

THE FORTIAN



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HIGH SCHOOL PETERSHAM N.S.W.

JUNE, 1937.



The
FORTIAN

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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1937.

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ELASSES are once again in the throes of production* of plays for our Annual Play Day. Last year, when the alterations to the Memorial Hall prevented the event, there was a definite blank in our school days. The absorbing interest of the preparative work was missed, and we realised what colour Play Day gave to our school life.

Superficially, Play Day is an educational "method." Those who take an actual part in plays share with those who are witnesses and critics, the benefits gained—a knowledge of dramatic construction and production; the technique of plot perfection; language study, speech correction, and body deportment. But there is more to the matter than this. The deep-rooted fascination that other people's thoughts and actions have for each and all of us is responsible for the popularity of novels and plays. True, the large majority prefer the simpler studies of life. There is the "woman's book" and the "man's book," which deal with love and adventure. But the knowledge gained from them is no less profound because these books deal with life on a primitive plane. When both novels and plays introduce intellectual themes and discuss or treat of ideals and ethics, they teach truths of a higher kind. And it is in the teaching of these truths that the work of drama production has its greatest value.

The Fortian student of drama who studies in the manner he must for the production of plays on Play Day, enters into the kingdom of mature knowledge before his years are yet ripe; and according to the number of the items of knowledge of human nature he gathers, so the degree of his education is greater or less.

For, as the soothsayer has it, man's study is his own kind, and human desires, motives and actions are expressed in all forms of dramatic art from the corroboree of the savage, through the folk dance of the peasant, to the most complex play civilisation can produce. To learn to know one's self and one's neighbour by an understanding of human weaknesses and strengths; to learn to be tolerant of the former, and proud but not boastful of the latter, is real education. To this end, drama puts words into the mouths and ears of the inarticulate, so that nebulous thoughts are given form, and the satisfaction that others share their experiences of joy and sorrow is with all. So wisdom is garnered, the price of which is above rubies. And Latin? And Greek?

Then, too, there is the fun of the work. This joy belongs principally, but not wholly, to the participants, and is as necessary to mental health as vitamins to the body. The small boy playing Red Indians is no happier in his absorption than the best female impersonator of Play Day, and both are satisfying the self-same need of re-creation.

All work and no Play Day would indeed make Jack a very dull boy, for so he mixes "reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Empire Day function, as usual, was controlled by the debaters. The Captain, J. Appleby, made an effective chairman. Addresses were delivered by H. Smythe, "Peace and the League of Nations"; "The British Empire," by W. Astridge; "The Flag and What it Symbolises," N. Jenkins; "Empire Builders," R. Kerr. The speeches were interspersed by elocutionary and musical items.

Addresses were also delivered at the Ultimo Public School by W. Roberts and J. W. Scott, and at Eastwood by S. Scott and J. Kerridge. The speeches were well received and much appreciated.

§ § §

The Coronation: One hundred and fifty boys were entertained at the R.A.S. ground by the State Government. In their absence a function was held in the hall. Suitable addresses as follows were delivered: "The Significance of the Ceremony," K. Nolan; "Westminster Abbey," G. Young; "Past Coronations," C. Evans.

§ § §

Speech Day, which was a great success, was held for the first time in the new hall. Mr. G. R. Thomas, Director of Education, was in the chair, and the Premier, the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, M.L.A., delivered the address.

At the conclusion of the prize-giving, the renovated gates from the old School were officially opened by the Premier, Mr. Stevens. Mr. A. J. Kilgour, a former headmaster, spoke on the significance of the gates.

§ § §

A debate between the O.B.U. representatives and the School was held in the School Hall on Friday, June 4th, the Old Boys winning by a narrow margin. The School team appears to be up to the standard of past teams, and we wish them success in the Hume Barbour competition this year.

§ § §

It is with much regret that we record the illness, and consequent absence from duty, of three of our staff, Messrs. Christmas, Harrison and Porter. We wish them all a speedy recovery.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without some reference to our fine new hall. The whole School, with their parents and friends, can be seated at a function. Play Day will be held in the hall this year.

§ § §

At the Anzac ceremony in the hall the religious instruction teachers delivered the addresses, which were much appreciated by the boys. A wreath was placed on the Honour Roll, and two minutes' silence was observed in memory of the fallen.

§ § §

A fine portrait of his Majesty King George V. was unveiled by the Headmaster on Coronation Day.

§ § §

A feature of the prize-giving this year was the number of English prizes presented in memory of the late James Baxendale.

§ § §

Since the last magazine went to press, the School has gained some more special distinctions in the L.C. exam. First places in the First Class Honours were gained by J. Ryan, English; H. Norton, Chemistry, and tied in Liversidge Scholarship for Chemistry; D. Fraser in French.

§ § §

During the year a former member of the staff, Mr. J. R. Perry, passed away. We wish to extend our sympathy to his sorrowing relatives.

§ § §

At several functions this year the School choir, under Mr. Burtenshaw, has rendered some very pleasing items. It is good to see this aspect of school activity so flourishing.

§ § §

It is regrettable that there are still a few boys who are not members of the School Union. Every boy should join, and so help the School activities to function more effectively.



By courtesy of the "Herald."

THE PREMIER, HON. B. S. B. STEVENS, OPENS THE GATES FROM THE OLD FORT STREET SCHOOL. THE PRESENT HEADMASTER, MR. CHRISMAS, AND A FORMER HEADMASTER, MR. KILGOUR, ARE ALSO PRESENT.

THE SCHOOL GATES.

AN HISTORIC CEREMONY.

On Friday, 28th May, 1937, an historic ceremony took place at the School when, amidst a large assembly of pupils and masters, parents and friends, the Premier of N.S.W., the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, cut a red and white ribbon that held together the newly-hung iron gates from the old Fort Street School at Miller's Point, and declared them officially opened.

The old gates, with their new pillars, form a handsome entrance to the School. They are of heavy wrought iron, and examples of splendid craftsmanship. The brick pillars on which they are hung are of harmonious proportions, and are no less faultlessly constructed.

The whole structure is not only an historic ornament to the School, but an ornament to the city, and a gift worthy of the old boys of Fort Street Boys' High School.

In the process of the construction of the Harbour Bridge and the approaches, many old buildings were, of necessity, demolished, and numerous landmarks were obliterated. Fortunately these did not include the original Fort Street School, but the old ornate drinking fountain, which stood near the entrance to the School, had to go, as did also the front gates, which stood at the head of a stone-flagged avenue leading up to the school. The fountain, however, has been re-erected in the grounds of the School, and at the request of the Old Boys' Union, the gates were taken to Fort Street Boys' High at Petersham, and there stored away until such time as they could be re-erected.

Governor Macquarie erected the main part of Fort Street School in 1815, to serve as a military hospital, but the date of erection of the gates here

is somewhat doubtful. The hospital was surrounded, not by one of Macquarie's much-loved stone walls, but by palings, while for the most time the gates were covered with sheets of galvanised iron, to keep out the idle gaze of curious onlookers.

In 1849 it was suggested to Governor Fitzroy by the National Council of Education that the building should be transferred to them for the purpose of beginning a model school. Governor Fitzroy was agreeable, and a sum of £1100 was spent in converting the military hospital into the original Fort Street School. The School was opened on April 1, 1850, and for a period of 66 years many thousands of boys passed through those historic gates, which now stand at Fort Street Boys' High School, Petersham.

To foster the traditions of the old School, the Old Boys' Union decided, with the approval of the authorities, to re-erect the old gates at the new School, to which the boys were transferred in 1916. The Old Boys' Union is to be commended for their fine gesture in repairing and erecting the gates, at a cost of about £150.

Our only regrets are that these gates could not have been placed at the front entrance of the School instead of at the side, but, unfortunately, this was not possible.

In the years to come the sight of these gates will bring back pleasant memories to us all. Memories of things long forgotten will be stirred and become real again—pleasant memories, memories of friendships begun and fostered within those gates, and of the days which were enjoyed in our too brief stay at Fort Street Boys' High.

SPEECH DAY 1937

After many years, Speech Day was again held in the School Hall. This was made possible by the enlargement of the hall last year to twice its former size. And, indeed, it proved none too large for the School population and the large attendance of parents and citizens.

The chairman of the meeting was Mr. G. Ross Thomas, Director of Education. With him on the platform were the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, the Premier, Mr. A. J. Kilgour, a former distinguished Headmaster of Fort Street, Alderman Earl, of Petersham, Mr. Inspector Cramp, Mr. Fitzroy and Mr. McKnight, of the Old Boys' Union, Mr. and Mrs. Christmas, and members of the staff.

After the reading of the Headmaster's and Sportsmaster's reports, prizes and sports trophies

won by pupils during the year 1936 were presented by Mr. Stevens.

During the afternoon the company was entertained by items from the choir (under Mr. F. Burtenshaw) and solos by the following artists: Rae, Walter Badge and Babbie Stevens.

After the proceedings in the hall had been concluded, the company moved out to the newly-hung historic gates of old Fort Street, which was at Miller's Point. Here Mr. Kilgour was asked to invite Mr. Stevens to declare the gates open. In doing so the Premier said that he felt sure that those who would pass through the gates in their new position would maintain and increase the high reputation of the School, gained by those who had passed through them in their old position on the hill.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1936.

It is my pleasing duty to present the Annual Report for the year 1936.

The highest enrolment for the year was 752, distributed as follows among the five years.

First Year, 188; Second Year, 166; Third Year, 156; Fourth Year, 147; Fifth Year, 95.

285 new pupils were enrolled during the year, 180 in the First Year and 92 in the Upper School.

There has been no difficulty in placing the boys who have left school after gaining either the Leaving or Intermediate Certificate, and the greater ease of obtaining employment should reflect itself in the number of pupils remaining at school to complete the full course.

So much has been said with respect to the raising of the school leaving age that little comment is necessary. But it is increasingly evident that boys who leave school with a "half-baked" education are only too likely to fill the "dead-end" positions that are so easily obtained.

It is very desirable that someone should discover a method by which those lads who remain

at school for the full course should not be handicapped in their early years of employment.

Attendance.—A good deal of broken attendance is still noticed among a section of the School. Unfortunately it happens too frequently that the boys who miss odd days from school are those who most require regularity. Some are kept away from school and give reasons for absence which would not be even dreamt of if it meant the loss of a day's employment. The resultant harm is incalculable.

Homework.—It has been said that very little homework should be given. The lad who desires to succeed must develop habits of concentration, must learn to direct his energies along a desired channel, and not be "sidetracked" by other issues, however entrancing they may be. It is better to learn to study when young than to wait till hard necessity makes the task almost superhuman.

Parents should insist on regular, consistent, concentrated homework for their children. The results will speak for themselves.

Examinations.—Examinations are the best means yet discovered for determining that boys have a definite standard of education. The right type of examination will determine both an acquirement of fact and a development of initiative. The system may not be perfect, but who has been able to suggest a better one?

It is most likely that some are debarred through inability to cross the examination hurdle from following the vocation they desire, or for which they are really best fitted, but in these times of much competition there is no alternative.

Examination results were gratifying. This is especially so, considering the cramped and uncomfortable conditions under which the School worked during the whole of the year while the additions were being constructed.

At the Leaving Certificate Examination, 65 passed and 55 qualified for Matriculation. Twelve gained University Exhibitions, 6 gained passes for entrance to the State Public Service, 19 to the Commonwealth Public Service, and a number to the Teachers' College.

There were obtained 21 First Class Honours and 25 Second Class, including First Place in the State in English, French and Chemistry, and Second Place in the State in Modern History and Mathematics, and Fourth Place in Physics.

Among the successful candidates I would mention:—

C. A. Warner, 1st Class Honours Maths. I., Maths. II., Physics.

Trevor Krok, 1st Class Honours Maths. I., Maths. II., Physics.

Percy Weatherburn, 1st Class Honours Maths. I., Maths. II., Physics.

Douglas Fraser, 1st Class Honours French (1st State), 2nd Class Honours, English.

Horace Norton, 1st Class Honours, Maths. I., Maths. II., 1st Class Honours Chemistry (1st in State), aeq. Liversidge Scholarship for Chemistry.

John H. Ryan, 1st Class Honours English (1st in State), 1st Class Honours in History (2nd in State).

James Broadhead, 1st Class Honours English, Modern History.

Charles Crane, 2nd Class Honours Maths. I., Maths. II., Physics.

Edward Gibson, 1st Class Honours Chemistry, 2nd Class Honours Maths. I., Maths. II.

Phillip Schmidt, 1st Class Honours Physics, 2nd Class Honours Maths. I., Maths. II.

Neville Wills, 2nd Class Honours English, History, Geography.

At the Intermediate Certificate 135 passed. The best passes being obtained by:—

J. Laycock, 7 A's.

J. Bentley, 5 A's, 3 B's.

A. Freeston, 5 A's, 2 B's.

N. Gibson, 5 A's, 1 B.

J. L. Henry, 6 A's, 1 B.

N. Hetherington, 5 A's, 3 B's.

H. Lunney, 6 A's, 1 B.

P. Mann, 6 A's, 2 B's.

K. McIntyre, 6 A's, 1 B.

D. Stewart, 7 A's, 1 B.

M. Watson, 6 A's, 2 B's.

At the Intermediate Certificate Examination five boys gained entrance to the State Public Service, J. Laycock gaining 1st place, and J. Bentley 5th place.

PRINCIPAL PRIZES.

I wish to acknowledge the following prizes, which will be presented to-day:—

The Killeen Memorial Prize (in memory of Lieut. Killeen, first President of the Limbless and Maimed Soldiers' Association), presented by Mrs. Killeen, and awarded to Charles Warner, Dux of the School.

The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize, for the best essay on an Australian subject, has been won by K. Campbell for an essay on "Aviation in Australia—Its Development and Possibilities."

The B. S. B. Stevens Prize, for an Economic Essay, "Productive Efficiency," has been awarded to Stanley Scott.

The Old Boys' Union Prize for the Best Fortian has been won by Phillip Schmidt.

While the Headmaster's Prize for School Service will be presented to Jack Denham.

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Commercial prizes also won were:—

Hemingway & Robertson Accountancy Scholarship awarded to L. Pullen, and the Blennerhasset Accountancy Scholarship awarded to V. Partridge.

The J. Baxendale Prizes for English will be presented to E. Rolls, 1st Year; L. Lane, 2nd year; D. Stewart, 3rd Year; G. Young, 4th Year; J. Ryan, 5th Year; and the special prize for a lecture on a modern English author has been won by S. Scott.

The School Union has carried on its activities most satisfactorily during the year, under the able guidance of Messrs. Harrison (Chairman), Johnson (Sportsmaster), Short (Secretary) and Stanley (Treasurer).

The Library, with Mr. Rose in charge, has increased in number of volumes, and a new movement to form a special lower school fiction library will be inaugurated this year.

The School Magazine has been well to the fore, under the Editorship of Mr. Fitzpatrick. Excellent contributions were received from pupils, and the prizes for Best Prose and Best Verse were gained by J. Betts.

Owing to the building operations, which lasted the whole year, we reluctantly abandoned Play Day for 1936, but with the completed Hall, it is intended to resume this very useful and educational annual function.

During the year Mr. Short introduced a weekly sheet, The School Reporter, in which is recorded current events. This has proved an invaluable aid in developing school spirit and informing parents of the School's activities.

The School Debating Team was successful only in being "runners-up" for the Hume Barbour Trophy, the team being H. Norton, H. Dunlop and C. Jones.

This side of the school work is still one of the useful aids in teaching expression. Its value is reflected in the fine work done on Empire Day, when as usual the celebrations are in the hands of the pupils, and the result has been most creditable.

As previously, pupils of this School were also the speakers at Ultimo Public School, and this year (1937) farther afield at Eastwood Infants' School, where the addresses were reported as ex-

cellent to the occasion, and well suited to the audience of young children.

The Annual Senior Dinner was a wonderful success. It could well be called a father and son dinner, as the guests included so many of the fathers of the seniors, who were very appreciative of their sons' efforts.

The Captain for the year was J. Denham, and the Senior Prefect B. Evans, who with the help of the prefects carried out valuable work in the functions just mentioned, and in School government.

Mr. Johnson, the Sportsmaster, will give the sport report.

It is, however, very desirable that all pupils who are physically fit should take part in some organised sport, and parents should assist by seeing that their children are members of the School Union.

A number of Life Saving Awards have been gained, including four Instructors' Certificates, and it is our intention to try and arrange that every boy possible shall possess Life Saving qualifications. The School is fortunate in having such an able instructor as Mr. W. Humphries.

Accommodation.—The accommodation is sufficient for the present numbers. This is due to the addition of five classrooms, as promised by the Premier and Minister, and the present Hall speaks for itself. To these gentlemen our thanks as parents, teachers and pupils are due and heartily given.

The official opening of the Hall was a success from every point of view, and was pleasingly performed by the Hon. the Premier, who sets a standard in the interest he takes in his old school.

An excellent concert was provided to make up in some measure for the loss of Play Day, and Mr. Burtenshaw and his choir, Mr. Humphries and his physical culture squad, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Moss with their dramatic presentation, afforded opportunity for the parents to witness the results of school work that is an offset to the examination grind.

These opportunities were seized by the Ladies' Committee to render service. Under the capable

Presidency of Mrs. Rogers, they assisted very materially both socially and financially.

There were staff changes at the end of the year, as ever. Mr. Golding, promoted to Deputy Headmaster at Parramatta, was replaced by Mr. Outten; Mr. Crausaz by Mr. Went, Mr. Hepburn by Mr. Tompson, and more recently, Mr. Beatty by Mr. Watson.

Before leaving the matter of staff I would like to mention that this year a Psychological expert in Mr. D. Verco, an old boy of the School, was appointed to the School. Unfortunately, the Department of Education has decided that his services are required at Head Office; in this capacity, the valuable work he was commencing well will, therefore, have to wait till a successor is appointed.

This report would not be complete without reference to the staff. I have had their full support and co-operation, and this at a time when, owing to the disruption due to building

operations, things were most uncomfortable both for master and pupil. I would like to mention each individually, but space forbids. Mr. Harrison is still the efficient Deputy Headmaster. Messrs. Burgin and Stanley still relieve me of the detailed organisation of so many things, and I am afraid I have come to rely on Mr. Parker to a greater extent than I did last year.

To each and every member of the staff I tender my sincere thanks for the loyal support and harmonious working spirit.

To the many friends of the School, the ladies of the Social Committee, the Old Boys' Union and other Old Boys who have been so assiduous in placing boys in employment, I offer my thanks.

To the donors of academic prizes, to Messrs. Kerr and Hardwick; and to the Press; to everyone who in any way has helped the School along, I would say "Thanks," and end this report by adding that my staff and myself look forward to 1937 with every confidence.

PRIZE LIST.

FIFTH YEAR.

Charles A. Warner: Dux of School, Killeen Memorial Prize, Verco Prize for Mathematics, 1st Maths. I., 1st Maths. II., 1st Mechanics.

Trevor V. Krok: 2nd General Proficiency.

Percy L. Weatherburn: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st Physics.

John H. Ryan: Baxendale Memorial Prize for English, 1st History.

Robert Virtue: 1st Latin.

Douglas A. Fraser: 1st French.

Wilfred McC. Bailey: 1st Physics.

Horace G. Norton: 1st Chemistry.

Laurence A. Pullen: 1st Economics.

Neville Wills: Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography.

John Denham: Headmaster's Prize for School Service.

Stanley H. Scott: Stevens Prize for Economic Essay.

Phillip J. Schmidt: Old Boys' Union Prize for Best Fortian.

J. Betts: "The Fortian" Prize for Verse and Prose.

K. Grant: Headmaster's Prize for History.

FOURTH YEAR.

Max Feughelman: Dux of Year, 1st Latin, 1st Maths. I., 1st Maths. II., 1st Mechanics.

Jack B. Hooke: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st Physics.

Stanley H. Scott: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st Economics, Special Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.

Keith O. Campbell: Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for English Essay, 1st Chemistry.

Gordon L. Young: Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.

Herbert E. Smythe: 1st History.

William B. Grant: 1st French.

Archibald W. Middleton: 1st German.

Neal A. Hanna: 1st Geography.

THIRD YEAR.

David G. Stewart: Dux of Year. Baxendale Memorial Prize for English, 1st History, 1st Maths. I.

John F. Laycock: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st German.

Kenneth McIntyre: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st Latin, 1st French.



Block by courtesy of the "Herald."

C. A. WARNER DUX OF THE SCHOOL, RECEIVING HIS PRIZES FROM
THE PREMIER, THE HON. B. S. B. STEVENS.

Henry W. Lunney: 1st Maths. II., 1st Science.
Richard Farmer: Taylor Memorial Prize for
Geography.

Douglas E. Jackson: 1st Business Principles and
Shorthand.

SECOND YEAR.

John Hills: Dux of Year, 1st Latin, 1st French,
1st German.

Valdek J. Lembit: 2nd General Proficiency.

John G. Wheeler: 3rd General Proficiency.

Francis M. Hooper: 4th General Proficiency.

Leith Lane: Baxendale Memorial Prize for
English, 1st History.

Laurence Hazlewood: 1st Maths. II.

John M. Lees: 1st Science.

Kenneth Greenwood: 1st Geography.

Frederick Howland: aeq. Business Principles
and Shorthand.

Raymond Byron: aeq. Business Principles and
Shorthand, 1st Maths. I.

FIRST YEAR.

Eric C. Rolls: Dux of Year, Baxendale Memorial
Prize for English, 1st History.

David B. Elkman: 2nd General Proficiency, aeq.
1st Latin.

John W. Carver: 3rd General Proficiency, aeq.
1st Latin, 1st French, 1st Maths. II.

Keith R. Howard: 4th General Proficiency, 1st
Geography, 1st Business Principles.

William E. Anderson: Special General Pro-
ficiency.

Stanley H. Tow: aeq. 1st Latin.

William H. Taylor: 1st Maths. I.

Harley C. McCarthy: 1st Science.

THE SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT.

AWARD OF BLUES.

The highest honour that a pupil can gain on
the sporting side of the School is the award of
a Blue. The following awards have been made:—

Cricket: D. Washington.

Tennis: P. Jones.

Swimming and Water Polo: N. Lock, D. Pratt.

Water Polo: P. Schmidt, G. Cockburn, L. Terry,
J. Wilson.

FOOTBALL.

Six teams participated in the competitions con-
ducted by the P.S.A.A.A., with varying degrees of
success, but no team succeeded in winning pre-
miership honours. For many reasons, most of
which are beyond our control, it is becoming
increasingly difficult to find sufficient players to
constitute the three grade teams of unlimited
weight. One would expect keen competition for
the honour, and it is an honour, of representing
the School on the sporting field. Further, a
number of the senior boys fail to recognise the
fact that there is considerable difference between
knowing how to play a game, and playing it.
Efficient coaching, and that was not lacking, is of
no avail unless the team members take their
games as seriously as they do, or should do, their
lessons. Many approach the game as they would
a dose of castor oil, as something nasty, to be
endured for the sake of some questionable benefit
to be derived therefrom.

In short, last year's senior teams did not do
themselves justice because of the apathy of some
players, who failed to recognise that the privilege
of membership of a team carries with it the
responsibility of making one's self an efficient
member. The fellow who begins to sag at the
knees for lack of training before the half time
whistle blows does not know the meaning of
"team spirit."

Messrs. Golding, Beatty and Wilson worked
hard with the material available, which, unfor-
tunately, was not of the quality that would be
reasonably expected from a school of this size.

The story of the exploits of the three lower
grades of limited weight is much more pleasant.
Here the interest was keen, and the enthusiasm
of the players was maintained to the last match
of the competition. Mr. Brodie's 4th grade team
was most successful, and finished in third place.
They had the satisfaction of playing drawn games
with each of the two teams placed above them
in the competition table. Four members of this
team, Wilson, Dixon, Carew and Cavalier, were
chosen with C.H.S. teams within their respective
age limits.

The 5th grade team, managed by Mr. Foley,
started badly, but showed considerable improve-
ment as the season advanced, and when the com-
petition closed were a team to be reckoned with.
Johns, the captain, was the outstanding player.

Mr. Short's 6 stone 3 lbs. giants were unlucky in losing the premiership after reaching the semi-final round. The whole team played really well, and it would be unfair to single out any player for special mention.

Class football is provided for those who are not fortunate enough to be chosen in competition teams. Mr. Foster takes a keen interest in class footballers, and has class competitions arranged to make the games more enjoyable.

CRICKET.

This branch of sport is in a flourishing condition as far as numbers playing the game are concerned. However, our four competition teams, though possessed of good talent, fell short of competition honours. The general weakness appears to be in bowling. Some fine scoring efforts were made, but failure to dismiss opponents for a reasonable total has in some instances led to our downfall.

J. Neilson and "George" Washington are promising batsmen, and both have represented Combined High Schools in important engagements.

With the idea of working some improvement in our game, we have secured a second turf wicket, so that all four of our competition teams have the advantage of practising and playing their matches on the turf. Under the careful coaching of our team managers, Messrs. Simpson, Outten, Burtenshaw and Went, we hope for improvement in this sphere of our activities.

Class cricket has gone ahead with great strides. No fewer than 27 class teams take part in class competitions, and eight of these belong to 1st year. This means the provision of fifteen concrete wickets and about £50 worth of cricket bats, besides other necessary material; but the School Union has managed to provide the necessary finance, and we welcome the renewed interest in the game.

TENNIS.

Tennis, as one would expect, has developed into a winter sport; but in this season of the year there is certainly no dearth of players. Between 35 and 40 courts are hired each Wednesday afternoon, and upwards of 300 boys participate.

Class tennis is in the capable hands of Mr. Fitzpatrick, and the boys have him to thank for

the efficient management which makes their games so enjoyable.

Mr. Dunne's four teams acquitted themselves very creditably in competition matches. His knowledge of the game and keen interest in their play is largely responsible for their good results.

The 2nd grade team won premiership honours, while each of the other teams secured third position.

F. McCarthy won the open championship of the School, which carries the Anderson Cup.

Peter Jones was defeated only after a long struggle in the school championship, and also did well in schoolboy championships conducted by the N.S.W.L.T.A.

SWIMMING.

At our 46th Annual Carnival at Drummoyne Baths there was keen rivalry between N. Lock, the winner of the Senior Championship, and D. Pratt, the runner-up.

The Junior Cup was won by L. Layton, with R. Robertson in second place.

In the Under 14 Championship, W. Smith was the best performer, with W. Badge a close second.

N. Erickson showed considerable promise as an exponent of the breast stroke, and succeeded in winning both the junior and senior divisions.

The under 14 breast stroke was won by A. Jones, and the open diving championship by R. Arthur.

Our senior team did well to fill third place at the Combined High Schools' Carnival, Lock, Pratt and Chambers being the best of our representatives.

In the water polo competition, our team had an unbeaten record. In the eight matches played they scored 64 goals, while only 4 goals were scored against them. The School now holds the Shaw Cup.

Mr. Rose is still the organiser of our Annual Swimming Carnival and the coach of the water polo team. His enthusiasm and careful management have contributed largely to our successes in these activities.

At the beginning of the school year we enrolled 64 new boys who were unable to swim; of these 56 managed to pass out of the learners' class, leaving 8 boys who will receive special attention from our instructors, Messrs. Waterer and Humphries, towards the end of the year.

ATHLETICS.

The Annual Carnival was held at Petersham Oval in the last week of July, and from the point of view of athletics, the results were most encouraging. R. Crowe won the senior championship, while three boys—E. Millar, N. Feletti and C. Carter—tied for second place.

Keith Lawson had no difficulty in winning the junior championship, with J. Glen as runner-up.

W. Miles was best in the under 14 division, with H. Hearne a close second.

At the Combined High Schools' Carnival our representatives, J. Berry, R. Crowe, C. Carter and C. Arnold did well to win fourth place. We were narrowly beaten for the Junior Shield. K. Lawson, J. Glen, G. Goswell, K. Campbell, C. Logan and N. Saul were all successful in scoring points for their team. In the under 14 events H. Hearne, W. Miles, W. Smith, N. Cochrane and G. Young all performed successfully.

The outstanding athlete is Keith Lawson, who gained two 1st places and two 2nds at the C.H.S. Carnival, and won the State Schoolboys' Championships for 100 yards, 220 yards, and broad jump for boys under 15.

Mr. Worth is the School's athletic expert. He is responsible for the organisation of the Annual Carnival and for the preparation of competition teams. His ability and enthusiasm have worked considerable improvement in this branch of School sport.

While speaking of carnivals, there are two matters that require mention: First, the provision of trophies for competition in the various divisions. A number of excellent prizes are presented by appreciative people for competition in swimming, but the whole of the athletics trophies are at present a charge upon the School Union. Here is an opportunity for old boys and parents to show in a practical way their appreciation for the work the School is doing. It seems rather strange that those trophies which are presented come from ladies and gentlemen who have no direct interest in the School. Men like Mr.

Hannan, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Taylor recognise the importance of what we are doing for the community, and their response is most generous. We thank them.

ATTENDANCE AT CARNIVALS.

The School holds two Carnivals each year. The Swimming Carnival in late February or early March, and the Athletic Carnival at the end of July or in August. Surely it is not too much to ask of parents that they should show sufficient interest in their boys and in the school to make a point of attending one or both of these events.

PRIZE LIST.

- D. Washington: Blue (Cricket).
- P. Jones: Blue (Tennis).
- N. Lock: Blue (Water Polo and Swimming). Senior Swimming Cup.
- D. Pratt: Blue (Water Polo and Swimming). Kerr Cup, 2nd, Senior Swimming.
- P. Schmidt: Blue (Water Polo).
- G. Cockburn: Blue (Water Polo).
- L. Terry: Blue (Water Polo).
- J. Wilson: Blue (Water Polo).
- L. Layton: Hannan Cup. Junior Swimming Championship.
- R. Robertson: 2nd, Junior Swimming Championship.
- W. Smith: Taylor Cup, Under 14 Swimming Championship.
- W. Badge: 2nd, Under 14 Swimming Championship.
- N. Erickson: Junior and Senior Breaststroke Championship.
- R. Arthur: Diving Championship.
- R. Crowe: Senior Athletic Championship.
- E. Millar, N. Feletti, C. Carter: 2nd, Senior Athletics.
- K. Lawson: Junior Athletic Championship.
- J. Glen: 2nd, Junior Athletic Championship.
- W. Miles: Under 14 Athletic Championship.
- H. Hearne: 2nd, Under 14 Athletic Championship.
- P. McCarthy: Anderson Cup (Tennis).

LAZY WILLIE.

Oh! Willie is a lazy boy,
 A "Sleepy Head" is he;
 "Wake up!" his little sister cries,
 "Wake up and talk to me."

The birds are singing in the trees,
 The sun is shining bright.
 But sleepy Willie slumbers on,
 As though it yet were night.

RUTHERFORD, 1A.

THE TERM DANCE.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; so it is well, now and then, to close our books and meet in the hall in a social kind of way. Such gatherings bind us more closely to the School. Here we get to know our friends, our masters, and our friends' friends better. And all this strengthens the corporate life of the School.

For these reasons, then, on Wednesday, 16th June, the Union arranged the term dance, which proved to be both a "social and financial success." It would be hazardous to attempt to mention personally all those who helped to make it so, for fear of omitting some assiduous worker, but our thanks are especially due to Messrs. Stanley and Burgin, to Jack Appleby, our Captain, and to Jeff Olding, the treasurer of the dance, and last, but, indeed, in no wise least, the Ladies' Committee, for the competent preparation and service of an excellent supper.

Mr. Waterer filled the important post of M.C.,

and carried out his duties admirably. As stated on the tickets, the music was good, indeed excellent, and for this we are indebted to Jeff Olding. We shall not ask him whence he obtained the orchestra, but it was indeed good of him to get one with such a highly decorated drum. It satisfied the artistic tastes of the most barbarous amongst us.

I feel sure that all who were present enjoyed themselves very much. But it is a pity that there were not more there to share this enjoyment. Although Fifth and Fourth Years were well represented, it would have been gratifying to have seen a greater number of pupils there from other years. These will have another chance soon, for already there are rumours of another dance, so be on the look-out.

I am sure that I speak for all when I say "Thank you very much" to the committees, boys and parents who worked so hard to give us an excellent night's entertainment.

W. GRANT, 5B.

"OUR SCHOOL REPORTER."

What is a school without an organ for stimulating pupils' interest in their fellows; a means of inspiring the fire of the School patriotism into the hearts of its members. Here we are fortunate in having a weekly journal which reports all School activities.

"Our School Reporter," as the weekly sheet is called, tells us all the intimate and amusing incidents of our school life, and helps to bridge the gulf between juniors and seniors, masters and boys. It relates the activities of the School on the field of sport, praising or encouraging where it thinks necessary.

The "Reporter" does not take the place of

the "Fortian," the School's half-yearly magazine; nor is it intended to do so. Its aim is solely to report on the day to day incidents of school life.

To Mr. Short, the Editor, the thanks of the School are due. He gives up his Wednesday evenings to the work of drafting the paper, Thursdays to the task of publishing and distributing it, and the rest of the week seeking copy.

Now all of you who so eagerly await this bulletin of news on Thursday mornings, please give it your financial support, and so relieve the Editor of worrying where the next tube of ink is to come from.

J. OLDING.

FISH YARN.

IN a little place at the mouth of one of the North Coast rivers I met Mr. Samuel Cheers, spherical in shape and of genial personality. By supplying the town with fish, he had made money enough to retire in a neat little home of his own, where his only companion, when I knew him, was his pipe. When I went out late in the mornings, I would stop and lean on his green-painted fence for a chat as he potted about with some trifle or other, which allowed him plenty of scope for talk.

Chatting with strangers is a fascinating diversion, especially when it is about their past—authentic, or otherwise. At all events, the reminiscences of Sam Cheers, fisherman, are interesting enough, in their way.

Whatever opposition they may have had in the fish trade, Sam and his partner were never troubled financially. They owned a small launch, in which they would slip up the river to a point where fish were in profusion. This was in the small hours of the morning, and in very little time they were back with enough fish for the village, and more for a township, ten miles inland. Business was good, and there wasn't a great deal of exertion required, either—not the way they went about it. Captain Cheers believed in working fast, and no bother with nets. He would wait for the signs of a shoal, then, with the first splashes of the fish as they leaped and fell, he would toss in a small charge of explosive, thus "blowing up" as many fish as he wanted, in less than no time.

The law did not approve of this; but things of that kind could not be expected to trouble Sam Cheers, or, for that matter, anybody else in the district. If the law thought it best to catch fish in nets only, that was their affair. "Blowing 'em up" seemed ever so much easier to anyone with common sense.

But nothing is perfect in this life of ours. The most tranquil of conditions must be interrupted by some unsettling nuisance, and the hand of authority is one of the chief offenders.

In a small township a police sergeant is a personage. The appointment of a new one is an event. When Sergeant Turley arrived, he was received with outstretched arms, for he was something new, to be discussed over "pints" or tea-

cups. However, he soon became regarded as a dark invader, a threatening cloud on the landscape. He wanted change. He wanted to disturb the old order of things and reform everything at hand, like a pompous and officious tyrant.

It was not extraordinary, then, that the zealous Turley heard rumours about illicit fishing. Now THIS was something that simply could NOT go on. He must stop the crime. And forthwith he announced his intention of doing so. The news was not long in spreading. Captain Cheers received it from his right-hand man, Bill Oliver, over a glass of beer in the local saloon.

"So we'll be using nets from now on, I s'pose," concluded the dismal Oliver, the length of whose features was truly remarkable.

Sam's contented grin had not changed.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Well, you can't go on blowin' 'em up with that blighted police officer after us."

"Can't I, though?" remarked the other, cheerfully, drawing at his pipe. "What difference is 'e going to make, anyhow?"

Bill Oliver looked longer than ever.

"Well, it WILL make a difference," he said. "I don't like startling you, but it so happens that this Turley feller is going to open his campaign against us in the morning."

"Well now, I am startled—indeed I am," was the reply (though he didn't look it), "but the sergeant is quite welcome, my friend, quite welcome. Nevertheless, we won't waste time setting lines; we will get our fish in the usual way."

"Joking's all right," growled the other, "but this is the end of our little game, that's all. I KNEW it was too good to last."

"I mean what I say, though," said Sam. "Look here; I'm willing to risk thirty bob we get the catch in the usual way to-morrow, Turley or no Turley. In fact, I don't care if he comes in the boat."

Bill Oliver gaped. "There's my money," he said.

\$ \$ \$

Captain Sam Cheers and his partner were ready, early in the morning, when Sergeant Turley stepped up to the landing. He was not, yet quite clear as to how he would act, but first, he would make sure they were taking nets with them. He soon saw his line of action, however,

when Cheers quite unexpectedly greeted him with an offer of a trip in the launch. He was rather taken aback by this invitation.

"Well, if you'll step aboard, sergeant, we'll be off," said Cheers, out of the side of his mouth. (The other side was occupied with puffing at his pipe.)

As the launch glided up stream, the sergeant looked stern, trying to give the impression that he understood all that went on around him. When spoken to, he replied with sharp, intimidating sentences. Sam Cheers, however, seemed unaware of the presence of authority. He was as breezy as the stiff wind that came up from the sea.

"An early morning trip like this is good for the 'ealth, you know, sarge," remarked the boatman, who persisted in addressing the officer as "sarge," though the latter evidently loathed it.

As they lounged in the stern-sheets, the breeze caught large puffs of Sam's pipe smoke and wafted it into the face of the sergeant, who signified his disapproval with frequent sniffs and coughs. His companion remained as airy and intimate as ever.

Bill Oliver looked on triumphantly. The thirty bob were as good as his.

The launch slowed down in deep water. Sam removed the pipe from his mouth, yawned and made for the cabin. Relieved, the sergeant turned his attention to Bill Oliver as he prepared the

nets. Turley's face wore a disgusting smirk. The man did not seem to be enjoying himself; and that gave him satisfaction. He had them under his thumb. After this there would be no more rumours about illicit "fishing."

With his pipe in his hand, and with something else, Sam Cheers emerged from the cabin. He was grinning.

"Just hold that a moment, will you, sarge?" he said casually, and thrust something into the policeman's hand, and even while Turley looked at it with sudden realisation and triumph, Cheers bellowed at him:—

"You great fool! Throw it overboard—quick! Or you'll blow your stupid 'ead off, and the side of the boat, too!"

Turley's triumph changed to horror. The thing was just about to go off. With a horrified little thrust, he sent the charge spinning out into the water. There was a splash, a dull explosion, and water shot in a spray, high into the air.

§ § §

Sergeant Turley was still struggling to contain his feelings when the launch reached the landing.

"It's all right, sarge," Sam was saying. "We'll let the whole thing drop."

"We won't let on you helped us blow 'em up. We'll tell everybody we caught 'em with the nets."

"Here, take your choice. What will you have? Nothing? Well, just as you like. But we didn't mean to charge you for 'em, you know!"

J.J.B., 5D.

NATURE'S MIRROR.

It was a very hot day, one of those days when the heat shimmers up from the surface of the road, and your eyelids become heavy, and your vision blurred, until you want to close your eyes, and sink down to rest in some shady nook.

I looked longingly into the cool, shady forest on my right, not more than a hundred yards off. I could hear the trickle of some hidden woodland stream; the twittering of small birds echoed through the trees, and I suddenly realised that I had turned aside from the dusty highway, and was wending my way through the cool shade of deep green foliage.

Suddenly a small glade, carpeted with moss and bracken, opened out before my eyes. In the centre of the glade was a still and crystal-clear

pool. I hurried forward, and lying full length on the moss-covered banks to drink, gazed into its depths. The scene which met my eyes would have given fitting inspiration to Shelley or Keats, and it is beyond the power of my poor pen to describe it clearly. All the beauty of nature lay before me, her delicate patterns of fernery, mossy banks, the tall and stately gums, here and there a dash of vivid colour from some seasonable wild flower, while the blue, misty mountain ranges formed a fitting background,—here indeed was nature's mirror.

I turned away to continue my journey, sad, yet happy, and carrying with me a memory which I shall always cherish,—the memory of nature's mirror.

P. AUSTIN, 4D.

AIRLINE INTERLUDE.

THE giant Junkers Diesel transport sped through the darkness on its way south, its two great 2000 h.p. engines thundering their full-throated defiance to the elements. The pilot, Ray Wilson, in his electrically heated control cabin, smiled. He was thinking, as the plane hurtled across the sky at two hundred and eighty miles per hour, of the words spoken to him by the director of "Airlines of Australia," when he had commenced his work as pilot of this Brisbane-Sydney night airmail nine months ago. The director had said: "Remember, Wilson, the lives and safety of the passengers and mail in the planes depend upon your skill and initiative; I'm sure they are in capable hands; good luck and 'happy landings.'"

"Skill and initiative" were needed little in these days of radio beam stations, fast, high flying machines, and numerous safety devices. And as for the passengers; there were only four to-night, all business men, and—he smiled again—they were not worried about skill and initiative; they were playing bridge!

A vital feeling of confidence possessed him, and pursing his mouth in a soundless whistle, he glanced through the cabin windows. For a minute the sight of stars conveyed nothing to his mind, and then their import sent a surging feeling of realisation through him. He was over the sea! A swift glance at the altimeter confirmed his worst fears. The weather report at Brisbane had given warning of a "strong north-easterly wind below three thousand feet," and he was flying at eighteen hundred. The wind had blown him out to sea.

As he set the machine climbing upwards out of the windy region, he picked up his microphone and switched on the radio, but no reassuring sound came to his ears. He was off the beam. That meant at least twenty miles from land.

His face now tensed, the pilot began to call "VH—UZZ calling Mascot, VH—UZZ calling Mascot, have drifted off beam, please give radio compass bearing, standing by." Switching over to "receive," Wilson listened intently, then some of the tenseness left his face as he heard a familiar



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FLANNEL CRICKET CAPS WITH CRESTS.

These smart Flannel Cricket Caps have the School Crest embroidered in front. Made with unbreakable peaks. Sizes 6½ to 7. Price, 3/11 each.

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4'3

ANTHONY HORDERNS'

voice ringing in his ears, "Mascot calling Wilson in VH-UZZ, Mascot calling—" Then came disaster; with a spluttering cough the starboard engine of the liner staggered, recovered, and then stopped, the plane lurched violently, the microphone spun from the airman's hand, and fell, with a crash of broken glass, into the radio cabinet.

A look of despair came over Wilson's face, and the clammy hand of Death was clutching at his heart as the giant plane, like a wounded bird, began to circle slowly downwards.

He was lost in the darkness of the Pacific night, the radio, his only contact with the outside world, was smashed beyond repair, the passengers, he knew, were frightened by the violent bump, and the Junkers was sinking slowly towards the sea.

§ § §

Meanwhile, at Mascot, an anxious radio operator was shouting into his microphone: "Mascot calling Wilson,—calling VH-UZZ, why don't you answer?"

Finally, his youngish face aged by its strained expression, the operator reached for his telephone and spoke unsteadily into it: "Control station please." Then "Is that you, Jim? Fred here. Wilson has lost contact; he was over the sea, but then he cut out suddenly. Will you send out some planes to guide him in? Either his radio has conked, or else—" The sentence remained unfinished, but within half an hour six sleek fast light machines had sped away into the darkness over the ocean.

§ § §

At 2FC the announcer interrupted the dance programme with: "Will any person who saw or heard the Junkers airliner VH-UZZ pass near his home within the last hour please telephone the nearest airport. I will repeat that . . ." But the call was useless. None on the south side of the Queensland border had seen the plane, and Wilson had himself reported his passing of the Tweed Heads beacon.

§ § §

But out over the ocean Ray Wilson was working frenziedly at the starting mechanism, with

his eyes fixed on the dull mass of the engine. Beads of perspiration stood out on his brow as the altimeter needle fell below six hundred, and the gently rolling waters of the ocean seemed ready to engulf him. Suddenly the motor began to turn over, and then roared into vibrant life, but no expression of relief passed across the face of the man in the cabin as the Junkers slowly righted itself. He was staring, mouth agape, at a strange blue luminous shape that was sweeping down out of the night towards him. Suddenly he sprang into action, dragging at the throttle lever, he flogged the labouring motors to their full capacity, and sent the unwieldy liner screaming upwards, as the strange shape flashed beneath him; then, as he steadied his craft, the Thing came at him again; it seemed to have sprung out of nowhere, and was diving straight at his right wing, but as he braced his jangled nerves for the crash that seemed inevitable, the Thing melted away, to appear again a second later a hundred yards ahead of the roaring Junkers.

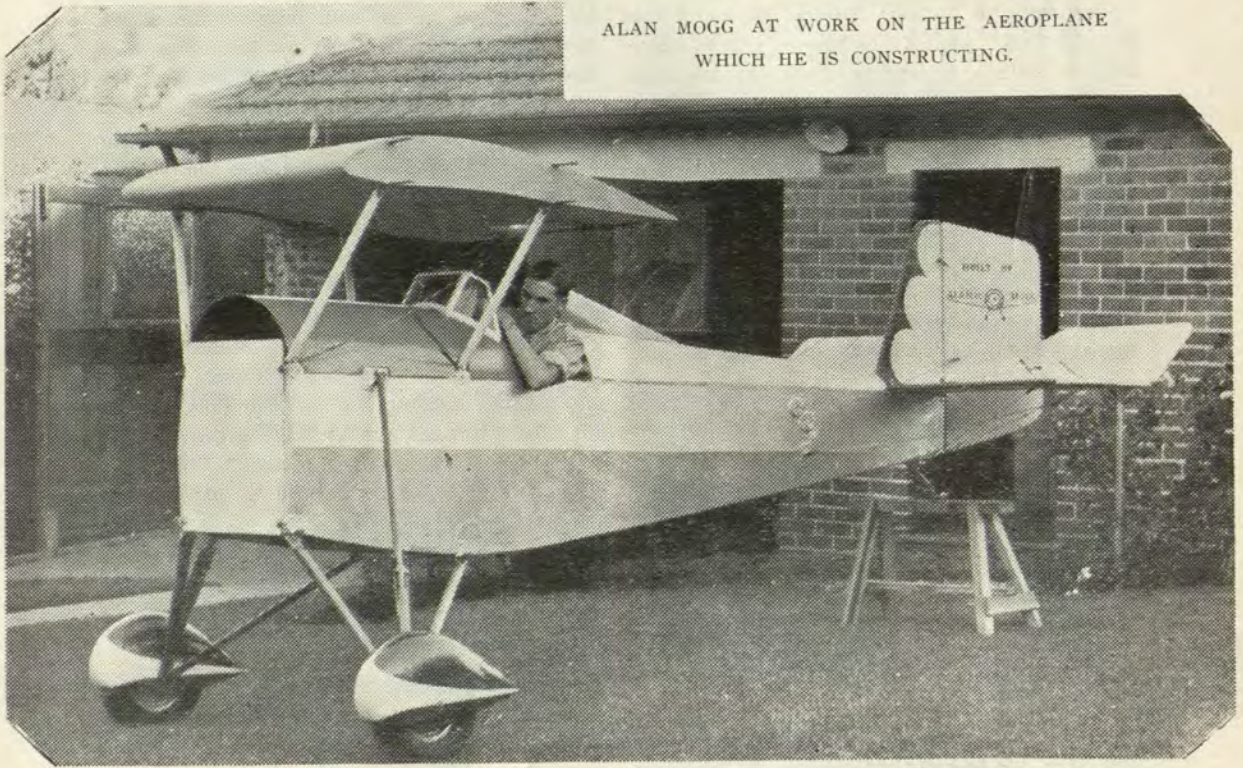
In the passenger compartment the Junkers travellers were sprawled in a tossing, milling heap at the end of the passageway, where they had been tossed during the crazy manoeuvres of a moment ago.

Wilson, now more calm, was studying the Thing. It was a large three-motored, low-wing airliner, outlined with a queer blue radiance, and rimmed with weird coloured lights that shimmered and flickered on its wide wings and short, thick fuselage, but on its broad blue side were written in letters of crimson flame, "VH-UHH."

Like a sword-thrust, realisation stabbed through Wilson's brain. "VH-UHH"—that was the number of the Stinson that had crashed on the Lamington Plateau but eighteen months ago." But the Stinson was speeding onwards, and the fiery letters on its side seemed to beckon him onwards. Mechanically, Ray moved his controls to follow its receding shape . . . For twenty minutes they flew thus, the mighty Junkers and its ghostly consort; then the lights of Newcastle passed far beneath them, and Wilson gazed downwards in thankfulness. Then he looked again for the spectre ship; but the Stinson had vanished.

WONG.

ALAN MOGG AT WORK ON THE AEROPLANE
WHICH HE IS CONSTRUCTING.



By courtesy of the "Herald."

OUR AVIATOR.

It is with a great deal of pride that we regard the masterful achievements of our Fifth Year colleague, Alan Mogg, in whose work we have found the expression of that which has made the School's immortal fame, namely, the pursuit of an ideal, which essentially demands courage and perseverance, as well as a high degree of technical skill.

A visit to his home in Ashfield left me with a feeling of reverence for his genius, and amazement that a lad of sixteen could produce work which ranks with the best achievement of the professional builder of aircraft.

One might well ask how Alan Mogg gained the skill which has been revealed in the building of his aeroplane. The answer is forthcoming when one inspects the magnificent model planes which won him some of the highest trophies in competitive exhibitions, and also in the fact that he has gained a first-hand knowledge of aircraft construction in the aircraft workshops.

"The heights by great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight, but they while their companions slept were upwards toiling in the night." This quotation particularly applies to Alan, who works out many of his details after he has completed his night's homework.

Fourteen months of poring over plans and designing details in construction, whole vacations spent in the workshops, and the responsibility of purchasing from America and elsewhere the best of materials available, make one realise the task which the builder has successfully undertaken.

A notable feature in the plane is the excellence of finish and the precision in working out each and every portion. The plane is driven by a sixty horse-power, air-cooled engine of nine cylinders. Cream and red colour the fuselage, colours which, by the way, resemble those of our School, while a background of silver gives a bright note.

One important impression we gain from the early work of this young aviator. He has gone from strength to strength, having pursued his ambition relentlessly.

In twelve months we hope to see his monoplane in the air, carrying its builder above our city, and it is then that we shall feel the reward in the success of our schoolfellow. Looking down at

our School, we feel he shall recall vivid memories, and no doubt he will think of his successors sipping at "the fount of knowledge," and wish them success.

Our united wish is that his plane shall conquer the air, and safely bear its builder, and we feel sure that this work is just the beginning of something better and still greater in the future.

F.J.W.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

THIS movement, which is affiliated with the C.S.S.M. (Children's Special Service Mission) and the Scripture Union, has now been in this School for nearly two years.

The Fellowship endeavours first to teach boys to know and have the real joy and happiness of a life which has taken in the Spirit of Christ, and secondly to help the Christians of this School to live the highest life, and, as our name implies, to bring these together in a real bond of fellowship.

At present there are in the group about twenty-eight members. This is rather less than the forty or more who used to attend last year; but this fact is easily explicable when we consider that then there were twenty-five or more Third Year boys attending, of whom quite a large number have now left the School.

At Easter a few boys represented Fort Street I.S.C.F. at a C.S.S.M. camp at Narrabeen, where, it was agreed by all, an excellent holiday was spent.

On Coronation Day we held our own hike in the Berowra district, and though our number was small, we all enjoyed ourselves immensely,

and are looking forward to having something of a similar nature in the near future.

The movement is absolutely undenominational, and is run by the boys themselves, under the patronage of Mr. Porter, who every second Thursday has, by invitation, given us a series of very interesting talks.

We cannot over-emphasise the fact that a life without the guiding Spirit of Christ is utterly baseless, use'less, and empty. Those of us who are Christians know this fact from our own lives—know how God guides and helps those who trust Him in every sphere—in their homes, in their friendships, and in their work—and so we are earnestly doing our best to show this truth to boys of this School.

We most cordially invite any boy in the School to come along to our meetings. For all particulars of the Fellowship, get in touch with any of the members, who are scattered throughout Second, Third and Fourth Years, or Freeburn, 3A, Hazlewood, 3D, or Lunney or Stewart, of 4D, and don't forget to "Come along and go with us."

D. STEWART, 4D.

WONDERING.

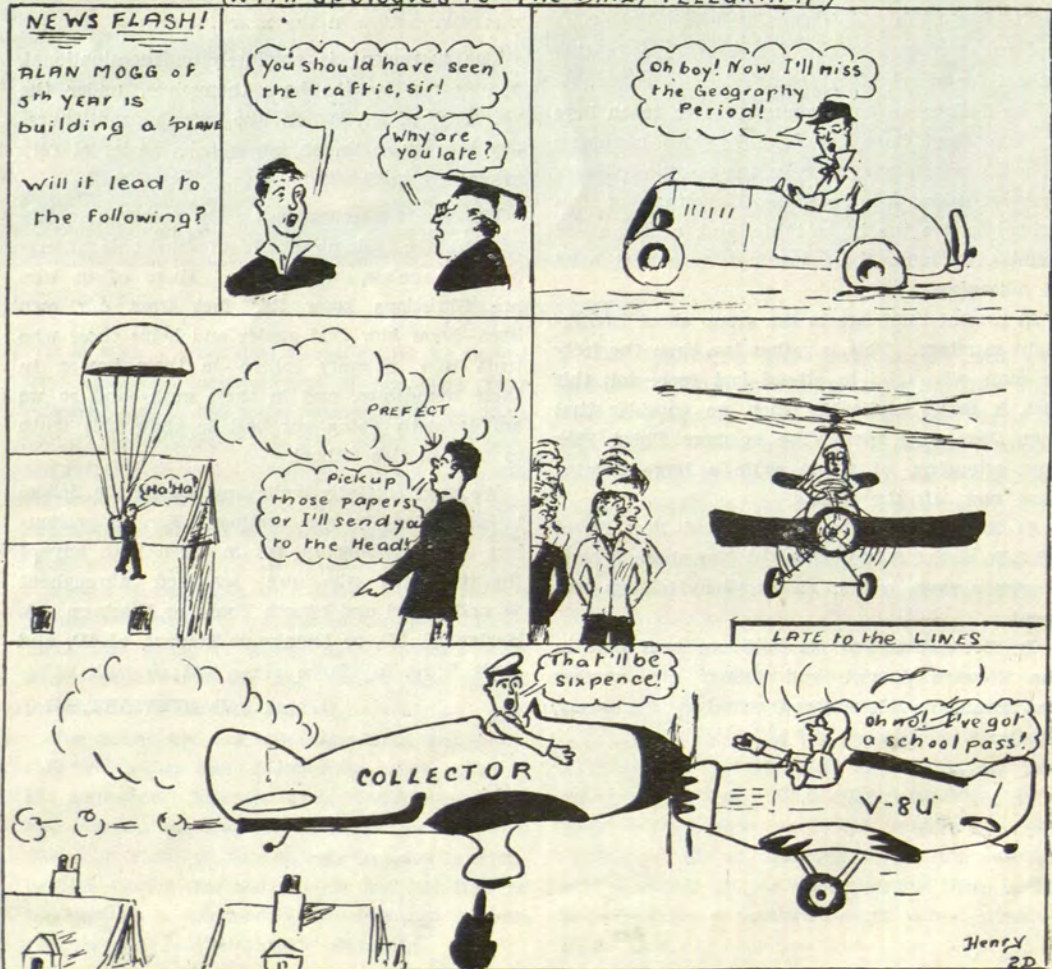
Beyond the blue horizon,
 I wonder who is there,
 I wonder who the people are,
 I wonder how they fare.

I wonder if they're Indians
 Of large hostile war tribes,
 Who feast and fight alternately,
 Or trade for goods with bribes.

Perhaps there is a quiet race,
 Who plough the land and sow,
 And put their trust in Nature,
 Who makes the grain to grow.

A. BROWN, 1D.

(With apologies to the 'DAILY TELEGRAPH')



A QUIET STREET.

Middlesex Street, London, E.C., on an ordinary week-day—tall stone buildings, begrimed by the dirt of years, a peaceful Jewish Synagogue, with a small school nearby, one or two not-too-clean Jewish bakers, a "Kosher" butcher, and several shops displaying the sign—three gold balls—of the Jewish national profession.

A very quiet street,—the only sounds breaking the stillness, the rumble of an occasional cart, or those proceeding from a group of young boys, all of obvious Semetic origin, grouped around a junk-dealer's cart, fitting innumerable keys into the likewise innumerable padlocks heaped thereon, and the occasional cry of triumph as one of the keys reluctantly opens some lock,—right in the heart of London. Busy workaday London.

Not far away are the teeming thousands of the fish market, and that grim edifice, the Tower of London.

Middlesex Street, London, again—this time on a Sunday.

Now entirely changed, and resplendent in the new name of "Petticoat Lane," where one's watch is proverbially stolen at one end of the street, and brazenly sold back to one "cheap" at the other.

Here one sees a hooked nosed, oily-skinned individual, in boxing rig, contorting his abdomen

in some mysterious fashion, making it look like the washboard on the adjoining stall, the while the proprietor of the stall invites the world at large to step up and see what "So-and-So's super chest developers did for this man," and offering them to the onlookers at the "sacrificed" price of 10/6! with a book of instructions, a picture of Don Athaldo, and some literature advertising same, absolutely free!

Here one sees a greasy vested person, standing on a rickety chair, extolling the virtues of a very "kitchen fatty" shaving soap, in a dirty yellow wrapper, "a soap, salve, and soothing cream in one."

There are second-hand clothes stalls by the dozen, stalls selling musical instruments of all vintages, and many others, among them; by no means the least the "shockalolli" stalls, selling pickled gherkins, garlick, and other articles pleasing to the Hebrew palate, including that commodity which has made the street famous the whole world over, stewed eels! What a motley crowd! You say, Where have they come from? Where will they be to-morrow?

London alone can answer this question, and her streets and edifices remain for ever silent.

WARING, 3D.

NIGHT.

An atmosphere of peace, rest and quiet prevails; sounds are muffled; men, dark against the moon, slip silently along footpaths; dogs slink, grotesque and unreal, like coyotes on the snow plains of the north, while the moonlight plays queer tricks with their shadows.

The moon itself, soft, silver, romantic, sheds its light in velvety rays, silhouetting houses and trees in clear, cool shapes.

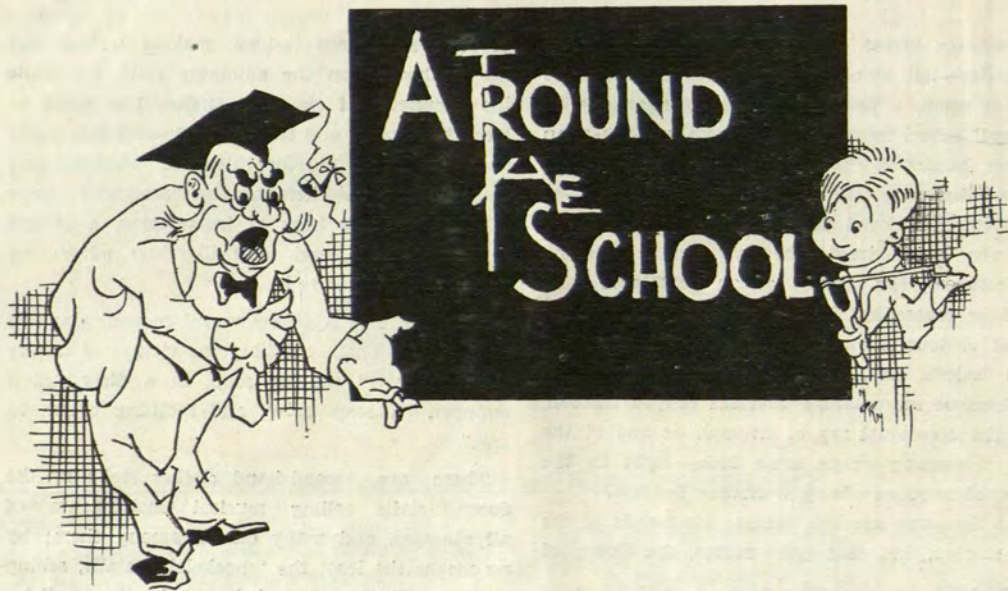
Houses, with beams of golden light glinting through windows, and faint sounds, in some cases of revelry, coming muffled through drawn curtains, lends to the crisp air a subtle charm not to be found at any other time but this. Sometimes a car will come, headlights gleaming, engine

purring, in bitter contrast to the peace of a minute before. But it goes, quickly dying away, taking with it its irreverent noise, to leave this little street quiet again.

Now the lights go out, the moon sinks into the west, and a dark, brooding quiet creeps over all the land. No sound is heard save the rustle of the wind in the trees; everyone is asleep.

But time passes. Soon, very soon it seems, the eastern sky turns to a lighter grey, cocks begin to crow, birds to sing, and then comes dawn, rising majestically through pale yellows and gold to crown the rising sun. With its coming we lose the quietness of night, for yet another bright and noisy day.

X., 3D.



This book on the Great Barrier Reef was written by a friend of mine, one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

§ § §

Maths. Master: We will now do some easier "harder simple equations."

§ § §

History Master (wrathfully): "You're not fit to sit beside decent people. Come out and stand beside me."

§ § §

Master, to youth lolling in his seat and chewing a sweet: "Take that sweet from your mouth, and put your feet in."

§ § §

From 3D "Stinks" class. Teacher, addressing boys on manufacture of warm water: "Now, boys, there'll be no need for you to worry about the water, I'll take some myself and heat it up."

§ § §

We have been told by a member of the staff that the devil uses a tripod—not a trident, as is generally believed. Perhaps he was referring to someone in the Science Dept.

In 4th Year English. Teacher: "Just imagine a man on the stage dressed as Adam!" Class: "Why not Eve, sir?"

§ § §

In 4th Year Maths. class: Now, boys, we shall look for the absentees who are not here.

§ § §

French scholar (reading translation): "This dead man left very good remains."

§ § §

Algebra Teacher: "And so we find that x is equal to zero." Student: "All that work for nothing."

§ § §

Heard on the front verandah: "Sick, eh! What class?" "4C." "Well, couldn't you foresee this?"

§ § §

Plenty of paint about lately; not only on the school, hall and gates, but also on the "hearse."

§ § §

In the Tuck Shop. Two geography students, to assistant prefect, also a geography student: "We want Turkey served in Greece." "Sorry, I can't Serbia!" "Then go and fetch the Bosphorus!" they demanded. "I won't, and I don't want to Russia, but you can't Rumania." "Well, it means that you are sending us away Hungary," retorted the two, as they withdrew.

In the history class. Master: "Now Arius—that's not a Latinised form of 'airy.'"

Chemistry Master: "Can anyone tell me what a hydrate is?" Bright Boy: "Do you mean a fire hydrate, sir?"

MOUNT'S MALADY.

THE "Black Cat Cafe" stood opposite the tall building of John Crayne and Co., printers. Its large windows were neatly decorated with horizontal and perpendicular black lines and two big black paper cats.

To Christie, as he made his way across the road from Crayne's, the whole interior of the cafe was visible. Every movement could be seen through the black-squared markings on the windows, and yet, not a sound penetrated the glass. It seemed strange to see people so clearly and yet not hear them, or even the clattering of crockery. He thought the glass must be unusually thick; then he was reminded of more pressing matters at sight of the middle-aged man of Scotch appearance who sat close to the window. This person had been expecting Christie, for his hard face showed recognition of the young head clerk from Crayne's.

Christie shivered a little; then nervously walked in and sat down opposite the Scotsman.

§ § §

That day, another employee of John Crayne's watched the soundless movements in the cafe, while, in his pocket, his hand grasped his pay envelope—probably the last for some time. He had been discharged.

This was Robert Mount, the grey-haired watchman. His eyes were ever watchful from below the turned-up rim of his hat. Staring through the window, he was conscious of bitterness, not against those who had discharged him, but against fate, for the mean trick by which it had rendered him inefficient in his work.

Suddenly his restless glance found young Christie and his companion. Here was just one more of those he would probably never see again. Mount liked the friendly head clerk, whose manner was always unassuming and sympathetic. Now, however, his face seemed nervous with anxiety, and something in the expression com-

pelled Mount to glance at the stranger and wonder what their conversation could be.

§ § §

Across the road, the general manager of Crayne's was explaining to one of the directors—Major Crayne.

"I've dismissed our watchman, Mount. I didn't like doing it, but he had to go; especially since we've installed so much valuable machinery. He's deaf, you know. I've tested him myself. I suppose he can act as if he hears because he knows the place so well. He's been with us for years. That's mainly why I haven't dismissed him before.

But, as Christie points out, we can't take any chances with deaf watchmen. That new lithographic plant cost more than we can afford to throw away. Christie has appointed a new watchman to begin to-night."

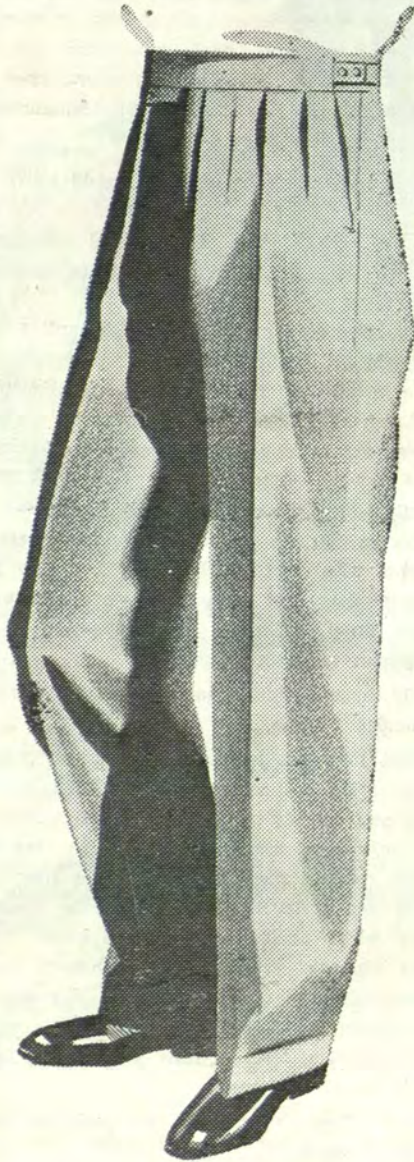
"By the way, Stokes, where is young Christie?" demanded Crayne.

"Just now he's having a late lunch," was the reply. "He has so much to do lately that he even neglects his meals. I hate to think what I'd do without him. He attends to everything. Which reminds me. I hope Christie hasn't forgotten my instructions to renew the insurance policy, which expires to-day. You know, if anything happened to ruin that machinery, and we failed to collect the insurance, the company could never stand the loss. And what's more, I could mention certain firms who would like to see it out of the way."

Major Crayne's features now registered something of alarm.

"Do you mean to tell me, Stokes, that you are treating this urgent matter so casually as to say you **hope** Christie hasn't forgotten to renew the policy? Haven't you made sure of it personally?"

"Really, Major," the manager was slightly nettled, "if you knew Christie as I do, you would have no cause whatever for anxiety. As I said



YOUNG MEN'S FAVOURITES

SLACKS

OF GREY WORSTED

They give you plenty of freedom in action, yet they're cut so well that they won't get out of shape after a hard day's wear. Made from sturdy worsteds, with modern features:

- PLEATED FRONTS
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- FIT 12 TO 15 YEARS

FOR **17/6** PAIR

EXPERT DRY CLEANING

Modern Machinery Efficient Service
Suits Dry Cleaned, 4/6; Blazers and
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One-day service if left before 9.30 a.m.

DAVID JONES

THERE'S BOYS' WEAR AT GEORGE STREET STORE, opp. G.P.O.,
as well as Castlereagh Street Store.

before, I trust him entirely. I merely mentioned the insurance as it occurred to me—no doubt he has attended to it long ago."

"Well, after all, Stokes, you can't blame me for being too careful. Only this moment you admitted that the loss of the new plant would absolutely ruin us."

Then, from the doorway, Stokes was informed that Mount was outside. The watchman entered the office, hat in hand, glancing about him sharply.

"I haven't come to complain," he announced unemotionally. "I merely thought I might perform a last service before leaving. The fact is, I've just come from the restaurant opposite. Your clerk, Christie, is lunching there with a friend—a friend of his, but an enemy of the firm's. I'm afraid I must confess I've been eavesdropping, but I believe their conversation will be most interesting to you."

The eyes of the manager and Major Crayne met. The former was clearly incredulous; Crayne was simply bewildered—uncertain what to think.

"You mean you've heard something that may interest us?"

Mount kept his eyes on the two men.

"That's why I'm here," he said. "You see, Christie's friend happens to be employed by Stone and Davis, a firm which I understand to be one of your rivals. Their talk made it clear that, between them, they intend to destroy the machinery for the new process, which seems to be harmful to Stone and Davis. Of course, Christie is to be well paid for his co-operation in burning down the whole building——"

"But this is impossible!" interrupted the manager. "I can understand why this firm should want to destroy our plant, because we have the sole rights for this country, but surely Christie couldn't be guilty of such madness when he knows that we are so heavily insured. Anyway, I can't see how you possibly heard all this. It's fantastic!"

Mount seemed to relax. His good-natured mouth formed a smile, and he said: "Have you thought, Mr. Stokes, why these Stone and Davis people have chosen Mr. Christie? I can tell you why. Christie has charge of renewing the

insurance policy—doubtless you know that—which, from what I heard, expired at mid-day, so this building is not, at present, insured. It may surprise you that your head clerk has neglected his duty for once. Anyhow, they both seem convinced that this piece of thoughtlessness will entirely ruin Crayne and Co.

"I was also surprised to hear that they consider my dismissal very opportune. In fact, Christie has installed a friend of his in the position."

Stokes was uncertain. "But surely they didn't speak loudly enough to be heard by others in the restaurant."

"Nevertheless," came the reply, "I managed to hear where others might have failed."

"So, Stokes, this is the result of your implicit trust in our friend Christie!" came from the indignant major.

The manager considered for some time, then seemed to come to a decision. "You can go now, Mount," he said. "I'll look into this. If you're right, I see no reason why you shouldn't have your old position again. Call again tomorrow."

Mount backed to the door and stepped out.

"Well, I'm hanged if I understand that!" said the manager, looking at the closed door.

"Understand what?"

"Well, I told you before, I was convinced that fellow was deaf, and yet you saw just now that he can hear as well as you or I. He once had to be shouted at, and then seemed to get even worse. Of course, I haven't actually spoken to him for some time. Anyhow, if he's right about Christie, I don't see why he should be dismissed for deafness."

"Apparently they are going to set the fire to-night," said Crayne. "Didn't you say Christie was to appoint the new watchman himself? It seems to me you've been leaving too much to that young man. What are you going to do about it now?"

"Catch them in the act, my friend."

§ § §

The next morning found Mr. Mount in bed with his newspaper and cup of tea. He perused the newspaper until he had finished his tea. Then,

with a smile, he swung out of bed into his slippers, and went to a small bureau in the corner of his cramped little room. Taking a sheet of paper, he wrote, briefly,—

Dr. Grayson, 14 Reading Street. Dear Sir,—I wish to make this fee to you the final one. I now

consider it unnecessary to continue your wonderful course, which has proved very useful—in fact, remarkably so. I am now quite an efficient lip-reader, and I wish to express my appreciation of your methods of teaching.—Yours faithfully,—

A. A. MOUNT.

JAY, 5D.

ODE TO MUSIC.

Soft, and sweet, and swelling clear,
Transforming that so far, so near—
Giving mystic understanding,
Faintly sensed, yet comprehending
In a vision, rapturous, splendid,
Erring not, and needless mended—
O Heavenly!

Doubtless, showing us this day
In thy chords a better way;
Leading to the greatest aim—
Not of wealth, nor pow'r, nor fame—
Seeing, knowing, realising all,
Ne'er a doubt can e'er befall
Thy children.

Ah, sweet mystery of longing
For the greater, nobler loving—
Psalm of want, and fear, and hope,
Drag us up thy restless slope—
Ne'er a descent; but we rise
In our longing; close our eyes
And know.

Love that knows, and understands—
Love that gives and ne'er demands—
Sacrifice us on thy stone
If 'twere sacrifice alone.
But 'tis more, 'tis love returned—
Felt of others, as it seemed,
Love of love.

Teach us all thy moods, O sweet voice;
Show us all thy deeds, O loved one—
Faith and hope, belief and love—
Then both our works are truly done.

D.S., 4D.

SLUMBER AND SUN.

The dreamer awakens from his reverie,
His room is dark, and he is warm amongst his
sheets,
He seeks the obscure land from which he's lately
come,
But finds it not, and dressing, strolls the silent
streets.

He raises his eyes unto the heavens,
Where clouds around their margins form a
drapery,
And gradually sees the fleecy folds transform
To dulcet down, now flecked with golden richness.
The colour is emboldened as he stares,
Until it seems some coronet of gold now rests
Upon the silv'ry tresses made from drifting mist,
And out of all the gold a dazzling jewel crests.

W. ANDERSON, 2D.

§ § §



THERE ARE PLENTY OF OPENINGS
FOR THE BOY WHO IS QUALIFIED.

A trained boy
 can **GET** a good
 job.

A trained boy
 can **HOLD** a good
 job.

A trained boy
 can **RISE** to a
 better job.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

- A professional man? - - - - Matriculate at the M.B.C.
- An accountant? - - - - Get your training at the M.B.C.
- A secretary? - - - - Take your degree through the M.B.C.
- A banker? - - - - There is a Bankers' Institute course at the M.B.C.
- A business executive? - - - - Wentworth College Intensive Course in
 Commerce was planned for you by the M.B.C.



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CORONATION PAGEANT.

Leadens skies did not dampen the spirits of the thousands of children who attended the Coronation Pageant on May 11th at the Show Ground. Trams holding double their complement bore excited children to the ground. Turnstiles began to turn quickly as the children poured through.

Lunch bags and cartons of soft drink were distributed, whose contents were quickly consumed.

When the various schools had taken up their positions in the stands, one side of the ground was a veritable sea of white with the hats of thousands of schoolgirls. The other side, however, presented a much more drab appearance—the boys.

The Governor arrived at 12 o'clock, and a little later the Grand March commenced. The Y.A.L. Band took the lead, with various units of boys—Boy Scouts, Air League, Sea Scouts and others—

following; then came the Girl Guides, police and fire brigade units.

The march evoked much cheering, for it was a splendid display.

After speeches by the Governor, Premier, and the Coronation message of Miss Jean Levido, the entertainment of the day began. The police cadets and other police divisions showed their prowess, and the fire brigade gave interesting demonstrations. The most colourful event of the day was the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" by the police. A tableau of fourteen policemen on two motor cycles completed a thoroughly enjoyable programme.

Three cheers were given for the King and Queen, and after the National Anthem, the children dispersed to go home and tell of their happy day in honour of the new King.

F. R. RAMSAY, 4D.

OLD BOYS' PAGE

Built into the walls of St. Andrew's Cathedral in Sydney is a stone brought from the ancient English Cathedral of Canterbury. Thus was the mother Church of England linked with one of her most distant daughters. So, too, as one walks up that murky little lane officially designated as Jamieson Street, one is struck by the sight of an old stone built into the wall of the beautiful modern Scots Church. This stone was originally part of the old Scots Church, built in 1824, and demolished (the politest word I can find for this barbaric act) to make room for the Harbour Bridge.

Though I do not wish to wax sentimental in this column, such ties with the past are invaluable, for however much we, in our intellectual rompers, decry the grey old past, we owe it a great debt. It has left us a wealth of tradition and a standard which it should be our aim to emulate and perhaps excel. Particularly is this true of a school, and so gladly do I record that Fort Street at Petersham has now acquired a link with its ancestor, "The School on the Hill." Friday, the 28th May, saw the unveiling of the old gates from Observatory Hill, now erected at Petersham. I suppose my younger comrades of the pen have compiled a much fuller report in some other part of this journal, so I refer you to them.

It was good to see so many old friends there all looking so hale and well. Mr. Kilgour is perennial; he seems incapable of growing older, though a good score must now be written against his name in Time's great book.

Georgie Mackaness was also present, and the sight of these two (though not arrayed in cap and gown) subjected my conscience to a momentary interrogation.

The legal world was well represented, Percy Spender, Don Kennedy, Harold Snelling, George Amsberg, Tim Millett, Charlie Butchart being some of those I met.

Let us not forget to mention our good friend Roy Chounding, whose job as Secretary of Peapes

Ltd. makes him one of the busiest men in Sydney. The erection of the gates is largely due to him, for he organised the appeal, and I can assure you those gates gave him a good share of worry.

On the same day I notice that two old boys were admitted as solicitors, Lawrie Jackson and Bob Henderson. Robert Greenway Henderson, Junior, to give him the full appellation which he adopted on his first day of school, and which seems likely to stick to him for the term of his natural life, is one of the crack rifle shots at the University, having secured his Blue.

While on the subject of University sport, I must pay my tribute here to Paul Magee (a crack athlete of 1929-32), for his fine performance in the 440 yards low hurdles in the University sports. I haven't the exact figures, but as he won by more than 50 yards from a good field, you have some idea of the time he clipped off the record.

In the academic sphere Ron Giovanelli and Freddie Chong are well to the fore at the moment. "Gig" has been appointed a Commonwealth Research Fellow in Physics, while our friend from the Orient, after being a lecturer in mathematics, has been awarded a travelling scholarship in his subject.

Ray McCulloch, after being a student teacher at Fort Street last year, has now been appointed to Kogarah Intermediate High School, where he is teaching the elements of Latin.

It is seldom that I have spent such a happy evening as I did at our Annual Dinner on the 10th March, at the new State Ballroom. A goodly number rolled along, and an excellent meal was supplied by the caterers. A convivial atmosphere reigned; many old friendships and acquaintances were renewed, and time seemed to take wings, so fast did the evening fly. For myself, I met many a friend of former days, and I vote it one of the best functions the Union has yet held.

There is a chap in our neighbourhood whom I encounter often. In my younger days, when I went for an early morning swim, I invariably met

him at the baths, I frequently saw him on the way to tennis, and latterly I have seen him pushing a perambu'ator. This neighbour of mine I also encountered at the dinner, though up till then I was totally unaware that he was an old Fortian. The man in question is Walter Forbes, who is now Chief Clerk at Mort's Dock. Walter is also a very proud father (hence the perambu'ator above mentioned).

Since the evening was so pleasant, need I add that the speeches were correspondingly few. Oratorical efforts by Errol Knox, "Fuz" Porter, "A.J.K.," and C. H. Christmas were of the right type and length, and were warmly received.

K. Hunt and Norm Brown supplied the entertainment. Norm, by the way, was admitted as a barrister the other day. Congratulations!

From as far afield as India comes news of John Matthews, of 1914 year, with the prefix "Rev." He now officiates as minister at St. James' Church, Calcutta. Next year he intends going to England to take his B.D. degree, but

he will return to India immediately and resume his duties.

This column would not be complete without a reference to the royal and ancient game which seems to be exerting an increasing magnetism for old Fertians. The golf tournament held on the Manly Golf Course on the 20th May was, I understand, a most enjoyable outing, and the many trophies generously donated were divided as follows:—

Best individual nett score: A. C. Boyle.

Runner-up: K. C. Warton.

Partners' aggregate: E. Cherrill and D. Kennedy.

First nine holes: R. F. Rattray.

Second nine holes: J. L. Searle.

Congratulations to the winners!

And now au revoir, good friends. May I remind you once more that I am always open to outside suggestion and help. If you write to the Secretary, he will pass the matter on, for, as you can well understand, I am very loath to disclose my identity.

JENOLIANA.

The dark, unholy cliffs rise all around,
Up to the skies their hard black faces rear;
Forbidding looks they wear, as they would say,
"Turn back thou puny thing, while there is time,
For doom awaits invaders of our reign."

But yet the vale lies smiling 'neath their frown,
The crystal stream with sunbeams makes a play,
A coward should I be if I should yield
To fearful promptings of fond fancy's imagery;
But ever yet those granite faces scowl.

A towering arch stands gaping to my view,
Dark as the cool deep caverns whence it comes,
And from its mouth a grey-beard totters forth,
Piping "For one small pound I'll show to you
A beauteous crystal wonderland sublime."

The tempter's voice doth beckon me to see,
No falt'ring fear shall thwart me my desire,
But once comes opportunity to man,
Awaits consideration not, is gone
While he decides, and so far aye remains.

Although I hear a warning rumble low,
"Lead on, O aged one," my voice replies,
A flickering lantern takes me from its ledge,
Holds it on high; with slow, rheumatic steps,
Leads me in this world of mysteries.

A narrow, clammy passage follow we,
And lose for aye the blessed beams of day.
The glimmering lantern shadows conjures up
Distorted, murky imps that dance and fade
Into the mighty darkness whence they came.

A glittering, lofty cavern greets our gaze;
The feeble lantern's rays are backward flung,
Crystal to gleaming crystal, flashing bright,
A hole of darkness, by pale lantern changed
Into a faery land of rainbow light!

A sunset-gilded church towers high above,
My fertile mind its silent bells can hear,
We turn, and in the lofty church are we;
A mighty organ hymnal tunes intones
Soundless, but it fills my soul with awe.

Many a dark and death-lurked passage past,
 We come at last into a narrow bridge,
 That fades into the darkness; far below,
 A whispering river that nowhere comes
 Pursues its course into eternity.

The flimsy bridge essay we now to cross
 But sudden,—old man stumbles—with a shriek
 Into the depths his body hurtles down.
 The lantern follows, I am all alone;
 The darkness swoops, engulfs me in its maw.

On to my knees I drop and grope my way,
 Back from that swaying bridge of death I crawl;
 My startled mind can see my bruised corpse
 Float down that stream that thirsts for my soul,
 too;
 Death waits me here, where lies my path of life?

I rise to my weary feet and stumble on
 Down rocky passageways I cannot see.
 Who knows what fearsome beast doth lurk my
 path?
 A fiend of hell seems clutching at my back
 And drives me ever onward to my doom.

Passage to passage ever followed by
 Those things that grasp my mind to draw me back.
 A haggard wretch at last I stumble forth
 Into the smiling warmth of sunny day,
 And see above the cliffs' sardonic smile.

Unearthly, quav'ring music fills my ears,
 I follow it, my straining eyes do see
 An eerie, bluish glow; I'm in a cave,
 The self-same one where I did stand before,
 But now a host of crystal shapes here glide.

At sight of me these crystal beings turn.
 Confusion reigns, their thoughts of hate and rage
 O'erwhelm my fearful mind, until near-mad,
 I chained to this spot in terror stand;
 Then in my mind a demon voice I hear.

"Thou loathed thing, of bestial race a spawn,
 Why burst thou in upon our sacred rite?
 As thou art here, shalt thou by us be made
 As one of us, in darkness here to wait,
 Till it is time to cast this secrecy.

Their mighty thoughts now beat my reason down,
 And of thy lust-filled brothers cleanse this globe."
 My hand grows glassy; with a shriek,
 I break their spell and flee this hell-cursed place
 Into the maze of hopeless wanderings.

N. A. GIBSON, 4D.

DEBATING.

After a series of preliminary debates, in which the outstanding speakers from each 5th year class participated, the School's Hume Barbour debating team was duly selected, and comprises Bill Astridge (leader), Herb Smythe (second speaker) and John Appleby (whip).

The first important debate will take place on June 29th, when the School will debate Hurlstone High School. Fort Street's team will oppose the statement that "The League of Nations has outlived its usefulness." As the team has already had two curtain-raisers on this same subject, it should be fully prepared to meet the Hurlstone onslaught on the 29th.

The first rehearsal was against the Old Boys, whose team comprised Messrs. McKnight, Doig and Conlon. The adjudicator, Mr. Amsberg, congratulated the School team on its performance, and said there was evidence of a good deal of preparation in their speeches. Nevertheless, he awarded the debate to the Old Boys by the narrow margin of two points.

The second of these curtain-raisers took place on June 18th, when the sister school, Fort Street Girls' High School, was debated. After a very interesting debate, in which the girls displayed no mean ability, the adjudicator, Mr. Henderson declared the debate a draw.

The team hopes to go far in the competition, and if it is successful against Hurlstone, it meets the winner of the Canterbury v. North Sydney debate. This time the subject will be "That the cultural aspects of education are more important than the utilitarian," and Fort Street may again have to take the opposition. The subject for the

final debate is "That a Fascist State is preferable to a Communist State."

The team wishes to thank Mr. Rose for the great enthusiasm he has displayed in coaching the team, and only hopes that it will be as successful as many of its predecessors.

W. ASTRIDGE, 5B.

BIRCH LEAVES.

Leaves of Autumn,
 rising,
 falling,
 swirling on
 in graceful melody.
 Brown and red,
 dancing in lively tune,
 or drooping
 dead.
 Swept,
 like waves of the sea.
 Wind-tossed
 as dead hopes
 or lost ambitions.
 Trampled on,
 forgotten,
 dead to life,
 yet speaking on
 as memories of the past.
 Here,
 now going,
 fading,
 to come again
 as bitter dreams.

"MALAH," 3D.

CORONATION FESTIVITIES.

The year 1937 marks a very great event in the history of the British Empire, namely, the crowning of a Monarch. To schoolchildren this event is still more important, being the first Coronation that we have known, although, during our lifetime, three monarchs have ruled over England.

Hence, to celebrate this great event, many festivals took place all over the British Empire, embracing all its races and creeds. From every part of the great Empire contingents of soldiers, representative of the people, were sent to pay tribute to King George VI.

Perhaps the greatest of all these events during Coronation Week was the broadcasting of the whole ceremony in Westminster Abbey, when, "over the magic wireless waves," the world heard the voices of many famous men, including even that of King George himself.

The broadcast seems all the more wonderful if one stops to think how marvellous it is to be able to hear, from one's own arm-chair, the voices of men many thousands of miles away, even as they are speaking.

Lastly, the tribute paid to the King by men

from all parts of his Empire was a fitting example of the great bonds of union in the Empire. And so the world listened to the Coronation of King George VI.

In Sydney, the largest city of this part of the Empire, celebrations and festivals also took place. The most popular of these was probably the mammoth fireworks display on Sydney Harbour, when the water was brilliantly lit by many-coloured lights, reflected from the fireworks, and the coves re-echoed to the noise of the crackers.

An evening spent in the city showed how well our capital town had lent itself to decoration, and the patriotism of the shop owners was clearly shown by the careful manner in which the buildings had been decorated with red, white and blue flags and ribbons. Many of the larger buildings were illuminated by plain and coloured flood-lights.

A glance in the show windows showed models of Westminster Abbey, on which the eyes of the world are yet focussed, the Coronation procession, and the seat on which the Kings of England are crowned. Coronation scarves, ties, handkerchiefs, and many other odds and ends were shown from one end of the city to the other. Many of the younger citizens wore Coronation badges, symbolic of their patriotism, and cars were decorated with crowns, flags and ribbons.

So Sydney hailed the Coronation with her fireworks, her decorations and illuminations, her military reviews, and her church services for youth and age. Similar celebrations took place all over the British Empire, in all the capital cities. In this manner the British Empire was able to show its immense power, its firm bonds of union, and last, but not least, its loyalty to the Throne.

G. W. MULVEY, 4D.

SHARKS OF AUSTRALIAN WATERS

OF all sea horrors, there is none like that of a shark attack, and for many centuries fishermen and mariners have held these beasts in almost mystic dread. The psychological effect of shark attacks on man has been particularly great, and we in Australia appreciate the ruthless tragedy of them.

In the Pacific Ocean there are more than two hundred species of known sharks, but only five or six can be named as really dangerous. These are the Whaler, the Tiger Shark, the White Shark, the Grey Nurse, the Blue Pointer and the Hammerhead. Of these, the Hammerhead and the Blue Pointer fortunately keep well out to sea. But both grow to a large size, and both have taken human life. The Tiger Sharks are the most numerous of the Australian sharks, and they patrol beaches just outside the surf. One specimen, captured on a Sydney beach, was opened up and found to contain a full-grown spaniel, a small porpoise, and the remains of many large fish. The biggest and most ferocious shark in Australian waters is the White Shark, forty feet in length, with row upon row of terrible teeth.

One of the questions we naturally ask about sharks is whether they smell out a bather, or see him from a distance. Very little indeed is really

known about the shark and his habits. In a recent article, W. J. Dakin, D.Sc., F.Z.S., of Sydney University, describes some experiments which were carried out at the aquarium in America. Here it was proved that the shark has very poor vision, except for objects which are very close. But to make up for this, it has a very keen nasal organ. It was possible to block up, in the experiments, the nostrils of the shark by packing them with cotton wool. As a result, it could not find a crab which was dropped into the aquarium. Thus there is no doubt that the shark has a very keen sense of smell. The conclusion drawn from these facts is that the shark does not see a bather in the water. In fact, sharks have been known to swim by bathers in the surf.

On nearing a crowd in the surf, a shark is attracted first by the flashing of white in the water, and secondly by the strange scene. On nearing the victim, he rushes at it and snaps, and it is when he tastes blood that he launches a second attack. When the shark suddenly comes upon the surfer, he is more frightened than the terrified victim, and he sometimes swims away. A friend of mine, when surfing at Coolangatta, in Queensland, came across a shark about nine feet

in length. He immediately thrashed the water and started to swim strongly, and the shark turned away out to sea.

It may be of interest to note the length to which sharks grow. A tiger shark twenty-five feet long has been caught, but as a rule the average length of those caught near Sydney ranges from ten to fifteen feet. The grey nurse and hammerhead are also very large, the largest that I know of being about sixteen feet, but probably some are even larger. A "White Death," forty feet in length, has been caught, and Zane Grey hopes to catch a species which is one hundred feet long. The Basking Shark, harmless to mankind, grows to about thirty-five feet. The smallest shark known is a Philippine Islands species, which is only six inches long.

Those who have not seen a large shark swimming in the water have escaped a horrible sight, for the face of a shark inspires dread in the bravest. It is true that the shark is graceful and lithe, and that it has delicate shades, but its face is hideous, with leering, sinister eyes and dreadful, spiked teeth.

The mouth of a shark is situated behind the head. It is huge, and contains as many as seven rows of visible teeth, and still more rows behind gradually appear. The teeth grow from the hardened skin of the mouth, and are not set in the bone of the jaw. The skin of a shark is covered with the same material of which its teeth are made. Thus it has been known for a surfer to have the flesh of his calf taken off when a shark has bruised his leg in the water. It also possesses a very powerful tail, and a shark fisherman in Northern Queensland was killed instantly when he was struck by the tail of a shark that had been caught an hour previously.

A shark is an arrant coward, and is averse from taking chances. But the smell of fresh blood puts it into a frenzy. Shark fishermen often pour fresh blood into the water in order to attract sharks. Thus the sharks which are regularly found near meatworks are particularly ferocious.

It is a peculiar thing that a shark is not frightened by the sound of human voices. Colonel Hugh D. Wise, a great American shark fisherman, says: "By 'noise,' I mean vibration or jar in the

water, for I have observed that they do not seem to be afraid of other noises, such as loud talking, for example. To try this out, I have even shouted at sharks swimming close to the boat without alarming them in the least, but a bang on the boat-bottom sent them dashing away."

It is possible that shark fishing could be a profitable industry, because the shark's liver contains oil even better than that of the cod. A shark industry was commenced at Port Stephens, but it failed because the waters were soon fished out. It has also been well tried in America, and proved a failure. But, nevertheless, great use can be made of a shark. A ton of sharks produces eighty square feet of durable, attractive leather, which is worth 2/6 a foot. The liver oil sells for 2/6 a gallon, the fins are bought by Chinese for 3/- a pound, and shark flesh itself is not bad eating.

There are many interesting facts about sharks, but it is impossible to relate them all in such a small article as this. But I will endeavour to select a few of the most interesting.

Sharks have definitely been seen in fresh water. I myself have seen them in the upper reaches of the Brisbane River. They have been seen two hundred miles from the mouth of the Fitzroy River in West Australia, and a fresh water lake in Fiji is full of man-eating sharks.

Shark attacks almost invariably take place on a dull day. There has been really no satisfactory explanation of this fact, but, nevertheless, an analysis of attacks made on Sydney beaches in 1934-35 shows that all attacks, except one, were made on stormy, overcast days, towards dusk or late afternoon.

At Innisfail, in Queensland, in 1935, a very unique kind of shark was shown in Mr. H. Quenlen's window, which has not yet been classified. It was composed of a jelly solid, and had a dull light cocoanut-brown head, and a dull yellow body. It was about sixteen inches long, and had no fins, except near the tail, and appeared to be blind.

Thus we can see how little is known about "Jack Shark" and his habits. He has no admirable traits, and when he is hauled out of the water we feel no sympathy for him, such as we feel for the marlin.

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THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE NEW MEMORIAL HALL.

It was most pleasing to note the number of visitors who had arrived to witness the official opening of our new Memorial Hall.

On the platform were Mr. Christmas, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Solomons (Mayor of Petersham), Dr. Collins, Mrs. Christmas, and other ladies.

The proceedings opened by the School Choir, conducted by Mr. Burtenshaw, singing "Come to the Fair," followed by "Lullaby," with soloist Bobby Stevens. These items were greatly appreciated.

Mr. Christmas then delivered the opening address, in which he expressed gratification at being Headmaster of Fort Street when our new Hall replaced the old one built in 1925, which was "regrettably not nearly large enough." Of our new Hall Mr. Christmas said: "It is a large hall, and though not of a very nice shape, will amply serve our purpose."

Apologising for Mr. Stevens, who was detained in the House, Mr. Hawkins, Acting Minister for

Education, who represented the Premier, officially declared the new hall open.

Mr. Hawkins' exceedingly fine wit was greatly appreciated, but we were most impressed when he became serious: "Mr. Christmas, I do congratulate you on this hall, costing £7000. On behalf of my chief, my colleague, my friend, Mr. Stevens, I declare this hall open," and in an appeal to us to carry on the great work in the School Hall, he said: "We are favoured to represent this manhood as a strong, as a virile force."

The next item on the programme was a violin solo by Alan Burke, accompanied by Walter Badge at the piano.

After this entertainment, Mr. H. E. V. Smythe, on behalf of the Ladies' Committee, presented Mrs. Christmas with a bouquet.

At this stage we were glad to learn, from a telegram, that Mr. Stevens could be present at 3.50 p.m.

Mr. Hicks, Assistant Director of Education, was

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the next of the speakers. In the course of his remarks he told us the history of the School from 1915 to the present time, the opening of the new hall culminating this great advance.

Then, with Mr. Burtenshaw as the accompanist, C. Marsh displayed a clear, cultured soprano voice in his rendition of "The Little Brown Bird Singing."

After this, followed the arrival of the Premier—as the Headmaster said, punctual as usual, and one can imagine what his presence meant at such a time.

It was perhaps most appropriate that Dr. Collins, President of the Old Boys' Union, should have then given his address. Speaking in his usual philosophic manner, he commented on the fact that the hall was the centre of the important activities of the School. "It is," he added, "a well ventilated, well lighted hall, which is better than adornment."

The Premier, the Honourable B. S. B. Stevens, seconded Dr. Collins' arguments about the hall,

but ventured to say: "It is beautiful because it's just as plain as I am. It has four good solid walls——." Continuing, he told us of those who were eager for "this finished work, this finished product." He desired that we should "use the hall as well as possess it," and that he himself was "proud to be associated with the construction of the hall."

A vote of thanks was proposed by the Mayor of Petersham, Mr. Solomons, who thanked Mr. Hicks for the history of the School, Mr. Hawkins for his humour and wit, Dr. Collins for his remarks about the School tradition, the Premier mainly for his arrival in time, and the Ladies' Committee for their great work about the School, but expressed regret for the lack of an up-to-date gymnasium "to develop the body with the mind."

Then followed the National Anthem, and the assembly dispersed with a feeling that not only have we a great school with a great tradition, but also a great Memorial Hall.

THE WATERFALL.

We had decided to camp on the left bank of a small, swift-flowing river, and the swiftness would, we expected, be increased near our position by the fact that it was at the foot of a waterfall, and that during the past fortnight there had been heavy rains. The company had been unusually bright and happy for weary military men, and the singing of the birds mingled in perfect harmony with their clear, almost boyish laughter, and with the gurgling of the streams and brooks as their emerald waters flowed hurriedly over the smooth-faced rocks and pebbles on their interminable wandering.

As we approached our destination, each drew in his mind an imaginary picture of our night's resting place—the level, square patch for the camp, cleared by last year's company of our name, whose fate we had never ascertained, surrounded by dense, almost impenetrable scrub, and then the waterfall and the river on whose banks myriads of birds would be bathing and preening their plumage in the sunlight.

There were another two hundred yards to go, and already we could hear the crashing of the

waterfall, and then, we were there. Everything seemed as we had expected—there was the camping ground, the scrub, the river, and the waterfall—yet something was missing. Our lieutenant, who had formerly been cheerful now assumed a quarrelsome manner, and the men became sullen. However, there was much to be done before nightfall, and in the hustle and bustle which resulted, I cast all such thoughts from my mind.

Still, the work was not done successfully; one of the men cut the calf of his leg to the bone while felling a tree, and another amputated three of his own fingers, and there was unusual difficulty in pitching the camp itself. And all the while the waterfall seemed to be endeavouring to speak—I counted and recounted the same rhythm composed of two syllables and then a pause—and though no one in his sullenness mentioned anything, I perceived that it was troubling them, and every now and then I saw one turn towards it and mutter something.

Meal-time arrived, and we encountered similar difficulties—the meat burned, the bread was mouldy, and an accident with the fire occurred

which nearly resulted in disaster. There was none of the customary chatter. After our appetites had, in a small degree, been appeased, the lieutenant immediately went to his tent. The remainder did likewise, and soon we were in complete darkness, each with his own thoughts.

I lay restlessly in my few blankets, and the interminable rhythm of the waterfall filled my mind with its two syllables and pause, and I dozed into a troublesome dream. I saw our lieutenant walking across a bridge, and just as he was in the middle of it, I perceived that it had been broken, and soon the lieutenant was near its end. However, he continued, and was about to step into space when I cried out, "Beware." With that I awoke, and remained motionless for some minutes while I endeavoured to collect my scattered thoughts. I then discovered that I was muttering the word "beware" to myself, and to my horror I realised that that was the warning the waterfall was uttering—yes, there it was, the interminable rhythmical beat of the two syllables—"BE-WARE," and then the pause, immediately followed by the repeated warning. I suppressed a longing to flee by trying to reason, and calling myself a fool and coward, and by asking myself how a waterfall could possibly speak a warning. But then another thought flashed through my mind. It was the absence of the birds, and now I realised that that was what had been missing. "Why," I thought, "should the birds avoid what appeared the most likely place for them to come? Could they interpret the warning of the waterfall?" and again cold fear fell upon me.

My thoughts became confused, and I realised that I was becoming terror-stricken. The waterfall continued to utter its incessant warning, and

now its voice rose to a crescendo, on which I rushed out into the night, determined to flee. But I halted and remained motionless while a chilling sweat broke out upon me. There was our lieutenant climbing the side of the waterfall in feverish haste, and soon he had arrived at its summit. He turned, and in the moonlight I caught a glimpse of his face. His eyes were dilated—he was mad. Suddenly a wild, demoniacal laugh burst from his lips, and he plunged into the river, and immediately the waterfall clutched him in its jaws of death and hurtled him to his doom. I fell senseless.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself surrounded by the company, who gave me a long pull at the whisky flask, and then I saw beside me the form of the lieutenant, stretched out on the bank of the river, dead. The company asked me no questions, assuming that the lieutenant had unfortunately fallen into the river and drowned, and that I had succeeded in dragging him from the water, but had been too late to save his life. I did not inform them otherwise.

We buried the lieutenant, and as soon as possible were on our way again, and with the diminishing sound of the waterfall, the company's spirits revived. Headquarters was reached on the following day. I, being next in command, and thus now lieutenant, reported the loss of our leader to the commanding officer. He looked surprised, and said in a puzzled manner: "The same misfortune overtook the last lieutenant who camped at that spot, and, moreover, the entire remaining company were unfortunately slain in their next skirmish."

The following day I received orders to proceed with my company to take Fort X.

D. KILGOUR, 5D.

FROM THE RIVERINA TO SYDNEY BY CAR.

LEAVING my comfortable bed in the morning, whether school day or holiday, has always been a bane to me, but, strange to say, there was one day when I felt no regrets at having to quit it at 4 a.m.

It was the first day of the Christmas holidays, and we hoped to reach Sydney, 300 miles distant, that night—from the heat and dust of a Riverina

town to all the joys of a seaside resort. It is any wonder that I rose with great alacrity?

There were several minor details of packing to complete, as there always are at the last minute, and it was a quarter to five before we left. A grey dawn had broken, and the first uncertain, sleepy chirps of awakening birds greeted us. The trees, just stirring in the first

breath of cool breeze, seemed like ghouls waving their arms and wagging their heads towards us, and the rippling crops looked utterly different, in the half-light, from those beautiful paddocks we had gazed at in daylight. Grazing sheep and cattle looked up in surprise as the car whizzed past, and more than once an adventurous magpie just escaped from under the wheels. Further on, the Bethungra hills loomed forbiddingly.

All had gone well so far, despite the road which, extremely bad at all times, was now rendered worse by recent rains. But—could we cross the Billabong? That question had agitated our minds for the last week. The rains might have swollen it too much, and we had been told that it was unsafe to attempt to cross if the indicator showed more than a foot, as there was no bridge.

At last, coming within sight of the rows of trees which marked it, we sped down a long, straight tunnel formed by trees on either side, and just as the sun rose reached the Billabong. The indicator showed 15 inches! "Here goes," said my father, and he trod on the accelerator!

Whizzing down the steep bank and through the stream in a flurry of disturbed water, the car stopped dead half-way up the other bank! Evidently a little water had got into the engine. Whatever had happened, here was a fix! However, the engine restarted at the first attempt, and just managed to climb the very steep bank.

Now the scene was utterly different. The pink and grey wings of galahs rising from the grain flashed in the sunlight. The sun shone on paddocks dotted with stooks intermingled with other paddocks of glorious waving golden grain,—a beautiful sight! Here and there an early farmer led his team to the fields. Now and then we passed a sparkling wayside dam, and, looking ahead, the Bethungra hills now showed up clearly, and no longer forbiddingly.

A little further on we came to a small township just stirring into life. A few curls of blue smoke announced the fact that some inhabitants were awake. A dog barked, and a solitary milkman's cart rattled along, but otherwise all was still and silent.

Pulling up to stretch our legs shortly afterwards, we came upon an enormous goanna on the ground. Becoming alarmed at the presence

of so many human beings, it made a dart, evidently straight at us. My small sister screamed in terror, and you can imagine our relief when it passed us and scuttled up a tree! We had been standing right between it and its lair!

The road then became worse instead of better, and the car wound its way in and out amongst trees and "young lakes," as my mother termed them, with here and there a skid or two for interest.

One of these skids was particularly bad. Coming to a very wet patch, the car skidded violently and almost turned back the way we had come, as though the bonnet were trying to say "Hullo" to the tail-light.

Extricating ourselves from the resulting tangle, we at last neared Gundagai and breathed freely again. The road then began to wind itself in a most extraordinary manner around hills flanking the Murrumbidgee River. My father could not remove his eyes from the road, but had he been able to, he would have beheld a fine spectacle. Below and behind on the river-flats fields of waving corn nodding to us in a friendly fashion, intermingled with paddocks carpeted with vividly green lucerne, stretched to the bank of the river, which flowed broad, tranquil, full-fed and undisturbed, though rather muddy, and gurgled past snags as if it were enjoying itself most heartily.

Passing through Gundagai, we traversed a long stretch of tarred road, perfect heaven after what we had been on. Here there was a memorial to the early settlers, in the form of "The dog that sat on the tucker box, nine miles from Gundagai."

Shortly afterwards, hearing a patter-patter like hail on the windscreen, I looked up and gasped! It was raining—positively pouring—grasshoppers. They crashed against the windscreen, bonnet and radiator. Everywhere we looked there were grasshoppers. They fell on the floor, the seats and our knees, and we did not relish them down our necks. They almost obscured the road and blocked out the sky. My sister hated touching them, so I had more than my fair share of hard work throwing them out. My arms ached badly before the car at length—after a couple of miles of endless thudding on the windscreen and radiator—emerged from the moving cloud into clear air once more.

At Jugiong we had quite a fright. Passing through the township we reached the bridge over Jugiong Creek, which the road approaches from the side. There is a fairly sharp curve just at the end of the bridge, and as we reached this the car skidded in some loose sand and almost went down the bank, a sheer drop of about thirty feet. My heart thumped painfully for at least five minutes after that.

The sun by now had mounted high in the heavens, so, being very hungry, we decided on breakfast, and chose a spot where, my mother said hopefully, there were not too many ants. However, appearances are sometimes deceptive, as we found to our sorrow. Positively invaded by an army of ants, we had to focus our attention so much on keeping them from breakfasting on our hard-boiled eggs and bread and butter, and drowning themselves in our tea, that the process of eating was very slow. Managing to finish after much labour, we finally packed up and sallied forth once more.

For a while we journeyed onwards without incident, but were not to rest in peace for long. An unusual sound reached our ears, and after a little while, becoming uneasy, and fearing that

it might issue from the engine, we pulled up to investigate. Dad switched off the engine, but the sound persisted. We listened for a moment—and laughed. It was merely the skirl of locusts, to which we had grown unused, in the trees.

By now, having risen so early, I was feeling very tired, and so, for me, the rest of the journey resolved itself into watching the mile-pegs.

Leaving Yass, a good road took us across lonely, hilly sheep-country, where scarcely a house was in sight, across the Breadalbane Plains, and then to a gradual climb to Cullerin, the highest point on the road. After Goulburn we struck a fine road spoilt by many deviations caused by repairs. Now the country was much more populated, and quite a few small townships were passed. Having lunch at Moss Vale, we passed through the old English-looking town of Bowral, then through old Mittagong and Picton, and over the magnificently graded road at Razorback Mountain.

Many more small townships remained, but it was now only a matter of comparatively few miles, and soon Liverpool, welcome as the border of Sydney, came into sight.

We went to bed that night tired, but happy. We were in Sydney again. J. DAVIES, 3D.

OUR SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Our 46th Annual Swimming Carnival was held at Drummoyne Baths on Friday, 19th March, in ideal weather, and all who were present enjoyed a very interesting afternoon.

N. Locke was successful in winning the Senior Cup, followed by D. Pratt, a good second. In the senior events Locke won the 880 yards, 440 yards, 220 yards, 100 yards and the 50 yards backstroke; altogether it was a very fine performance.

The Junior Cup was won by L. Layton, with R. Robertson second. Although he did not break any records. Layton swam very well indeed. The races he won included the 50 yards backstroke championship (40 1-5 sec.), and the 100 yards.

W. Smith, a very promising swimmer, won the Under 14 Cup in effortless fashion. Smith gained first place in the 100 yards, 50 yards and the 33 yards backstroke.

The life-saving championship, the School diving competition, the Old Boys' race, and the relay

events were races which aroused considerable enthusiasm, while the novelty events, such as the eight-oar race, surf-o-plane race and musical lifebuoys caused a great deal of amusement among the spectators.

D. Pratt broke the School record for the submarine swim, with a distance of 40ft 10in.

Despite the fact that no outstanding times were recorded, the standard of swimming was very satisfactory, and, in addition, instead of one outstanding swimmer, there were several swimmers capable of holding their own for the School at the C.H.S.

In conclusion our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Rose, who always renders sterling service in making the Fort Street Carnival a success. The School is also indebted to the staff for its assistance and interest in all matters concerning School swimming, especially the Annual Swimming Carnival.

J. LAYCOCK, 4D.

SPORT

RUGBY UNION.

FIRST GRADE.

We began the season very hopefully, with much sound material, and everything gave promise of good football. But soon it became evident that our hopes were not to be realised. With one match to play, we have only won one game. And for this we have no one to blame but ourselves. Seldom have we had a full attendance at practice, and somehow we never seem really to have got a good combination working on the field. The courage and initiative that comes of confidence has been missing from all our games. This criticism is exemplified in the following table of our matches:—

Against Parramatta, 19 to 9.

Against North Sydney, 3 to 43.

Against Sydney High, 6 to 37.

Against Technical High, nil to 18.

The following is a brief criticism of each of the players:—

K. Erickson: A new man, who fills a difficult position to the best of his ability. Requires kicking practice and a little more courage.

L. Dodson: A good runner, but weak in defence and handling. Has a sprained ankle.

J. Logan: A brave attacker and defender, who gives of his best. New to the game.

B. Lee: An outstanding back with a forceful run. Has faults in positional play, and tends to run across field.

R. Taylor: A brilliant forward sacrificed to the three-quarter line. Should run more vigorously when in possession of the ball.

K. Carew: The star of the back line. Somewhat weak in defence. Could feed his wingmen more.

H. Kesteven: Has an inclination to smother the ball instead of passing out, but is the driving force of the team.

S. Dennis: A sound forward, always on the ball, and a leader in the pack.

R. Webb: An enthusiastic player. He should use his weight more, and throw greater energy into his game.

D. Thompson: A good rucking forward, but slow in following up.

R. Thompson: A sound forward, with a good kick. Needs a little more wind and "punch."

D. Pratt: An "all-in player" with football sense, naturally a forward, though plays a good game as winger.

J. Appleby: A good rake who wins the majority of the scrums; always hidden in the ruck.

N. Jenkins: Shows great improvement under Mr. Hodgson's tuition. Enthusiastic, and one of the best.

M. Roberts: A fast, light breakaway. Prefers to hang on to the scrum rather than attack the opposing backs.

J. Knight: A forward who always keeps up with the pack, but should "get into it."

G. Olding: A heavy forward. However, lacks vigour on the field.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Watson, our coach, and Mr. Aubrey Hodgson, from the Rugby Union, for their interest in an unresponsive team.

SECOND GRADE.

The second grade Rugby Union team of 1937 has been rather below standard, the reasons for which are the lack of "unlimited weight" players, and injuries in the first and second fifteens.

We are glad to see some new players amongst the applicants for grade football, and although some have never played before, they are showing good form, the most outstanding of these being O. Tonkin.

The forwards are doing some good work, but the lack of good condition and experience are the weak points. Some also are unwilling to "mix it" with the opposing forwards.

The three-quarter line consists mostly of new players who have not quite got their "football legs." M. Shute has been elected as captain, and

R. Mead, R. Maze and J. Blackmoor have been elected as vice-captains of the team. R. Mead broke his shoulder bone while playing against North Sydney High School in the first match of the season, and R. Maze injured his shoulder whilst playing against Technical High School, and had to retire for the season. The loss of these two players was seriously felt, since both played at scrum-half.

The coach, Mr. Tompson, has spent much of his time with the team, and has greatly improved the standard of the team. Together with the boys, he is looking for more encouraging results in future matches.

THIRD GRADE.

Thanks to Mr. Wilson's coaching, third grade has, up to the present, progressed very favourably, having won five matches, and narrowly lost one.

The results are as follows:—

Trial game v. North Sydney, won 8-5.

Competition match v. Parramatta, won 23-3.

Competition match v. North Sydney, lost 6-9.

Competition match v. Hurlstone, won 11-0.

Competition match v. Sydney High, won 11-9.

Competition match v. Tech. High, won, 14-3.

The backs and forwards have played well, and both are to be congratulated on their success.

The main fault in the forwards is in the line-out, from which we very seldom obtain possession of the ball. The scrums are quite satisfactory, since we always get our share, and even more than our share of the ball in this way.

Our backs lack good combination, and must always be ready to receive a pass, and then to run straight, and hard and fast.

After our second match against North Sydney, we were unfortunate to lose both our winger Allen and the centre three-quarter Rinkin.

Allen was unfortunate to injure his knee, which has put him out of football for this season. Rinkin, who displayed considerable ability in the matches he played, has left, and consequently we now have a new winger and a new centre.

The winger is new to his position, having always played previously in the forwards, but he has the speed, and is becoming accustomed to his new position, and there is no doubt that he will fill Allen's place admirably.

Austin, our full-back, is worthy of mention, for he is a very hard player, and is a double asset with his goal-kicking ability.

Walton, one of the breakaways, plays his part very well, always shielding the half-back, and being quick in defence.

Middleton, our vice-captain, and Cavalier, the hooker, are both very hard players, and do good work for the team.

We are indeed fortunate to have with us a player of the ability of the captain, Evans, five-eighth, who is a very clever runner, and a consistent try-scorer.

Our hopes of winning the competition are very bright, so don't forget, third-graders, to put your whole heart into your training.

FOURTH GRADE.

The 4th grade team has begun the season very well, as the appended scores will show. To date, we have only met serious opposition in two matches, one of which we lost to Sydney High 29-0, and the other we won from Hurlstone 11-3.

The complete scores are:—

V. Parramatta, won, 60-0.

V. North Sydney, won, 33-13.

V. Sydney "B," won, 26-0.

V. Hurlstone, won, 11-3.

V. Sydney "A," lost, 0-29.

V. Technical, won, 31-0.

The forwards are not a really solid pack. In some matches they shone, notably against Hurlstone, but in others they failed badly, losing rucks and scrums. The pack will not pack tight consistently, and is thus handicapped. But there are some outstanding players among the forwards, notably Sly, second row, and Hing, the hooker. Phillips, Bell and McBride do a good job, while Johnstone is fast learning to "throw his weight about." We were unfortunate to lose Weekes, our breakaway and best forward, and also our star winger, Washington. This weakened the pack a great deal, as we had to place Tonkin, who with Weekes had dominated the forward play, on the wing, where he still showed to advantage. The other winger, Hancock, is speedy, but inclined to hesitate. However, he is improving.

Priestley and Johns, the centres, are two fine, but widely differing, players. Johns is clever in swerving and changing his pace, and Priestley

depends more on a quick, sharp run and a "dummy." Both are definite assets to the team, and both have been "match-winners."

Landy, as five-eighth, has always been a "fighter," and is as clever as his centres, whom he manages to serve well, while not neglecting any chance to make ground himself.

Wilson, the half, is somewhat inclined to starve his backs, but is a steady player, always in the "thick." He must remember to follow the pack and open up the game, as the forwards are not particularly strong.

Smythe, the full-back, has played well to date, and is a safe man in the position, although his tendency to run instead of finding touch sometimes finds the full-back's position empty while its holder is in a "neck." His goal-kicking, while not excellent, has added quite a few points to our scores.

The backs are a competition-winning combination. With a little more understanding they will be vastly better; but they can do nothing without the ball.

We are entertaining hopes of premiership honours, and in conclusion extend our thanks to Mr. Brodie for his unflinching interest in us.

FIRST GRADE.

This year the School fielded a very strong combination in the 1st grade competition. The team comprised C. Arnold (Captain), D. Washington (Vice-Captain), M. Bradey, K. Carew, L. Gollan, Reg Hall, Ron Hall, W. Landy, H. McCredie, M. Roberts, A. Turner. The performances up to date have been very encouraging, and if the boys would take their net and fielding practice a little more seriously, we should not have any trouble in winning the honours for Fort Street.

The batting of the team was particularly strong and evenly balanced for a school eleven, but it was again in the bowling department that we crashed heavily. However, this misfortune has not affected us so far, and we have been able to keep near the top of the competition table.

FIFTH GRADE.

Fifth grade has almost played up to early expectations so far. There is a lack of combination in the three-quarter line. The three-quarter men are sometimes out of position or caught "flat-footed" when the ball comes to them.

So far we have played six matches for two wins, one draw, and three defeats. We have had 61 points scored against us, and have in return scored 80 points.

In the first game against Parramatta High we won 32-0. This was not a very strong side, and the game was poor.

The second game against North Sydney we lost 13-5. In this game we were unlucky to lose White and Hearne, hooker and winger respectively.

The match against Sydney High seconds was won by Fort Street 40-0. This was easily the weakest team we have met.

Against Hurlstone we could do no better than play a draw, 3-3. Fort Street was lucky to get a try in the last five minutes of play.

Sydney High fifths showed us what combination meant. They won 28-0, and we were lucky they did not score more often.

The Technical team repeated this lesson the next week, and ran out winners 17-0.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Short for the interest he has shown in them.

CRICKET.

The team was very strong in the field except for the lapses of one player, whilst our keeper was one of the best in the competition. Throughout the season he kept up a high standard of play. In the bowling department we had to rely too much on M. Roberts and H. McCredie for the fast bowling, and C. Arnold for the slow bowling. The former bowled well throughout the season. Arnold, who did not appear to be in his top form, bowled well at times, but usually lost his length, and consequently gave away many valuable runs to the opposing side.

In the first round of the competition Fort Street drew a bye, which enabled us to prepare for the first match.

The following is a brief summary of the matches played:—

V. North Sydney. This match was limited to

one day, owing to rain on the first day. Fort Street won the toss, and sent North Sydney in to bat on a rain-damaged wicket. North Sydney, after scoring 103 runs for the loss of four wickets, closed their innings. The successful bowlers were H. McCredie 1 for 6, and C. Arnold 2 for 36. Fort Street went in to bat with an hour and a quarter to play, and at stumps had lost two wickets for 73 runs. C. Arnold, who batted in fine style, and was stumped when trying to force the pace, made 27, D. Washington 18 not out, L. Gollan 14, were the chief scorers. Thus the match ended in a draw.

V. Parramatta. This match was also limited to one day. Fort Street won the toss, and sent Parramatta in to bat. Parramatta made a total of 80 runs in the 1st innings. C. Arnold, who bowled well in this match, 6 wickets for 24, and H. McCredie, 2 for 13, were again the outstanding bowlers. In our first innings we had lost four wicket for 137 runs when stumps were drawn. Opening up with Arnold, L. Gollan was still unconquered at the end of the day. He played finely, and showed his comrades the value of hitting the ball hard. He scored 80 not out. D. Washington 24, and A. Turner 14 not out, also batted in fine style. Another feature of this match was the good fielding of K. Carew.

V. Hurlstone. In this match we again won the toss, and batted. In our first innings we managed to score a total of 170 runs. L. Gollan and M. Roberts gave the team a start with a fine opening partnership. Gollan made 70, and Roberts 20. A. Turner, who again proved himself an aggressive batsman, made 24 before trampling on his wicket, and K. Carew, 17, helped to make up the total of 170. Hurlstone batted and scored 113. In this M. Bracey caused a sensation among his companions when he took 3 wickets for 6 runs off 3 overs. M. Roberts and Reg Hall also bowled well, Roberts taking 3 wickets for 22, and Hall 2 for 15. Another outstanding feature of this game was the excellent fielding of C. Arnold and K. Carew. In our second innings we had lost 7 wickets for 67 runs when stumps were drawn. H. McCredie, who went in second wicket, batted in fine style, hitting the ball all over the field, made 27 runs, and was still unconquered at stumps.

The players:—

Claude Arnold (Captain): Captained very well throughout the season. He is a useful batsman, a good right-hand slow bowler, and a brilliant field.

D. Washington: Supported his captain very well. The team's most brilliant and correct batsman, in good form, but seems to be out of luck this season.

M. Brady: The youngest member of the side. With more aggression he should develop into a useful batsman. Useful change bowler.

Keith Carew: Left-hand batsman, who should play some very fine "knocks" next half. An excellent fieldsman.

Lloyd Gollan: Wicketkeeper, and a brilliant left-hand opening batsman. Knows the value of hitting the ball hard.

Reg Hall: Right-hand bowler, who fights the ball, but must learn to control his length. He must have fielding practice.

Ron Hall: Played in one match with little success, but is a capable cricketer.

William Landy: Right-hand batsman who makes his strokes correctly. Will be more valuable to his side when he makes his shots with more power.

Hugh McCredie: Right-hand medium paced bowler, who swings the ball well. Should be our most successful bowler.

Mervyn Roberts: Good opening batsman and a good fast-medium right-hand bowler. Sound fieldsman.

Alan Turner: An aggressive right-hand batsman who will make some very fine scores.

In concluding this brief report, on behalf of the team, I desire to thank our kind and patient mentor, Mr. Simpson, for the many words of advice he tended us at the nets. I have no doubt we have proved to him that we were one of the best teams produced by the School. Again we wish to thank you, sir.

Lastly I would convey our appreciation to H. Symonds, who scored throughout the season for us, at the expense of his own recreation.

The following are the averages:—

Batting Averages.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Aver.
L. Gollan	4	1	80*	184	61.3
M. Roberts	3	1	20	39	19.5
D. Washington ...	4	1	24	48	16
A. Turner	3	1	24	42	14
C. Arnold	4	0	27	46	10.6

Bowling Averages.

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
M. Brady	3	1	6	3	2
H. McCredie	16.2	5	35	4	8.75
Reg Hall	9	2	30	3	10
C. Arnold	20	4	89	8	11.1
M. Roberts	18	2	46	3	15.3

SECOND GRADE.

The 2nd grade cricket team, although hindered by rain, has so far been very successful, and remains undefeated.

Throughout the season the team was composed of players who could all be relied upon to do their share, and was very lucky to have three members of last year's side again in its ranks, namely, D. Thompson, the Captain, who performed his duty very soundly, Irish and Cambell.

On performances, the best batsmen were Ross, Irish and Lamerton, while Morrison, R. Thompson and Ross were the best bowlers.

We had the bye in the first round, and were unfortunate that it rained on both days when we should have played North Sydney in the second round.

However, in the third round we played Parramatta, and although rain again prevented play on the first day, we managed to secure a first innings win in one day. We batted first, scoring 117, of which Bell, the opening batsman, scored 35, and R. Thompson 20. Parramatta then went in, and were dismissed for 78, chiefly through the excellent bowling of Ross and R. Thompson.

In the next round against Hurlstone, we batted first and scored 157, the best scorers being Tamer-ton 23 n.o., Irish 20, and Astridge 20. The former two put on 43, the best partnership of the season, at a time when we were not in a very good position. Hurlstone was then dismissed for 108, by the bowling efforts of our slow bowlers, Ross 6-49, and Morrison 3-14. In our second innings we replied with 139, but only four batsmen were

dismissed, the rest all retiring in order to give everyone a bat.

The team is very enthusiastic, and helped by the hints of our coach, Mr. Outten, whom all the team wish to thank for his untiring services.

Batting.

	Inn.	Runs	N.O.	H.S.	Aver.
W. Ross	3	73	1	37*	36.5
R. Irish	3	33	2	20	33.0
N. Lamerton	3	27	2	23	27.0
R. Thompson	3	53	1	33*	26.5

Bowling.

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Morrison	4	—	22	3	7.3
W. Ross	20.5	—	84	11	7.6
R. Thompson	15	2	40	4	10.0
D. Thompson	7	1	27	1	27.0

THIRD GRADE.

Greatly interfered with by rain, the first half of the 1937 season has passed, leaving us unbeaten. From our efforts in the two matches played, we have found that we have some very promising players, and with Mr. Burtenshaw's coaching, should maintain our reputation throughout the whole season of being unbeaten.

We commenced with a bye. Benefited by the practice thus obtained, we were prepared for our match against North Sydney, but rain stopped play on both days.

In our second match, against Parramatta, rain again interfered with play on the first day. On the second, we won the toss and decided to send Parramatta in to bat. After a first wicket partnership of 55, they closed at 9-117 (McCleod 3-12). We made 84 for 6 wickets (Ross 35, Priestly 15, Flockhart 16 n.o.) in the 90 minutes left for play.

Our third match was played at Glenfield in fine weather. Hurlstone decided to bat, and compiled 115 runs (Ross, McCleod, Laing, each 2 wickets). We replied with 5-127 (Wilson 60 n.o., Ridland 36). In their second innings, Hurlstone scored 124 for 7 wickets at the end of play (McCleod 3, Taylor 2 wickets).

In the two matches, Priestley distinguished himself by taking 5 catches in the outfield. Flockhart's work behind the stumps was good. Of our bowlers, the spin bowlers McCleod and Taylor stood out, while Barker, Laing, Edwards, Wilson and Ross were accurate.

Our attack was well handled by skipper Laing, but rather handicapped by poor fielding, due to the players not combining. Our batsmen, with the exception of Priestley (15 and 19) proved inconsistent.

In conclusion the team would like to thank Mr. Burtenshaw for giving up his own time to coach and travel with us.

FOURTH GRADE.

The success of the team, measured by the number of points scored by it in the competition, has not been very great, due mainly to rain, which has interrupted two of the four matches set down. However, the team has not been defeated, having won one, drawn two, and in the other having the bye.

The first match was the bye. In the second match against North Sydney, rain prevented play both days.

In the third match, rain only prevented play one day. On the second day Parramatta batted first. They scored 105 (Ross 4-8, Newman 3-27,

Collocott 2-17). At one stage in our first innings we looked like being beaten, for we were 4-31, but Newman 13 and Penman 17 played out time, taking the score to 4-62. This match was drawn.

The last match was played against Hurlstone at Cintra Oval, and resulted in a win for us on the first innings. Hurlstone batted first and compiled 94 runs (Newman 3-28, Townsend 3-19, Penman 2-19). Fort Street scored 114 (Ham 52, Newman 12, Collocott 12). In their second innings Hurlstone compiled 89 runs for the loss of 7 wickets (Townsend 3-13, Penman 3-28). Our second innings was disastrous and nearly cost us the match. We finished with 8 for 36 (Ross 11).

The batting of the side was done by Ham, Newman and Collocott, while the main bowlers were Newman, Collocott, Townsend, Penman and Ross. The fielding of the team was very good, Clements being outstanding.

In concluding, we wish to thank Mr. Went for his untiring efforts in coaching the team throughout the season.

TENNIS.

FIRST GRADE.

This year the team consists of H. McCredie (captain), P. Jones, J. Martin, J. Petherbridge, and for the first two matches were paired in that order.

Our first opponents, Parramatta, last year's premiers, defeated us narrowly by 5 sets to 3. But the next match, v. North Sydney, we won easily, as also the match v. Hurlstone, 7 sets to 1. In this last match the pairing was changed, Jones playing with Martin and Petherbridge with McCredie. Against Sydney High we were unlucky to be defeated 6 sets to 2, for we lost three sets at 6-5. Still, the better team won.

The individual members are:—

P. Jones, last year's "Blue," is finding it difficult to play on hardcourt of a Wednesday after playing on grass during the week-end.

J. Martin has many good strokes, but his service is rather weak.

J. Petherbridge is very consistent and a fighter, but his second service needs to be improved.

H. McCredie has a fine service, but relies too much on a toss to get him out of danger.

We would like to thank Messrs. Rothwell and

Berry, who kindly came along and gave us some practice on the day of our bye.

SECOND GRADE.

The original members of this team were W. Whiteley (captain), K. Woodward, J. Hunter, A. Turner, but Whiteley being unavailable, his place has been taken by N. Gibson.

Easy victories were recorded against Parramatta, North Sydney and Hurlstone, but Sydney High was too good for us.

The team contains the nucleus of next year's 1st team, and it is hoped that they will win the 2nd grade competition, as Fort Street has done in the last three years.

THIRD GRADE.

This team comprises N. Gibson (captain), who was later promoted to second grade, J. Laing, J. Penman and A. Dove.

The team was singularly successful against Parramatta, North Sydney and Hurlstone, but suffered defeat at the hands of Sydney High. When Gibson was promoted, his place was taken by Griffiths, and so all the team are inexperienced.

FOURTH GRADE.

The team comprises P. Penketh, K. Swan, L. Ellis and P. Eager, and it as yet is undefeated. Up to date the team, in three matches, has only lost one set. J. Penman was eligible to play in

fourth grade, but he was thought to be worthy of third grade.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Dunne for his unstinted efforts in selecting the teams, and for giving us so many valuable hints.

WATER POLO.

With the first half of the 1937 water polo competition completed, Fort Street shares the leading position with Sydney Technical High School.

This season's team comprises three players of last year's remarkably successful team in D. Pratt, N. Locke and J. Olding. The remainder of the team consists of K. Erickson, N. Jenkin, W. Allen, J. Knight and L. Layton. D. Pratt was elected captain, and N. Locke his deputy.

The team has so far followed the example set by last year's team, and has been so far undefeated, although the team played a two-all draw with Sydney Technical High. This draw, before the team had settled down, in the first match of the year, accounts for the fact that Fort Street now shares the honours with Technical.

The success of the team is due to the fine play of D. Pratt, K. Erickson and N. Locke. Erickson's tireless efforts and skilled play in defence saved the team on a number of occasions. Pratt,

who has set a fine example as captain of the team, has done sterling work in attack, and is at present leading the goal aggregate score. Locke has ably supported both of these players.

The remainder of the team have been sound rather than outstanding, and have always been ready to continue the good work of Pratt, Locke and Erickson.

In conclusion, the team is greatly indebted to Mr. Rose for his services and his unflinching interest in the team. It is also grateful to the proprietors of Balmain and Rushcutters Bay baths, who have always been interested in and ready to help the team, by providing facilities for training and matches.

Results:—

- V. Technical, draw, 2 all.
- V. North Sydney, won, 8-1.
- V. Hurlstone, won, 11-0.
- V. Canterbury, won, 10-0.

C.H.S. SWIMMING CARNIVAL, 1937.

For the first time, this year the swimming events took place at the North Sydney Olympic Pool. The carnival came as a disappointment to Fort Street, for we only succeeded in gaining the third place of the senior division.

The seniors were led by the senior champion, N. Lock, who was supported by the runner-up in our carnival, D. Pratt, and R. Chambers. Pratt succeeded in winning in the second division, the 800, 400 and 200 metres events.

The junior division was captained by L. Layton,

a newcomer to the School, and he was supported by R. Robertson and N. Jenkins. The junior team, however, attained very little success, and the under 14 team likewise did very little towards winning the shield. The latter team consisted of W. Badge, A. Jones, W. Challinor, C. Pye, and W. Smith (captain).

The diving competitors, A. Arthur, K. Erickson, J. Appleby and J. Hunter, failed to gain any place, but K. Erickson finished 3rd in the first division of the junior breaststroke championship.

THANK YOU.

The "Fortian" Committee wishes to thank the members of the staff for their co-operation. In particular, Messrs. Harrison, Parker, Foster and Tierney. We also thank B. Martin, 4D, and R. Bell, 4A, for their help.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1936.

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

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I.; 6, Mathematics II.; 7, Mechanics; 8, Modern History; 10, Physics; 11, Chemistry; 14, Geography; 16, Lower Standard Mathematics; 17, Economics; 21, Greek.

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

Acland, Bruce, 1B 8B 10A 17B.
Anderson, William Leslie, 1B 2B 3A 5A 6A 7A 10A.
Bailey, Wilfred McCleary, 1B 3A 5B 6B 8B 10H1.
Barrett, Cedric George, 1A 2B 3A 5B 6B 7B 10B.
Berry, John Charles, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11B.
Bowen, Ronald William, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 11B.
Bowmaker, Henry Herbert, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10A.
Brettnall, Martin Fredk., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11L.
Broadhead, James, 1H1 2B 3B 8H1 11B 16 pass.
Brown, Keith Rennie, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 11B.
Carter, Cecil, 2B 3B 5B 8B.
Clarkson, Harvey R., 1B 2A 3H2(o) 5B 6B 8H2.
Cockburn, George R., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10A.
Collens, Geoffrey George, 1B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10L.
Cramsie, Phillip, 1B 2B 3B 11B 16 pass.
Crane, Charles Ekins, 1B 5A 6A (x2) 7A 10H2 17B.
Davies, Ronald Sinclair, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B.
Denham, Jack, 1A 2B 3A 5A 6A 7B.
Denham, Roy Arthur, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 7B 10A.
Dunlop, Iain, 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A 6B 8A 10H2.
Evans, Bernard Essex, 1B 5B 6B 7B 10B.
Ferguson, Arthur Shirlaw, 1B 3B 5B 8A 11B.
Flak, John Henry E., 1A 2B 3B 5B.
Fraser, Douglas Athol, 1H2 2A 3H1 5B 6B 8B 11H1.
Frumar, Neville Raymond, 1B 2B 5A 6A 7A 11B.
Gibson, Edward William, 1A 2B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 11H1.
Gillies, Robert Irvine, 1B 5B 6B 7B 10B.
Glen, James, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7A 10H2.

Goswell, George, 1B 3L 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Grant, Keith, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11A.
Holder, Richard Lloyd, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
Holland, John Hadfield, 1B 5B 8B 14A.
Jullienne, Paul George, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 11A.
Kerr, Roy Dakin, 1A 5B 6B 7B 10H2 14A.
Kerridge, John Charters, 1H2 2B 3B 11L 16 pass.
Kimberley, Edgar Rex, 1B 5B 6B 11B.
King, Arthur William, 3B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
Krok, Trevor Victor, 1B 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H1 11B.
Lawson-Smith, Henry Rupert, 1B 5B 6B 11A.
Metcalf, Rodney Ellis, 1A 2A 3H2(o) 5B 6B 8B 11B.
Millar, Ernest Haig, 3L 5B 7B 10B.
Norton, Horace George, 1A 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7A 11H1 14A.
Pearson, Leslie Allan, 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
Petherbridge, John Douglas, 1H2 2L 3B 8H2 16 pass.
Phillips, Gilbert Paul, 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10A.
Pullen, Laurence Archibald, 5B 8B 11B 17B.
Rose, Jack Anthony, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10B.
Ryan, John H., 1H1 2B 3A(o) 5A 6B 8H1 11L.
Schmidt, Philip James, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 10H1.
Smith, Frederick Albert, 1B 5A 6B 7A 10H2 14A.
Smith, John Albert, 1B 3L 5B 10B.
Spooner, Frank Stanton, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B.
Stanton, David Joseph, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10A 14A.
Terry, Roy Leslie, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10A.
Tinckam, Gordon Percival, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 11B.
Treharne, Ross Fredrind, 1B 5B 8B 11A.
Turner, Warrick James, 1A 2B 3B 8A 11B 16 pass.
Virtue, Robert Moffat, 1A 2A 3H2 5A 6B 8H2 11A.
Wallace, Frank Leonard, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2 11B.
Warner, Charles A., 1A 2B 3A 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H1.
Watson, Gordon Charles, 1H1 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
Weatherburn, Percy Laurence, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H1.
Wheeler, Llewellyn Daniel, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
Wills, Neville, 1H2 3B 8H2 11B 14H2 16 pass.
Wilson, John Edward, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, 1936.

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

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. English. | 8. German. |
| 2. History. | 11. Elementary Science |
| 3. Geography. | (Physics and Chemistry). |
| 4. Mathematics I. | 15. Business Principles. |
| 5. Mathematics II. | 16. Shorthand. |
| 6. Latin. | |
| 7. French. | |

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

(s) Denotes a pass in shorthand speed test.

Adams, Harrie N., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.

Allman, Leonard C., 1B 2B 3B 11B 15B.

Atkinson, Bruce W., 1B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
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