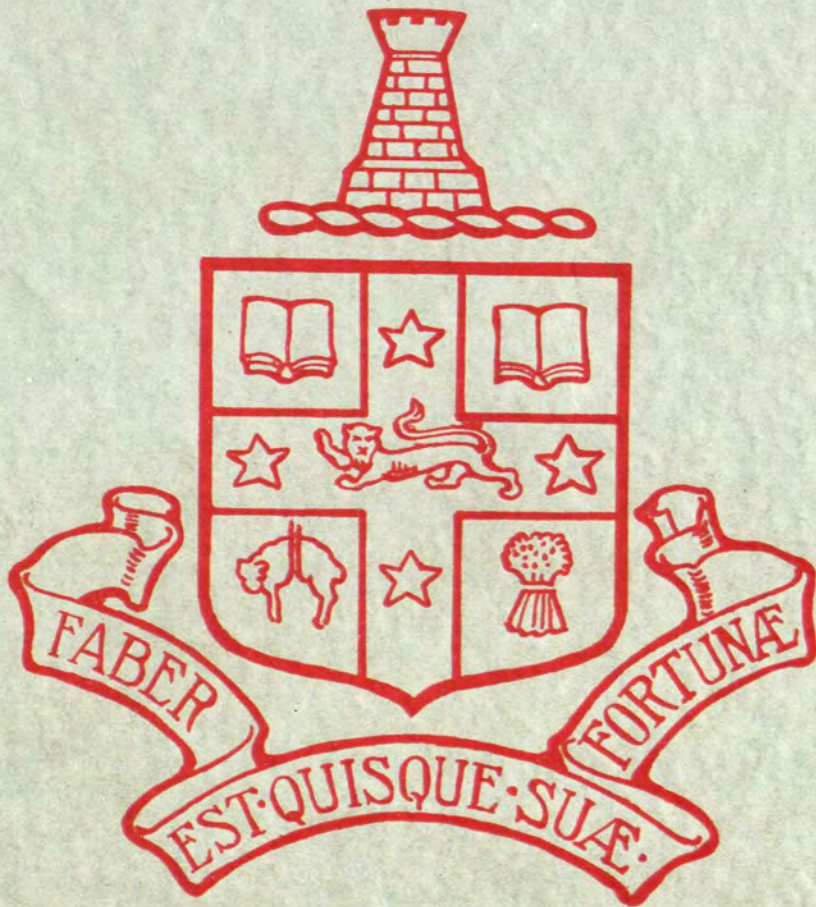
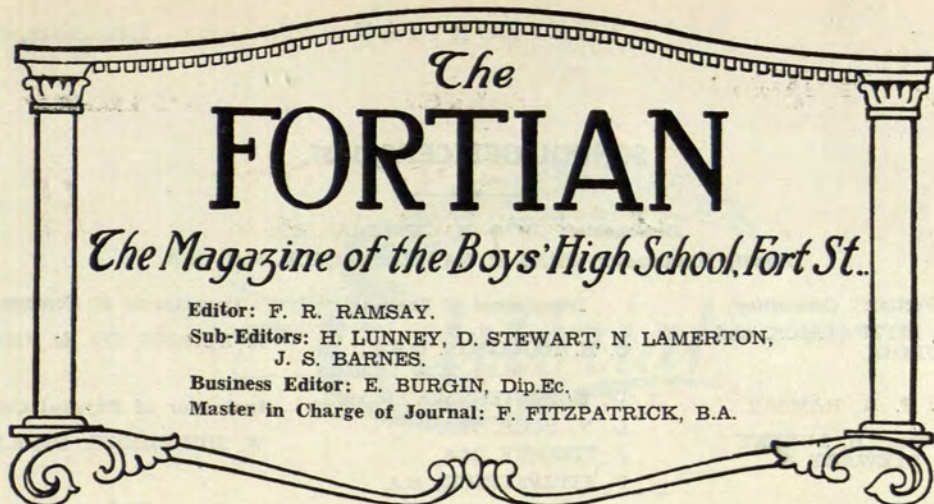


# THE FORTIAN



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

DECEMBER, 1937.



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**I**N a letter from an "Old Boy" living in New Zealand, comes a gentle hint upon which all may ponder, and many profit. He poses the question: "Why do New Zealanders speak English, while most (not all) Austyrians wash their fices in bisons?" If you can solve that riddle, you may also offer a means of changing that national drawback (more calamitous in the eyes of the English than our National Debt), our accent.

This Editorial can suggest nothing except the performance of a daily dozen or so of exercises in "accent practice"—not to the accompaniment of the wireless. A conscious effort on the part of an accent enthusiast will work wonders in his speech—provided that it does not, by a too-conscious effort, create that hybrid atrocity, an Australian accent endeavouring slavishly to imitate what is believed to be the "best" English brand.

Cultured Australian speech is as good as, but quite different from, cultured English of various kinds, as anyone can hear who listens and compares both.

The difference may be occasioned by the climate, or our tendency to lantern jaws, but whatever the cause, it is a hybrid, a cross between the best English and the common Australian speech, and as such has a pleasing strength, if a somewhat harsh clarity.

Why should we speak English as it is spoken by the English, or even by the New Zealanders? We have a good home-grown variety, so let us open our mouths and speak it. Let us hear, too, when it is **not** spoken, for therein lies half the battle, particularly if we are of the number who like to hear their own voices.

It would be a good thing to have something pleasant to listen to, and our silent audience might take heart of grace and begin to listen to their own voices also. So that, perhaps, Australians and their children and their children's children might, perhaps, come to speak a decent variety of the English which is spoken so diversely the world over.

Meantime, it is a pity that so many Austyrians don't care (because they don't know) when they wash their fices in bisons.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

As usual, Play Day was very successful, and under the very capable management and direction of Mr. J. B. Moss, a very high standard of acting was maintained.

§ § §

The Sports Carnival of 1937 was an unqualified success, and showed that the athletes of the School have greatly improved under the guidance of Mr. O. Worth. A feature of this carnival was the physical culture display by squads under Mr. Humphries.

§ § §

The Ladies' Committee of the School rendered splendid service on Play Day, and at other functions during the year. The School is always very grateful to this band of enthusiastic ladies for their continued assistance.

§ § §

We have much pleasure in congratulating K. McIntyre on his election to the position of senior prefect, and the following to prefectship: Lamer-ton, Lawson, Logan, Murty, Evans, Randle, Ram-say, Penman, Wood, Taylor, Harkness, Wilson, Laycock, Mulvey, Stewart, Beach, Watson.

§ § §

A very pleasant evening was spent at the Seniors' Dinner. The spirit of camaraderie and good fellowship was good to see. Many parents were present, several of whom expressed apprecia-

tion of the work of the School—done for their sons.

§ § §

The Headmaster has inaugurated a scheme for the improvement of the facilities for wider reading by the junior school. It is hoped that many new volumes will be added to the library in the near future.

§ § §

It might be mentioned here that Mr. H. Mason, K.C., an old Fortian, has been returned to Parli-ament, and now we have Mr. P. C. Spender, K.C., another old boy, returned for the Federal seat of Warringah. Congratulations from the old School.

§ § §

Some changes in staff personnel took place during the half-year. Mr. J. Moyes was trans-ferred to Sydney Boys' High. Our best wishes go with him. Mr. Coady, the School counsellor, has been secured for special duty with the Depart-ment of Labour and Industry in connection with the youth employment scheme, and his place has been taken by Mr. Silk.

§ § §

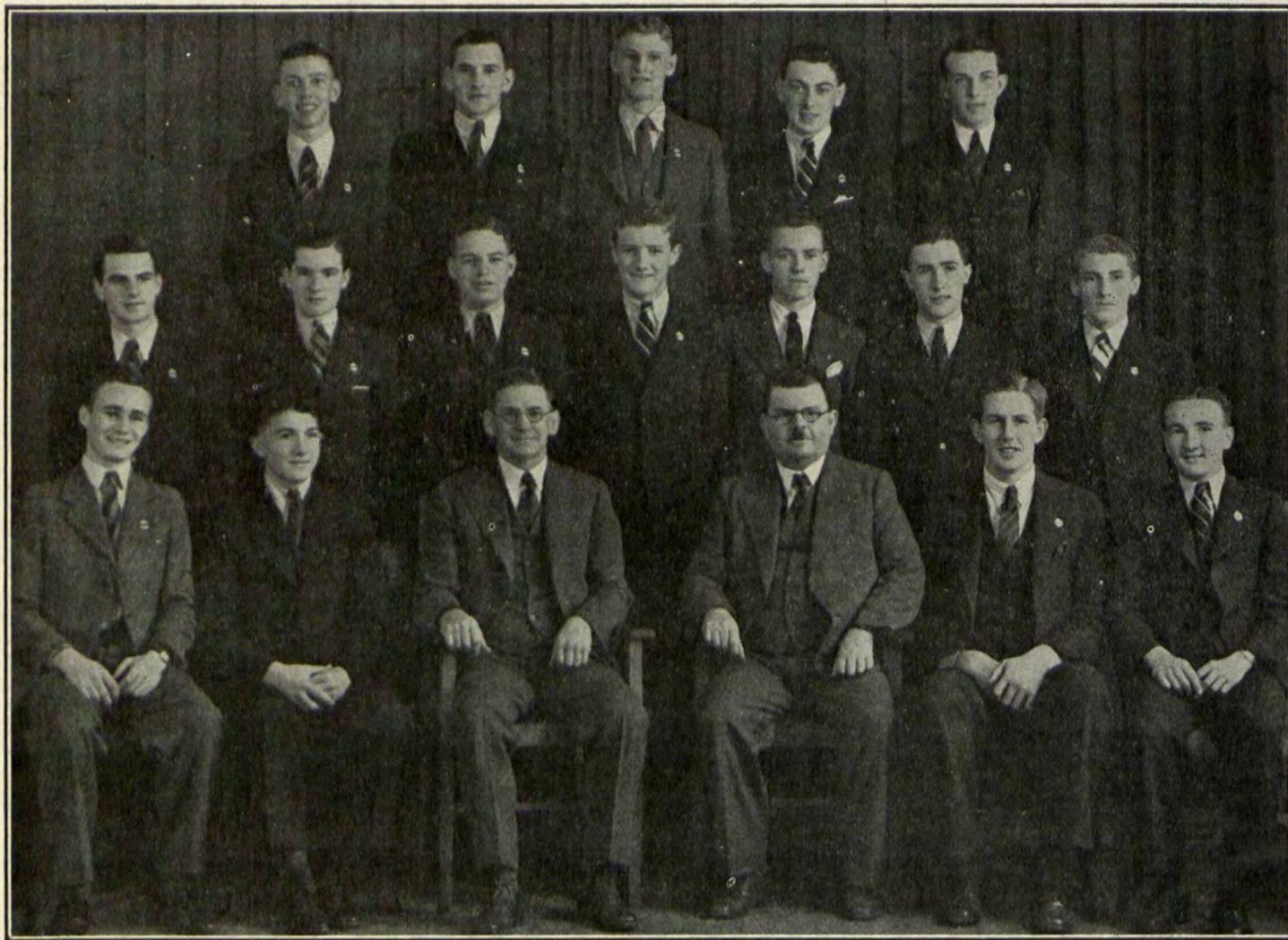
The second Annual Concert, consisting of musical, dramatic and physical culture items, will take place in the School Hall on Tuesday, 14th December, at 7.45. A good attendance of parents and friends is confidently expected.

## HEAT AND SHADE.

The garden lies in heavy-scented slumber—  
Faintly hazed in shimm'ring heat.  
And drowsy is the droning beat  
Of many bees, above the darkened umber  
Of the upcast earth.

But here—within the fernery shade—  
Free of the outer burning aridness,  
The air is cool  
With fern fronds  
Fringing a pool;  
And fish ponds

With weed—swept and motionless—  
Yet stirred with a brief drift,  
When the gilded fish,  
Languid and swift  
Like shafts in flight,  
Glide through greenish light,  
Past water-plants, in the opaque stream that glows:  
With sharp-edged light,  
In the strange air  
Of a strange world that knows  
No heat or harrowing glare.



**PREFECTS, 1937.** Back Row: W. Allen, S. Dennis, F. Waterer, J. Kerridge, H. McCredie.  
Middle Row: S. Scott, A. Mogg, W. Astridge, W. Grant, D. Kilgour, L. Dodson, A. Middleton.  
Front Row: H. Smythe, J. Appleby (Captain), C. H. Christmas (Headmaster), C. H. Harrison (Dep. Headmaster), J. Olding, J. Hunter.

## "BETRAYED."

### A SHORT STORY.

Frank Randall was what is known as "a decent sort of chap"; but he was so ambitious that, at times, he rather grated on the nerves of even his best friends. Half-way through his second term in Fifth Year his ambition received an even greater impetus. This was nothing at all unusual. It was a thing that had been known to happen before; quite often, in fact. Randall met Helen Paige, whose presence made everything else that had ever happened fade into oblivion. He thought and talked about nothing else, till all were bored; and Bruce McTavish had remarked that she probably didn't even know she "belonged" to Randall.

This theory was exploded, however, when it became known that he intended to bring her to the Annual Play Night to see him act in a play by the Fifth Year players. Randall was obviously putting all he knew into the rehearsing of his part. But the sceptical McTavish expressed considerable doubt as to whether the play—called "Betrayed"—would be chosen for the evening session at all, especially since Randall was to play the chief part.

Nevertheless, the play WAS selected, and Randall's hopes of distinction were realised.

Now, the Annual Play Night at Mort Street Boys' High was like none of your' little school concerts. It was something to be remembered. It was easily as good as a night at the theatre or the cinema. At least, that was what the actors, the fond parents, and the old boys of the school liked to persuade themselves.—And, after all, it was only once a year.

Randall was rather peeved to find the Fifth Year players last on the programme, for he had bought two seats with the intention of sitting next to Helen after his play was over. In addition, his worries were not relieved when McTavish—a constant source of irritation, lately—intimated that he was willing to occupy Randall's seat.

Things were not taking shape as well as might have been expected.

"Look here, Bruce," said Randall. "I know you're coming to Play Night as an usher to avoid paying for a seat; and you'll be looking for a vacant one. Well, I shouldn't advise you to use mine, see?"

But Mac didn't see.

"But Frank, old chap, you know that's quite selfish. You won't want the seat after the first play or so, and I'm just the one to entertain Miss Paige in your absence."

"But think of yourself—you talk too much, you know. You'd bore her. Anyway, I should imagine she will be more interested in the plays."

But the skin of McTavish was of an impermeable nature.

"Well—probably," he said. "But then you'll want somebody to keep on buying sweets for her. You know what sort of stuff they dish up in the hall—paper basket, and a few mysterious comestibles in the bottom—if you can get through the straw. In a case like that you have to keep renewing the supply."

"NO, thanks!"

"But there's something else you've forgotten, isn't there?"

"Oh,—and what's that?"

"Your play's on last, you know, and when it's over you'll be delayed for some time in the dressing room—changing, and so forth."

"So what?"

"So I'd better take Helen home. She can't wait about for you for hours."

\$     \$     \$

When Play Night arrived, Randall felt no weak feeling in the stomach, no feebleness in the legs, no swimming motion in the head, as certain others did. He was merely impatient to show everyone what real acting was; and he was nonetheless determined because he knew that a few cynics had been provoked to laughter when he was chosen as hero.

But there were other things besides ambition to occupy his mind. His worst fears were realised. McTavish was in his (Randall's) seat, next to Helen! Mac was about the coolest person he had ever known, but this was TOO thick—even for him. The fellow had always been the last word in bores—quick at everything except taking a hint when he wasn't wanted. But lately he had become the blight in Randall's young life. There was no keeping secrets from the fellow. He made a mental note of everything you did or said, and stored it up for some future date. If you went

anywhere, you had to be jolly careful, or you would have Mac bounding out at you from nowhere—just when you least expected it. Why, he had even turned up in the 'bus that night and forced his company on Randall and Helen on their way to the school dance. And Helen had actually seemed to take his imbecile burbling for brilliant wit.

As Randall stood in the wings, he could not see the audience, but he knew just where his two seats were. He wondered whether McTavish was still being funny to impress Helen.

For the first time, as he awaited his cue, he was a little nervous.

"Don't forget," said a voice, "what I told you about putting more expression into it when you accuse Sidney Bruce of double-crossing you."

Now he was out in the full glare of the footlights, and the hall seemed to be a black void. Though McTavish and Helen were in the third row, he could not see them. Well, now for it! He stepped forward—then tripped suddenly on something. Confound it! Who was that silly blighter laughing above everybody else? McTavish!

Ah, it WOULD be. He walked across to the table where he was to take off his overcoat and hang it over the back of the chair.

The tittering had died down now, but Randall was inwardly raging about that roar from Bruce McTavish.

Underneath his overcoat he wore a smart dress suit. As he unbuttoned the coat, he found he had become used to the lights and could see Helen and Mac fairly clearly. Ah! the overcoat was off now, and—

There was a burst of laughter, and then the whole house was in a roar. Hang it all! The audience must be a batch of cackling idiots. What was wrong now? Then he saw the reason for all the mirth. In taking off the overcoat, he had dragged off the coat of his dress suit as well; for he had neglected to button it properly. He was in his shirt sleeves only a brief moment, but it seemed to him that his performance was ruined.

There, in the third row, was McTavish—clearly making the most of the joke, and—yes, Helen was laughing, too—laughing at HIM. Well, let them laugh! That kind of thing only made him

### PEN-FRIENDSHIPS.

During this year several boys in the German classes commenced pen-friendships with boys in Germany, and the scheme has proved most successful. Mr. Cannon suggested the idea, and soon afterwards sent a number of letters to Schwerin, Mecklenburg, Germany. In these letters, written by boys wishing to start correspondence, each boy's interests were stated. Within about fourteen weeks replies commenced to arrive, and most interesting they were, too. Some letters contained informative tourist matter, while all gave first-hand information about life in Germany. In the majority of cases the letters are written,

first in the mother tongue, then translated into the foreign language. Some boys also included a commentary on their friend's use of English, which should be very useful to those in Germany. Another advantage of these pen-friendships is that they stimulate an interest in the subject, besides enabling the boys to notice some finer points of style adopted by their German friends. Such a scheme also helps in a small way to promote international goodwill and, were these friendships more widespread, war might be far more remote than it is now.

J. LAYCOCK, 4D.

### AUTUMN REVERIE.

Yellow and gold  
Falling  
Down, to the carpeted earth  
Hastening, flutter  
The leaves,  
Scented and moist,  
Tender—  
Down

Down

Down.

Now o'er them, spirit

Hov'ring  
Above, with soft music divine  
Pregnant, pour out,  
Silent,  
Suffusing with sweetness  
Lingering,  
Sleep

Sleep

Sleep.

"DAVE," 4D.



the more determined—more dogged in his resolution to succeed.

Now he had the interest of the audience again. He was indignant and bitter, and luckily enough, the circumstances of the play allowed him to relieve his feelings. He was to put more expression into accusing Sidney Bruce. He shouted almost hysterically, threatening, reproaching and accusing the treacherous villain in such a way that the latter was little short of astounded. In the audience, a falling pin might have been heard.

Sidney Bruce, an utter waster and scoundrel, cowered shamefully before the outburst.

"You worthless wretch, Bruce! What a fine friend you've been!—taking advantage of my helplessness like a sneaking blackguard. You know I can't move a finger against you. Oh, yes, you're civil enough to my face, but when my back's turned, you act like a mean little hound. I know the game you're playing now. But I tell you this, Bruce. As soon as all this is over I'm going to get even with you!"

Bruce McTavish jumped. He had heard those words at rehearsals, but now they seemed different. It was jolly queer hearing one's name shouted out in such a way before all these people. He was uncomfortable at first; then the humour of the coincidence struck him. Poor old Randall! He was glaring past the Bruce in the play, and seemed to be bellowing directly at McTavish. The realistic effect was striking. For, after all, the words DID app'y, to some extent, to Mac.

On the stage, Randall had lost his head, and hardly knew what he was saying. The rest of the cast had anxious moments responding to this

curious change in his acting. But the play ran more smoothly than had been expected. At the curtain, the applause was deafening. Randall was half stupefied, half triumphant. Most of his anger had gone. He was a great success!

In a few seconds he was back in the dressing-room, changing. Without waiting to talk over the performance like the others, he went down to the quadrangle and made for the hall entrance. He was flushed with pride at the many offers of congratulations, but had no time to stop. The hall was almost empty. Helen must realise now what a genius he was.

One glance into the hall, and his doubts came crowding back upon him. There was no sign of Helen—or McTavish!

§ § §

Next day, not a word passed between Randall and McTavish. The latter seemed quite pleased with himself, while Randall endeavoured to appear either indifferent or scornful. He was not enjoying his praise as much as he usually did.

At the general assembly it was announced that certain actors had been awarded prizes for their work on Play Night. Frank Randall was rewarded for the best piece of sustained acting in the senior school. But all who knew him well were surprised that this seemed to afford him little gratification at all.

They would have been less surprised, however, had they known what Randall had discovered early in the day—that Bruce McTavish had bought two tickets for the next term dance.

—JAY, 5D.

## NIGHT AND SEA.

### I.

Day's fever'd pulse is slow and twilight's past;  
The dark leaf-shadows lie—clear cut; and cast  
Upon the paths, a sharp design  
—In silhouette of shade and line.

Some flowery fragrance calls me forth  
From the glaring light  
To the breathless night,  
Where a cloud drifts dark and low, in the north,  
—A single scar on the sky of stars.

### II.

Soft, the sea sounds,  
And the soothing swell  
Heaves and hollows in rolling mounds

That grimly tell  
Of tempests—on the deep—  
And heaving rollers  
That will smash with ceaseless roar  
And wash the cliff-side steep.  
And lash their lathered waters on the shore.

And now the overweening flood  
Comes foaming ever upward  
—Drowns the helpless rocks;  
And then goes sucking backward  
From the smooth-worn cliffs, that seem  
To weep, with streams of creaming foam,  
Like victims—sad oppress'd—  
Beneath the violence of the sea's unrest.

—JAY, 5D.



K, LAWSON, at C.H.S. Sports.

By Courtesy of "Sydney Morning Herald."

## THE SENIOR DINNER.

The School Hall had an altogether different appearance from usual on the 20th October of this year, when the Senior Dinner took place. The front part of the hall was occupied by four long tables, immaculately covered by white tablecloths, which were almost hidden by coloured bottles of drinks, and a huge assortment of eatables.

The dinner was attended by the whole of the 1937 fifth years, and many of their fathers, while most of the masters and several old boys were present. The fourth year was represented by the new prefects.

When Mr. Short had said "Bobby" Burns' famous grace, the dinner was commenced. After the dinner was over, the various speeches—all of them very enjoyable—were given. The retiring School Captain, John Appleby, in his office as chairman, opened the proceedings by proposing a toast, "The King," and then another toast, "The School and Staff," in which, on behalf of the seniors, he expressed his thanks to the staff, by taking each master separately and appreciating the manner in which each had helped the School in other directions than the usual school duties. The reply was made by the Headmaster, who praised the efforts, and more especially, the characters of the departing fifth years.

"The Departing Seniors," the next toast, was proposed by Mr. Short, and he made a point of wishing all the best of luck in their coming examinations, and the best of luck in after-life. Mr. Short punctuated his address by several jokes and amusing incidents. The reply was made by J. Olding and W. Astridge. The former expressed his appreciation of the staff, and the manner in which they had helped their pupils, and the latter traced his school history from his arrival in first year, as a "little first year brat." Astridge's wit and satire were much appreciated by the happy gathering.

"Future Seniors" was then proposed by Herb. Smythe, who said that he had confidence in the present fourth year, and expressed the wish, and expectation, that the coming seniors would keep well to the fore Fort Street's high position, both on the sporting and academic side.

On behalf of the fourth year prefects, who were present, Ken McIntyre, our new senior prefect,

made the reply to Smythe's toast. McIntyre emphasised the successes obtained by Fort Street on the sporting field and in the examination room, and said that the coming seniors would do their best to keep up the reputation of the School. McIntyre concluded by wishing the fifth year the best of luck in their coming examination.

Mr. Rose then toasted the "Old Boys," and with his intimate knowledge of ancestors and relatives of old boys, made mention of many famous men who had received their early education at Fort Street. Among these were men from both the academic, sporting, and political world; Mr. Stevens, the Premier, and Harry Hopman, whom one of the teachers advised to give up tennis, as he would never do any good at it. One of the old boys in the gathering, Mr. Doig, replied to this toast, and spoke on the importance of being a Fortian at the University, and in after-life.

"Visitors" was then proposed by Bill Grant, who showed how there was another big influence working in conjunction with the School in moulding the pupils' characters—namely, the influence of the mothers and fathers, which was most important in moulding a good citizen. The reply was made by Mr. Thompson, of the fathers, who praised the work done by the mothers in forming a good character.

The chairman then offered an opportunity to any of the visitors to speak. The opportunity was taken by several gentlemen, who showed their appreciation of the School, and of the work which had been done for the boys.

Community singing, a pianoforte solo by Irish, a recitation by Arthur, and a vocal solo by Mr. Short, who, in spite of a cold, sang excellently, provided interludes for the most enjoyable evening. Mention should also be made of our mouth-organ band, consisting of R. Randle, H. Smythe, O. Evans, R. McIntyre, J. Petherbridge, and F. Ramsay, conductor, which rendered several items that were most hilariously received.

The evening ended with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," when the whole gathering assembled around the hall and crossed hands, and with a vociferous rendering of the School war cry, as well as three well-deserved cheers for the Headmaster, School and staff.

G. W. MULVEY, 4D.

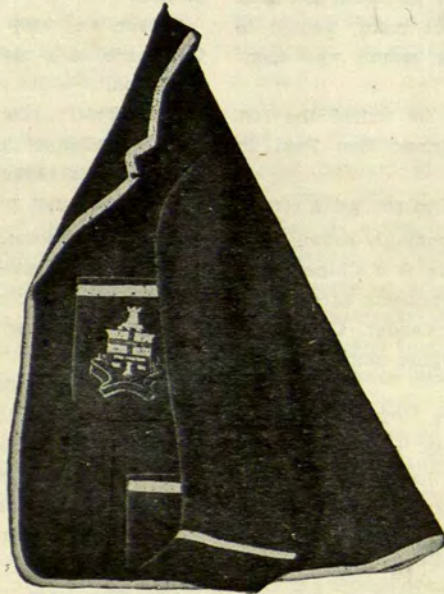
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### CHARLIE'S PEARLS.

As Andy Croft strolled along George Street, a necklace in a curio shop caught his eye. Even from the street he could see that the pearls were imitations, but they were jolly good imitations.

Being in no hurry, he strode into the shop and asked the little old man behind the counter what he wanted for the necklace. The old man told him that he could have it for half-a-crown; it was only junk, anyway. So the necklace changed hands, and Andy left the shop.

Three months later Andy was in Bowen trying to get a crew for his lugger, "The Pearl." He had just bought the lugger from an old friend, as he intended doing some trochus fishing along the coast. A crew was finally signed on; not such a crew as Andy wanted, but he could not pick and choose. There were not many wanted to sign on, as the cane-cutting season was about to start.

The day before he sailed, he visited the last owner of "The Pearl," his friend Bert Reid, to have a yarn.

"Well, Andy," said Bert. "Did you get a crew?"

"Yes," was the reply. "A ruffianly batch, to be sure, but they will do. There is a Chinese boy, Whang Ho, as cook, two Koepangers as divers, a murderous-looking Solomon Islander, Charlie, to sail the lugger, and an Aborigine named Captain Cook."

"I know Charlie," said Bert. "He has an evil reputation, but I don't think you'll have any trouble. Oh, by the way, I heard a rumour of a bed of pearl about two hundred miles north of here. Perhaps you would like to investigate."

"There is no paying pearl-shell around here," said Andy scornfully. "Someone has spun you a yarn."

"I know it sounds unlikely," said Bert, "but you might as well try it. I got my information from a reliable source, and here is a chart of its location."

Andy took the chart, and the next morning saw "The Pearl" leave the harbour for the trochus grounds.

Andy had a successful trip, and with the hold packed with shell, decided to investigate the rumour about the pearl-bed. The directions on the chart were very full and clear, and to Andy's great surprise one of the Koepangers reported a small but rich bed of shell. For the next week

the two divers worked continuously, and soon all the available space was filled with first-class shell.

Andy had done all the opening, not trusting it to Charlie, and the discovery of two large and perfectly shaped pearls made him glad he had done so.

The finding of shell alone was amazing, but the finding of two first-class gems was extraordinary luck.

Unknown to Andy, his movements had been closely watched by Charlie, who had shrewdly guessed, by Andy's elation, that pearls had been found. His good spirits could not be explained by shell alone, and as the quantity of baroque was small, it stood to reason that pearls had been present.

Charlie was still watching when Andy placed the pearls in a match-box, and hid the box in his trunk.

"The Pearl" now set out for Bowen, where Andy intended to rid himself of the boat. If the pearls cleaned as well as they gave promise, Andy knew he need not work again for a few years.

In the bunkhouse, on deck, or by the tiller—it mattered not where—Charlie was always planning a means to get those pearls. He would have to wait until the boss went ashore, and then steal them. But when was he likely to go ashore? The only likely landing-place would be Nara Inlet, and only then provided the landing was necessary for water. But if the boss went ashore for water, he would want his bos'n to go too.

"H-m-m, that was awkward," thought Charlie. Mental toil soon tired Charlie, so he decided to wait and see.

Two days later "The Pearl" was anchored in Nara Inlet. During the previous night Andy had been worried. Charlie's manner had been peculiar, and Andy suspected he knew about the pearls. The trunk was unsafe, so Andy decided to change the hiding place. While he was rummaging in the trunk, Andy picked up the necklace he had bought, and he had an idea. Why not substitute the imitations for the real pearls? Only close scrutiny could tell them apart, and if a thief found the false pearls it might put him off the track. He swiftly made the change and pushed the trunk against the wall. Now the problem was what would he do with the real pearls? Would it be possible to bore a hole in the handle of

his sheath-knife and hide them there? There was no harm in trying, so Andy took a drill from the carpenter's chest, and bored a hole in the handle. The pearls were put in, and the hole blocked with putty. Before returning to bed Andy dropped what remained of the necklace over the side.

Charlie was offered no opportunity of searching the cabin until after the water drums had been filled, and Andy announced his intention of going ashore with Captain Cook, to shoot a wild goat for meat. Charlie grinned. What an opportunity. No sooner was the dinghy being rowed towards the shore than Charlie was in the cabin.

The entry of Whang Ho disturbed his search. Whang Ho immediately realised what was amiss, and rushed to the side to halt the departing dinghy. Before the unfortunate Chinese boy could utter a sound, Charlie's knife flashed through the air and buried itself in Whang Ho's back. The Chinese boy slid overboard and hit the water with hardly a splash.

The noise brought the Koepangers on to the deck, and Charlie thought it wise to let them in on the deal. When they had heard the story, they grinned. They had found the pearls,—why shouldn't they have them? Charlie continued his search, and found the match-box. He pushed it open, and unwrapping the piece of cloth it contained, glanced hastily at the pinkish-white spheres, and thrust the box and all in his pocket.

The three conspirators realised that now Whang Ho was dead, they would have to take the lugger and escape before Andy came back, so within quarter of an hour "The Pearl" was sailing out of the inlet.

Meanwhile, on the shore, Andy was thunder-struck to see his lugger sail away. He realised what was afoot, and fired two shots at the boat. The range was too great for his shooting to have any effect, so Andy had to be content to see his boat sail away while he stood on the shore,

powerless to prevent it. Pursuit in the dinghy would be a waste of energy.

Charlie sailed the boat to a bay a few miles north of Bowen and there scuttled it. Before doing so, however, he killed his two unsuspecting companions. He risked the sharks and swam the couple of hundred yards to the shore. Once ashore, he laughed aloud and said to himself: "Fancy those Koepangers thinking I would share with them. What a joke!"

Charlie walked into a Chinese cafe two hours later, but in doing so he caught the eye of Bert Reid. Bert thought quickly. "The Pearl" had not returned yet, but the bos'n was here in town. This fact, coupled with Charlie's reputation, was sufficient to persuade the town's policeman to accompany Bert and question the native.

The interview caught Charlie off his guard, and not being able to answer satisfactorily questions relating to his movements, he was soon lodged in a cell.

The sergeant carried out some investigations, and the finding of some floating wreckage led to the discovery of the scuttled "Pearl," and at the same time of the murdered divers. The weight of evidence against Charlie, and his evil reputation, were sufficient to detain him on a charge of murdering his master and ship-mates. Naturally Bert thought Andy was dead, and he blamed himself for selling "The Pearl."

Back at Nara Inlet Andy knew it was merely a matter of time before a boat called at the island. The island was well stocked with food and water, but Andy was heartily sick of goat's flesh and his companion's company when two weeks later the S.S. "Ormiston" sailed along the channel by the island. As soon as the liner was near the island, Andy lit the signal fire and fired three shots from his rifle, and was overjoyed to see a boat put out towards the shore. It was then a matter of days before Andy was in Bert's bungalow, telling his story and showing his pearls.

E. PENMAN, 4D.

### A FRAGMENT OF VERGIL.

And lo! The Trojan shepherds with tumultuous  
cries

Bring forth a Grecian youth with pinioned arms  
Who came unwanted and unknown to be their  
prize,

Resigned and steadfast, suffering from no  
qualms.

Either to die or properly complete

His treach'rous object—to break open Troy,  
While Trojan youths do boastfully compete

To mock the captive, who would them destroy.  
Hear, now, a sorry tale of savage Grecian gulle,  
And from this single and relentless crime, know  
all.

F. RAMSAY, 4D.

### "VERTUMNUS AND POMONA."

Pomona had a lovely garden full  
Of vines and trees, and grass and flowers; for  
She was the goddess of the garden; she cared  
For nought except to make the harvest great,  
To make her garden still more beautiful  
And green and good.

Nor was she less beloved  
For that; for she was beautiful herself.  
The many fauns and satyrs come each day  
To try to win her love in many ways.  
E'en old Sylvanus of the wood oft came,  
To see if he could win her precious love,  
Recalled his unused skill, and artfulness  
He'd long forgot; because he does not seem  
To've seen so long the quick and hasty flight  
Of time. Pan brought his pipe and hoped to play  
Beside the streams, beneath the trees, to melt  
Her stony heart. Alas! she frowned on all  
As foes repulsed from a castle wall.

Vertumnus was a handsome youth, who ought  
To've cared for orchards, but, to him, it seemed,  
Pomona was a prize too great to e'er  
Compare with orchards anyhow or where.  
And so each day he came to her disguised,  
But when he came into the lovely place  
He did not see the beauty of the trees,  
The grass, the streams, nor yet, of all the fruit  
That clustered on the vines and boughs, but she  
Alone his whole attention took. To him  
She seemed more lovely than the best of these,  
And even purer than the stream that, pure  
As crystal, flowed meandering there. But how  
He wished that she would throw those arms so  
sweet

About him there, as did the ivy vine  
The oak, and he could press her near and kiss  
Those tempting ruby lips; and every sense  
O'erjoyed to feel her near.

At last one morn  
He came disguised as a grey-haired dame,  
An old but kind and gentle woman did  
He seem. As such, he gained an easy kiss;

Pomona thought that kiss was strange, but led  
Him to a place of rest and sat to hear,  
She thought, the tale a woman old could bring.  
"That ivy vine," said he, "that clings to that  
Old oak, just over yonder there, it makes  
The gnarled trunk a lovely sight, but what  
Alone would be its loveliness. So you,  
My dear, can bring great good to someone near:—  
Anaxarette was such as you, and great,  
But to her gate poor Iphis came to hang,  
Sweet garlands there ('twas all he had), which he  
Had moistened with his tears of love. But when  
He failed to win her love he grew full sad.  
One morn like this he stood before her door.  
Thou lovest not the flowers that I bring,  
Yet one more thing I bring to hang upon  
Thy gate, which ought, perchance, more pleasing  
be.

And when he had so told her, then he hanged  
Himself upon her gate. Next day it chanced  
His funeral passed that way; she ran to see  
What caused so sad a noise. Her heart still hard,  
She saw her lover there, all pale and dead!  
She tried to step away, to look away,  
In vain! Unto this day there stands in stone,  
Her figure as her heart. So take advice  
Of one who's old and knows: Vertumnus would  
Suit thee the best, for thou and he do love  
And do the same."

Pomona stood all sad  
When now his tale he thus had ended, but  
When now, he threw aside his cloak, she saw  
A youth so good and strong and brave (as was  
His proper shape), she then became o'erjoyed.  
There was no need to ask. His dreams had there  
Come true. They kissed a long and loving kiss,  
But now she understood the kiss so strange before.

And when at last the sun had gone  
To rest and twilight lingered on, there still  
They sat, but nought they thought of all around,  
That was so beautiful, but only thought  
Of all the wondrous beauty of their love.

### DEBATING.

I have the doubtful honour of relating how Fort Street has once again failed to recover the coveted Hume Barbour trophy, which is debated for annually by the seven metropolitan High Schools and Newcastle. Yet the School has not altogether lost the art of debating, for the 1937 team went within an ace of winning the competition.

On June 29th we journeyed to Glenfield to meet Hurlstone High School. Hurlstone has always been more interested in agriculture than debating, and Fort Street was not extended in defeating them. The debate itself was interesting, but, having already debated on the same subject twice, we were inclined to be rather stale.

In this debate, certain weaknesses became evident in Fort Street's armour. J. Appleby, who is essentially a speaker of the "persuasive" type, was found to lack sufficient fire for the position of whip, and he was moved to the position of second speaker, which he filled admirably against North Sydney; H. Smythe, who gave the best speech of the afternoon at Glenfield, was promoted to the position of leader, while W. Astridge completed the team as whip.

In the first debate with Fort Street Girls, our first team took part in a drawn debate, to the mutual satisfaction of both teams.

Early in July the School's second team, comprising G. Young, W. Allen and G. Kerridge, met and convincingly defeated a strong team from Fort Street Girls' High School. The girls' failure can be explained by a number of reasons. Their

brilliant second speaker was suffering from a sore throat; nervousness in debating amongst an audience of critical youths.

The subject was the "Age of Chivalry has Passed," and one cannot leave the debate without congratulating W. Allen on his fine speech, which was awarded 90% by the adjudicator, Mr. Frank Grose, who helped us in this capacity this season on three occasions, for which our sincere thanks are due.

It was a month later, on July 27th, that Fort Street's new combination went into action and met its Waterloo at the hands of North Sydney Boys' High School. Fort Street opposed the subject, "That the cultural aspects of education are more important than the utilitarian," and was unfortunate to lose a very closely contested debate. There were three adjudicators, and one of them gave Fort Street the verdict by a convincing margin of 12 marks.

This debate eliminated us from the competition, and we filled the role of spectators at the final debate between North Sydney and Sydney High Schools, and our heartiest congratulations are extended to the very fine successful combination that did battle for Sydney High School, which won the competition for the first time, after being in several finals.

In conclusion, on behalf of the team I would like to express our sincere thanks and gratitude to Mr. Rose, without whose enthusiasm and experience the team would have been lost.

BILL ASTRIDGE, 5B.

### A CONCERT OF AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

One bright spring morning it seemed as though all the birds of the bush were piping out their own little songs at the same time. Each one tried to sing louder than his neighbour. What was all this merriment for? Why, of course—it was the birds' concert the next day. What a day it would be! However, in the afternoon of this bright spring day there was a dull silence. The explanation of this is quite simple. Each contestant was reserving his voice for the morrow, as he wished to win the long, fat and juicy worm, donated by Mr. Owl, who, strangely enough, didn't like worms.

Many were the dreams that night, but in the main each dreamer dreamt that he was receiving that enormous worm and the jealous applause of the other contestants.

At last the day dawned. All the birds were at the selected place two hours before the start, so Mr. Owl, who was to be chairman, judge and director of the concert, gave the order for the concert to begin.

The first was "Jimmy" the sparrow. He was greeted with boos, yells and cat-calls. However, this did not decrease his courage. He mounted the platform, and with his head thrown back,



let forth a chirp, which was so shrill that every one started up. Mr. Owl was awakened from very deep sleep, for he went to sleep as soon as he sat down.

"Horrible," grunted Mr. Owl. "Next one." And with that he again dozed off.

The red-breasted galah came forward, and amid the usual boos and yells, he took up his position. He started well, and the others being jealous, began the yelling and screeching again. He burst into tears and flew off the stage. Mr. Owl, half awake, with one eye open, summoned Mr. Eagle and whispered something in his ear. Mr. Eagle thereupon called upon the next artist.

The thrush, in a sweet, piping voice, reached half-way through his song when the yelling started. The bell bird received the same fate, but showed the more appreciative birds that he had a voice. The lyre bird came next. What a change! Not a boo issued forth, and there was even cheering, for who was the bird that did not wish the lyre bird's friendship. He was the first to succeed in finishing. What a marvellous song! He was just about to start again when Mr. Eagle

called on the next, Mr. Butcher Bird, and he was the second to finish, for a look from him silenced everyone. One after the other the birds took their places. The small birds never finished, and the bigger ones did.

The last one reached the platform, "Kooka." At a sign from Mr. Eagle, he, taking a long breath, began his great laugh. Strangely enough, he was able to complete his laugh, or song, or whatever you might call it.

Mr. Owl, with a terrific start, awakened from his sleep and looked around, wondering. Then all the contestants asked if he or she had won, all at the one time, so there was a terrible din.

Mr. Eagle silenced them, Mr. Owl gazed around, and, seeing no way out, drawled out in a deep voice:—

"I'm so sorry I've been asleep, and I don't know who won, and I—" He didn't finish.

"The worm," he yelled. "It's gone. It has got out of my pocket."

That was enough for the birds. Each yelled a different insult at Mr. Owl as he flew home, tired and sad at heart.

K. COCKBURN, 3D.

## BUT WHAT OF THE GLORY OF WAR?

I see a war-squadron speeding

Away through the morning sky;

They go to do battle with foemen,

And to jostle with Death,—but why?

Now here is the squadron returning,

But the ranks are tattered and torn;

Full many there are who will never come back,

Who sped away into the dawn.

Now hark to the roaring crescendo,

Of motors that rumble and roar;

Aerial bombers go winging

With Death to the enemy's door.

Now hark to the bombers returning,

The motors still rumble and roar;

But a city lies battered and burning,

And a nation's heart is sore.

Now think of a country township,

Where folk are at peace and content;

But the eagles of slaughter are coming,

And their claws to the township are bent.

Now cut of the blue they are swooping,

Where a moment ago rest did seem.

From slim streamlined bodies is stabbing

Grim Death in a clattering stream.

As a scythe in the hands of the reaper,

Or the water of fire-hydrants' play,

The battery of blazing machine guns,

Mows down weak and defenceless like hay.

Now back to the sky zoom the raiders,

Leaving havoc, destruction and woe;

Though the curses of wounded and homeless

Follow them, scatheless they go.

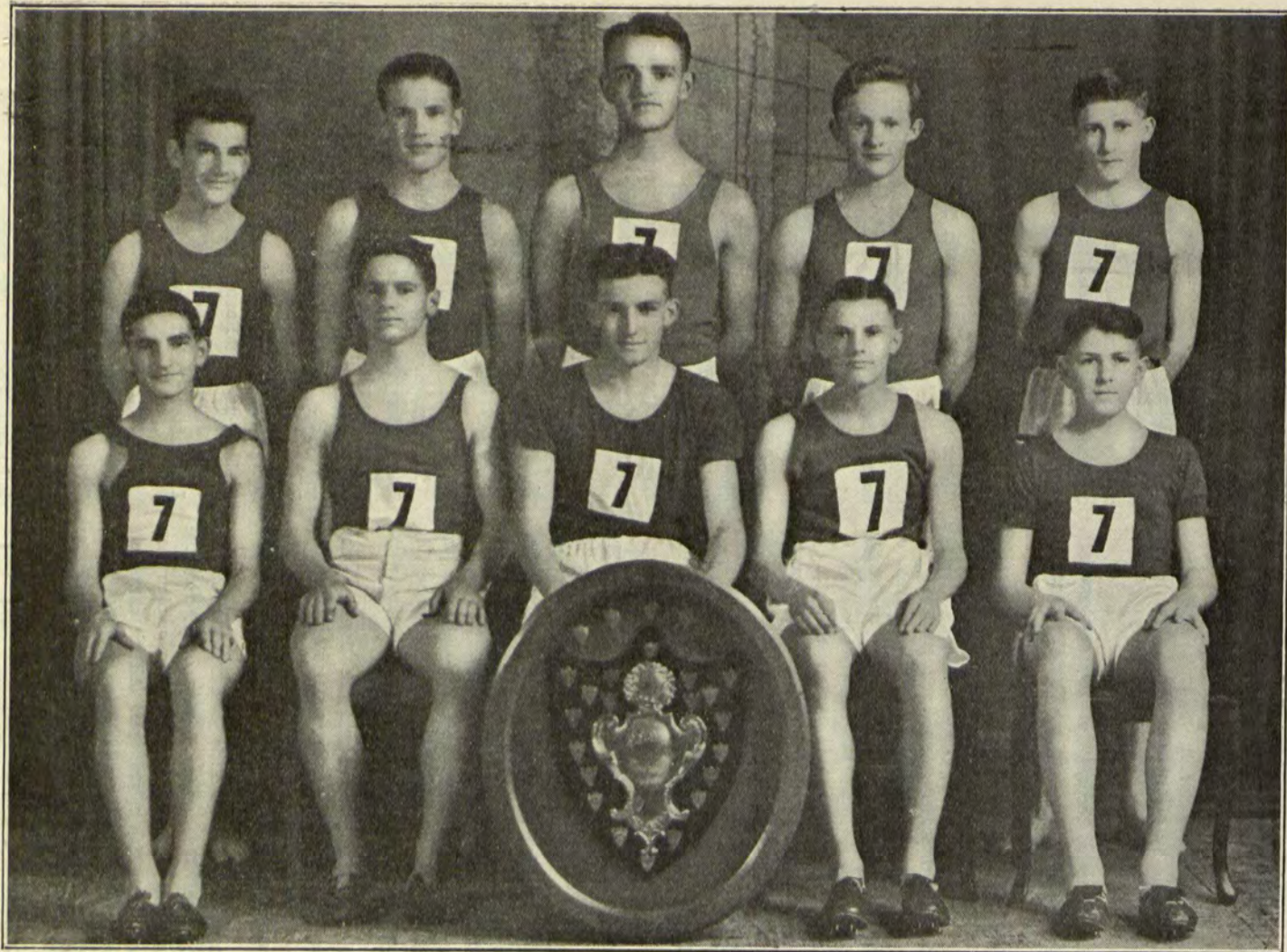
But the weapons of warfare are many,

And aircraft are only one more,

As Time marches onward relentless,

But what of the glory of war?

WONG.



**Standing:** P. Schubert, W. Hancock, R. Thompson, J. Henderson, H. Logan.  
**Seated:** H. Brown, D. Webb, K. Lawson, — Irish, W. Smith.

## PLAY DAY, 1937.

Once more play week has come and gone, but though it has again passed, it has left in our minds a fragrant memory, and indeed it may well have done so, for in my opinion our last Play Day was by far the best I have been privileged to observe.

"The Princess Chooses," of 1D, was certainly the best comedy produced by First Year, and it was the well-sustained character of the princess (Adcock) that carried the play on to a night performance.

1B's "The Discovery," was well produced, the story being revealed well. Good portrayals of Columbus and Francisco were given by Maxim and Scott.

In general, First Year plays were disappointing. They were lacking such fine efforts as our youngest year has brought forth often in times past. The fault was not entirely with the actors, but in many cases it lay to a large extent in the plays chosen.

"King Hazanake" proved excellent comedy. The fine portrayals given by both Bear and Rolls, joined with the natural possibilities of the play itself in giving us a fine production. Unfortunately, as the play continued the action and the humour deteriorated, lessening the value of the play to a great extent. Nevertheless, the play on the whole was a fine comedy, and was especially noticeable in the lack of comedies this play week.

In 4B's "The Deacon and the Jewess," the voices of most of the actors were rather too weak for their parts, but as Joia, Cavill gave us a fine character study.

Though there was little actual acting in the play, from the point of view of interest the "Elegy" was worth more credit in my opinion than it received in the judges' eyes. All the characters rallied together to give the best possible interpretation of their play, the rustics in particular being most suited to their parts.

4D's excellent play was made outstanding by Beach's fine portrayal of St. Francis, though the action was at times inclined to slow up. The

work was further made effective, by the backing of all the characters, particularly MacIntyre as Lupo.

The School had been led to expect a really good play from 5D, but "Journey's End" did not come up to expectations, the speech being rather monotonous and uneven, though the play certainly was good enough to sustain some amount of interest throughout.

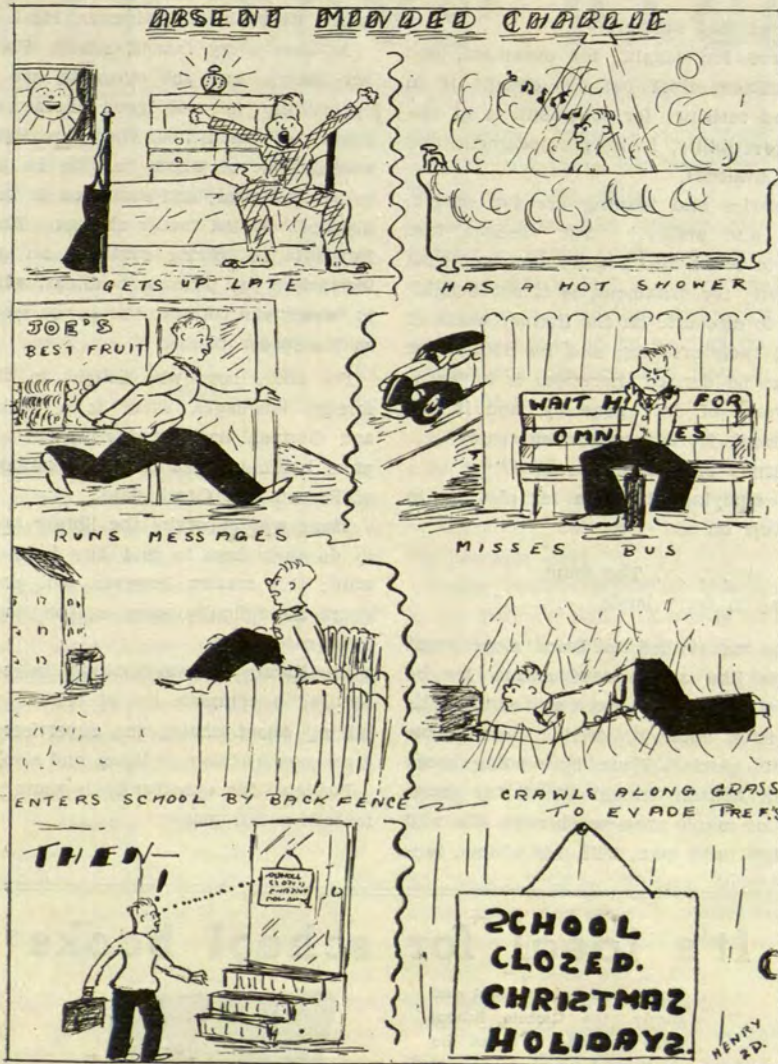
One of the best plays produced this year was "Queer Street," of 5B. Again Mr. Moss has produced a fine work, the whole of which abounded in irrepressible humour, all the characters rendering finely their parts, and the excellent work of Astridge as Bill Sykes making the play the wonderful success it was.

"The Monkey's Paw" was the most tense and interesting play of the year. We might point out Allen's "Mr. White," and Denis' "Sergeant Major" as excellent performances, but to thus single out parts is not fair to the work, all the players giving good performances.

Drinkwater's "X=O" was well produced by the prefects. Though in places the speech was inclined to be dim, the parts were all very well acted, and the impression desired by Drinkwater certainly was left by the actors.

The best play of 1937 was 2A's "The Singing Soul." Everything in the play seemed excellently arranged and carried out. Credit is especially due to Cohen for his fine interpretive dancing, and Stevens for his acting, and more particularly his beautiful singing. The scenic effects and the background given by all the other parts, particularly those of Howard and Storey, further cooperated to make this play one of the very best I have seen at Fort Street.

Altogether Play Day this year has proved a most enjoyable occasion, in no way inferior to those of previous times. We look forward next year to seeing even further improvement in this line, and indeed an added interest in this most important branch of our School life.



**SPRING.**

Chill winter, with her dismal gown of grey,  
 At last departeth on her weary way;  
 The earth with ringing echoes doth rejoice,  
 And from the fields comes childhood's happy voice.  
 The peeping buds and leaves on trees appear,  
 The water in the brook runs crystal clear;  
 While birds are busy building in the nest,  
 The farmer ploughs the land with added zest.  
 O, sweet-sung spring, 'tis here, 'tis here!

All nature seems to sing a roundelay  
 To greet the op'ning of each new-born day;  
 The playful lambs are frisking on the hills,  
 The sower o'er the soil the good seed spills;  
 And fleecy clouds go lightly sailing by,  
 Like feath'ry down across a high, blue sky.  
 My heart is light as bird upon the wing,  
 And from the fulness of my joy I sing,  
 'Tis spring, 'tis spring, O, lovely spring!

J. BEACH, 4D.

## LIBRARY REPORT.

Francis Bacon has written:—

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business."

And so libraries and reading are for delight, for ornament and ability. For delight, how pleasant it is to retire into a quiet nook and read to one's content; for ornament, is it not delightful to be able to discourse on the literary works of the world and their creators; and for ability, the chief benefit to be derived therefrom is in learning of the world of days gone by, and in the study of mankind, for Alexander Pope said:—

"The best study of mankind is man."

Apart from studying literature for pleasure in being carried off on to

" . . . . The foam  
of perilous seas in faery lands . . . ."

literature is to be studied to learn more about man. Man is like a two-faced statue, for he always has an inner self and an outer self; although he is a "doer of deeds," he has his dreams and his ideals. Thus, by reading books that have been written throughout all the years, we may learn of man's progress through life, and obtain an insight into man, with his whims, fan-

tasies, hates, loves, jealousies, ideals and dreams.

As does every famous school, Fort Street has her library, and she offers to her boys a good opportunity to read good literature. For the juniors of the School there are light, yet good, works, some of which "are to be tasted; others, to be swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested," as the reader chooses. The seniors are fortunate in having available an abundance of instructive yet pleasant readings, which they are to "weigh and consider," or to "be read by deputy," as the reader pleases.

For those boys who delight in the study of foreign languages, there is a press of French and German books and newspapers, and also a press holding works on Latin authors and plays of Roman and Greek days.

Those who supervise the library are ever-willing to do their best to find any book a boy might want; this matter, however, will give the supervisors no difficulty soon, as the library is about to be catalogued.

The library is again fortunate in recently having received a complete set of chairs; while we are talking about chairs, the supervisors ask that great care be taken of them, and also of the books.

Fortians, the opportunity is yours, and "reading maketh a full man."

J. BEACH.

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# OLD BOYS' PAGE

As these warm months come upon us, the mind turns lazily to thoughts of blue water and lapping waves, and so a few words about some of our swimming champions would not be out of place.

Carl Phillips works with the N.S.W. Monte de Piete, and is doing Economics in his spare time. He has been training throughout the winter in indoor pools, but I do not think he has done much competitive swimming this season. We should hear more of him in February, when the championships take place.

Arthur Burge, who is a reporter on "The Sun," has become quite a star at water polo, and has deserted swimming for the surf. He is now a member of North Narrabeen. Charlie Quinn is another who has shone at Polo.

"Pat" Schmidt, who was Captain of the School in 1930, is still an enthusiastic member of the Drummoyne Swimming Club. He has graduated in Engineering, and may be "consulted" in the city. His young brother, Phil, is following in his footsteps, and is also a student in Engineering.

Alan Jenkins and Bill Shearer are upholding our traditions in debating, and both represented Sydney University this year. Alan is a school-teacher at Drummoyne, and Bill has just enrolled for training as a member of the Devil's Brigade.

There is a young man who sits in front of me at lectures, and for three years, as I drop off to slumber, I have often annoyed him (when not asleep himself) by bringing my feet into close proximity with his person. It was not, however, until quite recently that he informed me he was an Old Fortian. His name is Alf Davis, and he left in 1925. He is a veteran in experience, being married, with two fine sons.

Doug. Cartledge is a clerk at Allen Taylors Limited. He plays cricket with Western Suburbs thirds, and last season had just reached first grade with Drummoyne Union, when an injured knee forced him to retire for the season. Doug. was a hooker at Fort Street, but has blossomed into a five-eighth now.

Bruce Penman is another who is also doing well with Western Suburbs cricketers, and has collected a rich harvest of wickets with his slow

off-spinners. Bruce is doing Law (with marked success) and earns his bread and butter at the Crown Solicitor's office.

Alan Higgins has forsaken the city, and has turned his mind to Wollongong. He took that town by storm, and is industriously building up a practice as a solicitor among the coal. It was his good fortune to be married on the eve of his commencing practice, and thus he got off to a flying start.

Laurie Jackson is another man of Law who has gone far afield, and has settled down to practice in Perth. He is returning for only a few days at Christmas, but they will be sufficient to end his bachelor days.

Young Fortian cricketers should feel at home in the Balmain Club. There is quite a colony of the School there, and the second grade selection committee consists of three old boys, Cliff Winning, Alan Norris and Allan McKnight. Cliff is a schoolteacher at Woollahra, and I have heard his nuptials will take place at Christmas. Alan Norris is a clerk at the Water Board. His good wife is a strong supporter of the team. Bill Read and Jack Neilson are two other team-mates.

I happened to see Western Suburbs third grade Union team play an early match last season, and recognised the inside backs as a trio of old boys. "Digger" Williams was at five-eighth, Keith Iddies and Bob Wines in the centre.

This column would not be complete without a reference to Percy Spender's victory in the recent Federal elections. Whatever one's political colour may be (and I try to be all things to all men), his triumph was a meritorious one, and I offer him heartiest congratulations from all Old Fortians, and best wishes for his future.

The Annual General Meeting, which was held at the Memorial Hall, Petersham, in September, took the form of a Smoko, and it was a pleasure to see quite a number of new faces amongst those present.

The following office-bearers were elected for the coming year: President, Dr. A. J. Collins; Vice-Presidents, Mr. A. V. Maxwell, Dr. L. L. Holland, and Mr. H. Snelling; Committee, Messrs. L.

Langsworth, A. McKnight, P. H. Dyson, G. H. Finn, W. G. Shearer, G. R. Shakespeare, and N. F. Stevens; Hon. Secretary, F. FitzRoy, Esq.; Hon. Treasurer, B. Doig, Esq.; Hon. Auditors, Messrs. L. A. Forsyth and J. E. Kennedy.

The Senior Dinner of 1937, held at the School, proved to be a thoroughly enjoyable function, and was greatly appreciated by those 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).

News comes slowly, and I often feel that I would like a collaborator to write of those of 1925 days. Intending applicants are advised that the task is a thankless one, and the usual emoluments of social column writers entirely unknown.

### LAMENT.

I am alone.  
Left to myself in this cold sphere  
I shall continue all my days.  
Beauty has fled,  
Love has departed.

And yet the world, unseeingly, moves on  
As if 'twere but a speck of dust.

J. WATTS, 4B.

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### THE ROAD BACK.

A shrill blast of a police-whistle broke the stillness of the night! "Snoopy" started with alarm. The police! They mustn't find him getting through a window at this time of night! With a quick glance, he took in the position below, gave a startled cry as he saw that the street was nearly swarming with blue-coated figures, and promptly took to the house-tops. Then began one of the most exciting chases of Snoopy's eventful career—over slippery tiles, around chimneys, down drain-pipes into the street, across the road and up to the roofs again. He had run along a whole terrace of houses, and was about to get down the fire-escape to the street below when he noticed a blue-coated figure—a policeman patrolling his beat. He took the only course open to him—he clambered through an open window.

For some minutes "Snoopy" crouched, heart beating quickly, in the darkness under the window-sill. Maybe he hadn't been seen!

Still no sound, no warning shout or shrill blast of a whistle. "Snoopy" began to take an interest in his place of refuge. Some sixth sense told him that it was a bedroom. He listened intently for the heavy breathing of a sleeper. Good, no-

one was in the room, and so he felt his way to the dressing-table, and ran his hand along the top. His fingers touched a pile of money. Careless of the chap who lived here to leave money around like that—it wasn't going to be such a bad night, after all.

He cautiously opened the drawer, and quickly analysed the contents. A watch—gold, from the weight of it—a cigarette-case, and a fountain-pen soon joined the money in his pocket. The outlook was particularly bright—kind of the resident to leave things around like that. There might be some more in the wardrobe. He tried to make his way to this and, en route, knocked against a chair. It fell with a deafening crash! Panic took possession of him as he heard quick footsteps on the stairs. He hurried to the window—O corks! There was that policeman again. He turned in despair as the door opened and the light flashed on. Fear changed to astonishment as he saw a huge woman framed in the doorway. It was his wife!

Slowly it dawned upon him—he was in his own bedroom!

J. G. KERRIDGE, 5D.

### ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

On Friday, 13th August, about sixty boys from the School had the pleasure of attending a concert in the Town Hall. The concert was given by the Australian Broadcasting Commission Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Professor Bernard Heinze, F.R.C.M.

At the beginning of the concert, the conductor introduced each instrument to his audience. Each instrument played a few bars of "Drink to Me only," in turn, and then the full orchestra played the whole song. This was highly appreciated by the large, enthusiastic audience.

The programme proper commenced with a rendering of Edward German's "Three Dances from 'Henry VIII,'" which included the "Morris Dance," "Shepherd's Dance," and the "Torch Dance." All these were beautifully played.

The first movement from Mendelssohn's "Piano Concerto in G Minor" formed the next item. The pianist was Laurence Godfrey Smith, and this concerto, like all of Mendelssohn's music, is full of lovely melody.

The audience was then allowed to show its worth by singing in unison, "Drink to Me Only," and later, "The Happy Farmer," by Schumann. After this, the Orchestra gave a brilliant rendering of "Capriccio Espagnol," by Rimsky-Korsakov. This work is a masterpiece of outstanding orchestration, and is dedicated to the members of the orchestra who took part in the first performance in Petrograd in 1887.

The lighter side of music was displayed in "Down Longford Way," an Australian work, which was scored for a full orchestra by the famous Australian composer, Percy Grainger.

The programme ended with Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." The Valkyries were war-like maidens who used to ride through the air and bring home to Valhalla the heroes killed in battle. Thus, the music is very full.

After the National Anthem, the crowd dispersed, having been enriched with some glorious music.

O. GRIFFITHS, 4D.





**THIRD GRADE CO-PREMIERS.** Back Row: D. Landie, J. Henderson, N. Lamerton, K. Kerridge, M. Roberts, D. Murty, R. Wilson.  
 Second Back: B. Priestley, K. McIntyre, M. Hamilton, J. Allen, J. Webb, G. Gilmour, D. Taylor. Sitting: L. Gollan, F. Cavalier,  
 O. Evans (Captain), Mr. R. Wilson (Coach), A. Middleton (Vice Captain), G. Ferguson, J. Walton. Front: F. Austin, W. Landy, R. Robertson.



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## MUCH ADO ABOUT MUFFINS.

Mr. Percival Augustus Smithers was a very ordinary man. Very ordinary. He owned a small business which brought him in a substantial income. In fact, after the State had taken off its little bit, he got something like one thousand a year. He was very regular in his habits, but had a sensitive stomach.

Alas for Percival! Or, rather, for Percival's stomach. His wife, Agatha Jane, was just an ordinary cook, but she had one weakness. She was ambitious . . . Now, Percival's mother was a good cook. And, moreover, she knew that her son liked muffins. So, about once a fortnight, she used to make him about a dozen muffins, and post them to him from Newcastle. On seeing this, Percival's wife made him muffins for breakfast almost every day, much to Percival's disgust. For her muffins were never just right; usually they had the toughness of leather, and the taste varying considerably at every making.

One bright and sunny morning Percival awoke, but to his dismay he found that someone was inside his head, going great guns with about three red-hot pneumatic drills right into his jaw. Filled with much agony, he dressed and went downstairs to get breakfast and sympathy. Imagine his annoyance on finding Mrs. Percival completely indifferent to his sufferings. Mrs. Percival, it may be said, had gone through the same thing many years before, with the result that now she had a lovely set of teeth which she put into a glass of water each night. Therefore, Mr. Percival Augustus Smithers went to work that morning without either breakfast or sympathy.

His tooth-ache caused him to leave his office at about two-thirty, to seek a dentist. At three-ten he gave up the search, and caught a taxi home. On arriving, he found his wife not at home. Instead, he found a note on the table in the kitchen:—

"Dear Percival,—Sister Maggie's little girl has measles, and I have gone over to her so that Maggie can get some sleep. Will be back about eight.—Agatha."

This note was propped up on a pile of about two dozen muffins!

Percival groaned. I mean to say, it's a bit hard on a man to find that his wife thinks that her sister's daughter with measles is more important than her husband with tooth-ache, and to walk out on the said husband, in favour of

said sister's daughter. But when she leaves what seemed to Percival to be twenty-four leather tablets, well . . . ! Percival groaned again.

He sat down, but when he looked at those muffins, his heart failed him. He just couldn't do it. He determined to go upstairs and sleep for a while. He went upstairs, flopped on to the bed, and slept.

He slept for several hours. He was always a light sleeper, and so, when he heard a noise downstairs, he sat up with a jerk. The noise was repeated. Someone was moving furtively downstairs!

You will have guessed by now that Percival Augustus Smithers was no hero. But, dragging his gun from under his pillow, he crept to the head of the stairs. Mr. Smithers often carried large sums to his home from the office, and at such times he carried his gun. He descended the stairs silently, his heart smashing against his ribs with such force as well-nigh broke them. His breathing was laboured, and he showed signs of great stress.

He located the noise as coming from the kitchen. He peeped through the keyhole, and saw a burly individual standing with his back to the door, in front of the open ice-chest, eating something with a spoon.

Mr. Smithers boldly threw open the door, pointed the gun with a shaking hand and said, in his best harsh American voice, very nasally, "Grab the ceiling, brother." Percival, it may be noted, had a habit of reading American detective magazines on the bus in the mornings.

The burly one uttered a strangled gasp, dropped the plate and spoon, "grabbed the ceiling," and remained like a statue on a cold morning. Percival gained confidence from this. "Turn round," he said viciously. The burglar turned round very slowly. It was plain to see he was very scared. This also cheered our hero considerably.

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"Eating," replied the burglar, shuffling his feet.

"Eating what? What! Did you eat the last of that currant jelly?"

"Yeah. But, honest, I'm hungry. I ain't worked fer two years nearly."

"Cut that out," said Percival dispassionately. "Eat my jelly, would you?" Suddenly a cunning gleam came into his eyes. "Listen," he said. "By rights I ought to hand you over to the police.

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## MUCH ADO ABOUT MUFFINS (Continued)

But I won't, on one condition. You see that pile of muffins?"

"Yeah," said the other, shakily.

"Eat 'em," ordered Mr. Smithers, briskly.

"Yeah. But listen, brother. I'm just outa 'ospital, and the doctor said I ain't to eat nothing puffy, like cakes or muffins, or——"

"Eat," commanded Percival, sternly.

"But——"

"Eat," roared Percival, brandishing the revolver.

The burly one sat down reluctantly, and commenced to eat. He took a bite, chewed painfully, then—"Brother, it's me gastric juices. I ain't got much, and the little I got can't stand this, or——"

"Eat," screamed Percival Augustus.

The burglar, cowed, ate more. The minutes dragged by, the muffins were dragged over and eaten. At the end of twenty-five minutes, twenty-one and a half muffins had been consumed. Many crumbs littered the floor, much to Percival's delight, for he usually made a lot of crumbs when eating his wife's muffins. The burglar looked up. He was just about "all in."

"Ain't that enough, brother? I'm just about ready to pass out!" He was not far wrong, for he was very pale, and going green.

"All right, that'll do. Now scr-r-r-am," said Mr. Smithers, remembering his American.

A few minutes after the burglar had "scrammed," Percival's wife came in. She looked haggard and limp. Just in the mood to be cheered up, thought Percival.

"Hullo, dear," he said. Then, sympathetically, "Tired?"

"Of course I'm tired, you fool," said she, viciously.

Percival Augustus was rather set back by this, but he continued bravely, with a smile.

"I ate almost all those muffins," he said proudly, and added: "They were the best muffins I ever tasted."

"Were they?" said his wife, disinterestedly.

"Absolutely," said Mr. Smithers, genially.

Suddenly his wife burst into sobs. She flung herself on to the couch and cried like a baby. "Go on, rub it in," she sobbed. "Ask me why I don't make them like that."

"But—but—but—didn't you make them?" he said, foolishly. As his wife continued to sob, he looked around the room. "Fool," he cursed himself bitterly! Why hadn't he seen that package in the waste-paper basket? The names which Mr. Percival Augustus Smithers silently called himself are unprintable. HIS MOTHER HAD SENT THOSE MUFFINS!

Suddenly a loud moan was heard on the back lawn. Percival rushed out. There, stretched out on the lawn, writhing and groaning, was the burglar.

"Who's this?" asked Agatha.

"Oh, you see, dear, it's like this . . . ." And Percival Augustus told Agatha Jane all.

Mrs. Smithers, full of sympathy, rushed inside for a hot water bottle. Percival bent down and whispered in the burglar's ear.

"Listen!" he said. "I'll give you ten shillings if you moan about how awful those muffins were. Lay it on thick."

"O.K.," said the burglar. And a note changed hands. So, when Agatha came out, the burglar said: "Gee, ma'am, I'm sorry if I offend your cooking, but those muffins were something awful. Like poison. Don't make any more muffins for this poor man, ma'am."

"Were they that bad?" asked Agatha gently, but Percival detected a note of malicious gloating in it.

"They were, ma'am, and a lot worse! Never cook muffins again, ma'am, if you'll excuse me saying so." And so on. Percival certainly got it "laid on thick."

At length the burglar departed, with another five shillings in his pocket. Mrs. Agatha Smithers wrote to Mrs. Evangeline Smithers, telling her how much her husband had enjoyed his mother's muffins; so Mrs. Evangeline Smithers did not post the letter she had already written, telling her son how sorry she was, but she had forgotten to add baking-powder to her last batch. And so they all lived happily ever after.

Yes, all. That is, except the burglar. He was sick for a week . . . .!

## THE INTER-SCHOOLS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

We started 1937 with less than twenty boys in our gathering, but we have progressed to such an extent that now, near the end of the year, our average attendance is about forty. Certainly we have passed through a most enjoyable period, and once again invite any who are interested to come along and join us.

From the appearance of the Scripture Union Badge which some of us wear, the I.S.C.F. was re-christened by some of our imaginative friends, "The Teapot Club." The name appealing to some of the leaders of our group, we decided really to live up to our new name, and set to work to arrange for a "teapot gathering." Owing to rather a deficiency in the number of teapots procurable, however, we slightly changed our ideas, and so, at our first Fellowship Tea on July 22nd, we fed the multitude in the Library on various selected delicacies and soft drinks.

At this tea all present had a most enjoyable time, and after all the "eats" had somehow (we can perhaps guess how) disappeared, we brought our vocal organs into full play to the tune of a little portable organ. (Of course, no one heard it—except when it made the wrong notes!)

Then we settled down to the most serious side of our meeting, and three of the boys spoke, telling what Christ had meant to them, and urged any present who had not really placed their trust in Him to do so. I feel confident that when we all went away we were the better for having been there, and we certainly did look forward to future gatherings.

We have to thank all those who come to Fort Street on Friday mornings to teach the various denominations for the continued assistance they have given us, and we do hope they will continue to do so, while we strive, even to some small extent, to further their work as they have furthered ours. Particularly do we desire to express our thanks to those who gave us the privilege of speaking to combined meetings of Anglicans, Methodists and Presbyterians on Friday, September 17th. At this meeting we endeavoured to explain the quite inter-denominational principles of our Fellowship.

In giving our thanks here, I think it meet

that I should express my sincere desire that the Fort Street I.S.C.F. and the Scripture periods be inseparably linked one with the other, for in this way I am confident that we shall accomplish more work.

Urged on by the success of our first "Teapot Gathering," we arranged for a second Fellowship Tea on October 22nd. Our numbers were approximately the same as on the first occasion, seventy-six boys being present in the Hall to make short work of the eatables.

We were honoured by the presence of Mr. Alec Brown, a travelling missionary of the Children's Special Service Mission, who gave us a most interesting and helpful address on "Why I Am a Christian."

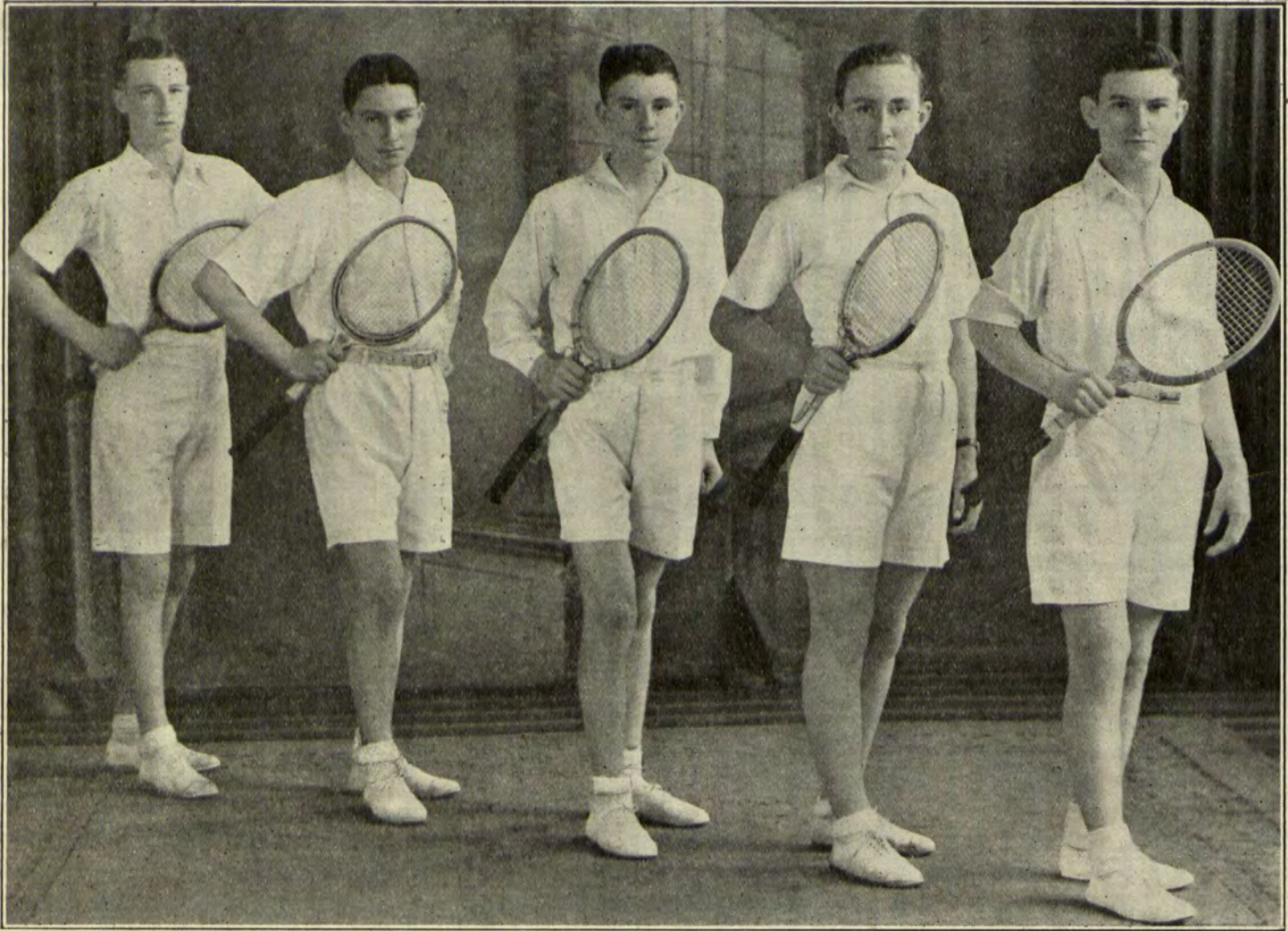
To finish the year, a camp has been arranged for Fort Street on the Woronora River, during the last week-end in November. We are all looking forward with great expectations to the last of this year's activities.

The Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship here holds two regular mid-day meetings, on Tuesday and Thursday at 12.35. The meetings are left entirely in the hands of the boys to do with as they please. Various leaders have given us talks on Tuesdays, sometimes followed with brief discussions. Mr. Porter kindly consented to give us a series of talks on Thursdays, which we have found invaluable.

Recently we decided that an afternoon meeting would prove a great asset to our group, so, accordingly, we began regular Friday afternoon meetings in the Armoury, from half-past three to half-past four. Though we have few very good speakers among our number, we have most certainly had some of our most enjoyable times at these gatherings. The truly happy chatting and laughter has on each occasion impressed me greatly.

Finally, we have to express our thanks to those members of the staff who have aided us. To Mr. Short for the notices in "The School Reporter," and above all to both Mr. Porter and Mr. Parker, who in their capacity as patrons of our movement have, with never-flagging spirit and unquenchable zeal, constantly given us their sincere sympathy and assistance.

FOURTH GRADE PREMIERS, 1937.



R. EAGER

M. PENKETH

C. E LLIS

K. SWAN

T. AGNEW

### FUNCTIONS OF OTHER DAYS.

Some few years ago two events in the School year, the School Picnic and Senior Farewell, were important institutions. They were times when bonds of friendship between master and pupil were strengthened, when boys and masters met each other away from the atmosphere of the classroom.

The Senior Farewell was the day on which the whole School bid farewell to the L.C. candidates before they embarked on the "stew vac." The School assembled in the hall, parting speeches were given by masters and seniors, old and new, the War Cry was sounded, and the School Song sung in good Fortian style. Then the fifth year would form a lane on the upper quad., from the hall to the staff-room, along which masters had to pass to the accompaniment of cheers and nick-names. Some five years ago this was abandoned.

The School Picnic ranked with Play Day as one of the events of the year. It had its beginnings in class picnics, but soon became an official holiday (in lieu of Empire Day), on which the whole School forgot books and classrooms, and had a happy time together at National Park. A special train was chartered, and long before the train was due, the station was filled with boys of all sizes, together with an appreciable number of parents—mostly mothers. The arrival of the train was an exciting business, and although each year had its carriage, "spares" managed to tumble in somewhere. Seats were at a premium, but no one objected to standing, as it was all in the day's fun.

For the first few miles attention was focussed on the passing suburbs, as it was more or less new country to most. After a while, everyone thawed, lungs were opened, and community sing-

ing was begun with much gusto, to the accompaniment of mouth-organs and combs. Soon we left the main line, and with long grass swishing the sides of the train, gradually drew near our destination. Long before we reached the station everyone was crowding to the doors or gazing anxiously from the windows, lest a minute be lost. The train at last pulled up, and out poured a mass of boys, who quickly wended their way down the long hill to Audley.

The picnic now began in earnest. Boating and hiking parties were arranged and got under way (most parties had been arranged weeks before). At the ground a cricket match was commenced. Although swimming was not allowed, an amazing number of boys toppled overboard, and had to swim to catch up to their boats.

During the afternoon a programme of athletic events was arranged, and so the day was spent until tea.

Five o'clock meant return to the train, clothing was collected, boats returned, and faces cleansed, and a tired party trooped up the long hill back to the train.

Homeward bound, songs came freely again, and even after a strenuous day, voices were not dimmed to any degree. Humorous incidents and adventures of the day were related as the train sped on. Central arrived all too soon, and the weary but happy passengers disembarked to wend their divers ways homeward—to do their homework—perhaps!

It seems a great pity that two such institutions as these have been abandoned, and there is no doubt that the whole School would welcome their reinstatement, for "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." F. RAMSAY, 4D.

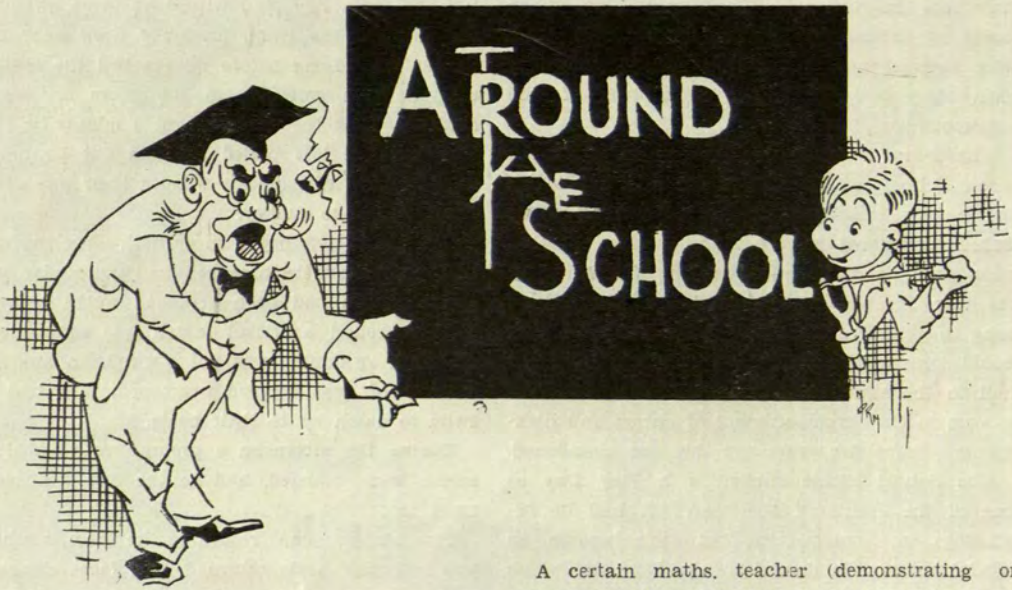
### LIFE SAVING.

For the past few months the quadrangle has presented a very business-like appearance during recesses. Everywhere one may see groups of boys giving and obeying orders in preparation for qualifying for a degree in life saving. Most are in training for their first certificates; whilst some thirty are seeking bronze medallions; yet five others are aspiring to obtain instructors' certificates. And further, all are working with the object of gaining for the School the possession of the greatly prized Hendry Cup, given to the school securing the greatest number of passes in the year.

It is good to see so many pupils interested in this work. For in doing so they not only help themselves by becoming more alert and self-reliant, but they are also rendering a great service to the community. The more boys become proficient in the art and science of life saving, the safer will be our rivers and beaches.

Mr. Humphries has every reason to be proud of the contingent of competent life savers who go forth from the School each year. And this year promises to hold its own with previous ones.





Heard in an English lesson, when discussing Malvolio's character. Teacher: "Malvolio has hardly ever laughed before, and now when he does we can almost hear his face muscles creak and groan under the strain."

§ § §

Maths. II. Teacher: "What does Q.E.D. at the end of a theorem mean?"

Bright Boy: "Quite Easily Done."

§ § §

Heard in geography class, when discussing the East Indies.

Teacher: "That's where you get the 'Adam and Eve' cigars."

Class (together): "What are they?"

Teacher: "When you 'ad 'em you 'eave."

§ § §

Heard in the history class, during the discussion of the Indian Mutiny:—

Teacher: "They dug the old Emperor up and crowned him."

A certain maths. teacher (demonstrating on board): "I doubt whether I have enough lateral length."

§ § §

On the front: "What's wrong with you?"

"I was not feeling well, sir."

"Humph—Lost your sense of touch?"

§ § §

Maths. Master: "Now let us insert 3 'geometric means' between 5 and 80.—The word 'means' means . . . , well it means 'means.'"

§ § §

Chem. master: "And it is deposited as a white gelatinous salt."

Voice at back: "Yes, boys, have you done ge-LATIN-ous homework?"

§ § §

A certain 4th year English master, on reading one of Bacon's essays, came across a Latin quotation, and politely remarked, that for the benefit of the boys who took Latin, the translation was written at the bottom of the page.

§ § §

Master, to glum youth: "You look out of sorts."

Broken-hearted Pupil: "I am!"

### THE FOURTH YEAR HIKES.

On Saturday, October 17th, the first Fourth Year hike was held. This was really an experiment, but owing to its success, I think that several more will be organised. Under the leadership of Mr. Porter and Mr. Outten, we left Lilyvale railway station for the Beach of the Burning Palms. The day was not very promising, and we started in a spirit-dampening drizzle.

There were eighteen of us—including Messrs. Porter and Outten—and in spite of the drizzle, the whole eighteen of us were in a bath of perspiration (or rather, in eighteen baths of perspiration) after our first "short-cut" up the side of a hill. The hill to us was large enough to be a mountain; but perhaps we made a mountain out of a molehill. The track to the beach was a good one. So, after about ninety minutes' walking, we were able to gaze wonderingly down on the tangled mass of semi-tropical jungle, eight hundred feet below, that neighboured on the Beach of the Burning Palms. Even though the visibility was bad, we could see from this rocky look-out almost as far as Wollongong.

We surfed and had dinner at the beach, and by general consent we continued on rather than remain there. We walked north along the coast to Era Beach, and from there followed Mr. Porter for about six miles, and were led to the Port Hacking River.

The river served excellently as a halting-place, and we refreshed ourselves on the bank before walking the last stage to Lilyvale station.

I was surprised at the lack of birds and other native fauna in the country through which we walked. I saw a few crows and molly-hawks and an echidna, but otherwise the bush seemed devoid of wild life.

The second hike was held on Saturday, Novem-

ber 13th, in the vicinity of Glenbrook. As I live at Glenbrook, Mr. Porter left the arranging of the route in my hands.

This time there were only eleven of us, Mr. Porter, Mr. Outten, Mr. Parker, and eight boys. It was a small party, but I think if the fare to Glenbrook had been less, the party would have been larger. We left Glenbrook station at 10.15 a.m. The weather was beautiful, while in Sydney the morning had been very threatening. During the hike we missed the hot westerly that Sydney felt, as we were down in the valleys most of the time.

We started along the main road towards Sydney as far as Lapstone Hotel, and then left the road and walked down the hill to the banks of the Nepean. Following along the bank, we reached the mouth of Glenbrook Creek, where we had a most refreshing swim and a hearty lunch.

After lunch we continued along Glenbrook Creek. There was no track, and the walking was rather rough, but everyone managed to find a way among the boulders along the bank. Glenbrook Creek flows through a deep gorge, one side of which rises perpendicularly for several hundred feet.

We left the creek at a point about a mile from a waterhole called "the ford" or "the level crossing," and making our way up the hillside, came upon a track which led us to a shelter shed at the top of the track to the "ford." Here we had afternoon tea before going the last couple of miles to Glenbrook station, where the rest of the party caught a train to Sydney. I went home after the others had caught the train.

I think that these hikes are an excellent idea. They give the boys opportunities of seeing beauty spots they might otherwise never see.

E.P., 4D.

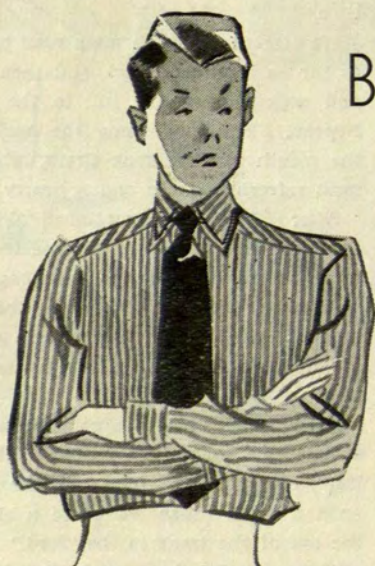
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### SPRING.

They say to mourn; but who can mourn  
 When skies are blue and bright?  
 The spring flowers bloom, and from the dawn  
 Till sunset all is light.  
 Come, merry be, for while the spring is here,  
 The warmth and sunshine bid us all "Good cheer."

They say to weep; but who can weep  
 When birds sing "Come and play"?  
 The bees and flowers say "Leave your sleep,"  
 And all the world is gay.  
 Wake! Rise and sing, and while the spring is here—  
 We'll dance 'neath skies of blue in sunlight clear.

J. WATTS, 4B.



## Boys' poplin golf shirts,

Now that the summer vacation is upon us again, the need for cool and hard-wearing shirts becomes a problem to most. But, Farmer's will solve your worries — British poplin golf shirt in 25 different designs and colourings. Attached collar. Sizes 12-14½. 9-16 yrs. **6'6**

# FARMER'S

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THE NEW EDUCATION.

Delegates to the recent Educational Conference advocated the abolition of homework; in fact, they advocated the abolition of just about everything; but we'll take homework first.

Johnny comes home from school at 5 o'clock, drops his bag on the floor, picks up a cricket-bat, and heads for the door. But it's not as easy as that. Mother comes on the scene and enquires: "Hadn't you better start your homework, dear?"

Johnny replies cheerfully: "Haven't any; it's been abolished."

"Heavens!" says mother. "You've done no work at school for four years, and now you won't do any at home, either."

But Johnny is half-way to the gate.

Then there are exams. Professor Hart advises the abolition of these, too. On the glorious day of such an announcement you can almost hear the following conversation taking place on the quadrangle:—

Jackson: "Fancy abolishing exams.!"

Smythe: "Yes. Instead of swotting for two weeks a year, we shan't have to do it at all."

Jackson: "They say they are replaced by a school discrediting system. What does that mean?"

Smythe: "I don't know; perhaps it has something to do with mucking-up in the train."

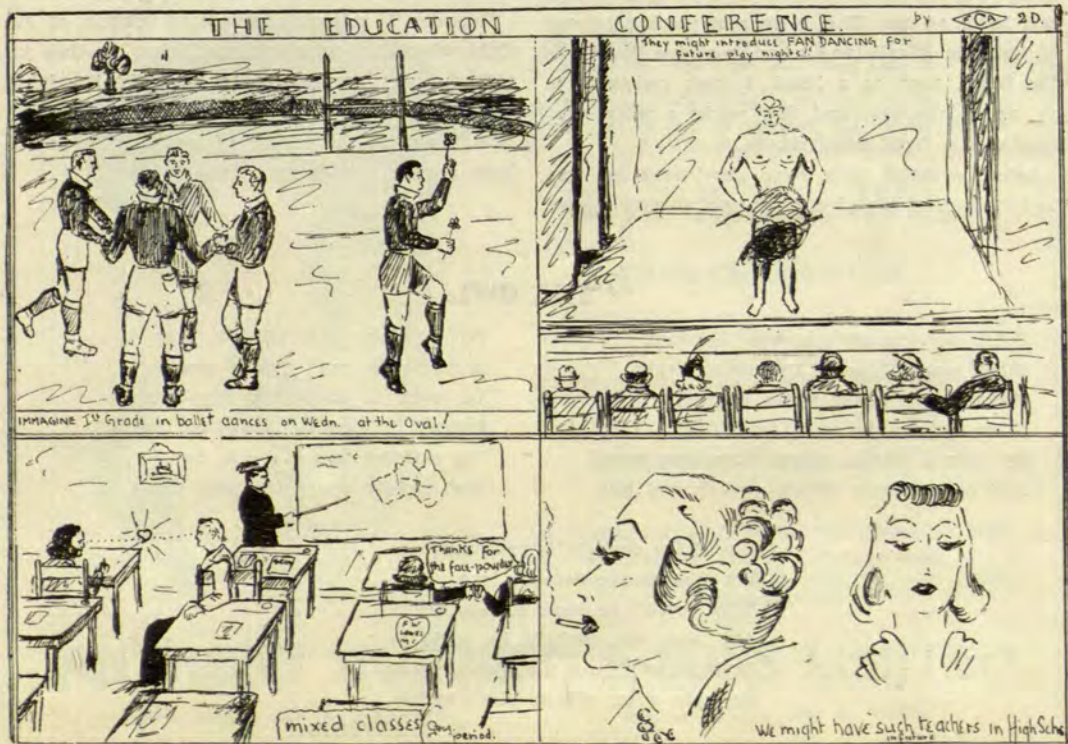
Another proposal was to let Youth have more say in their own education. Now, that is a real idea. Of course, there are teachers who say that youths have so much to say nowadays that they can't hear themselves think. Some people can't think, anyhow; perhaps that subject is best left alone.

A suggestion that has our complete approval is to improve equipment. "Present-day classrooms are drab and uninspiring," asserted a delegate. (Here, here!) Look at the furniture. How can the seeds of learning flourish on a foundation of hard wooden chairs in a draughty room, with a cold and, Oh! SO uninspiring blackboard.

Think of the mighty brains we could produce in an atmosphere of luxurious armchairs, reading-lamps, cooled and scented air, and with illuminating lessons in technicolour, not to mention automatic adding machines and regular refreshments.

Other sweeping reformers advocate the abolition of Latin. Quite right. But what about the other nine subjects? Why stop at mere Latin?

Hurrah, for the new education! WONG.



### AMATEUR RADIO.

When I first took to radio in earnest about four years ago, I had only a small box of parts, some good, but mostly otherwise. With the few good parts, I built my first radio set. It was a one-valve, short wave set, worked off batteries. Though, it was small, it picked up London, Paris, Moscow and other overseas stations. With an aerial of about two feet long, the stations were quite distinct through headphones.

This success encouraged me to build a larger set, which was again to be a short wave, but to contain two valves. Now being able to hear distant stations more clearly, I decided to make a hobby of collecting different Q.S.L. cards from the stations, by sending reports regarding their transmission. Now I have many such cards, and I am still sending reports. Having used the set, it was pulled to pieces and rebuilt again, and by doing this, I used new ideas.

Since the valves were old, and my interest in this two-valve set decreased, I decided to pull it to pieces, or to exchange it for other parts. I gave the set to a friend, and in return received a photo-electric cell, which can be used for many interesting experiments, such as making bells ring and lights go on. This is done by shining a beam of light on a cell, and when anything interrupts the beam, such as a hand, a high resistance is set up in the cell, and that works a relay, that results in a light being shown.

Later, a small three-valve short-wave set was undertaken. Through this, I was able to receive

most of the short-wave stations in the world. I became tired of small sets being operated off batteries, so I turned my thoughts towards an electric model, which, however, had to be cheap. The only plan I could find was for a five-valve set, and since I wanted a larger one, I drew my own circuit and proceeded to put it into operation.

I moved to Sydney, and since I had all my testing equipment, valve testers and multi-meters, etc., I soon had a few radio jobs to do. With the money I obtained from these, I was able to buy most of the parts, including the valves. Then I was ready to complete my biggest construction. The valves were plugged in, and the set switched on, but the result was a terrific howl. I knew that the trouble was caused by a small resistor underneath, which was too high, but I soon rectified this error. Since this set was a super-heterodyne, the different circuits and coils had to be put into alignment. Then the set worked perfectly, and as a result, I received all overseas stations then broadcasting. Big Ben in London could be heard quite clearly from the front street. However, since this model had too much noise level, I decided to build another with eight valves.

Recently I noticed a wonderful circuit of an eight-valve short-wave set, and I lost no time in obtaining the necessary parts to build it. This radio was especially suited for amateur work. Now I am in the middle of building it, and I hope success attends my efforts.

ALAN BIRD, 4A.

### THE OWL.

Some say the owl's a wise old bird,  
What makes him so I've never heard.  
Folks say he only wakes at night  
When he can be away from fright,  
Of things which always kick and fight,  
And other things which scratch and bite.

Will someone only tell me, pray,  
If surely he can't find a way  
To wake at dawn and hop around,  
Instead of sleeping, snug and sound?  
'Tis said he cannot see at day,  
And nightly wings the time away.

But if the daylight is too strong  
For him to see in very long,  
Why doesn't he some glasses wear?  
And then the daylight he could bear.  
In light he'd have no need to blink,  
Or wake when all's as black as ink.

K. McRITCHIE.

**A HOLIDAY TOUR.**

Hurrah! The holidays were here at last.

As it was the month of August, dad had promised that we would make a round tour.

After finishing packing the trailer, we at length set out, and made for the Great Western Highway and our beautiful Blue Mountains. The day was good, the air was good, the trip was good, the scenery was good, but the dinner at Katoomba was better.

Leaving Katoomba, the scenery became even more beautiful, but at Mount Victoria we ran into a heavy gale, and upon arrival at the camping ground at Jenolan, we realised that we were to have some trouble in pitching our tent. However, with "all hands on deck," we finally managed, and just at nightfall, we found ourselves ready for tea and a good night's rest.

Settling down between blankets, we were very thankful for plenty of warm clothing, but I think we must have all been very tired to sleep through that first night out, for when we awoke and peeped out next morning, it was to find that there was an inch of snow on the ground.

Oh! How cold it looked! Would we leave our warm beds? Eventually the novelty of the snow and the knowledge that we were to make our first inspection of the caves, proved too much, and my sister and I arose, feeling very excited at what lay before us.

Never will I forget my first visit to the caves. We chose the Lucas Cave for our first inspection, and the wonder and magnificence of it all kept me spell-bound. As there were not many going through on this morning, the guide was able to pay special attention to the children, and great was our interest in all that he told us.

We had intended moving on from Jenolan the next morning, but we had so enjoyed our visit to the Lucas, that we at length persuaded dad to take us through another cave on the next day, which was Sunday. We chose the Orient, and the beauty and majesty of this cave was even greater than the Lucas, and it was with regret that I heard dad say, "Well, we must pack and be on our way to-morrow."

Next morning we were up bright and early, and

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soon on our way to Bathurst. Here we spent five days, visiting the old gold fields at Sofala. It was here that we washed our first pan of dirt for a "colour." Having "an old hand at the game" with us, we were able to bring home about one penny-weight of gold which we had ourselves helped to wash.

A trip to Orange was also made, and of course, we had a good look around these two very fine towns while we were in the district.

After our very enjoyable few days here, we again set out on our journey, and made for Abercrombie Caves. I was very excited at the prospect of staying there for a few days, as I had been promised that here I should have my first use of a shot-gun. We found the river in flood at Abercrombie, and so it would be impossible to make an inspection here for some days. As we still had a little over a week before returning to school, and we liked the appearance of this spot, we decided to stay. We did not regret it,

as the river scenery here was beautiful, and we paid a visit to Abercrombie Falls—a long walk, but worth every step of it. Perhaps because of the flood the falls were magnificent. Vast quantities of water pouring itself over the sheer face of a cliff between three and four hundred feet high.

On the third day we were told that the river had fallen sufficiently, and our visit to the Grand Arch was made. This is the largest natural arch in the world, and the beauty and splendour of it all could not be imagined. Apart from the beauties of the formations, the river ripples right through the arch and makes a magnificent setting for this grand structure of nature.

The few remaining days we spent on the banks of the Abercrombie River, fishing and shooting, and at length, our holiday over, we found ourselves on our homeward journey, and passing through Tuena, Crookwell and Goulburn, we turned into the main Southern Highway on the last step of our homeward journey.

T. KERRY.

### MINNAMURRA FALLS.

Considering their rare beauty, the Minnamurra Falls are not as well known as they should be. They are situated about four miles from Jamberoo, a town about eighty miles south of Sydney, and six miles from the coast. To reach the falls one must travel along a very bumpy road, which passes through beautiful scenery—sweeping green paddocks, tall gum-trees, weeping willows and, at times, dazzling flame-trees, against a background of stately, hazy-blue mountains, which lend majesty to the scene. Eventually, the road ends at a creek. Here all conveyances must be abandoned, and the walk to the falls commences.

As one walks along the edge of the creek, the banks, which rise sharply, present a magnificent spectacle clothed in deep green grass, wild flowers and ferns, while in places the foliage of tall trees, together with wild vines, form a canopy overhead, through which the sky can scarcely be seen. Indeed, in some places, even in broad daylight, it is quite dark.

Walking further along the narrow path, there are moss-covered stones, deep green pools and fallen trees, over which wild ferns grow, forming a lovely scene of natural beauty.

A number of other paths leads off the main track to the falls, and to the various "look-outs"

above the falls, from which magnificent scenic panoramas can be viewed.

At length, after walking through such beautiful surroundings for about twenty minutes, the Minnamurra Falls are reached.

These present an inspiring sight. To view them one must stand in a kind of canyon with rock walls rising sheer on both sides to a height of about sixty feet. At the far end of this rock formation, the water falls in clouds of hissing spray into a dark green pool, which is said to be very deep.

The falls must be seen to be fully appreciated, for the white spray hurtling down the glistening rock face, surrounded by that rare natural beauty, which has been described, presents a really beautiful sight.

In dry weather there is a shower of fine spray from the falls, but in flood-time they change to furious cascades of foaming water roaring savagely into the seething pool below, making one realise the power, as well as the beauty, of Nature.

Without doubt, Minnamurra Falls should be seen by all who can in any way appreciate beauty in Nature. They may well be termed "the gem of the South Coast."

J. LAYCOCK, 4D.

# Boys!

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# SPORT

## ATHLETICS.

The season just concluded has witnessed a mild boom in athletics. It has been most pleasing to observe the increase in interest and enthusiasm, and to note the general all-round improvement in performances.

Early in the season the Wednesday afternoon venue was changed from Cintra to Concord Oval, a change which was greatly appreciated by the 70 regular trainees. Hot shower baths in the dressing rooms helped to compensate for the wet condition of the track throughout the season.

In the handicaps which were arranged, J. Moon was the most consistent winner.

Training operations were conducted at Petersham Oval on Friday afternoons, and a special coaching class on Saturday mornings, conducted by the Western Suburbs Amateur Athletic Club, assisted our athletes in their preparation for the Annual Carnival.

The Carnival was held in fine weather at Petersham Oval on 30th July, after some of the heats had been decided on 26th July. Competition was keen, and both competitors and spectators had an enjoyable day.

The Class Pennant went to 4A, with a score of 89 points, and the Pennant now adorns the walls of their classroom, till next Carnival day, at least. 1B class deserves congratulation on being runners-up, with 65 points; while third place went to 3A class, with 60 points.

The Juvenile Cup contest was very even, and eventually three competitors—J. Moon, R. Heins and K. Larcombe—ran out as joint winners, with 14 points each.

Keith Lawson (37 points) had a popular victory for the Junior Cup, with W. Miles (17 points) next best.

Among the seniors H. McCredie (16 points) narrowly won the cup from the joint runners-up, C. Arnold and C. Evans (12 points).

The evenness of the competition is shown by the fact that, apart from the above major cup winners, several other boys won miniature cups

for individual championship events. They were: Juveniles, E. Russell (high jump), D. Breadman (hurdles), B. Jones (shot put); and seniors, D. Murty (broad jump), I. Evans (220), O. Evans (100), R. Thompson (shot put), N. Jenkins (high jump), K. O'Brien (hurdles).

Several new School records were established, and our congratulations go to the following record breakers:—

K. Lawson: Junior 100 yards in 10.6 secs.; 220 in 23.3 secs.; 440 in 55.2 secs.; hurdles in 13.1 secs.  
J. Moon, under 13, 100 yards in 12 secs.  
B. Jones: Juvenile 5lb. shot, 36ft 6in.

Trophies were financed by a special prize fund, to which generous contributions were received from Mr. W. J. Rogers, J.P., the Old Boys' Union, Mr. J. Glen (Prefect, 1936), Mr. E. C. Greening, Dr. H. L. Kesteven, Mr. A. Appleby, Mr. E. S. Leard, Mr. R. M. Bell, Mr. A. T. Hinde, Mrs. E. Davies, Mr. M. H. King, Mr. A. Webb, Mr. R. N. Mackenzie, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. E. Pye, and there was one anonymous contribution. It is to be hoped that the same splendid support will be given each year, and we shall certainly continue to be deeply grateful to our benefactors.

Fort Street made quite a satisfactory showing at the C.H.S. Carnival in August, and the familiar maroon singlets, with number 7 on them, caught the judges' eyes in event after event. We finished a very close fourth in the aggregate, and the juniors won the coveted Junior Shield, while the juveniles were fourth in their division.

Senior points were scored by Lovatt, O. Evans, H. McCredie, N. Jenkins, C. Arnold, J. Laycock, and R. Campbell, while K. O'Brien would have been second in the hurdles if he had not tried to go through one of the obstacles.

Keith Lawson was unlucky in that the tracks were very slow as a result of rain. Otherwise he would probably have broken four records. As it was, he equalled the hurdles record and won the 100, 220 and broad jump, and second division shot.

put, as well as figuring prominently in the relay. Others who ably assisted him to win the Shield were the point-scorers Irish, Webb, Tate, Miles, Smith, Thompson, Henderson.

Among the juveniles, Heins, Larcombe, Jones, Moon, Cochrane, Breadman, Russell, and Connell all scored valuable points, and showed promise of great deeds when they reach the older sections.

Mr. Jeffrey rendered invaluable service as team manager.

This summary of the year's athletic activities would be incomplete without mention of the N.S.W.A.A.A. schoolboy championships held in September, at which Lawson, McCredie, Miles and O'Brien scored individual successes. It is also

pleasing to note that several Fortians have joined outside athletic clubs to gain further experience, and thus enable them to bring further honour to the School next year. We have the makings of an excellent senior team for next year, with vacancies for distance runners, shot putters and high jumpers, so it behoves all who have the good of the School at heart to place themselves at the disposal of the coach immediately after School resumes next year, in order to consolidate our chances of success. Prospects are bright in the junior and juvenile sections, too, so we may continue to be proud of the School's athletic achievements for many seasons to come.

O.E.W.

## TENNIS.

Once again our School kept its high reputation in this field of sport. Every team performed well, fourth grade going through the season undefeated, a most creditable performance. The thirds also did well to finish runners-up after a hard fight. We have some fine players in our School, and, what is more, will have many more of them next season. Too much thanks cannot be given to Mr. Dunne, whose interest in the whole four teams did not waver throughout the whole season.

### ANDERSON CUP.

The School tennis championship, which carries with it the Anderson Cup, was played at the completion of the second round of grade matches. The competition was restricted to sixteen players, of whom the members of the first-grade team, Jones, Petherbridge, Martin and McCredie, were the favourites. All these players reached the semi-final round without much opposition.

A keen struggle eventuated in the first semi-final between Jones and Petherbridge, but the former ran out the ultimate winner, 4-6, 10-8, 6-3. In the other match, Martin proved his worth by easily defeating McCredie.

The final was played under unfavourable conditions, the wind troubling both Martin and Jones. The standard of the tennis, nevertheless, was high. After an evenly contested first set, Jones showed his superiority in the last two, winning the match 7-9, 6-1, 6-0.

The championship showed that the tennis standard of Fort Street has been well maintained, and that we have the nucleus of an excellent first grade team for next year.

### 1st GRADE.

This year the team, composed of H. McCredie (captain), P. Jones, J. Petherbridge and J. Martin, filled third place in the competition.

In the second round we easily defeated North Sydney, Hurlstone and Technical, but were defeated by Canterbury, while the matches against Parramatta and Sydney High were drawn owing to rain.

The highlight of the season was the victory of Jones and McCredie against a pair from Canterbury, who had not lost a set in the competition.

Jones and McCredie were perhaps the better pair on results; nevertheless, Petherbridge and Martin gave good displays in their sets.

We would like to congratulate Canterbury and Parramatta on being joint premiers.

As for individual players:—

**P. Jones** won the Anderson Cup for singles, and always played well in doubles, although he is a better singles player than doubles. He introduces a great variety of shots into his game, and is a tireless player.

**J. Petherbridge** is one of the most consistent

players in the competition, and a great fighter. His forehand drive is his outstanding shot, while his service has improved since the start of the competition.

**J. Martin** played far better tennis in the singles than the doubles. His shots are all well produced, and he is very consistent.

**H. McCredie**, unlike the other members, is a better doubles player than singles. His toss shot is outstanding, while his service is fast and always well placed.

### SECOND GRADE.

The season finished with Fort Street running third to Sydney High (premiers) and Canterbury. Throughout the competition, Sydney High were absolutely unassailable. Their chief strengths were their team work and their net play. It is obvious that Fort Street would have a better chance of success if we had regular practice together during the week, as do the football and cricket teams. Tennis has been regarded too long as an individualist's game. It is essentially a team game, and only with the closest combination can a team hope to attain success.

The original team was Woodward, Turner, Hunter and Whiteley. After two matches Gibson replaced Whiteley, and from then on the pairs were Woodward (captain) and Turner, Hunter and Gibson. The former were the better pair, and both have shown remarkable improvement since last season. Woodward's ground shots are consistent and powerful, and his net play is improving. Turner's net play was the feature of the team; but his ground shots were not as consistent as his partner's. He is also inclined to foot-fault a great deal, a habit which must be remedied. Hunter is essentially a back-line player, and, as such, is consistent, but he must learn that most points are won by attacking at the net. Gibson is also a back-line player, his chief weapon being his forehand drive, but he is slowly learning to come to the net. His main weakness is his tendency to serve double-faults, but we hope this will improve with practice.

In conclusion, we must urge for more practice as a team, to produce that combination which is essential to victory.

### THIRD GRADE.

Third grade, consisting of Griffiths (captain), Laing, Penman and Dove, performed creditably, and narrowly missed premiership honours. The only defeat came at the hands of Sydney, in the first round. Fort Street was successful in the return match. Comparatively easy wins were recorded in both rounds against Parramatta, Technical, North Sydney and Hurlstone. The team was unfortunate in losing Laing for the final match against the ultimate premiers, Canterbury, which resulted in a draw. A win in this match would have placed Fort Street on top.

There was little to choose between the pairs, but Griffiths and Laing were perhaps a little more successful than the second pair, as far as winning sets was concerned. Penman and Dove played well throughout, always trying hard, but sometimes not quite getting the results they deserved. Still, we had good sport, and hope to be in the competition again next year.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Dunne for his interest and valuable coaching hints during the season.

### 4th GRADE.

This team, consisting of M. Penketh (captain), K. Swan, C. Ellis, R. Eager, performed excellently, and finished undefeated premiers of the competition.

Eager and Swan paired well, and lost only four sets throughout, while Penketh and Ellis dropped no more than ten sets.

The team received the stoutest opposition from North Sydney and Canterbury. Eager was unavailable for the last two matches, but he was ably replaced by Agnew. Canterbury resisted strongly in the last match, which Fort Street won after a hard game.

There is little to choose between the individual members of the team. Penketh's forehand and service are good, while Swan and Ellis stand out as all-round consistent players. Eager shines with his forehand drive.

Finally, we wish to thank Mr. Dunne for his valuable assistance and his unstinted interest in the team.

## CRICKET.

This year, Fort Street performed creditably on the cricket field. First grade was undefeated, and might have won the competition if rain had not prevented the deciding match with Canterbury; while second grade were only defeated once. Third and fourth grades were unlucky to lose, as most of their matches were very close. This season has witnessed a decided improvement over the last, and, with four enthusiastic coaches, the School should acquit itself very well next season.

## 1st GRADE.

The first grade team was most successful during the past season. It is a long time since this grade has done so well. All the matches were of a high standard. It seems strange that this team was undefeated, and yet did not win the competition. This position is due to the unplayed match against Canterbury. Fort Street won all games, except that against North Sydney, on the first innings. This undoubtedly was a very fine performance, and a great credit to the boys, who put their hearts into every game.

Perhaps one of the most keenly contested games was that against Sydney High. Fort Street compiled a sound total of 228 runs; the score being mainly due to L. Gollan's fine knock of 94 and R. Hall's slashing 57 n.o. It may be added at this stage that the second wicket partnership, made by L. Gollan and A. Turner, yielded a century. In reply to Fort Street's total, Sydney knocked up a score which provided a thrilling finish, their tally being 206. It is the first time for about seven years that Sydney High has fallen victims to Fort Street.

Fort Street, besides having a splendid batting team, have a fairly good bowling side. The addition of W. Ross made this department considerably stronger. On his first appearance in first grade he bowled exceptionally well.

Fort Street recorded another first innings' win against Technical High. A decided improvement was noticed in the bowling of C. Arnold (the skipper), who in the early part of the season was not up to form. He quickened his pace, and, together with a few breaks, was hard to play. Opening batsman and fast bowler Roberts was

on the spot, scoring 49 runs, and clean bowling one of Tech.'s opening batsmen in the first over.

It would not be fair to let the glorious display of fireworks, provided by R. Thompson, pass unnoticed. He certainly broke the bowlers' hearts, for, off the first three balls he hit three sixes. He was not satisfied with this feat, and so hit two more and a two, and then a one, before he was clean bowled. A total of 33 in 7 minutes is splendid batting.

The first grade was unfortunate to miss the first day's play of the Parramatta match, as this would have undoubtedly led to an outright win, and eventually the competition. The highlight of the game was the splendid batting of L. Gollan, who scored 80 not out. The bowling figures went to C. Arnold.

In this report we must not forget to mention the splendid bowling of McCredie, who kept a consistent length, and who was fairly successful. The batting average went to L. Gollan, who scored 332 runs, with an average of 66.4. M. Roberts, who batted solidly, and who often took part in a good opening partnership, is worthy of praise.

All the team deserve congratulations upon the standard of the fielding and the consistency of the fine work done by L. Gollan, the keeper, who in every match helped to dismiss someone. "Fortians" will be pleased to know that this team played the game both on and off the field.

A brief analysis of each player is given below:—

**C. Arnold:** Captained the team very well, bowled well, and was a useful batsman.

**L. Gollan:** Very good left-hand batsman, who was most successful throughout the season. He kept wickets like an Oldfield.

**M. Roberts:** Very solid opening batsman, and a good fast bowler.

**A. Turner:** A junior boy with plenty of initiative. A reliable batsman.

**R. Hall:** Fairly successful batsman.

**H. McCredie:** A good medium out-swing bowler who was fairly successful.

**K. Carew:** Useful left-hand batsman.

**M. Bradey:** Slow batsman and a change bowler.

**W. Landy:** A good slip fieldsman. He did not have much success with the bat.

**W. Ross:** A junior boy who should do very well next year. He is a slow bowler who can break the ball both ways.

**R. Thompson:** A breezy batsman, who scores quickly. He can also be used as a change bowler.

#### AVERAGES.

##### BATTING.

	Runs	Inn.	N.O.	Aver.
L. Gollan . . . . .	332	7	2	66.4
M. Roberts . . . . .	110	6	2	27.5
A. Turner . . . . .	91	6	1	18.2
R. Hall . . . . .	72	5	1	18.0

##### BOWLING.

	Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
C. Arnold . . . . .	42.7	174	16	10.9
H. McCredie . . . . .	44.2	130	9	14.4
M. Roberts . . . . .	39.4	89	6	14.8

In conclusion the team wish to thank Mr. Simpson for the enthusiasm which he has shown in his team, and the boys wish him every success with his first grade team in 1938.

#### 2nd GRADE.

This year the seconds have had a very successful season, being defeated only once, at the hands of Sydney High. If Ross and Thompson had been retained, we would probably have been premiers, as Ross performed very well against Sydney High's first grade. Three of our team gained the honour of being selected in the combined team, namely, Bell, Ross and Irish.

In the last two matches, we met High and Tech. After we had scored 116 (Lamerton 41, Irish 17), High went in to bat, and compiled 6 for 181 (Thompson 3-31). Fort Street were 1-11 in the second innings.

Against Tech., we compiled 7-204 (Murty 50 n.o., Irish 69, Lamerton 20), to which Tech. replied with 114 (Thompson 5-32, Reid 2-30), and 60 (Thompson 5-34, Murty 5-16).

Just a few words about the players:—

**D. Thompson:** Results show Don's excellent captaincy. He was the main bowler, and proved deadly with his medium in-swingers.

**J. Sherring:** One of our unfortunates. Probably the best batsman in the team, but just could not get going. A good vice-captain.

**R. Bell:** A solid opening bat and a fair keeper.

**R. Irish:** Our main run-getter. Although lucky at times, he knows how to punish a loose ball.

**D. Murty:** A good left-hand bat, who improved during the season. Strangely enough, he is a little weak on the leg. A good bowler, who keeps the ball well up.

**N. Lamerton:** Ran riot against Sydney High, but is usually of the solid type. At times, a little weak on the off.

In conclusion, we should like to thank our very enthusiastic coach, Mr. Outten, for his interest and advice.

#### AVERAGES.

##### BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Aver.
Irish . . . . .	6	3	69	125	42
Lamerton . . . . .	6	3	41	93	31
Murty . . . . .	4	1	50*	88	29
Bell . . . . .	6	—	35	88	15

\* Not out.

##### BOWLING.

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Thompson . . . . .	46	13	123	14	9
Murty . . . . .	13	3	29	5	6

#### 3rd GRADE.

Mainly through lack of combination, with perhaps a little bad luck, this year's team has not performed up to expectations. Perhaps the cause of this lack was the unfortunate interference of rain, more than half the season being "washed out."

The season's results were:—

Fort Street drew with North Sydney, the match being abandoned owing to rain.

Fort Street, 6-85, drew with Parramatta, 9-117 (declared).

Fort Street, 5-128 (declared) defeated Hurlstone, 115 and 7-124, on first innings.

Fort Street, 180, lost to Sydney, 6-198 (declared) on first innings.



Fort Street, 107 and 2-22, lost to Technical, 109 and 128, on first innings.

Fort Street drew with Canterbury. Abandoned owing to rain.

The first match of this half was played against Sydney at Cintra. Winning the toss, High batted, and at one stage were 2-8, but went on to amass 198 with loss of 6 wickets, and declared. Barker took 3-31, and Wilson 1-9. Sent in to bat on a wet wicket, we held out on the first day, losing 2-29. On the next day we collapsed, and at 79 had lost 9 wickets. At this stage Edwards (54 not out) and McCleod (42) unwound a magnificent partnership. Other scorers were Wilson 23, and Watson 17. Thus we lost by 18 runs.

The next match, against Technical, was played at Centennial Park. Tech. batted first, and compiled 109 runs, after being 5-34. Edwards took 3-21, Watson 2-16, and Erwin 2-3. At the end of the first day we had lost 3-77, but on continuing the following week, we collapsed, and with one man absent, were dismissed for 107. Watson made a good 39, and skipper Priestly 21. In their second innings Tech. compiled 128. Barker took 3-31, Erwin 2-37, and Wilson 2-7.

The averages were:—

#### BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Agg.	Aver.
Wilson . . . . .	5	2	60*	92	30.66
Watson . . . . .	3	—	39	62	20.66
Ross . . . . .	2	—	34	39	19.5

\* Not out.

#### BOWLING.

	Ovs.	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Ross . . . . .	6	1	7	2	3.5
Wilson . . . . .	9	—	42	5	8.4
Edwards . . . . .	20	6	66	5	13.2

The fielding was only fair, and those who distinguished themselves by taking catches were Priestly (4), Flockhart (3), Ridland (3), and Wilson (3).

In conclusion the team wish to convey their thanks to Mr. Burtenshaw for coaching, umpiring and travelling with us, and we are sure that we have benefited from his coaching hints.

#### 4th GRADE.

The fourth grade cricket team had a fairly successful year. We finished the competition with two wins, two defeats, and two drawn matches.

Altogether we played two matches this season. Against Sydney High, our opponents scored 265, but we could only score 52 and 103 in our two innings.

Against Tech. High we put up a better fight, being beaten on the first innings. In our first innings we scored 129, and they replied with 169. In our second innings our total tallied 141 for the loss of 7 wickets. When Tech. went in for their second innings, they needed 100 for an outright win, but thanks to our accurate bowling at the time, they could only score 95 for 8 wickets.

The batting of the team was strong on paper, but proved to be inconsistent in practice. Ham came first in both the aggregate and average, scoring 134 runs, at an average of 19.1. Next were Penman, 74 runs, at 14.8, and Collocott, 87 runs, at 12.5.

The bowling was also fairly strong. Those who performed best were J. Penman, who took 12 wickets at an average of 8.1, and A. Townsend, who took 12 wickets at an average of 12.2.

The fielding of the team was not of a very high standard. Those who performed best were Clements and Swan. Ham kept wickets very capably.

In concluding we would like to thank Mr. Went for the fine way in which he coached us, and for the keen interest he showed in us throughout the competition.

#### RUGBY UNION.

In this field of sport, Fort Street showed an improvement, yet the first and second grades did not perform well (owing mainly to poor attendances at training), but the other grades acquitted themselves very favourably. Outstanding were

the third and fourth graders, especially thirds, who emerged co-premiers.

Again it is necessary to impress upon players the need of regular training. Some of the seniors seem to think it below their dignity to attend

these, but it is certain that, if they had attended training, our firsts would have gone very close to the premiership, as the material was certainly there. So buck up, seniors, and set an example to the lower grades.

### 1st GRADE.

The results of the second round were a little worse than the first. We did not win a match, although there was a better response from the team as a whole.

Lack of confidence and co-operation seemed our chief enemies. In every match, the display given by us in the last half revealed that we had the material, for invariably we went on the field a beaten team, and invariably we came off, giving three resounding cheers to our opponents, but wishing the match could have lasted a little longer. For instance, in the first half, High led 43-0. Full-time score, 43-9. Similarly, against Canterbury: Half-time, 15-0; full-time, 15-6.

The match against North Sydney was even more pleasing. The "lads," as Geoff. Olding would say, now convinced of their ability, fought like true Fortians from the start, and suffered a last-minute loss of 6-3. This aspect of the playing portends well for the future.

Thus, with a little disappointment, but with the pleasure of happy remembrances together, firsts came to the conclusion of the season. We congratulate thirds on their splendid effort, and also High and Hurlstone, co-premiers. Lastly we should like to thank Mr. Watson for his interest in the team.

Scores: Fort Street v. Parramatta, 6-17.  
 v. North Sydney, 3-6.  
 v. Technical, 0-18.  
 v. Hurlstone, 3-17.  
 v. High, 9-43  
 v. Canterbury, 6-15.

### 2nd GRADE.

Second grade did not meet with any success, and were most unfortunate in losing R. Maze (captain), and R. Mead. Small, the original full-back, was injured, and did not play in that position for the latter half of the season. His place was taken by Lamerton, whose good tackling

and general tactics were outstanding on a number of occasions.

Owing to the untiring efforts of M. Shute, who took Maze's place, and Mr. Tompson, our coaching master, our team improved greatly, and played some very even games. The last match of the season was easily our best, when we played a draw with Canterbury.

The scores were: Fort Street v. Hurlstone, 3-15.  
 v. Technical, 0-35.  
 v. Sydney High, 0-65.  
 v. North Sydney, 0-25.  
 v. Canterbury, 6-6.

The forwards' besetting weakness was their poor tackling, especially against Sydney High. Tonkin, Frankum and Shute, however, proved exceptions. Another weakness was their slowness in following the ball. They were not quick enough in their movements, but this can be remedied by more experience. However, the weight was there, and next season, if they attend training regularly, our men should do well.

This article would not be complete without mentioning the fine spirit displayed by the team in every game, and also the good sportsmanship shown in defeat.

In conclusion we should like to thank Mr. Tompson for his untiring efforts on our behalf.

### 3rd GRADE.

This year 3rd grade has turned out victorious, becoming co-premiers after a very hard struggle.

In the second round we managed to do equally as well as in the first, winning five matches out of a possible six.

The results are as follows:—  
 Fort Street v. Parramatta, won, 9-0  
 v North Sydney, won, 3-0  
 v. Hurlstone, won, 15-5.  
 v. Sydney High, lost, 3-16.  
 v. Technical High, won, 20-3.  
 v. Canterbury, won, 21-3.

Against Sydney High we lacked vigour—a thing which should not have happened—and High was easily the superior team on the day.

Our best and most determined game was against North Sydney, the three points being taken in the last ten minutes. In this game everyone did

his part well, and refused to let his opponent through.

It is unfair to mention some without others, because everyone played to his utmost, and carried out what was expected of him.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Mr. Wilson for his great interest in us and his coaching, without whom our aim could not have been fulfilled.

#### 4th GRADE.

During the past season the fourth grade team finished runners-up after a hard-fought competition. The team was beaten by Sydney High twice, but was successful in every other match. Early in the season the play of the forwards was very poor, owing to the lack of cohesion. However, under the watchful eye of Mr. Brodie, their playing improved considerably, and against Hurlstone and High acquitted themselves very well.

Hing, although very light, was perhaps the best rake in the competition, but was not sufficiently helped by the second row. Amongst the rest of the forwards, Phillips and McBride were the best. They were always prominent in following up, and played solidly throughout all matches. Johnson and Hancock developed into hardy forwards towards the end of the season, and Bell, the lock, carried out his job efficiently.

The backs consisted of Wilson, Landy, Johns, Priestly, Tonkin, Smythe and Macpherson.

Wilson, the captain and scrum-half, was a rugged player, and fought hard in many difficult situations, and so brought his team to victory. Landy was a clever five-eighth, and used his tricky sidestep most advantageously. Johns, the in-centre, was the most brilliant player in the team, and perhaps in the School. He lacked backing, and had to make many individual efforts. However, Priestly, the out-centre, combined very well with Johns, and this combination scored many tries. These two players, together with Tonkin, were the best tacklers in the team. Tonkin, the winger, proved a capable player, and had a tricky run. Smythe played in many positions throughout the season, and scored over 120 points.

Macpherson, the full-back, was a cool player, and had a good line-kick.

The best matches of the season were against Hurlstone and Sydney High, in which the whole team played up to expectations, and were very unlucky to lose the latter match.

The scores for the second half of the season were:—

- v. Parramatta, 58-0.
- v. North Sydney, 22-0.
- v. Sydney II., 32-3.
- v. Hurlstone, 29-5.
- v. Sydney I., 0-16.
- v. Technical, 9-8.
- v. Canterbury, 9-3.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Brodie for his continual efforts on our behalf, and we are certain that our success was due to him.

#### 5th GRADE.

Fifth grade did not do as well as we expected, owing partly to a lack of players at practice, and the injury of some of the better players in the side. Some of the scores were not a true indication of the state of play, and in several instances a little extra effort would have been rewarded by success.

The scores in the second round were:—

- v. Parramatta, won, 33-0.
- v. North Sydney, lost 8-14.
- v. Sydney High II., won, 14-0.
- v. Hurlstone, lost, 0-18.
- v. Sydney High I., lost, 0-21.
- v. Technical, lost, 0-17.
- v. Canterbury, won, 3-0.

One of the most consistent players was McCahon, who was a power of strength in the forwards, and was ably supported by the rest of the forwards.

The backs improved as time went on, and after the first round, had to be reshuffled. This led to a great improvement, and all began to show their true form.

Then came disaster! We lost some of our best players from the backs, and the result was that they went to pieces again. They were improving, however, when the end of the competition came. Hearne captained the side ably throughout the season, and was the main try-getter.



In conclusion we should like to thank Mr. Short for his keen interest in the team.

#### 6th GRADE.

At the conclusion of the competition, we succeeded in gaining fourth place. This was quite good under the circumstances, for the team's chances throughout the season were marred by ill-luck. In the first round, we were narrowly defeated on three occasions. The scores were:—

Fort Street v. Parramatta, 5-6.

v. North Sydney, 15-0.

v. Sydney High II, 9-0.

v. Technical, 6-5.

v. Sydney High I, 0-3.

v. Hurlstone, 0-3.

v. Canterbury, 14-14.

Trouble came, however, with the commencement of the second round. Four of our men suffered injuries. These were: Russel, our rake, undoubtedly the finest and most promising forward of the team, Cotter and Robinson, our two wing-men, and Jones, who played in nearly every forward position.

As a result of these mishaps, the team's wins were limited during the closing stages of the season. In spite of all troubles, however, the season was thoroughly enjoyed, and all are looking forward to another bright season of football next year.

As a last word, the team wishes to thank Mr. Foley, their coach, for the keen interest he displayed in them throughout the season.

### WATER POLO.

Again this year our water polo team won their competition. Throughout a series of seven matches, 54 goals were scored by them, while only 5 goals were scored against them. (In the match against Canterbury, the team equalled the record, by beating them 11-0.)

The team was ably led by D. Pratt, whose game showed great promise. He was supported mainly by K. Erickson and N. Locke, whose consistent efforts placed the team in a favourable position in each of the matches.

These were supported by a strong field of players, W. Allen, W. Knight, J. Olding, L. Layton, while N. Jenkins kept goal with great skill.

All members of the team scored throughout the season. The goal scoring was led by D. Pratt.

who was closely followed by K. Erickson and N. Locke.

The team is greatly indebted to Mr. Rose for his unflinching interest in it, and hopes that 1938's team will be even more successful than this year's team.

Results. First round:—

Fort Street v. Technical, 2-2 (draw).

v. North Sydney, 9-0 (won).

v. Canterbury, 11-0 (won).

v. Hurlstone, 10-0 (won).

Second round:—

Fort Street v. Technical, 5-2 (won).

v. North Sydney, 9-0 (won).

v. Canterbury, 8-1 (won).

v. Hurlstone, 0-0 (forfeited).

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