and she did not use any of the mystic charts, crystals, and such ordinary fortune-telling equipment.

Harvey was asked to sit down opposite her at the table. The lights were now dimmed. Across the table the two grasped hands.

"Look into my eyes," said Mrs. Reilly solemnly. Harvey did, and at once a queer feeling ran through him, so queer that he found it very hard to suppress a great shudder. For fully two minutes the woman sat silently staring into his eyes, and just as he was beginning to feel that he would never be able to turn his own eyes away, Mrs. Reilly broke the spell.

"I can tell you only two things regarding your

future; both of which are closely concerned with mine," she said slowly.

"First, your death will occur exactly twenty-four hours after mine." (Here Harvey could scarcely conceal a grin.) Secondly, the persons who will be directly concerned with our deaths—"she paused, gazing keenly at him for a moment—"are both tall, dark-haired, brown-eyed men!"

Harvey started visibly, but recovering his composure with difficulty, thanked her and took his leave.

He tried his hardest to laugh the matter off, but could not succeed. He had read the like incident in Scott's "Quentin Durward," and said to himself that the whole thing was just a cheap imitation, with a few original additions; but, try as he might, he could not dismiss from his mind the picture of those inexpressibly mysterious green eyes which had seemed to stare into his very soul, and with a shiver he realised that there had been utter sincerity in every word she spoke.

His manner now became very nervous. He flung uneasy glances over his shoulder wherever he went, as if expecting to find Thompson behind him, and in his mind's eye was always a picture of Thompson, watching intently—watching; watching!

Imagine his feelings then, when, several days later, sitting in his flat and reading the evening paper, he came across the headlines—"Mrs. Reilly Killed! Famous Fortune-teller run down by car! Driver held by police!"

It was such a terrible shock to Harvey that several minutes went by before he could summon up enough nerve to read on. Feverishly now he hastened through the details of the accident until he came to what he dreaded—"The driver of the car which struck the unfortunate woman was evidently under the influence of liquor, and is being held by the police. He is a tall, dark-haired young man by the name of —."

Harvey could read no further. He threw down the paper, and sinking back into his chair, pressed a trembling hand to his brow. It was wet with perspiration.

"Tall and dark-haired; tall and dark-haired"—the words kept repeating themselves like a death-knell. And those green eyes, staring, glaring mock-

ingly at him from all corners of the room!

"Just twenty-four hours after mine, twenty-four hours after mine, twenty—"

Good God! He snatched up the paper, and somehow managed to read—"The accident occurred at a quarter to eleven last night."—He looked at his watch.

Twenty to eleven! Five minutes to live! The cold beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. He was one trembling mass—a helpless victim to that horrible demon—fear. He was paralysed—unable to move from his cramped-up position.

"Tick tick, tick, tick!" Three minutes to live! Oh, those terrible mocking green eyes! They were closer now, and coming nearer every second!

"Tick, tick, tick, tick"—louder and louder and louder, till it is like a huge hammer mercilessly striking his very brain! One minute!—With the energy born of despair he momentarily throws off his lethargy of horror, and snatches out his revolver. But still he cannot rise from the chair!

"Tick, tick, tick."—Thirty seconds! The room is swirling about him, whilst the eyes are slowly closing in on him!

Footsteps! Footsteps on the stairs! Look! The door is opening! Oh those eyes, those eyes!—

In the corresponding column to that in which had been described the death of Mrs. Reilly, on the following day we find:—

"Mysterious death in Darlington flat! Last night at a quarter to eleven the janitor of — Flats, Darlington, hearing a sound which he recognised as a shot come from one of the rooms, rushed to it at once. After knocking in vain, he used his emergency key, and bursting in to the room, found the occupant of the flat, a Mr. Peterson, slumped in a chair, dead from a bullet wound in his forehead. As a revolver containing five live bullets and one empty shell was found beside the body, and as all doors and windows were locked, it was clearly a case of suicide.

"There was an expression of acute dread on the face of the man, of whose real identity practically nothing is known. He is described as tall, dark-haired and brown-eyed—"

DEBATING.

With Fort Street's fine record in this particular sphere well in mind, those interested have embarked enthusiastically on this year's Hume Barbour Competition.

The School team, which consists of Dunlop (leader), O'Brien (second speaker), and Walker (whip), is well advanced, under the able coaching of Mr. Rose, in the subject of its first debate, viz, "That Dictatorship is Preferable to a Democracy," which Fort Street has to oppose. Additional interest is being centred in this particular debate, since the Fort Street team has to travel to Newcastle, and so uphold the record of the School in distant fields.

Already one debate of interest has taken place; the Old Boys sent a team out to the School to debate the School team on the subject of the debate to be held in Newcastle on June 28th. This contest was both helpful and enjoyable, and the School is grateful to Messrs. Kerr, Doig and Conlon, who took part in the debate, and to Mr. Snelling for adjudicating.

A second team (Jones, Rigg and Ross) has been chosen to meet the Girls' School some time in the near future.

R. WALKER.

THE TERM DANCE.

This function, held in the Assembly Hall on May 29th, may be described in the celebrated words of Mr. Bauer, as "both a social and a financial success."

Many Old Boys rallied to the call of Gaiety, and, accompanied by Beauty in all her glory, attended. There were also a fair number of present pupils and several members of the staff present.

To the able committee, led by Cohen of 5th Year,

which was responsible for the success of the evening, is to be extended the heartiest of congratulations for the smoothness with which proceedings glided along, and for the excellent music which they provided.

It is to be hoped that several such dances will be held during the year, and the committee should have no trepidation in attempting to repeat the successful function of May 29th.



AROUND THE SCHOOL.

It was in a recent class in 4th Year that the subject arose concerning tobacco-growing. The teacher was speaking, and the conversation eventually led up to pipe smoking. He stated that Mr. X smokes plug tobacco that would kill any ordinary man.

§ § §
 Heard in a 4th Year History lesson:—

Pupil: "St. Francis of Assise went around the country, preaching, without any clothing on."

Teacher: "So it was he who inaugurated the nudist movement."

§ § §
 Heard in a 4th Year debate: "Fishing is a popular sport because anglers sometimes catch fish."

"It would be far better if the cane were introduced into this school," says Mr. "Maths. Master."
 . . . There would be many more "hand"-some marks, but not in the exam., worse luck.

§ § §
 In a maths. class came the question: "As the sine increases, does the M.P. grow smaller, or does it decrease?" Everyone was right! An unprecedented state of affairs, but then, the question was not so difficult as that set in the French period, when we were asked to rule a blank line!

§ § §
 A certain master remarked that Edgar Wallace

wrote the type of stories which one went to bed at twelve o'clock and put out the light to read.

§ § §
 A well-known science teacher recently applauded a boy for saying that life could be sustained by the drinking of beer instead of water.

§ § §
 The exasperated teacher retaliated on his weak-voiced class by dropping his own voice.

"You can't hear me, can you?" he queried, ever so "sweet and low."

"No, sir!" they chorused with one loud accord.

§ § §
 "Can't you understand plain English?" demanded the mathematics master, teaching a problem. "I might, sir," replied None-So-Smart, "if it weren't half Greek."

§ § §
 Has anyone ever seen Mr. Folio? Ask Mr. J—ms.

§ § §
 We question the veracity of the statement: "There's nothing too thimble for 5th Year." (Gibbit 20, boss.)

§ § §
 In a lecture on Milton the other day, D— said: "John Milton had married three times, the last time when he was blind." Well, aren't we all, even the first time!

§ § §
 Is Bacon an' egg?

A FEW RULES.

It has been suggested that Fort Street should have a set of rules of conduct. All great institutions and peoples have found the necessity for such. Moses gave the two tablets to the Israelites; Simon de Monfort the cove with the Ned Kelly helmet, made King John sign on the dotted line; and zoologists tell us that even tom-cats have a set system of nice behaviour. With such celebrities as these for our inspiration, we humbly present the following set of rules, which should serve as every boy's standard of gentlemanly deportment.

Firstly, we will deal with the classroom. Therein shall no man, woman or child place more than 1 (one) cubic inch of food in his, her or its mouth, as the case may be. This is for the convenience of the person eating, as a greater amount of provender is too difficult to swallow in a crisis. All defunct fruit, animals and impots

must be neatly dropped down the inkwell, as such debris is dangerous to the general traffic, and if stored up in this manner, affords, after some weeks' decay, a breathtaking aroma. For anything, save the abovementioned, is the desk taboo, since live-stock such as stray cats, dogs and first year boys are apt to struggle and break things.

Never draw vulgar pictures or caricatures on your books; reserve such exclusively for the books of your neighbour.

To snore loudly in the history lesson is most inconsiderate to those others who might at that precise period, be also enjoying a nap.

On your life, shalt thou never contradict or object to any master's decisions. A master is — (censored) always right.

Between periods never throw furniture about. Flying furniture scratches the paint off the walls

and, when stationary, chairs are sometimes useful to sit on.

Outside the classroom, you have more of a free leg, but rough games such as tiddley-winks and two-up are quite beyond the pale, while, in the general brushing up of our morals, marbles should be banned among the first year ranks.

If you must do your homework at school, give the rostrum a rest; a great enough strain is imposed on it already and, however good missiles stale rolls, crusts and frankfurt skins may be,

the injury which they are liable to inflict automatically debars them as such.

When going home, don't fall out of tram, train or bus, as the wear and tear which this pastime imposes on the clothes soon ruins them.

These few precepts in thy memory see thou character. And in closing, we suggest that now our Education Department is so engrossed in reforming things, it should see to the strong enforcement of the above in our school.

R.A.T.S., 2B.

A SAILING SHIP AT EVENING.

I stood on the lofty cliff just before sunset one day, listening to the roar of the breakers on the worn, rugged rocks below, watching the sun glint on the rippling water.

The salt tang of the ocean was borne to me on a faint wind, and a flock of seagulls circled screaming above, darkly silhouetted against the sky of azure blue, but made momentarily bright as the sun's rays reflected from their snowy wings.

Then I saw a black mast-head slowly rise above the horizon, and gradually a tall clipper, with all sails set, steered landwards. As she came nearer, she turned to sail down the coast, and her sails were like a golden-crimson jewel set in a sapphire sea, as they shone in the glow of the setting sun.

A creamy wake was left behind her, in which an occasional porpoise showed its shiny back. As I watched the scene, there came to my mind the lines of John Masefield,—

"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely

sea and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by."

The minutes passed, and still I watched her gradually fade from view, till she finally disappeared in the haze, which slowly spread over the face of the ocean as darkness descended.

What was her destination? In my imagination I envisaged her as the Flying Dutchman's ship sailing by on her voyage of punishment, or the ghost of one of those old tea-clippers which plied between England and China last century.

But no! My reverie was suddenly interrupted by the roar of the engines of a large monoplane which flew swiftly overhead, carrying the English mails, and I was forced to the conclusion that my ship was only one of the few remaining colliers which still use the age-old method of harnessing the wind for power.

C. W. KIMMORLEY, 2E.

A RIVER.

The bushland dreams; the quiet, drowsy heat

Has stilled the cheeky chatter of the wren,

The throbbing scent is dense, and sickly sweet,

The flowers nod; awake; then sleep again.

And notes of fairy music fill the air,

They sing a lullaby—a bubbling song—

The tiny tinkle whispers everywhere—

The streamlet gurgles as it dreams along.

The crystal clearness of the mountain air

Now brings a song of fast-increasing might,

"The river grows!" the mighty rocks declare.

The twisting waters leap and swirl and fight.

The rippling strength of self-reliant youth

Is ringing out from every hastening note;

A lilting song of purity and truth

O'er all the virgin clearness seems to float.

The movement quickens—deeper grows the note,

The rugged bulk of mighty man is heard,

A power now, to wreck and kill and gloat.

A challenge screaming out from every word.

The river hurtles o'er a precipice.

The beetling erags hurl back the thund'rous roar,

The tortured waters leap to scream and hiss,

Then swirl away, as reckless as before.

The river reaches now the sweeping plain,

And soon is lost its former reckless glee.

It tired of mighty madness and became

The peaceful stream of sweet philosophy.

But now is heard the rumble of the wave,

It speaks of countless pleasures yet to reap,

Of happiness we find beyond the grave,

And so the river slowly sinks to sleep.

E. C. SANGWELL, 4D.

OUTCAST.

An outcast he—
 alone
 he sits
 removed
 from public ken.
 And all who know him
 turn
 their noses
 in the air
 and scorn to speak.
 And no more
 does a friend
 entreat
 a quiet
 word
 nor grip his hand.
 And no more does he feel
 the soft
 embrace
 or the thrilling
 touch of a maiden's
 lips

upon
 his own—
 raising him
 lifting him
 buoying him
 up to the heavens themselves
 until he hears
 the music
 of the spheres.—

But there he sits
 forsaken and forgotten,—
 an outcast
 all alone is he—
 and all because
 he ate
 too
 many
 onions
 for his
 tea.

SCRAM.

THE ROMANCE OF SAILING SHIPS.

Through the entrance of the harbour, as the morning mists begin to lift, a stately, rolling ship appears, with every square inch of canvas set, and bathed in the golden glory of the rising sun, which glints cheerfully on the shining brass fittings, and creates an impressive study of sunlight and shadow as it casts its beams through the web-like rigging, and is reflected from the dancing waves on to the billowing yards.

On deck all is bustle, ropes and blocks creak and groan as the grey weather-beaten sails are hauled into place, and the hull shivers ominously as the massive craft manoeuvres into the wind, and, with her course set, she dips into the swell and glides towards the blue horizon; bound, who knows where?

Perhaps the voyage will end in far-off Chile, to reload with nitrates, and then, probably, round the Horn to Hamburg, or to Portsmouth for orders.

This majestic, awe-inspiring being somewhat reminds one of the old Spanish galleons, but what a difference in cargo! With its golden grains of precious metal transformed to golden grains of wheat.

On the return voyage, ploughing across the

rolling green waves of the Indian Ocean, the dark, foreboding cloud of uncertainty falls over the ship. The terror of calm, when the great ship lies idle, rising and falling with the swell, is ever present in the sailors' minds. For then it resembles a huge caged lion, impatiently pacing the floor of his prison, with a regular monotonous beat. The grey sheets hang slackened, but are kept aloft in the forlorn hope of catching a breath of wind that might help to regain their course.

Day after day this may happen, until, at last, wind comes, sweeping down with cyclonic force, as though to make amends. Then the seemingly puny craft scuds before the wind like a fleeing prey.

When, after many weary days of driving rain, the storm abates, the vessel can pursue its course at a moderate speed, supported by the Trade Winds.

But, fair voyage or foul, it is over at last, and she sails into Sydney Harbour, illuminated by the crimson rays of the setting sun, and silhouetted against the flaming background of sunset.

A weary traveller is coming to rest.

J. HENRY, 2E.

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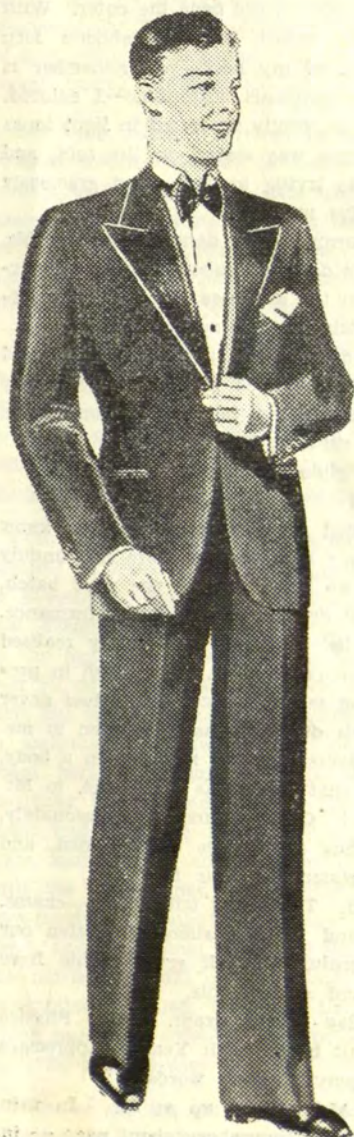
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MY PLEA.

At last the moment had come!

Now all the weeks of careful rehearsing were to be tested, and the result was in the lap of the gods, or rather, four masters in the middle of the hall.

I knocked. A sweet voice bade me enter. With my heart in my mouth and a fishbone fern tickling the back of my neck—you remember it was part of my gorgeous buttonhole—I entered.

The room was tastefully decorated in light tones of brown. A man was seated on the sofa, and she, whom I was trying to win, stood graciously waiting to receive me.

Even as I murmured, as dandified as possible, "Oh, how do you do?" my subconscious soul murmured, "Speak to the audience, pluck their heart-strings, and watch their every reaction."

But, alas! I had left my spectacles behind, and a pair of smoked glasses further hindered my vision. So I listened for the hisses. None came. How perfectly stunning!

More unintelligible statements. . . . Exit.

§ § §

Then we waited for the decision. You know what waiting is. However, we were not unduly alarmed when we were not in the first batch, for we even had dreams of a night performance. But when the list was read, we finally realised that we had been cut out. And although in previous years I had seen plays cut out, I had never thought that this disgrace was to happen to me.

Hastily we players met and marched in a body, fully convinced that there was a mistake, to Mr F—. But no! Calmly, almost dispassionately, he said that thus the judges had decided, and we had to be resigned to our fate.

Months passed. Trials and tribulations—exams. and holidays,—and we had almost forgotten our unappreciated genius; but all great events have an aftermath and so had this.

The second day of the exam. The Physics Paper.—You must be in Fifth Year to appreciate the exquisite agony of these words—

"What is S.H.M.?" stared up at me. In vain did I think. It was somewhere about page — in B. and N.—That I knew. But what it said about it I could not say. Hurriedly I glanced through the remainder of the paper. Alas! No better, but then it was a test paper which, says Mr. R—, "is much easier." So sez he!

"What is S.H.M.?" Back again.

I wrote "Physics Paper, 1935." At least that was a beginning.

Then the blow came. The blow that wrecked my Physics Paper.

A hand, with a faint suggestion of the arm of the law, touched my shoulder, and a calm and, methinks, cynical voice said "This is the fellow."

I shuddered, covered my paper, and thought rapidly "No, no one had seen me using cribs. What, then, was the matter? I glanced up, and quickly looked down again.

This was something serious that brought no less a personage than the Deputy Headmaster of Fort Street Boy' High School to glare at me. Rapidly I thought again. No! I was absolutely sure I'd concealed all traces of that little affair of a few weeks ago. Then what was the explanation? I slid another glance upwards. There was a sheaf of important-looking papers in the authority's hand. Was it as bad as all that? Well, it had to come if it had to, so I said, "Yes, sir?"

Before continuing, I must remind you that this took place in a few seconds, so there was no appreciable delay.

"Why didn't you give me your list of books?" demanded Authority.

"Books?" I murmured very intelligently. "What books, prithee?" Of course I didn't say the last bit. But you know how that is.

"The books you won!"

"Won?" I murmured, even more intelligently, for, alas! I hadn't won any. "What for?"

"For acting on Play Day!"

"At least you might have said that at first," I thought, but I said, "Oh! You see, I didn't know. Couldn't I tell you to-morrow?"

Authority seemed to shrink at this, but said brusquely, "I'm going to get them now!"

"So sez you," thought I.

"Well, give me a (and I knew this would please him) Chamber's Encyclopaedia."

"What?" he murmured, aghast. "Do you want a whole one, or a special part?"

Then I realised my mistake. I should have said a dictionary.

"I mean a dictionary," I said.

"Very well," commented Authority, and left me.

Now, I ask you, could you expect me to finish my paper after that encounter? Echo answers no! Thank you!

So, Mr. R—, if your eye happens to fall on the above, you will understand about my Physics Paper.

PING PONG.

PURE PASTEURISED MILK.

It was my privilege a short time ago to be one of a party shown over the Dairy Farmers' Co-operative Milk Company's premises. I now realise the skill, learning and organisation which ensure pure milk to the people of Sydney. The butter storage, the furnaces and compressors needed to work the refrigerators, the laboratory, the vast milk vats and the bottling of the milk, were objects of great interest to me.

In the cold storage rooms at 11 degrees below zero, over forty thousand boxes of butter are kept. Much of this is exported to Britain, and is sent over in comparatively small consignments so as to keep the market firm. The butter from the country is taken by a chute from the railway to the storage rooms.

The furnaces, which consume coal, are fed by a coal-chute from above to keep up the intense heat which is necessary to turn the water into steam. This power is used to drive the compressors, which, by compressing ammonia, are used to refrigerate the butter storage, and to assist in the pasteurisation of the milk; the ammonia, passing through the coils, draws the heat from the milk.

At the laboratory samples of the milk from all depots are taken and several tests applied. One machine tells the percentage of water added to the milk, if any, by freezing the sample, the freezing point determining the amount of added water. Another test is adding sulphuric acid to a sample, which is placed in a container on a revolving metal plate. The containers whirl round, the force of the air keeping the milk in. As this slows down the milk turns a rich chocolate colour and the butterfat rises to the top, and can be measured by the calipers, thus determining the quality of the milk.

There was also an exhibit showing the constituents of milk—sugar, butterfat, lime, iron, fluorine, cintrate of soda, and 87% of water. On another table were four flat containers, studded with thick groups of bacteria, these being exhibits from unclean dairies. Under these were two other containers, from a clean dairy, with only a few groups, and finally one of pasteurised milk, with no germs, for even unclean milk when pasteurised is quite safe for consumption.

The method of judging the amount of bacteria is to raise the milk to blood-heat for some days in a liquid for the germs to feed on. It is then placed under the microscope to detect the kind of germ, which is determined by its shape, different germs having different shapes.

The milk, when it arrives in trucks from the various country depots, is pumped out of the containers into the large vats where the milk is pasteurised by heating to about 130 degrees Fahrenheit. It is then passed over to the refrigerating plant, where it is quickly cooled by distribution over coils containing ammonia.

A French scientist named Pasteur discovered that by heating milk to a certain high temperature all germs are destroyed. This is necessary, as even in clean dairies some germs are present in the milk. The plant is working night and day, treating thousands of gallons of milk on this principle.

From here the milk is passed into storage vats, pumped in from the bottom, and agitated gently by a revolving screw, so that the cream will not rise, keeping the milk as rich at the bottom as at the top. These vats have a total capacity of over 70,000 gallons, and are soon to be enlarged. Here the milk is left while awaiting delivery, and is maintained at an average low temperature. From here is drawn the milk which is automatically bottled and sealed. The milk bottles, clean and dry, are placed on a slowly turning plate, and pass on under a small vat, connected with the larger ones, the former having several slow-moving pistons which clasp the bottle, fill them, and pass them round off the plate. When the bottles are slid off the plate, full, they are automatically sealed, two at a time, by a device which fixes the cardboard seals in position, presses them in, and releases them.

Thus we see the great importance of the work done by the Dairy Farmers' Co-operative Milk Co., who, by their intensive scheme of milk and butter storage, refrigeration and pasteurisation of milk, laboratory tests of purity, and hygienic milk-bottling and distribution, help to maintain a supply of pure milk to the people of Sydney.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

The 16th of May was Jack Smith's 14th birthday, but there were no greetings of Happy Returns of the day, for Jack was an orphan, and he lived in a small attic room rented from a woman whose only aim in life, apparently, was to hoard every penny she could lay her hands on. It was 5 a.m., and Jack was astir, for he had to start off delivering papers. His only pal was Snap, a ginger dog which had been smuggled upstairs to his room.

With papers under his arm, Jack and Snap set out on the round. Shortly after 7 o'clock, his delivery being completed, Jack turned his footsteps towards the wharf where he spent most of his spare time with Snap, watching the big boats taking cargo aboard in the harbour.

The two friends were about to return to Jack's attic, when they heard a number of small voices shrieking. Snap's ears were bent back, and as he listened intently, he gave a low whine of uneasiness as he looked up at his master. Guided by Snap, Jack soon came into view of three small children who were frantically calling for help, and occasionally peering down into the deep water, where apparently one of their party had fallen.

Unhesitatingly, Jack dived fully clothed into the water. He was not a very strong swimmer and being handicapped by his clothing, he found it a very difficult task to reach the small black head before it was submerged for the third time. When he had secured a good rescue hold on the little boy, he found that he had drifted with the ebbing tide about forty yards from the nearest wharf. Jack struck out gallantly, but before he had covered thirty yards he felt his strength failing him. Using the last of his strength, he again attempted to reach the shore. But it was of no use. A small crowd had gathered on the wharf, while about three hundred yards up the shore a

boat was putting off to come to his aid.

What was that? Surely not! But yes, it was Snap! Seeing his young master drifting out with the current towards the entrance of the harbour, he had bounded through the crowd, plunged into the dark green water, and was now swimming strongly towards Jack, who was making his last effort to keep the little boy's head out of the water.

Snap clutched at Jack's shirt, and began to swim towards the wharf, pulling both boys with him. By the time the rescuing party's boat had arrived at the pier to which Jack and the semi-conscious boy had clutched, willing hands, among which were those of a policeman, were lifting the boys from the water. Apparently from nowhere an ambulance arrived, into which the young patient was placed, and when Jack refused to be a patient, his name and address were taken by the policeman.

As weeks passed, the incident was forgotten, until one day Jack received an official-looking envelope, requesting his presence at the Town Hall on the 30th of June, which was one week hence.

Accompanied by his old pal, he arrived at the hall, which was thronged with people. The policeman barred his way, but on presentation of his letter, he was requested to proceed to the stage. Snap avoided a big boot, and took his seat under Jack's chair.

Awards in medals and certificates were presented for deeds of bravery, and when Jack Smith's name was called, he stepped forward, with Snap at his side. When the medal was pinned to his chest, Jack said: "Sir, my actions were only those of a true Australian, but those of my dog Snap were those of a faithful pal."

D. WEBB, 1D.

THE PARRAMATTA RIVER.

With the soft morning mists slowly rising and disappearing as light draws near, and the warm rays of the sun shimmering on its placid surface, the Parramatta River portrays to the world a glorious picture of natural splendour.

Slowly, as the sun creeps upwards, tugs appear, going slowly along, towing long barges laden with merchandise, and breaking up the surface of the water into innumerable ripples which gently rock small boats at their moorings, and making the

sunlight dance with joy at these pretty surroundings.

In the distance an old punt wends its patient way over the river, carrying loads of motor cars from bank to bank, while farther away, as if disputing the rights of the punt, a new bridge rears its proud steelwork against the sky, showing that before long the old punt will cease its patient journeying across the picturesque Parramatta River.

F. RAMSAY, 2B.



SPORT



The standard of sport at Fort Street is at present, very low. This is mainly due to lack of interest on the part of the School.

In swimming we need boys to specialise in the different strokes, and thus prevent us from relying too much on one swimmer. This was particularly evident in the water polo team, which threw all the work, first on to Burge, and when he left on to Phil Schmidt.

Boys should take their training seriously, for in all sports, except perhaps tennis, we are found to be in very poor condition.

The cricket results are, on the whole, bad, and the water polo team's performance of only one win is not as in other years.

Fourth grade is the only football team worth mentioning. They have won all three games played and have a good chance of becoming premiers.

The tennis report is very pleasing, but the School will never attain its former heights in the sporting world unless the boys take much more interest in sport.

RUGBY UNION.

1st XV.

Up to the present it has to be admitted that Fort Street first grade team is not what it should be. But by the judicious coaching and the sound instruction which we receive from our coaches, Mr. Austin and Mr. Leggett, we hope to have a team which will wear the School colours to victory.

Our first match, against North Sydney, showed up our weaknesses, of which the tackling was the worst. Against Sydney High this was also glaringly evident, most of the players being frightened to tackle their opponents. However, against Hurlstone we showed better form, and scored 9 to their 26.

With Barrett and Carson, forwards, and Callaghan, full back, we have a nucleus of fine players, and if the team play clean and hard, run straight, and tackle with vigour, we have a chance of retrieving some lost laurels.

Scores: v. North Sydney, lost 19-0; v. Sydney High, lost, 30-0; v. Hurlstone, lost, 26-9.

2nd XV.

After three matches the second grade is just becoming a team. Owing to the little time available for practice before the competition, there have been many changes, only four players having played in the whole three matches.

This has been mainly responsible for the team's unsatisfactory position in the competition table, having scored one point out of a possible six.

The first match, against North Sydney, was

hard, but lack of combination defeated us. The outstanding point of the game was the field goal by Callaghan in the first few minutes of the game. The final score was 24-4.

The second game, against Sydney High at Centennial Park, was more even than the scores would suggest. The final count of 21-0 does not reveal anything of the hard game.

Our third meeting was with Hurlstone. In this game Pate was undoubtedly the outstanding player. From his position in second row he not only did valuable work in the scrums, rucks and line-outs, but was associated with both our scores. Resuming after half-time, down 3-0, we were given a penalty near their line, and Pate succeeded in scoring. Later, supporting a good run by Evans, the winger, he crossed to score. The final score, 6 all, was well earned, popular opinion being that we deserve the game.

Our thanks are extended to Mr. Beatty, and we are pleased to say he is more than "master in charge."

3rd XV.

Although the membership of our team has not yet been finally decided, we have had an interesting season so far.

We have Campbell, who, though a recent addition, is a good full back; "Bluey" Wotten, who is a good goal-kicker, and Barrett, who makes himself useful.

Although we have won only one match, by fair combination we have managed to keep down the scores of our opponents.

The games are: North Sydney 9, Fort Street 0; Sydney High 9, Fort Street 16; Hurlstone 8, Fort Street 6; Parramatta 9, Fort Street 0.

Our best thanks to our coach, Mr. Wilson.

4th XV.

Fourth grade this year has begun the season well, and with some improvement should go close to winning the competition.

At the beginning of the season many of the members had played other codes, but, due to the diligent coaching of Mr. Brodie (whose enthusiasm equals that of the boys), they soon became accustomed to the Union rules.

In a practice match against Canterbury, some twenty players were tried out. The match was won by Fort Street, 12-3.

The first competition match took place at North Sydney Oval. The team was an unknown quantity, until it had the North Sydney team beaten by half-time, and finished up by winning by 22 to nil. The backs combined well in this match, but most of the members lacked condition.

Against Sydney High, at Petersham Oval, the team scored a convincing win, the final scores being 29 to 5. The forwards played well together in this game, while the backs again combined well.

At Glenfield, against Hurlstone, play was ragged, and the combination of the former matches appeared to have been lost. The team looked like losing, but rallied and finished up winners, 19 points to 10.

The season has not yet advanced far enough for many individuals to show out, but the team is settling down, and the coaching of Mr. Brodie should bring good results. Among the forwards, Walker, H. Morrison and Pullen do good work. The inside backs, Suzor and Lyons, are tricky and combine well. They are ably supported by the centres, and C. Morrison (captain), with Mutton. Frost, on the wing, shows signs of developing into a match-winner, when he eradicates some minor defects.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Brodie for the good service he renders and his sound advice on the fine points of the game, which is so essential in the development of sound team work.

5th XV.

Although we have not been attended by any measure of success as yet, we are an improving team, and hope to do better. Our chief thanks are to Mr. Foster and Mr. Gollan, who have given us much sound advice, but Mr. Bendeich's early work with us is not to be disregarded.

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We played three matches this season, and lost all, chiefly owing to lack of combination. Smythe distinguished himself by his sound kicking, which gained us two penalty goals.

Among the forwards, Smythe in line-outs and Wells in the scrum are easily the leaders, and Smith (1D) backs up well. The other forwards are triers, but should keep on the ball more. Of the backs, Austin and Yates do yeoman service, and on many occasions Neale, our full back, has saved a seemingly certain try. We had bad luck when Evans, a winger, had his leg hurt, but despite adversity, we still hope for better results.

1st GRADE.

At the commencement of the season the 1st grade team had the misfortune to lose its coach, Mr. P. Gilhome, who was moved to Telopea Park, Canberra, but it received in exchange a very able successor in Mr. Simpson.

The performances of the 1st XI. up to date have not been very encouraging. This is due partly to a little misfortune, but mainly to the lack of sufficient cricket talent coming forward. I mention this because I know there is the cricket talent in the School, but the boys possessing it will not venture to come down to the practices. There is too much inferiority complex about them, and if we could only manage to get these boys down to the nets, then they would soon gain confidence, and help to develop a really 1st grade side.

I refer to this with no thought of disparagement to the present members of the 1st XI. and other grades, because they have not been afraid to try prentice hands, and have been eager to do their bit for the School.

Fort Street is fortunate in having for its home ground Petersham Oval, and both 1st and 2nd grades are permitted to play on it. So I would urge all those who think they can play cricket, and those who believe they cannot play cricket, to avail themselves of the opportunity presented to them of having a healthy, invigorating afternoon's sport, and attend the practices on Petersham Oval when the next cricket season opens.

We have in the 1st grade side a very promising young cricket in J. Neilson. Neilson is not a brilliant batsman, but he is very sound, and makes the runs. His best innings to date was recorded

6th XV.

The sixth grade team has not done very well so far, but we hope for improvement since the additions have been made to the three-quarter line. We hold our lack of condition responsible for our three crushing defeats: North Sydney, 11-6; Sydney High, 18-3; Hurlstone, 17-6.

But during the week in which we had our bye we improved our form, and were able to defeat Parramatta 11-0.

We are grateful to Mr. Foley for his interest and patient training, and with such players as King, Bell, Hearne and Hill in the team, we hope to make a better showing during the rest of the season.

CRICKET.

against Sydney High School at Petersham Oval, when he made 67 runs, going in to bat first wicket, and being dismissed last. Others who show promising style in the batting are E. Campbell, N. Harrison and W. Cochrane. In the bowling the most promising are K. Watton and D. Cotton.

Following is a record of the matches which have been played in the first half of the competition:—

In the first match the team had to forfeit to Parramatta High School, owing to a misunderstanding.

In the second match, against North Sydney High School, North won on the first innings. North Sydney batted first and made 140 runs. Our best bowling performance against them was that of K. Walton, 5 for 24. Fort Street batted, and totalled 110, N. Harrison compiling 31 runs. North Sydney were dismissed for 76 in the second innings, the destroyers being K. Watton with 5 for 28, and O. Crompton with 4 for 39. Thus, Fort Street needed 106 runs to win outright, to be made in 25 minutes. It was almost an impossible task, and stumps were drawn with the total at 61 for the loss of 3 wickets. The chief scorers were D. Cotton 24 not out, and O. Crompton with 16.

In the third match, against Technical High School, Fort Street was defeated on the first innings by 41 runs. The School batted first on a wet wicket, and totalled 61 runs. Technical High batted, and totalled 102, K. Watton again being the best performer in the bowling, taking 5 wickets for 19 runs. Fort Street batted again, and had lost 3 wickets for 16 runs when stumps were drawn.

In the fourth match, against Hurlstone, we were again defeated on the first innings by 29 runs. The School batted first and totalled 114, J. Neilson top-scoring with 19. Hurlstone then batted, and made 143, the best bowling performance being D. Cotton's 6 for 49. Fort Street went in again and totalled 105, E. Campbell making 28. Hurlstone in their second innings had lost 4 wickets for 22 at stumps, O. Crompton taking 3 wickets for 7.

In the fifth and final match of the half year, against Sydney High School, Fort Street was defeated outright by nine wickets and nine runs. In the first innings, Fort Street was shamefully dismissed for 32 runs (least said the better), but Sydney made 159 runs. E. Campbell took 5 wickets for 46 runs for Fort Street. The School batted again, and totalled 134, J. Neilson making 67 runs. High School batted again, and had lost 1 wicket for 16 runs, to win the match outright.

Following are the leaders in the batting and bowling averages:—

BATTING.

	Agg.	Highest Score	Innings	N.O.	Aver.
J. Neilson ..	119	67	7	1	19.8
E. Campbell .	60	28	6	2	15
N. Harrison .	71	31	7	1	11.3

BOWLING.

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
K. Wotton ..	64.3	19	164	19	8.6
D. Cotton ..	16	3	70	8	8.8

In conclusion, on behalf of the 1st grade side, we would like to thank Mr. Simpson for the great interest he has taken in the whole team during the past season.

2nd GRADE.

Second grade filled last position in the cricket competition, but were very unlucky, for when they were practically certain to beat Parramatta, it rained on the second day the match ending in a draw. They did not meet Sydney Technical

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High School, for rain interfered with play on both days.

The best players—Cotton, Gollon, Pate and Cochrane—were transferred to first grade.

The first match, against Parramatta High, at Petersham Oval, ended in a draw, the second day being wet, when the home team were almost certain of victory. They scored 136 (Jullienne taking 4 for 42 and Pate 4 for 48), while Fort Street replied with 6 for 118 (Cotton 47 and Gollon 32).

They then met North Sydney at North Sydney Oval, and were defeated by an innings and 20 runs. North Sydney scored 167 (Cochrane taking 5 for 39), and Fort Street retaliated with 61 (Campbell 21) and 81 (Cochrane 18).

They then played Hurlstone, at Hurlstone, being defeated outright by 90 runs, Hurlstone scored 116 (Jullienne 3 for 18 and Campbell 3 for 10), and Fort Street replied with 66. Hurlstone declared with 5 down for 107 (Jullienne 3 for 29), and Fort Street made 67 (MacDonald 25).

In the last match Fort Street met Sydney High at Centennial Park, and were defeated by an innings and 8 runs. Fort Street scored 71 (Campbell 25), to which Sydney High scored 6-215 in reply. In the second innings Fort Street scored 131 (Campbell 26, Ryan 20 and Pacey 17 not out).

Jullienne was the best of the bowlers, with Cochrane and Pate giving good support, and Campbell, Macdonald and Magnussen were the best of the bats. Magnussen, Warbrick and Bam-bury showed promise, and should develop into good players.

The following are the best bowling and batting averages:—

BATTING.

Name	Innings	N.O.	Highest Score	Runs	Aver.
Campbell, K.	7	1	26	93	15.5
Macdonald	4	0	25	55	13.7
Pacey	4	2	17*	27	13.5
Magnussen	7	2	14*	54	10.8

* Not out.

BOWLING.

Name	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Cochrane	18	3	61	5	12.2
Jullienne	32	4	184	13	14.1
Campbell	10	1	58	4	14.5
Pate	15	2	74	5	14.8

3rd GRADE.

It is pleasing to note that the 3rd grade team has performed with considerable success in the first half of the competition, finishing runners-up to the leaders, Sydney High School.

In the first match, which was played against Parramatta, we obtained 139 (Ferguson 45, Chilcott 28, and Arnold 27). Our opponents replied with 52, and rain deprived us of an outright win.

Against North Sydney, we were defeated outright, although Robinson scored a brilliant 31 and Goswell 18. Arnold and Goswell were the outstanding bowlers, obtaining 5-108 and 3-56 respectively.

Our third match resulted in a first innings win for Technical High. Our opponents scored 166, and we replied with a meagre 52 (Chidgy 11 n.o.), Robinson scoring 25 n.o., and Ferguson 25 in our second innings saved us from an outright defeat.

With the aid of Frost, 65 n.o., Drake 27, and Robinson 24, we were able to defeat Hurlstone in our next match. The bowling honours went to Peak 4-25, Goswell 2-15.

Likewise the strong team of Sydney High were defeated on the first innings, the chief scorers being Goswell 53 n.o., Chilcott 49, Bedwell 53, and Frost 36. This victory was undoubtedly a credit to the team.

Throughout the season our attack depended on Peak, Goswell and Arnold, who all bowled creditably. The batting honours were to Robinson, Goswell, Ferguson and Arnold, in order of merit. Drake being the outstanding fieldsman of the team.

In concluding we wish to express our appreciation of Mr. Burtenshaw's untiring efforts in coaching the team throughout the season.

4th GRADE.

The 4th grade team this season was not very successful, winning only one of the four matches played.

Our first match was at North Sydney, against North Sydney. They batted first and compiled 190 (Ross 2-28, Turner 2-31). Fort Street, after an opening partnership of 37, could only get 66 (Neal 23, Turner 14). Following on, our second innings realised 3-25. North Sydney won on the first innings.

The second match was against Tech. High, at Goddard Park. We batted first, and made 142 (Washington 71 not out, Turner 14, Neal 13, Reed 13, Sherring 12). Tech. made 145 in their first innings (Neal 5-36, Kennedy 3-30). Our second innings was 2-91 (Neal 43 not out, Washington 28 not out, Jones 16). Tech. won on the first innings.

Our third match was played at Glenfield, against Hurlstone. Fort Street batted first and only made 53 (Reed 19, Debenham 11 not out). Hurlstone's

first innings realised 38 (Kennedy 9-10). Our second innings was closed at 5-81 (Washington 32 not out, Neal 17, Jones 16), which left Hurlstone with 97 to win. At stumps they were 9-67 (Kennedy 5-10, Ross 4-31). Fort Street won on the first innings.

The fourth and last match was against Sydney High at Centennial Park. High batted first, and made 147 (Kennedy 4-51, Neal 3-30). Our total was only 66 (Reed 22). High's second innings was closed at 4-154 (Neal 1-50, Reed 1-2, Turner 1-32, Ross 1-11). Our second innings realised

36 (Washington 22 not out, Kennedy 9). Sydney High won outright by 199 runs.

The batting of the side was done by Washington, who made 160 runs at an average of 53, Neal 112 runs, and Reed.

The best bowlers were Kennedy, who took 22 wickets for 161, Neal 10 wickets, and Ross 9 wickets.

The fielding of the team generally was poor.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Waterer and Mr. Duhig for their interest in the team.

SWIMMING.

and although there was keen rivalry between the teams, there was no ill-feeling amongst the players. Consequently all thoroughly enjoyed the sport, and are looking forward to next summer, when we hope that this excellent team game will receive more support and encouragement than it has done in previous years.

Last, but not least, the team extends its grateful thanks to Mr. Rose for the interest he has shown, and for the sound and useful advice he has been ever ready to give. We wish him better luck with his team next year.

J.S.

WATER POLO.

This year Fort Street was unfortunate in losing Arthur Burge, the star polo player in last year's competition. Arthur has left school and has entered the business world, and we wish him every success in his new sphere. Although his school days are over, his polo days are certainly not, and his fellow Fortians congratulate him on being selected to represent N.S.W., and we hope that he will one day become the State captain.

Stan Raine, an experienced player, was then chosen to fill the breach, but after one or two games he also was fortunate enough to obtain a position, and Phil Schmidt was elected captain. The latter carried on for the rest of the season, and has proved himself a very able and popular leader. He is a very slippery customer in the water, and completely outclassed everybody except Tim Walsh, "Tech's" star. These two are both great players, and consequently we saw many battles royal between them. However, the rest of us were not able to give Phil the support that Tim got from his team, and Technical High went on to win the competition easily. They were certainly the best team, and deserved their victory, owing to the all-round play and excellent teamwork which they displayed. We congratulate them on being the 1935 Premiers, and Phil on receiving his well-earned "blue."

In our team there were two other good players, V. Parkinson, the "goalie," and E. Sangwell, our right forward, and if the rest of the players could have improved their standard to the level of these two, Phil might have led his men on to victory. However, G. Cockburn, R. Terry, J. Sanders, and V. Carsen all tried hard and did their best, and, despite the fact that we only won one game, many of the scores were close, and the matches were hard-fought. They were all marked by clean play,

LIFE-SAVING.

On Wednesday, 10th April, the Arthur Parker Cup life-saving competition, for those schools of N.S.W. affiliated with the R.L.S.S., and with an enrolment in excess of three hundred, was held at the Drummoyne Baths. The contest, a revival of a very old competition, was run on interstate conditions, its basis being the work for the Bronze Medallion.

The schools participating were Canterbury, Fort Street, Knox Grammar, Marist Bros.' College, and the Technical High School at Paddington. Our successful rivals, Knox Grammar School, had previously attained third place in the State Championship, so that it is merely pleonastic to say that it was a very high honour to be such close runners up to such formidable opponents.

Judging the competitors were Mr. H. H. Hardwick, Supervisor of Swimming at the Education Department, Mr. Frank Morris, Examiner-in-chief of the Society, and Mr. W. H. Bentley, his deputy. Mr. Frank Morris, it may be mentioned, was one of the Centenary team of life-savers who, by their superlative excellence, obtained eight of the possible ten awards in competition with the other States. He also examined this year's candidates

for awards from Fort Street.

K. A. Binns, F. G. Rigg, J. Wilson and J. G. Olding made up the Fort Street team, all being holders of the First-class Instructor's Certificate. We had for our instructor Mr. Humphries whose good work in this and other branches of life-saving cannot be over-estimated.

Some of the figures may be interesting. We obtained twenty-six points out of thirty for resuscitation drill, being only two-fifths of a second out at the end of the time; we secured nine out of ten for our rescues, and eight out of ten for our releases, but in the towing we were one minute under the time put up by Knox Grammar and, whereas they secured full marks for the surface dive, we obtained twenty-two out of thirty.

Marist Brothers, a very excellent team, ran us very close, as may be ascertained from the following final point results:—

Knox Grammar	128.33
Fort Street	122.06
Marist Brothers	121.36
Technical High	112.33
Canterbury "A" Team ..	100.44
Canterbury "B" Team ..	90.5

At the annual distribution of trophies of the R.L.S.S., attended by the School Captain and F. G. Rigg, the donor of the cup, Mr. Arthur Parker, in presenting the pennant for second place, told of the excellent work done by the School in life-saving during past years. He said that Fort Street was the first to take up life-saving among the schools, as far back as 1895, and from then on the School took a keen interest in the activities of the Society. Thanks largely to Mr. Humphries, we seem to be well sustaining this interest.

F. G. RIGG, 5D.

C.H.S. SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Fort Street was, unfortunately, not very successful in the C.H.S. Swimming Carnival, which was held on March 21st.

Formerly the School has been able to depend on one good swimmer but, because of the introduction of the three divisions and the subsequent allotment of points, the School must produce teams of good swimmers who specialise in different strokes.

Technical, which had very brilliant teams, won the Senior and Under 14 Shields, and Sydney High won the Junior.

The School was represented in Senior events mainly by F. Brown, V. Parkinson, Bardsley and

Sanders; by Schmidt, Cole and Callagan in the Junior Shield, while our Under 14 swimmers were R. Wells, B. Moore and J. Appleby.

Schmidt, who was by far the best swimmer from Fort Street, won three junior events.

We hope that these swimmers, and others to come, will train and endeavour to win in the next carnival.

44th SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

In this year's swimming carnival the splendid standard of the School's swimming was, on the whole, maintained. One record was broken, and the times of most other events approached the records established in previous years.

The weather on the morning of the day of the carnival was rainy, but became fine and fresh in the afternoon. The events took place at the Drummoyne Baths, which are more suitable for witnessing a carnival than the Domain or Elkington Park Baths. The School gave a good attendance and a few parents were present, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent.

In the relay races there were many fine efforts, especially among the 4th Year swimmers, whose time was less than that of the 5th Year. Such boys as Schmidt, Terry, Cockburn and Davis show promise of becoming our School champions. Schmidt, indeed, performed splendidly in winning the Under 16 Cup, coming first in every event that he entered, and beating the runner-up, Callaghan, by eleven points. Although only a little fellow, it seems that Schmidt will be the School's swimmer at the Combined High Schools' Carnival, as A. Burge and C. Phillips have been in the past.

Wells, another good swimmer, succeeded in winning the Under 14 Cup, obtaining three more points than Jenkins, a bright performer, who broke the record for the 33 yards breast stroke championship by a fifth of a second.

In winning the Senior Cup, F. Brown easily led the other competitors, making the same very satisfactory performance as Schmidt. Sanders was runner-up for the Cup, but his effort was far less meritorious than Brown's.

Other events, such as the life saving championship, the School diving competition, the School relay race, and the Old Boys' handicap, proved very interesting. Although there was no outstanding times, the swimming was satisfactory, and most of us feel that it was an advantage that Burge was not present, as other boys had a chance of winning races.

We give hearty congratulations to Mr. Rose for the organisation of the carnival, and to Mr. Humparies, who helped in various ways.

TENNIS.

This season, although we have lost both Rothwell and Jurd—the mainstays of our last year's first grade, we expect much from our teams. Of the eight matches which have been played, one only has been lost, and this augurs well for the future success of the teams engaged.

Thanks to the supervision of Mr. Dunne, we have been able to select the best teams, on the merits of the players; not, as last year, on chance performances.

First Grade consists of Penman (Captain), Greenwood, Berry and Dyer, and so far very little difference can be noticed in the playing ability of either pair. Penman is the possessor of a fine service, but he fails to take advantage of it by "hugging" the backline, and not even trying to take the net. The same remark may be made with regard to Greenwood, who is, however, a better singles player than an exponent of the doubles game. This pair combine well, but they need to brighten up their volleying and overhead work, and learn to take the net at every opportunity. When they do so, their task will be much easier. A doubles player must realise that the net is the attacking quarter for doubles, and should storm the net at every opportune moment. Berry has a very sound service, and, unlike last year, is particularly severe overhead. His volleying has also improved, but at times his return of service is weak, and this defect must be rectified. Dyer is a sound all round player, but loses far too many precious points by throwing discretion to the winds and trying to make too many "classy" strokes where just an ordinary one is all that is needed.

In our first match we convincingly defeated North Sydney to the tune of 7 sets to 1. In this match Berry and Dyer gave a fine exhibition of what should be done to loose returns. However, we could not keep up our form, and High defeated us 7 sets to 1 in our next match. But the match was closer than it looks on paper, and we only went down by 15 games. We played badly and failed to grasp many opportunities. Nevertheless, the team is optimistic, and we feel certain we can reverse the decision on our own court, but we offer High our congratulations on their win.

Second Grade consists of Cohen (Captain), Caines, McCreadie and Cattell. Cohen and Caines combine well together, but Cattell and McCreadie sometimes fail to produce their true form. It is also noticeable that the lastnamed pair cannot manage to play the four sets running, and it would be advisable to let that task fall on the first pair. This team has won both matches played, and has every chance of carrying off the premiership.

Third Grade is comprised of Palmer (Captain), Smith (who has been replaced by Cole), Gillies and Jones. The lastnamed pair is the stronger, Gillies being a very hard trier, and Jones being quite a good player, although at times inclined to be rather "patchy." Palmer and Cole are hard triers, but cannot be relied on as can the first pair. So far, thirds have been successful in both matches, and with a little more practice this team should do well and manage to retain the premiership honours for us.

Fourth Grade, as was the case last year, is limited to boys of the 1st and 2nd Years only. The team picked itself, and the chosen four are: Hobbes (Captain), Whiteley, Clarkson and Griffiths. The former pair combine well, and have so far only lost one of their sets. Griffiths and Clarkson, although considerably weaker, try very hard and play quite creditably. Fourths have also won both matches, and again we look to them to retain the premiership for the School.

In conclusion we wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Dunne for the time he has spent in selecting the teams, and for the time he is spending in keeping those teams up to the standard, and it is to be hoped that at the end of the season we will be able to show results which in some measure will reward him for the pains he has taken, and also raise the standard of tennis in this School.

SAMENESS.

Work!

Let it be dull,
monotonous,
mechanical;

for only from deserts dry such as this
can the most fragile cactus flowers bloom.
After the day's long heat and arid dust there comes
a cool moonrise,
dewy,
and with it—
Inspiration.

SKALD.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

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

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

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

Aiken, Lewin George, 1B 5A 6B 8B 11H1.
 Allars, Kenneth G., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11A.
 Barclay, Douglas Wilfred, 1B 2B 5B 6B 11B.
 Bendeich, Ernest W., 1B 8B 14B 17B.
 Bradley, Lancelot W., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 10L.
 Buddle, Neil Dixon, 4B 5A 6B 7B 10A.
 Burton, Frederick, 1B 2B 5A 6B 8B 10L.
 Campbell, Stuart, 1B 5A 6B 7B.
 Cavill, John Albert L., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 14L.
 Chisholm, John A., 1B 2B 3B 4A(o) 5B 6B 9L.
 Chudleigh, Douglas H., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
 Clarke, George Rahent, 1B 5A 6B 7B 10A.
 Colclough, Jack, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10H1.
 Craddock, Phillip T., 3B 5A 6B 7B 10L.
 Cumming, Cecil Douglas, 1B 2B 3L 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
 Dark, Ralph Thwaites, 5B 6B 7B 10H2.
 Davis, Ruskin John J., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 10B.
 Drake, Raymond Edward, 1B 5B 6B 8A 11H2 14B.
 Dunlop, Ronald Thomas, 1B 2B 3B 16 pass 21B.
 Dyce, Alexander, 1H2 2B 3B 8H2 11A 16 pass.
 Easton, Robert Richmond, 2B 5B 6B 8B.
 Evans, John Walther, 1B 2A 4B 5A 6A 7B 10H2.
 Faulkner, Gordon James, 1B 2B 3B 8A 14H1.
 Ferguson, Clement Bruce, 1B 2A 3L 5B 6B 8H1 11A.
 Ferguson, James, 1B 2B 3B 8A 9B 16 pass.
 Foskett, Ronald James A., 1A 2B 5A 6B 7B 10A.
 Goddard, L. S., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H1.
 Goddard, Lindsay John, 1B 5A 6B 7B 10A.
 Grimes, Peter James, 1H1 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 12B.
 Harrison, Mervyn Eric, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
 Herps, Douglas Matthew, 2B 3B 5B 8A 11B.
 Jackson, Leonard A., 5A 6B 7B 10B.
 Jennens, John Reginald, 1B 8A 11L 14B.

Jones, Stanley William, 1B 5B 6B 14B 17B.
 Kiely, Vincent A., 1A 2L 5B 6B 8H2 9B.
 Kingsell, Kevin H., 5B 6B 8B 14A.
 Lackey, Samuel, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Laurence, Clement H., 1B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10H2.
 Leathart, Henry C., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7B 11H2.
 Lissner, Derek, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11A 14B.
 Marchant, Harold W., 1B 3L 5A 6A 7B 10L.
 Marsh, Ronald Clyde, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 McAuley, James P., 1H1 2H2 3A 4A 5B 6B 11H2.
 McCulloch, Charles R., 1B 3B 5B 6B 10B.
 McDonald, Ronald A., 1B 2B 5B 6B 10B.
 McGilvray, Wilfred M., 1B 3L 5A 6B 7B 10B 14A.
 McLelland, Alexander, 1B 5A 6B 10B.
 McQueen, Wallace W., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 10A.
 Miller, William Ian, 1B 5B 8B 11B.
 Morrison, Charles R., 1B 5B 6B 11L.
 Murray, David Noel, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A.
 Myers, Albert, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 11A.
 Newton, George Edward, 1B 3B 5B 6B.
 Nicoll, George F., 3B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Owen, Robert, 5A 6B 7B 10L 17B.
 Pacey, Ronald Edmund, 1B 5B 8B 14H1.
 Parkinson, Val Temple, 1B 2L 3L 8B 11B.
 Phillips, Lloyd George, 1B 5B 8B 11B.
 Porter, Ormond William, 1A 2H2 3B 5A 6B 9B 21H2.
 Pulford, Douglas W., 1B 3B 5B 8A 11B.
 Purcell, John Kendall, 1A 2B 3L 8A 11B 16 pass.
 Rasmussen, Leonard, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
 Rassack, Ronald Clive, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H2.
 Ratcliffe, Gordon J., 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H2 17B.
 Reader, Sydney Ralph, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 9B.
 Roberts, David Bruce, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B.
 Roberts, James Edward, 1B 5B 6B 8B 14A.
 Shearer, W. G., 1B 2B 4B(o) 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H1.
 Slater, Allen Bruce, 1B 2B 3B 5B.
 Small, Lionel Neville, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10H2.
 Sork, Ronald Cedric, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 8B 10B.
 Stevens, Neal F., 1A 4B 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10H1 17A.
 Stewart, Harold F., 1A 2B 3L 5B 8B.
 Vaughan, John, 1A 3B 5B 6B 8A 12B 14A.
 Walker, Kenneth F., 1H2 2B 3A(o) 5A 6B 8H2 9A.
 Walsh, Frederick W. G., 1B 2B 5B 6B 11B.
 Wark, John Mervyn, 1A 2A 3B 5B 9B 21B.
 Weber, Leighton, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10L 14H2.
 West, Frederick George, 1B 2A 3L 5A 6B 8B.
 Winning, John Sydney, 1B 3L 5B 6B 8B 10B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

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

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

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

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

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

- Aiken, George A., 1B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 16B.
 Armstrong, William J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Arthur, Reginald, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Baird, Donald, 1A 3B 4A 5B 7B 11A 16B.
 Balnave, Edward, 1B 2A 3B 4B 7A 11B 15B 16B.
 Barrett, Cedric G., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Blackett, Frederick A., 1B 4B 5B 6B 11B.
 Blunt, John M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Boardman, Oswald J., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Bowmaker, Henry H., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Brennan, Jack H., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Bretnall, Martin F., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Brown, Laurence, 1B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Burns, Roy, 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B.
 Butler, Maurice E., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Caines, Percy N., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Cardwell, Francis B., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Carter, Cecil, 1B 4B 6B 7B.
 Chadwick, George, 1B 3B 5B 11B 15B.
 Chessell, Lance A., 1A 2B 3B 4B 7B 16B.
 Chilcott, Amos E., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B 16B.
 Clarkson, Hubert H., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Cockburn, George R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Cole, Edmund K., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Collens, Geoffrey G., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Crowe, Reginald N., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B.
 Daniel, Alfred J., 1B 4B 6B 7B.
 Davies, Kenneth G., 1A 2B 6B 7B.
 Davies, John Donnelley, 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B 15B.
 Davis, Stephen A. J., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Denham, Jack, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Denham, Roy A., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Dibley, Keith M., 1B 2B 4A 5B 11B.
 Dunlop, Iain B., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Edwards, Eric A., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Empson, Edward D., 1B 2B 4A 5B 11B.
 Evans, Bernard, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Fox, Arthur L., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Fraser, Douglas A., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Frumar, Neville R., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Gale, Edward, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B 16B.
 Gilbert, Raymond, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Gillies, Robert I., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 11A.
 Glen, James, 1B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Goswell, George B., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Goulder, James, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Grant, Keith, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Gray, Kenneth A., 1B 2B 3B 11B 15B 16B.
 Hall, Walter G., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Haynes, Angus, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B 15B.
 Heaney, Francis R., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 11A 15B 16A.
 Hill, John H., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Hoad, Gerald M., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Hogan, Herbert D., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Holland, John H., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B 16B.
 Howse, Eric J., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11B 21A.
 Hunt, Frank, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Hutchison, Ronald E., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 James, Bruce E., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 11B 15B 16B.
 Joyce, Victor S., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Jullienne, Paul G., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Kerr, Roy D., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11A 16B.
 Kerridge, John, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Kirkby, Clement E., 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Lackey, Alan D., 1B 4A 5A 7B 11B.
 Lewer, Walter J., 1B 2B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Mactavish, Keith I., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Mawson, Desmond W., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B 21A.
 McFarlane, Errol G., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 McLeod, Kenneth, 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A.
 Medcalf, Norman, 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Merrington, John, 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Metcalf, Rodney E., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Moore, L. S., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Morris, Stanley G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Morrison, Hamilton, 1B 2B 3B 4B 11B.
 Murphy, Robert F., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Nicholson, Richard A., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Norton, Horace G., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Palfreyman, Colin R., 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B.
 Parker, Jack C., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Parsons, John R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B.
 Pate, Edward J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B.
 Pearson, Leslie A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Porter, George A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B 15B.
 Pullen, Laurence A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Randle, Frederick A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 15B.
 Reed, Wilfred F., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Reid, Charles P., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B 21A.
 Richter, Oliver J., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Roberts, Mervyn L., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Robinson, Dudley J., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Robinson, Kelso T., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11A.
 Rose, Jack A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Rowland, Paul L. L., 1B 2B 3B 20A.
 Ruddock, Gordon A., 1B 2B 4B 5B.
 Sangwell, Edward R., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Schmidt, Philip J., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Scott, Winston W., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 11A.
 Skinner, Robert L., 2B 4B 6B 11B.
 Spooner, Frank S., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11B.
 St. Julian, Raymond F., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Stratton, Arthur J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Symonds, Gordon E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11B.
 Terry, Roy L., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Thompson, Donald H., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Thomson, Lawrence R., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B 15B 16A.
 Totterdell, Maurice E., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Treharne, Ross F., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11A 21A.
 Turner, Warrick J., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Virtue, Robert M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Walter, Ernest T., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Watson, Gordon C., 1A 2A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Watson, Sydney C., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Waugh, William H., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Weatherburn, Percy L. P., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Wheeler, Llewellyn D., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Wilson, David G., 2B 4B 6A 7A 11B.
 Wilson, Donald G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Wilson, John E., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Wood, Charles B. B., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B.
 Woodhouse, Victor J., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Wotton, William D., 1B 2B .B 11B.

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