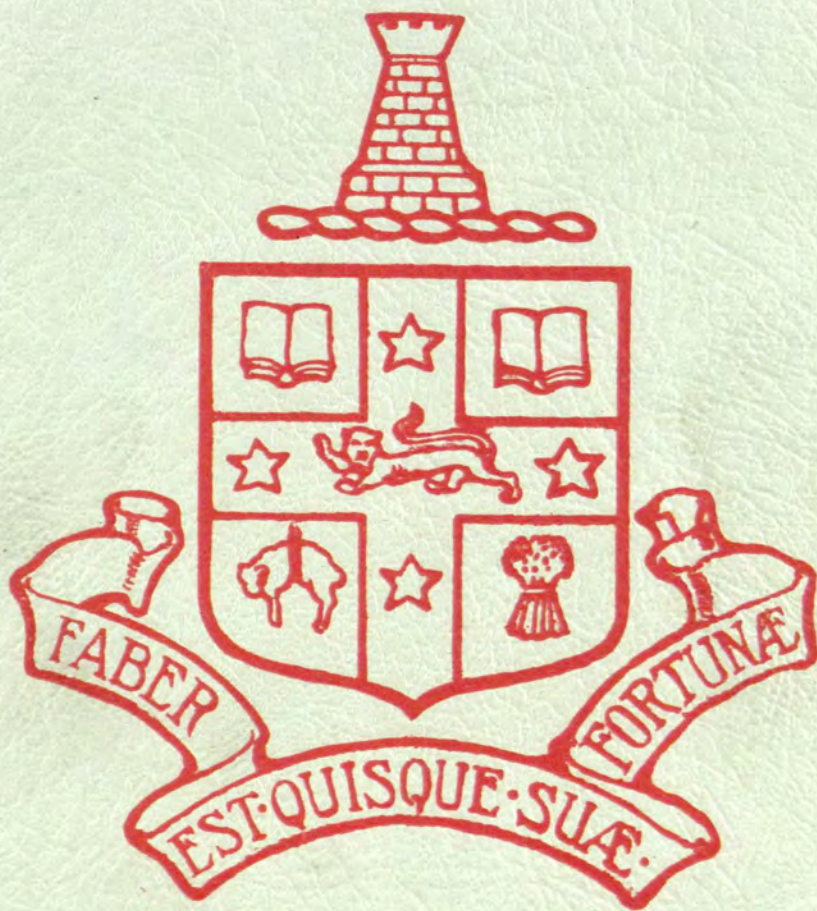
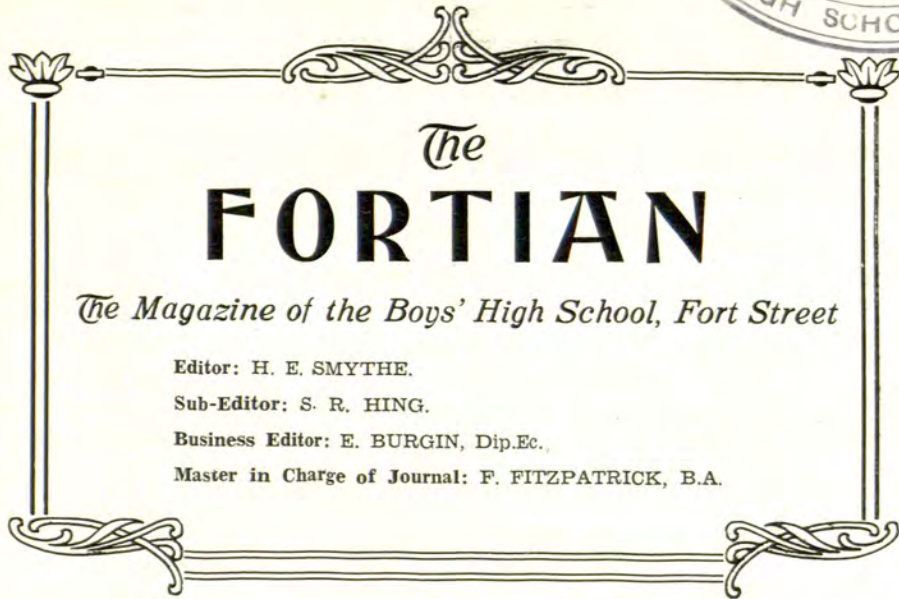


THE FORTIAN



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

DECEMBER, 1936.



The
FORTIAN

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Fort Street

Editor: H. E. SMYTHE.

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Editorial

There has been considerable controversy concerning the advantages and the disadvantages of sport, and as we, as a school, are distinctly interested in sport we may well view the matter from the latter angle.

For we do not intend to recapitulate the time honoured maxims that active participation in games leads to both mental and physical well-being, provided, of course, that the mental attitude towards the game is right, and the participation is moderate. Nor do we wish to labour the point of character development through team games, so well driven home on Sports and Speech Day by our sportsmaster.

We learnt in third class primary not to carry home our bats when we were bowled; and it would seem that we were born with the knowledge that the world's battles were won on cricket grounds. (Though about what kind of playing grounds will ensure victory in future wars, it is interesting to speculate).

It may be surprising, then, that having admitted the foregoing, we are able to see any disadvantages in sport.

We should like to say immediately that it is not sport itself to which objection can be taken, but our nation's whole-hearted devotion to it. It may be seriously questioned whether this devotion is not indicative of something wrong in the development of our cultural life. The hundreds who flock to beaches, playing fields and sports grounds do so commendably, but with a zest and singleness of interest which compares ill with the Russians' devotion to their economic system, the Germans' joy in the Salsburg festivals, and the Italians' indulgence in Grand Opera.

We have as much right to go to the races as kings, but are our other interests as kingly? We are, of course, a musical nation, for, marry, we have told ourselves so,—often; and the crooners who supply public demand through the wireless prove it. Our libraries are monuments to our love of literature and knowledge, and our enjoyment of American talkies might be excused if our literary development were commensurate with theirs.

While it can be successfully contended that it is something more fundamental than our love of sport which is the cause of some considerable loss in our culture, it may be claimed that the appetite grows by what it feeds on, and as a nation, we have come to feel that we have justified our existence if we work forty-eight hours a week, and gambol like lambs for the rest.

Then again, we ask with the crabbed voice of the critic, what is sport coming to? Once we heard that "the game is the thing"; and the sentiment receives lip service now. But, actually, winning the game is becoming increasingly popular, and even the once unsullied whiteness of our cricket flannels is becoming speckled with the black rot of the unholy desire to win.

What, then, is to do about it? If we had a dictator, he might reverse Hitler's order that a certain standard of attainment at games and athletics is necessary for an examination pass in education subjects, and allow no one to participate in school sport who did not take an equal interest in literary, musical and artistic appreciation. Or we might prohibit professionalism in sport.

But as it is, we can only hope for a general realisation and correction of the tendency of the times, and do our little bit by taking an active interest in all opportunities of cultural development offered by our school and city. We could, too, create a greater demand for the teaching of "cultural" subjects, as opposed to "academic" studies.

For, after all, we don't have to consult the oracle at Delphos about the portents, and in endeavouring to maintain a nice balance between plenty of the right sort of sport and not too much of it, we can always remember that what the Greeks did, it is possible for Australians (and Fortians) to do; and that brings us to the pertinent question: How many Fortians are as desirous of belonging to the School Choir as to the grade "A" sports teams? Or, for that matter, how many Fortians endeavour to be literary in their own magazine?

The answer is an admission of shortcoming in both respects, and we may do our small part for a growing national consciousness of other things as worthy of our attention as sport by attending to our own small note.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

We should look forward to an entertaining evening on the 15th December, and, having perused the programme, few will gainsay this optimism.

We understand the programme will consist of an athletic display, choral items, and two plays. Mr. Humphries has promised us a very interesting display, to occupy about twenty minutes, in which we will see eight different pyramid formations, which will be topped off by a table of exercises,—in Mr. Humphries' own words, "exercising all muscles." This table should be instructive to the audience, for it begins with "warming up" exercises, then, systematically, all the body is exercised, the table concluding with "finishing" movements. Mr. Humphries' final is a tableau of the rising sun.

Enjoyable as this display must be, possibly most of us regard Mr. Moss' plays as the drawcard of the evening.

The first, "The Prince who was a Piper," is a delightful romance and has, in its plot, some amusing episodes. Kerridge, as Prince Denis, Arthur as Princess Maie, Astridge as Jegu, the Chancellor, Cohen as Lizina, all promise from their rehearsal performances to give the acted play the necessary polish, and all show no little ability,

which should provide a most enjoyable fifty minutes of make-believe.

The second play, "The Copper Pot," is an Eastern tale, with Eastern setting and sentiments. Like all things of the Orient, it is somewhat wrapped in mystery. That Rasid, the miserly merchant, who grudgingly lends his great copper pot to Abdullar with a harsh stipulation, is to be discomfited, is the idea of the play, and the method of doing this should provide interesting entertainment. Appleby as Salameh, Knight as Avien, Glover as Abdullah, D. Dennis as Lasid, promise to give good performances, while Short, as Fatma, leads a troupe of Eastern dancers.

In the first play, Mr. Burtenshaw's choir will sing during the dances, and will, we believe, give added effect to the scene. In addition, the choir will sing the following numbers, "Come to the Fair"; then, from Beethoven, "Minuet"; from Brahms, "Lullaby"; also from Mozart, "Lullaby"; Thomas' "Gavotte," Gorman's "O Peaceful Night," and "The Viking Song."

Bobby Stevens will be the soloist in Mozart's "Minuet," so our readers can understand that this evening will provide a fine programme, which it would be a great pity to miss.

H. E. V. SMYTHE.

NEWS AND NOTES.

We are pleased to announce that the new Memorial Hall is completed, and was officially opened by the Premier, the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, on Thursday, 3rd December, 1936, at 3 p.m.

Some parents have voluntarily forwarded a donation to the Headmaster towards the equipment of the hall, and we have no doubt that quite a number more parents and friends will be pleased to follow their example. Donations may be forwarded to the Headmaster.

As usual the ladies enthusiastically cooperated with the staff in the opening arrangement on December 3rd, and also assisted with the entertainment on Tuesday, December 15th.

As is generally known, a musical, gymnastic and dramatic entertainment will be held in the Memorial Hall on Tuesday, December 15th, at 7.45 p.m. It is confidently expected that supporters of the School will help to make this function a success.

We congratulate the following boys on their election and selection as prefects for 1937: Messrs. Appleby, Smythe, Olding, Kilgour, Dodson, Hunter, Middleton, Grant, Astridge, Mogg, Allen, Dennis, McCredie, Scott, Waterer, Kerridge.

The annual Senior Dinner held in the new hall on October 20th was a great success. Many of the fathers were present, and all agreed that a very pleasant evening had been spent.

All boys who are leaving school this year should keep in close touch with Mr. Burgin, and leave their addresses, so that if they desire a position, efforts may be made to find one for them.

L.C. candidates are reminded that if they desire to compete for Exhibitions at the University, they should apply to the Registrar of the University for a form immediately after the results are published.

"OUR SCHOOL REPORTER."

Since "Our School Reporter" has become such a popular, indeed, one might say, such a vital factor in our school life, the subject is one on which I deem it an honour to write. With eager expectation do we await, each Thursday, an additional number of the "Reporter"; for in our weekly "local rag" are contained personal touches and items of the current news of the School. Our other needs are well supplied by "The Fortian," which only appears twice a year.

Every reader must have noticed how, almost week by week, the persevering editor of the "Reporter" has improved the lay-out of the paper. Compare the earliest issues with the latest. Indeed, a great amount of hard work has gone into the writing and printing of the "Reporter." An observer may notice the high mark of efficiency which our editor (it seems natural to call him our editor) has achieved in paragraphing.

Having considered the improvement which the "Reporter" itself has made, let us think of what it has really done for the School.

As Jack Denham said at the Senior Dinner (the editor omitted this in his special number): "The 'Reporter' has done a great work in strengthening the School interest, which, unfortunately, was

previously a little lacking in all too many of us. It is perfectly evident that two of the main objects of the sheet have been to bring us news and to infuse into all readers a greater enthusiasm. Indeed we all, especially keen Fortians, should be very grateful to the editor for this, the main aspect of his paper."

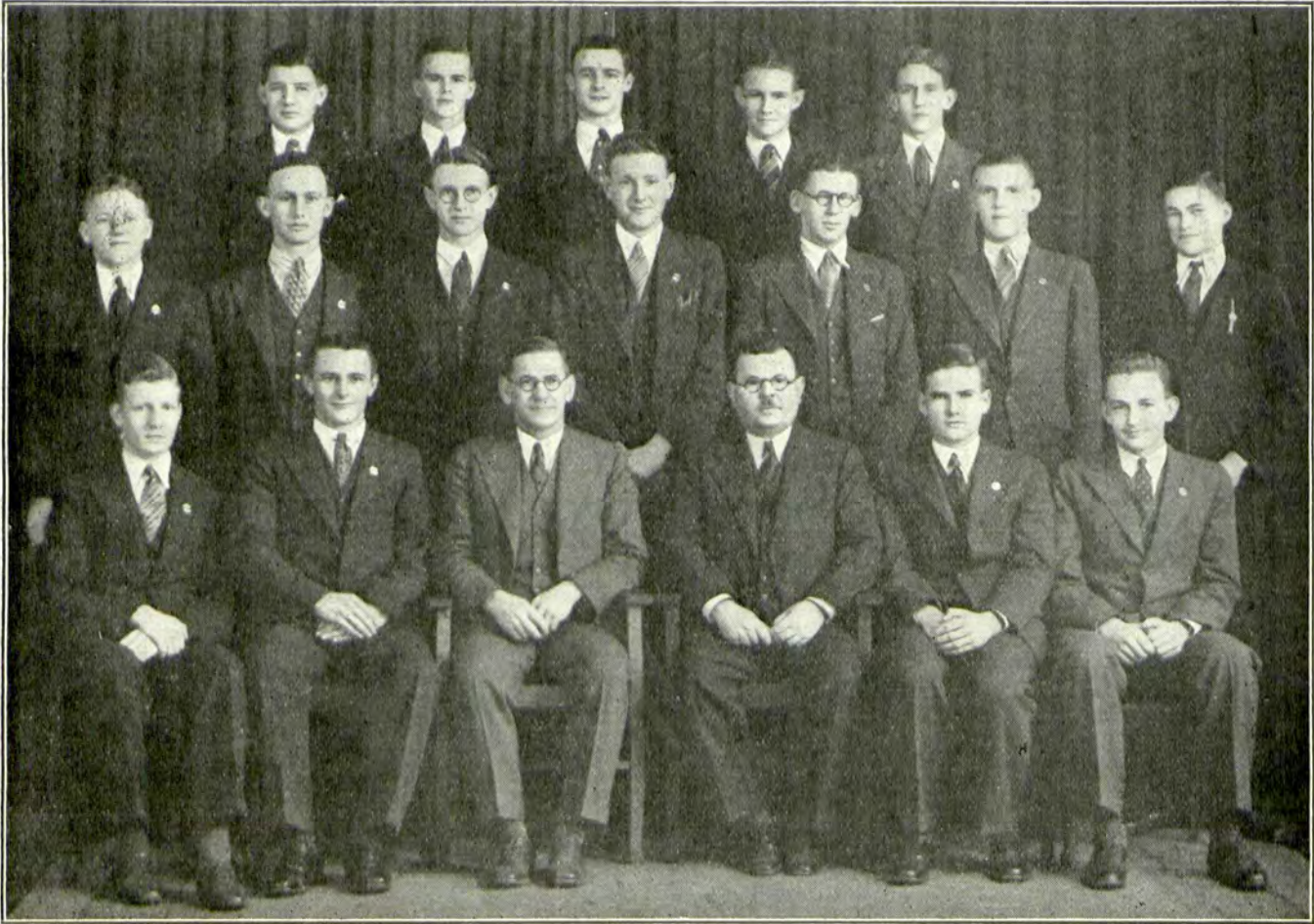
The "Reporter" has been instrumental in making everybody interested in the other boys in the School. The younger pupils have come to know the seniors better, and they, in turn, see in the juniors a reflection of themselves when they were young. Of course, if we know each other better, there is sure to be more unity, a more friendly feeling, and a greater school spirit throughout the School.

There is no need to quote from various issues of the paper to indicate the types of subject which have been dealt with, for their variety is surely apparent to every "Reporter" reader.

Thus, we all feel grateful to Mr. Short for providing us, not only with current news of the School, but also with a means to stimulate greater interest in each other.

W. B. GRANT, 4B.

SCHOOL PREFECTS.



Front Row: F. Spooner, J. Denham (Captain), C. H. Christmas (Headmaster), C. H. Harrison (Deputy Headmaster), B. Evans (Senior Prefect), I. Dunlop.
Second Row: A. Ferguson, W. Anderson, T. Krok, J. Glen, J. Wilson, G. G oswell, P. Schmidt. **Back Row:** J. Bailey, H. Norton, H. Dunlop, C. Barrett, F. Smith.

SENIOR DINNER.

This function took place in the Memorial Hall at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, 20th October. It was the first function held in the enlarged hall, and was opened by the singing of the National Anthem and the toast, "The King," proposed by the chairman, J. Denham. With Mr. Parker at the piano, the gathering sang the School Song. Next Wilson rendered a banjo solo, which was greeted enthusiastically.

Under the baton of Mr. Burtenshaw, community singing took place between the various toasts during the night.

The captain, J. Denham, proposed the toast, "School and Staff." Denham, in his very fine speech, emphasised the friendly attitude and spirit of co-operation maintained between pupil and teacher, and thanked the staff for its manifold voluntary services on behalf of the School. He laid particular stress on the great impetus given to the School spirit by the weekly publication, "Our School Reporter," edited by Mr. Short.

Mr. Christmas replied on behalf of the staff, and expressed his appreciation of the support given by the staff. He remarked upon the variety of ability and temperament of the boys under his charge, and said that the departing seniors compared favourably with previous years. He also remarked upon the "universality" of Fort Street boys. They are everywhere, and occupy all types of positions.

Mr. Short then sang the ballad "Up from Somerset" with vigour, and all joined in the final chorus. C. Reid next performed a pianoforte "Jerome Kern," a medley, and gave evidence of great talent. An encore was enthusiastically demanded and granted.

Mr. Harrison, who proposed the toast, "The Departing Seniors," complimented the prefects upon their fine service throughout the year, wishing those newly appointed equal success. He said that one point in regard to sport, particularly football, had been impressed upon him, "that Fortians could take a beating" in the right spirit.

Mr. Burtenshaw, in his pleasing baritone, followed with a nautical ballad.

Then Horace Norton replied for the seniors; he endorsed the captain's remarks with regard to the "Reporter," and said that the seniors bear a genuine respect and affection for Fort Street. He was upheld by Bernard Evans, who stated that although the social aspect of the School's life had been somewhat handicapped this year owing to the rebuilding of the Hall it had had a successful year.

The toast to the "Future Seniors" was proposed by C. Jones in his best oratorical fashion. He said that the secret of all Fortians' successes lies in their motto, "Faber est quisque suae fortunae," and that if the new seniors were as good Fortians, and upheld the traditions of Fort Street as well as the previous generations, Fort Street would never decline.

H. Smythe in reply assured the gathering that the future seniors had watched in admiration the departing seniors, and would ever endeavour to emulate their example, in which task he was sure they would succeed.

The toast to the "Old Boys' Union" was appropriately given by Mr. Rose. He stated that the union was a worthy society, and informed the gathering that it was always interested in any school business, and as examples quoted the various contests between the School and the Union. The assembly was also informed that owing to its efforts, the old gates of Fort Street were coming back to the School, and that monthly luncheons, such as are held by the Millions Club, were being organised.

In reply, Dr. Collins compared the present School to the old School. He said that he cherished memories of school life, but he warned all that though our school days may be our happiest days, they are not our best. To follow there is a life, especially in the professions, in which it is fatal to rest on past laurels; competition is too keen. He also endorsed Mr. Christmas' remarks in regard to the "universality" of Fortians, quoting Sir Douglas Mawson as an example.

In support of Dr. Collins, Mr. Fitzroy appealed for more to join the Union, and enumerated the many advantages thereby gained. He added a point that Mr. Rose omitted, namely, the writing

of a School history which was now being undertaken.

In tendering the toast to the "Visitors," H. Dunlop said that the visitors to-night were either Old Boys or fathers. The former had been paid a sufficient tribute by Mr. Rose, but he felt that the whole year was behind him when he said that all have a deep gratitude and abiding love for the parents that had made so many sacrifices and had given such real encouragement.

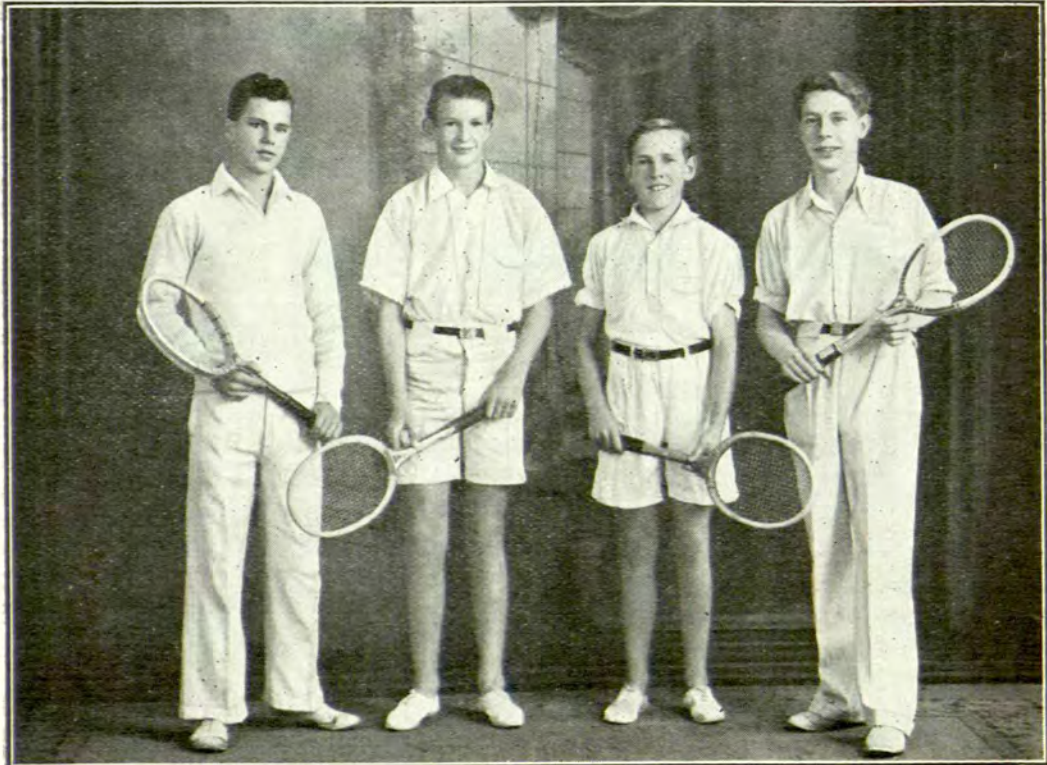
Mr. J. Dunlop replied, and said that he pitied all who missed the joys of parenthood, and concluded by wishing all examinees success.

Several other visitors replied, complimenting Fort Street on its traditions, and a fine tribute was also extended to the gathering for their courteous conduct and attention.

The climax of the evening came with the School war-cry, led by the captain, Denham, and it was given in a manner that has seldom been surpassed.

The function concluded with the singing of "Old Lang Syne" and the National Anthem.

L. DODSON, 4D.



SECOND GRADE: PREMIERS, 1936.

(Left to right): J. PETHERBRIDGE, P. MCCARTHY, K. ATHERTON, W. WHITELY (Captain).

DEBATING.

FORT STREET FAILS TO REGAIN THE COVETED HUME BARBOUR TROPHY.

I suppose by all natural laws I should be decorously tragic and even penitent. I am neither. Therefore I crave your indulgence while I relate how a statue representing an elderly gentleman in a nightgown, resting one hand on a coffin, passed into the possession of Newcastle Boys' High School.

In 1936 Fort Street teams have competed in six important debates, and were led on each occasion by Jones, who replaced Cliff O'Brien in the 1935 series. A speaker of the emotional school, he will be remembered by those who can hark back to 1934 as a veritable fire-eater. A remark addressed to him by an influential member of the staff on the afternoon of the debate against Technical High School may be quoted: "Use all your accustomed fury, and we shall win!"

Norton proved an invaluable and versatile member of the team, filling first the post of second speaker before being promoted to the responsibility of whip. His is a cool, precise style, forcefully enunciating the points, and carefully drawing convincing distinctions. His voice is delightful. Of Dunlop, the third speaker, I will treat later, for in the early debates Holder, another with strongly defined soap box tendencies, "whipped," and most successfully, too.

Early in May, 1936, the first combination had been selected, comprising Holder as whip, Norton second speaker, led by Jones, and on June 5th this team faced its baptism of fire, opposing the Old Boys' contention "That it is in the best interests of Australia that the immigration of the white races should be encouraged." Mr. Porter adjudicating, awarded the school team the decision. The moral effect of this victory can scarcely be calculated, for the next week the same team achieved fame by the almost unprecedented feat of overwhelming Fort Street Girls in a debate held on their own ground. *Sotto voce* let it be indicated that the boys' team stood "in *superiore loco*," for they again opposed the same subject. Of course, we don't know how many occasions the girls had affirmed the issue.

All this was merely low cunning, however, for Fort Street was opposing the identical argument,

in the first round of the Hume Barbour Debate, with Sydney High as Government. Accordingly, on July 3rd, at Sydney High School, the Fortians encountered and eliminated their first rival.

Unfortunately Holder, who had formerly displayed great talent as whip, fared rather sadly, and was replaced by Norton, while Dunlop—a brother of a previous leader—filled the breach. It has been admitted that second speaker stands at a considerable disadvantage, for his leader has revealed the strength and multiplicity of arguments, while he precedes the hostile whip, who naturally spares no effort to bring him low. Dunlop, however, was equal to the position, being a speaker of the austere, meticulous type, who leaves few loopholes for his opponents.

Meanwhile, momentous triumphs and defeats were of almost daily occurrence, Canterbury having vanquished North Sydney, Parramatta succumbed in the impregnable stronghold of the Novocastrians, and Hurlstone fell to Technical High.

On July 10th the boys' second team was scheduled to meet the girls in a return debate in the Memorial Hall, to affirm that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war." Gibson, the leader, met with outrageously bad luck, and his absence necessitated the appointment of the ubiquitous Jones to lead Broadhurst and Kerr. A further convincing victory was recorded for the home team upon the adjudication of Uncle Frank, of 2GB (who, we seem to remember, had not directed thus on previous occasions).

It was a month later that the second round of the Hume Barbour contest fell due, and the new organisation utilised this time to construct a strong case for the Government on the subject "That an Anglo-American alliance would maintain world peace more effectively than the League of Nations." Our opponents, Technical High, stood somewhat at a disadvantage, being opposed to the consensus of public opinion and the great accumulation of destructive criticism of the League. Despite this, and the burden of fighting

in the camp of the enemy, they showed a courageous front. They claimed that the power of the League was moral rather than actual, and asked, in the event of an Anglo-American alliance, who would "rule the house." This was a daring challenge we had not anticipated—and countered in the concluding minutes only by derisively stating it must have been this moral force which restrained Japan in the Sino-Japanese dispute, and coerced Italy in the more recent Abyssinian massacre. "If," we asked, "you wish to know who shall rule a house of two, we shall reply with a question, Who will rule a house of fifty-two, the number of nations represented in the League?"

Norton, as whip, employed to great advantage a system of tabulated cards, comprising the essential information on issues which the Opposition would probably advance—a modification of the scheme adopted by Reg Walker at Newcastle in 1935.

The further association of the first person plural pronoun with the substantive "victory" thus carried us into the concluding round, with Newcastle as opponent. The grand finale was held at the Education Department's building on the night of October 7th, the Northerners affirming that "Compulsory Military Training should be re-introduced into Australia."

The arguments proceeded on strictly orthodox lines, but there the similarity ceased, for as successive speakers added to their respective case, it became increasingly apparent that Newcastle was

a team in the truest meaning of the word. They displayed masterly co-operation, and each speaker was a unit in an organisation, rather than a separate entity. By comparison the Fort Street team seemed ragged, three individuals, making individual speeches, building individual cases. There was a departure in Newcastle's system, when every man contributed to the construction of the case and the aggressive front, whereas the Fortians adhered to the time-honoured scheme of devoting leader and second speaker entirely to statement of policy, relegating the criticism to the "whip." This, according to the adjudication, was our salient weakness. The three adjudicators, Messrs. Moffet, Kinsella and Sugarman, unanimously awarded Newcastle the victory by 997 points to 964, in a total of 1,200.

Both teams were highly commended for their eloquence and polish, while few faults could be found in grammatical construction, pronunciation, and vocabulary.

Fort Street is passing through a lean time in debating, and it must be deplored that few promising fourth year debaters attend these finals, where so much of the art of speaking is to be learned, especially the value of team-work. But, under the guidance of Mr. Rose, to whom so much credit is due, and whom we wish to thank for his unremitting coaching and instruction, there is no reason why future teams should not restore the "Street" to her pristine pre-eminence in the forensic field.

THE TALE OF THE DUSTER.

Old duster battered blue and black,
With many years of scrubbing,
Companion of the master's sack,
And intimate with his drubbings.

Old and tatter'd, batter'd and shatter'd,
Like the coat of an orphan boy,
Many a tale I warrant it'd say
Of the present and past schoolboy.

Weary and worn and filled with chalk,
The chalk of far-fled days,

Full many a tale of hate, and fear,
Of the master's fearful ways.

But the tatter'd and batter'd duster,
Which has done its work so well,
Will no longer hear the master's voice
And the sound of the old school bell.

For the shatter'd and batter'd duster
Is going away—away,
And will be replaced by a better one,
Which has just arrived to-day.

WILLIAM LANDY, 4B.



JOHN GALSWORTHY.

In John Galsworthy England has an outstanding writer as well as a man of head and heart.

He was born on the 14th August, 1867, on Kingston Hill, in Surrey, and was the eldest son of a successful and prominent London lawyer. He was lucky enough to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, for he grew up with only happy memories of his youth, and never lacked ample money throughout his life.

He was educated at a private school in Bournemouth and Harrow, where he distinguished himself both at sport and work. Later he went to New College, Oxford, from whence he obtained in 1889 an Honours degree in Law. In 1890 he was called to the Bar; but he found it dry, so in 1891 he made a trip round the world, travelling extensively in America, the Pacific, South Africa, Australia, and the plains of Siberia. It is remarkable, however, that he never presented to us the fruits of his travels, for all his stories have an English background. On the sailing ship *Torrens*, travelling between Australia and the Cape, he met Joseph Conrad, and a deep and lasting friendship sprang up between the two.

At 28 he came under the influence of a woman, Ada, who was later to become his wife. She persuaded him to follow writing as a profession.

Galsworthy retired with Ada to live in seclusion on the wild, beautiful and forbidding edge of Dartmoor. He was a quiet and homely man, and an excellent speaker. As president of the "Pen Club," an international society for authors and editors, he presided with great tact, smoothing over many differences between members. Galsworthy died in 1934.

I am going to divide his literary work into three sections: His plays, his poetry and his novels. But a series of general observations is necessary before dealing with his most important dramas. His chief characteristic is his perception of the enmeshment of the individual in society's institutions, the struggle of one against an overwhelming majority. He is a relentless realist and analyst, presenting an impartial view of a social problem, but not always as society likes to view them. From the very outset he surrounds his

plays with a fateful and inevitable atmosphere. He draws no heroes, but chooses his characters from real life, that gives rise to an ironic impulse which is the very essence of his plays.

"The Silver Box," 1906, was his first play, revealing him as the original and fully fledged dramatist. It is a social contrast of the prudish blase wealthy and the embittered poor. It shows us human nature as it is, human institutions as they are, and suddenly seeing them naked, we are shaken and go away thinking: "What are we to do about it? How can we reform our institutions?" The moral of the tale is that in practice, if not in theory, there are different laws for rich and poor, for the poor man goes to prison and the more fortunate one is allowed go free.

"Strife," 1909, in some respects the most powerful of his plays, is a relentless tragedy of human conflict, bold and bewildering. While in *Justice* he stands on the weaker side, in this he achieved the masterly object of impartiality. It shows us the conflict between labour and capital; both the men and the shareholders are weary of the deadlock and desire peace, but the dynamic and fanatical leaders are blind to the dreadful irony underlying the conflict. So is it even with the party struggle, the implacability of the extremists with their pride and greed of power, waste noble life and cause infinite misery.

"Justice," 1910, which brought about reforms in the English prison system, shows us how added disaster is wrought by punishment; that prison does not reform, but only wrecks and embitters the unfortunates. "Joy" and "A Little Dream" are dramas of a more romantic character. The latter takes us from the empty joys of the cities, to the rugged harmony and peace of mountain valleys, where a blossoming little maid of an Alpine hut sits dreaming. The grey world he presents to us leaves no hope, save the desperate one that conditions so grim may shame and spurn society to reform.

Galsworthy in all has written less than 100 poems, mostly short, but varying much in their subject matter, revealing soaring thoughts and wealth of expression. His philosophy towards life

and death, and the eternal question, "Why go on? Why live this weary life?" is developed, e.g.,

"Behind the fairest masks of life
Dwells that pale constant death,
Philosophers! What shall we say?
Must we keep wistful death to wife
Or hide her image quite away,
And wanton draw forgetful breath."

He also reveals himself as a passionate lover of beauty, throwing aside all restraint in her praises. This he does both in his poetry and his novels.

His greatest novel in "The Forsyte Saga," a truly great English epic. The word Saga might be objected to in applying it to this work, but discounting the gigantic stature and bloodthirstiness of the old days as shown in some of the legends of the Norsemen, the folk of the old Sagas were certainly Forsytes in their possessive instincts, and as little proof against the inroads of beauty and passion as Swithin or Soames or James Forsyte. It would be impossible for me to deal exhaustively with this book, with its great wealth of incidents, characters, descriptions, depth of feeling and philosophy, its wisdom, its wit, its love of humanity, and truth to life. Of all this profusion, discussion can only produce, at best, a pale photograph of what really is a vast painting.

The characters of this work may be individuals, but they give a picture of the upper middle class, or really a special class of people that may be found in every community.

First let me convey the general impression of the Forsytes. They are, in themselves, people who waking and dreaming are dominated by the possessive instinct; everything about them, even their wives, are their property; their homes are their castles; they have a very orthodox conception of Church and morality, watching over the honour of their family, for, like their property, that too is sacred. Their main object is security, so with iron tenacity they cling to life and what they own. They lack, however, comprehension of the abstract, and are afraid of the artistic outlook. The world swarms with Forsytes, for the possessive instinct is universal,—under the thin veneer of civilisation we are more or less Forsytes, feel-

ing a sense of propriety and love of all we own. The greatness of this work lies in its universal truth, its liberating power, and its pure humanitarianism.

The Forsyte family is a representation of the English upper middle class who revere as their dearest idol, property—all their ambition is concentrated on the acquisition and retention of it. The Saga shows how this world of ours is never free from those wild raiders, beauty and passion, which ever creep in to filch security from under our noses, and so does the essential Soames in our natures stir uneasily against the dissolution which hovers round the folds of ownership. It portrays the passing of an age, the disintegration of the solid materialism of the Forsyte into the empty passions of our modern life.

Soames, the solicitor, the only true representative of a Forsyte, has after several vain attempts married the beautiful, amber-haired, velvet-eyed Irene Heron. In her beauty, which still flames and spurns men on to conflict, she impinges on the possessive world of the Forsytes who from the start distrust her unusual nature. His marriage is the great mistake of both their lives. Soames the practical, the matter of fact, cautious solicitor, clinging to wealth and property, imagines that he can buy the soul of a woman with all its wealth of love. Though none hankers after affection and companionship as does Soames; none rises hungrier from this table of human feeling. The tragedy is that no one ever loved Soames; for his inherent sense of property stirred against him all the freedom of a human soul. His wife, after three years of unhappy married life, is irresistibly drawn towards Bossiney, the architect, who is a strange contrast to Soames. With his soft felt hat, his soul ever yearning for beauty, his utter disregard of conventions, he is anything but a Forsyte. These two strangers, Bossiney and Irene, in a Forsyte world discover together the meaning of true love. An irresistible destiny draws these two lovers into a union that leads to Bossiney's premature ruin. Irene herself is the personification of beauty that seems to drift through a twilight world manifesting herself only in the senses of other characters. Soames bleeds spiritually to death through Irene. In her he has debased

woman to a chattel, and therein lies his tragic guilt. Strangely, however, despite his repellent character, we feel deep pity for the man who during the progress of the Saga develops into one which shows us how this world has changed from the solid materialism of the Forsytes to a pleasure loving company. Idealism and illusion have been of the most tragic male figures in literature.

The Saga is continued in the "Modern Comedy." Shattered by the war, and rumbles of disappointment and discontent are heard among the masses. It has the character of the Saga, and through it runs the same lesson. "Passion, Remembrance, Dust," that eternal cycle of a human life. It shows us that the past is never dead, it will always change and affect the present, for in the "Swan Song," the last book of this series, the effects of Soames' tragic marriage are still felt.

Galsworthy has written novels dealing with the orthodox church, the aristocrats, the intellectuals, and the people, and in these works there are many striking examples of description, as well as fine character painting.

He always intermingles plot and character, and the words of the Greek poet, "Character is Fate," might be the epitaph to be applied collectively to Galsworthy's works. With him there are few far-fetched external motives; all is evolved from within, for he consciously or unconsciously paves his way towards events by thoughts, feelings, pictures and music of words.

The greatest tribute I can pay to Galsworthy is to rank him among such authors as Dickens, Thackeray, Goldsmith and Eliot.

S. SCOTT, 4A.

FANTASY.

A rippling breeze,
Amid the trees—
A hush—then tinkling sweet
A silver note
From bush doth float,
Sweet sound! O joy complete!

A starlit sky,
Pale orb on high—
A whisper, murmured low.
A promise dear
Comes to my ear;
Fond hope! none else can know!

A shadowed room
Form in the gloom
A gasp of stifled pain,
A last farewell,
Then depth of Hell;
My love speaks not again.

"FRENO," 4D.

A STREAM.

How beautiful it is to watch
The river onward flow,
Rushing foaming in the highlands,
Swirling eddies far below.
Sweeping on o'er rocky cragline,
Plung'ng in a thousand ways,
Dashing on the golden sand-banks,
Where the weeping willows sway.
Gliding swift past shady shoreline,
Skirting many a gloomy moor,
Flowing on in graceful beauty,
With the purling sand its floor.
Winding now its way through forests
Where the gorgeous song birds sing,
And the trees are decked in beauty,
Where the green lianas cling.
Now across my mind comes flashing
Scenes that pleasure bring to-day,
Of the dusky mountains fading,
where the river winds its way.

P. G. MANN, 3D.

OUR NEW HALL.

After months of toiling and moiling by many workmen, Fort Street at last possesses the five new classrooms, increased laboratories, and a remodelled hall, all of which have for a long time been badly needed.

Needless to say, a medley of harsh sounds have assailed the ears of seven hundred hard-working pupils and teachers, for many, many months. The most brutal of these (noises, not teachers) was an ancient yet efficient cement mixer, which gave one the impression of crushing up an antiquated Ford lorry. These noises of necessity included thuds and smashes, as the walls of the old hall and of the laboratories were knocked down. But the clinking of bricklayers' trowels and the tapping of carpenters' hammers were more incessant, and therefore more wearing to the nerves.

The pupils, mainly of first and second year, have been greatly handicapped during the past few years, owing to the fact that, as there were insufficient rooms, they were obliged to travel about the School, occupying such rooms as were vacated by classes going to the labs. These classes were quite eloquent, if encouraged, on their discomforts, and of the loss of many valuable minutes, caused by this continual wandering about the School.

At various times throughout the year teachers, usually able to be heard without undue effort on their part, have withdrawn all opposition from the cement mixer, and allowed it the monopoly of the air.

However, all of this has been for a good cause, and the new rooms are now being occupied, many classes vying with each other for the privilege of occupying them. Members of third year classes claimed preference, on the grounds that they were studying for the Inter, and thus desired complete immunity from the gentle odours of the local brewery.

The science masters are still busy stocking their laboratories, and have spent many hours deciding how to arrange their stocks, so that they would look their best. They also now possess new store-rooms for their spares, and we, who helped to pack away those spares, are still wondering on

what grounds the science masters base their complaints about lack of stocks.

Nevertheless, the School, as a whole, is vitally interested in its new hall. Many have not as yet viewed the interior, as the top quadrangle is not in use, but those who have been fortunate enough to do so have been impressed by the fact that "a book should not be judged by its cover." Perhaps the Hall is not quite artistic from the outside, yet the interior is as beautifully constructed as could be desired.

One's first impression is that of a modern picture theatre, the lighting system being quite a novelty to the School. Perhaps the most striking thing that is noticed on entering is its huge seating capacity, the new hall being twice as large as our former hall. Already fourth and fifth year are hinting that it would make an excellent dance hall.

The interior decoration is the next thing that compels admiration, the walls being lined with a special material, which is, as I am given to understand, a waste product of sugar cane, but fortunately, unlike its source, it is quite inedible. As well as providing an artistic touch to the interior, this material is definitely an aid to the carrying powers of the voice, as it allows no echoes.

The modern appearance of the stage is most pleasing to the spectator, and this is also striking upon going behind it. A very material difference between the old and the new stage is that the new stage is somewhat bigger, and a new curtain for the front of it has been ordered, and this, I am informed, will cost quite a sum of money.

When plays were presented, in the years gone by, some poor unfortunate used to have the wearisome job of sitting on his haunches and directing the spotlight on to the actors, but now a special aperture in the wall has been provided for this purpose, and the workers (for there will be a rush for the job now, but probably Mr. H— will monopolise it) will be able to direct the light in comfort.

Behind the stage are modern dressing rooms, complete with a shower and bathroom, which have been sadly lacking in former years.

Now that we have this beautiful hall, ample provision has been made to prevent us from losing it, since at intervals around the wall have been placed big red fire extinguishers, and although these may be a constant source of worry to pessimists, they give colour and effect to the interior.

That which has, however, captured the fancy of the whole School in general, more than any other feature of the hall, is the projection box at the back. Many and heated have been the discussions on this interesting addition to the hall, and although the box has quite a frail appearance, it is both fire and sound proof. The doors of this structure possess no locks, but on passing through any of them, that door automatically slams to

behind you. Although no aperture has as yet been made, needless to say this will be made on the donation of the projector, which all are anxiously awaiting. The principals of Fort Street do not seem to be exceptions to the quotation that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and we all also hope that they will not be disappointed.

It is with regret that one leaves the hall, in which already have been held two functions; that of the Senior Dinner, and now the Leaving Certificate Examination.

The whole School, although it has not had a chance to express it yet, is deeply grateful to those who made the addition of rooms and our magnificent hall possible.

A. MIDDLETON, 4B.

OUR CHOIR.

Our choir has now been in existence for nine months, and in this short time, we have sung at three functions, namely, our own Speech Day, the Gould League of Bird Lovers' concert in the Assembly Hall on September 25, and the Festival of Remembrance in the Town Hall on November 11.

At our first function, we sang "The Viking Song" and "Peaceful Night." These songs afforded good contrast, the "Viking Song" being very spirited, and "Peaceful Night," as its name implies, peaceful and quiet, with bursts of life here and there.

Our next appearance, that at the Bird Lovers' concert, was greatly appreciated by all. Here we sang the two abovenamed songs, also "Come to the Fair," a very bright song, and lively also, the minuet, "When Twilight Weaves," and finally, "Lullaby," by Brahms.

The festival at the Town Hall was wonderful. The numbers we sang there were altogether new: "England" and "Jerusalem," both very patriotic

songs; then "Australia," by Linger, which is known as our National Anthem overseas, was rendered. This was succeeded by "I Vow to Thee, My Country." Another popular number was the "Happy Farmer," and Mozart's "Lullaby" was well received. The grand old hymn, "For All the Saints," supplied a fitting conclusion to the programme.

The concert was very impressive, each boy enjoying himself greatly.

We are now working for our first appearance at "Home," in our new hall at the opening ceremony. Here we hope to excel our previous best efforts.

We are still in need of boys who are musically inclined. If they are desirous of coming, the meeting place is the armoury, and the time Tuesday afternoon after school.

We are very grateful to Mr. Burtenshaw for his efforts in teaching and conducting us.

JOHN HILLS.

PREFECTS.

Majestic is their walk,

They are prefects dignified.

As along the line they stalk,

Majestic is their walk,

Small First Year's hush their talk,

And stand trembling quite tongue-tied.

Majestic is their walk—

They are prefects dignified.

One prefect stands quite near the line,

Another near the gate.

Oh! Thereupon we sadly pine.

One prefect stands quite near the line;

He will not let us dine—

The penalty for being late.

One prefect stands quite near the line,

Another near the gate. N. IVERACH, 1A.

POETRY

THE HEDONISTS.

Life's like the sweetest scented thyme;
 It withers — fades.
 Come, friends, let's all enjoy our time,
 And in the glades
 Of gladness let us stray,
 Where bliss alone holds sway.

Men cherish many creeds;
 But all are dreams, at best,
 That may not satisfy the needs
 That rise within a thoughtful breast.

Some bid for Glory's hand;
 But all their fame is but as snow
 That melts into the desert sand,
 For, like the river's steady flow
 Time passes on.

Some never seek the mortal power,
 But pray for some Elysium vain,
 And, praying, waste their little hour,
 Their pious souls enduring pain.
 Ah, fools! they are not gold or grain,
 That they should in the earth be laid,

And taken out again.
 For life is like the dew of night
 That softly settles in the shade,
 But in the morn, makes flight.

Into Life's room we're hurled,
 Unwilling; and unwilling, die.
 So let's make merry in this world,
 Enclosed 'neath wind-swept sky
 That heeds us not.

Let's sweep aside Convention's ties,
 We never want the world to dim our eyes;
 And never need we sigh or pine,
 For sorrows we will wash away with wine.
 Ah, let us find some peaceful spot,
 Where, from the tumult we may hide;
 Where creeds and cults are cast aside;
 Where bitter care's forgot—
 And there, let Happiness
 Supremely reign;
 And—for the sad—forgetfulness
 That cleans the brain.

J.J.

THE TRAIL OF THE SUNSET.

The sun sets slowly o'er the mountains,
 With the hue of a wine red rose,
 And round me comes the dusky nightfall
 With the voice which the wanderer knows—
 'Tis the trail of the sunset calling
 To the plains which stretch out west;
 And I see soft night shades falling
 O'er the land that I love best.

Back through the mists of ages,
 To Europe came the horde
 Of fierce wild tribes from Asia;
 Drawn by the red sun's word.
 They heard the Trail of Sunset calling,
 And they rolled their tents and went;
 And Rome, made weak by their long warring,
 Fell, with her power spent.

The bold man of Genoa.

Who dared the Dark Sea's wave,
 And sailed into the westward,
 And Spain the New World gave—
 Had heard the Trail of Sunset calling,
 Its red ocean path had seen,
 Had found a land to westward waiting,
 Had sailed the seas between.

And I to-night can hear it,
 Its soft sweet voice I know,
 And I to-night have made it—
 The vow that I will go—
 Where the Trail of the Sunset's calling,
 On the plains of the farthest west,
 I'll soon see soft night shades falling
 In the land that I love best.

"KIM."

TRADE WINDS.

Stretched out upon my hammock in the Bay of
 La Guayra,
 With the hot land to the starboard, and to port
 the Carribee,
 I felt the old tramp rolling, and I listened half
 asleep,
 To the endless tale the Trade Winds told to me.
 And they told the story softly, as they told
 the Devon Dogs,
 While the Spaniards watched their topsails
 come in sight,
 And they'll tell the story always, for the
 story's never old,
 And the Trade Winds find fresh myst'ry day
 and night.

They whispered of the hot damp air above the
 Menam River,
 Where out among the teak tree trunks the
 Buddhist temples peep,
 And on their wings was wafted slow the sweetly
 scented odour,
 Of tea-leaves drying in the sun beside a Ceylon
 creek.
 And they made the cordage rattle, and the
 old ship's plates were strained,
 As they swept her decks, and rocked her with
 the ocean swell all day,
 And again they told their story as they gently
 passed her by,
 They told to me their story of others sailing
 far away.

"There's a black tramp out of Gijon on her way
 to Panama,
 "She's old and tired and weary, and saw her best
 days long ago;
 "She's anchored now for water at the port of La
 Guayra,
 "But she has the Peter flying, and the dawn will
 see her go.
 "She's looking tired and dirty, and her last
 voyage has come,"
 Said the Trade Winds sadly, and they sighed
 as they softly glided past,
 "Davy's locker waits there for her, and the
 rust of years has worn
 Well wrought plates so thin, they surely
 cannot last."

Yes, the Trade Winds told about her to those
 who knew their voice,
 They told them how she foundered one dark
 night off Finisterre,
 She was nearly home to Gijon, but her straining
 rivets gave,
 And she went to rest from labour down in old
 King Neptune's lair.
 They never cease to call me as they pass me
 day by day,
 With their softly whispered message of the
 ever-flowing sea;
 And they bring me memories often of a coal-
 black ocean tramp—
 May the trade winds blow for ever—may they
 blow ever free!

"KIM," 3C.

OVER THE RIVER.

Low gleams the light,
 The sheet shows white,
 A child is passing in the night.
 Relief? There's none;
 The thread—thin spun—
 Is cut too soon; he's had his fun.
 What use to weep?
 'Tis nought but sleep;
 The Reaper, soon or late must reap.

But is it fair,
 That life so rare
 Is snatched from Youth, while Age must bear?
 God, if Thou art,
 Grant to this heart
 Peace; since it must so soon depart
 Over the river—
 Never a quiver—
 Quietly—claimed by the Giver.

J.J.

AN IMPRESSION.

The first few shafts of gilded light
 Were heralding another morn,
 When, casting off the gloom of night,
 I blithely rose to greet the dawn,
 Whose gleaming fingers thrust
 The darkling shades aside.

Along a strip of verdant lawn
 Lay scatter'd petals, pink; and flush
 Against the garden's soil, forlorn,
 And wither'd in the morning hush,
 They nestled, crimson red
 Like wine, and sparkling white.

With eyes upcast, I gazed, intent,
 Into an untold depth of blue;
 But while I looked, with mind content,
 There came that subtle chill I knew
 Was borne on winds that sighed
 With Summer's requiem.

Now, as the fleece-white flakes of cloud
 Ascend the upturned bowl of sky,
 To form a darkening, death-grey shroud,
 For Summer's dying days, on high,
 I know why petals red
 Lay strewn upon the lawn.

J.J.

BUSH-LAND.

While you're wandering in the bush-land,
 Where a gentle stream is falling,
 You may stop a while and listen,
 And hear it softly calling.

As it splashes through the gorges,
 You may hear a bell-bird singing;
 You may hear, like many others,
 The news that it is bringing.

Oh! the bushland is so joyful,
 With the flowers, with the trees;
 The honey-suckle and the ivy
 Form the playground of the bees.

When the fiery sun is sinking,
 And the trees have shadows long;
 All the bushland birds together,
 Sing their final happy song.

P. DOUGLAS.

DAWNING IN THE BUSH.

The veil of night is lifting
 By the hand of morning moved;
 The low white mists are drifting,
 And the giant hills, unmoved,
 Stand silent, as across them
 The ghostly dawn lights glide,
 And the gum trees, on awaking,
 Spread their branches wide.

Then in the east, a reddening glow
 Spreads slowly o'er the sky—
 Above the cloud bank, hanging low,
 The golden sun rides high:
 And clearly ringing all around
 The wild birds' carol floats,
 A sweetly blended happy sound,
 Songs of a thousand throats.

The dewy leaves all silver spangled shine,
 And upward floating from the tinkling rills.
 There comes the earth-fresh scent which bushmen
 love—

The perfume of the dawning on the hills.
 The dawning in the bushland many love,
 And, loving once, they never can forget.
 So the bush's lovers tell the blacks,
 That fast they're caught in Yammacona's net

"KIM."

SMOKE-SCREENS.

Thick rolling clouds of dirty smoke
 Rise and fall,
 Plunging round chimneys, down alley-ways,
 Blackening all;
 Seeking and prying, swirling and flying,
 A dense black pall.

Thin airy clouds of purged white
 Float gently by.
 Scarce smoke, but more of scented breezes,
 Tinging the sky.
 Pausing, now drifting, falling and lifting
 As a summer sigh.

P. G. MANN, 3D.

MUSIC.

"Chord on chord, falling, rising
 To the heights of stirring storm,
 Trilling, swelling, swirling onward,
 Sweet of sound and sweet of form,
 What is music?" asked the child.

And the poet answered softly,
 In a voice so sweet and low:
 "In the land beyond the sunrise,
 Where the eastern rivers flow.
 Where the lion stalks in hunting,
 And the silent jungle broods,
 Where the flashing birds are singing,
 O the land of many moods!
 At the earliest touch of dawning,
 When a pale pink floods the sky,

And the valleys lie a-glistening,
 And the lark sings sweet on high.
 That is music.

"When the crimson sun is sinking,
 And the wooded glens are quiet,
 When the rook is homeward flying,
 In the peaceful, fading light.
 And the little wayside violet
 Bids the briar-rose good-night,
 And the little brook trills gurgling
 On its golden leafy way.
 When the huntsman sounds his bugle,
 And the hounds give answering bay,
 That is music."

P. G. MANN, 3D.

THE HILL.

On either side of the long blue road,
 The gums and eucalypts spread.
 The shade of their foliage is a man's abode,
 For weary body and aching head.
 There a man can lie
 'Neath the azure sky,
 And drop his heavy load.

It is long and gentle, then a sudden drop,
 Down to the half-hidden stream,
 And one feels glad that a road can stop,
 And a man can lie and dream,
 Of the reflected sun on the highest peak,
 And the trilling song of the laughing creek,
 And below the golden crop.

NIGHT.

The sun is sinking in the west,
 And birds are flying home to rest,
 The stars are peeping one by one;
 The day is o'er, man's work is done.

The moon peeps up behind yon hill,
 Its pale light shines across the rill,
 And fairy folk come out to play;
 Un il the dawning of the day.

The streamlet goes for ever on,
 Upon its bed of pebbly stone,
 Still on it goes into the night,
 Leave thou me not, O blessed sight.

APPREHENSION.

Snowy clouds, in bolstered billows,
 Roll above the drooping willows,
 Trailing in the water's face
 Their green and latticed lace;
 And, over all, a sea of light and shade
 In colourful parade.

With wild and frenzied song
 The air resounds,
 And, from the water's brim
 The rhapsody rebounds,
 Of anguished birds—
 A medley, mad
 And wild with fear
 Of coming Night, that girds
 The scene with shadows drear,
 And deeply sad.

They fear—this feather'd throng—
 Lest, with the falling shade,
 Their frantic song
 Should fade
 Amongst the leaves,
 And float away,
 Like leaves
 From willows, on the river
 Drifting down—
 Returning never . . .

JAY.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

Wheat, Wheat, Wheat, in drought an' fire an' rain,
 Wheat, Wheat, Wheat, growin' the golden grain
 Has seemed to me a pleasure, an' I often wished
 I could

Be a farmer with the knowledge "things are goin'
 pretty good.

The weather doesn't seem to be behavin' quite
 so bad,

While the crop should be the best 'un that for
 years we've ever had!"

But I knows that things are different, and that
 men won't own defeat,

In the game of lastin' labour, in the game of
 growin' wheat.

Wheat, Wheat, Wheat, it makes life sort o' real,
 Wheat, Wheat, Wheat, when one's achin' for a
 meal,

Prosperity an' fame an' things can't fill one all
 the same,

A nation must have things to eat an' must have
 golden grain.

So the cocky-farmer's sowin' it an' growin' it an'
 grinnin',

For he knows that Heaven'll help him, an' he
 knows that he is winnin',

Tho' the weather's all against him, an' the rain,
 an' wind an' heat

Seem to do their best to beat him in his game
 of growin' wheat.

Wheat, Wheat, Wheat, not a game of give an'
 take,

Wheat, Wheat, Wheat, for city-brothers' sake,
 Year in, year out, he grows it, as I may 'a' said
 before;

With just one aim in mind, that is, to grow a
 little more.

He always takes what's comin', can afford to sit
 an' smile,

For he knows he doesn't lose the joy that makes
 a life worth while.

Far away from all the bustle of the busy city
 street,

He keeps on workin' patiently among his waving
 wheat.

"MAC."

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## GOOD FOOD MEANS GOOD HEALTH.

Most people are interested in health; indeed, it is our most precious possession; but unfortunately, it is very often not prized sufficiently until disease or illness break through the defensive barriers of the body, and then the days of health and fitness are sadly missed. The unfortunate victim then wishes, perhaps too late, that he had taken more care of his body; that he had endeavoured to find out the secrets of keeping healthy.

It is this business of health that is so important for all of us. But how are we to achieve it? What are the secrets?

Sir Robert McCarrison, M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.C.P., in his address, delivered this year at Oxford, to the British Medical Association, has given us the answer to these questions. He says: "Food is the foundation of health; chief among the armaments of medicine against disease."

Health, then, is largely a self-determined affair. We make or mar our bodies by what we put into them, by what we eat. It is quite obvious we cannot build first-class bodies out of second or third-class foods.

The big question for us all then is "What are we to eat to be healthy?" Unfortunately, we have no instinct to tell us, and our appetite is not always to be trusted; in fact, it often leads us astray. Advertisements and shop windows often bring to our notice those very things we should not eat. Fortunately, however, the scientist is able to give us the necessary guidance, guidance that comes from long observation and experiment.

It used to be thought that if our diet consisted of white bread, butter, jam, boiled potatoes, well-cooked vegetables and meat, then the most vigorous health would be ours.

Sir Robert McCarrison, one of the world's leading nutritionists, and quoted above, tells us that such is not the case. He states that the right kind of food for children (indeed, for everyone) is made up of the following:—

- (1) Any whole cereal, such as wholemeal bread.
- (2) Plenty of milk and its products.
- (3) Eggs, liver, meat, or fish occasionally.

(4) Tuber and root vegetables, such as potatoes, carrots, etc.

(5) An abundance of green leafy vegetables, such as spinach, lettuce, etc.

(6) Fruit.

"These are the things with which the appetite should be satisfied; the things that should be eaten for ealth's sake. They are known to ensure perfect nutrition and a high grade of physical efficiency and health in human beings."

The first two of these foods, whole-wheat bread and milk, are recognised as the foundation upon which a first class dietary can be built. Whole-wheat bread is much superior to the white variety, for it possesses valuable and precious materials necessary for health. When these substances have been extracted, we have left white flour, from which the popular white bread, "the whited sepulchre," is made. Let us eat, then, the bread containing "the jewel of health."

Milk is the food of foods, the food "par excellence" for growing boys. It has been called "one of the real miracles" of nature," and many glowing tributes to this remarkable food could be given; but that of Dr. Leslie Harris, of the Medical Research Council of England, will suffice.

"It is almost impossible to over extol the unique nutritional value of milk . . . The supreme value of milk is no theory or fad; it has been proved with mathematical accuracy all over the world."

See that you get plenty of milk—try and secure at least a pint, or better, a quart, each day, and you will help Nature to develop strong teeth, bones, and limbs; in fact, to be what she intended you to be.

Water is not mentioned above in the list of good foods, but it is a very necessary adjunct to our dietary. It is a good, cheap solvent, and is even more necessary to keep our bodies clean inside than it is to keep them clean outside. The practice of drinking two glasses the first thing in the morning is a good one.

So let us see to it that we get good wholemeal bread; plenty of milk; meat no more than once each day (a good substitute is cheese, eggs, or fish); and remember that liver and kidney are much better than ordinary meat; an abundance



of green vegetables, some being eaten raw, every day, and plenty of fruit. Our appetite leads us astray as to lollies, fancy cakes, and pastry—don't eat them.

The following words of Dr. Henning Belfrage will supply a fitting conclusion to this article:—

"Supply the engines of the human body with the right kind of fuel, and rid them of its

waste products, and they will run smoothly and efficiently—leave these vital concerns to chance, ignorance, and caprice, and the engines will falter, fail in their work, and finally cease before their time. They are perfect in their design, but a reasonable degree of fair treatment is necessary if they are to fulfil their purpose."

F.L.B.

### VALE.

"Jimmy" Melrose has gone to Valhalla to join his winged compatriots, "Bert" Hinkler, "Charlie" Ulm and "Smithy." By far the youngest of this famous flying quartet which has made aviation history, he was born in 1914; "Smithy" and Ulm were already on wings.

He was but a youngster of 19, in shorts and a shirt, when he amazed the flying world by lowering Mollison's Australia-England record whilst on his way to start in the Centenary Air Race. He collected second prize in the handicap section flying solo. He was one of the few solo flying competitors.

Whilst on a solo dash after the England-Australia record, and well ahead of previous record time, speeding on to victory, he heard of the disappearance of "Smithy," who was trying to break Scott's Mildenhall to Melbourne record. He abandoned his attempt, to search for Smithy; but, as in the case of Charlie Ulm a year or so previously, no trace of him was found.

Flying circles of the world grieve for the loss of one who was a worthy successor of "Bert," "Charlie" and "Smithy."

R.P.N., 1D.

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## THE WALL.

Hansell was, to say the least of him, one of the most entertaining conversationalists I ever met. It would seem that he had led a very interesting, if not exactly exciting life. There was nothing ostentatious about him, however, for the manner in which he monopolised the conversation was never boring or egotistical. We would light our cigarettes; I would suggest some subject or other, and then lean back languidly in my chair while Hansell took over the conversation for the rest of the evening. There are many who have the gift of talking well—some too well, perhaps,—but Hansell was original in many ways. His talk was, for the most part, true; and many of his stories were serious and complete; while at other times he would stop abruptly just as the tale seemed to be reaching its climax, and say that he knew no more. At times it was exasperating; he seemed to watch very closely the effect of his talk on the listener, and often, I thought, used to invent as he went along. For some of his anecdotes were absurdly impossible, cleverly calculated to "pull one's leg," as it were. Nevertheless, whether his tales were authentic or merely absurd fabrications, they were never lacking in interest.

The greater part of these have entirely slipped my memory, and there remains only the pleasing recollection of many agreeable hours together. There is one that I can recall, however, though perhaps it is not the best. I am not quite sure what turn of the conversation prompted him to tell it, but the gist of it is as follows:—

"As a youth I had set my mind upon being a professional soldier, and at the time of which I speak, I was at a military training college. On one particular night—or morning, I should say—I arrived at my barracks at about two o'clock. I had obtained leave to go to a party, but, of course, my time had expired hours before.

"A mist had sprung up from the river, and the street looked pretty dismal and discouraging, I can tell you. With a feeling of hopelessness I looked at the darkened gateway; it was locked, naturally. No, I didn't want to enter by means of that gateway—that would mean waking the gatekeeper and being reported next morning. No doubt he would be quite grumpy—anybody would, being awakened at that unholy hour. Besides,

I did feel slightly unsteady on my feet after that party.

"A cloak of desolation and murk seemed to hang over everything, giving the street an unusually drab appearance. A street lamp nearby pierced the mist, and its gleam fell upon the cold grey wall surrounding the barracks. And there I was, apparently without the faintest hope of getting in undetected. It was maddening to me, for this was my first offence of the kind. How I envied the fellows inside, slumbering without a care! But I was outside, that was all that was wrong. A silly, useless wall between me and peacefulness.

"The air was chilly; and that's putting it mildly. The fog seemed to penetrate into my throat. Shivering, I turned up the collar of my overcoat. Perhaps, after all, they hadn't noticed my absence. There was always a glorious uncertainty. If only I could get in!

"I began to reflect: That sherry at the party had been jolly fine, despite the fact that I was feeling the effects of it in the vicinity of my knees. With a tired yawn, I moved away from the gateway and wandered along the pavement, looking for some way of scaling those cold grey walls. I would brave the broken glass on the top rather than be reported next day; but it didn't take long to find that nothing short of a ladder could help me. And where to find a ladder at two in the morning?

"Once over that wall, I would force a window easily enough; but how to get over was the problem. Suddenly I ceased staggering against the wall, to find myself confronted by a jet-black cat with a patch of white beneath its chin. Well, that would have been all right if the thing hadn't had two heads. Yes, it positively had two heads.

"At first I merely blinked stupidly, then my hair stood on end in sheer terror as I realised what I was looking at. It was with a deep sigh of relief that I found myself to be mistaken. There were two cats (each with one head, of course). Peering at these more closely, I perceived only one cat, after all!

"So—things were not what they seemed! That jolly fine sherry was getting to work. It had been too jolly fine, apparently.

"The cat strolled up to me and began rubbing

its sleek body against my leg, so I stooped unsteadily to stroke it. Then, with a swift movement, I caught it up in my arms and held it as firmly as possible, fearful lest it should again become two cats.

"My heart beat faster. What was this new horror? With a mighty rush and a roar, a monster with two flaming eyes came hurtling at me out of the mist at the end of the street. I turned to run, but, changing my mind, dropped the cat and stumbled forward to stop the oncoming taxi.

"I had an idea. Thanks to my great presence of mind, everything would turn out all right now. After a great deal of clanking, the taxi came to a halt, and, waiting until it had clanked its last clank, I addressed the driver, a dark mass huddled over the wheel.

"'Anything wrong, sir?' asked this dark mass, suppressing a yawn.

"'Oh yes, quite a lot,' I answered thickly, and then, doubtfully, 'Now, could you get that antiquated thing on to the footpath close to the wall, do you think?'

"'O' course I can get my car on to the path,' came the mumbled reply.

"'All right, then,' said I, 'but hurry up, I'm slightly late, you know.' All this time I was making a valiant effort to prevent the taxi from becoming a monster again. It met the wall at last, but not without a terrific crash which must have done a great deal of harm to the wall, so that I began to think it would soon be unnecessary to climb over.

"Satisfied with the proceedings so far, I paid

the driver and climbed slowly on to the roof of the vehicle. Then, looking down, I saw that queer cat, full in the light of a street lamp. It stared back at me with an air of unconcerned interest. Triumphant, I seated myself on the broad top of the wall—luckily, there were no spikes or broken glass on this part—and then I climbed precariously to my feet and jauntily dismissed the taxi-driver, who coaxed his derelict vehicle to life immediately. With a laugh of exultation I watched that collection of rattling old iron plough its noisy way on into the night. I waited until it had turned the corner and vanished in the heavy fog, then prepared to descend the wall.

"There was no doubt about it, I had been pretty clever (in my own estimation)—always kept my wits about me and all that. Wouldn't the fellows laugh when I told them about it next day! All I had to do now was to slide down the wall, but I took one more look at the cat. It was there, sure enough, sitting in the same place. Dash it all! There was something about that cat that annoyed me. I turned my back on it and, leading forward, dangled both legs down the side of the wall and slid to the ground. Turning, I looked straight into the green eyes of that confounded cat.

"How on earth had it got over the wall? For a time, I glared fiercely at the offending animal, and then, slowly but surely, realisation dawned on me as I looked up—at the street lamp, in the thin morning mist.

"I had climbed down the outside of the wall."  
JAY.

### ION L. IDRIESS.

Ion Llewellyn Idriess, the son of Walter Owen Idriess, Sheriff's Officer, was born on September 20, 1930, at Sydney. Idriess is of medium height, slight in build, and has a narrow, pale face. One of the most striking features of his appearance are his clear hazel eyes.

He was educated at various N.S.W. Schools, principally at Broken Hill Public School and School of Mines. It was the severe but splendid training, at the latter place particularly, that has stood to him throughout his literary career.

After leaving school he worked for a time in the assay office of the Broken Hill Proprietary

Company; then he secured a job on the old paddle-wheel steamer at Newcastle. From the sea we follow Idriess to Northern Queensland, Northern Australia, the Gulf Country and Cape York Peninsular, where he carried his swag from job to job. It was during these wanderings that he gained much of his extensive knowledge of droving. He tells us in a few of his books how he hated the name, Ion, whilst roaming about the bush, and how readily he changed it to that simple Australian name, Jack.

"Jack" Idriess was always fond of prospecting, and so we find him on the opal fields at Lightning

Ridge, where at first he failed to make a penny. Later, however, his luck changed, and he opened up the famous "Deadman's Claim," from which field he cleared £3000. After a good holiday he went to Northern Queensland, where he tried his hand at tin mining. He then joined up with an aboriginal tribe which was about to set out on its annual walkabout, and prospected as he went. Later he traversed Cape York Peninsular on another prospecting trip.

With the advent of the war in 1914, Idriess joined up, and was among the first Anzacs to land so gallantly on Gallipoli, and after the evacuation went to Sinai and Palestine, where he joined the Australian Light Horse. While in Palestine Idriess invented a device whereby, with the addition in weight of only one pound, a rifle could be made to fire at the rate of 600 rounds a minute. He spent some time negotiating with "the Heads," as he called them, but, although tests were satisfactory, the invention did not prosper for, about this time, the War Office was more interested in the new Hotchkiss gun.

Towards the end of the war Idriess was severely wounded; but with the careful attention of the doctors in Palestine, he recovered, and remained in the army throughout the duration of the war. His many experiences and privations can be learnt by reading "The Desert Column." This book was compiled from the exhaustive diary which he always found time to keep, despite the difficulty of carrying it, and time to keep it up to date. He tells us how, many times, he even went without food to carry his precious little books.

After the war he was sent by the Queensland Government on a 1400 mile trip in a 27 foot cutter. With the son of Jardine of Somerset, he explored unknown territory in Cape York Peninsular to see if it were gold bearing. After this trip he went in a pearling lugger to the Torres Strait Islands, and then cruised along the Great Barrier Reef in search of trochus shell.

When news reached Idriess of the goldfield at Edie Creek, in New Guinea, he immediately set off in an old cutter to try his luck; but the Commonwealth Government would not allow him to land because he did not have the necessary £550 required of all persons wishing to live in New Guinea. "Jack" then hid near the mouth

of a river, hoping to be able to land later; but a patrol boat from a Dutch penal colony nearby chased him out to sea, thus forcing him back to Australia. Disappointed on not being allowed to try his luck on the New Guinea goldfields, he next turned his attention to prospecting in Central Australia.

Idriess then began to realise that he might turn an honest penny by writing, and so moved to Sydney where, after a period of varying fortune, he wrote "Madman's Island," which unfortunately was not a great success. But he then produced "Prospecting for Gold," which sold well, largely on account of the depression, when the high price of gold and the subsidy paid by the Government to prospectors turned the thoughts of many of the unemployed to this chance of making a fortune. This brought him before the notice of readers, and paved the way for his later successes.

So we see that almost from boyhood Idriess' life has been packed with adventure. Some of the many occupations he has followed being: Prospector, opal gouger, shearer, pearler, explorer, trepang fisherman, sandalwood getter, orchid hunter, tin sluicer, soldier, and last, but not least, a remarkable writer.

He has criss-crossed the Continent from east to west and from north to south, travelling the strangeways by horse, camel, mule, and on foot, by lugger, canoe and cataraman.

For 25 years "Jack" Idriess has been storing up an intimate knowledge of the country, its geography and its peoples, making for his special study the north-eastern territory, including New Guinea, Papua, Torres Strain, and the Cape York Peninsular. He was an intimate friend, and had complete confidence of the last survivors of the old Yogo-le priesthood, who were so extraordinarily powerful among the Australian north-eastern tribes. This knowledge he has used in subsequent books, and has imparted to them the sincerity that can only come when an author writes directly out of his own experience.

Among the best and most successful of his works, all of which I can sincerely recommend to anyone interested in our sunny land, are "Lasseter's Last Ride," "Gold Dust and Ashes," and "The Drums of Mer."

# OLD BOYS' PAGE

It is somewhat reluctantly that I put my pen to paper, for I am commencing with the perennial appeal to all our Old Boys who are not members to throw off their cloak of indifference and join up without further ado; and to those who are members in spirit only (i.e., those who so consistently forget to forward their current subscription) to let us have their five or ten shillings by return post. "The lay-by has come to stay," I read in a sales article the other day, and to those Old Fortians who in Aberdonian style find five or ten shillings too much to part with in a lump sum, I can give an assurance that the Secretary will be only too glad to meet them in any way.

And yet I feel that I have wasted these good words. Our appeal for new and paying members has become as regular as the clergyman's appeal for funds, and what is worse, I feel that it is meeting with a similar response. Blunt speaking sometimes acts keenly. To throw off the light touch with which I have endeavoured to write the preceding lines, I want to make it known that unless there is a sharp rise in membership figures before the next financial year, the Committee will have no alternative but to recommend that the Union close its doors (at which the wolf is now a permanent lodger).

If this is necessary, it should be to the everlasting disgrace of those who have stood by unmoved during the last year or so while a few have laboured to stir up among Old Fortians sufficient feeling for their School to form an Old Boys' Union.

That is that, and now I feel sure that you are ready to read some real news.

There is at present quite a squadron of young Fortians among the junior meds.—Bill Downes, Brian Schloeffel, Dick Fletcher, George Hodgson, Micky Ireland, Ron Sork—to name a few,—who are forging ahead. George Hodgson is playing cricket with University seconds, and is meeting with considerable success. His elder brother, Fred,

is now sole principal of the legal firm of Teece, Hodgson & Co. His clerk is another Old Fortian in the person of Pat Rowley.

Among senior med. students, "Cherry" Sender, Lockley, Noel Henry and Jack Sullivan are just completing their first year of hospital training. I have a friend who half way through a nice friendly game of football found one of his lower teeth protruding through his upper lip. Rushed to Sydney Hospital, it was stitched in a sort of a way by a student doctor, himself a footballer of note and an Old Fortian, whose hair was of a very bright hue. What my friend thought of the treatment he received I shall leave unwritten—the libel law is so harsh.

Alan Thompson takes great pride these days in a pair of kilts, and has attained the distinction of being a non-commissioned officer in the New South Wales Scottish Regiment.

Ian Sharp, that redoubtable little man of the deep voice and varied vocabulary, is now a clerk in the Department of Justice at Hay, and in the Public Service's due time we can all look forward to seeing him a magistrate.

The famous Gilbert & Sullivan line that "a policeman's lot is not a happy one," did not deter Stan Rogers, who is now one of the boys in blue. I used to meet Stan regularly on his beat round the city streets. The last time I met him, about two months ago, he was complaining about the monotony of the job, and then went on to inform me that he was about to escort £5000 to a bank. Since then I have not seen or heard of him. Circumstances speak for themselves.

Fred Rogers is now a chemist, and has been joined at the last final exams by Ken Tubman and Merv Owen. This gives Fort Street some interest in the "Boots" controversy.

The Old Boys' cricket match was played on December 2. All Fortians should make an effort to attend these matches. Ern Hurdis and "Tiger" Broadhead were playing. Something unique in the way of cricket is always on offer to

those who go. By the way, "Tiger" has a young brother at the School now, who is shaking all established canons of Broadhead conduct by having rather a bent for maths. Brother Dick is now the proud possessor of a pig farm in some remote corner of the Parramatta district, and he combines this with a little bit of sweet-pea culture.

The Watts brothers are now established in interesting if not lucrative callings. Nick is training to be a surveyor, and Ray an architect. Geoff. Bailey is another who has taken to surveying, and Ian McCloy is making architecture his aim.

Tom Walsh is employed by the Texaco Co. Tom is still a keen surfer, and every Sunday can be seen gracing the Bondi sands, but never alone.

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Following his retirement from the Fort Street teaching staff, Mr. C. Bauer (better known as "Con" or "Corny") enjoyed a trip abroad, and many of his friends are looking forward to an occasion when they will hear all about his journey. On his return to Australia, Mr. Bauer decided that inactivity during retirement was not to be contemplated, so he approached the Mutual Life and Citizens, who welcomed him with open arms, and appointed him to the staff of their Group Assurance Department, where he will specialise in group assurance for members of the public service, and, in particular, for members of the Education Department.

Many of you know that the Annual General

Meeting of the Union was held at the end of August this year, at the Real Estate Institute Rooms, Marin Place, Sydney. The following office-bearers were elected for the coming twelve months: President, Dr. A. J. Collins; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Justice A. J. Maxwell, C. J. Bauer and Dr. L. L. Holland; Committee, Messrs. R. Chounding, H. A. Snelling, L. Langsworth, A. D. McKnight, P. H. Dyson, E. B. Scribner and G. H. Finn; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. B. Doig; Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. FitzRoy; Hon. Auditors, Messrs. L. A. Forsyth and J. E. Kennedy.

Next year we anticipate holding our Annual Meeting at the School Hall, Petersham, and are looking forward to an excellent roll-up.

The Senior Dinner of 1936, held at the School, was a delightful function, and greatly appreciated by the members of the Committee who attended.

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

The Committee of the Old Boys' Union is very pleased to announce to members that the old School Gates are now in the course of erection at the entrance to the School at Petersham. Immediately they are in position, it is the intention of the Committee to arrange some social function at which they will be officially opened, and members are requested to bear this in mind and give their wholehearted support to any undertaking that may be arranged.

Well, this completes the gossip which after every issue I promise myself I will collect progressively during the six months till the next, but which I always end by thinking out and writing the night before the paper goes to press.

### A LETTER FROM MALAYA.

The Editor,

I have received another letter from my friend in British Malaya, and have reproduced it below.

He assured me that these were his own accounts, and I have adhered strictly to his context but for the correction of a few grammatical errors. This

friend is a Malayan, sixteen years of age, and has just left school, where he gained third place in the final examination.—J.W.

### FIGHTING FISH.

"There are two kinds of fighting fish found all over the Malay Peninsula, and are called by different names in different parts of the States. One is a shining black fish, about 1.5in. in length and .3in. in width, and the other is pale green in colour, and a bit bigger and longer than the first. Their construction of nest, abode, etc., are all the same except that the bigger fish (*sempilai*) is found in deeper water and in the interior of pools, under bushes, in ditches, and in padi-fields. It can be traced by a patch of lace-like bubbles, which is the nest constructed by the male. It blows the sticky bubbles which float on the surface like foam. The bubbles of the shining black fighting fish are bigger than those of the paler ones. The nest takes less than one hour to make. After this it then looks for a wife.

"When the eggs are layed, a few at a time, the husband catches them in his mouth, and with the aid of his saliva sticks them underneath the nest. Thereafter he spends all his time guarding the eggs; should any fall off, he sticks them on again; and continues to look after the young until they are able to look after themselves.

"They are caught by dovetailing the hands, or by baskets, and are kept in jars. The "black" is fed on mosquitoes and larvae, but the "pale" is never fed on mosquitoes or larvae, as it will not be a good fighter if fed on this diet. A fish of this latter kind is fed on its own eggs.

"Before the fight takes place the jars are placed close together, and the fish are introduced to one another like prize-fighters in a ring. Eager for combat, which usually takes place in a neutral jar, they glow with a metallic sheen, and their gill covers stand out. They are indeed beautiful to look at, flushed with a glowing crimson tint, streaked with glorious purples.

"All bets are then made, the punters sit around, and when the referee pours the water from the bowls into the fighting jar the fight begins. They first approach one another, and each tries to push his enemy to the side of the jar, to get in the first bite. The ruffle-like frills are sometimes

torn to ribbons, and tails are bitten off, but they grow again in about a week. During the fight sometimes one, sometimes the other, is on top; the conquered becomes pale, and is chased by the victor. Fights sometimes last for two to three hours.

"Unlike the black ones, the pale, when introduced, only spread their tails, and do not display their metallic sheen. When they are in the jar they do not approach one another as though sparring, but straightway try to bite. During the fight they often lock jaws. They utter a curious ringing note whilst fighting.

### THE DURIAN.

"The durian is a tropical fruit growing abundantly in Malaya. In the fruit season it is often seen hanging on the branch of a durian tree, which grows to a height of from fifty to sixty feet. The tree grows mainly on hilly ground, and the leaves are small. The trunk is about two to three feet around, and has some branches which are not very thickly clothed with foliage.

"The fruit is as large as a coconut, and it is divided in'o many chambers, or "pangou," as we call them. In each chamber there are seeds which are covered with thick flesh. The flesh is white or yellow in colour, and the fruit is pink.

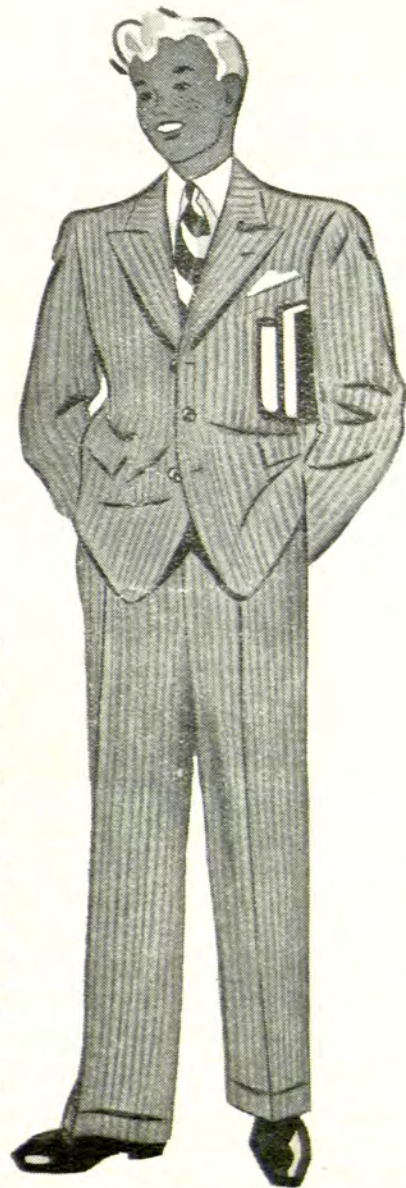
The durian is sometimes called "Mr. Hedgehog" because it is thorny. This fruit is supposed to be king of fruits, and by that I mean the fruit is very much liked by the people of Malaya. But it is not liked by Europeans because of its smell. If the fruit is a good one, the flesh will taste sweet, but if it is not a good one the flesh is bitter. The flesh is sometimes taken with what we call 'putut rice,' a very sticky grain when cooked, mixed with coconut juice. It can also be made in'o durian cake.

"The skin when dried can be used as fuel. The ash of the skin can be made into liquid for drinking, though I have never tried it, and also for washing purposes. The seeds can also be eaten when thoroughly boiled. To distinguish a good durian you must first of all observe the shape. If the shape is distorted, then it is a good one. A light durian is also a good one.

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## ARTHUR MACHEN.

May I attempt to attract some attention to a living British author, who is somewhat neglected by the reading public? Arthur Machen, like so many young British authors, is the son of a parson, but this seems to have had very little influence on his work, which forms a striking contrast to what we might expect from a man of such descent.

Of all authors, none has such a complete command of the elements of terror and horror as Machen. The only author to approach him is Conan Doyle, but this latter's work sinks into insignificance under the comparison where, as a rule, Doyle merely dabbles in spiritualism, Machen goes behind the scenes, as it were, and places Hell, as he conceives it, in front of his reader. This field, hitherto forbidden to literature, has in his hands become very real indeed. The great God Pan strides through London, leaving horror in his wake, and celebrating his scarlet ceremonies in some secluded park.

All our childish illusions are shattered by this extraordinary author. He identifies fairies with devils, and Pan, the gentle god of sylvan life, of whom we have all read in our youth with delight, becomes, in his hands, Satan. The revolting horror of all these ideas is fully compensated to the reader because of the author's extremely beautiful style, and because of the diabolical fascination which carries us on to the end of every novel from his pen.

In this article, I think it will be sufficient to discuss one of Machen's earliest and best works. "The House of Souls" is a series of three short and one long novel. All these are characteristic of the author, but the first and last, "The Great God Pan" and "The Three Imposers," are particularly interesting. If books like these are read in large slabs, the effect on the mind is very considerable, and it might be said, somewhat alarming. One becomes quite frightened of dark corners, and cannot enter unlighted rooms without imagining octopus-like masses of corruption in every dark place.

In "The Great God Pan" a doctor performs a fantastic operation upon a woman, which en-

ables her to see Hell, and causes her to lose her reason. Soon afterwards she gives birth to a child, whose father is the arch-fiend himself. The remainder of the book concerns itself with the doings of this demon-child, and the horror and misery she brings to many lives by inviting them to join her in the devilish ceremonies in which she takes part. The book closes with a hideous account of her death.

Surely, here is material for the greatest effect, and the author does not disappoint us. His description, or rather, suggested account, of Helen's woodland revels with her demon-friends is dreadful in the extreme, and the manner in which her victims die one by one quite overpowering.

In the second novel, we are introduced to Dyson, a sort of super amateur Sherlock Holmes, who probes the mystery of Dr. Smith. It is revealed that the doctor has been dealing with black magic, and has exchanged his wife's soul with that of a demon. The soul of the wife has been transferred into a huge opal. When Dyson obtains the opal he cannot hold it, but drops it and crunches it under his feet. The whole novel reeks with demoniacal atrocity, but what a great story it is!

"The Red Hand" is not so interesting, but the fourth novel, as long as the other three put together, is a really great achievement. This dreadful work concerns itself with a high-priest of Satan, again a doctor, who continually gains new souls for the devil by his agents. One of these agents betrays his purpose, and the rest of the book is devoted to describing the search made for the "traitor" by three other agents. He is finally captured and most horribly tortured to death. The body of the book describes the search, which is conducted in a very queer manner. The three agents accost various people and tell them stories, the subject of which is always "a young man in spectacles." The stories told are even more horrible than those concocted for the previous books. People by taking incorrect prescriptions turn into horrid monsters, neither liquid nor solid; doctors by prying too closely into hidden matters are destroyed by the fairy-folk, here

identified with demons. The complete effect of this book is simply astounding, and definitely should not be read more than once.

In conclusion, I would say that Arthur Machen

is an author well worth reading, and that "The House of Souls" is a book worthy of a place on the book-shelf of every lover of good literature.

G. WATSON, 5D.

### A DAY UNDER SAIL.

The warm sun and light westerly breeze suggested to us all an afternoon under sail.

Accordingly, we made towards the boatshed, where everything for a "sail" is always in readiness. The boat itself is a sturdy, although small, twelve footer, in which we have spent, and still do spend, many joyful hours on the waters of the Harbour. This particular day, owing to the light weather, we laced the largest sail and, having rigged the boat, soon set off.

We had a very enjoyable lead right down as far as Garden Island. Here, however, trouble started; the light westerly swung abruptly around to a quickly increasing breeze from the southern quarter. This did not alarm us at the time, for we had an extra man aboard and, in a strong breeze, the weight of the crew is often the governing factor in sailing an open boat.

In a few minutes the wind had greatly increased in strength, and felt as if it would continue to do so. At this juncture we decided to quit the Harbour and turn back into the Parramatta River. We were all putting our whole weight into balancing the boat, which I might say we were only just doing, as we were making a stretch past Garden Island, when trouble occurred.

Suddenly, just off the island, there were two loud reports in quick succession, and the boat tipped violently back in our direction. This sudden and unexpected movement emptied two of the crew backwards overboard, and half-filled the boat with water.

One glance sufficed to show what had happened. The shroud on which was all the weight had parted, throwing the full strain on the mast, which immediately snapped off level with the boat's gunwales.

The crew scrambled aboard again, not without increasing the depth of water in the boat. The water on board had now reached its highest level to allow the boat to continue floating; another gallon or two and we would have swamped. Moving very cautiously, we bailed her fairly dry, and endeavoured to get the gear, which had gone overboard, back into the boat.

The water had, by this time, become very choppy, and we continued to ship a fairly large quantity. Since we had been blown well past the island by the force of the wind, we had to row back into the very face of the breeze. This was no easy task without oars, and it took us about an hour's solid work to go the necessary two hundred yards to Garden Island, where, contrary to the Naval notice board, we were very glad to land.

We had an interview with the Water Police stationed here, and were able, from the jetty on the island, to hail a towing launch, who, after much argument, towed us to the Bridge.

About this time the southerly dropped, almost as quickly as it had come, and in its stead a very light nor'-easter commenced to blow. This suited us admirably, since under a very improvised rig we were able to "run" all the way home, a distance of about four miles; otherwise we would have had to be towed, and towing costs no small amount.

That evening we were all a little late for dinner, and, for a while afterwards, a little out of pocket, because of the repair bill; but still we all number that day amongst our most enjoyable spent under sail.

## KOSCIUSKO.

Yet another of Mr. Rose's parties for Kosciusko left Central station by the 8.55 p.m. train for Cooma, on Friday, August 21st. After a trip marked mainly by the quietness of our party as compared with others, we reached Cooma at about seven o'clock next morning. We walked to the "Prince of Wales" hotel for breakfast, and then strolled round the town while waiting for the buses, which were to take us to Kosciusko.

We arrived at the Hotel Kosciusko about 12.45, after two stops, at Berridale and Jindabyne. At the latter we crossed the Snowy River, which is very beautiful. Having retrieved our luggage and been allotted our rooms, we were assembled for instruction in the rules of the hotel.

After lunch we obtained skis and boots of the requisite size, and then set out for practice. It was already snowing, and this gave promise of good snow throughout our stay. This promise was amply fulfilled, and we had the best snow Kosciusko has experienced, at that time of the year, for seven seasons. Those who were so minded attached themselves to the classes, while others chose to learn to ski by the method of trial and error. Gradually we migrated from the easier slopes to the Kerry, the principal course, about three-quarters of a mile from the hotel.

On Sunday night there was a picture show, when the programme consisted of travelogues, some of Kosciusko, and one full-length film. Every other night there was dancing in the big ball-room, where we spent quite an enjoyable time, and the late afternoons, before tea, we spent in the billiard room, to the great concern of "Old Tom." However, none managed to obtain the greatest break by breaking the cloth.

When we had become more competent in the art of ski-ing, we separated into parties and went for cross-country treks, on one of which our leader led his party into thick wood, and many found it too much for them. The main treks, however, were to Dainers' Gap, the Plains of Heaven, and Pretty Point, varying in distance from about two miles to five miles from the hotel.

On Friday morning our sports were held. We had two races in our party. One, the speed race, which started about half-way up the Kerry, and in which we had three slow turns to negotiate before the fast run. The other was a cross-country race, which started about a quarter of a mile off, to the left of the Kerry, through wooded country, and then came on the Kerry about three-quarters of the way up; and then had to negotiate four fast turns on the Kerry itself.

It is really surprising how quickly one learns the fundamentals of the art of ski-ing, when properly coached, although, of course, there are many falls while doing so. Some of the falls seem remarkable in that it is difficult to imagine how one gets himself into such a jumble.

Our last night at the hotel was set aside for a fancy dress ball, and we saw quite a fine variety of costumes. The prizes for the costumes and the races were presented after the supper that night.

Some of us, while there, also sat for, and obtained, the preliminary test certificate, which required a good knowledge of the fundamentals of ski-ing.

On Saturday morning, after packing, our party walked to the water-falls, a couple of miles from the hotel. These could not be reached on ski, as they were well down in the valley, where the trees stopped the snow from covering the ground.

After lunch we found the buses waiting, and at a quarter past two we said good-bye to Hotel Kosciusko. We had a most hilarious meal at Cooma, because everyone had large quantities of salt, pepper, sauce and anything else on the table poured into his tea,—what little there was. Then we boarded the train, which pulled out of Cooma at 6.45 p.m.

The prospect of home seemed to brighten up our party a deal, and for the first time they really "let themselves go," and I am sure we all had a most enjoyable trip home, which was a fitting conclusion to a holiday, which I feel confident will always be foremost among our brightest recollections.

**SAVED !**

Times had been very hard for John. For months he had been out of work, and no one seemed to want him. He had been a famous acrobat, and had held crowds spellbound by his daring deeds in the circus ring. Now, day by day, he wearily watched and waited.

Then came opportunity. The gorilla at the zoo was dead! Rushing to the manager's office, he pleaded to be allowed to take its place. At first the manager laughed, but, since the gorilla was, indeed, one of the principal attractions, he at last consented to a trial. Clad in skins, John was led to the den.

All went well. No gorilla could make the people laugh as could John. He climbed the old tree with wonderful agility, jumped to the floor to tear at the bars; pounded his chest with clenched and

hairy fists, and muttered and grumbled all the time, to the delight of the children who crowded round.

Then disaster came. As he leaped from the tree to the top of the wall during one of his mad frolics, he lost his balance and fell—not into his own den, but into that of the lion.

Trembling, he crouched beside the wall, watching the lion as it slowly rose, and, with silent footfalls, approached, its glaring eyes fixed savagely upon him. What was he to do? To remain where he was meant death! To call for help meant failure and dismissal! At last his nerve failed him.

"Help! Help!" he screamed.

"Shut up, you fool!" muttered the lion.

REX S. BACON, 1A.

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## A MIGHTY HUNTER.

Geoffrey was a cheerful, charming and cherubic youth; but, though he was my nephew, I feel not the slightest compunction in referring to him as a "boring young cub." Whether it was merely his extreme youth, or whether it was his natural vanity and the fact that he was an only son, I cannot be certain, but there remains the unfortunate fact that he had an unbearable, patronizing manner. A few minutes of his company were sufficient to convince anybody that, in his own estimation, the world revolved around Geoffrey; his conversation left no doubt of that.

My friend, Hansell, and I were chatting quietly one evening when in came "his lordship," all tanned and "full of beans" after a holiday overseas. I must confess I was taken slightly unawares by this sudden arrival; for though I knew that Geoffrey and his father had gone for a trip to South Africa, I was not expecting them back quite so soon. Anyway, it became clear to me at once that the evening was not going to be as cheerful as I had imagined.

It soon became apparent that his travels had not improved his egoism. He was bubbling over with the enthusiasm of his own importance. With a feeling of despair I learned that Geoff had been lion-hunting during his holidays; he would, of course, have to tell us all about that lion-hunting, for he soon informed us that, sure enough, he did know all about shooting lions. We were not at all surprised; but then, we were aware that he generally did know all about everything.

Well, we let him go for quite a while; indeed, there was nothing else we could do. However, when he had been holding forth for some time, Hansell quietly asked whether he, Geoffrey, had actually "bagged" a lion. Well, no, he hadn't exactly; but their guide had.

Even this rebuff didn't take the edge off his enthusiasm; he was irrepresible—like many youths. He continued to expound his views, and even went so far as to suggest some idiotic cage set in the ground, inside which the hunter could wait until some unfortunate, unsuspecting lion should pass overhead.

We heard all this in a state of profound boredom; but at last I saw Hansell sit forward in his chair with a twinkle in his eye. In company,

Hansell was usually a taciturn fellow, but I knew how amusing he could be when he began to talk, and realised immediately that young Geoff was about to have his leg "pulled."

Nevertheless, Hansell did not find it easy to get a word in; for Geoffrey's flow of conversation was like the current of some mighty flood. It carried all before it. But, needless to say, he couldn't go on forever; and at last he paused through sheer exhaustion—it could hardly have been that he had no more to say—and Hansell said: "I've been on an expedition in Kenya, you know; we had plenty of hunting there."

"Yes?" began Geoff, "well, I —"

But that was as far as he got, for Hansell meant to have his say. "Well, as I was saying," he interrupted, "I remember one evening we were preparing for sleep; it was one of those wonderfully still evenings, peculiar to that country. The air was oppressive and sultry, and somehow I didn't feel like sleep just then; there was not the slightest hint of a breeze to stir the leaves. It was not quite dark.

"Drawn by the strange silence, I strolled out of my tent, foolishly leaving my gun. I had gone only a little way when two native carriers bolted past me, shouting something I did not understand. They dived into the tent. I became alarmed at this; but imagine how I felt when I came face to face with the cause of this consternation—a huge, tawny-maned lion, crouching in some tall grass but a few yards away. How I longed for that gun!

"Things certainly looked bad for me; but, quick as thought I ducked, down on to my hands and knees. With a dizzy feeling, I saw the huge beast go hurtling over my head. The perspiration stood out on my face as I turned and ducked again. With great relief I knew that the lion had once more been carried too far by the spring. This was repeated again and again; each time I ducked, and the lion went over my head. How long this went on I can't be sure."

At this moment I glanced at Geoffrey, and was not surprised to see that he had become visibly redder about the ears. Those chubby, cherubic cheeks of his were burning under a blush of deep embarrassment. He knew his leg was being "pulled," and could do nothing; I was almost

sorry for his humiliation; but I mumbled the usual: "Yes, yes, go on!"

"Anyhow," continued Hansell, quite unperturbed, "by this time my manœuvring had brought me gradually up to the tent, and I suddenly plunged inside for my gun. After a frantic search, I found it and dashed out again looking for the lion; but, believe it or not, that lion was not in sight. Cautiously, I crept round to the back of the tent, and—you fellows will hardly believe this—there I found the lion—practising low jumps!"

For the moment, both Geoff and I were too

surprised to speak; and as for Hansell, his features showed not the slightest sign of emotion. He merely leaned back in his chair, regarding us both with a placidly serious stare. Not once had he smiled.

Suddenly, I broke the tense silence with a low, short laugh; and a few seconds later Geoffrey was on his feet, his cheeks and ears still burning. He excused himself and went away without another word.

JAY.

### THE INTER-SCHOOLS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

This movement has been established in the School since July of last year, when Dr. Hart-Davies, of Edinburgh, visited us and gave his lecture on recent discoveries in Archaeology. Advantage was taken of the interest aroused to form a branch of the fellowship at the School, thus falling into line with a number of other leading High Schools in the city and country.

At first the numbers were about twenty; then, as exams. drew near, the attendance dwindled to about seven. This year saw a revival in numbers and interest, as the General Secretary of the movement, Mr. Vincent Craven, has been taking the Third and Second Year Scripture classes for the Rector during the extension of the Memorial Hall. As a result of this, and of the personal contacts with First Year in the Scripture period, the attendance grew to more than forty, crowding out room "C." The class is run by the boys themselves, and meets in the lunch-hour on

Tuesdays and Thursdays. Mr. Porter, by invitation, has given a series of studies on the Tuesdays, and, during the exam. period, also on Thursdays.

It is hoped that in the new year many more fellows will give up some of their leisure to attend this class. A life without God is emphatically an incomplete life; it would be a thousand pities for any boy to leave the School without trying what the class has to offer. It is strictly undenominational, and open to any boy who wishes to come. Questions are welcomed, and discussion is quite free. All boys interested are invited to get in touch with Hartenstein, of 4B, or Kimmorley or G. Feltham, of 3C.

The inter-school character of the movement is seen in the camp to be held at Bay View during the Christmas holidays. Any chap who does not know where to go for a splendid holiday can find out by writing to Mr. Craven, 242 Pitt Street.

### DAWN.

One can hardly witness a more beautiful sight than that of early dawn. Once during the holidays I had the pleasure of seeing the sun rise over the sea. All was still. The sea was grey and except for the occasional slight roughness caused by a land breeze, extended a smooth and shining surface as far as the eye could see. The silence was only broken by the raucous cries of the sea-birds or the drowsy murmur of the foaming surge. Soon a faint lightening in the east was perceptible, followed by a yellowish and then

an orange tint. By now the grey sea had assumed a lighter hue, and one could see the fishing boats moving slowly on the ocean swell. Soon a reddish tinge appeared at the centre of the orange, which now crowned the horizon, until at last, with a smiling countenance, the broad red disc of the sun appeared above the horizon. Gradually it decreased in size, until it became almost the same sun as we see climbing the heavens as we sail forth to our daily toil.

I.D.

1st YEAR MATHS.

Our Mr. X. takes 1st Year maths.,  
 He says it is a pleasure,  
 To see the boys all working hard,  
 Although they work together.

The sums don't always work out right,  
 But that's all in the game.  
 We touch the things up here and there,  
 And they come out just the same.

Friday is a day of days,  
 There is a test for all,  
 And when we cannot do the maths.,  
**We sleep against the wall!**

Mr. X. on Monday morn,  
 Gives us our papers back.

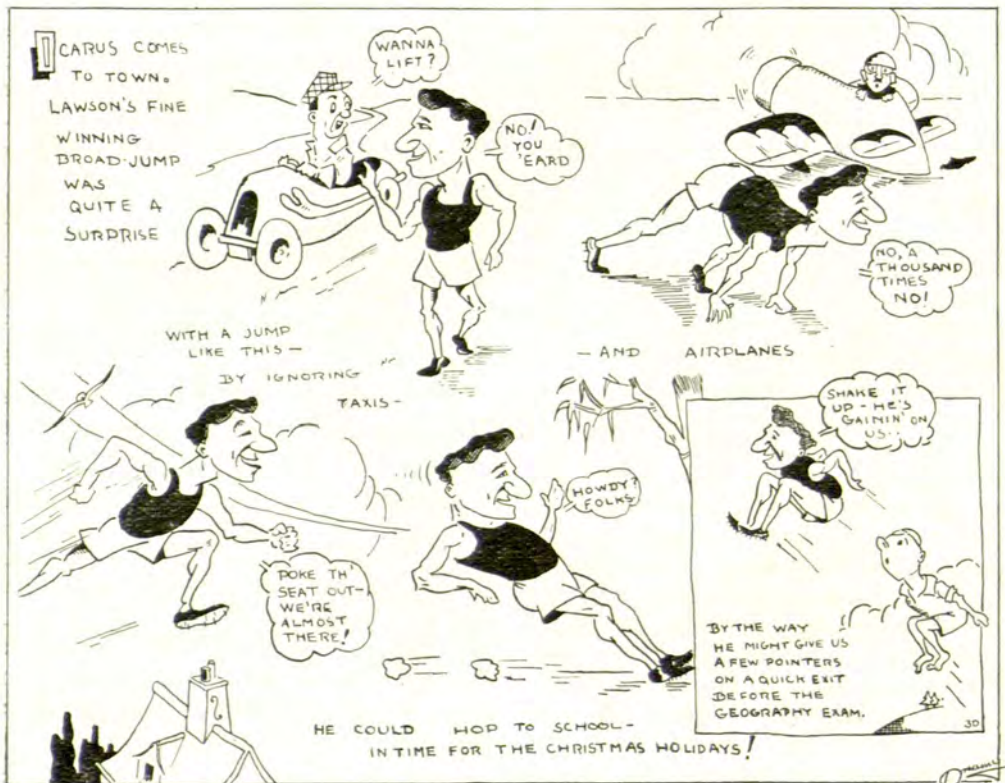
Then calmly looks around the room,  
 And speaks of "things" we lack.

Then someone's pen he borrows,  
 To put down all the marks,  
 But when he sees the totals,  
 I'll bet he gets a start.

For every one among us,  
 (Now this is really fine),  
 Has got the usual total—  
 No less than ninety-nine.

And this is true as Death—  
 I'm sure you'll all agree—  
 The happiest of periods  
 We spend with him you see.

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# ANTHONY HORDERNS'

## THE TALE OF A MERCHANTMAN AND HIS HORSE.

A rich merchant there was, in a very large town,  
With right heavy duties, of course;  
The press of his work had made the man frown,  
Until he had bought a good horse.

He went to a dealer in thoroughbred breeds,  
And asked for a horse sound and good.  
He bought one of the dealer's mechanical steeds,  
Because it required no food.

He sprang to the saddle and turned a few wheels;  
The electrical works went all right.  
The mechanical horse then took to its heels;  
Our merchant turned pale with the fright.

Up hill and down dale that horse made its way,  
The relentless pace it kept up;  
Nor did the steed stop at the end of the day,  
Though his master wanted to sup.

When the sun shed its rays o'er field and o'er plain,

The horse with the man galloped yet,  
It went round the world again and again;  
The rider began then to fret.

He lost his fine clothes as he rushed through the breeze,

But the horse still galloped on;  
The poor merchantman started to shake at the knees,  
His face became weary and wan.

Now still you may see that horse rushing on,  
A skeleton white on its back;  
One minute it's here and the next it is gone,  
Round and round in its track.



## THE SERIOUS SIDE OF AVIATION.

The idea of flying through the air on wings has interested men of an inventive turn of mind for many centuries.

Leonardo da Vinci, in 1495, made the first actual experiment in flying machines. Da Vinci designed a flapping wing machine, which he tried to model on the structure of the seagull, but he never gave it an actual trial, for he knew that something more than human power was necessary to lift it.

Of course we know that ornithopters, or flapping wings, are impractical, but da Vinci must be considered one of the fathers of aeronautics, because of his conceptions and the interest his drawings created among early aeroplane inventors.

The man to whom the title of "Father of Aeronautics" justly belongs, however, is Sir George Cayley, an English squire, whose extensive experimenting with gliders, in 1809 and 1810, established the fact that wings should have curved rather than flat surfaces, and that supporting surfaces should be fixed rather than movable, as suggested by da Vinci and others. Cayley also showed how the pivoting of the tail-plane could make it act as an elevator when it is moved up or down. He indicated how wings uptilted at a dihedral angle would aid lateral stability. He was the first to suggest the use of an internal combustion engine as motive power for aircraft.

Little did Cayley think that aviation would in a century and a quarter go so far beyond his dreams, and that mail, men and bombs would be conveyed by aeroplane; nor did he realize that man would still be worried by providence; or, in other words, by storms and mist.

Take this only too well known tale for example:

"Tossed and buffeted by a winter gale, the night mail plane winged its solitary way a mile above a storm-torn earth. Sleet, with the velocity of buckshot, mercilessly pounded the fabric surface of the big ship. Hunched forward in the cockpit to protect his face, sat the bronzed young pilot, the tiny light on the instrument panel casting a weird glow over his tense features. In the compartment up in the front was six hundred pounds of valuable mail.

The plane had begun to feel sluggish now, and did not respond to the controls. Although the engine was running at full throttle, the altimeter showed that the plane was settling rapidly. The pilot cast a hurried glance about him. Suddenly an icy hand gripped his heart. Sleet, with menacing swiftness, was building up on the wings.

Then the engine, until now faithfully droning out its sonorous song, began to pound itself to pieces. Ice had formed on the propeller and the unequal loading had caused it to go off balance.

The pilot began a frantic dive for the earth. It was too late now. The big ship had lost all of its lift and had become just so much dead weight in the air. Turning over and over like a wounded bird, it fell."

This is only one of many such episodes.

Now let us see what has been done to rectify this.

In the past, the only safeguard against such disastrous happenings has been to avoid, whenever possible, weather that will produce an ice coating on wings and propeller.

The weight of the ice does not matter so much as the formation of ice on the leading edge of the wing, which changes its contour or camber, a circumstance which causes it to lose its lifting power.

Some of the large mail planes which have been forced down owing to ice formation have been found, on inspection, to have been carrying six inches of ice, and every bit as hard as rock.

The stabilizer (tail plane) also carries its share of ice, which forms a thin coating on the taut fabric, and soon becomes rigid. Now the air current passing over the stabilizer causes this rigid fabric to vibrate, crack, and then tear, and as soon as the wind pressure gets under this tear, it is not long before the framework is laid bare.

One of the new safety devices for aircraft that is now being tested is the "rubber overshoe," or "De-Icer," which is designed to rid aviation of one of its worst perils.

"De-icers" consist of thin sheets of rubber cemented to the leading edges of wing and tail surfaces. Inside of these sheets, three long inner tubes are located. These tubes are automatically

inflated and deflated when a plane is operated under ice-forming conditions, by means of a pump driven by the engine. The pilot operates a valve, which releases compressed air into them, causing an automatic expansion and contraction.

The two outside tubes inflate; then, as they deflate, the large centre tube inflates. This movement takes place once every minute. The ice is cracked loose by this "breathing" action, and is ripped off by the air stream as soon as it forms.

Ice is eliminated from the propeller by a similar arrangement.

These simple little devices are proving to be real lifesavers. They have already been installed

on a number of mail and passenger planes, permitting them to get through even in blinding hailstorms.

Aeronautical engineers, both Government and civilian, during the past year have vigorously attacked the problem of making the air safe, and many new devices have been produced that have a far-reaching effect. Although flying is the fastest means of transportation, it must also be made the safest. The industry has now turned its attention towards this objective.

"Speed with safety for the future" is to become the watchword of aviation.

ALAN R. MOGG, 4B.



**WATER POLO TEAM: PREMIERS, 1936.**

Back Row: J. WILSON, J. OLDING, G. COCKBURN.

Second Row: L. TERRY, N. LOCK, Mr. ROSE (Coach), D. PRATT, F. SMITH.

Sitting: P. SCHMIDT (Captain).



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# SPORT



## FOOTBALL.

### 1st XV.

Viewing the performance of the 1st XV. this winter in the light of matches won, the results look poor indeed. Match winning, however, in any team is not, or should not, be the only objective to strive for. The cultivation of true sportsmanship among its members is an important aim for any sporting body, and in this direction the team performed admirably. Every player enjoyed the season of football, and profited much by his association with a team in which such spirit predominated.

Although much time was devoted to training, the results were not as gratifying as expected. The forwards seemed to respond better than the backs to the consistent efforts of the coach to induce closer combination in the actual play.

The general play of the forwards was fairly consistent in the rucks and scrums, and in the open some brilliant individual play was witnessed, Feletti and Pullen being the most outstanding, usually, in this respect.

In some of the earlier matches the scrum met with some very efficient and heavy opposition, and suffered accordingly. However, we derived much benefit from the advice given us in scrumming and rucking by Aub Hodgson, who visited us during the winter. The effect of his remarks and demonstrations was seen in the ensuing matches.

In the backs, lack of co-operation proved fatal in the first half of the competition, but in the latter part this fault was greatly reduced. Some very fine individual play was seen at some stage or other of the season, from nearly every member of the three-quarter line.

We had hoped to compete in the semi-finals of the competition, but we were beaten by Sydney High. The game was very even, and was marked by hard tackling and solid play. One of the opposing backs managed to penetrate our defence and score several times, and this gave High the victory by 11-3.

After our elimination from the finals, we were very successful in several friendly matches with Canterbury and Parramatta, which brought the season to a close.

We take this opportunity of congratulating the premiers, Hurlstone, who gained the position of honour by honest, solid football.

To our coach, Mr. Golding, we all wish to offer our most sincere thanks and appreciation for his services. He, by dint of hard work, moulded us into a team, and enabled us all to enjoy the season. Our only regret is that we were not able to show him better results for his efforts.

The scores were as follows:—

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 6-44.

Fort Street v. Canterbury, 17-0.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, 9-6.

Fort Street v. Hurlstone, 0-32.

Fort Street v. Technical, 3-14.

Fort Street v. Sydney High, 3-11.

### 2nd XV.

Despite the fact that we did not finish the season very high up in the competition table, the football played by the second XV. was not as bad as the results made it out to be. A feeling of good fellowship pervaded every match, and we went on to the field every time determined to do our best.

The fact that we started our training about a month later than any of the other schools, and that our chaps did not realise their own ability, had a good deal to do with our defeats. The former gave the other schools a tremendous advantage in condition and co-operation, and the latter prevented us from finishing off any promising movement we started.

Thanking Mr. Beatty for his endeavours in training the team, we hope that next year the seconds have as enjoyable a season, though with better results, as we had this year.

### 3rd XV.

Although this team had not a great measure of success during the season, the players must be

complimented on their untiring efforts to make themselves good footballers out of inexperienced boys. We all join in heartily thanking Mr. Wilson for his good advice and coaching, which has prepared many of the players for higher grades next season.

Bowmaker probably made best progress, and through his ability to tackle, was promoted to second grade as scrum-half. The team was ably led by Rex Kimberly, who set a good example to the team with his inspiring play throughout the whole season.

In the backs were R. Maze (five-eighth), J. Allen and L. Dodson (three-quarters), all of whom gained much experience during the season. K. Lawson, who was also promoted to second grade, played right wing, did more than his share of the work. C. Carter played left wing, while Harrington played full-back.

Among the forwards were H. Norton and N. Roberts as break-aways played excellently, as did J. Knight, — Shute and J. Kerridge, front row; in the second row J. Walton and also E. McManis did well. D. Thompson, whose weight was invaluable to the forwards, was lock, and helped in converting those tries which we scored.

#### 4th XV.

The fourth grade team had a very successful season, but owing to a number of unfortunate circumstances, only managed to fill third place in the competition.

The first part of the season was very successful, until we met Technical. We were without the services of our captain, Suzor, who played half, and had left. The loss of this dashing and sound player disheartened the team, and we lost 16-0. But soon we discovered a good substitute in Wilson, and the next week we managed to give High a hard tussle in the mud, going down rather by bad luck than bad play, 5-10.

From this time on the team seemed to be unbeatable. We beat High, Technical, and Canterbury in succession, and only succumbed to Hurlstone in the final match after a hard tussle, in which we lost the services of Jack Appleby, who had both his wrists broken. All the team played well, and it was, in no small measure, due to Mr. Brodie's untiring efforts that we did so well. Our hearty thanks are extended to him.

Although the forwards were rather ragged at first, they soon settled down, and by the end of the season, they were unrivalled as a fast and hard rucking pack. Dixon, the rake, Cavalier, and Appleby in the front row were outstanding, while Middleton and Austin were both good and fast forwards. Rose, the captain (after Suzor left) played at breakaway after the first Technical match, and was easily the fastest and best forward.

Among the backs, Wilson, at half, Carew, five-eighth, Johns, in-centre, and Smyth, full back, were the best. John came up from the fifths after the first Technical match, and was one of the many changes made at the time in the teams, when Smyth was moved to full back, Rose to his place as breakaway, and Carew to five-eighth. All these boys showed to advantage in their new positions, especially Smyth at full back, and Carew and John in the three-quarters. On their showing we should have some good backs in the "heavies" next season.

Scores: Fort Street v. North Sydney, 3-3; v. Canterbury, 11-3; v. Parramatta, 55-0; v. Hurlstone, 3-3; v. Technical, 0-16; v. High, 5-10; v. High, 10-0; v. Technical, 8-6; v. Canterbury, 17-3; v. Hurlstone, 0-13.

Wilson and Dixon gained places in their usual positions in a representative "under 15" team, and Cavalier and Carew likewise in an "under 17" team.

Altogether the team had a very enjoyable season, and all are looking forward to good matches in the higher grades next season.

#### 5th XV.

During the season our team showed considerable promise, largely owing to the enthusiastic coaching of Mr. Foley; but, meeting defeat after defeat, the team's spirit and enthusiasm waned somewhat. Nevertheless, we were able to defeat North Sydney and Parramatta High Schools.

The feature match was the one in which we played the invincible Technical team. Running berserk, we "downed" man after man, and at one stage we had Cooper (Technical's star) and two of his team-mates nearly "out to it." Although we were rather brisk with our tactics, it was good hard football; but the better team (with many bruises) won the day.

In regard to individual players, Johns, the captain, was undoubtedly the backbone of the team, and he was ably backed up by the wingers, Tonkin and Ferguson. Of the forwards, Hunter and Farmer were perhaps the best. The hooking of the front row men, Phillips, Hing and MacBride, was not up to the standard of last year; but all did their best.

In conclusion we tender our sincere thanks to Mr. Foley for his most enthusiastic coaching throughout the season.

#### 6th XV.

Last season's 6th grade team performed well under the tuition of their coach, Mr. Short. We were lucky enough to reach the semi-final round, in which we were beaten once by Canterbury, and drew with North Sydney and Sydney High. In the latter two games we were leading 6-3 until just before the bell, when our opponents managed to score.

E. ("Porky") Russell, the team's rake, won more than his share of the ball during the season, and should again be rake for this team next season.

Another young member of the team was P.

#### FIRST GRADE.

The first grade cricket competition in the latter part of this season was very limited, as there was only one match to play. Unfortunately, Fort Street seemed to allow Canterbury to gain the upper hand of the game in the first innings, but Canterbury did not have it all its own way in the second innings.

Fort Street, on paper, fielded a good team under the leadership of Jack Neilson, but the batting failed dismally in the first innings; yet the team did not give up.

Undoubtedly the bowling was weak, owing to the absence of our former captain and fast bowler, Reg Crowe, who has in the past bowled excellently. But this position was well filled by our notable all-rounder, Jack Neilson. Although he was unable to lead his team to victory, he knows that the team did its best, both on and off the field. After all, what is more desirable than a team which does its best and has the same attitude whether defeated or victorious?

The team which took the field was as follows:

**Jack Neilson**, who is a good captain and a splendid cricketer.

**Pascoe**, who played a prominent part in the centre position. He was unlucky not to score on several occasions, and was one of the team's best tacklers.

**R. Arthur**, the team's giant, broke through many times on account of his weight, and was a tower of strength to the side. He was ably supported by **Hatswell** and **Taylor**. These three were the best forwards in the team.

The most improved player in the back division was **B. Short**, our scrum half, and many a time he was instrumental in turning defeat into victory.

Our two wingers, **Hearne** and **Jones**, did their work well, and should be seen to advantage in next year's fifth grade team.

A promising player for next year's sixth grade team is **Cochrane**, of first year. He did not play this year on account of his feather-like weight; but was seen to advantage at practice, and should be a considerable help in next year's team.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Short for the untiring interest he has shown in them, by giving up much of his valuable time in coaching them.

W. LANDY (Capt.)

#### CRICKET.

**H. Magnusson.** A solid opening batsman.

**M. Roberts.** A good opening batsman and a fair change bowler.

**D. Washington**, who has in the past made many runs, is a solid and forceful batsman.

**A. Ferguson.** A very fair batsman and a good slip fieldsmen.

**L. Gollan.** A fair batsman and a good wicket-keeper.

**G. Goswell.** A good medium pace bowler and fair batsman.

**K. Carew.** Left-hand batsman.

**G. Jullienne.** A good slow bowler who makes good use of the wicket.

**C. Arnold.** A good slow bowler who captured many wickets in the early part of the season.

**F. Spooner.** The fast bowler, who is very difficult to play.

From this list it can be seen that the team was of high standard.

In the match against Canterbury, the captain handed the ball to **Spooner**, who sent down the first over. This lad bowled splendidly, and with a "little beauty" clean bowled **Osborne**. Other bowlers who deserve credit are **Goswell** and **Ar-**

nold. Goswell in his first over bowled a couple of good length balls which beat both the batsman and the wicketkeeper.

Not one batsman reached 20 in our first innings. Jullienne top scored with 12. Beattie and White had all our batsmen "boxed up," and the team was dismissed for 67.

In reply Canterbury declared its innings closed with 160 runs on the board and seven wickets in hand. The first wicket fell at 57, when Gollan made a snappy catch behind the wicket off the slow bowler Arnold. The other two batsmen being bowled by two excellent balls delivered by Goswell and Spooner.

At this stage of the game Canterbury had a first innings win, but on the second day Fort Street displayed some very bright cricket. Magnusson and Roberts opened the innings, and these two batsmen gave the side a good start. However, the situation altered slightly, and at 3 wickets for 47, L. Gollan and A. Ferguson were largely responsible for taking the score to 202. This was quite a good effort, and it made Fort Street's position more hopeful. Magnusson and Gollan top-scored with 48 each, and Ferguson with 38. Ferguson was going well when he was caught off a fast moving ball. Gollan showed good form, and compiled most of his runs from the slow bowler. Magnusson, as usual, played a steady bat.

The averages for the match were:—

#### BATTING.

|                     | Innings | Runs | Average |
|---------------------|---------|------|---------|
| H. Magnusson ... .. | 2       | 54   | 27      |
| L. Gollan ... ..    | 2       | 49   | 24.5    |
| A. Ferguson ... ..  | 2       | 47   | 23.5    |

#### BOWLING.

|               | Overs | Mdns. | Runs | Wkts. | Av. |
|---------------|-------|-------|------|-------|-----|
| G. Goswell .. | 3.75  | 0     | 16   | 1     | 16  |
| C. Arnold ..  | 9     | 2     | 31   | 1     | 31  |
| F. Spooner .. | 10    | 0     | 51   | 1     | 51  |

All members of the first grade team are looking forward to the match against the Old Boys, which will take place in the near future.

#### 2nd XI.

Only one match was played in the last part of the season, and this was won by Canterbury.

In our first innings we managed to gather a score of only 100. This was mainly due to Reg

Hall's delightful knock of 65 and Campbell's well-earned 13.

Canterbury passed this score, and finished the day with 148. The bowling against them was done by McCredie, who finished with 6-61.

In our second innings we did a little better, with 145 on the board when the last wicket fell.

The Halls believe in keeping big scores in the family, so this time Ron Hall bade farewell to the School with a grand knock of 86 n.o.

Canterbury replied with 6 for 100, and so won outright. McCredie again did the lion's share of the bowling, and finished with 2-22. Casells bowled with little luck throughout the match; that is, with scant assistance from the field. In fact, to put it plainly, the fielding was terrible, and the worst feature of the match.

Below is a summary of the batting and bowling for the whole season:—

| Batsman           | Matches | Inn. | N.O. | Runs | Av.   |
|-------------------|---------|------|------|------|-------|
| G. Goswell ... .. | 4       | 6    | 1    | 183  | 36.6  |
| Ron Hall ... ..   | 5       | 8    | 2    | 133  | 22.2  |
| Reg Hall ... ..   | 2       | 4    | —    | 77   | 19.75 |
| A. Turner ... ..  | 5       | 8    | 2    | 84   | 14    |

| Bowler      | Matches | Ovrs. | Mdns. | Runs | Wkts. | Av.  |
|-------------|---------|-------|-------|------|-------|------|
| K. Kennedy  | 4       | 19    | 2     | 66   | 8     | 8.25 |
| H. McCredie | 1       | 20    | 5     | 83   | 8     | 10.4 |
| F. Spooner  | 4       | 40    | 5     | 167  | 12    | 14.0 |
| G. Goswell  | 4       | 32    | 5     | 126  | 9     | 14.0 |

From this year's team there should be enough to form a solid background for next year's eleven.

The best batsmen were A. Turner, Reg Hall and W. Landy, who in his second innings played a very solid knock.

The material on which to form a bowling combination is poor, with McCredie as an exception. McCredie, having reverted to his medium pace, bowled creditably on a wicket that was ever ready to lend assistance.

Cassells showed that he has plenty of good bowling in him. Thompson and Irish may develop into good slow bowlers.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Wallace for his useful advice, and we hope, both for our sake and his, that it has not been in vain; and we would also like to say that we enjoyed the match very much, although we were beaten.

## 3rd XI.

The last competition match of the year was played against Canterbury at Goddard Park. This match ended disastrously for Fort Street, in spite of Collens, who bowled splendidly, taking three wickets for twenty runs.

In the first innings our team seemed to be entirely demoralised, wickets falling like leaves in autumn. Wilson top-scored with 19, and altogether 75 runs were compiled.

But the team put up a better showing in the second innings, in which Hickman top-scored with 35, Bell running a close second with 28. 111 runs were scored, of which the last pair, Wells and Hickman, made 56.

Despite the strenuous efforts of the whole team, Canterbury easily succeeded in hitting up 191 runs in the first innings, the top scorer being Ravensdale, who made 36. Canterbury thus won by an innings and 5 runs.

In conclusion the team would like to thank Mr. Burtenshaw for his invaluable assistance in coaching them, thereby helping them to improve their cricket.

## 4th XI.

In our first match this season, 4th grade did not show up well against Canterbury, who secured an outright win.

In the first innings Canterbury scored 208, the best bowlers for our side being Townsend 5 wickets for 40, and Penman, 2 wickets for 25. In Fort Street's first innings we made 116 runs, the main scorers being Taylor 34, Easton 29, and Flockhart 11. We were then sent in by Canterbury, and in the second innings, with two men short, we again scored 116 runs; the top scorers being Priestly 41, Edwards 25, Higgerson 16, and Bradey 14. In this innings Bradey hit the only six of the match.

The team consisted of M. Bradey (captain), N. Easton (vice-captain), M. Taylor, B. Priestly, A. Townsend, C. Flockhart, A. Doherty, E. Wheeler, J. Penman, H. Edwards and J. Higgerson.

The team thanks Mr. Waterer for his interest and coaching.



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## WATER POLO.

In this branch of sport Fort Street excelled during the season that has just closed, and won the competition undefeated.

The team performed excellently throughout the season, although hampered during the latter part by the unfortunate loss of two enthusiastic players, L. Terry and J. Olding. However, their places were capably filled by L. Pullen and F. Smith.

Throughout the year the outstanding player has been the captain, P. Schmidt. He was an inspiration to the team, and has striven very hard to uphold the honour of the School, by worthily winning the competition. He was ably assisted by D. Pratt, N. Lock and G. Cockburn, all fine players and hard workers.

The other member of the team, J. Wilson, the goalkeeper, while not having the amount of work the others had, nevertheless performed well, and

it is to his and the team's credit that only four goals were scored against us, while the team scored sixty-three goals against other schools. An excellent record.

In one of the hardest matches of the season, Fort Street defeated Technical High by 5-1. This was the last match of the season, and on it depended the result of the competition. Schmidt showed even better form than usual, and led the team admirably.

In conclusion, the team thanks Mr. Rose for his enthusiastic support, and undoubtedly a great deal of the credit for the team's fine performance must go to Mr. Rose.

Result of all matches:—

First round: v. Canterbury, 10-nil; v. North Sydney, 7-2; v. Hurlstone, 7-nil; v. Technical, 8-nil.

Second round: v. Canterbury, 10-nil; v. North Sydney, 7-1; v. Hurlstone, 8-nil; v. Technical, 5-1.

## TENNIS.

This year's School tennis singles championship was a vast improvement on those of previous years. Formerly the competitors played only one set each, but this year three sets were played, and this was found to be much more satisfactory.

The championship for the Anderson Cup was won by McCarthy, who showed that tennis is an easy game—or, rather, seems so when he is playing. Nevertheless, he did not have it all his own way, for he had to defeat Jack Hobbs and then Peter Jones in the final. In this last match "Mac" was at his best, and completely swept Peter from the court in the first set, 6-0. But Peter fought back, and went down fighting, 7-5. Congratulations to "Mac" for his win, and to Peter for his game fight.

### 1st GRADE TEAM.

This team was never constant, and was changed in nearly every match. McCredie was the only player to participate in all matches. The tennis was there, but the players did not have their hearts in the game. McCredie, Jones and Hobbs played in the most matches, and the team performed creditably by finishing third in the competition.

### 2nd GRADE TEAM.

With the appearance of McCarthy, who replaced Crowe, the team was able to defeat Canterbury, and thus win the competition. The team was Whiteley, Atherton, Petherbridge and McCarthy. Congratulations, seconds.

### 3rd GRADE TEAM.

This team, like the firsts, suffered many changes, and also like the firsts, finished third. The players were Clarkson, Gollan, Hunter, Holland, Gibson.

### 4th GRADE TEAM.

This team, consisting of Penman, Penketh, Swann and Woodward, also finished third.

From the four teams there ought to be enough players to form very solid teams for next year.

But just a word of advice to tennis players. Remember that although you may be a good player, you cannot give your best if you have not your heart in the game. Also remember that you are representing the School, and must train and do your best.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Dunne for his useful advice, and our only other wish is that we could have responded better to his instructions.

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